

DELL

Exciting
Adventure

15¢

WALT DISNEY'S

ZORRO

MAY

Zorro investigates
a mission theft
but is interrupted
by the overly anxious
Sergeant Garcia!



THE GOLDEN TRAIL



An Indian boy identifies two suspects as the ones guilty of robbing the mission of a golden treasure. But, for lack of proof, they are released by Sergeant Garcia.



Zorro believes the boy and vows to recover the loss for the mission, although, to do so he must first avoid being captured by Garcia's lancers who are on his trail.

DIEGO'S DILEMMA



During an escape from the lancers, Zorro is wounded, and Sergeant Garcia hopes that by finding a wounded man he will find Zorro.



Alerted by Bernardo that Garcia will put him to the test, Don Diego prepares a surprise for the eager, scheming sergeant.

WALT DISNEY'S
ZORRO

the GOLDEN TRAIL

ONE MORNING,
AT THE MISSION
NEAR THE
PUEBLO DE
LOS ANGELES...

STOP!
PLEASE...
YOU
CANNOT--

OUT OF
THE WAY,
BOY!

PADRE! THOSE
MEN...THEY WERE
IN THE CHAPEL!
THEY STOLE
SOMETHING!

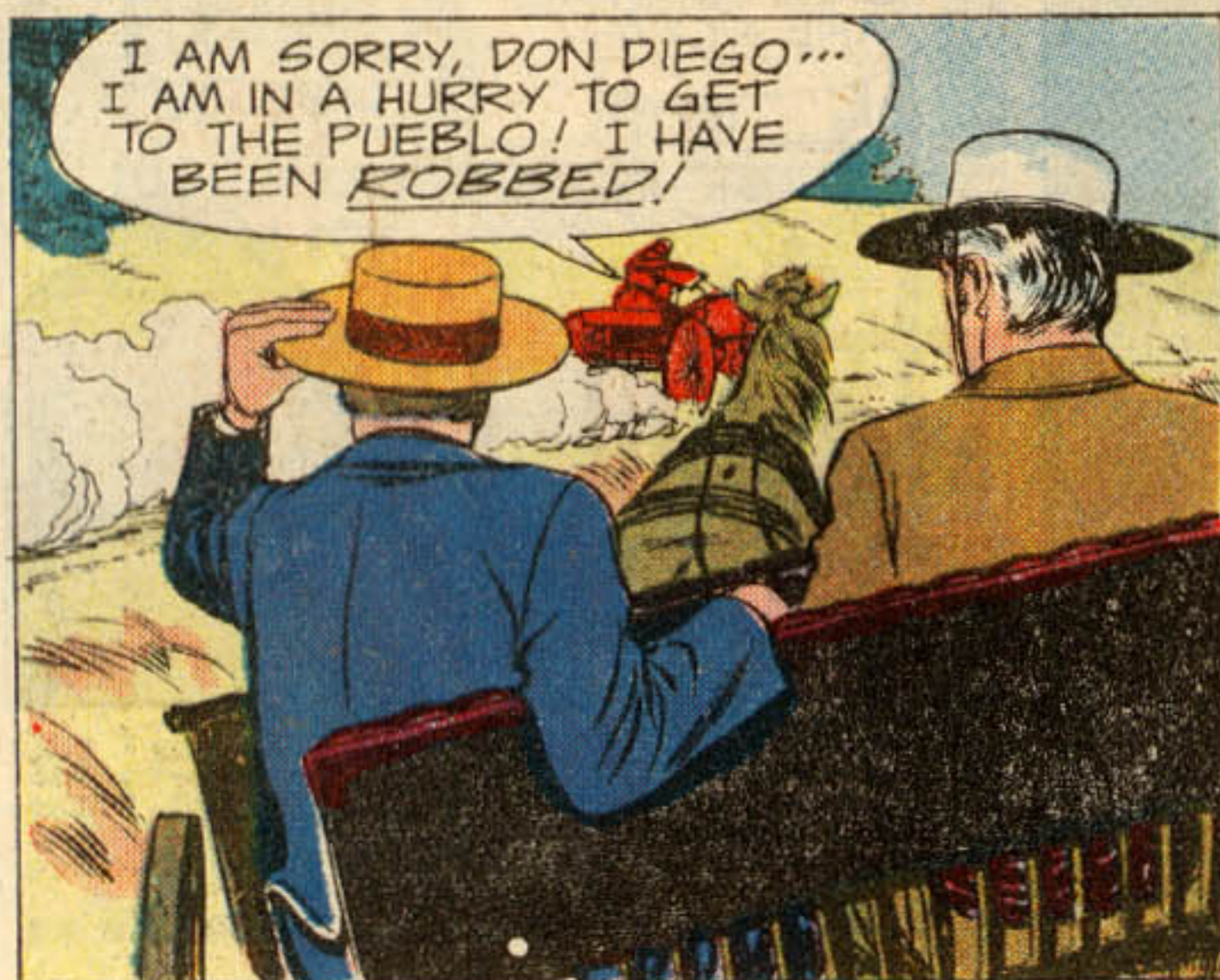
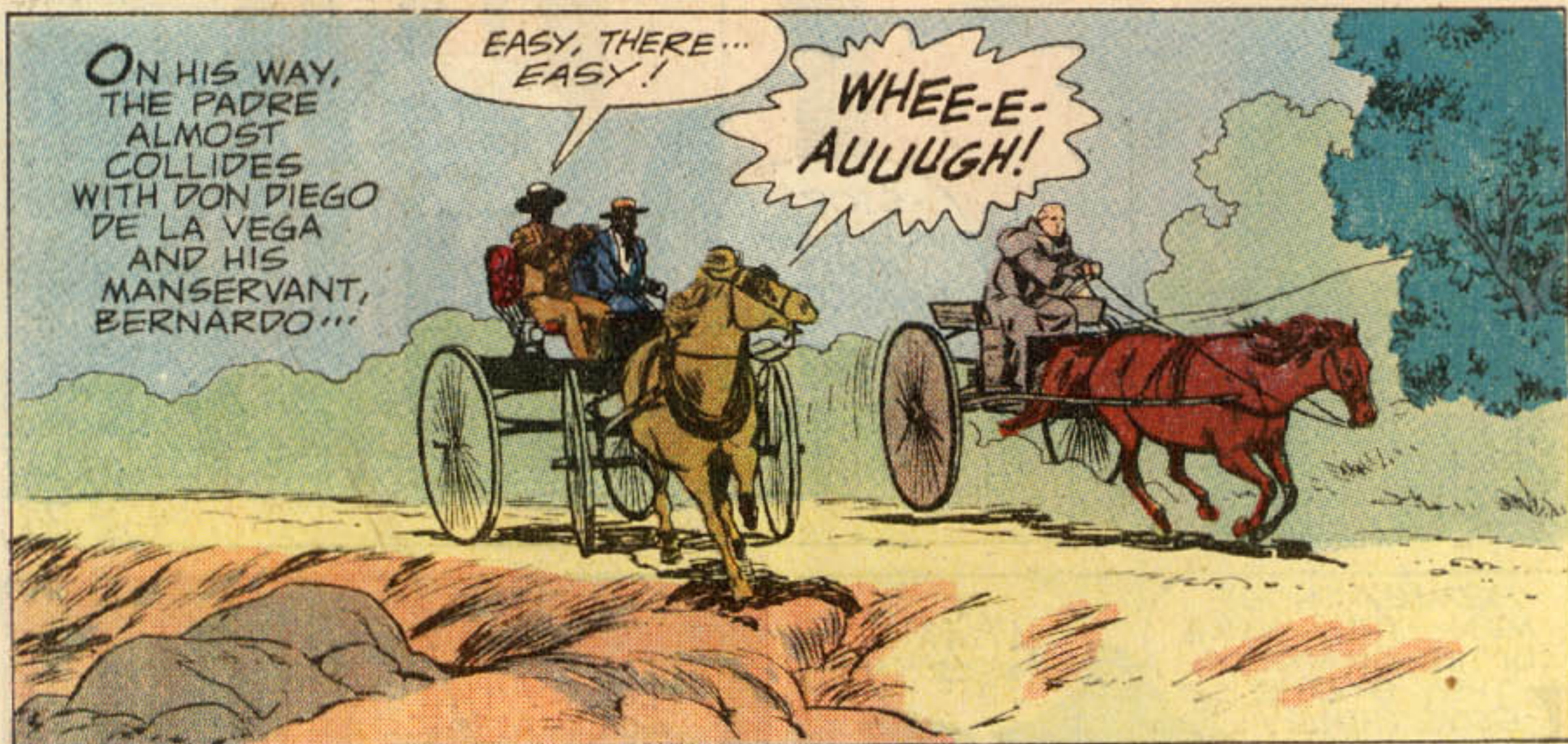
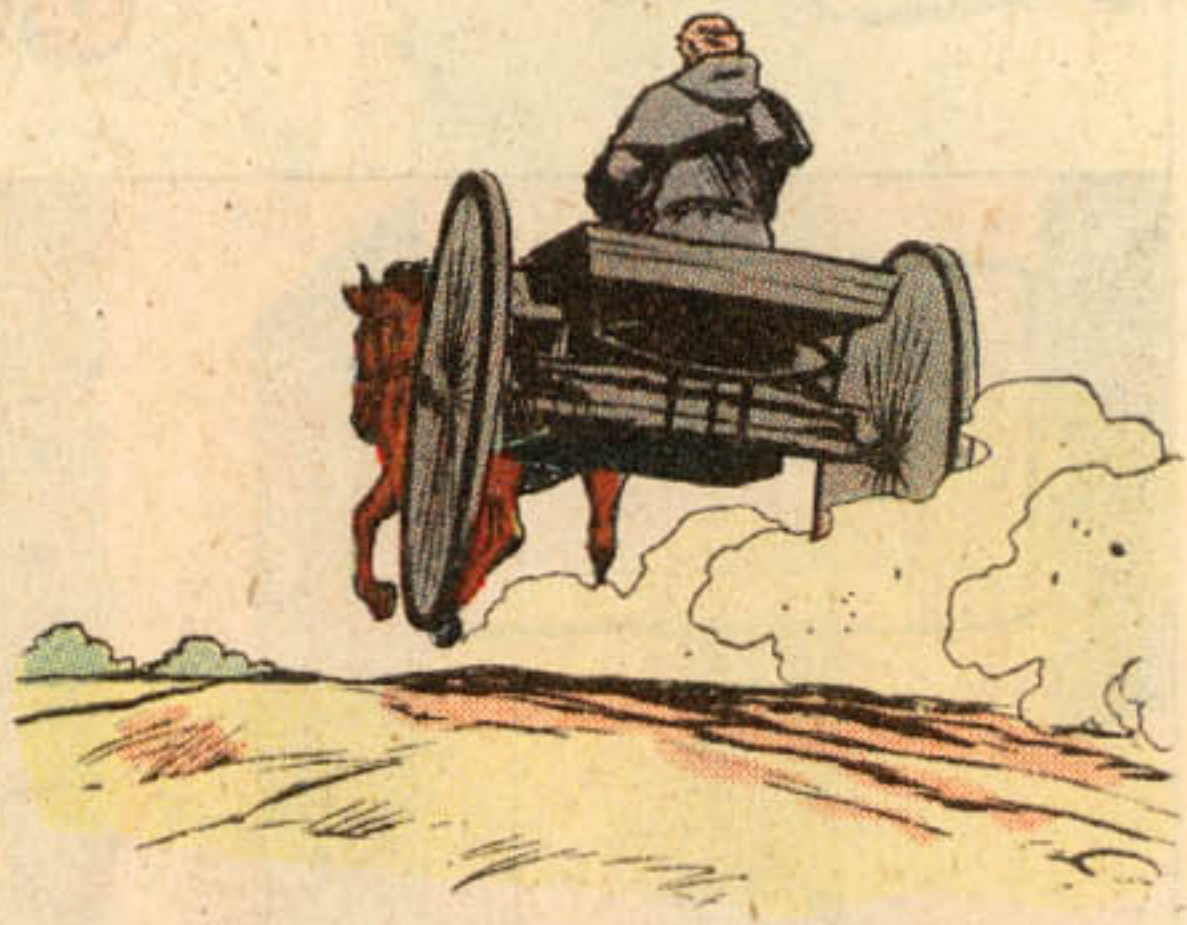
WHAT
???

THE PADRE ENTERS THE CHAPEL
TO INVESTIGATE...

LOOK! THE
GOLD ALTAR
CANDLESTICKS
ARE GONE!

Walt Disney's ZORRO, No. 13, Mar.-May, 1961. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Executive Vice-Presidents, William F. Callahan, Jr., Paul R. Lilly; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. All rights reserved throughout the world. Adapted from the Walt Disney television series "Zorro," based on the novels by Johnston McCulley. Nothing herein contained to be reproduced without the permission of Walt Disney Productions. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1961, by Walt Disney Productions.

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THE PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES IS BURSTING WITH THE ACTIVITY OF A GAY FIESTA...

LOOK OUT!

IT IS THE PADRE! HE DRIVES HIS WAGON LIKE HE CANNOT CONTROL IT!



SHORTLY, IN THE OFFICE OF SERGEANT GARCIA, THE ACTING COMANDANTE...

...AND YOU MUST HELP ME GET THOSE CANDLESTICKS BACK, SERGEANT GARCIA!

AIII...SUCH A TIME FOR TROUBLES LIKE THIS! IT IS THE ANNUAL FIESTA!



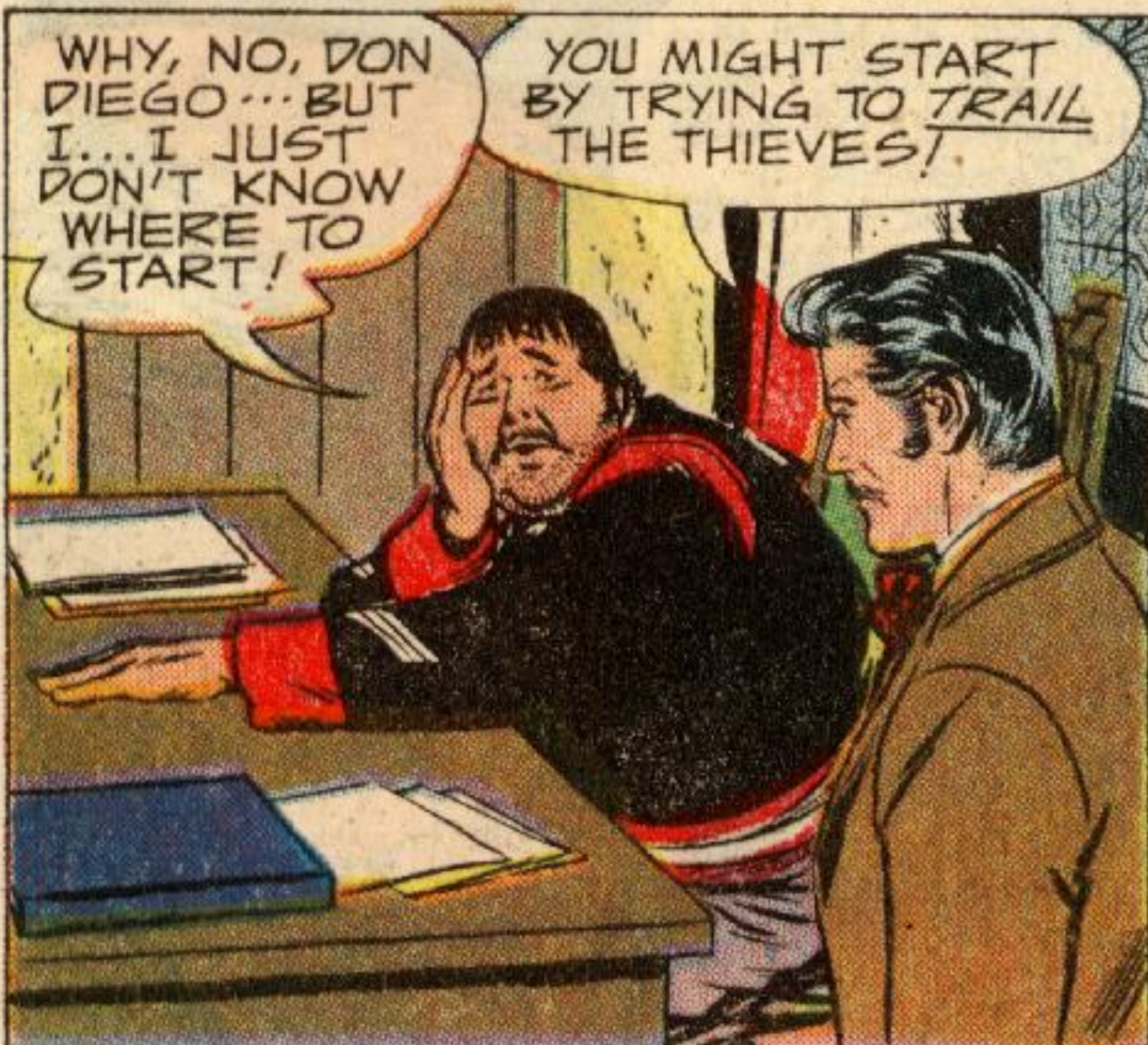
EVERYWHERE THERE IS SINGING AND DANCING... HAPPY PEOPLE COME FOR MILES TO--

IS SINGING AND DANCING MORE IMPORTANT THAN JUSTICE?



WHY, NO, DON DIEGO...BUT I...I JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START!

YOU MIGHT START BY TRYING TO TRAIL THE THIEVES!



WAIT! I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING! I WILL BE ABLE TO SOLVE THIS QUICKLY!

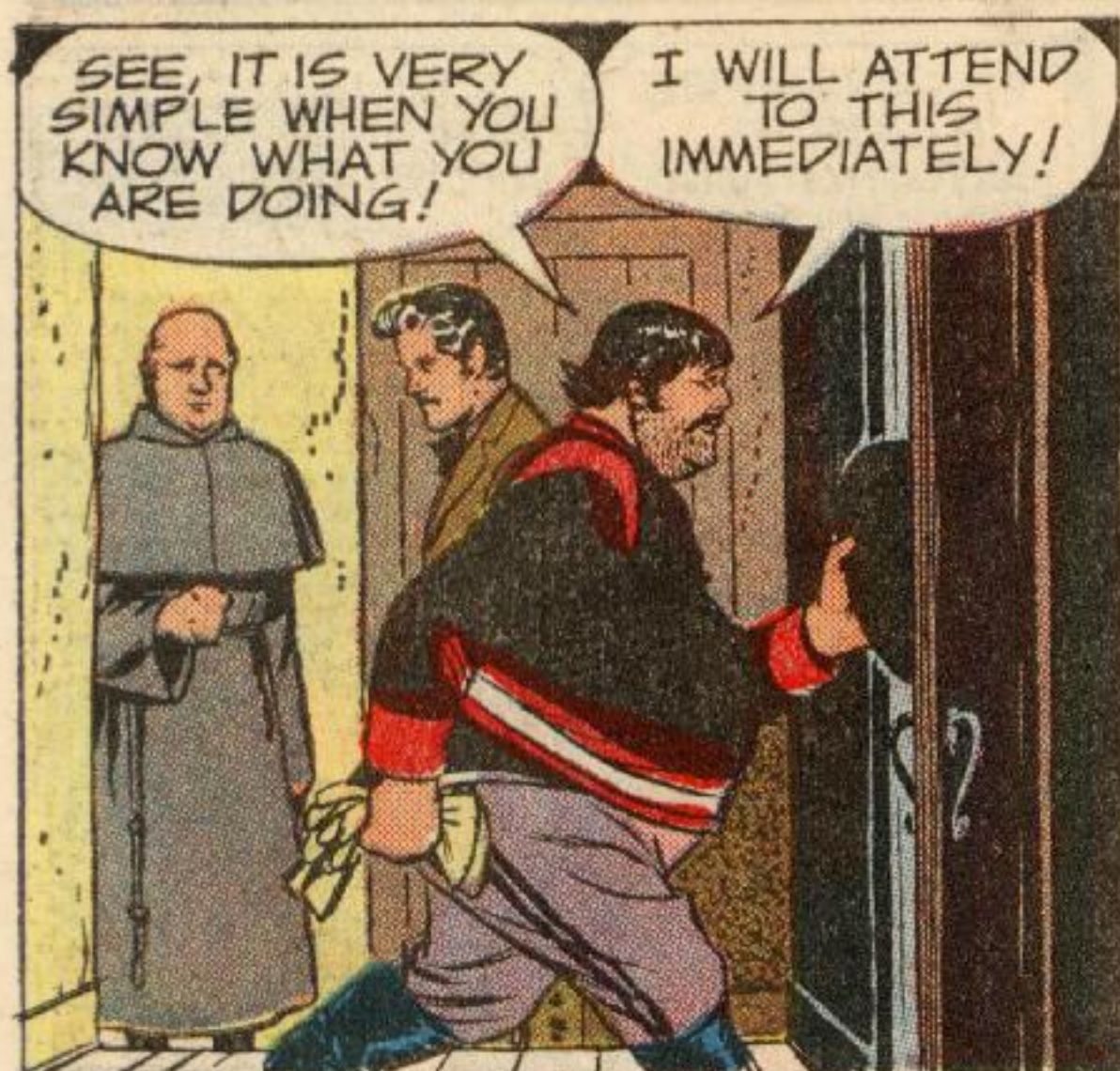
YOU WILL?





