

**DELL**  
Exciting  
Adventure

SEPT.-NOV.

Still 10¢

WALT DISNEY'S

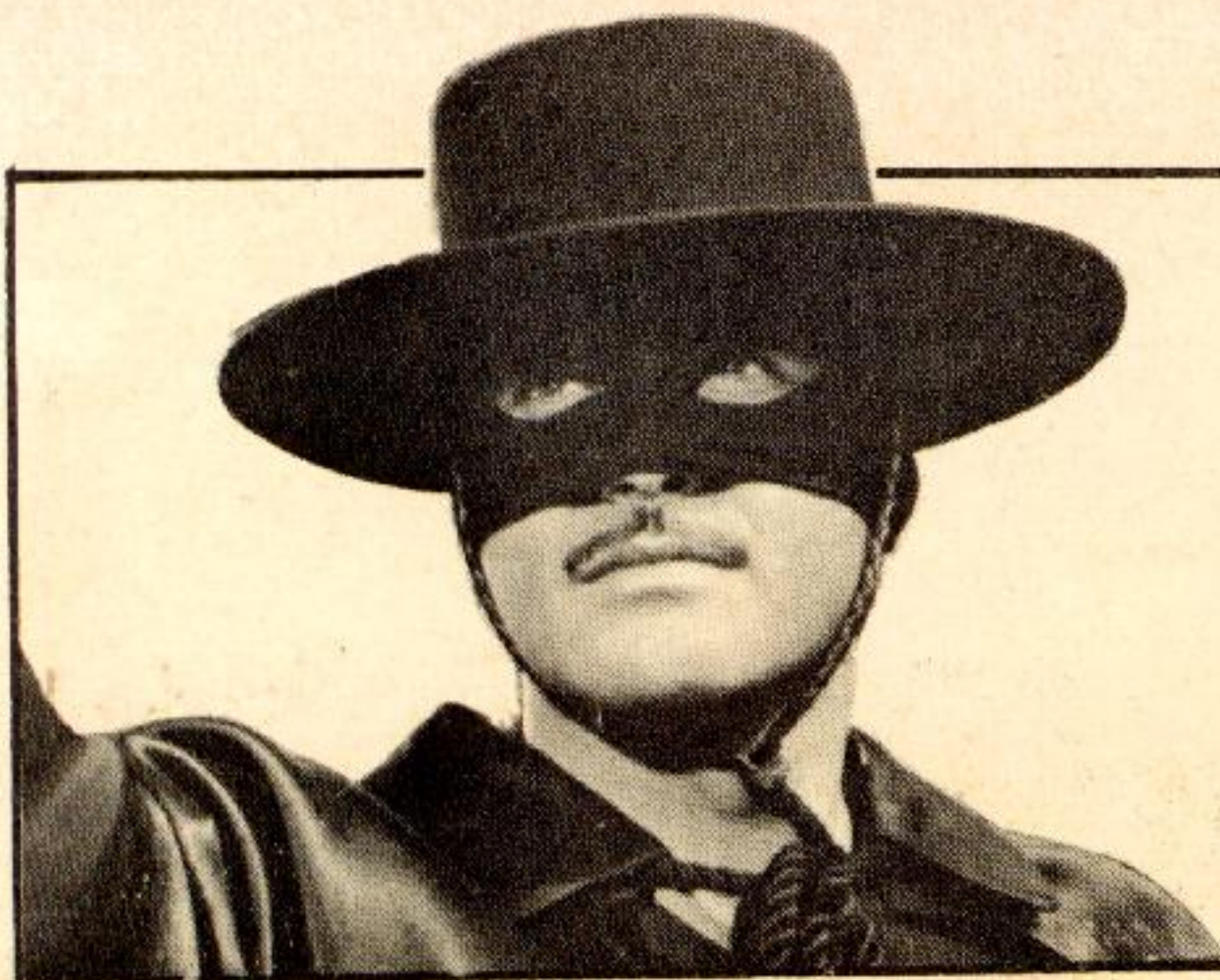
# ZORRO

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.

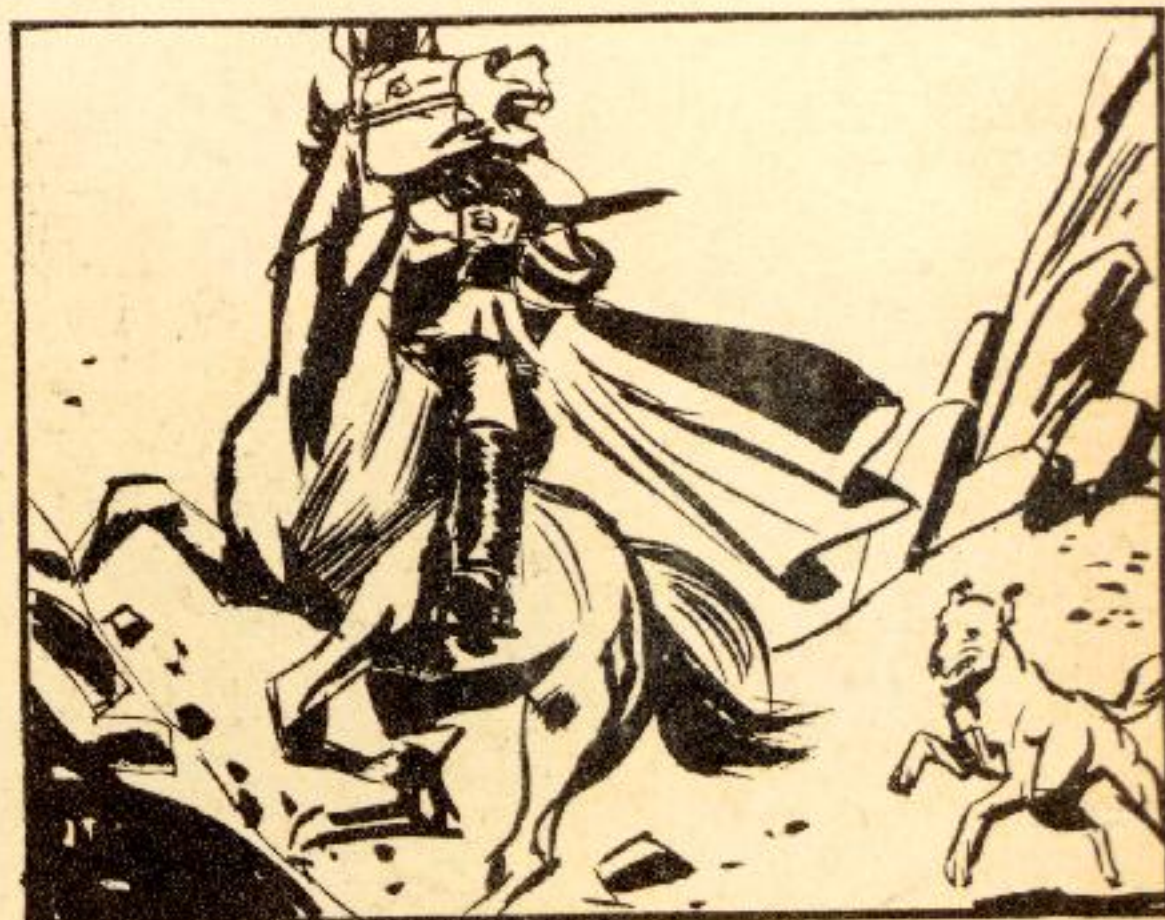


Zorro tries to uncover evidence to prevent the duel, but what he finds makes him decide that Diego should fight this battle.

## THE HUNTED

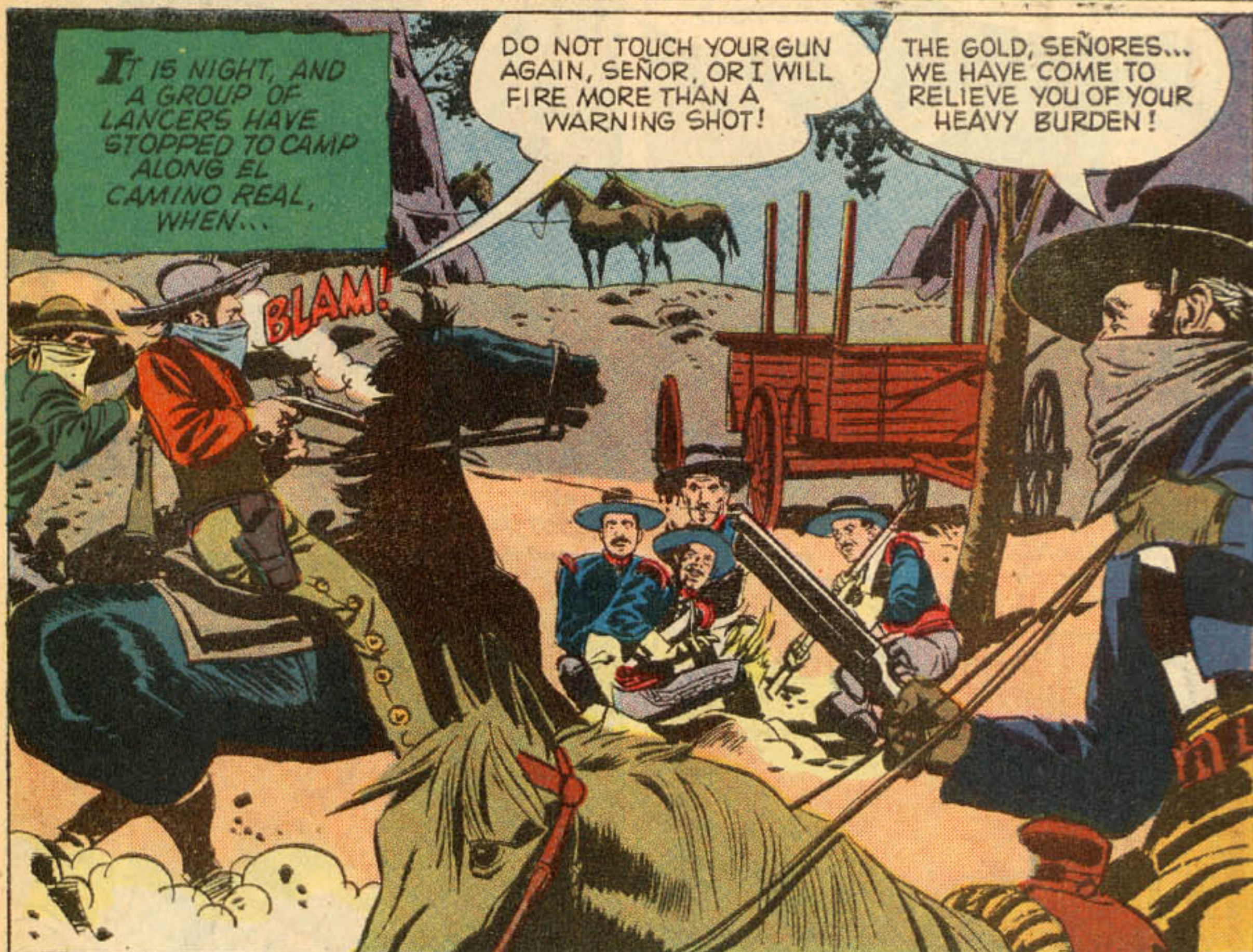


Bernardo alerts Don Diego that killer dogs have been turned loose on Zorro's trail...a trail leading to the De la Vega hacienda.



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









IT COMES FROM THE SHIPS OF OUR KING! IT IS SPANISH GOLD TO BE USED FOR THE CARE OF THE HOMELESS!

HA! HA! I AM HOMELESS, BABOSO! I WILL MAKE GOOD USE OF THE GOLD!



GRACIAS, AMIGOS! IT WAS WISE THAT YOU DID NOT TRY TO RESIST US!

ONE LANCER, HOWEVER, TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE...



NO! YOU WILL NOT TAKE THE GOLD!

BUT HE IS CLUBBED TO THE GROUND...



WHAM!



HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

BUENO! WE MUST RIDE QUICKLY TO LOS ANGELES AND REPORT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO SERGEANT GARCIA!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE INJURED LANCER IS ABLE TO RIDE...



FOLLOW ME!



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!

SÍ! 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!

SÍ!





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!

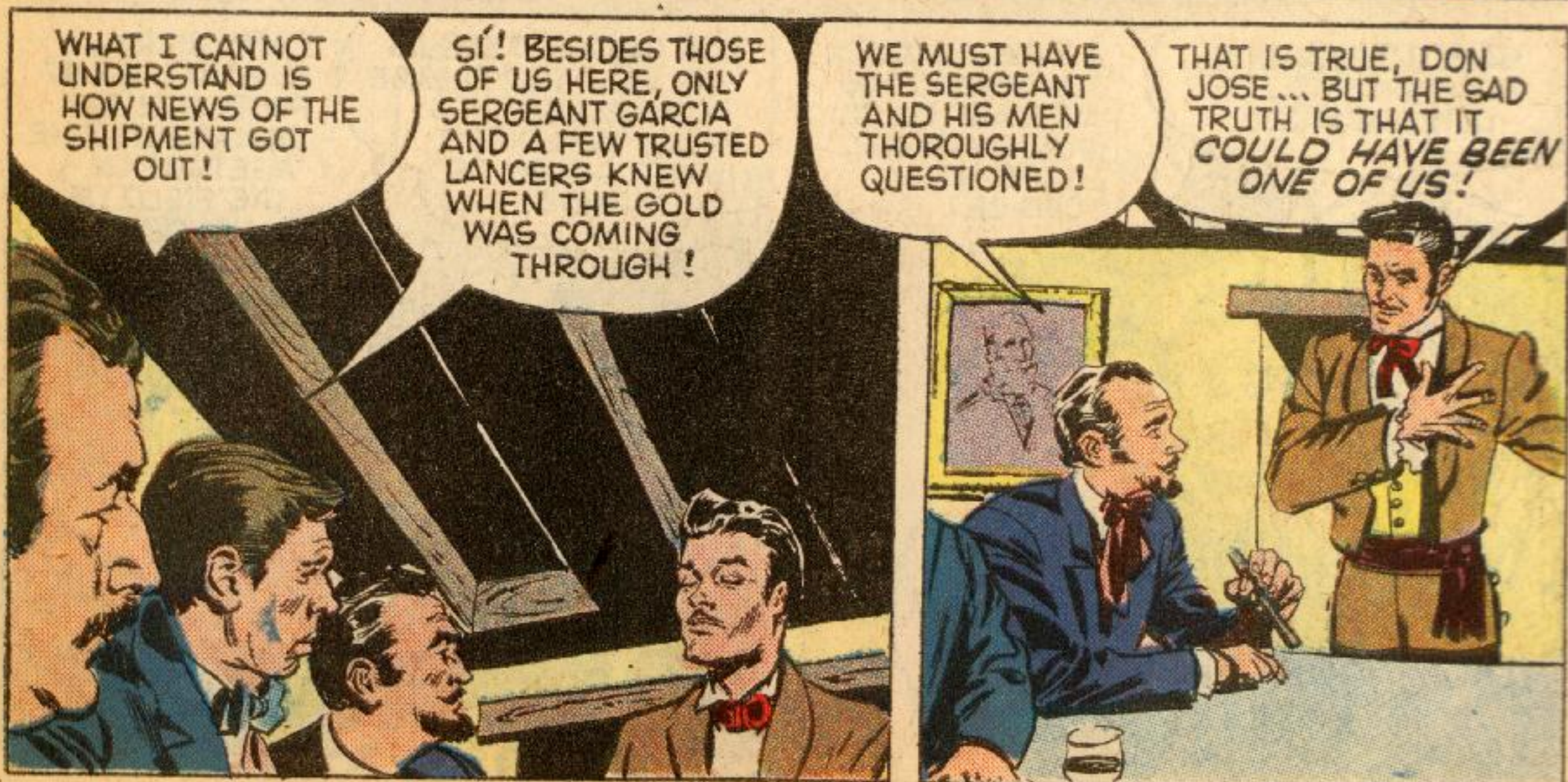
THAT IS WISE, MY FRIEND! DO NOT ATTEMPT ANY ACTION ON YOUR OWN! DANGER IS MY BUSINESS, NOT YOURS!

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...







DON DIEGO! YOU DARE SUGGEST SUCH A THING?

IMPOSSIBLE! WE ARE ALL MEN OF POSITION AND WEALTH... MEN OF HONOR! WHY WOULD ANY OF US STEAL THE GOLD?



I AM SURE I DO NOT KNOW WHY... BUT THE FACT REMAINING THAT WHAT I SAID IS A POSSIBILITY!



OUTRAGEOUS! AN INSULT!

A *PERSONAL* INSULT! I DEMAND SATISFACTION!



SA... SATISFACTION... BUT, DON' RICO... YOU DON'T MEAN...?

A DUEL! EXACTLY, DON DIEGO! YOU HAVE CAST DOUBT UPON MY HONOR! I HAVE NO CHOICE!



DON RICO... I FEEL AS YOU DO... BUT PLEASE RECONSIDER! YOU KNOW DON DIEGO IS NOT A MAN OF ARMS!

I AM SORRY... BUT THAT IS *HIS* PROBLEM! I DEMAND THAT HE MEET ME ON THE FIELD OF HONOR!

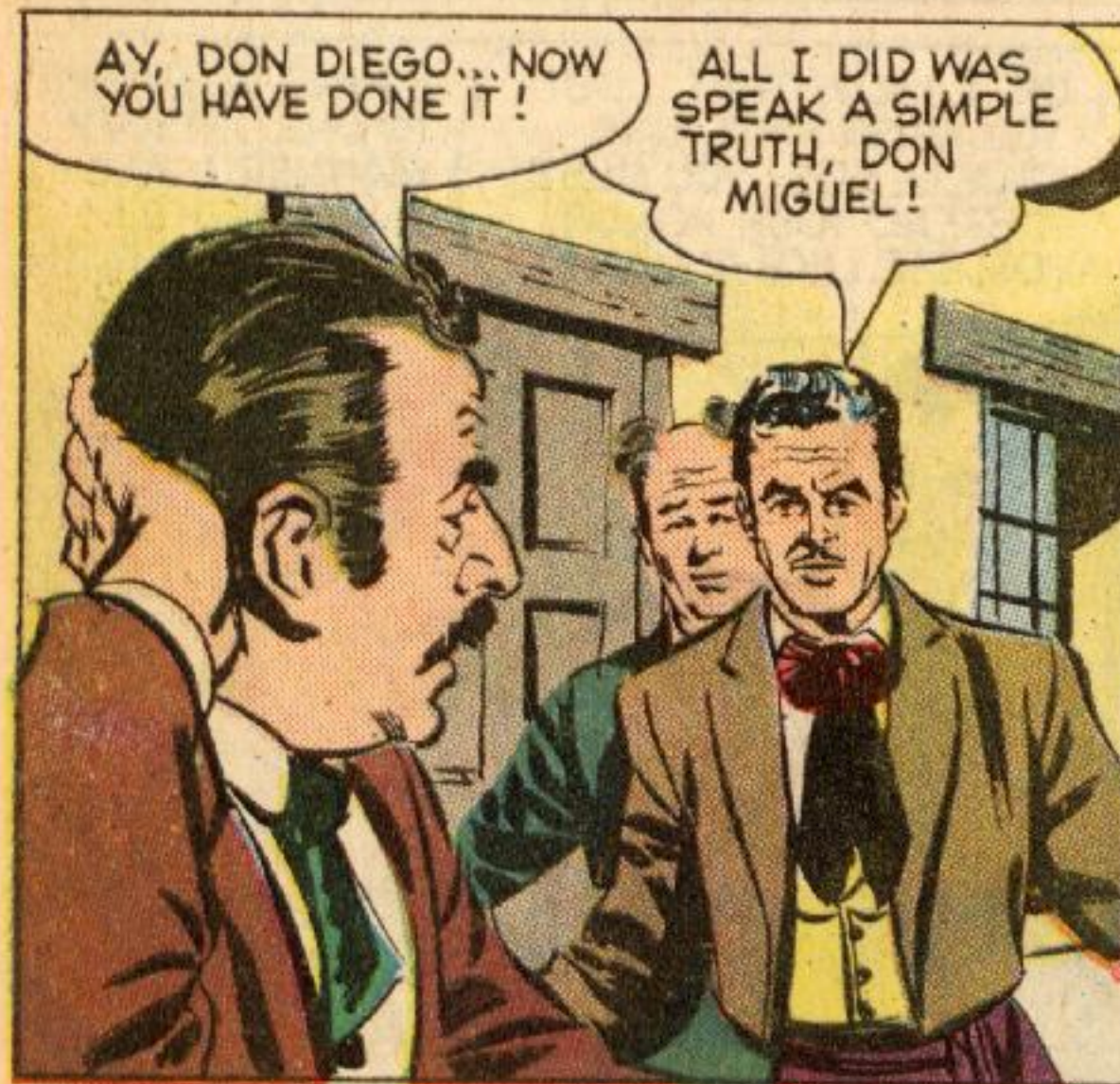




MY SECONDS WILL CALL ON YOU  
IN THE MORNING, DON DIEGO!

