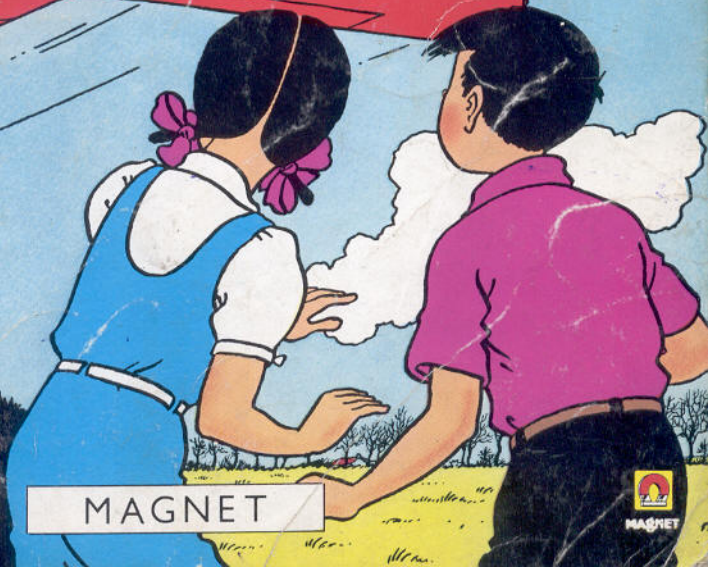
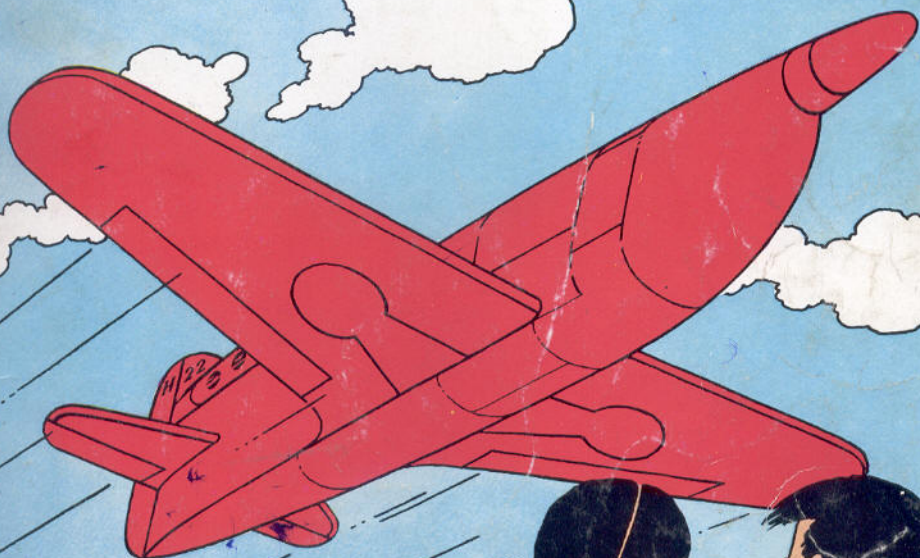


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF JO, ZETTE AND JOCKO
BY THE CREATOR OF TINTIN

THE STRATOSHIP H.22/PART ONE

MR. PUMP'S LEGACY



MAGNET



MR. PUMP'S LEGACY



HOUSEKEEPER wanted for family home, cheerful, honest, reliable person to carry out domestic duties.

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j). Ring
(099209)
20) and
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cleaners
ad, Pon-
9:30 am
must be
machines.
5050H

BUTLER WANTED

Gentleman seeks faultless butler, able to roller-skate.

Apply to J.A.P.,
148 East Avenue,
New York, NY

3148987

WILLING HANDS REQUIRED

to help with house

5050X

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housekeeper

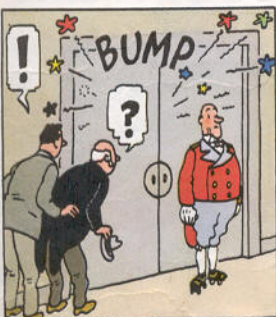
**Part-time
BAR STAFF**
required at the

J.A.P.?... J.A.P.?... I've got it!... John Archibald Pump, the collar-stud king, the famous millionaire...

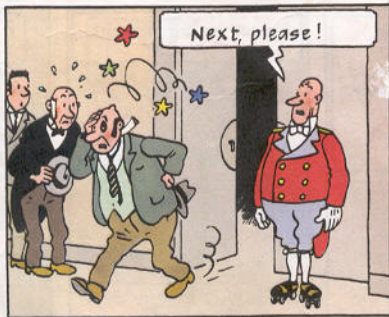


Are we seeing Mr Pump himself?