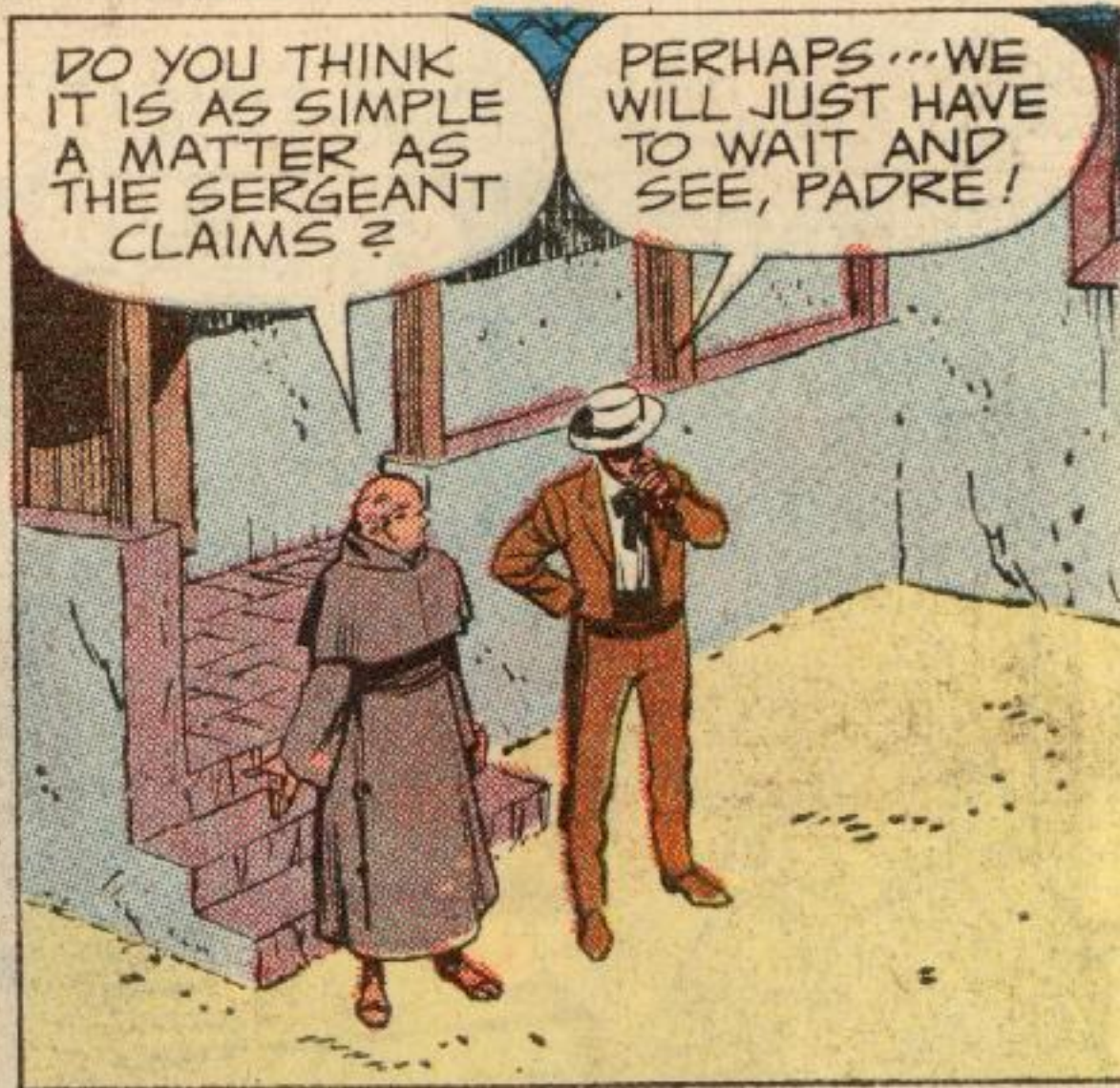
LANCERS ARE STATIONED ON EVERY ROAD LEADING INTO LOS ANGELES...THEY ARE DIRECTING THE PEOPLE WHO ARRIVE FOR THE FIESTA!

THEY WOULD SEE ANYONE LEAVING THE AREA OR COMING INTO IT! I WILL LEARN WHICH ROAD THESE MEN TOOK, AND THEN I WILL BE ABLE TO PURSUE THEM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!



SEE, IT IS VERY SIMPLE WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING!

I WILL ATTEND TO THIS IMMEDIATELY!



DO YOU THINK IT IS AS SIMPLE A MATTER AS THE SERGEANT CLAIMS?

PERHAPS...WE WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE, PADRE!



DID YOU SAY THOSE CANDLE-STICKS WERE GOLD?

YES! BUT IT IS NOT THE VALUE OF THE GOLD I AM CONCERNED ABOUT...

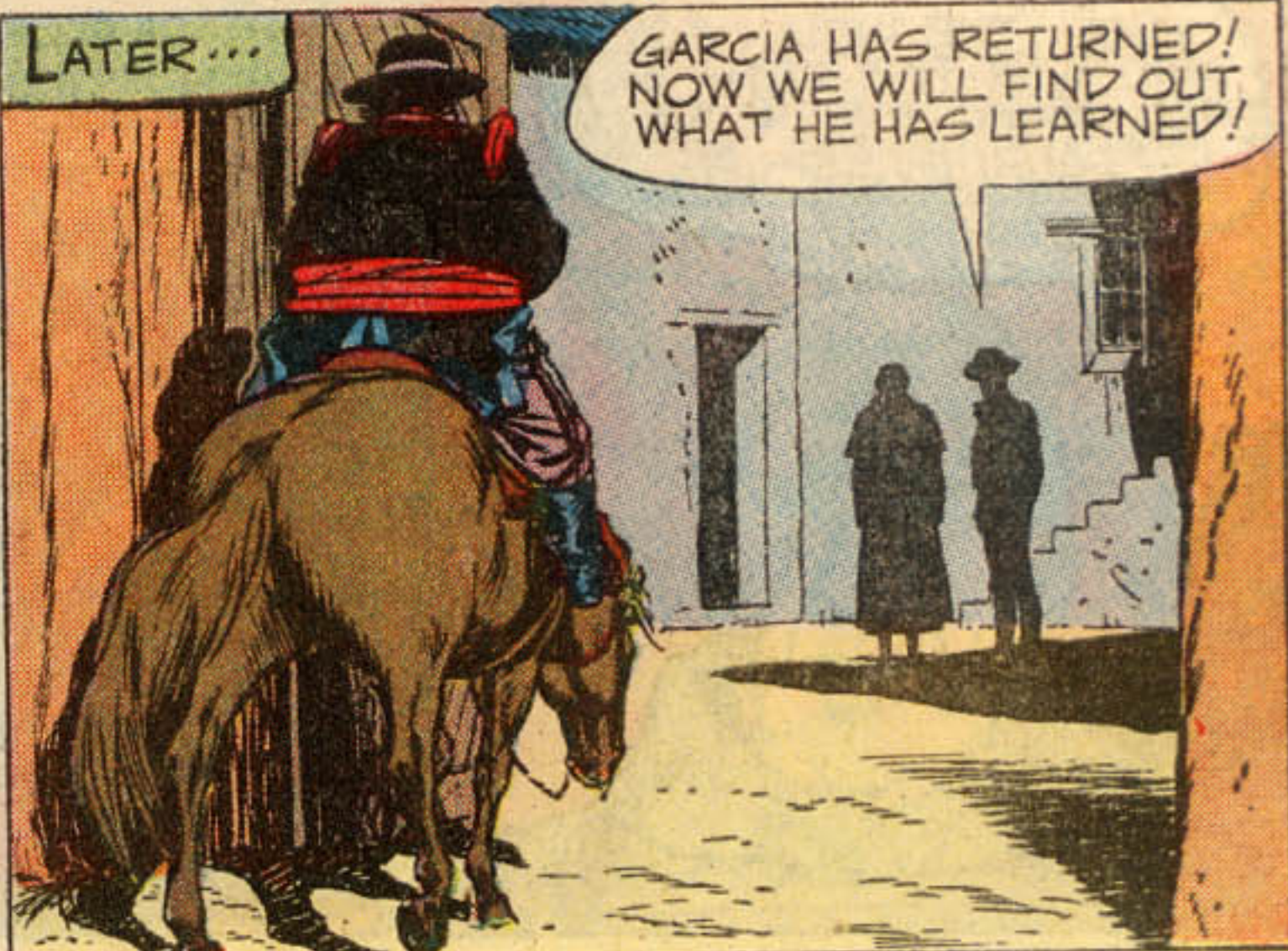


THOSE CANDLE-STICKS ARE ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD...EVEN IF THEY WERE MADE OUT OF CLAY, THEY WOULD BE VALUABLE TO US AT THE MISSION!

THEY HAVE BECOME A
SYMBOL, DON DIEGO...
AND THEY CAN NEVER
BE REPLACED!



LATER...



GARCIA HAS RETURNED!
NOW WE WILL FIND OUT
WHAT HE HAS LEARNED!

BUT THE NEWS
IS NOT GOOD...

I HAVE QUESTIONED
ALL MY MEN... THEY
HAVE SEEN NO ONE
LEAVING
THE AREA...



...BUT THE ROADS ARE
CROWDED WITH PEOPLE
COMING **HERE** FOR
THE FIESTA... EVEN
THE TRAIL FROM
YOUR MISSION,
PADRE!

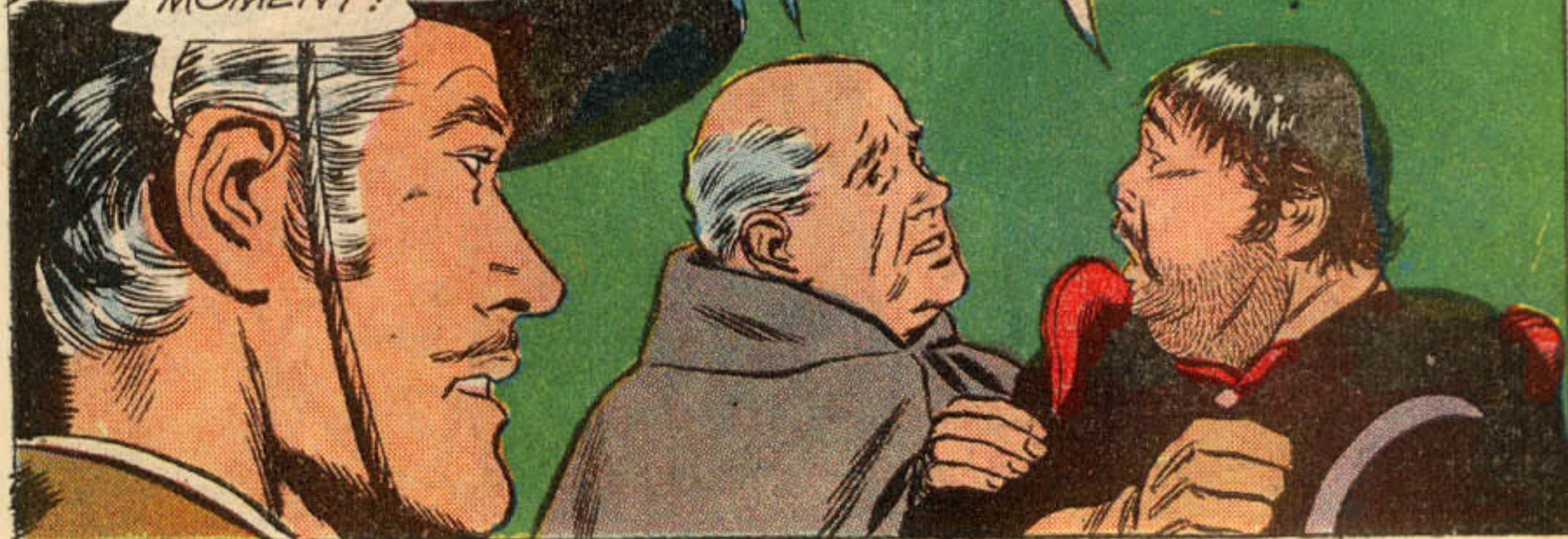
IT IS
PLAIN TO
SEE WHAT
HAPPENED...

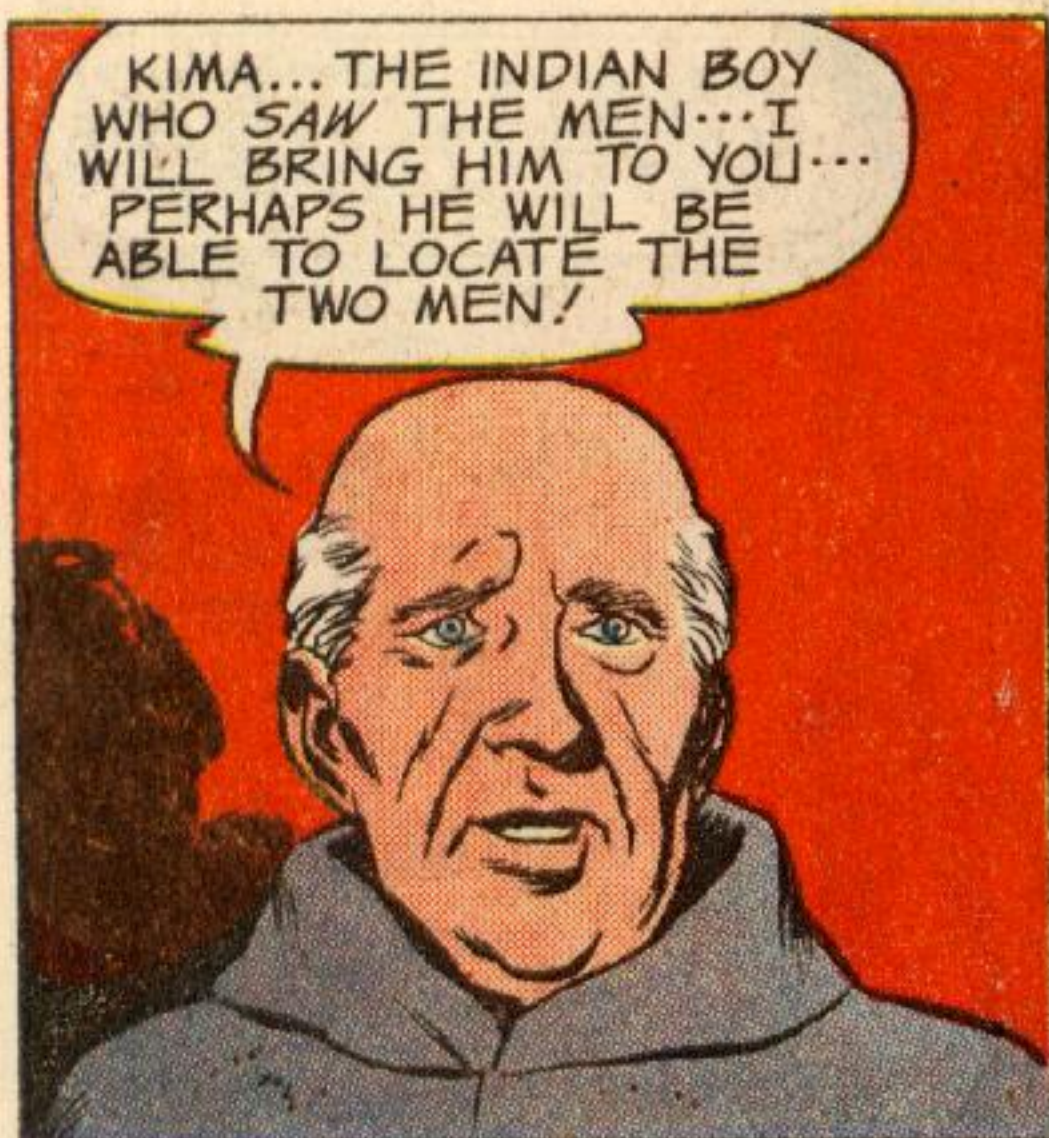


...IT WOULD BE A SIMPLE
MATTER FOR THE THIEVES
TO MINGLE WITH THE
CROWD ON THE ROAD! THEY
ARE PROBABLY IN LOS
ANGELES AT THIS **VERY**
MOMENT!

THEN
WE
MUST
FIND
THEM!

SI... OVER TWO HUNDRED
STRANGERS IN TOWN AND I
HAVE ONLY TWO OF THEM
TO FIND... COULD I ASK
FOR A SIMPLER TASK?







AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE REAR
OF A SMALL POTTERY BOOTH...

SEÑOR, I AM
NOT SURE JUST
WHY YOU COME
TO ME...

WE WERE
TOLD ABOUT
YOU, RICO...

A FRIEND OF OURS
SAID YOU COULD BE
PERSUADED TO
DO THIS JOB...FOR
A PRICE!

PERHAPS...
IT ALL
DEPENDS...



DOES FIFTY
PESOS SOUND
LIKE A GOOD
PRICE?

¡SÍ! FOR THAT
MUCH I WILL
DO ALMOST
ANYTHING!



GOOD! THEN GET TO WORK...
WE WANT THESE COVERED
WITH CLAY...THEY MUST
LOOK ENTIRELY DIFFERENT
THAN THEY LOOK NOW!

AAAAH...
THEY
MUST BE
WORTH
A
FORTUNE
!