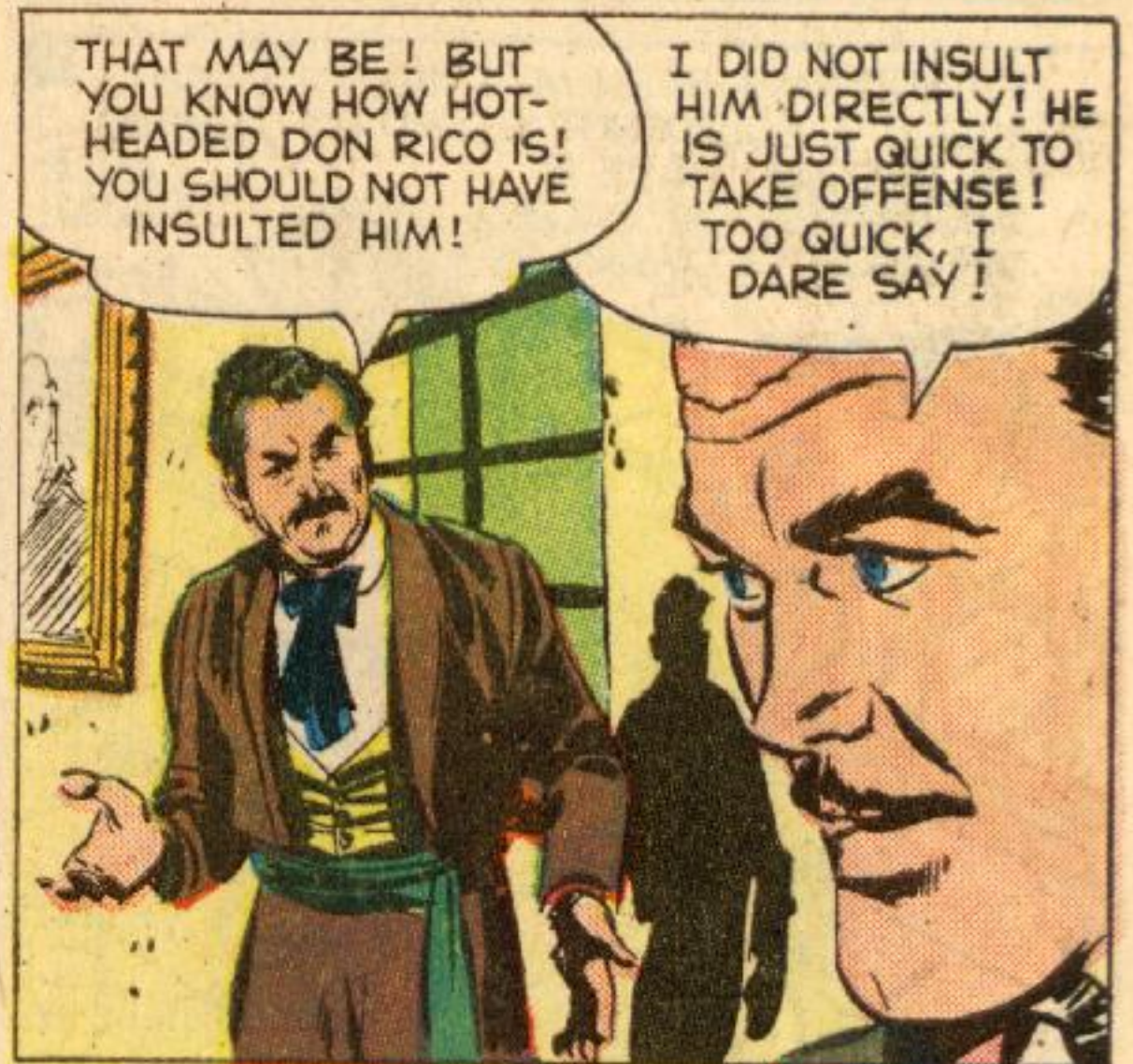
BUT, DON RICO...  
I... UH...

HARRRUMPH!



AY, DON DIEGO... NOW  
YOU HAVE DONE IT!

ALL I DID WAS  
SPEAK A SIMPLE  
TRUTH, DON  
MIGUEL!



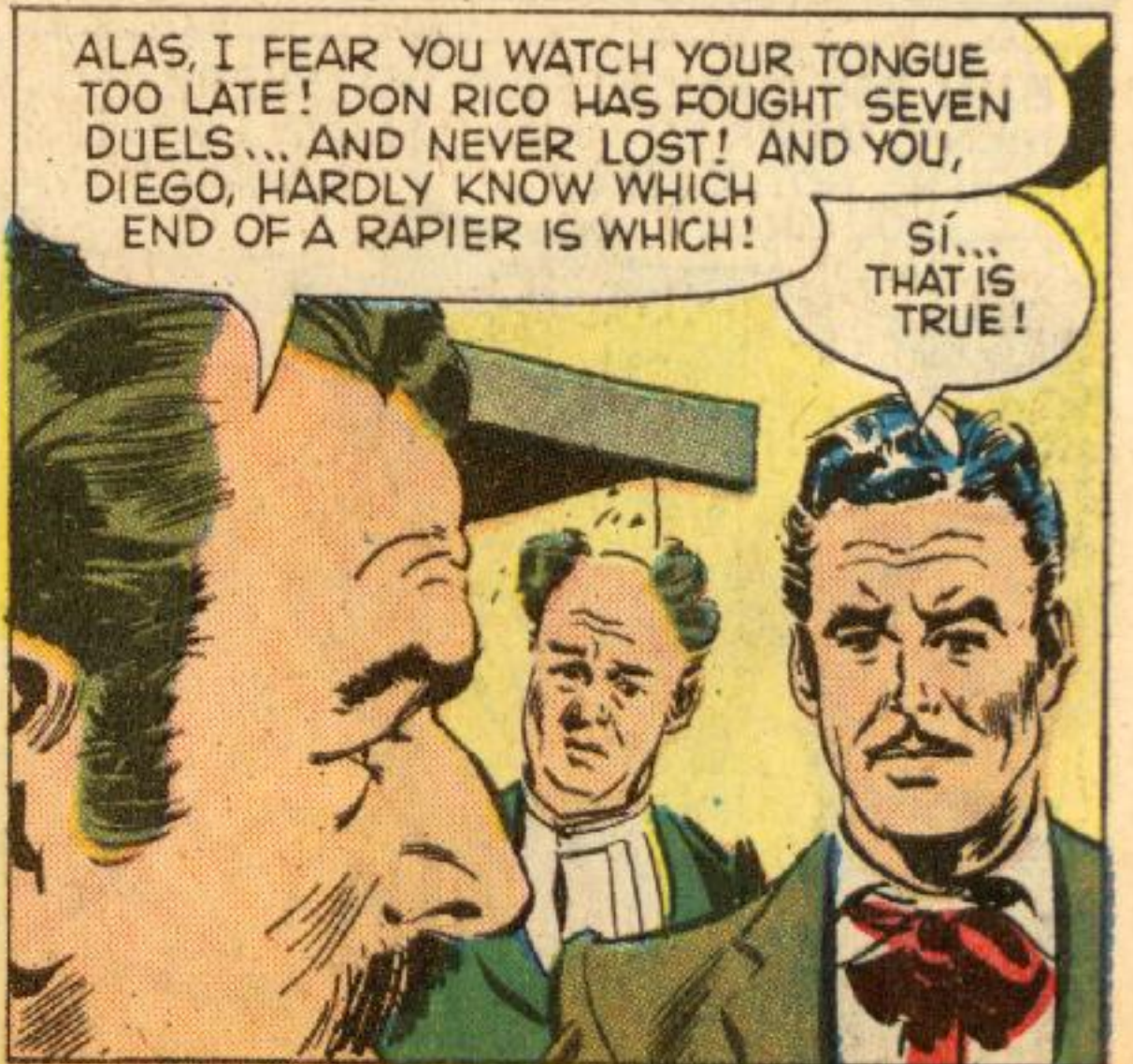
THAT MAY BE! BUT  
YOU KNOW HOW HOT-  
HEADED DON RICO IS!  
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE  
INSULTED HIM!

I DID NOT INSULT  
HIM DIRECTLY! HE  
IS JUST QUICK TO  
TAKE OFFENSE!  
TOO QUICK, I  
DARE SAY!



SHHH! IF HE HEARD  
THAT, HE MIGHT COME  
BACK AND SHOOT YOU  
ON THE SPOT!

OH... I... THOUGHT  
HE WAS WELL OUT  
OF SIGHT! I MUST  
WATCH MY  
TONGUE!



ALAS, I FEAR YOU WATCH YOUR TONGUE  
TOO LATE! DON RICO HAS FOUGHT SEVEN  
DUELS... AND NEVER LOST! AND YOU,  
DIEGO, HARDLY KNOW WHICH  
END OF A RAPIER IS WHICH!

SÍ...  
THAT IS  
TRUE!





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!



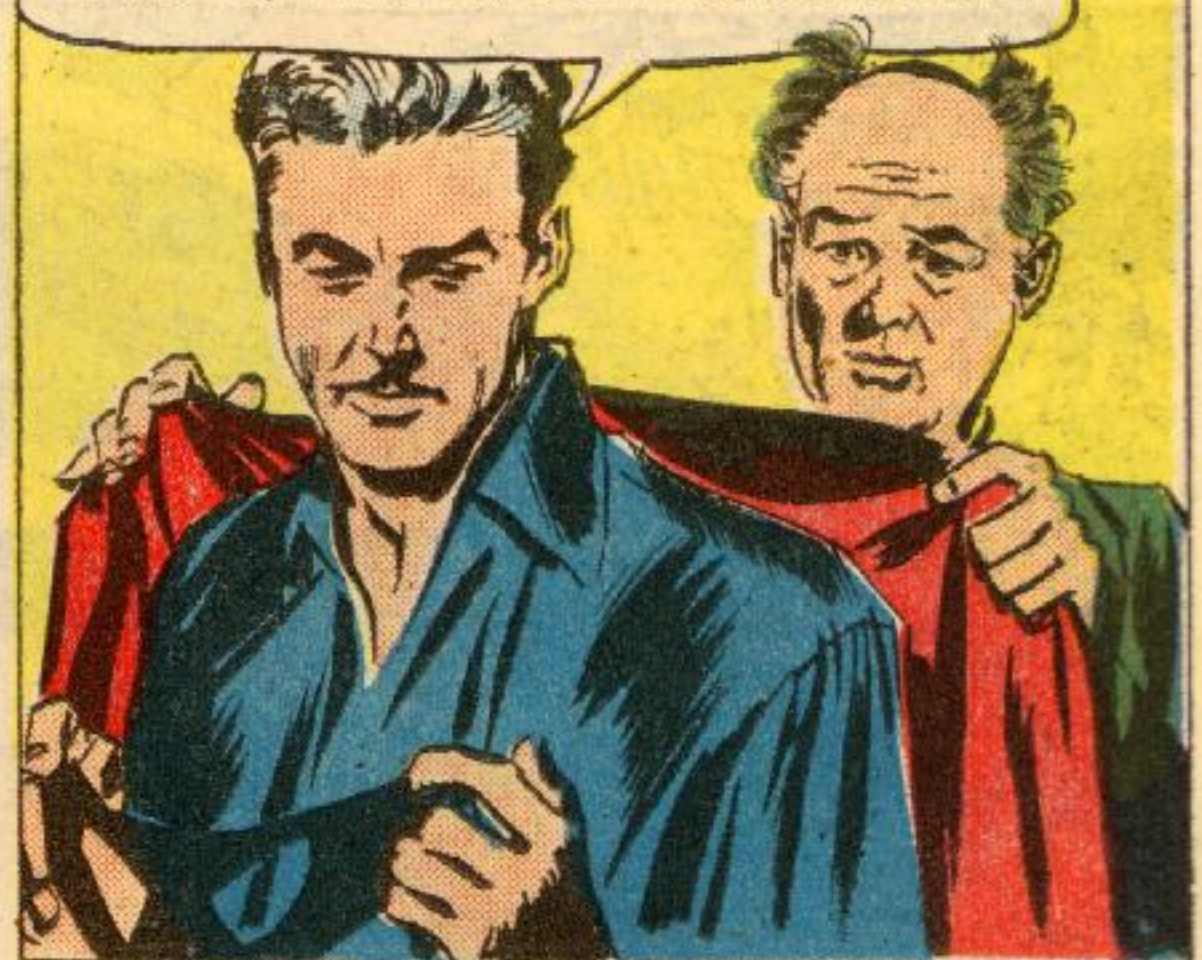
*MOMENTS LATER, IN THE SECRET ROOM...*

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

THAT MASTER... ALWAYS TEASING!



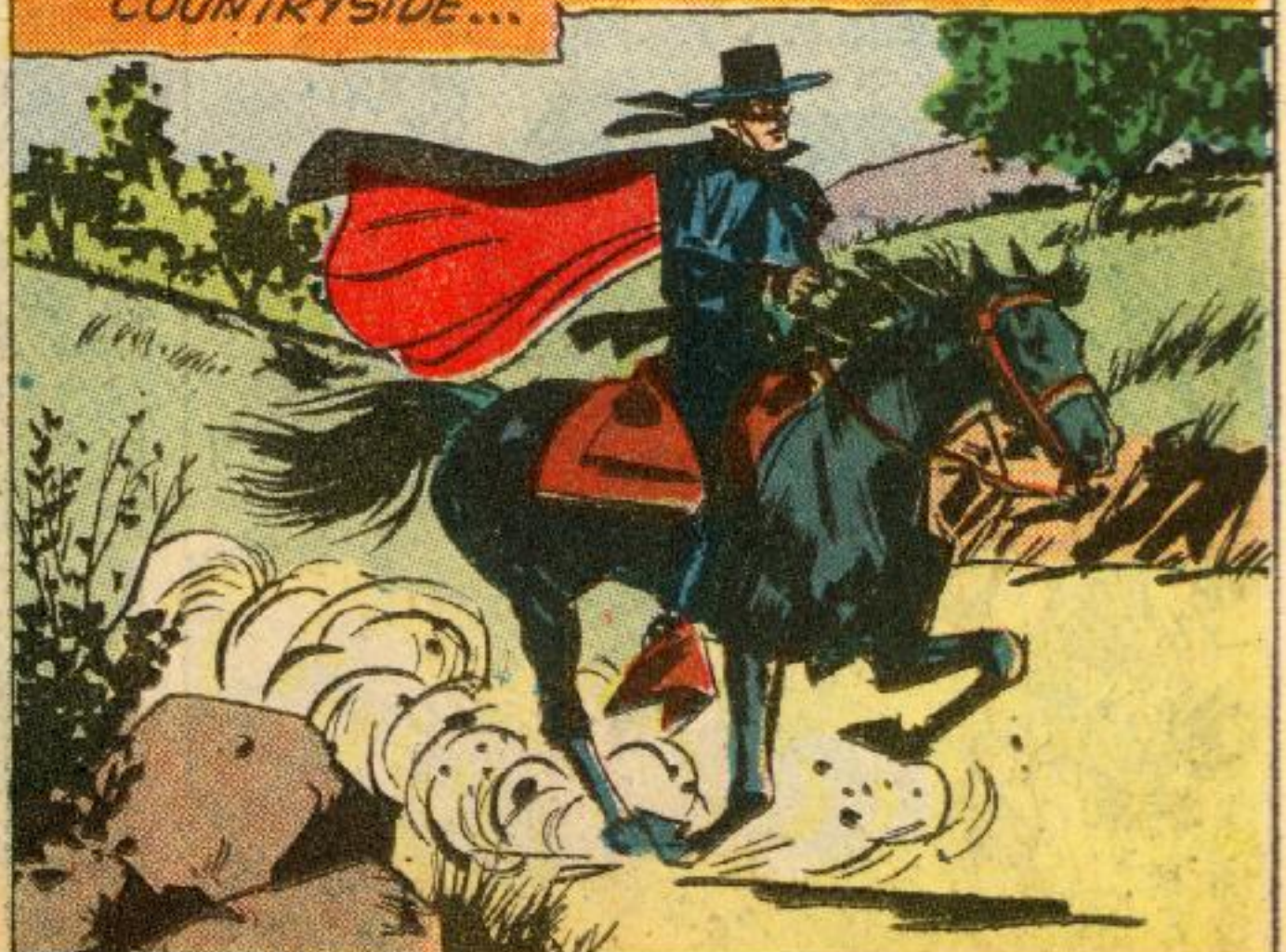
AS SOON AS HE IS COMPLETELY WITH US, MAYBE HE WILL HAVE A FEW IDEAS AS TO HOW TO HANDLE DON RICO SALDENA!



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!





IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, ZORRO HAS COMPLETELY CONFUSED GARCIA AND THE LANCERS...

AIEEE! IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO GET IN HERE, BUT HOW DO WE GET OUT?

???

ZORRO HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

POOR SERGEANT GARCIA! HIS MEN ARE GOING TO BE VERY UNHAPPY WITH HIM IF THEY DON'T GET BACK TO THE CUARTEL FOR THE EVENING MEAL!

LATER, AT THE HACIENDA OF DON RICO SALDENA...

NOW TO SEE IF I CAN UNCOVER ANY EVIDENCE LINKING DON RICO TO THE ROBBERY!

MOVING CAUTIOUSLY, ZORRO ENTERS A BALCONY WINDOW...

AND IN A MOMENT...

BUT, DON RICO... IS IT NOT DANGEROUS TO CHALLENGE DON DIEGO TO A DUEL?

SI! WILL THAT NOT DRAW ATTENTION TO YOU?



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?

