

DELL
Exciting
Adventure

SEPT. 1934

Still 10¢

WALT DISNEY'S

ZORRO

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

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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 IS NIGHT AND A GROUP OF LAWYERS HAVE STOPPED TO CAMP ALONG A LAMING REAL WHEN...

DO NOT TOUCH YOUR GUN AGAIN, SENOR, OR I WILL FIRE MORE THAN A WARNING SHOT!

THE GOLD, SENORS... WE HAVE COME TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR HEAVY BURDEN!



HOW... DID YOU KNOW OF THIS SHIPMENT?

WE HAVE FRIENDS IN MANY PLACES!



AH, HERE IT IS! HOW BEAUTIFUL TO FEEL CATCHE'S SO HEAVY!

PLEASE... YOU MUST NOT TAKE THAT GOLD!

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 ...



WE 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 QUARTER IN LOS ANGELES...

THE GOLD SHIPMENT
HAS ARRIVED!

WE HAVE ARRIVED,
SERGEANT GARCIA!
THE GOLD HAS BEEN
STOLEN!



WHAT??? THIS
CANNOT BE!

BUT IT IS! THE
BANDIDOS TOOK
EVERY LAST
OUNCE!



AIEE! 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!

S! 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!

S!



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!

SE!
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!



SE, BUT WHAT WILL YOU DO IF YOU FIND THE CULPRIT?

I... UH... WILL GUMMUN 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!



BUT SERGE JORDO
UNDOUBTEDLY WILL!

ADIOS, SERGEANT!
I WILL LET YOU
KNOW!

GRACIAS!

HAVE MY HORSE SADDLED, BERNARDO! I
MUST ROUND UP MY ALLEGED FRIENDS
AND TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED! I WANT
TO SEE HOW THEY REACT!



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...

... AND SO, GENTLEMEN, AFTER ALL THE
WORK WE DID TO RAISE THE FUNDS FOR
THE HOMELESS, IT SEEMS THAT NOW IT
WAS IN VAIN!

IT CANNOT BE! WE MUST FIND THE
BANDITTS AND RETRIEVE THE GOLD!

¡SÍ! WE MUST TAKE
ACTION!



WHAT I CANNOT
UNDERSTAND IS
HOW NEWS OF THE
SHIPMENT GOT
OUT!

¡SÍ! BESIDES THOSE
OF US HERE, ONLY
SERGEANT GARCIA
AND A FEW TRUSTED
LASCERS KNEW
WHEN THE GOLD
WAS COMING
THROUGH!

WE MUST HAVE
THE SERGEANT
AND HIS MEN
THOROUGHLY
QUESTIONED!

THAT IS TRUE, DON
JORDO ... BUT THE SAD
TRUTH IS THAT IT
COULD HAVE BEEN
ONE OF US!



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 REMAINS THAT WHAT I SAID IS A POSSIBILITY!



OUTRAGEOUS! AN INSULT!

A PERSONAL INSULT! I DEMAND SATISFACTION!



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

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

DON RICCO... I FEEL AS YOU DO... BUT PLEASE RE-CONSIDER! YOU KNOW DON DIEGO IS NOT A MAN OF ARMS!

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





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

HARRRUMPH!

BUT, DON RICCO...
I... UH...



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 RICCO IS! YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE INSULTED HIM!

I DID NOT INSULT HIM DIRECTLY! HE IS JUST GLUCK TO TAKE OFFENSE! YOU GLUCK, 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 RICCO HAS FOUGHT SEVEN DUELS... AND NEVER LOST! AND YOU, DIEGO, HARDLY KNOW WHICH END OF A SAPIER IS WHICH!

S... 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?



BIGO 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, BIGO! 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!

S!, 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 IMMINENT DUEL...AND SAYS SO IN BIGH LANDINGS...

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



BUT I THINK MAYBE OUR FRIEND, SEÑOR TORRDO, 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 RICCO BALDENA!



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



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ALMOST LEGENDARY TORRDO IS RIDING 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!



*ZORRO URGES TORNAO ON AND THE
MAGNIFICENT BLACK GALLION RESPONDS...*



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



I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE THEM
THE 'SCIP!



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 EDGEANT 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 SALDANA...

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?

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 PICKING THIS VERY MINUTE! WHEN YOU TWO APPEAR AS MY GUESTS TOMORROW MORNING, I FULLY EXPECT TO FIND HIM GONE!

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



AS SILENTLY AS HE ARRIVED, DON RICCO DISAPPEARS...



WE COME, IN THE NAME OF DON RICCO SALDANA, 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!

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



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

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE OLD 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!



SUIT RACKING 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!



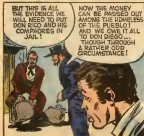
SWISH!

WHIFFY THE GATCHESE! 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 COMPAGNES IN JAIL!

NOW THE MONEY CAN BE RAISED OUT AMONGS THE HOMELESS OF THE PUEBLO! AND WE OWE IT ALL TO DON DIEGO... THOUGH TROUGH & RATHER ODD CIRCUMSTANCE!