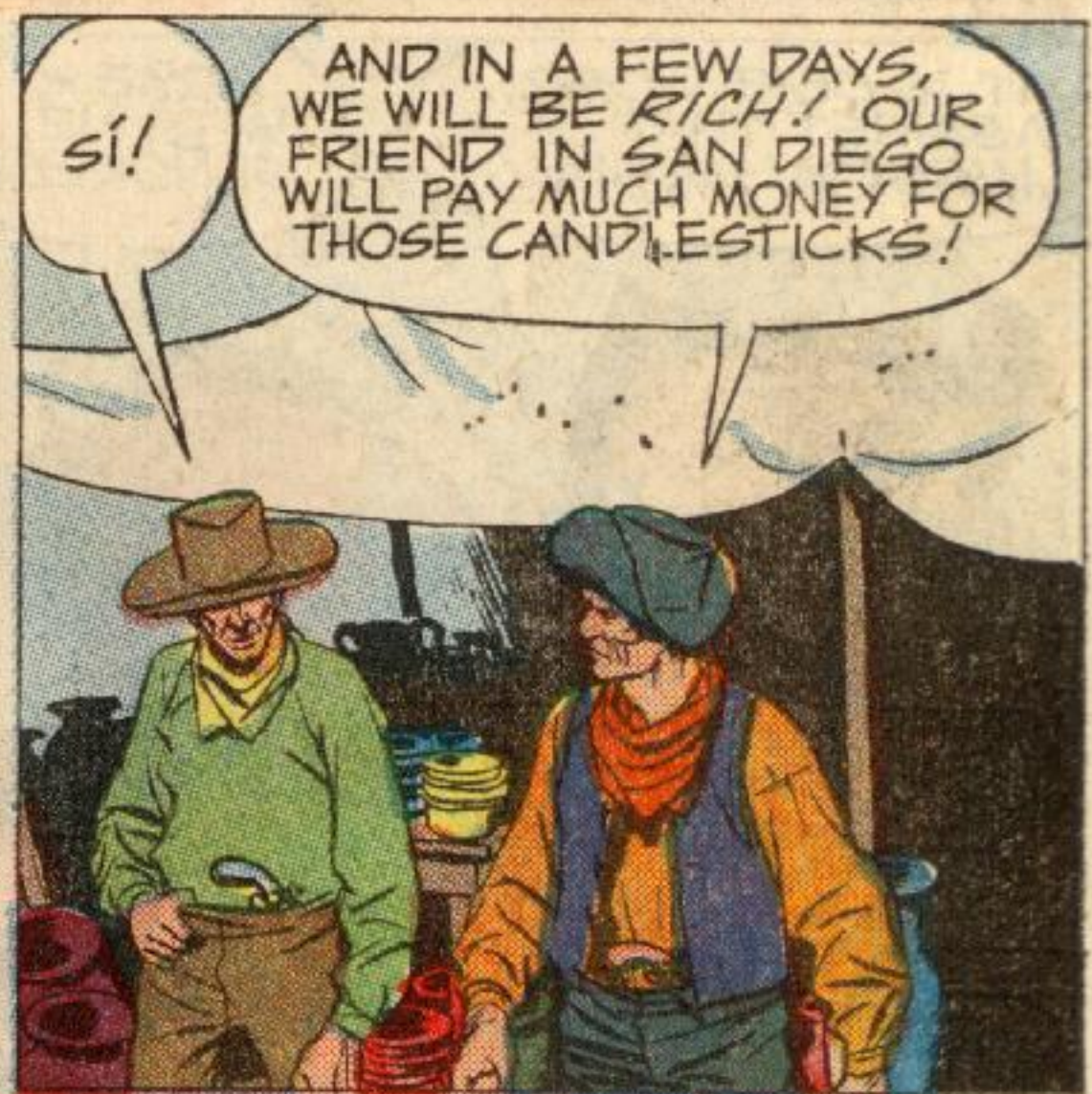


JUST DO YOUR
JOB AND YOU WILL
GET THE MONEY!

¡SÍ! IT
WILL TAKE
ME JUST
A SHORT
TIME...



THE POTTERY MAKER GOES
TO WORK ON THE CANDLE-
STICKS, MOLDING FRESH CLAY
AROUND THEM...



BUT WHEN GARCIA IS CALLED...

OBVIOUSLY,
THE BOY IS
MISTAKEN,
SEÑOR
SERGEANT!

¡SÍ! YOU ARE
WELCOME TO
SEARCH US...
OUR SADDLE-
BAGS...
ANYTHING!



AFTER A SHORT DISCUSSION...

...BUT WITHOUT PROOF,
PADRE, I HAVE NO RIGHT
TO ARREST THEM!

BUT
THEY
ARE
GUILTY!



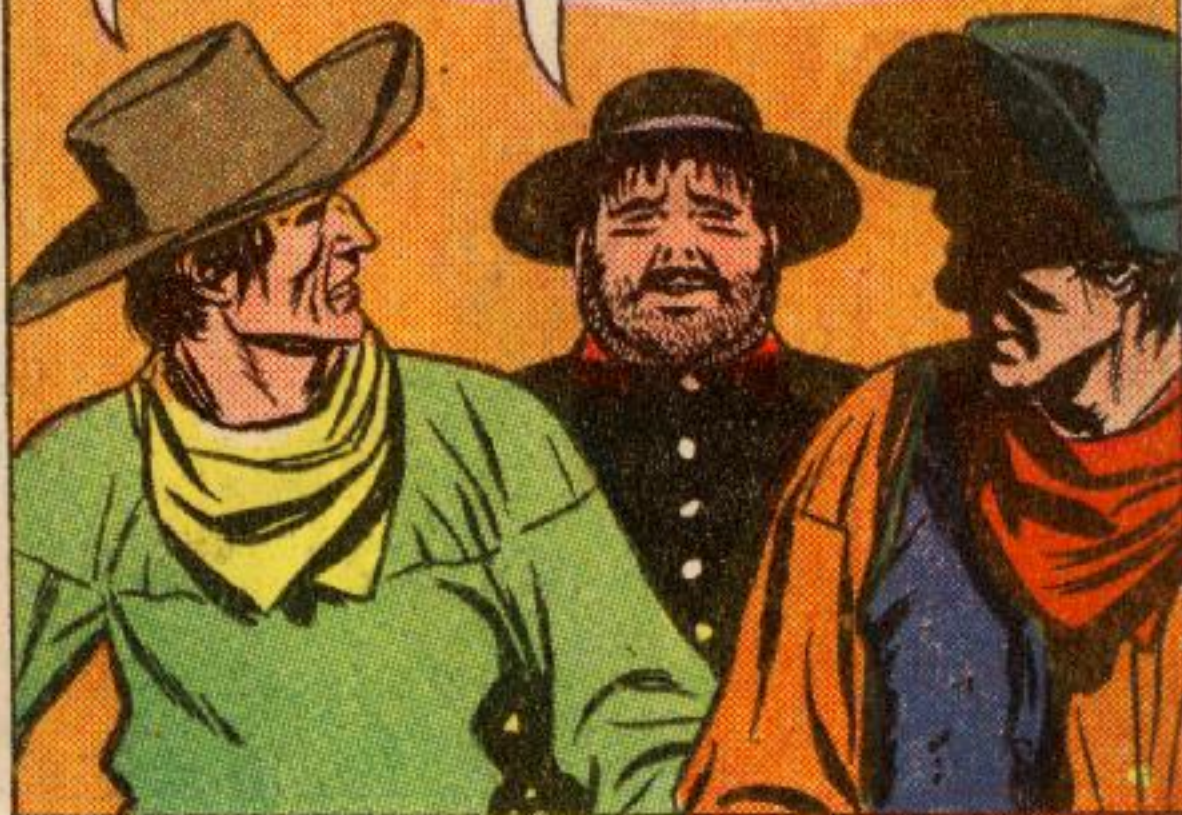
IT IS OUR WORD...
AGAINST THAT OF A
MISSION INDIAN!

COME
WITH ME,
SEÑORES...



WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
US?

I WILL HOLD YOU FOR
A FEW HOURS...UNTIL
MY MEN HAVE A
CHANCE TO SEARCH
YOUR PROPERTY...



...THEN, IF I
FIND NOTHING,
I WILL LET
YOU GO!

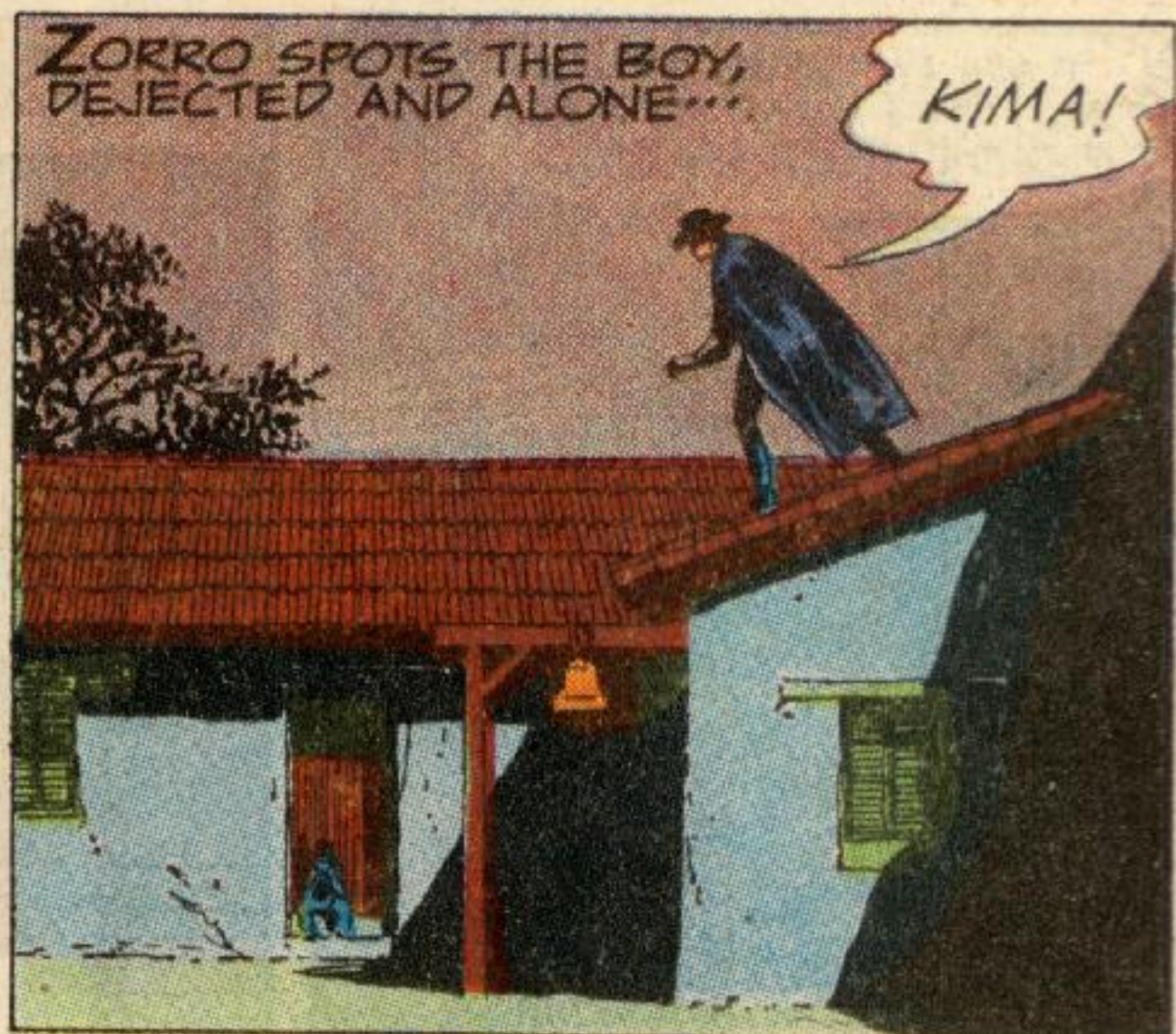
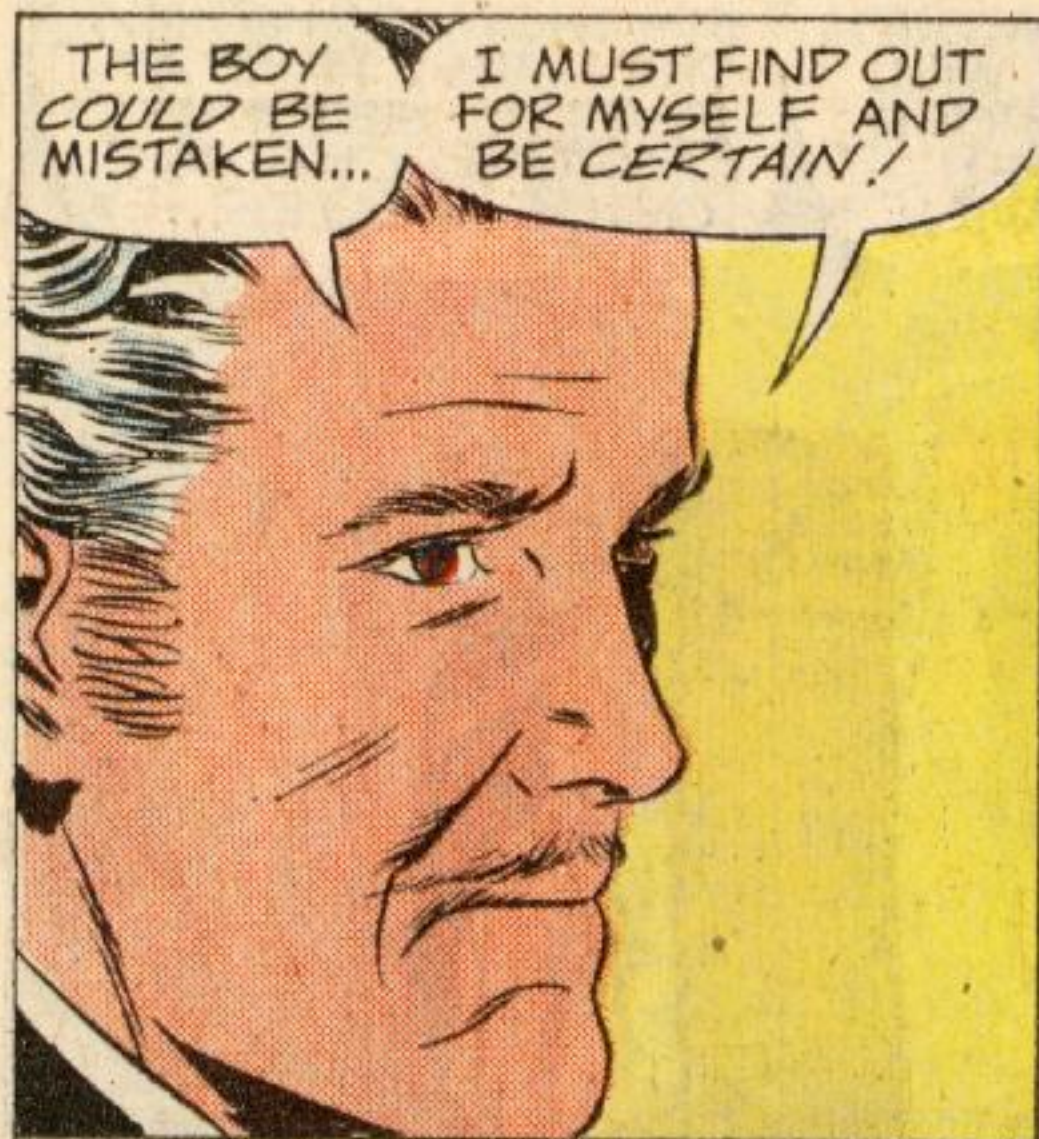
I MUST
TELL DON
DIEGO ABOUT
THIS!



A SHORT TIME
LATER...

YOU SAY GARCIA IS
HOLDING THESE TWO
MEN...? AND THE
INDIAN BOY SEEMS
POSITIVE THEY ARE
THE ONES, EH?





BUT THE SERGEANT HAS NOT FOUND THE GOLDEN CANDLE-STICKS...NOW HE WILL RELEASE THE MEN! AND THOSE THIEVES TOLD SERGEANT GARCIA THEY WERE RIDING TO SAN DIEGO TONIGHT!



DO NOT WORRY, KIMA...I WILL WATCH THOSE TWO WHEN THEY LEAVE...

SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY, THEY MUST HAVE A PLAN TO GET THE CANDLESTICKS OUT OF LOS ANGELES...

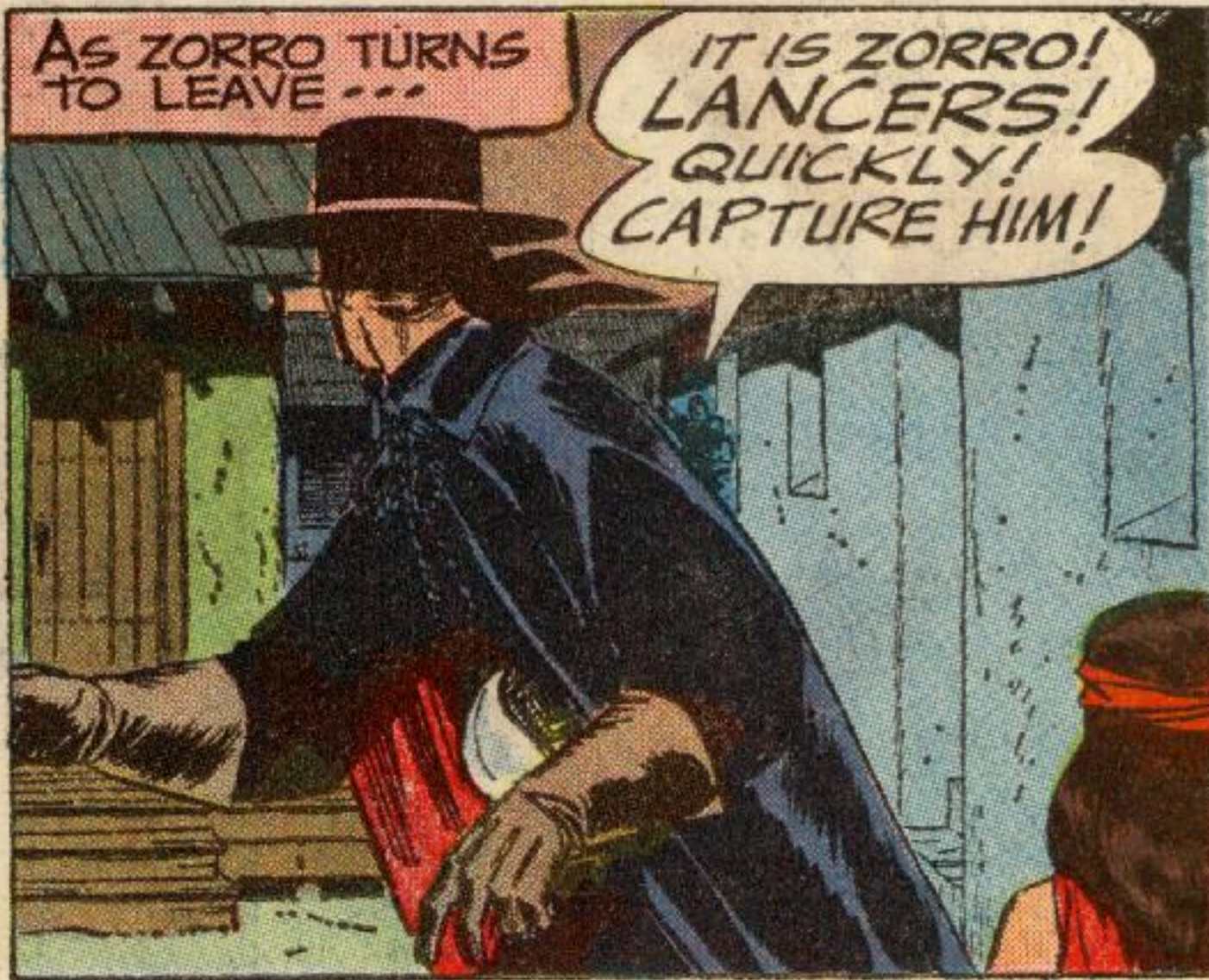


I WILL TRAIL THEM ALL THE WAY TO SAN DIEGO IF NECESSARY...