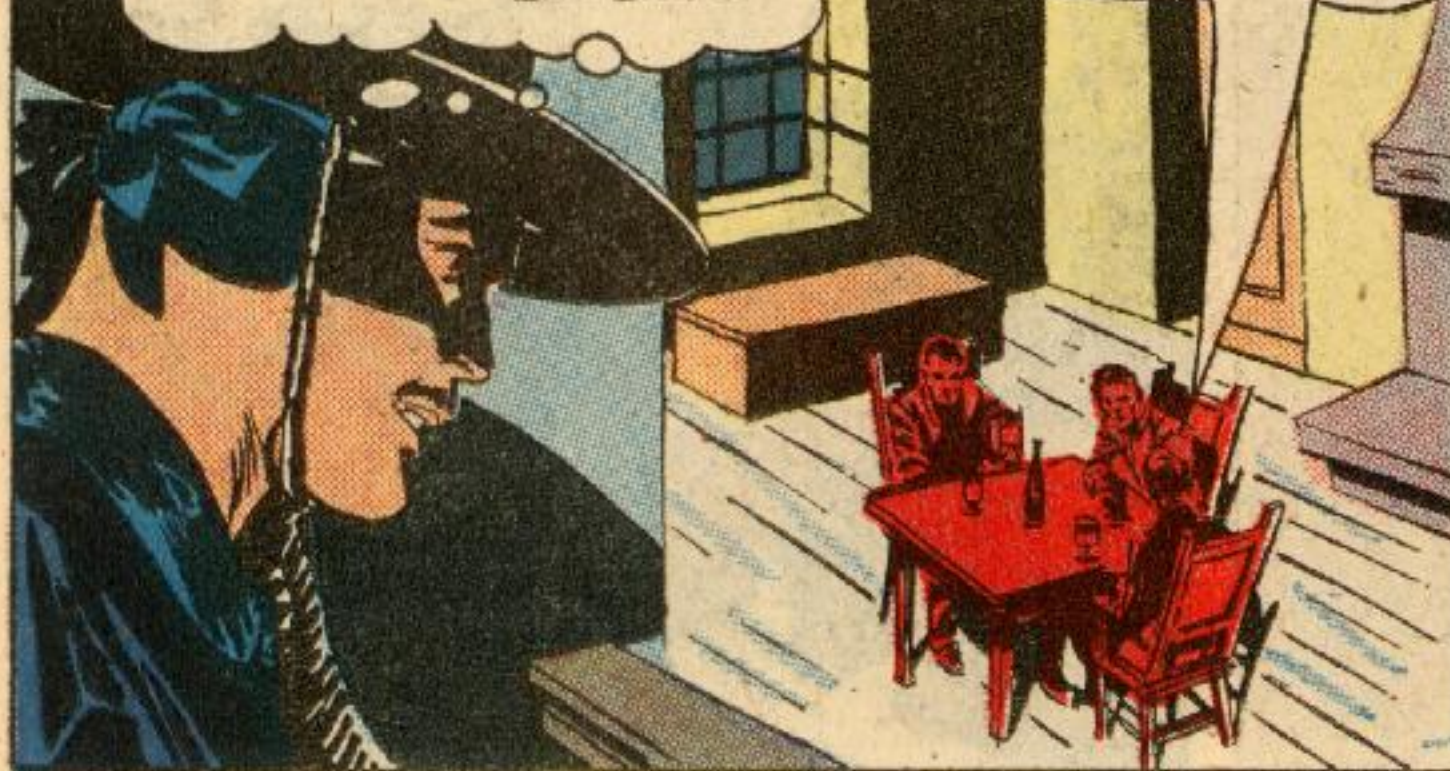
OF COURSE NOT! THAT IS WHAT I AM COUNTING ON! IF I KNOW HIM, HE WILL FIND AN EXCUSE TO GO VISIT SOME DISTANT RELATIVE!



HE IS PROBABLY PACKING THIS VERY MINUTE! WHEN YOU TWO APPEAR

AS MY SECONDS TOMORROW MORNING, I FULLY EXPECT TO FIND HIM GONE!

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



*AS SILENTLY AS HE ARRIVED, ZORRO DISAPPEARS...*



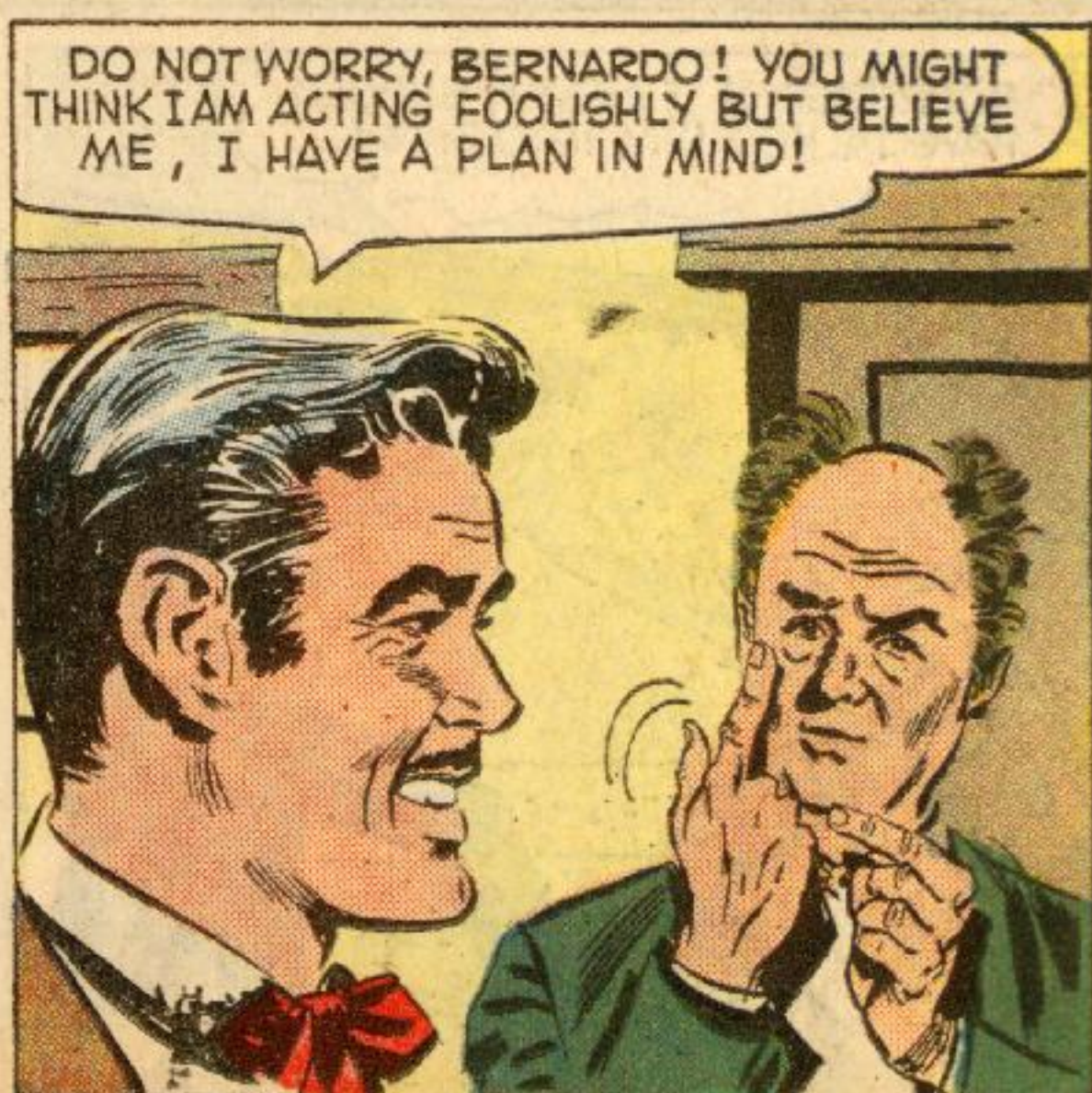
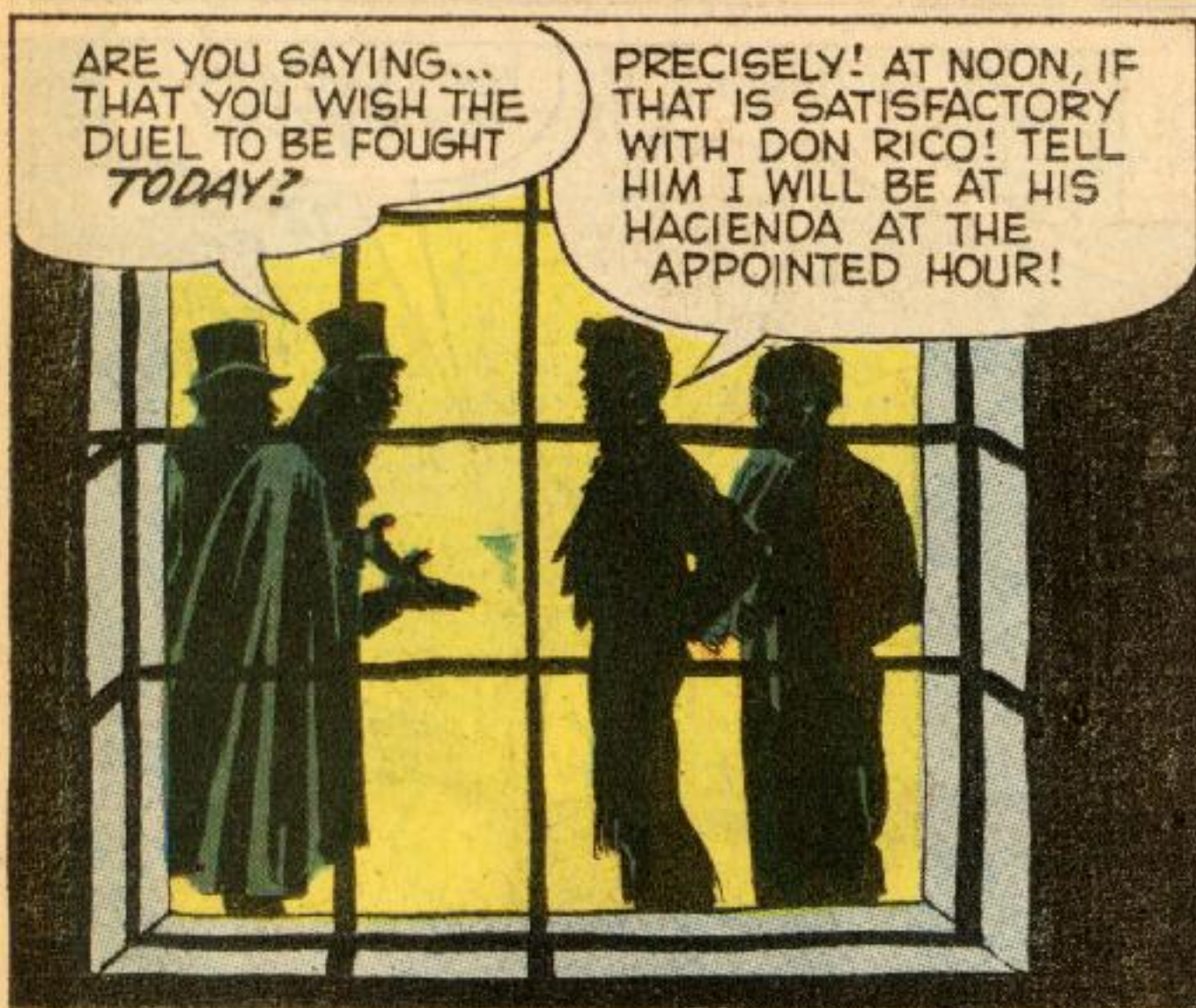
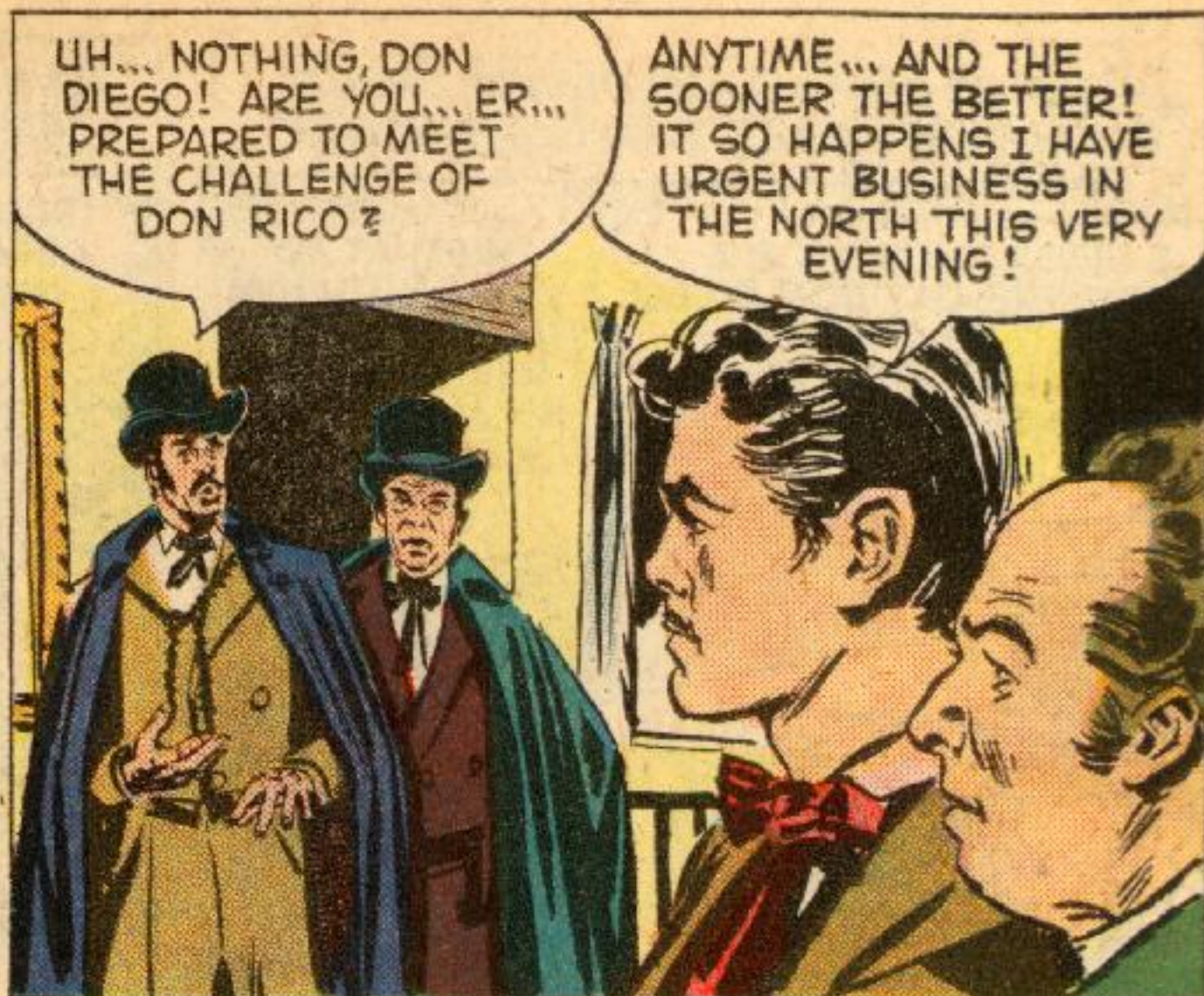
*THE NEXT MORNING AT DON DIEGO'S HACIENDA...*

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...

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY DON DIEGO WOULD BE FIGHTING ANYTHING BUT THE STRINGS ON HIS GUITAR!

IT MUST BE THAT MY TALK WITH HIM MADE HIM REALIZE THAT A MAN MUST DEFEND HIS HONOR!



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

THIS IS ONE DUEL I DON'T WANT TO MISS!

WE MUST MAKE HASTE TO GET THERE ON TIME, FOR I FEAR IF WE ARE EVEN ONE MINUTE LATE, IT WILL BE ALL OVER! DON DIEGO DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE!



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

EN GARDE!

UH... OH, YES... EN GARDE!



POOR DIEGO! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE TALKED HIM INTO THIS!



QUIT BACKING UP, YOU COWARD! STAND STILL AND FIGHT!







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







I HAVE RUN OUT OF PATIENCE, COWARD! THIS TIME MY SWORD WILL FIND ITS MARK!

OH, NO! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!

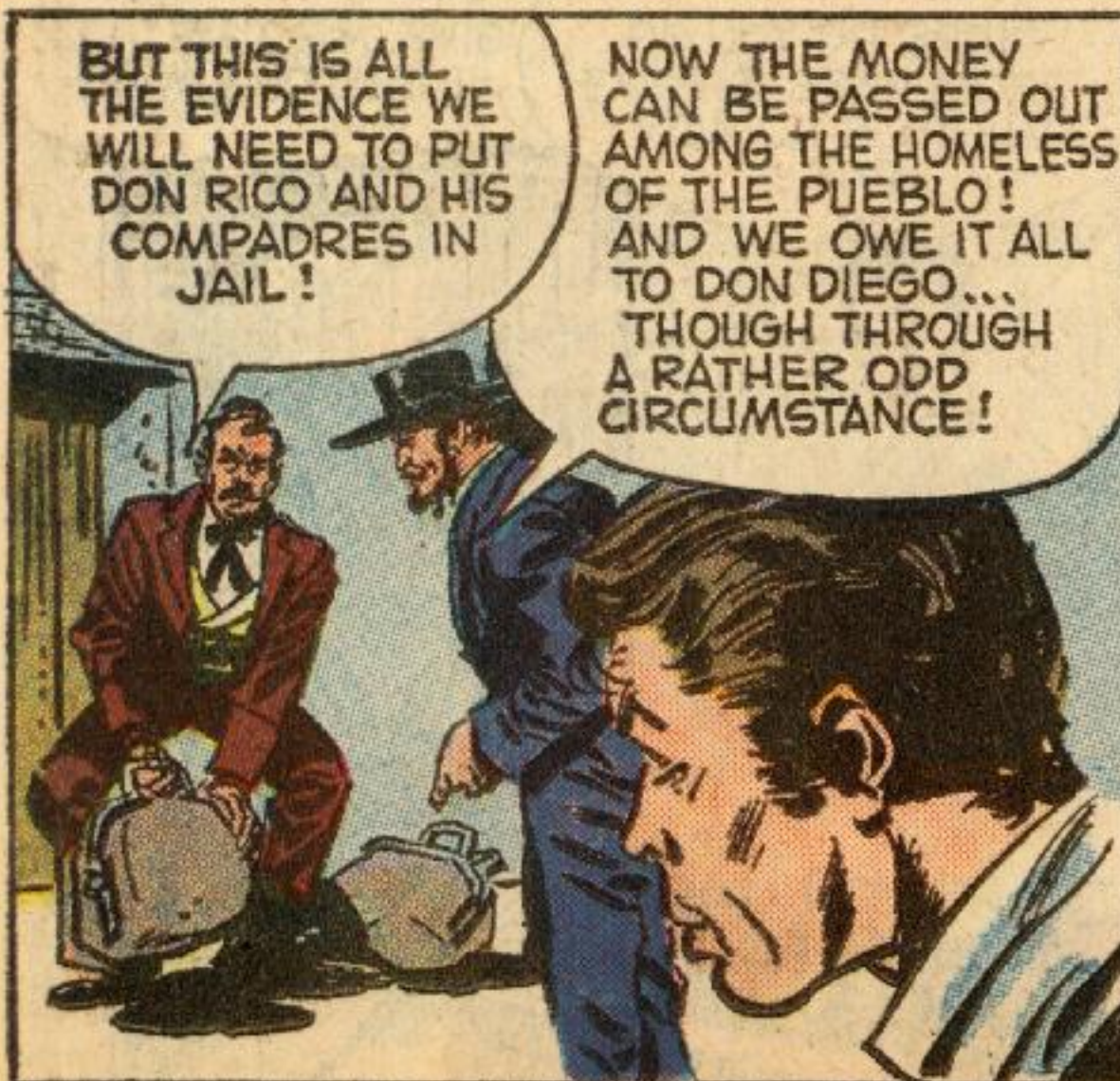


SWISH!  
WHA??? THE SATCHELS!  
IT'S THE KING'S GOLD!



WE HAVE DON RICO! GRAB HIS TWO SECONDS! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN IN ON THE ROBBERY!