WHIEW! 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.

"Mama!" 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 insisted. "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 LYNDIA, 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!

SI! 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... THOSE 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?



SI, 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...



BY LEAVING THE VILLAGE, LUIS SLIPS OUT OF THE VILLAGERS' GRASP. A BANDIT ON HIS BACK, HE HEARDS FOR HIS FLEEING.

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



HEY THERE, LITTLE ONE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?

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 UNDA 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 SIEGA NOW... TO WALK IN THE HOT SUN IS SO VERY TIRING!

HELIUMS
ZORRO
The **HUNTED**

SERGEANT GARCIA RETURNS TO THE CUARTEL AT THE PUEBLO DE LOS ANGELES FOLLOWING ANOTHER UNSUCCESSFUL 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 SOUNDSEL 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?



S! IT IS THE ONE THING I DREAM OF DOING... IT WOULD MEAN A PROMOTION, PERHAPS MANY THINGS TO ME!

I TOO WISH SOME THINGS... PERHAPS WE CAN MAKE AN EXCHANGE!



I WILL HELP YOU GET SORRED IF YOU WILL DO SOMETHING FOR ME...

ASK IT, MY FRIEND!



PERHAPS YOU KNOW A YOUNG LANCER NAMED PRIVATE RIDALGO?

S! HE IS THE BIGGEST BANGBOO IN ALL LOS ANGELES! EVERYTHING RIDALGO DOES IS WRONG... I AM ALWAYS PUTTING HIM ON REPORT AND



I WANT YOU TO RECOMMEND HIM FOR PROMOTION TO CORPORAL!

WHAT?



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! HE IS LUCKY TO BE A PRIVATE... IF THERE WERE ANYTHING LOWER THAN THAT, I AM SURE HE COULD BE DEMOTED!

HE IS MY COUSIN...



I PROMISED HIS FATHER I WOULD HELP HIM... IF HE IS A CORPORAL, HE WILL BE A HAPPY MAN... THAT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK!

IT IS BETTER YOU ASK ME TO PROMOTE A DONKEY!

AS ACTING COMMANDANTE, YOU COULD HELP RUDOLFO, SERGEANT GARCIA, BUT SINCE YOU REFUSE, I CANNOT CARRY OUT MY PART OF THE BARGAIN...

WAIT! I WILL DO IT!



IT WILL BE WORTH PROMOTING A BARON TO CAPTAIN IF ZORRO IS BEHIND BARK!



CORPORAL IS ALL I ASK!

GI! AND NOW, WHAT ABOUT ZORRO? HOW DO YOU PLAN TO FIND HIM?



I WILL SHOW YOU TONIGHT! COME TO MY HOME AT NINE O'CLOCK! THAT IS FEEDING TIME...

FEEDING TIME? FEEDING TIME FOR WHAT?



YOU WILL SEE, SERGEANT GARCIA! I WILL EXPECT YOU AT NINE... THE LITTLE HOUSE ON HERMOSD ROAD!

I WILL BE THERE!



THAT NIGHT, AT NINE O'CLOCK SHARP...

I WONDER WHAT SERGE BOLFO HAS IN MIND... IT IS ALL SO MYSTERIOUS!



WOLFS' LEASH BRUSH TO THE REAR OF THE HORSE!

WHAT IS THAT ?

THERE : RANCHO AND PEDRO,
TWO OF THE FINEST DOGS
IN ALL OF CALIFORNIA.

CRRRAAGGGGYHH!

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 GET HUNGRY
... AND THEY LOOK FORWARD TO WHAT THEY
CATCH AT THE END OF A CHASE !

WITH RANCHO AND PEDRO,
CAPTURING GORRDO 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...

¿?

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...

¿?

FONCHO... PEDRO... THIS SASH BELONGS TO ZORRO! FIND HIM!

¿?

AS THE TWO MEN FOLLOW THE SMELLING DOGS...

THOSE DOGS ARE HUNTING ZORRO! I MUST WARN HIM!

ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDES, THE ROSS LEAD GARCIA AND BOLSO 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 WICKERMAN OF SAN 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 RANCHARIA, I WILL LET THEM
SEE ME!



MOMENTS LATER...

THERE! LOOK!
IT IS ZORRO!

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



ZORRO WHEELS HIS MOUNT AND GURS 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 SMARLING DOGS DO NOT FARE AS WELL.

GRAAGGH

IT IS FANONO...
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 TORCRO ESCAPE!

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

WEE-MOOHH!

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



ZORRO FIGHTS THE VORACIOUS 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!

WEEE! IISH!

GRRR!

SUDDENLY...

WE MUST MOVE FAST TORRADO!

THUD

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

AS FOR YOUR COGIN... WELL, SEROR, 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 CONVINCES 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 MORTY!

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!



DELL
COMICS

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 *wastegoes*. Today we call them *wastegops*.



At one time, when the West was still very big and very empty, thousands of wild horses, descended from the Spanish *mestizas*, 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 coxs away the mares.