AS ZORRO TURNS TO LEAVE...

IT IS ZORRO! LANCERS! QUICKLY! CAPTURE HIM!



I MUST ESCAPE FROM GARCIA'S MEN, KIMA...KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE TWO MEN UNTIL I RETURN! I'LL MEET YOU BY THE EAST WALL!



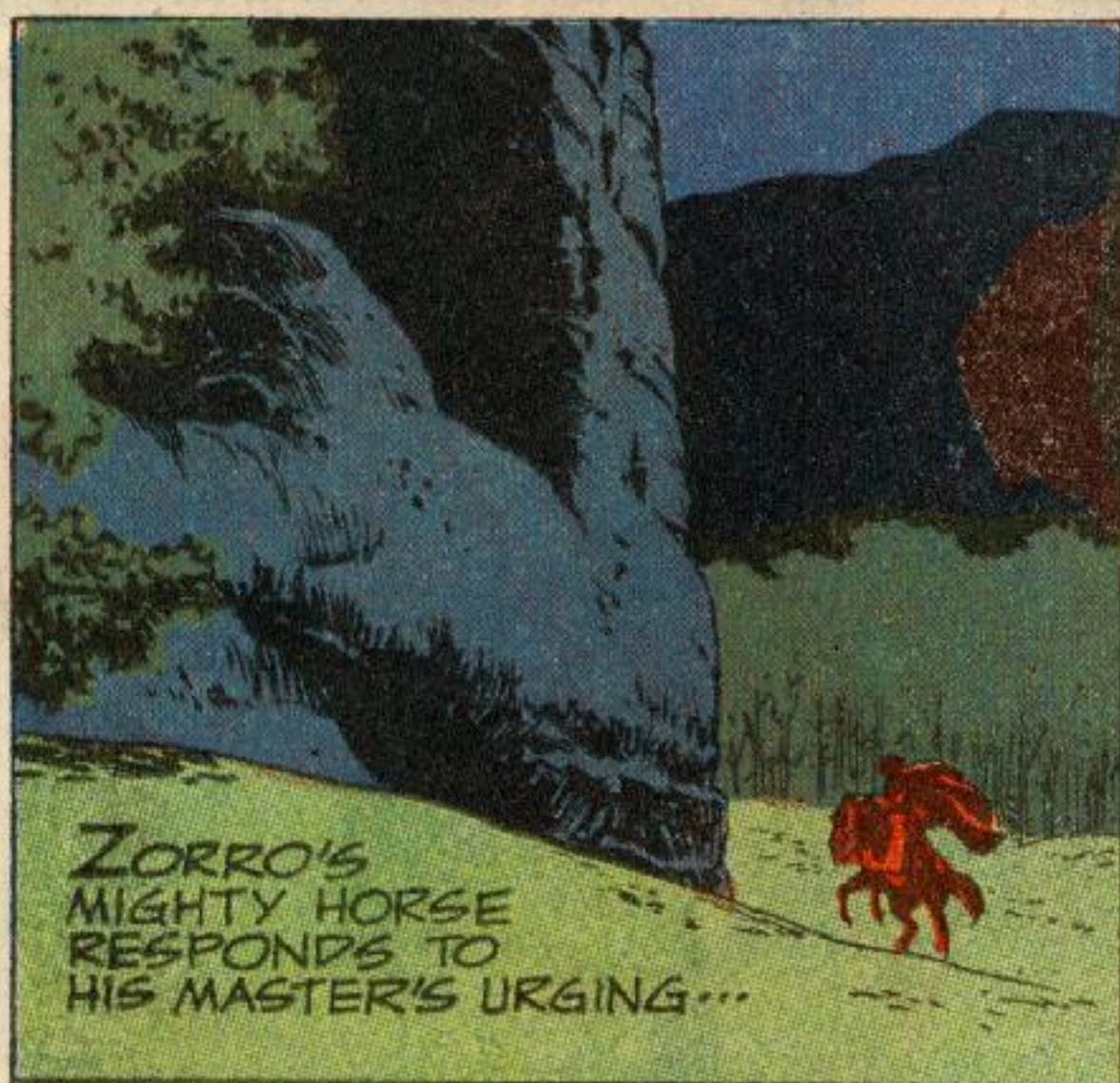
LET'S RIDE, TORNADO!





GARCIA'S
LANCERS
RIDE
HARD IN
PURSUIT
OF
ZORRO...

FASTER!
HE MUST NOT
ESCAPE!

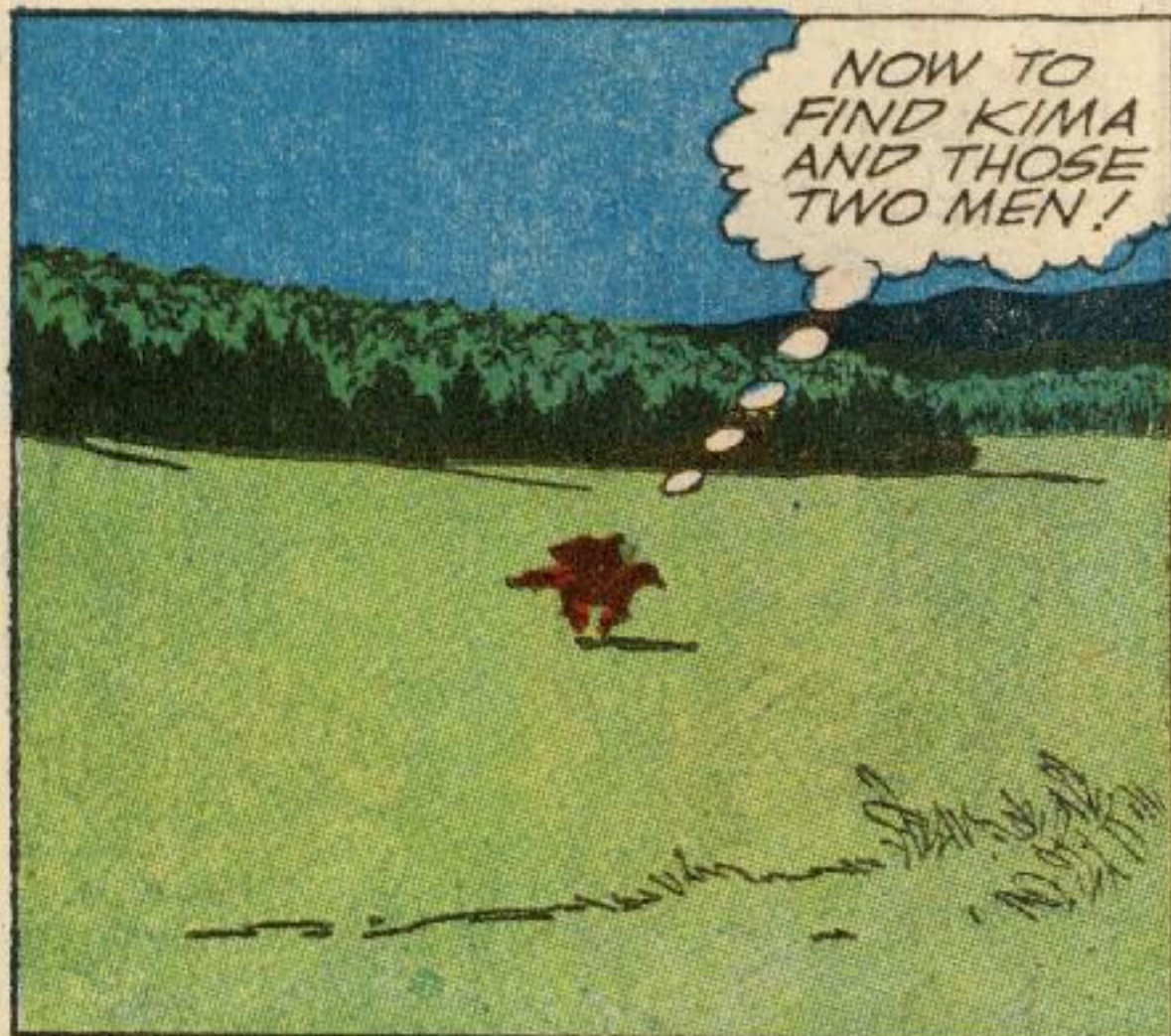


ZORRO'S
MIGHTY HORSE
RESPONDS TO
HIS MASTER'S URGING...



AND THE LANCERS RIDE PAST,
UNAWARE THAT ZORRO HAS
GIVEN THEM THE SLIP...

MOMENTS LATER, ZORRO HEADS BACK
TOWARD LOS ANGELES...



NOW TO
FIND KIMA
AND THOSE
TWO MEN!



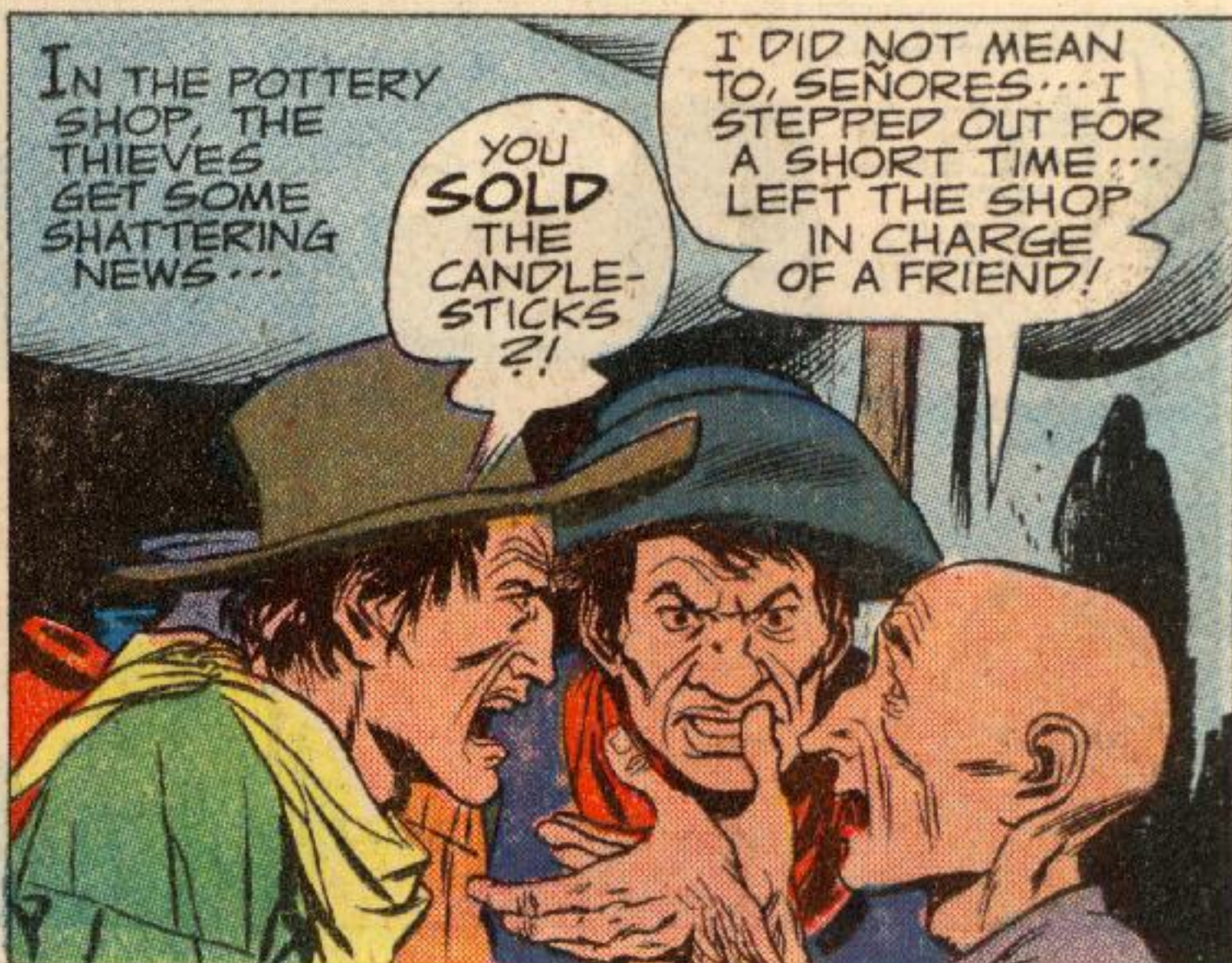
MEANWHILE...

I DO NOT UNDER-
STAND, KIMA...
WHAT CAN WE DO
NOW? GARCIA
TOLD US--

I MUST
DO AS
ZORRO
ASKS!



I PROMISED I WOULD WATCH THE MEN... I CANNOT LET THEM OUT OF MY SIGHT!



IN THE POTTERY SHOP, THE THIEVES GET SOME SHATTERING NEWS...

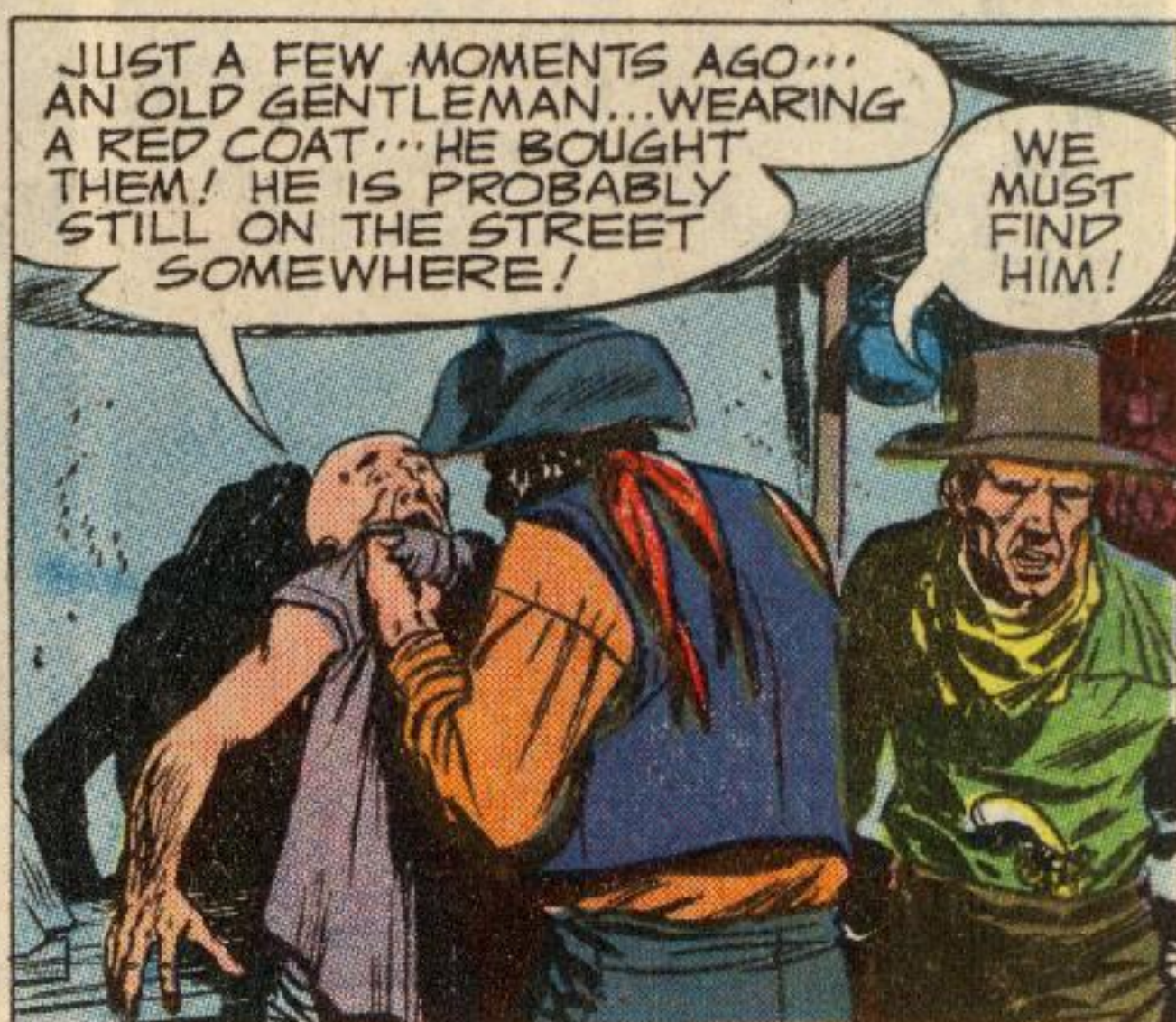
YOU SOLD THE CANDLE-STICKS?!

I DID NOT MEAN TO, SEÑORES... I STEPPED OUT FOR A SHORT TIME... LEFT THE SHOP IN CHARGE OF A FRIEND!



IT WAS HE WHO SOLD THEM!

WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?



JUST A FEW MOMENTS AGO... AN OLD GENTLEMAN... WEARING A RED COAT... HE BOUGHT THEM! HE IS PROBABLY STILL ON THE STREET SOMEWHERE!

WE MUST FIND HIM!



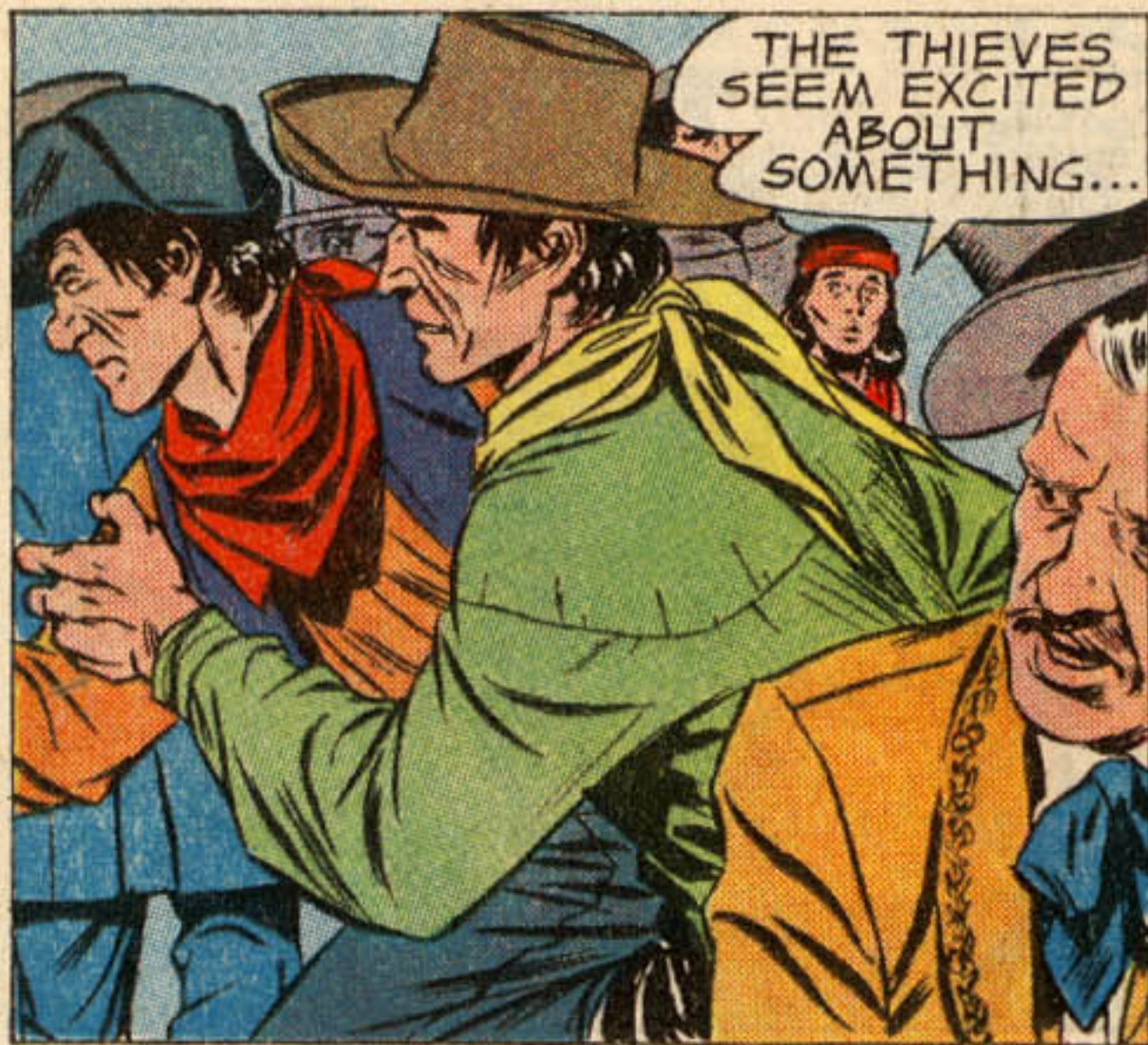
I AM SORRY, SEÑORES... I HAD NO IDEA ANYONE ELSE WOULD BUY THOSE UGLY-LOOKING CANDLESTICKS!