THIS IS HARD TO BELIEVE!



BUT THIS IS ALL THE EVIDENCE WE WILL NEED TO PUT DON RICO AND HIS COMPADRES IN JAIL!

NOW THE MONEY CAN BE PASSED OUT AMONG THE HOMELESS OF THE PUEBLO! AND WE OWE IT ALL TO DON DIEGO... THOUGH THROUGH A RATHER ODD CIRCUMSTANCE!

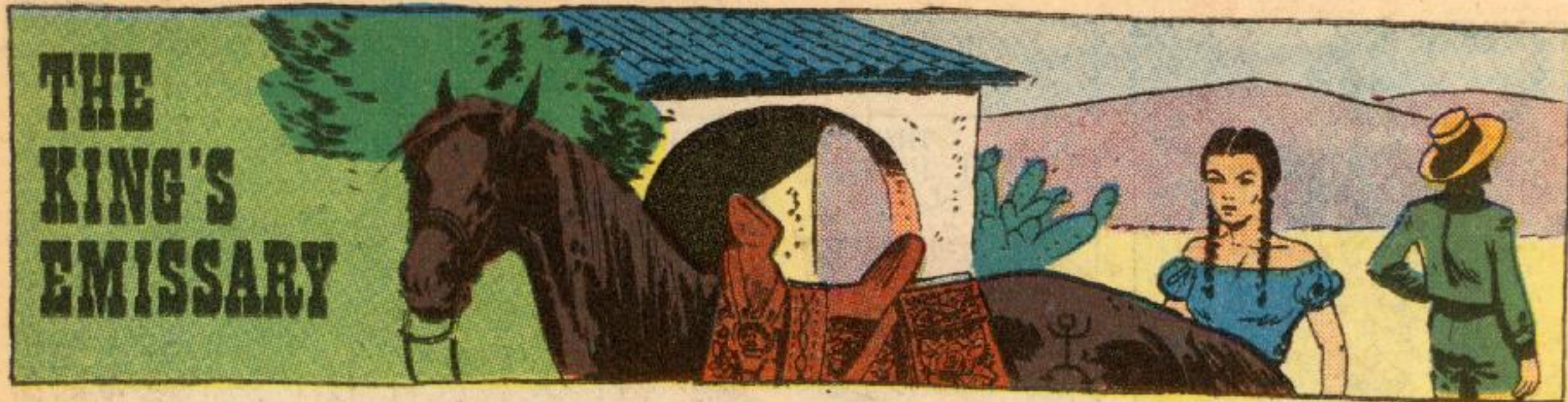


WHEW! I MUST AGREE WITH YOU, DON JOSE! I THOUGHT FOR SURE I WOULD BE RUN THROUGH! IT WAS CERTAINLY A LUCKY STROKE OF FATE!

A WELL-PLANNED STROKE OF FATE... BUT NONE BUT THE MASTER AND I WILL EVER KNOW!



# 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...

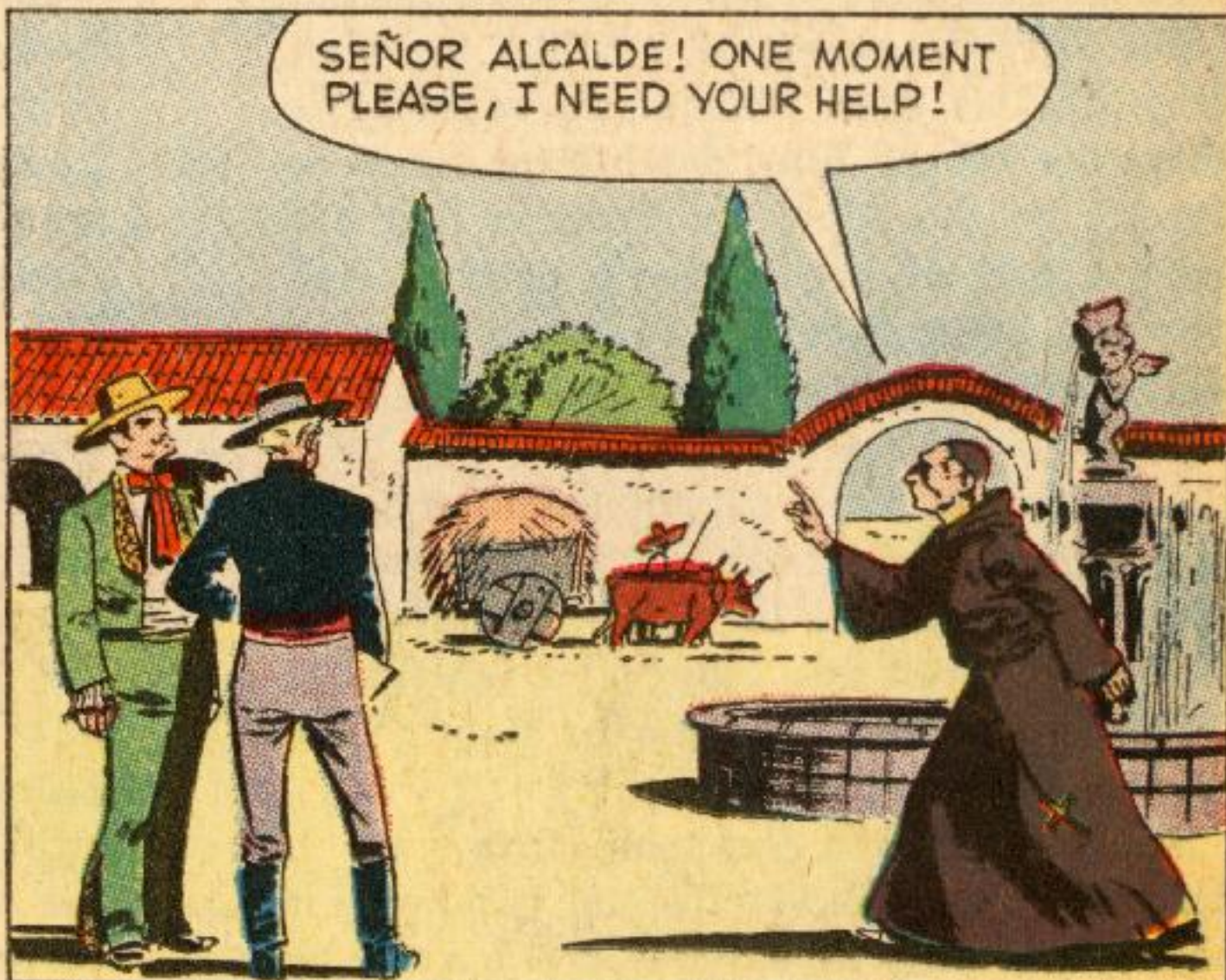
THAT LUIS RAMON IS A SIMPLE FELLOW! ALL  
HE REQUIRES FROM LIFE IS WHAT HE MAKES  
FROM THAT FRUIT STAND!



¡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?

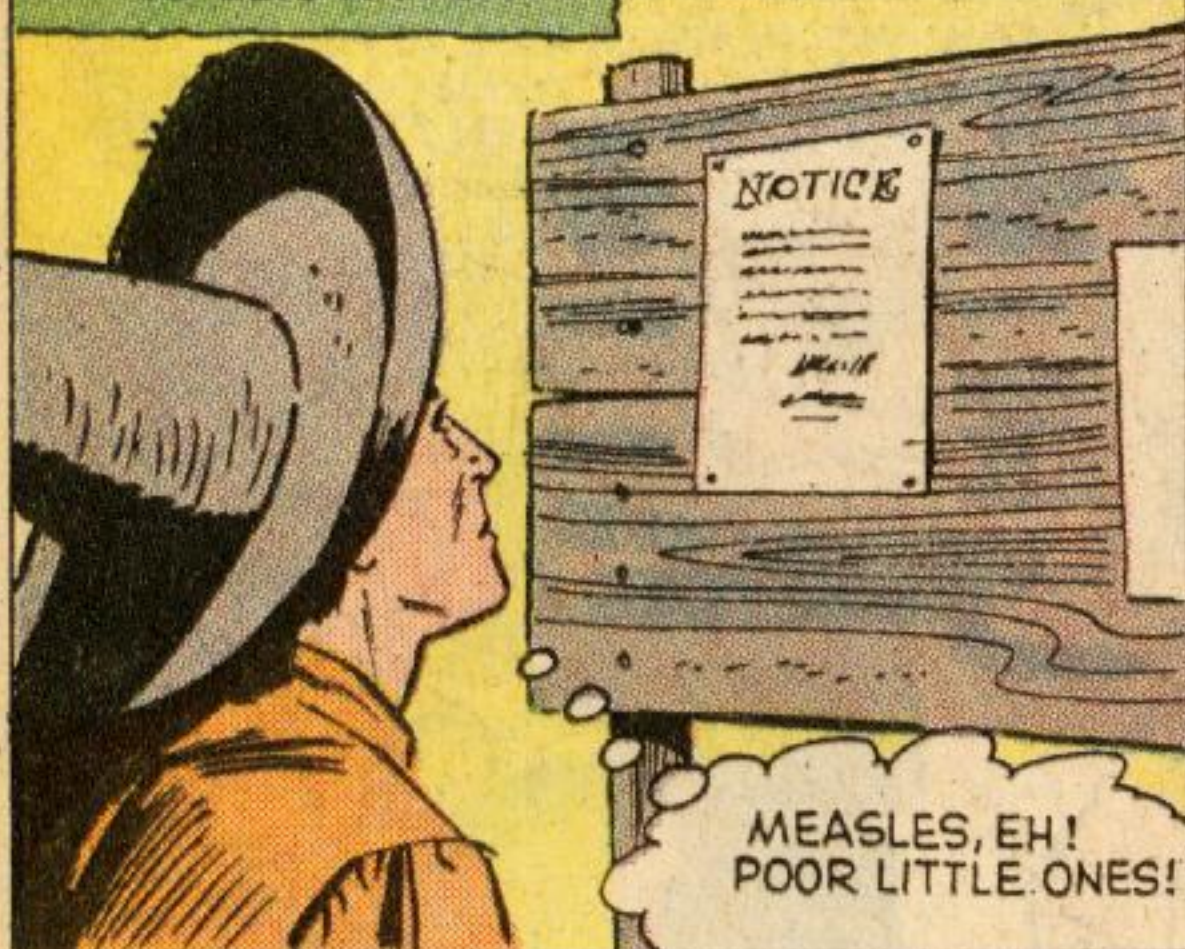


NOT VERY! THEY WILL BE ALL RIGHT, BUT  
I ASK THAT AN ORDER BE POSTED IN THE  
SQUARE! PARENTS MUST  
KEEP THEIR CHILDREN AT  
HOME, AND THEY ARE  
TO SEND FOR ME IF  
ANY CHILD SEEMS  
ILL!





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



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



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!







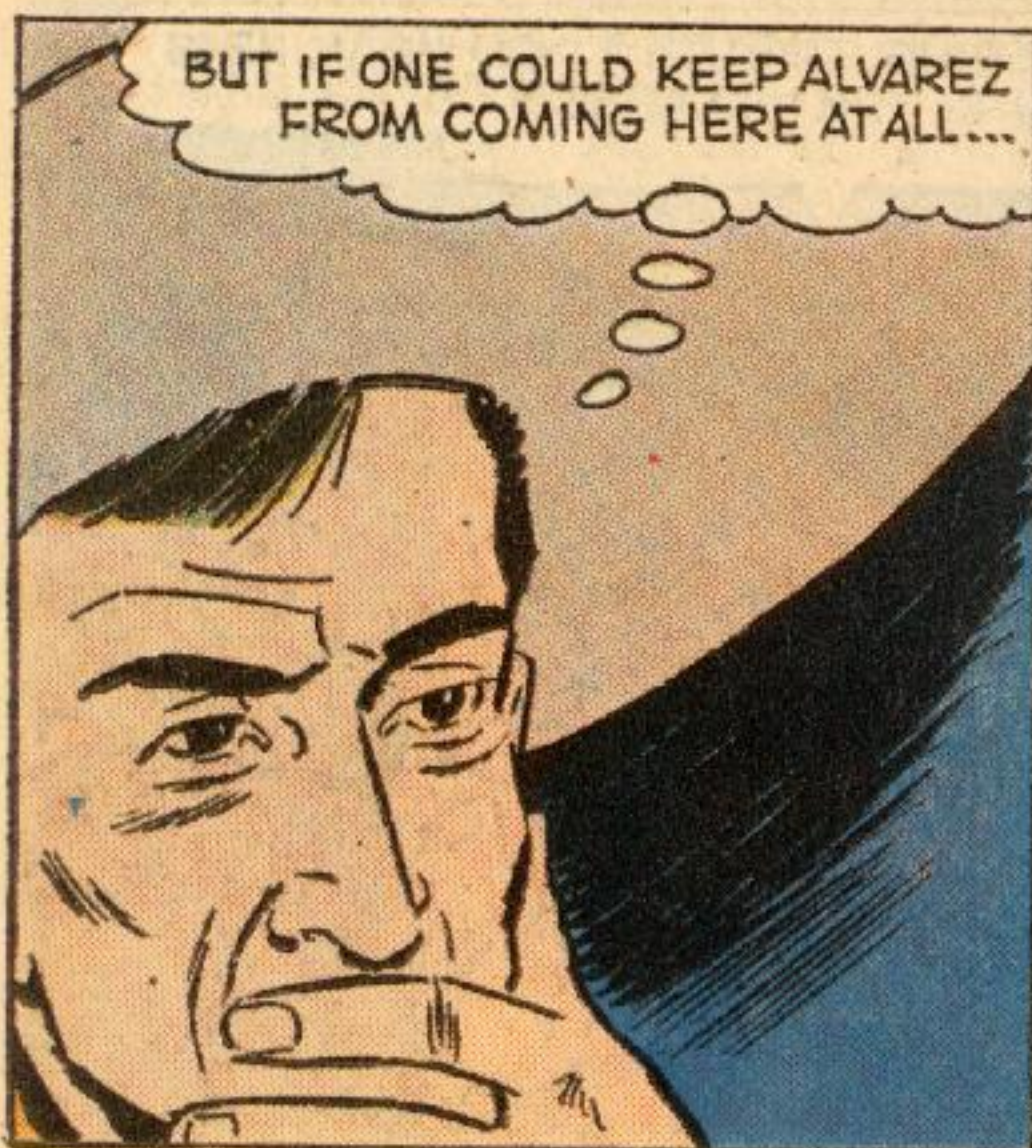
BUT, SEÑOR ALCALDE, SOMEONE MIGHT BE HURT...

HA! LAZY LUIS! HE IS JUST AFRAID!

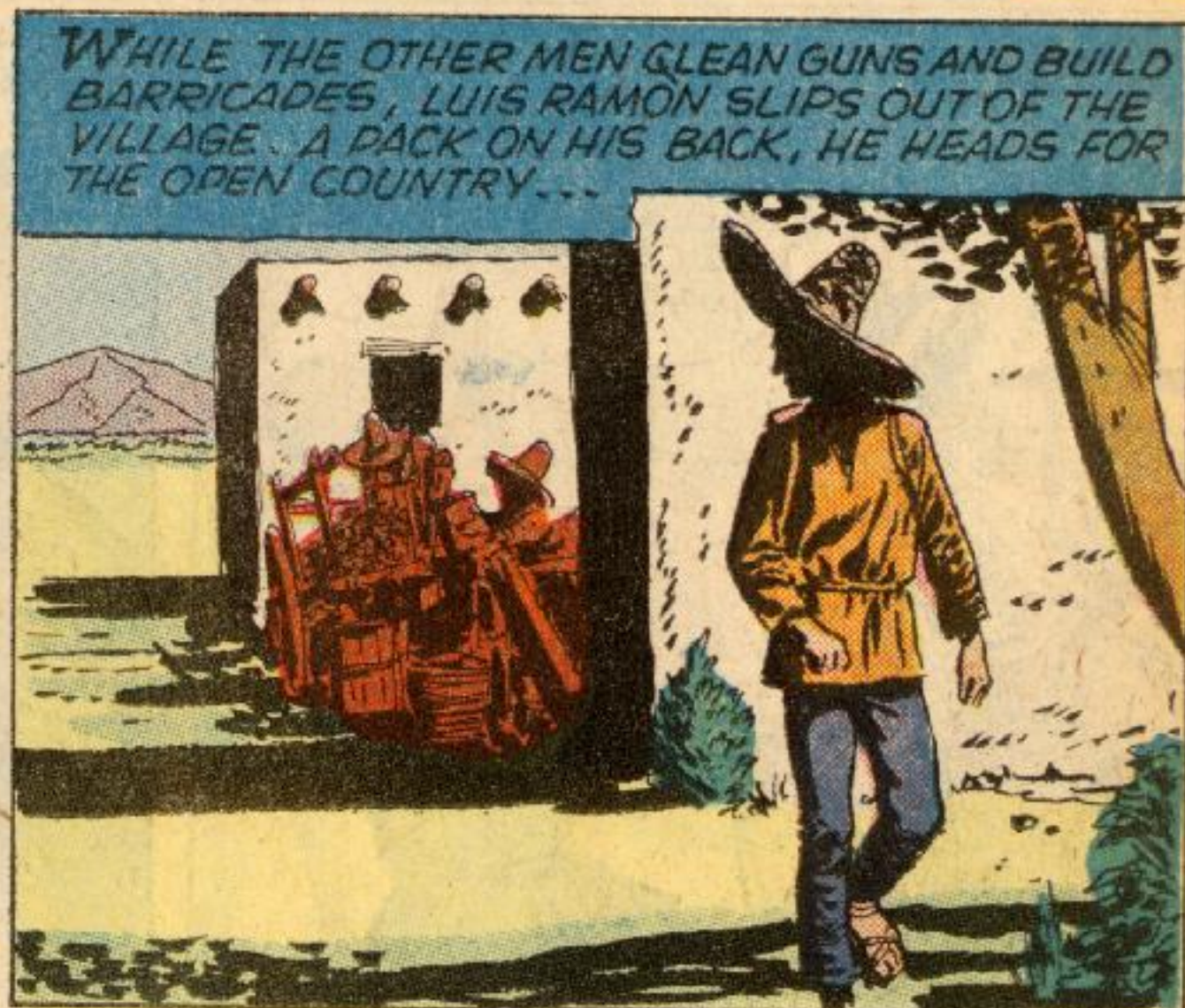
THE VILLAGERS WILL NOT LISTEN TO LUIS... THEY PREPARE TO DO BATTLE WITH THE BANDITS...



THIS IS FOOLISH! WE HAVE FEW WEAPONS, WHILE ALVAREZ AND HIS MEN WILL BE FULLY ARMED! AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN IF THERE IS A BATTLE?



BUT IF ONE COULD KEEP ALVAREZ FROM COMING HERE AT ALL...