No, just his secretary.



Next, please!



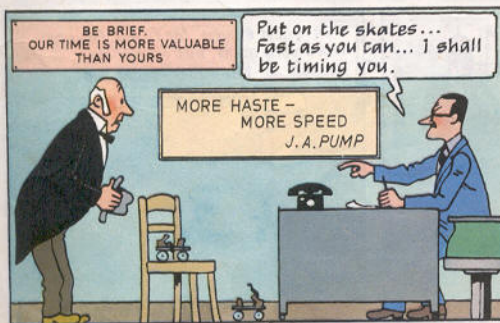
Good morning, sir, I...



BE BRIEF.
OUR TIME IS MORE VALUABLE
THAN YOURS

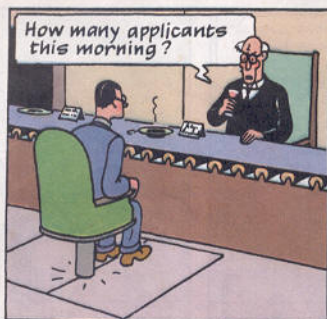
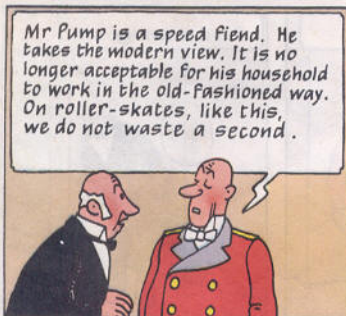
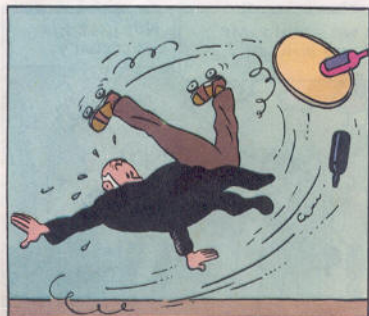
Put on the skates...
Fast as you can... I shall
be timing you.

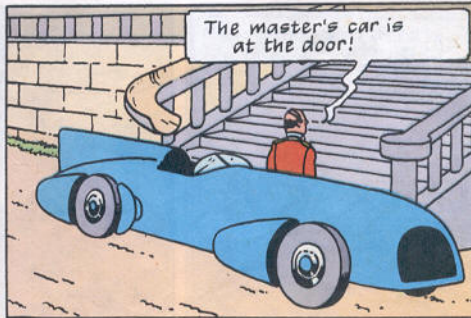
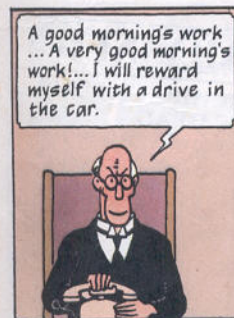
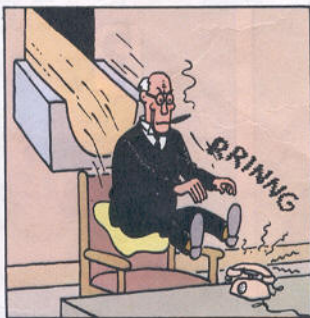
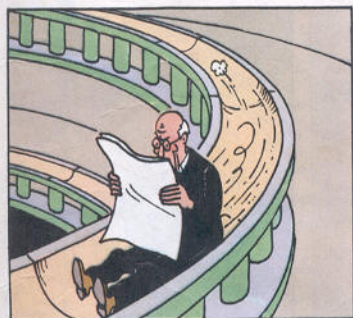
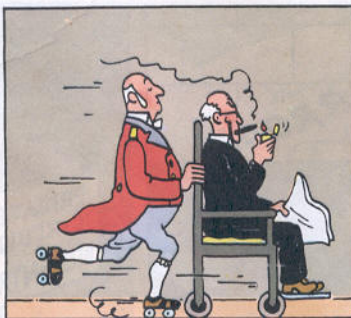
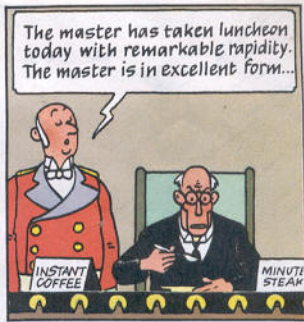
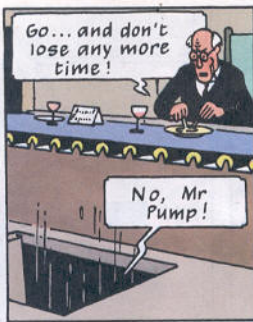
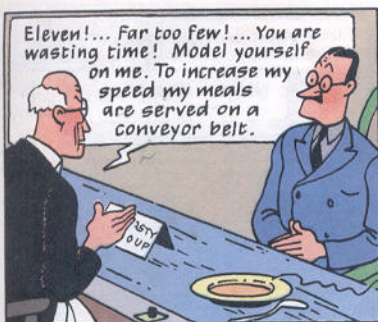
MORE HASTE -
MORE SPEED
J.A. PUMP