IF WE LOSE THEM, WE'LL BE BACK!



WHAT ABOUT MY PESOS, SEÑORES? IT WAS NOT MY FAULT THAT--

YOU'RE LUCKY WE DON'T GIVE YOU A BULLET!... AND WE STILL MIGHT, IF WE LOSE THOSE CANDLESTICKS!



THE THIEVES
SEEM EXCITED
ABOUT
SOMETHING...



HURRY,
PADRE! WE
MUST FOLLOW
THEM!

THE PADRE AND
THE INDIAN BOY
PUSH THROUGH
THE FIESTA
CROWDS, TRYING
TO KEEP WATCH
ON THE
TWO MEN...



MAYBE WE SHOULD
FIND SENOR ZORRO...

FIRST I
MUST SEE
WHERE
THEY ARE
GOING!

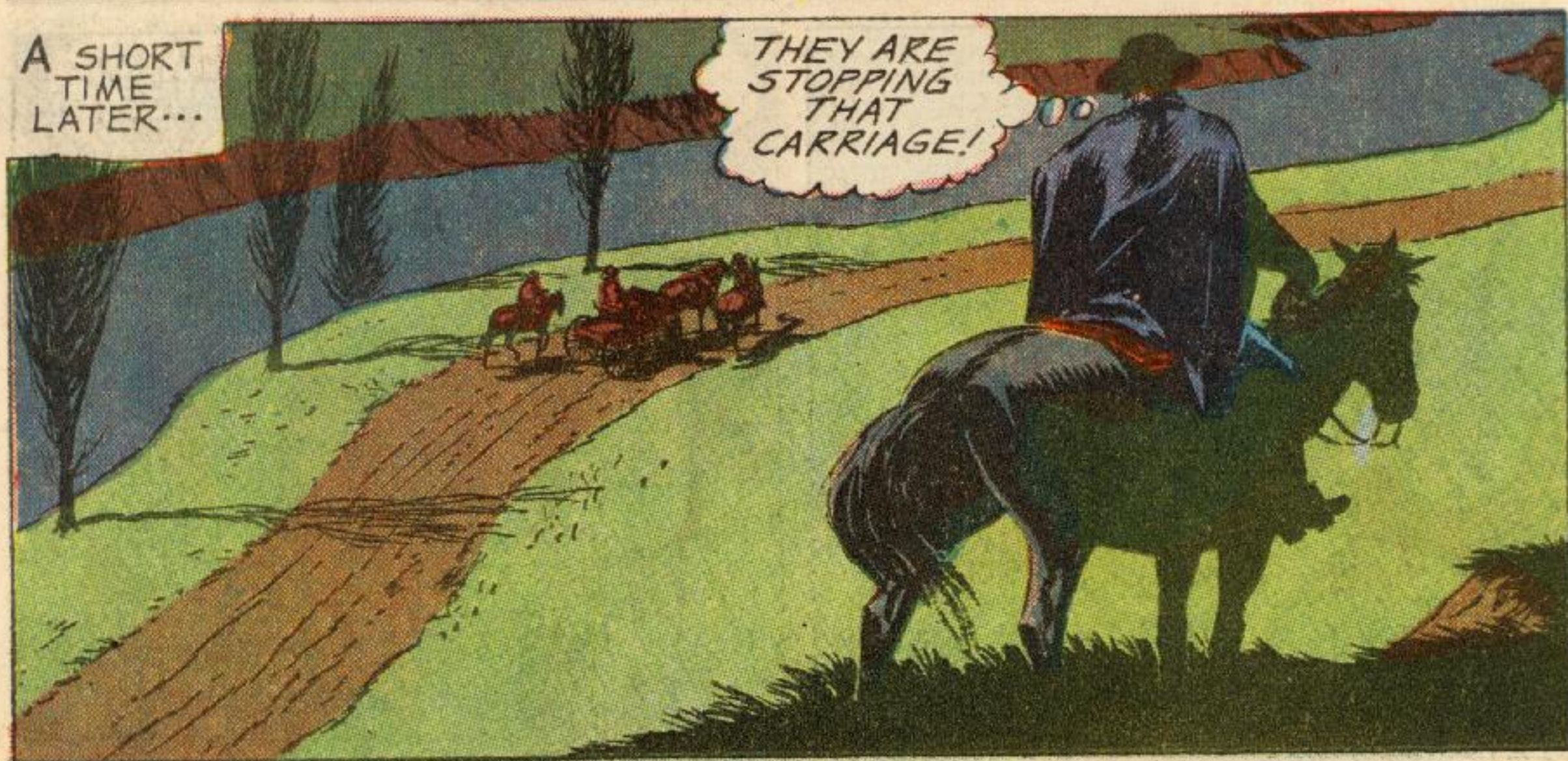


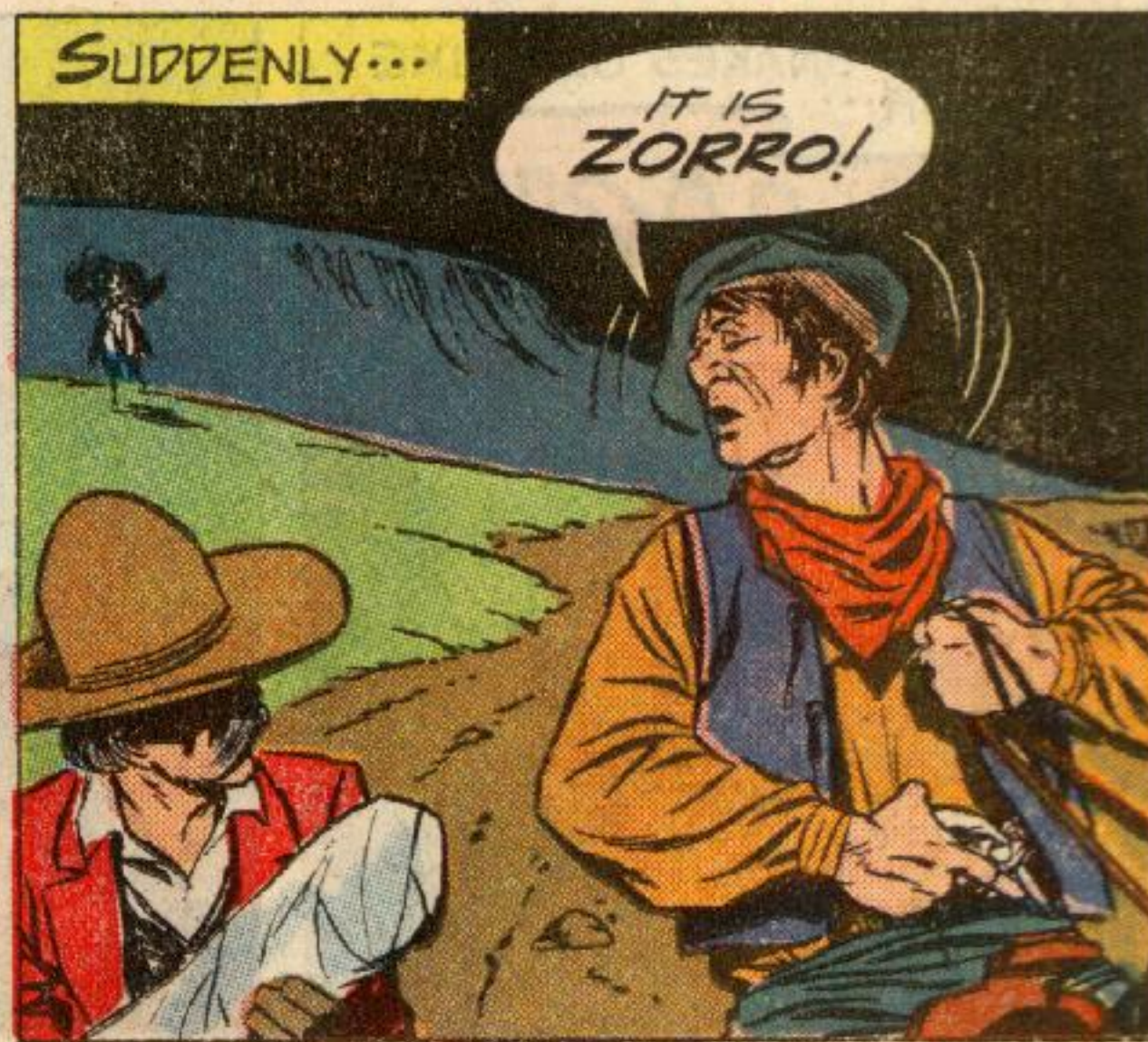
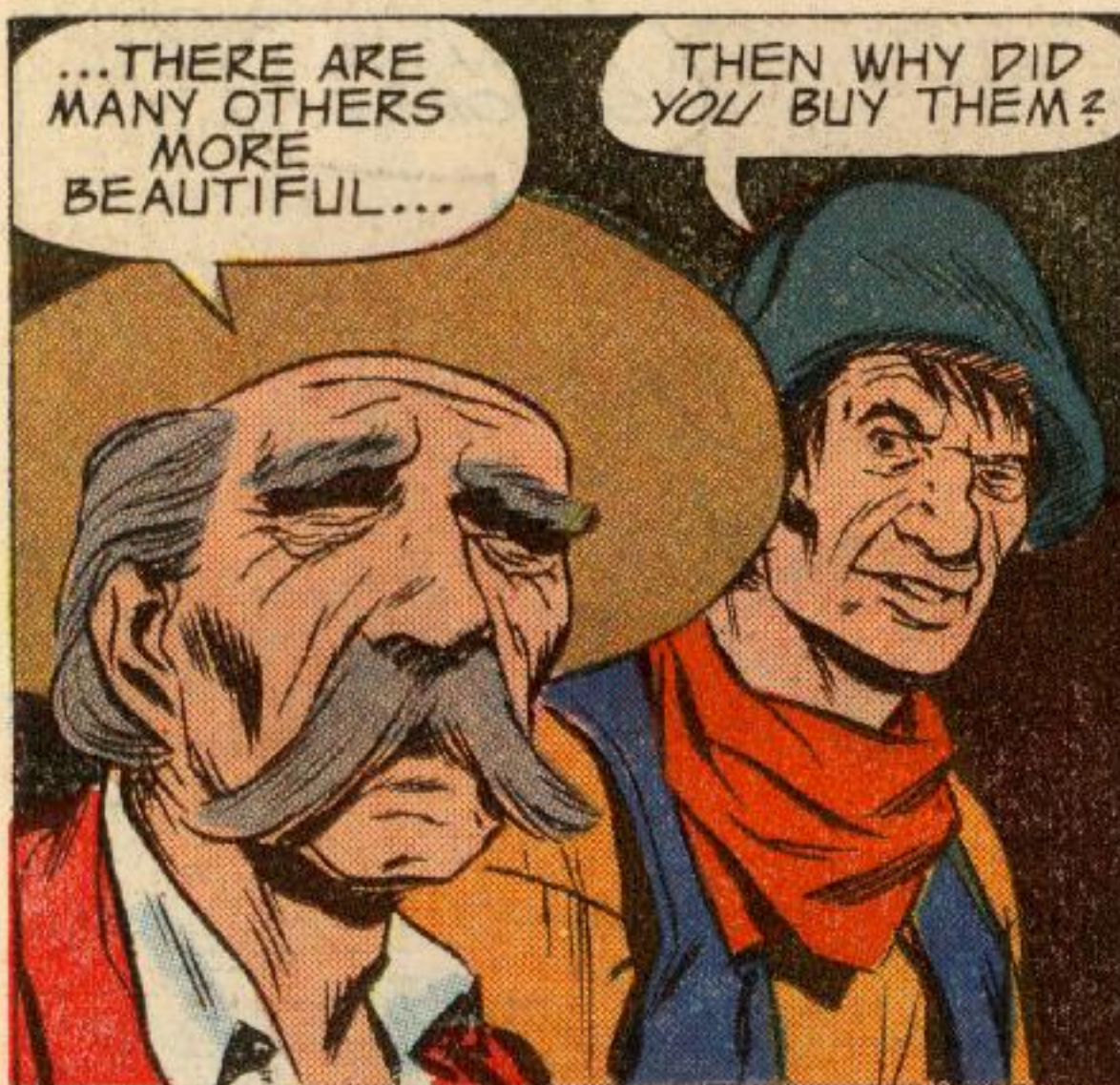
THERE
HE IS!



WAIT!

WE'RE TOO LATE!
QUICK! WE MUST
GET OUR HORSES!



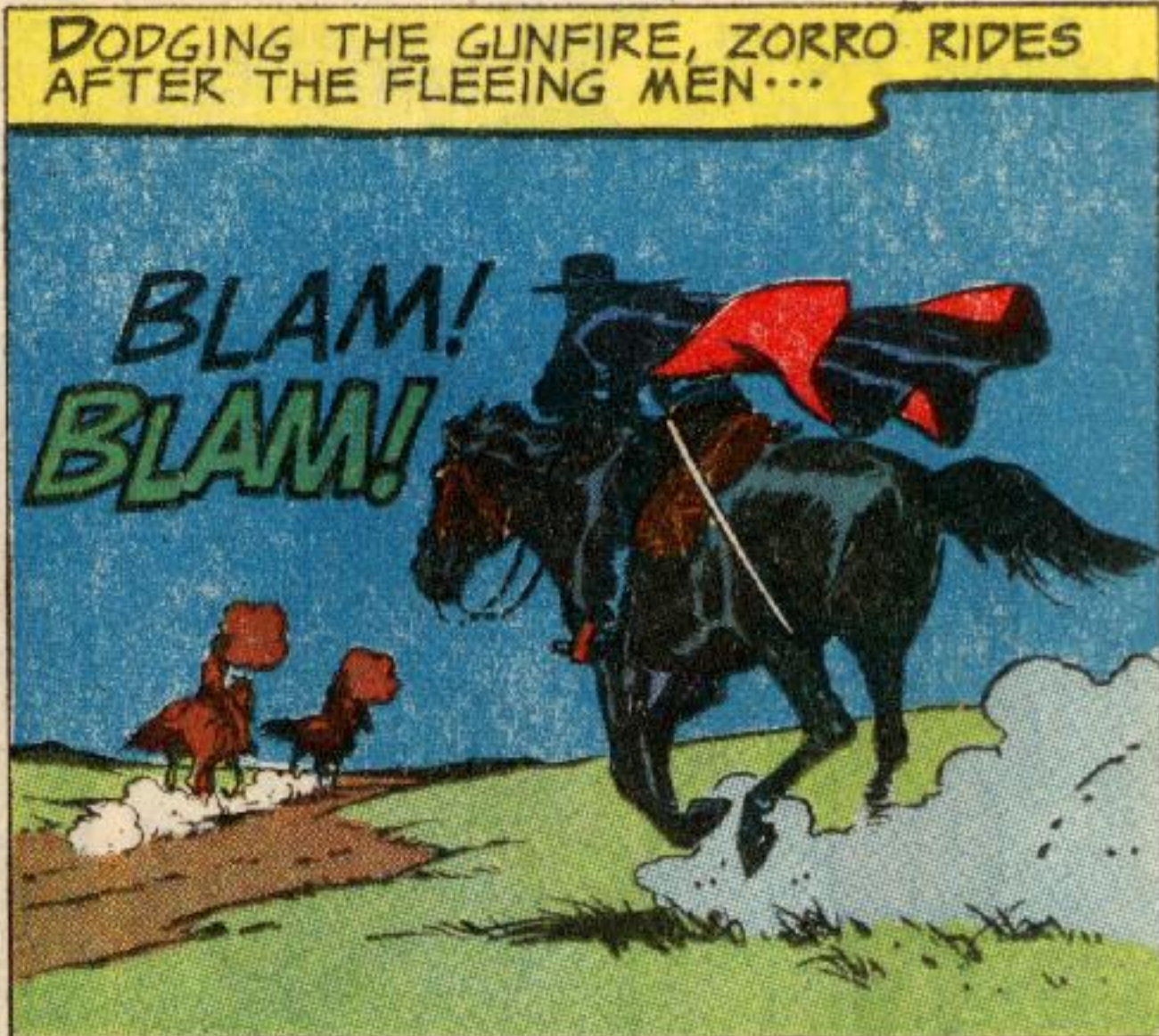


WE HAVE NO TIME
TO ARGUE NOW! WE
MUST RUN!