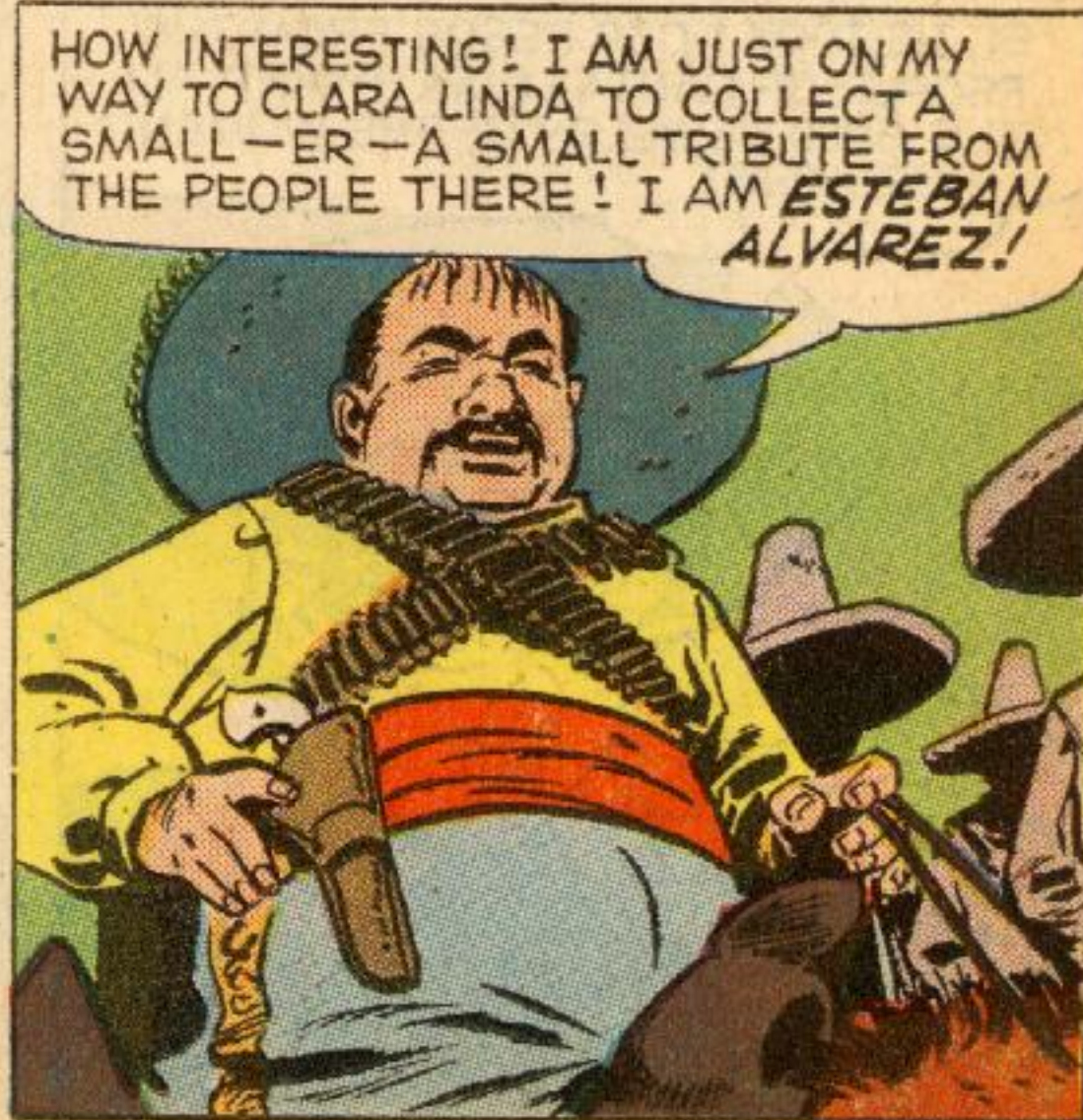
WHILE THE OTHER MEN GLEAN GUNS AND BUILD BARRICADES, LUIS RAMÓN SLIPS OUT OF THE VILLAGE. A PACK ON HIS BACK, HE HEADS FOR THE OPEN COUNTRY...

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



HEY THERE, LITTLE ONE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

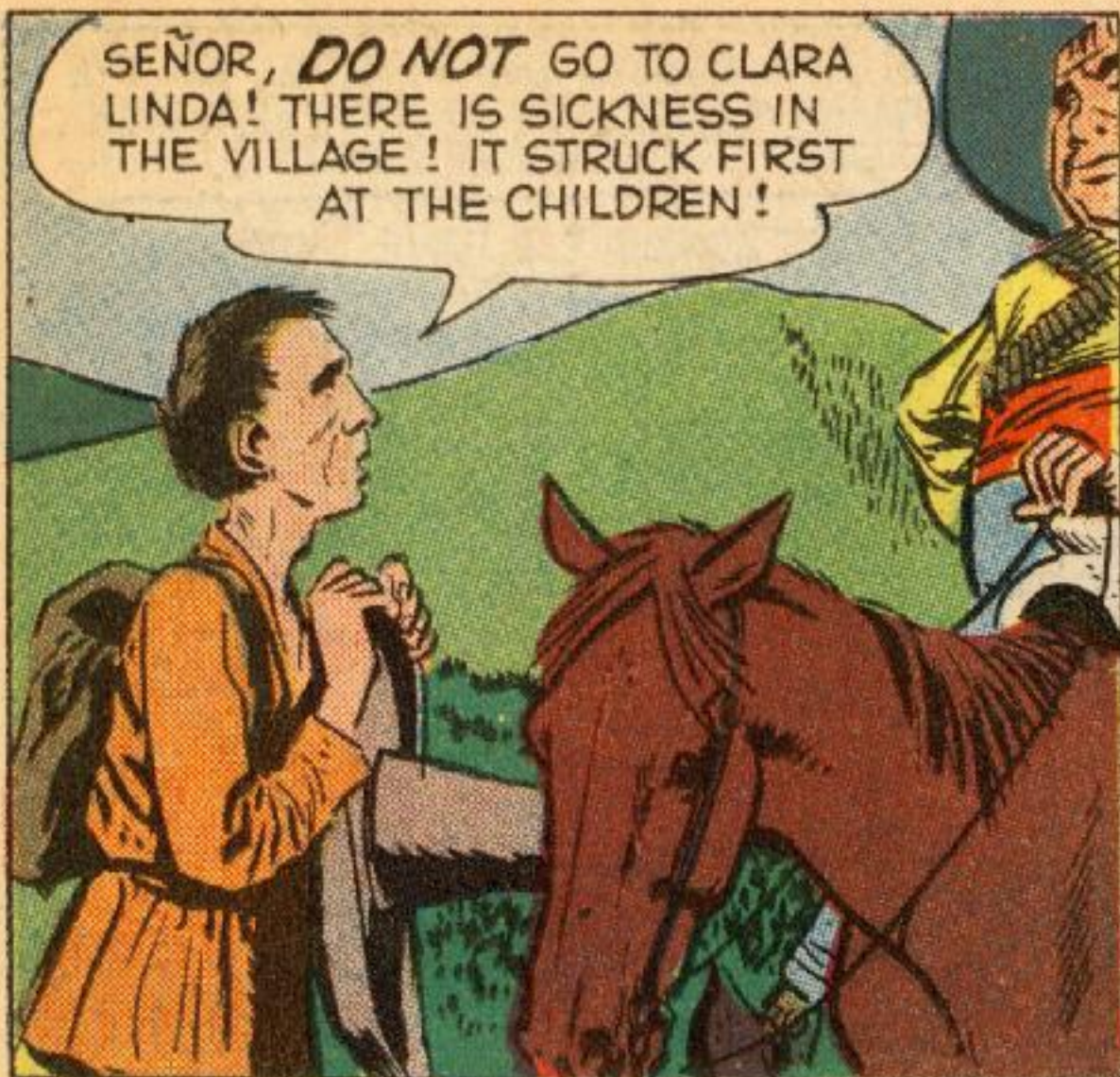
I DO NOT KNOW, SEÑOR, WHERE I AM GOING... BUT I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE OF CLARA LINDA!



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!**



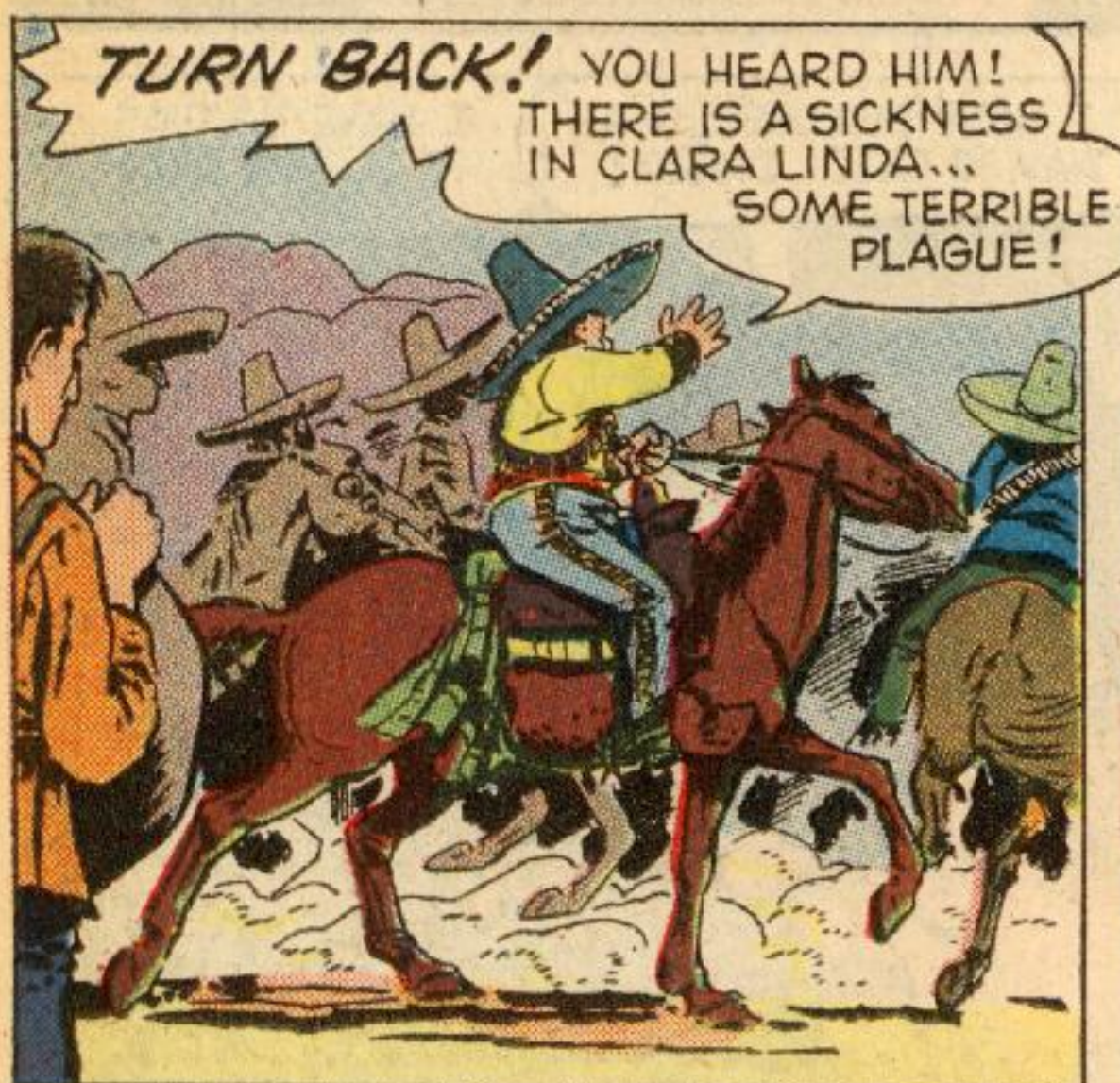
SEÑOR, **DO NOT** GO TO CLARA LINDA! THERE IS SICKNESS IN THE VILLAGE! IT STRUCK FIRST AT THE CHILDREN!



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!





WALT DISNEY'S  
**ZORRO**  
**The HUNTED**

SERGEANT GARCIA RETURNS TO THE CUARTEL AT THE PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES FOLLOWING ANOTHER UN-SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE ZORRO...

SERGEANT GARCIA? I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

IT IS NO USE, SERGEANT GARCIA! ZORRO, THE FOX, CANNOT BE CAPTURED!



NOT NOW, SEÑOR ROLFO... I AM VERY TIRED! CHASING THAT SCOUNDREL ZORRO IS NO RESTFUL OCCUPATION!

BUT THAT IS WHY I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU...



I HAVE DISCOVERED A WAY TO CATCH ZORRO!

I HAVE NO TIME FOR... YOU WHAT?



OF COURSE, IF YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED —

WAIT! PLEASE, SEÑOR ROLFO... COME INSIDE!



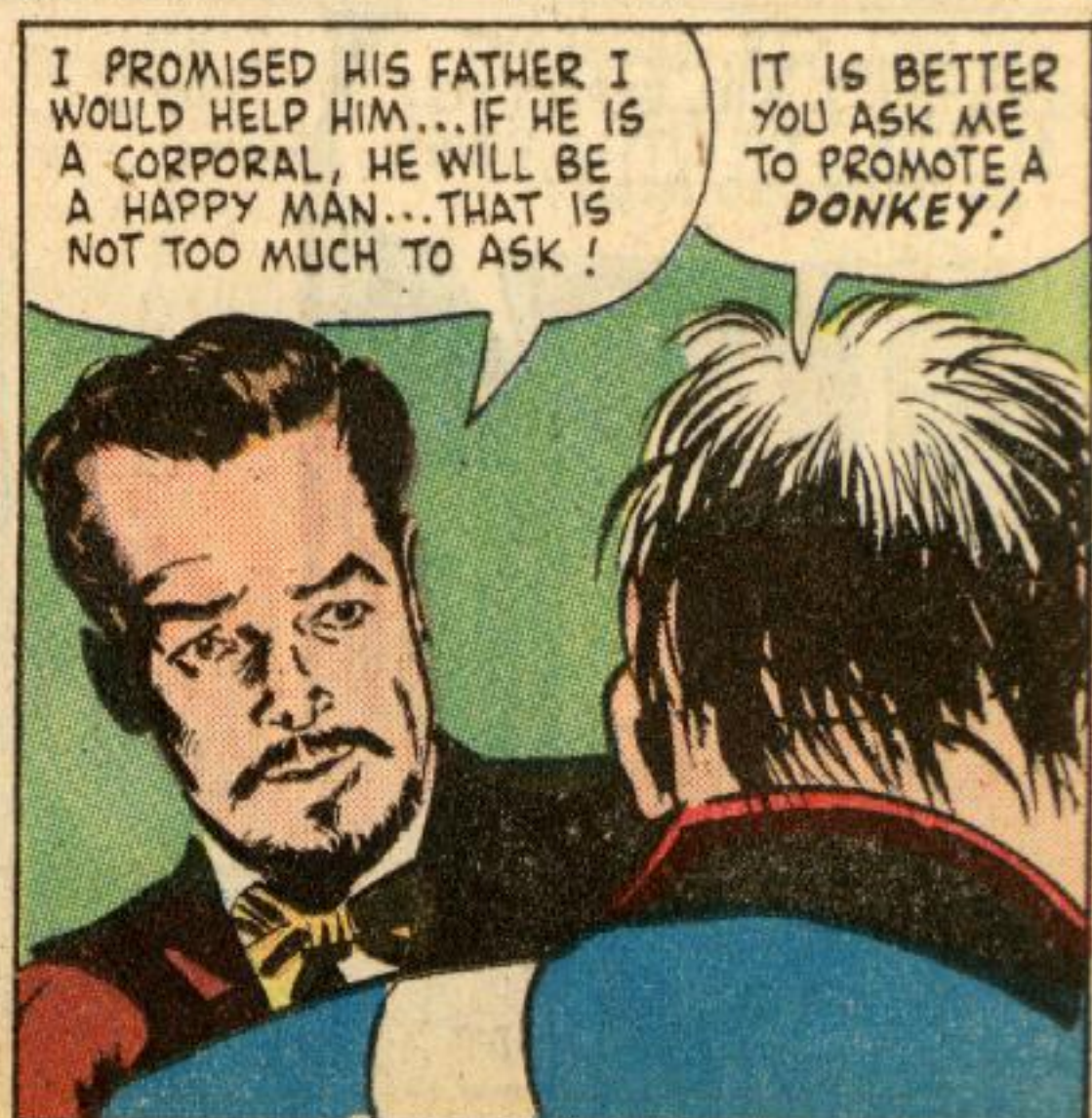
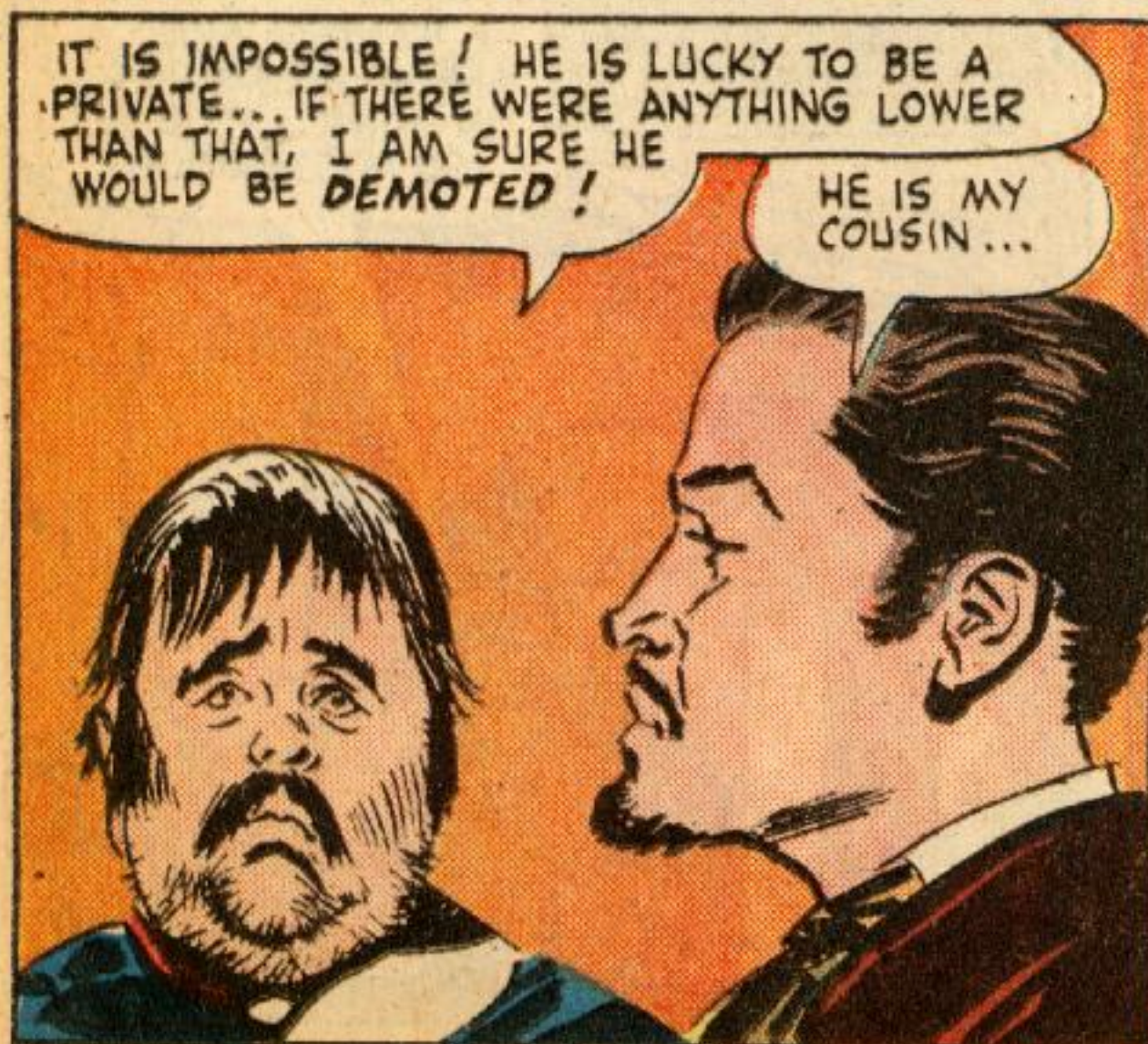
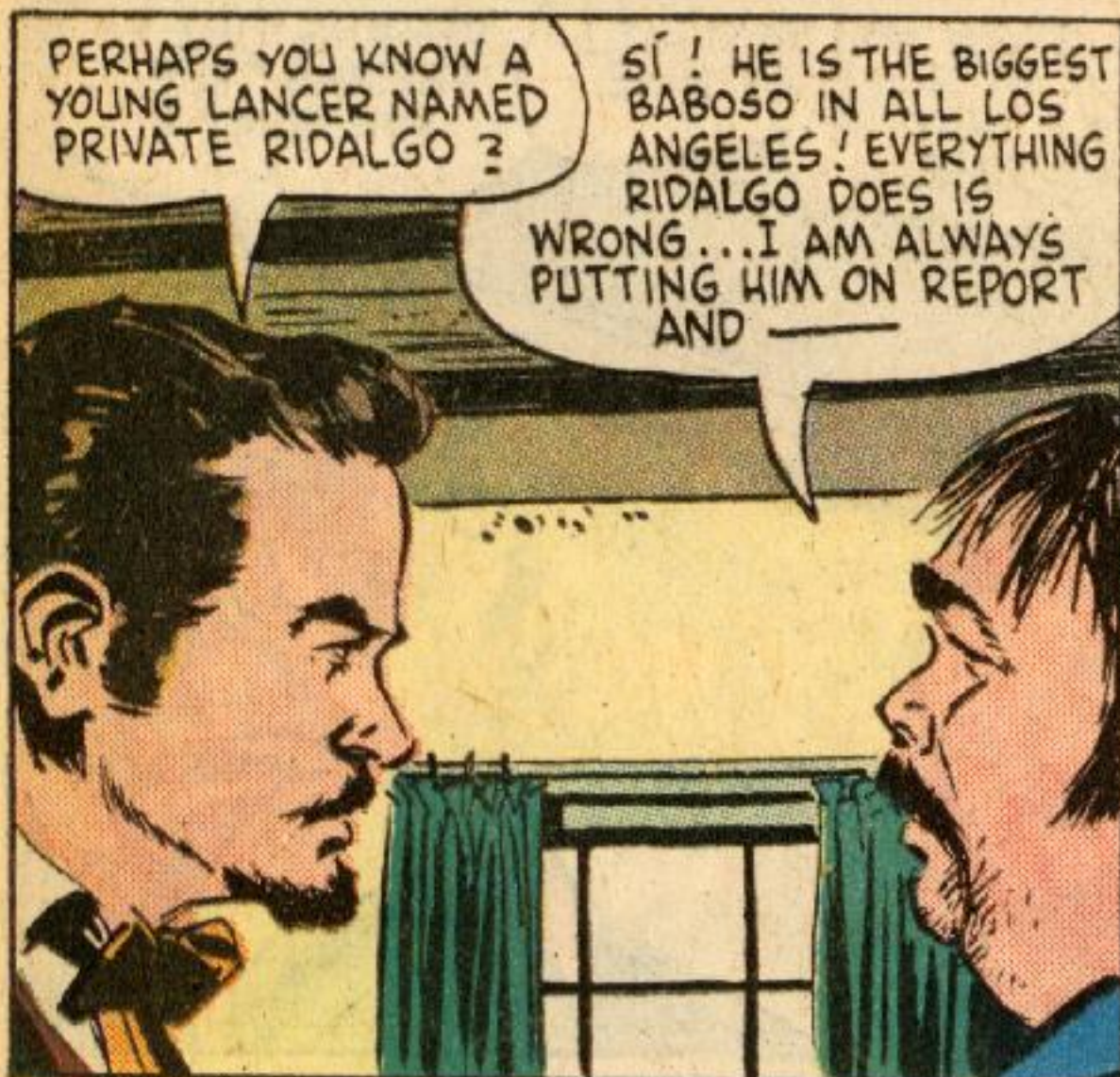
MOMENTS LATER...