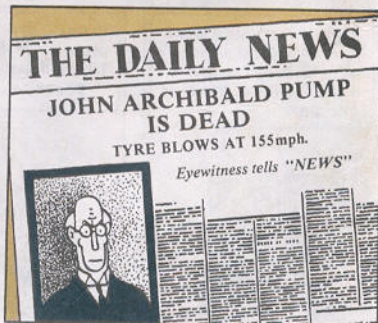
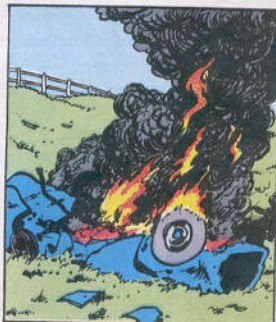
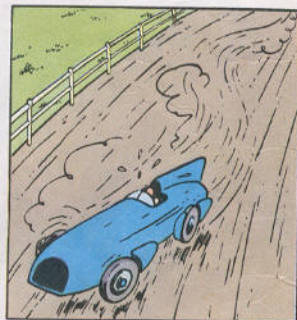
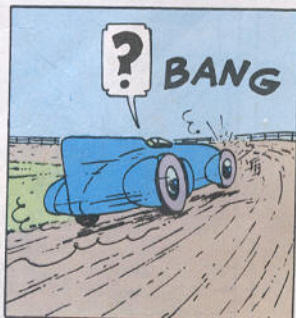
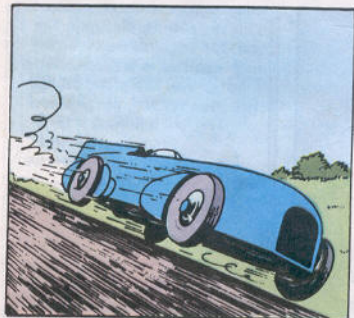
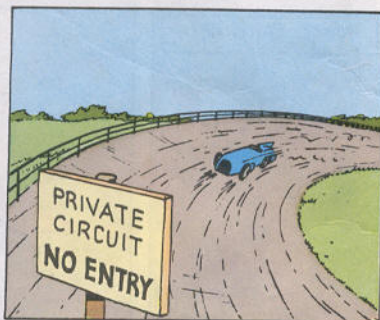
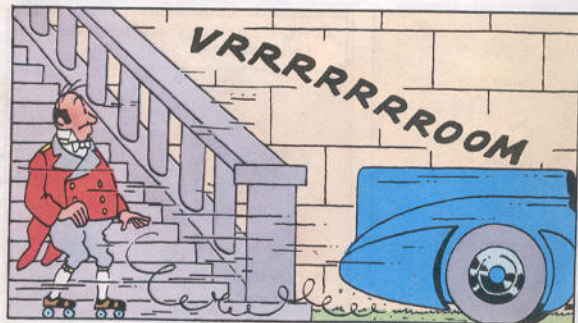


One minute 38.8
seconds... Not
bad for a start.









... William and Fred Stockrise, Mr Pump's two nephews, left immediately by air for New York where they will be present at the reading of the will.

And you know how much he left? Around 100 million dollars.

"This is my last will and testament..."

to be distributed to charitable organisations (see List No. 4), on condition that they conform to the aforesaid speed regulations (see Appendix VI).

I bequeath the sum of 10 (ten) million dollars to the builders of the first aeroplane to succeed in flying from New York to Paris, or vice versa, non-stop, at an average speed of 1000 kilometres per hour (or 625 mph). However, should such a flight not be achieved within one year precisely from

the date of the proving of this will, this sum will revert to my nephews, William and Fred Stockrise. To these last I leave no money, wishing to encourage them to make their fortunes by their own efforts. My legacy to them is the faithful companion of all my years, my "Tizz" stopwatch, so that it may help them as it has always helped me.