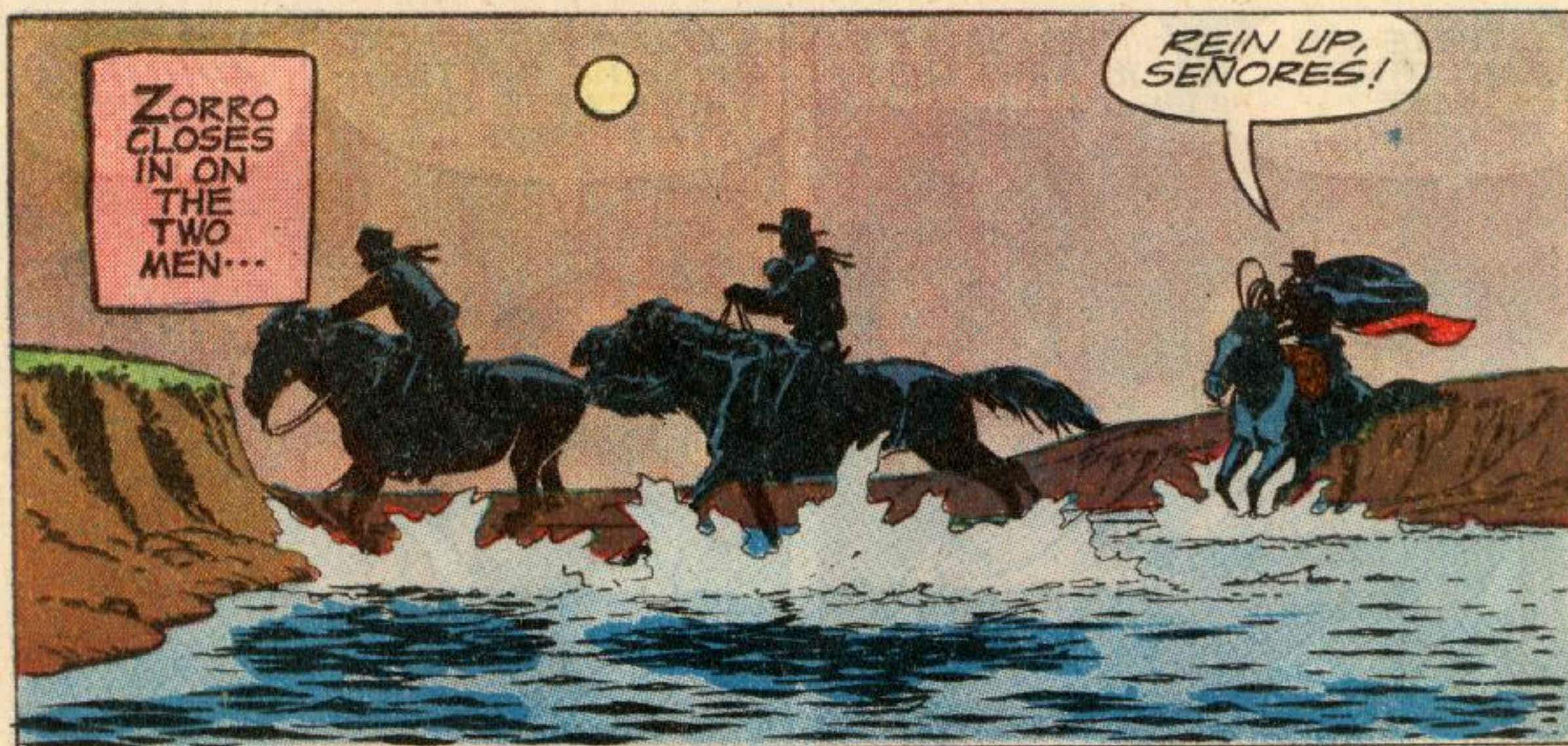
DODGING THE GUNFIRE, ZORRO RIDES
AFTER THE FLEEING MEN...

BLAM!
BLAM!



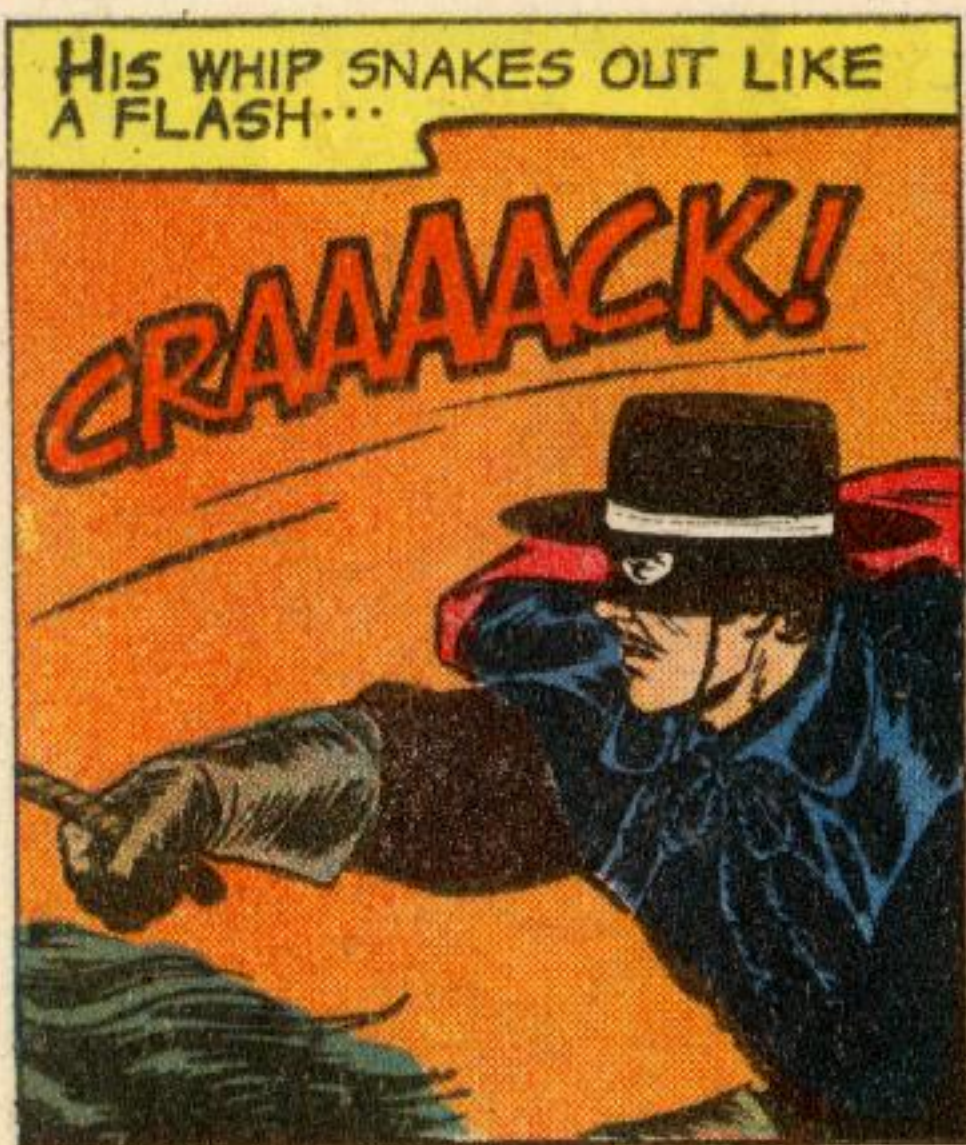
ZORRO
CLOSES
IN ON
THE
TWO
MEN...

REIN UP,
SEÑORES!



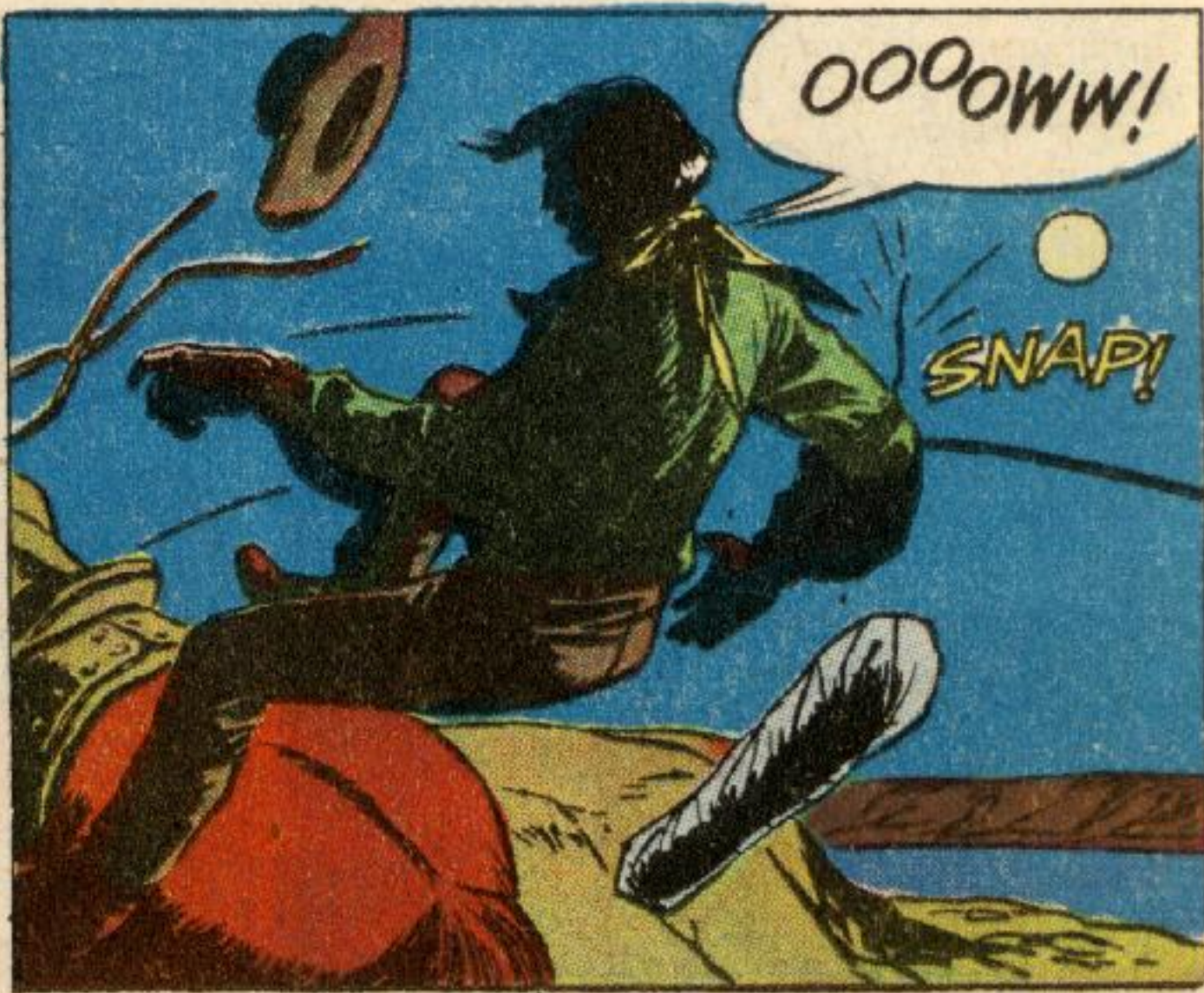
HIS WHIP SNAKES OUT LIKE
A FLASH...

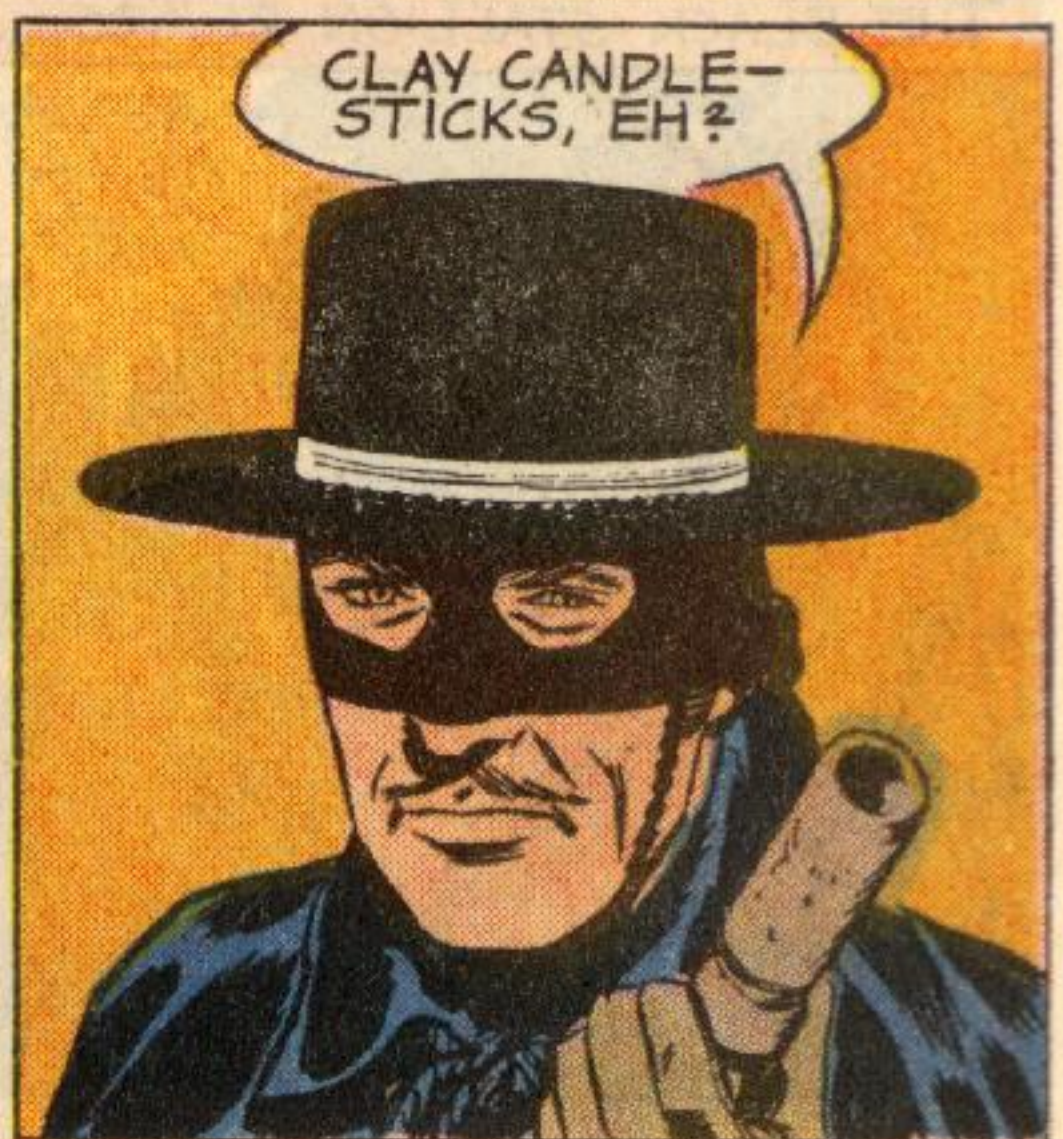
CRAAAACK!



OOOOWW!

SNAP!







LUCKY JOURNEY



Young Luis Morales was excited. He had never before seen a crowd like the one that thronged the streets of San Pedro. There were rich land owners who had come to sell hides to the Yankee sea captains. There were demure Spanish ladies with eyes that sparkled at the thought of fine silks spread out on the decks of Yankee ships. There were less prosperous *rancheros*, young men like Luis who were just getting a start. Some, like Luis, were selling hides for the first time. There were sailors in the streets, men who swaggered as they walked. There were boys hurrying importantly on small errands. And, Luis noticed, there were many men who stood and watched and did nothing. Luis glanced at one man, a thin, dark fellow who leaned against a doorway. The man, aware of Luis' glance, slowly moved away.

Suddenly Luis was uneasy. He did not like the crowd so much now. There were too many idlers who seemed to have no business in San Pedro. The small bag of gold he carried, the purchase price of his hides, was heavy in his belt.

"No one I know is here today," Luis said to himself. "The road to Los Angeles is long and lonely. It is an anxious thing to carry gold."

Luis sighed and hurried toward the livery stable where his horse waited. Once he looked back. Was that the man who had been leaning against the doorway? Was he being followed? Luis dodged into a shop and waited.

In a moment, the idler came up to the shop, stopped and peered into the window. When he saw Luis there he walked on.

Now Luis was really concerned. The man was following him. And there might be others. He could go to the *cuartel* and report the incident, of course, but he could prove nothing. The soldiers would only laugh at him.

"Can I help you, señor?" said a voice at his elbow.

Luis turned to the shopkeeper. "Is there a back door here?" he asked.

"Why yes, señor." If the man was surprised, he didn't show it. He ushered Luis out through a low doorway into a back street. With a murmured "*Gracias*," Luis hurried away, looking back now and then to make sure no one followed.

Soon Luis came upon a street vendor, an ancient peon who sat cross-legged in the dust. The man's entire stock, four clay jars, stood on the street beside him.

"My friend," said Luis to the peddler, "I would like to trade with you."

"Sí, señor!" The man grinned and held out the largest of the jars.

"No," Luis said. "I do not want your jars. What I want is..."

And Luis told what he wanted. The man's mouth opened wide in astonishment. "But why, señor? I do not understand!"

"You see, it is a joke," Luis explained.

The vendor didn't see, but he laughed hugely and said he would be happy to help with the joke — such a fine joke.

When Luis finished with the street vendor, he went to the livery stable and made certain arrangements with the stableman. Then, whistling happily, he started home.

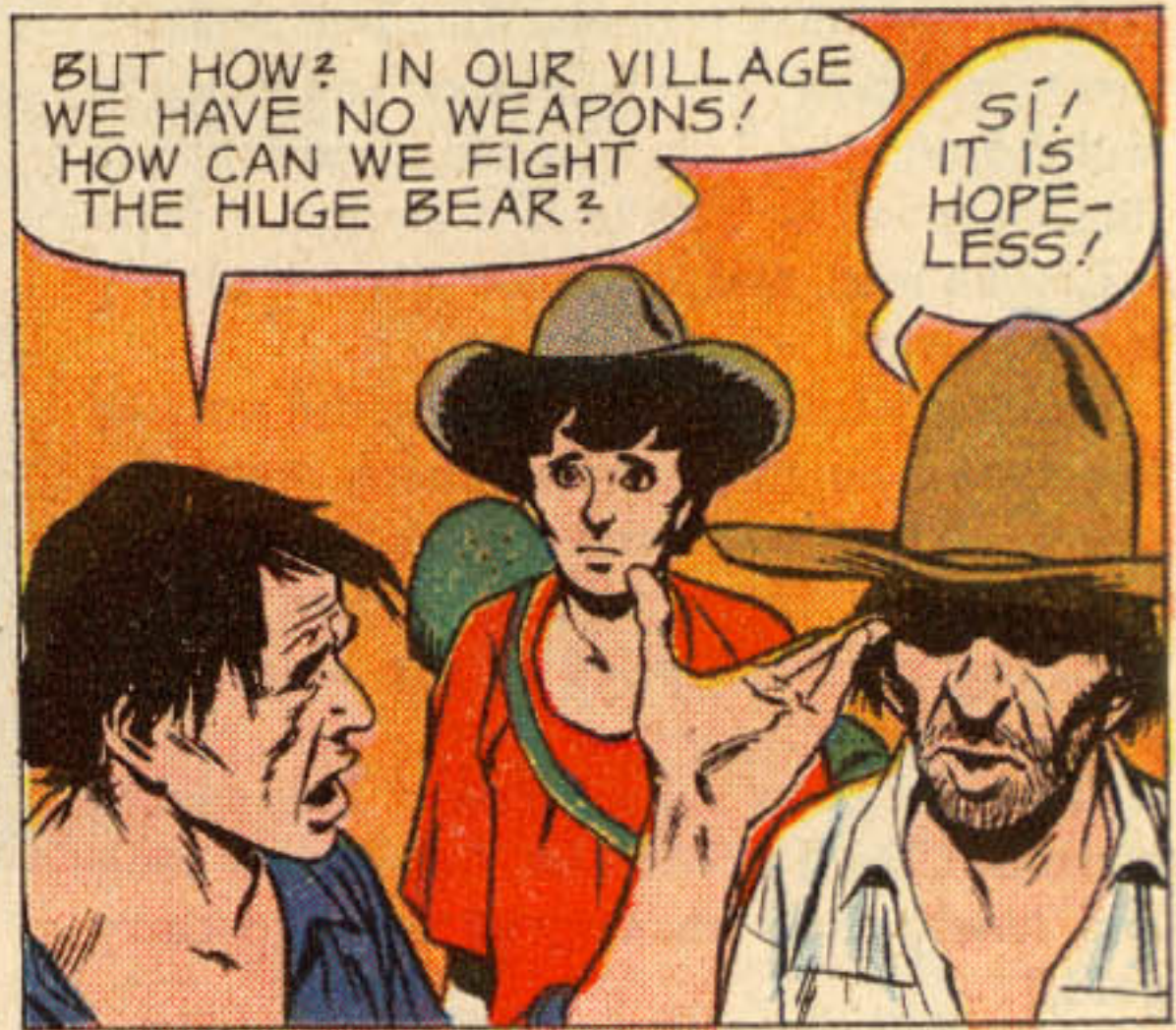
In the next days, all Los Angeles buzzed with talk of the bandidos who haunted the San Pedro road. Don Esteban Rodriguez had been robbed of many gold pieces, and the thieves had taken his fine horse. Pedro Alvarez had been robbed, and José Jiminez.