NOW, THEN... SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

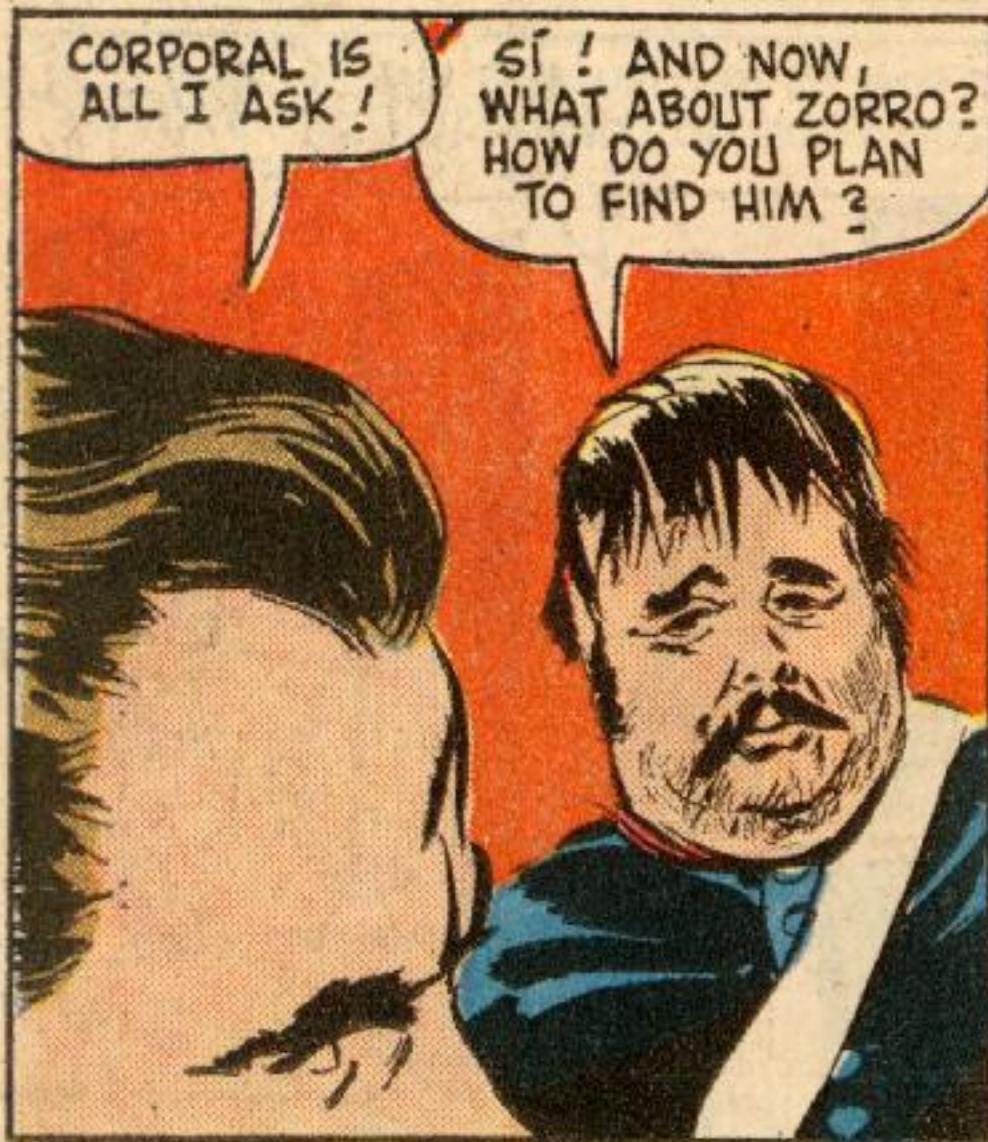
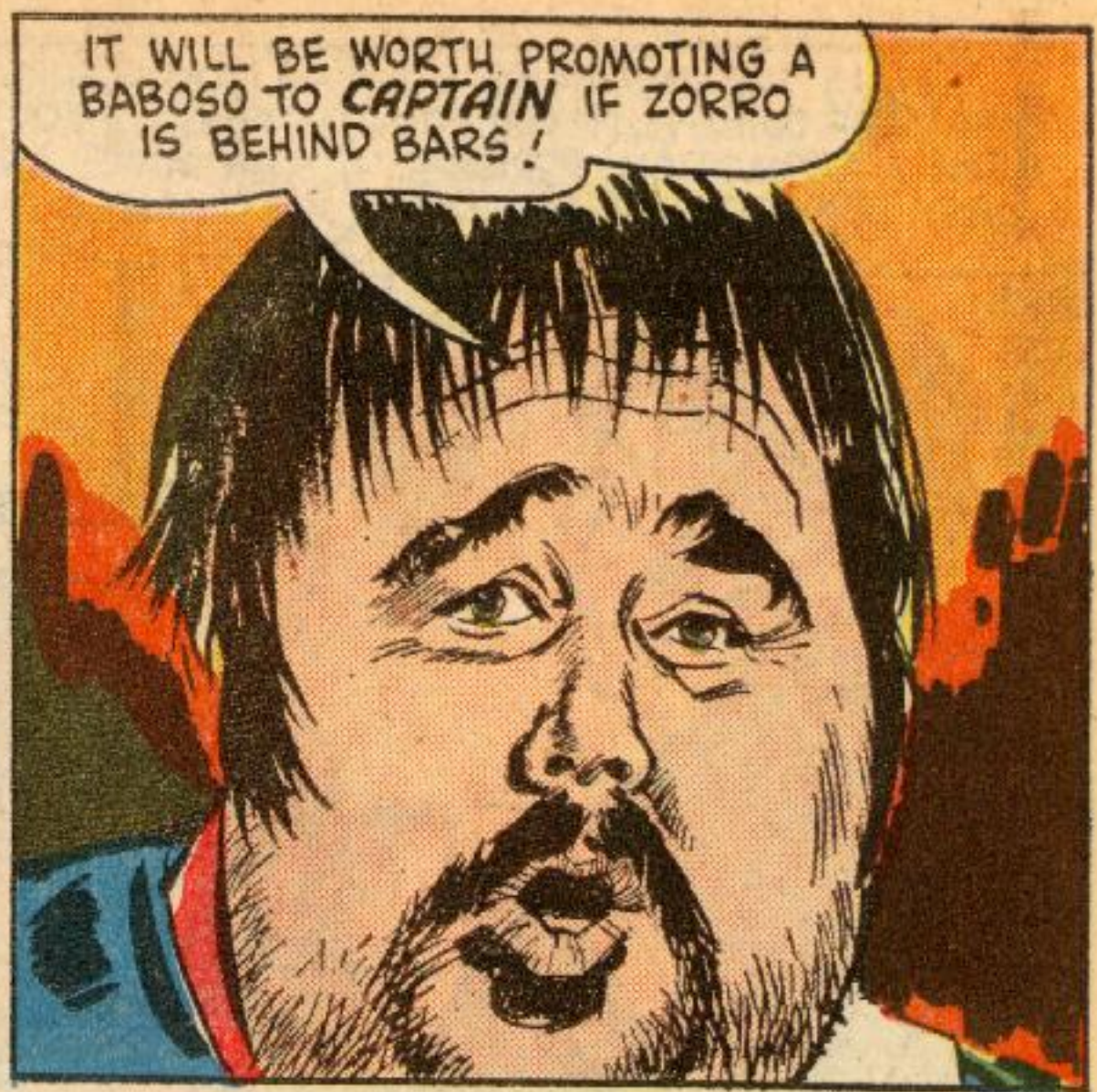
YOU WISH TO CATCH ZORRO, IS THAT NOT RIGHT?







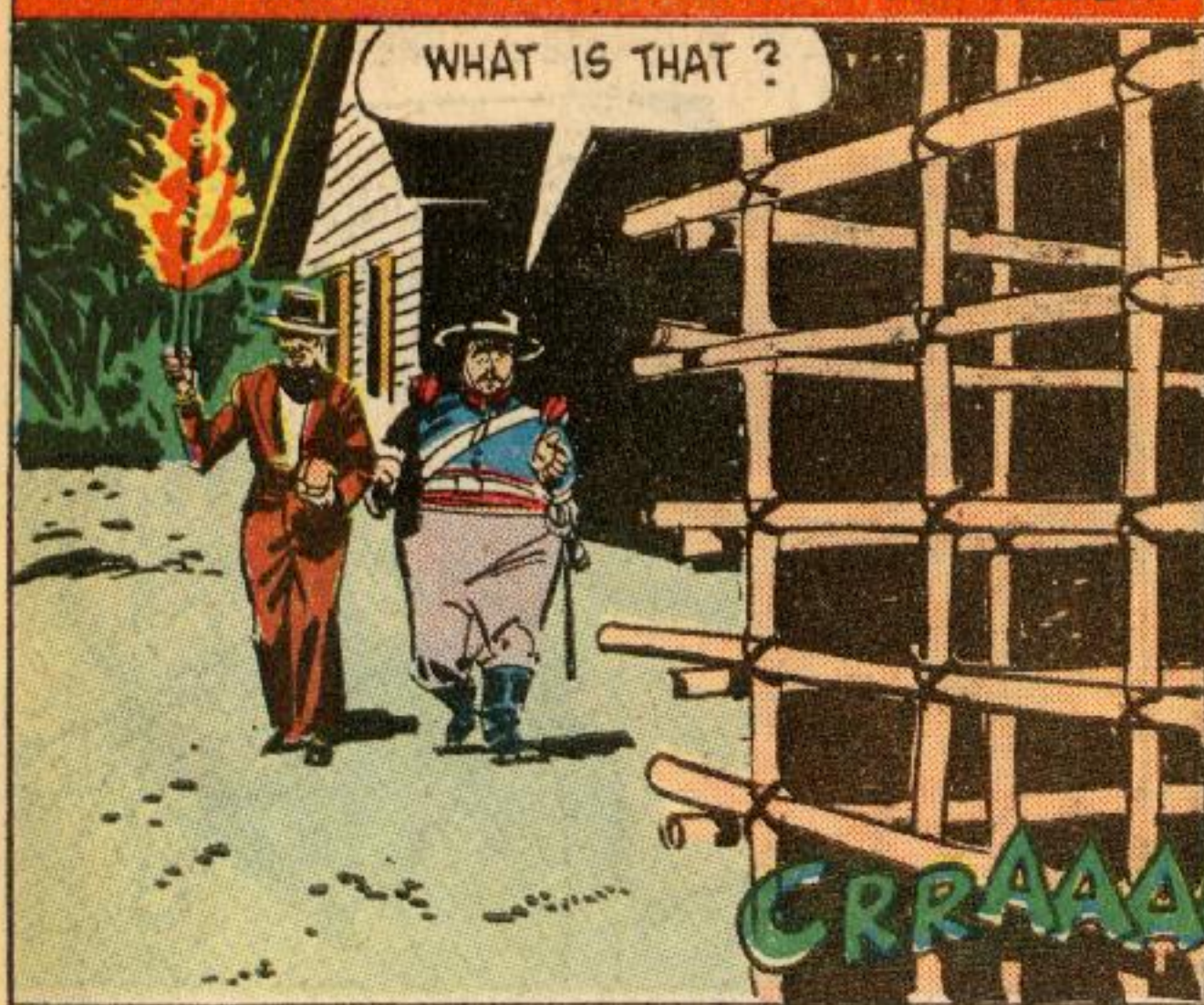






ROLFO LEADS GARCIA TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...

WHAT IS THAT?



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



DOGS? THEY LOOK MORE LIKE **WOLVES!**

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



I WILL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO EAT...

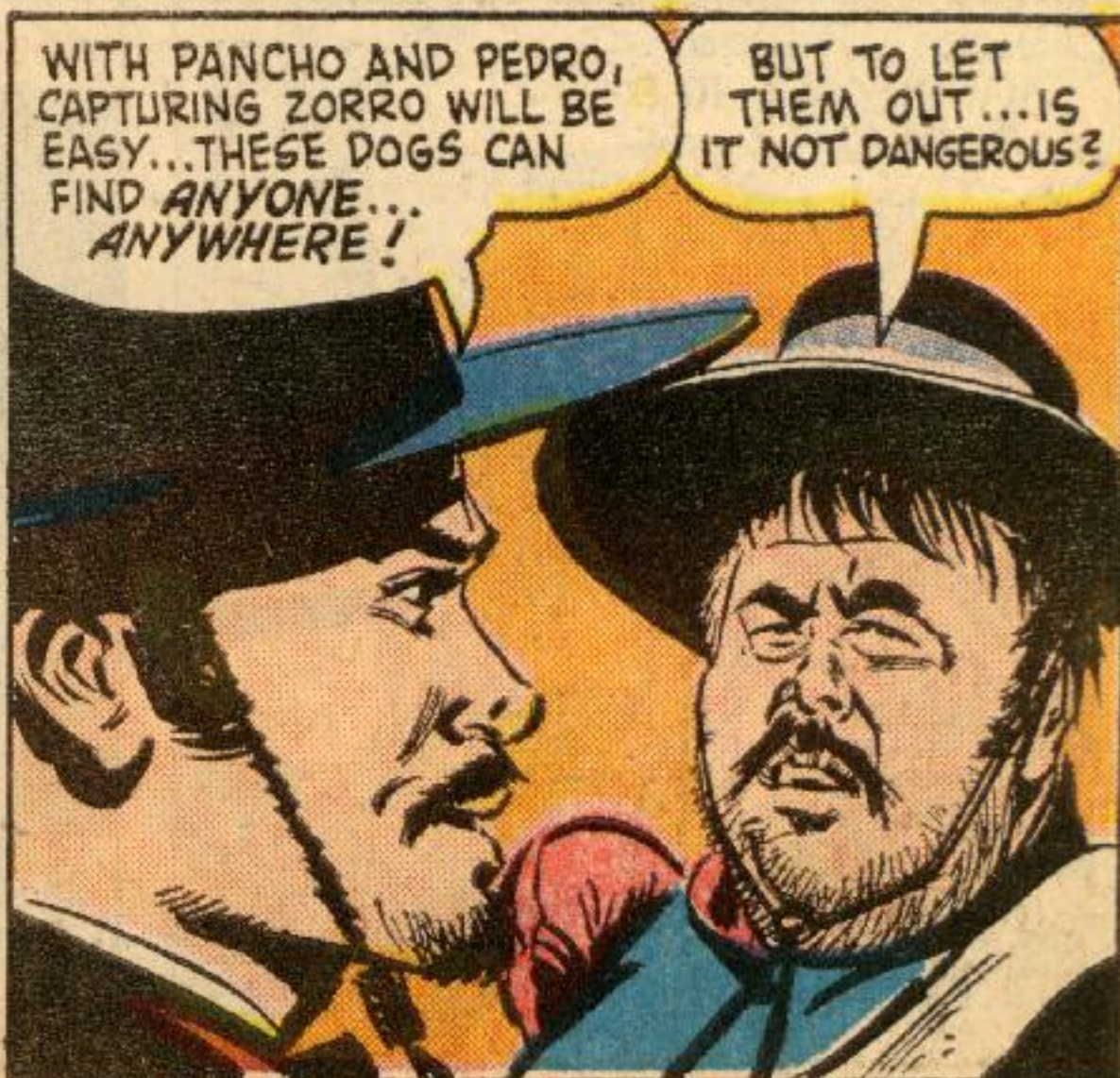


ALWAYS, THEY ARE HUNGRY! IT IS BETTER NOT TO OVERFEED THEM... THEY STAY HUNGRY... AND THEY LOOK FORWARD TO WHAT THEY CATCH AT THE END OF A CHASE!



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

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





THEY KNOW ME, SERGEANT GARCIA...AND THEY OBEY MY COMMANDS! BUT FIRST, THERE IS SOMETHING WE MUST DO...

¿SÍ?

SOME ARTICLE OF CLOTHING...OR A WEAPON... ANYTHING THAT ZORRO HAS TOUCHED! ONCE THE DOGS HAVE THE SMELL, THEY WILL TRACK HIM DOWN!