J. A. Pump

Executed in New York this 10th day of June 1934, in 1 hour, 34 minutes, 12.8 seconds.

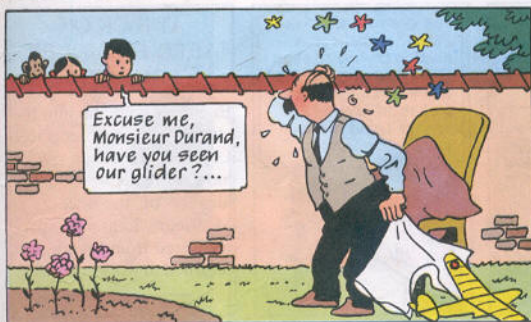
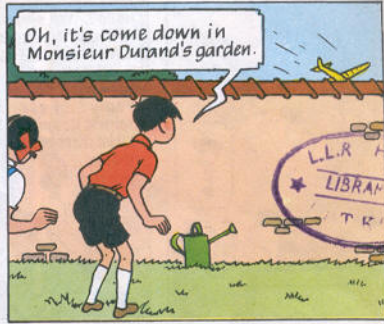
That is all, ladies and gentlemen. Does anyone wish to raise an objection?

I do!... I declare that will invalid! ... Our uncle was an old fool!... He had no right to disinherit us!... As sure as my name's Fred Stockrise, I swear I'll...

Not another word, Fred!... You should be ashamed to talk like that... Sit down!...

What?... You...







Hello?...Yes speaking
...What? My husband?
...An accident!...
Good heavens!
He's hurt...How
badly?...I see...St
John's Hospital...Yes,
I'll be there
at once...



Don't be worried, Madame
Legrand. Your husband is
only slightly hurt...
What a relief!



I was doing about sixty... Suddenly the car
went out of control... I
tried to straighten up...
I don't remember anything
else... I think the steering
went... We'll have to
see what the
experts say.

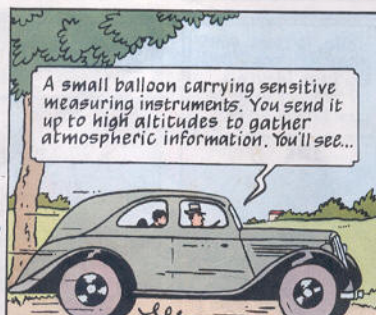


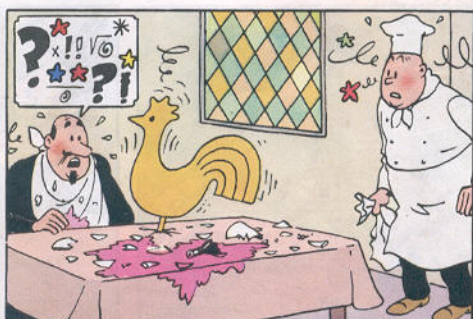
You know what I think,
Zette?...I believe a
rival is trying to stop
Papa completing his
work on the plane.
I've read about that
sort of thing in adventure
stories...

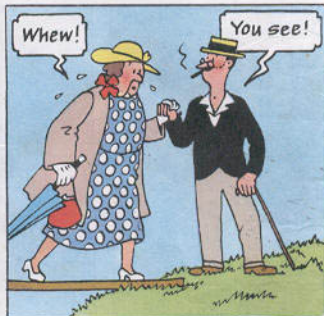


ATTACK ON AERO-ENGINEER LEGRAND

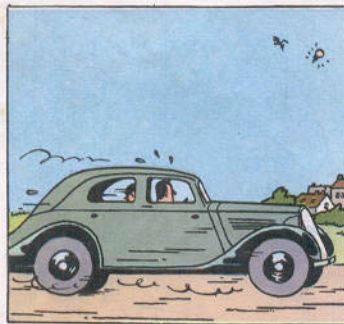
Enquiries continue into the
attack on aero-engineer
Legrand. However, police
have no real clue as to the
identity of the saboteurs.
Monsieur Legrand, fully
recovered from his injuries,
returned to work yesterday.