"How fortunate you are," they said to Luis Morales. "You met no bandits on your return from San Pedro."

"I am a very lucky man," Luis agreed.

But of course Luis had known he would be lucky. Bandits were interested in dashing *rancheros* who were mounted on fine steeds. Why should they stop a man dressed in the tattered rags of a street vendor and mounted on a shaggy, plodding old mule?

THE SHEPHERD BOY





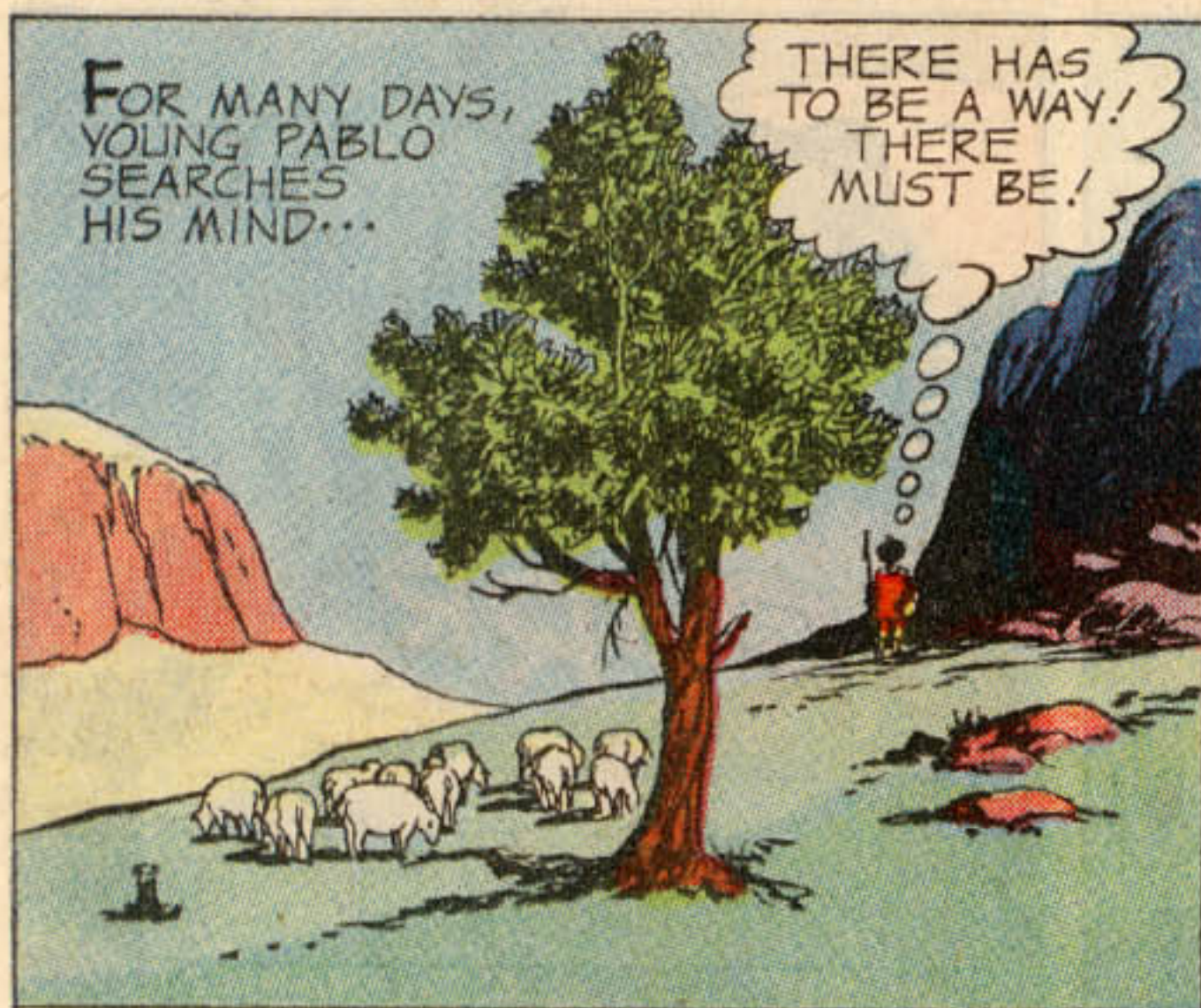
COME, BLANCA!
WE MUST THINK
OF A PLAN!

BARK!



AI! THE BOY
HAS TAKEN
LEAVE OF HIS
SENSES!

SI! HE IS
BRAVE, BUT
FOOLISH!



FOR MANY DAYS,
YOUNG PABLO
SEARCHES
HIS MIND...

THERE HAS
TO BE A WAY!
THERE
MUST BE!



AND THEN, ONE NIGHT...

I HAVE IT,
BLANCA! I
HAVE IT!

ARF!



IT IS IN A STORY I REMEMBER
FROM THE "GOOD BOOK"! IT TOLD
OF DAVID AND THE GIANT,
GOLIATH!...AND HOW THE
BOY SLEW THE GIANT!

THE NEXT DAY, PABLO WORKS HARD
TO FASHION A SLING...



I MUST
PRAY THAT
THIS WORKS!

AND SOON...

COME,
MY WOOLLY
FRIENDS! WE
WILL FIND
THE KILLER
BEAR...OR
HE WILL
FIND US!

WOOF!

FOR SEVERAL DAYS,
PABLO EXPOSES HIMSELF
AND HIS FRIENDS TO
THE ENEMY...

AI! I WONDER
IF DAVID HAD
THIS MUCH
TROUBLE FINDING
THE GIANT?

AND THEN,
ONE
MORNING...

GRRRRRRR

GRRRRR

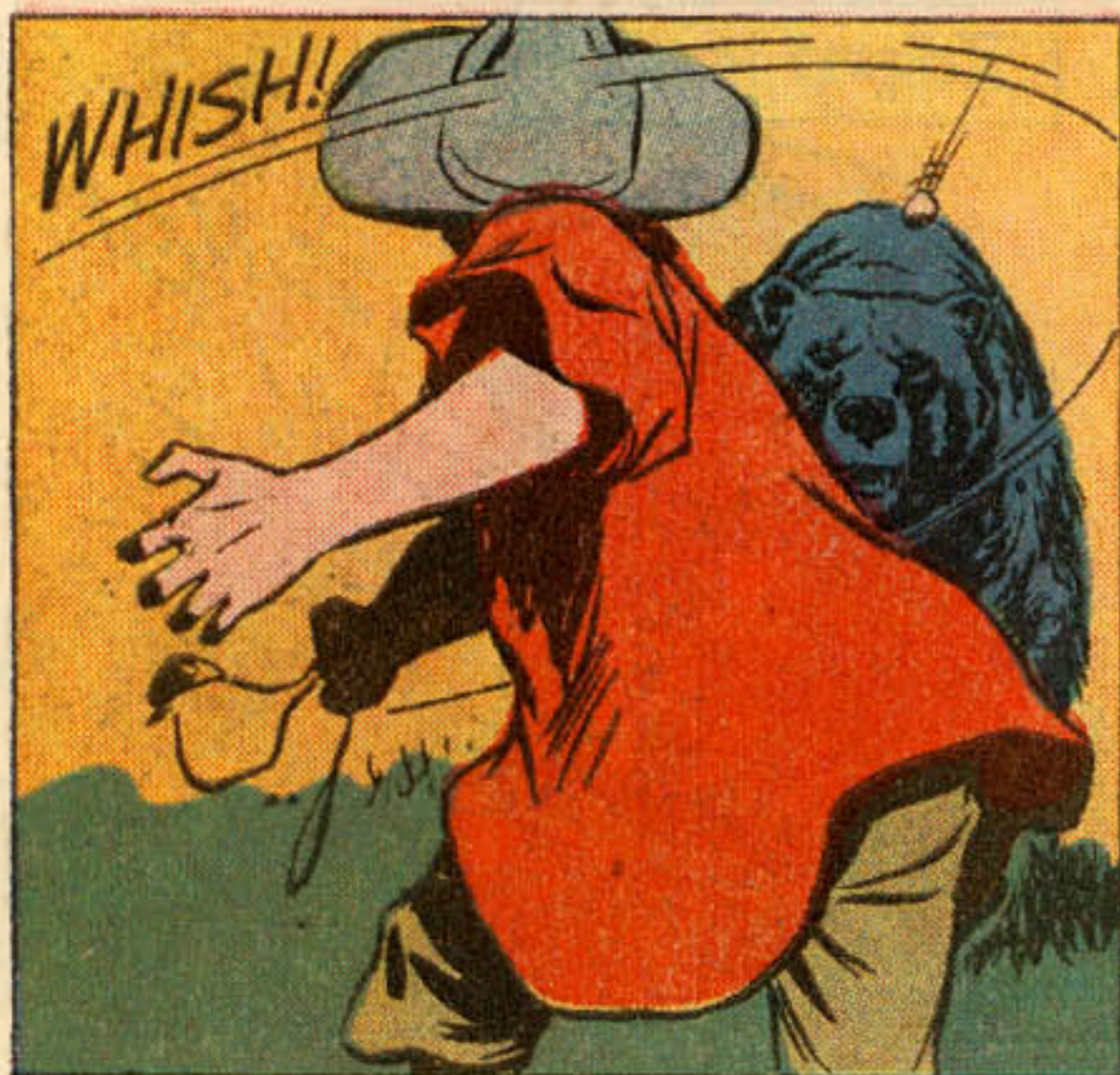
THE HUGE KILLER GRIZZLY
MOVES CLOSER TO HIS
UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS...

AND THEN CHARGES
WITH A ROAR...

RROOOOW WRRR!

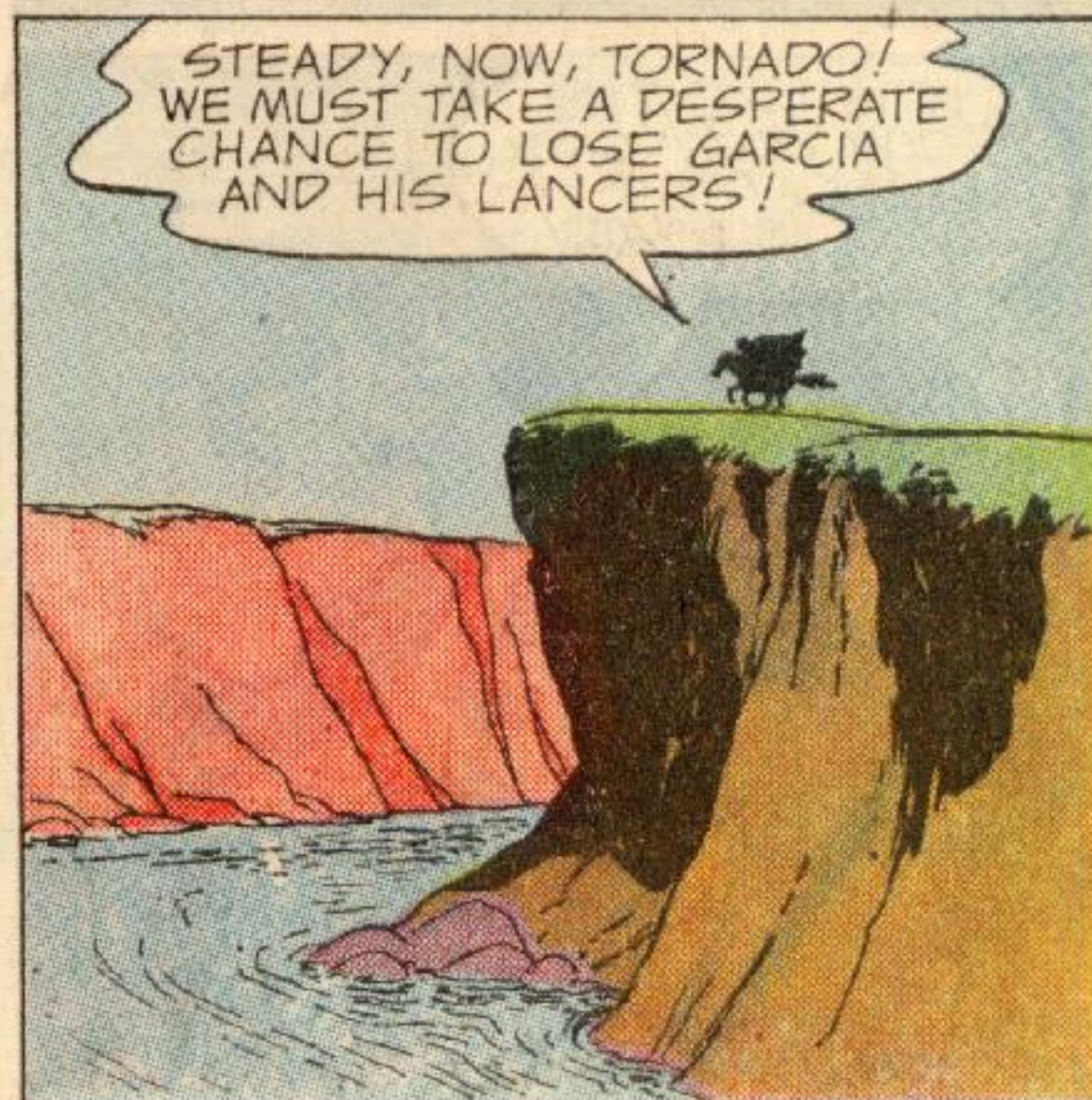
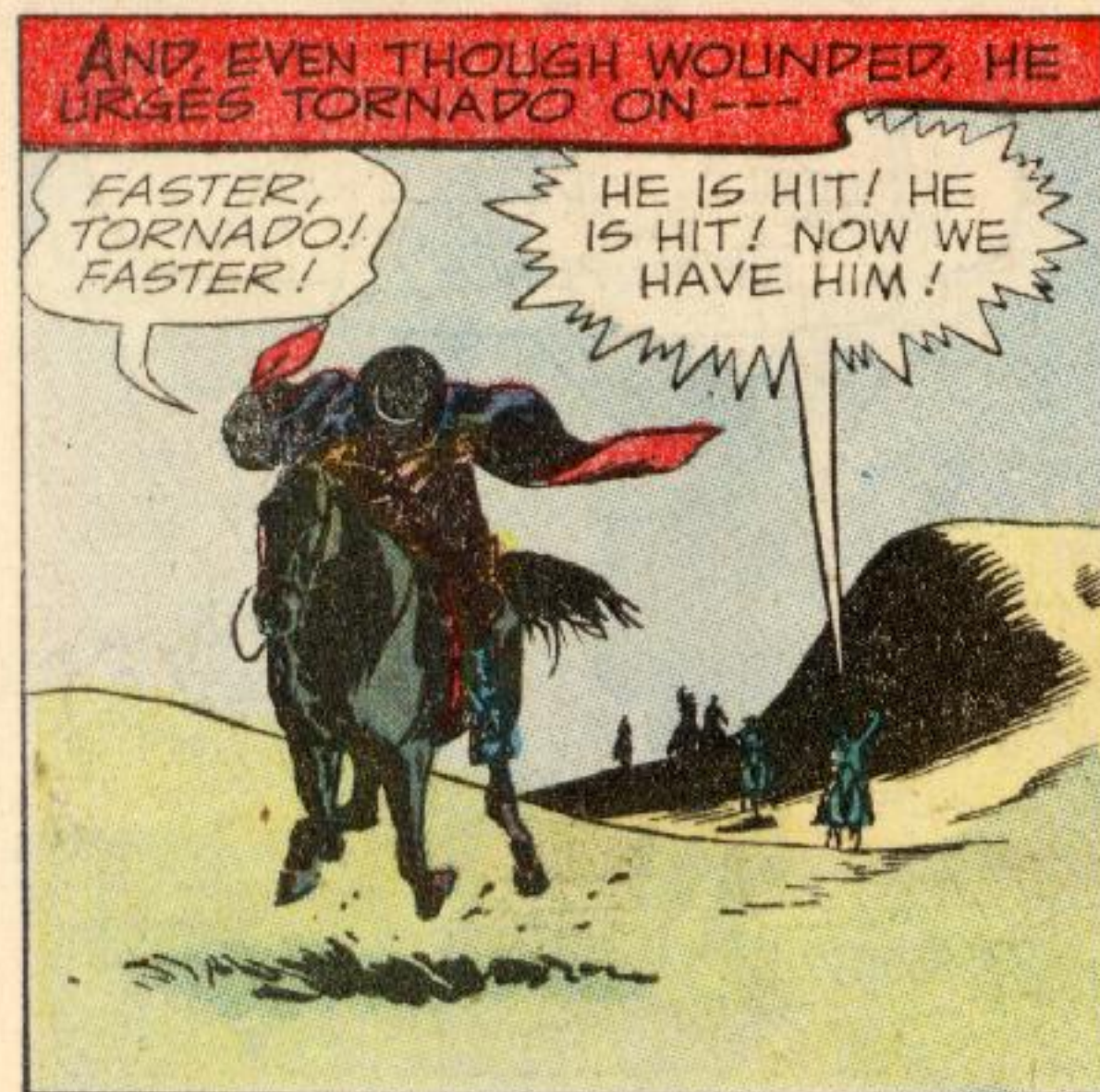
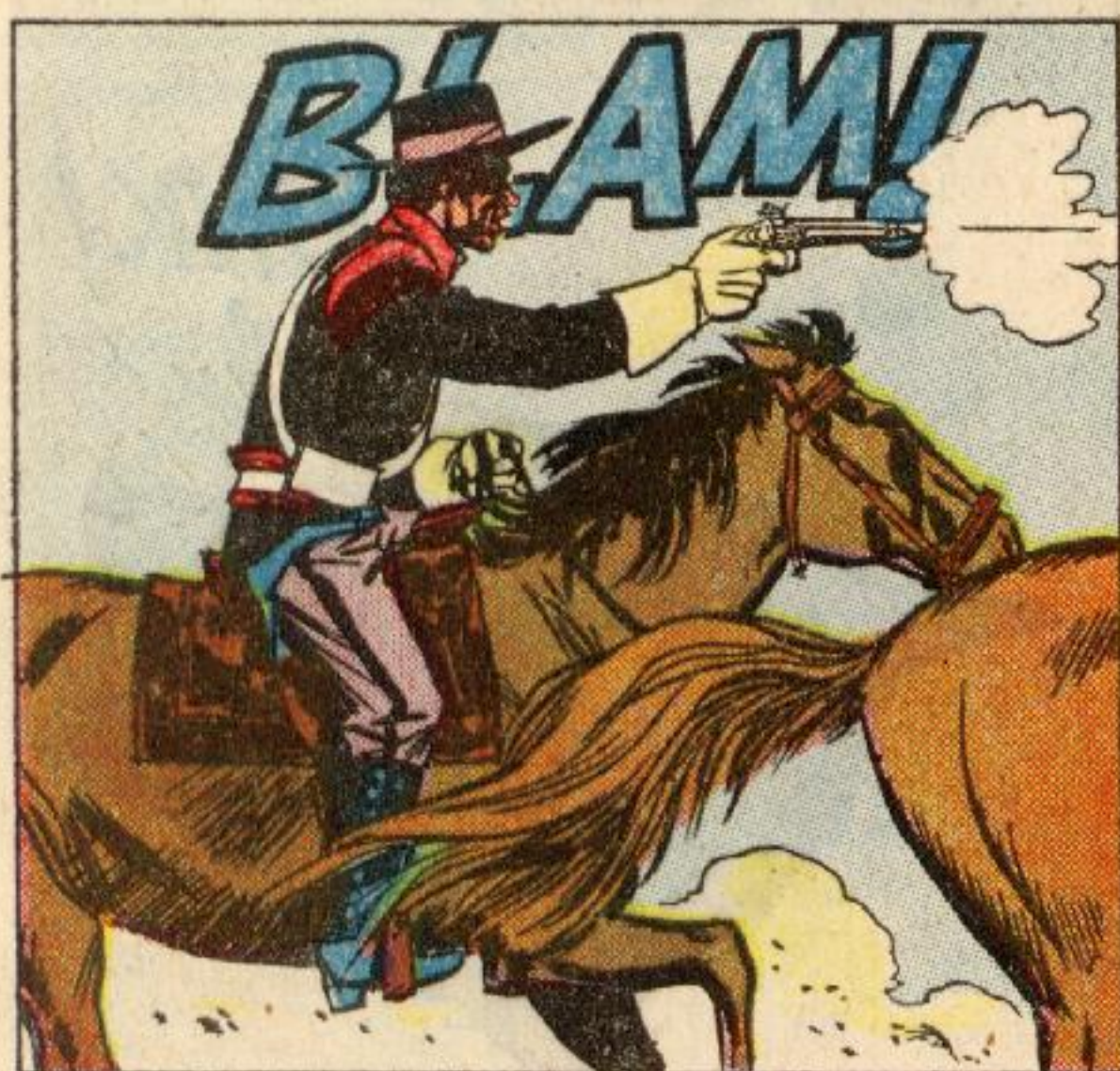
BAA! BAA-A-A!