BUT THERE IS NOTHING... I CANNOT —

WAIT! THERE IS A SASH... I HAVE HAD IT IN MY DESK FOR WEEKS... IT **ONCE** BELONGED TO ZORRO!

THAT IS PERFECT! WE WILL START AT DAWN!

AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY...

THE SASH, SERGEANT GARCIA...

¿SÍ!

PANCHO... PEDRO... THIS SASH BELONGS TO ZORRO! **FIND HIM!**

??

AS THE TWO MEN FOLLOW THE SNARLING DOGS...

THOSE DOGS ARE HUNTING ZORRO! I MUST WARN HIM!



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!



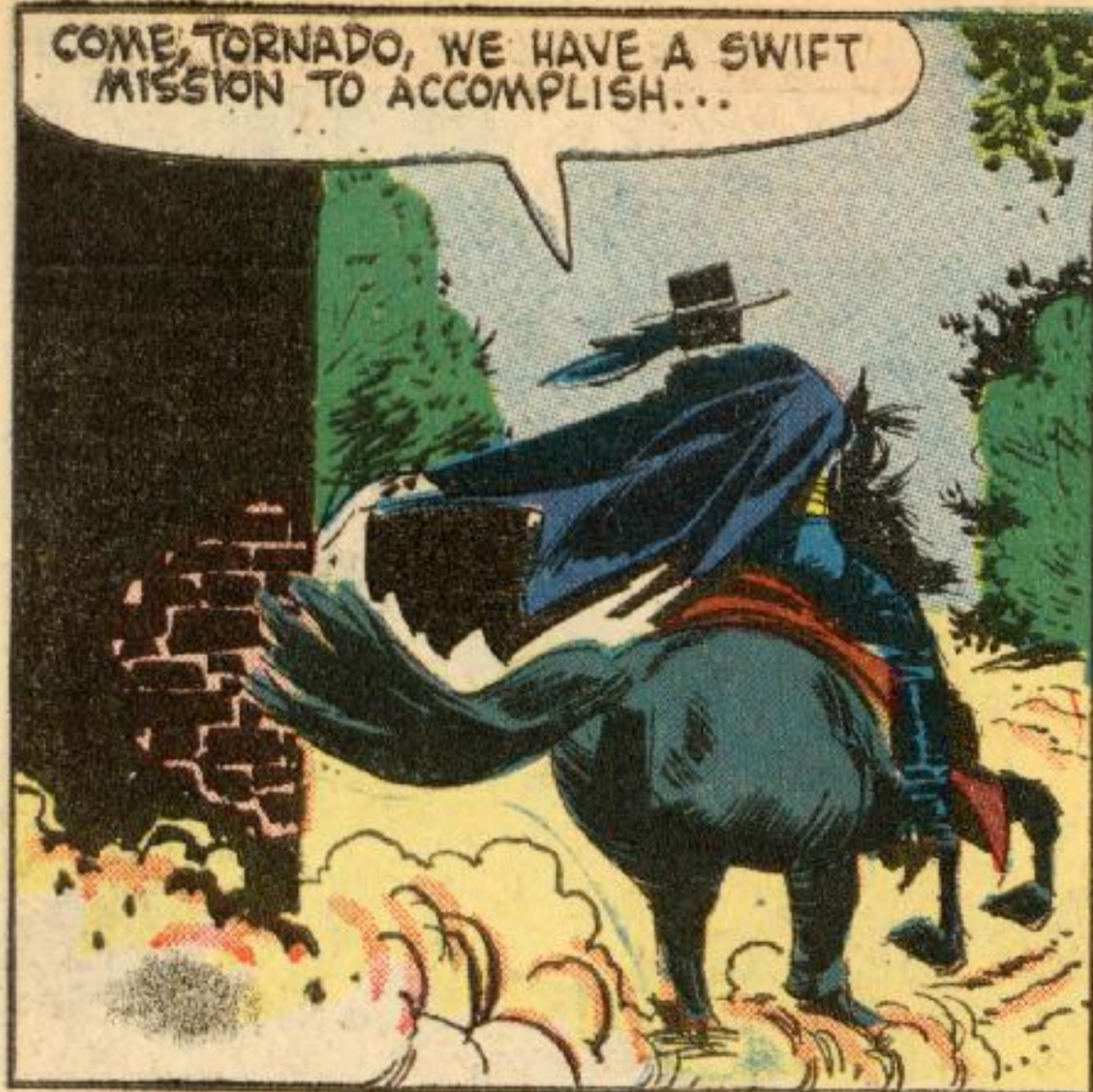
QUICKLY, DON DIEGO CHANGES INTO HIS ZORRO COSTUME...

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





COME, TORNADO, WE HAVE A SWIFT MISSION TO ACCOMPLISH...



THE MOMENT THEY TAKE THE TRAIL TOWARD MY FATHER'S HACIENDA, I WILL LET THEM SEE ME!



MOMENTS LATER...

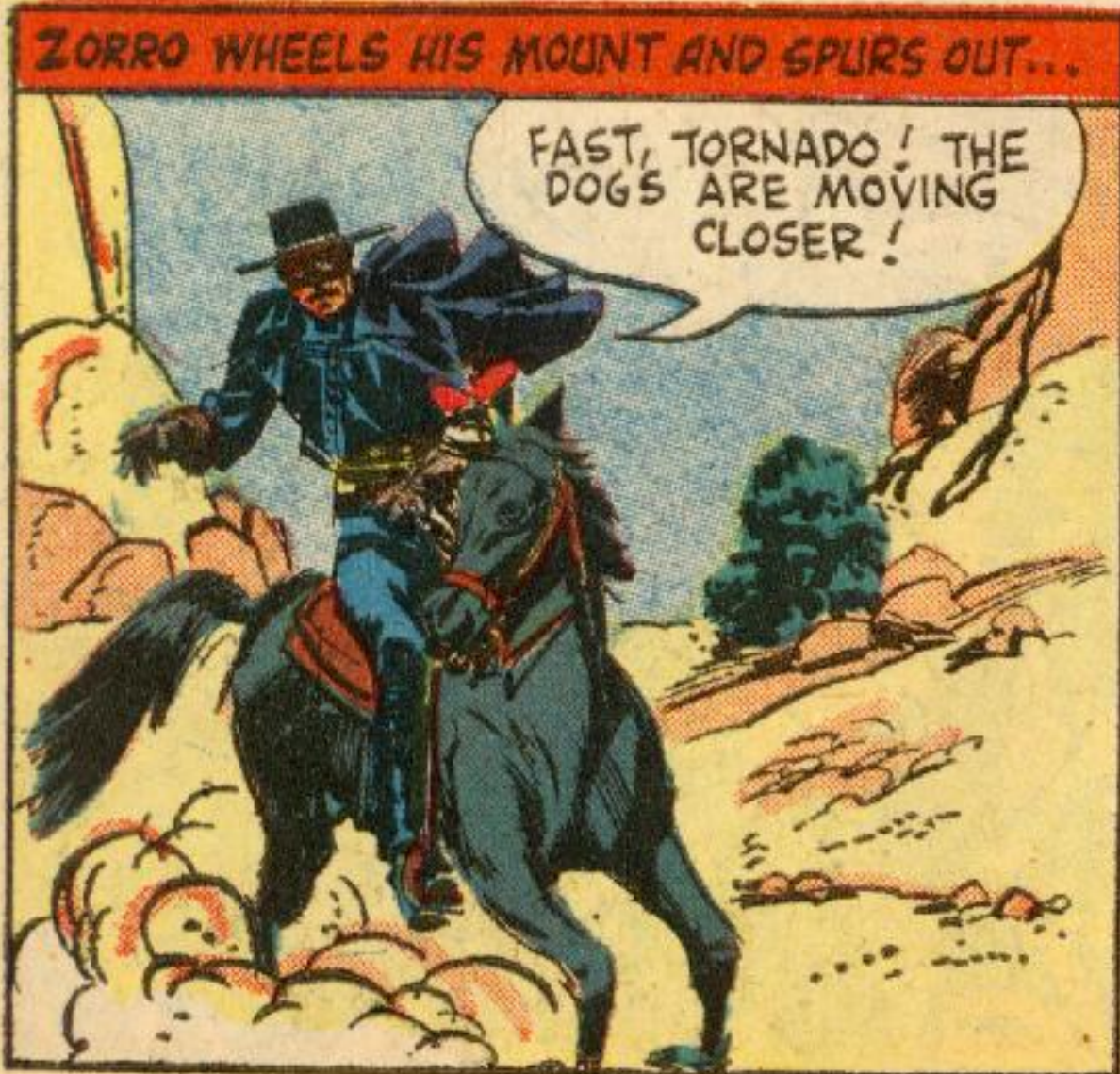
THERE! LOOK!  
IT IS ZORRO!

GET HIM, PANCHO!  
DON'T LET HIM GET  
AWAY, PEDRO!

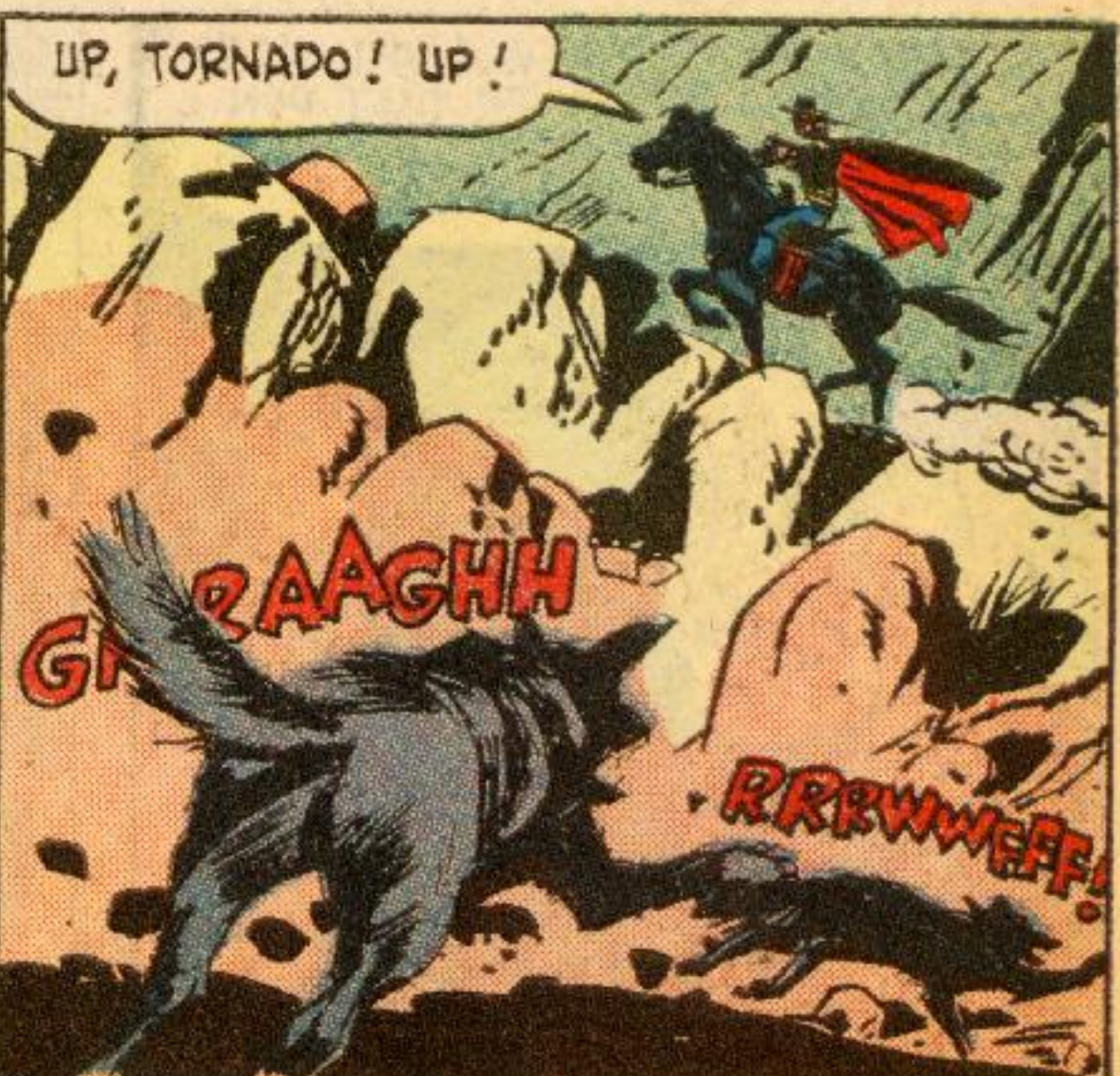


ZORRO WHEELS HIS MOUNT AND SPURS OUT...

FAST, TORNADO! THE  
DOGS ARE MOVING  
CLOSER!



UP, TORNADO! UP!





A CANYON GAP LOOMS UP AHEAD...

JUMP,  
TORNADO!

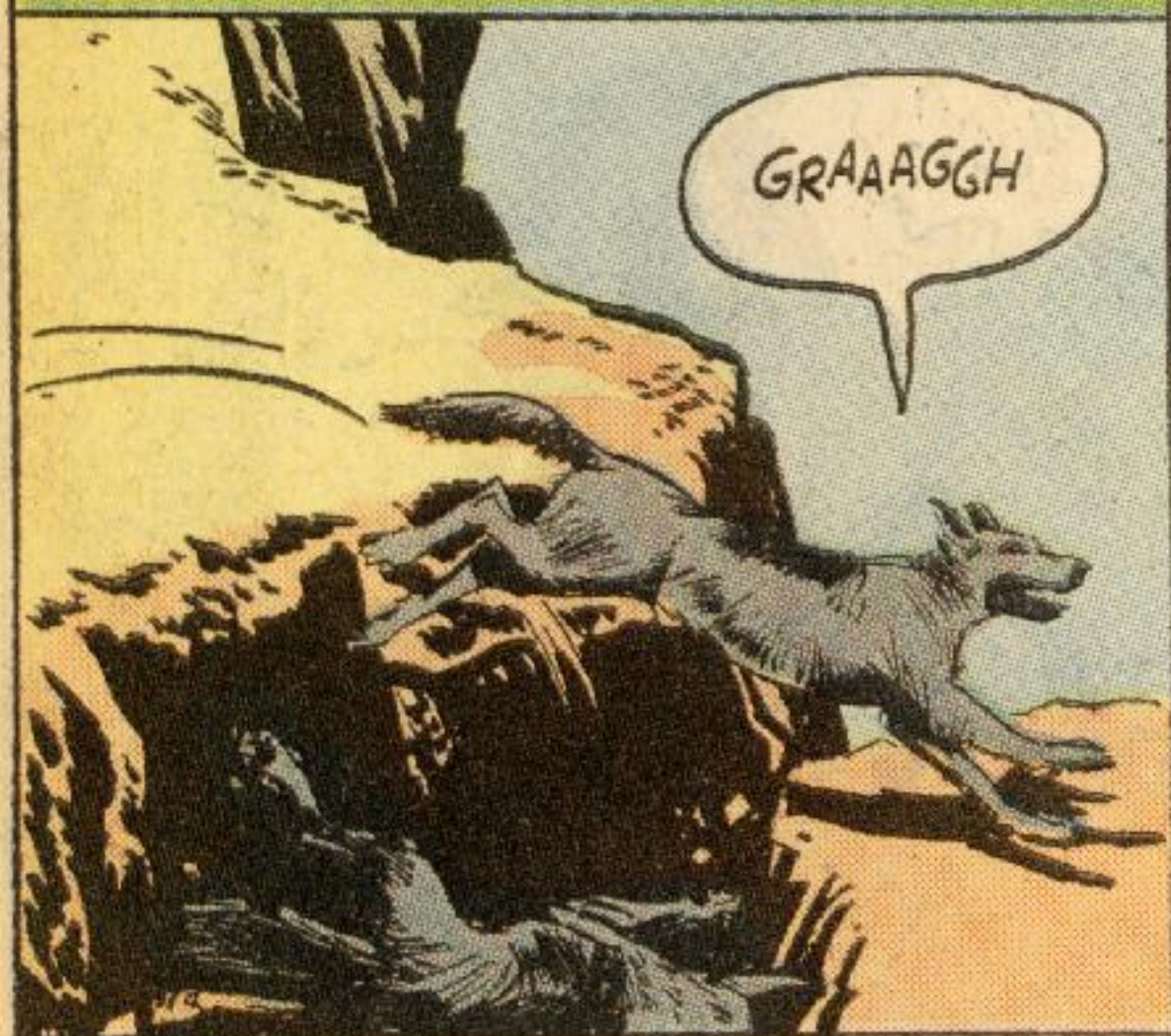


THE POWERFUL HORSE LEAPS THE GAP...



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

GRAAAGGH

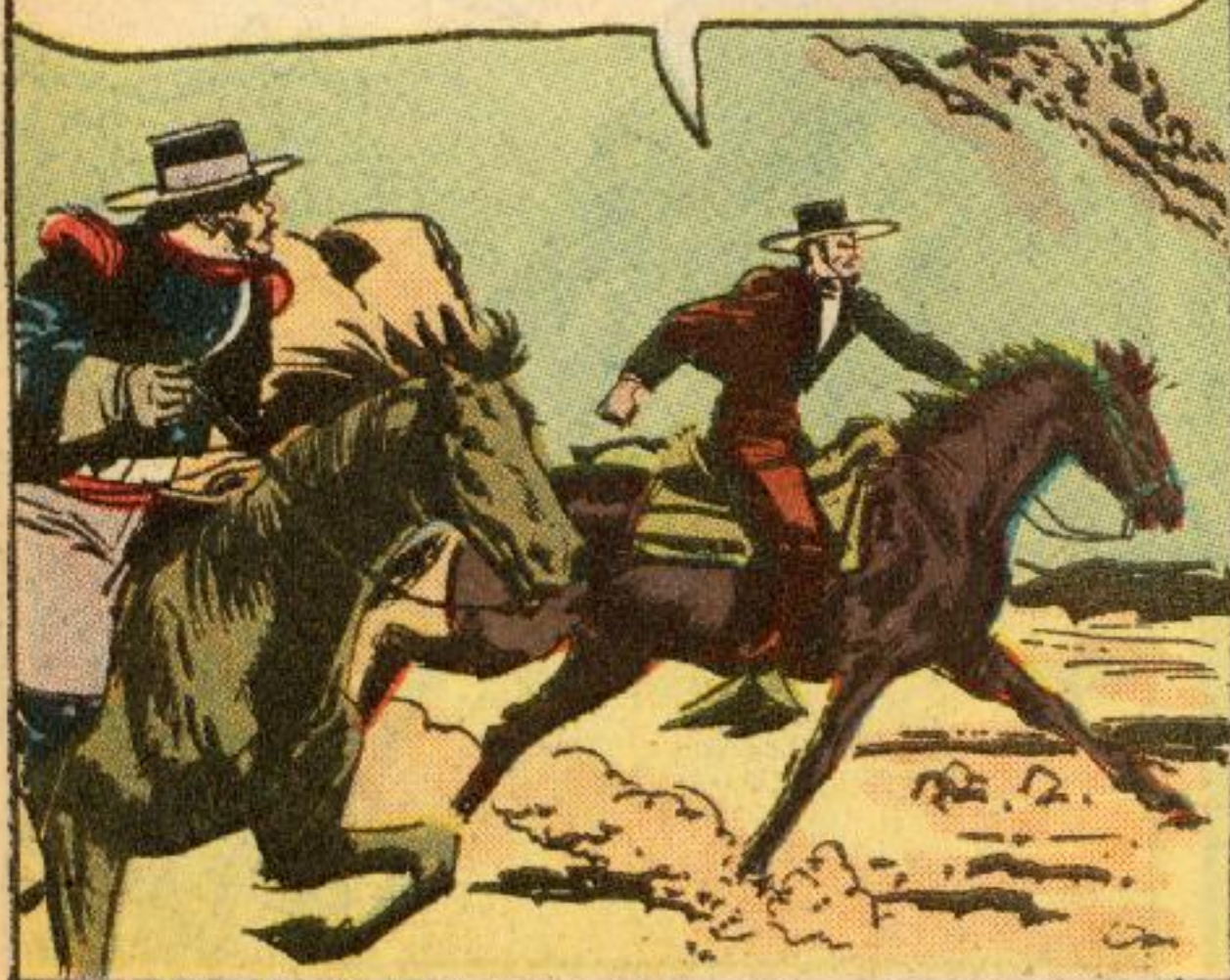


IT IS PANCHO...  
HE HAS FALLEN  
TO HIS DEATH!