AAAAARRGH!

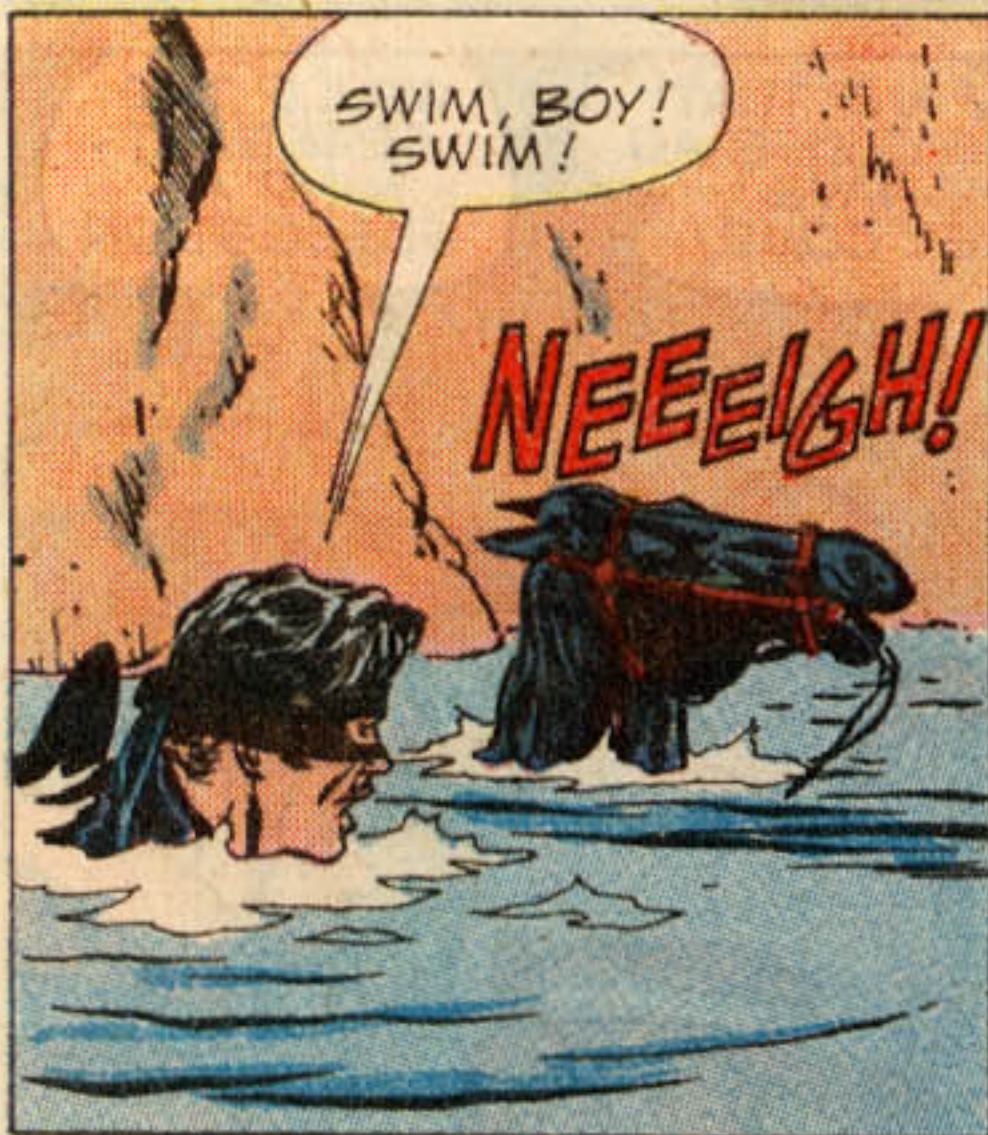


WALT DISNEY'S
ZORRO
DIEGO'S DILEMMA

AS CLEVER AS HE IS,
SOMETIMES ZORRO FINDS
IT DIFFICULT TO ESCAPE
CAPTURE ---



THE BRAVE BLACK STALLION
RESPONDS TO HIS
MASTER'S COMMAND...



SOMETIME LATER, DOWNSTREAM...

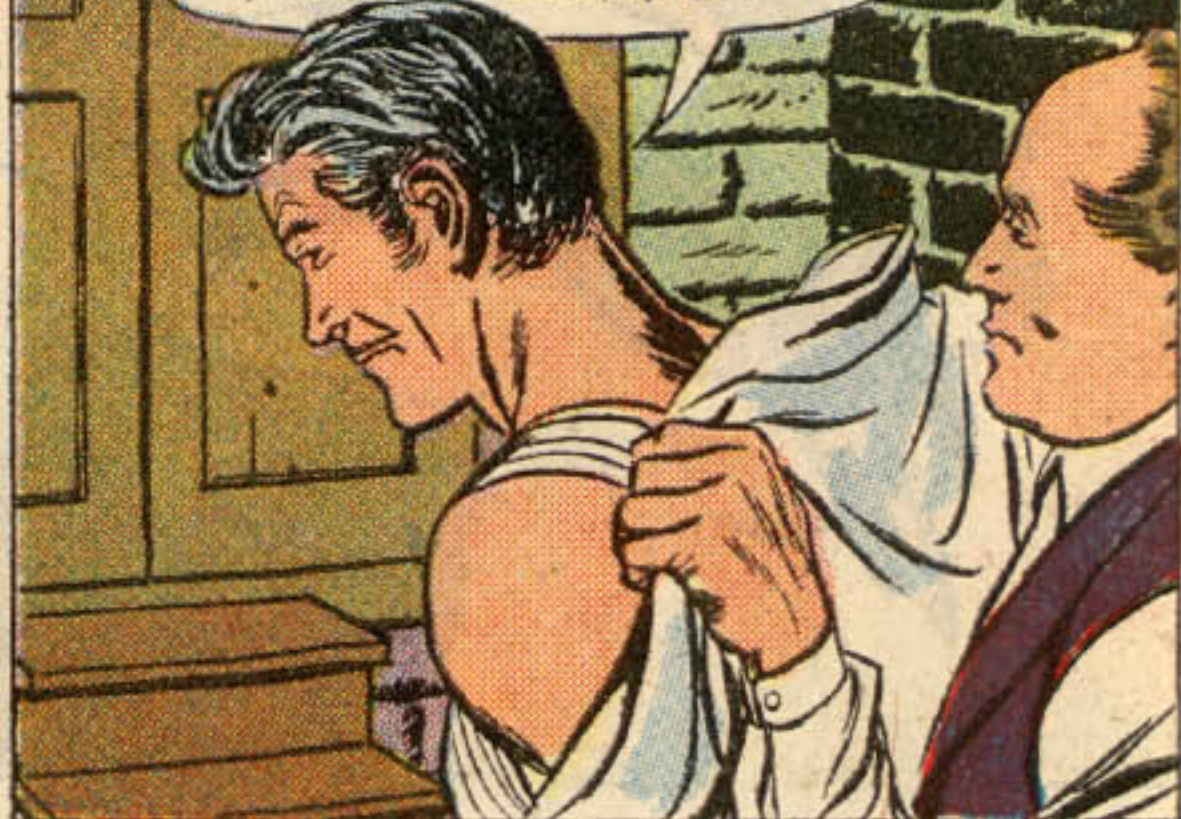


AND STILL LATER, IN THE SECRET ROOM AT DON DIEGO'S HACIENDA...

THANK YOU, BERNARDO!
YOU ARE INDEED A VERY
FINE DOCTOR! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT I WOULD DO
WITHOUT YOU!



IF I WERE TO HAVE THIS WOUND
TREATED IN THE PUEBLO, SERGEANT
GARCIA JUST MIGHT PUT TWO AND
TWO TOGETHER AND FIND OUT
THAT DON DIEGO IS
INDEED ZORRO!



MEANWHILE...

WE SHOULD HAVE
HAD HIM! WE
SHOULD HAVE
HAD HIM!

SI! BUT AT
LEAST, WE
DID WOUND
HIM THIS
TIME!



SI! AND THAT
IS AS CLOSE AS
WE HAVE
EVER COME!

WOULD THE
SERGEANT
MIND A
SUGGESTION
?



WHAT
IS IT?

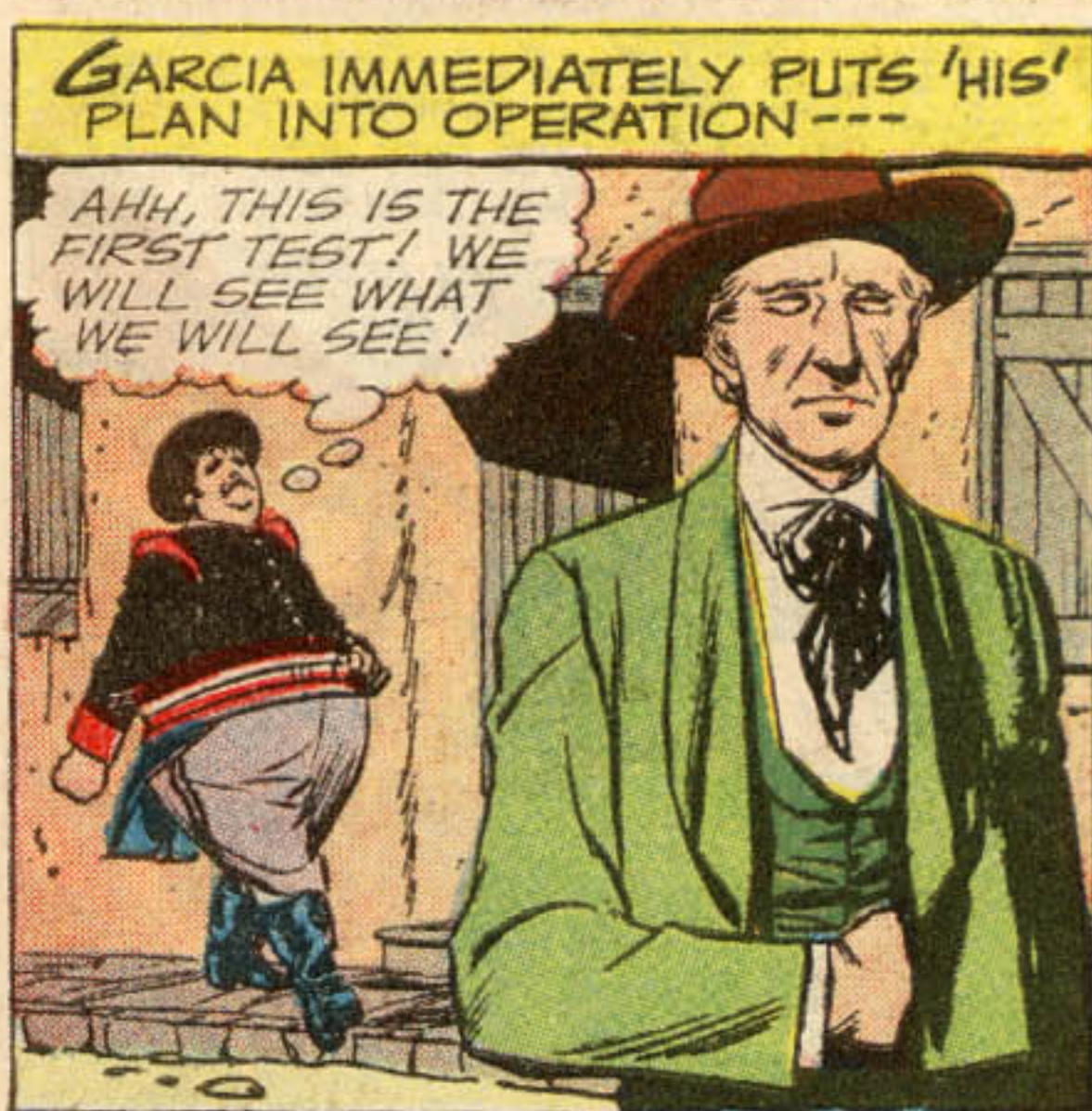
WELL...ZORRO IS
WOUNDED. IN THE
SHOULDER, IT LOOKED
TO ME! WOULD IT NOT
DO TO SEARCH FOR
SOMEONE WITH
A BULLET WOUND?



BABOSO! DO
YOU THINK
ZORRO WOULD
GO AROUND
WITH HIS ARM
IN A SLING?

NO, SERGEANT!
THE WOUND WOULD
BE HIDDEN, OF
COURSE, BUT IT
WOULD BE
PAINFUL, NO?









WALT DISNEY'S
ZORRO

The SEÑORA MEETS AN OUTLAW

SEÑORA VALLEJO SEVERELY SCOLDS HER YOUNG WARD...

YOU DO NOTHING BUT TALK NONSENSE ABOUT THIS ZORRO! YOU HAVE NEVER MET HIM — BESIDES, HE IS AN OUTLAW! I WILL NOT HEAR ANOTHER WORD! YOU MAKE YOURSELF RIDICULOUS, MY CHILD!

¡SÍ, SEÑORA!



WALT DISNEY'S *ZORRO*

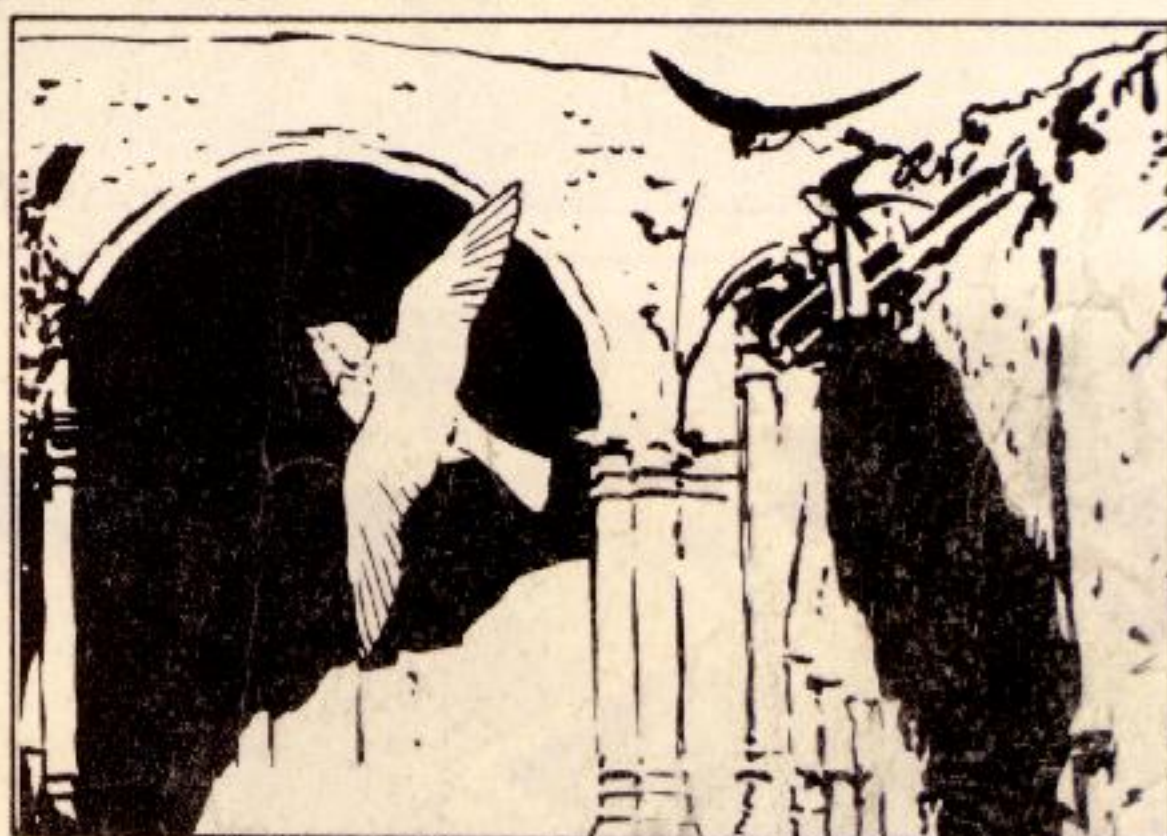
THE TREMBLING EARTH



The Spaniards who came to California in the early days had not been settled very long before they discovered that they were living in earthquake country. Every so often, the land would tremble; dishes danced on the tables, the walls of the houses creaked and groaned, and pots and jars tumbled from shelves.



If the quake was strong enough, house walls cracked suddenly and plaster came crashing to the floor. The terrified people would rush out into the open, or would huddle in a doorway — the strongest part of a house.



A few quakes were very strong. One destroyed the stone church at Mission San Juan Capistrano. The church was never rebuilt, and today visitors can still see the crumbling walls where the famous swallows nest.



The worst earthquake in California's history was the great San Francisco quake which occurred just over fifty years ago. Fires resulting from the quake raged for three days and destroyed much of the city.



Fortunately, severe earthquakes are few and far between, and Californians have always loved their land. So they patiently endure the rare times when chandeliers swing and sway and pictures tilt crazily on the walls.

PEDRO, A YOUNG INDIAN BOY, IS UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED BY THE COMANDANTE, AND ZORRO COMES TO THE RESCUE...



OPEN THE CELL, MY FRIEND, AND DO NOT MAKE A SOUND!

QUICKLY, PEDRO! OVER THE WALL! TORNADO IS WAITING!



ZORRO!

LANCERS, AFTER HIM!!

HIDE, PEDRO! I'LL LEAD THE LANCERS AWAY, THEN YOU CAN ESCAPE FROM THE PUEBLO!



PEDRO WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS AS GARCIA AND HIS LANCERS GALLOP IN PURSUIT OF ZORRO---



LATE THAT NIGHT, GARCIA AND HIS WEARY MEN RETURN FROM A LONG, FRUITLESS SEARCH---

AH, SERGEANT GARCIA! YOU ARE OUT LATE, I SEE! BUT OF COURSE IT IS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT FOR A MOONLIGHT RIDE, ISN'T IT?

SI, DON DIEGO! A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT!