OUR HORSES CAN  
NEVER MAKE THAT  
JUMP!



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

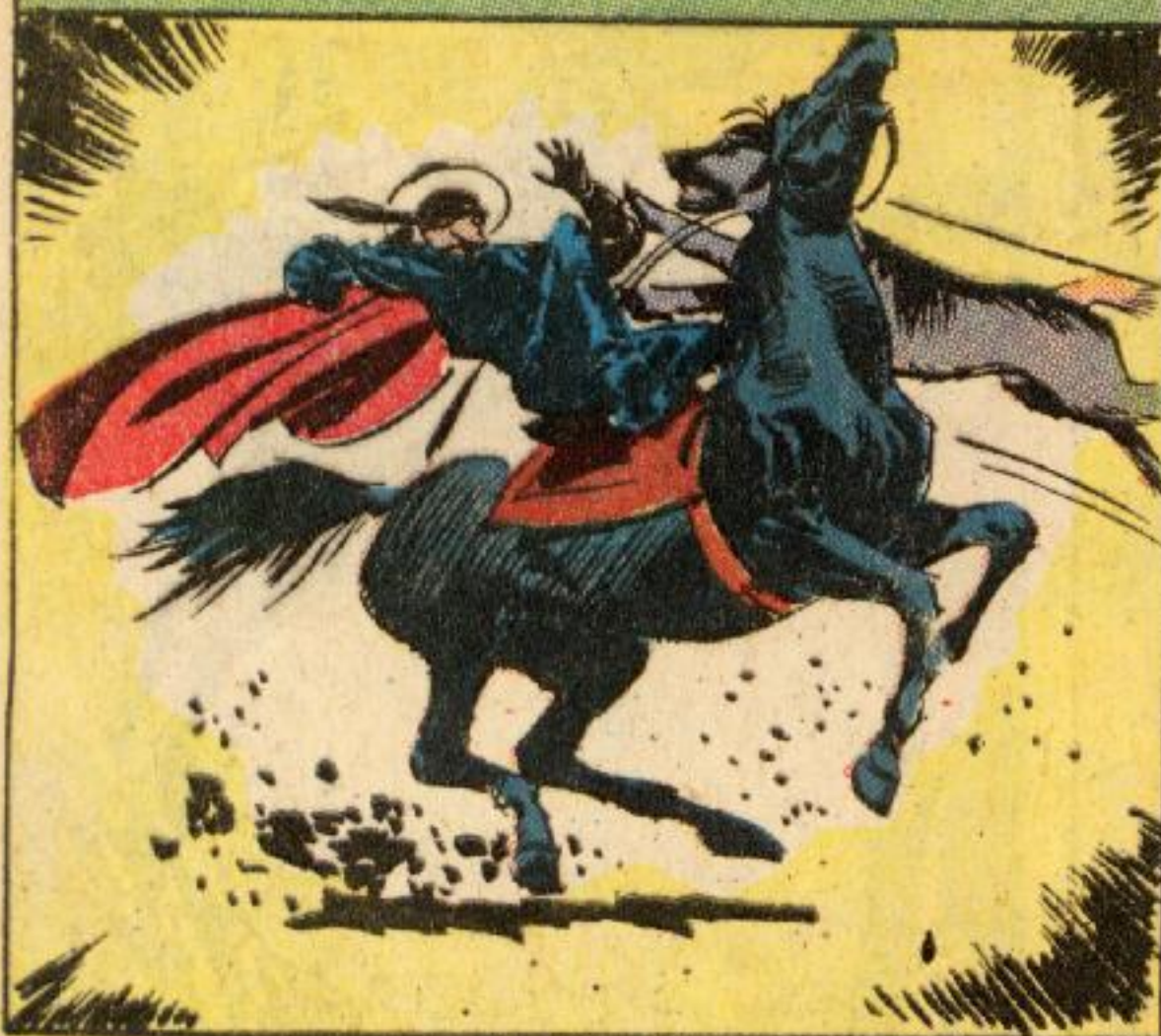


BUT AS TORNADO ATTEMPTS TO REACH  
THE TOP OF A STEEP SLOPE, THE SHALE  
ROCK BEGINS TO CRUMBLE...





THE KILLER DOG ADVANCES AND LEAPS,  
FANGS BARED...



ZORRO FIGHTS THE VICIOUS DOG FURIOUSLY...



TORNADO COMES TO THE RESCUE OF HIS MASTER...



THE DOG TURNS TO MEET THIS NEW MENACE...





AS THE ANIMALS BATTLE FOR LIFE OR DEATH, GARCIA AND ROLFO APPEAR ON THE HORIZON...

THERE! PEDRO HAS FOUND HIM!

NEEEIGH!

GRRRR!

SUDDENLY...

THUD

WE MUST MOVE FAST TORNADO!

BANG!

BLAM!

HE IS GONE... IT IS NO USE NOW! WE WILL NEVER CATCH HIM!

AS FOR YOUR COUSIN... WELL, SEÑOR, IT LOOKS LIKE HE WILL HAVE TO REMAIN A PRIVATE!

AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

I UNDERSTAND YOU ALMOST CAUGHT ZORRO THE OTHER DAY, GARCIA... WITH DOGS...

BAH! DO NOT SPEAK TO ME OF DOGS... WHAT GOOD ARE THEY... AGAINST A FOX LIKE ZORRO!



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

I WARNED THE COMANDANTE IT WOULD BE USELESS, BUT HE INSISTS WE SEARCH EVERYWHERE IN THIS AREA! HE THINKS WE WILL FIND ZORRO BY FINDING HIS DISGUISE!



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

POOR SERGEANT GARCIA, SEARCHING FOR ZORRO'S DISGUISE! IT WOULD BE A PITY IF HE FOUND NOTHING, EH, BERNARDO?



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

WE FOUND A BLACK MASK AND CLOAK IN THE HOME OF SEÑOR RUIZ, COMANDANTE...

RUIZ? BUT HE IS EIGHTY!



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



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

IMBECILE! NONE OF US CAN BE ZORRO!



**DELL**  
COMIC

A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

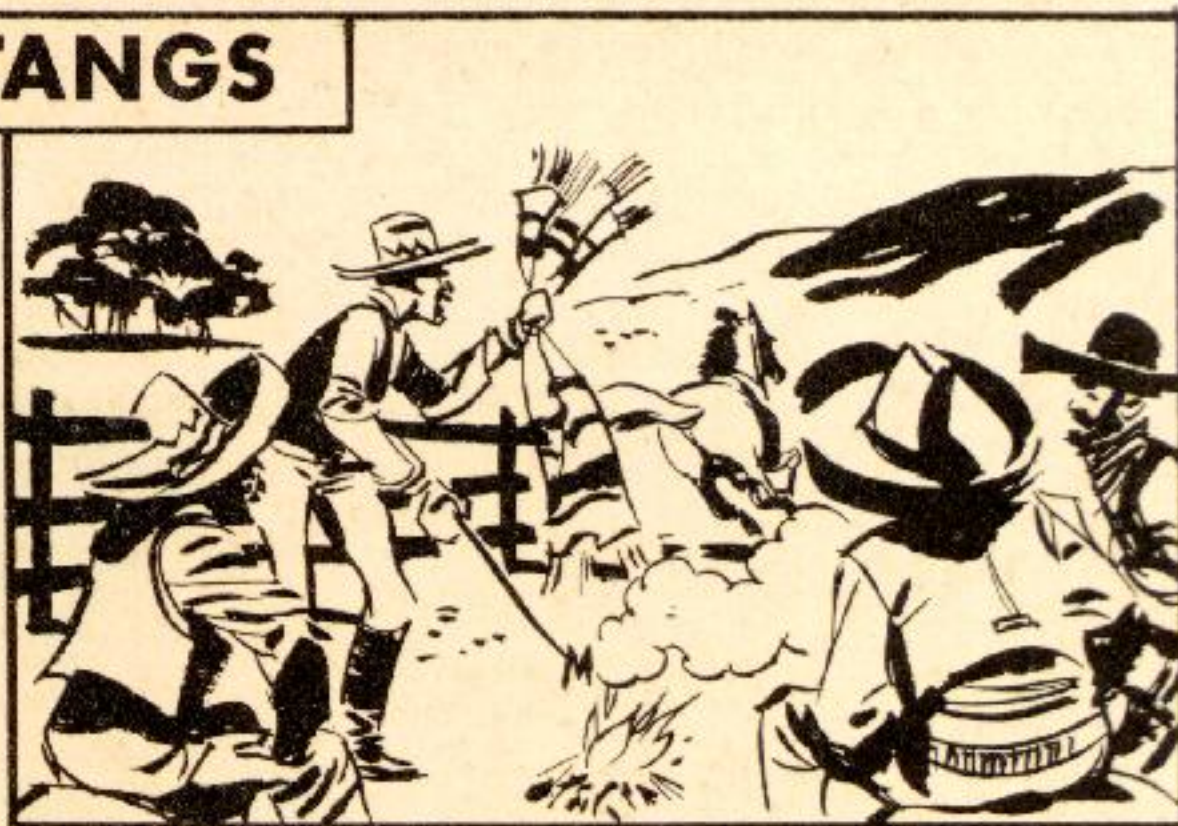
The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.



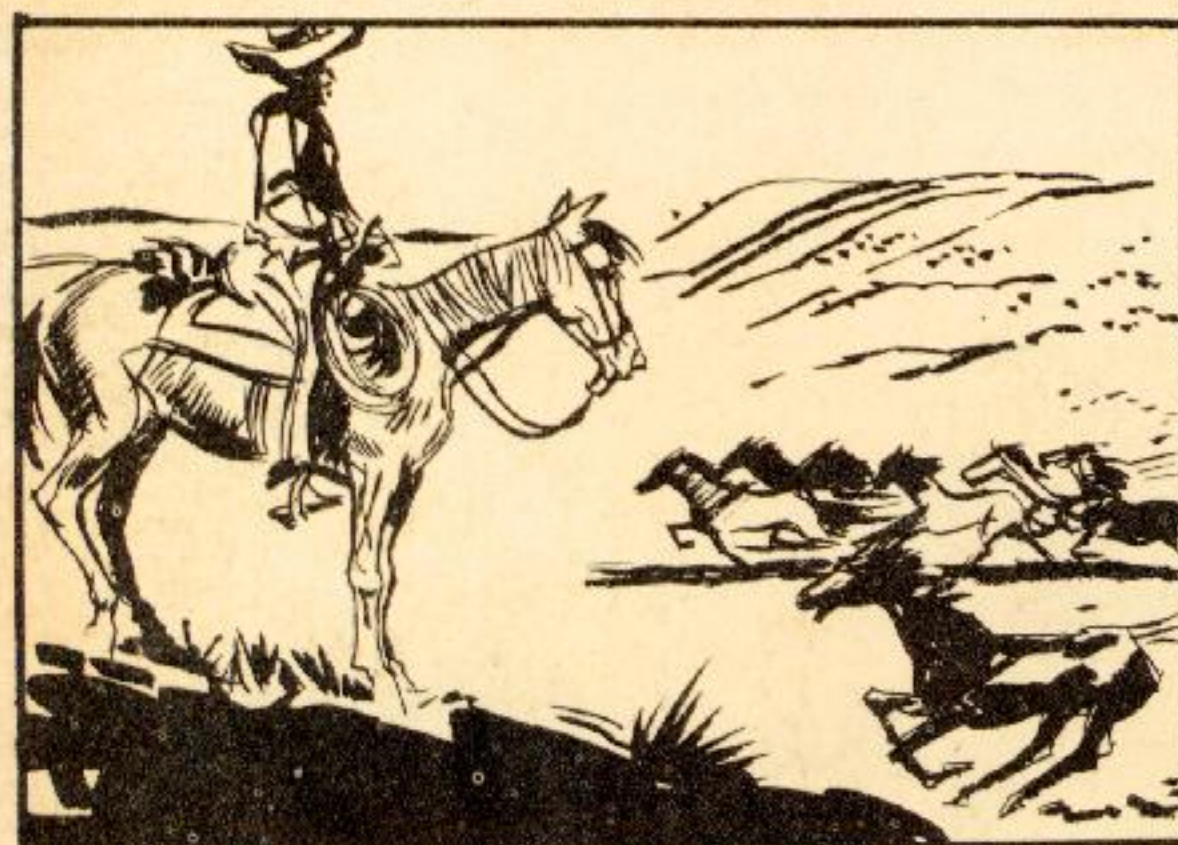
## THE MUSTANGS



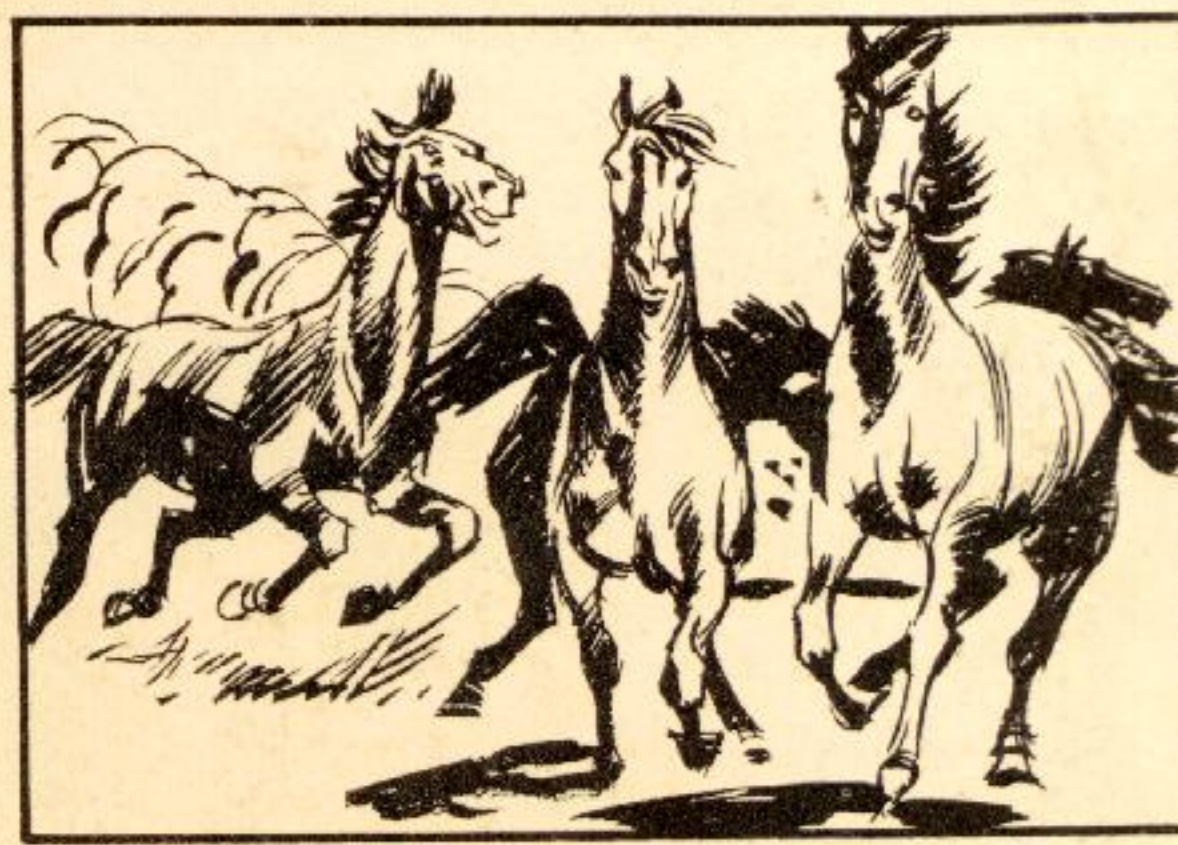
In old California, horsemanship was very important. When a Californian was only four or five, he was hoisted onto a horse and his education began. By the time he was six he rode as easily as he walked.



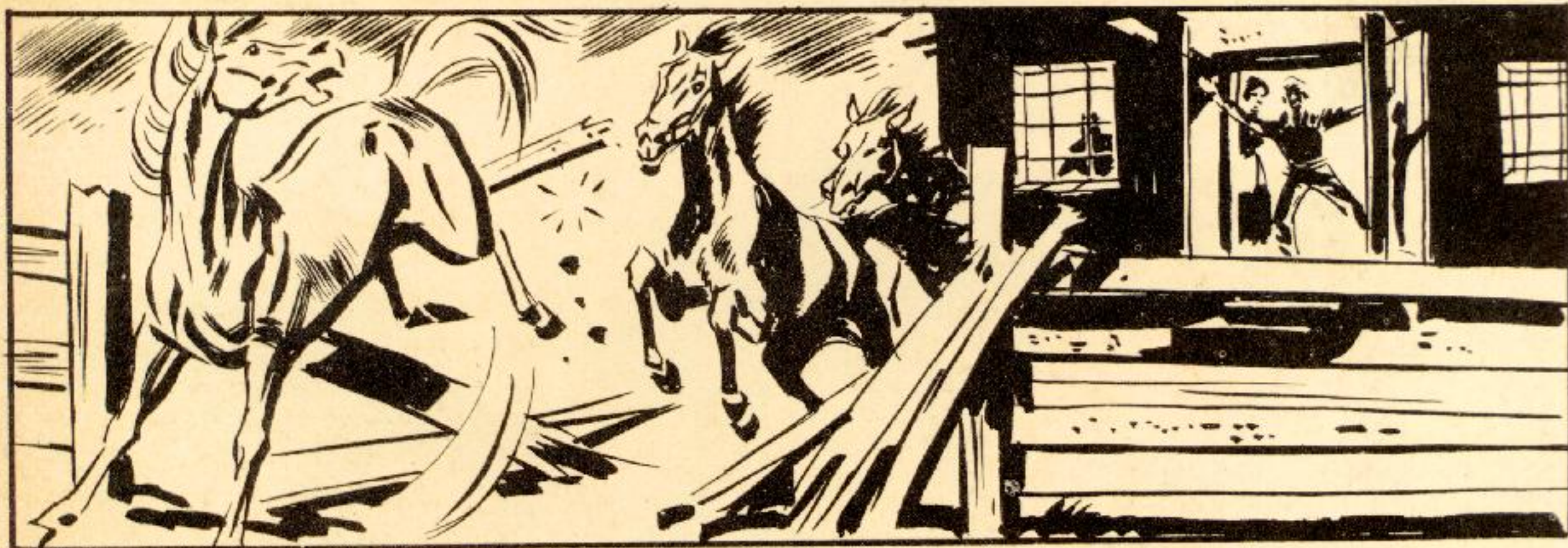
The rancheros prized their horses — Arab steeds brought in from Spain. These were never stabled. Instead, they were branded and turned out to pasture to graze for themselves until a fresh mount was needed.



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.