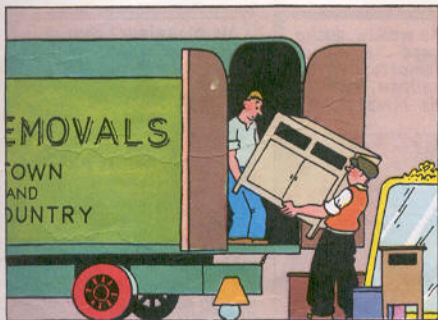
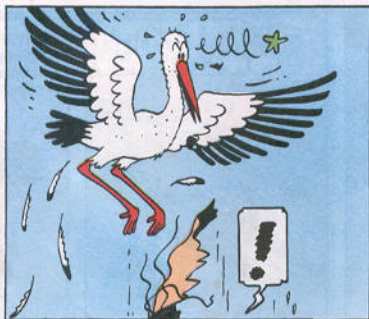


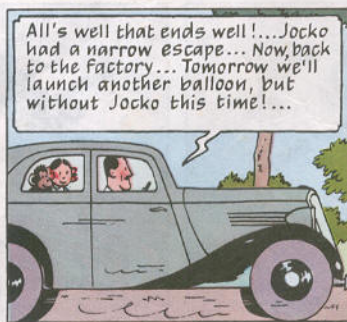




Koushik Chakraborty







To the Director:
 Sir, take care!
 Your engineer, Legrand,
 is plotting against you.
 Events will soon prove that
 he does not deserve the
 confidence you have
 placed in him.
 A friend.

Sir, this is the most
 monstrous slander.

I don't doubt it, my
 dear Legrand. That's
 why I wanted to show
 you the letter at
 once.

You know, I can't help making
 a connection between this letter
 and the recent attack you
 suffered... Someone wants
 to harm you... But who?...
 And for what reason?

S.A.F.C.A.

...That's one of the
 last stages in the
 assembly: the tuning
 of the engine.

And now
 you've seen
 how an aero-
 plane is made,
 let's watch
 one fly...

You're going to see the first
 Flight of a new prototype...

Fine!

There it is: the new C.48 plane.

Isn't it splendid!

Meet the test pilot, Monsieur
 Werner, one of the best
 flying for S.A.F.C.A.

There, it's
 taking off...

Doesn't it
 go fast!

Help! It's
 on fire!...
 The pilot...?

Help! It's
 on fire!...
 The pilot...?



I just had time to use my parachute... I'm certain the machine was sabotaged!



Hello?... Yes... What?... That's impossible. The... the C.48, down in flames?... What about Werner?... Ah, he's safe... What does he say?... What?... Sabotage!... Yes... Right... I'll come at once.



"Events will soon prove..." They haven't wasted much time!

We must tell the police at once.



Hello?... Yes... The Sûreté here... Yes... I see... At S.A.F.C.A... Right... Right... An inspector will be there in half an hour...



Well, what's your view?

The aeroplane had been sabotaged, Inspector. That's for sure!



I see... Send in the night-watchman...



You look after Hangar 3, with the C.48... Did anybody go in there last night?...

I didn't see anyone, Inspector, just Monsieur Legrand...



Is that true?

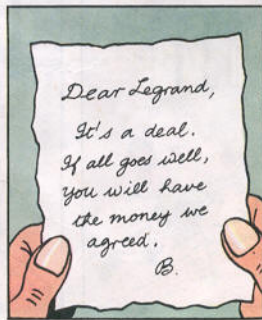
Yes, certainly. Before leaving the factory last night I went to have a final look at the C.48. I knew it was making its first flight today.

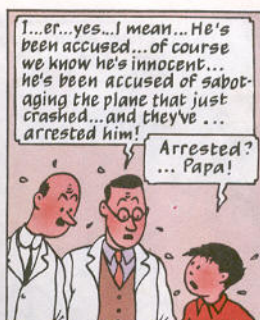


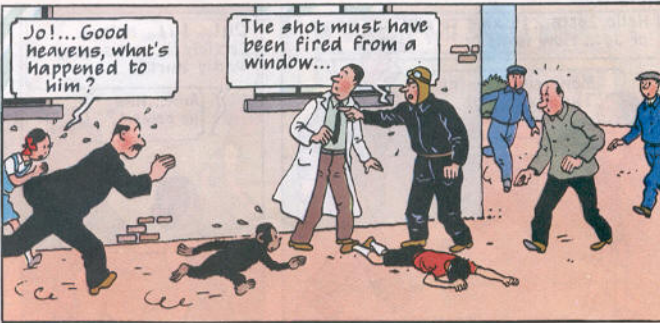
Oh?... Good... I'd like to see Hangar 3. Could someone take me along?

Gladly... I'll come with you...









Some hours later...

...The wound is much less serious than we thought, Madame Legrand... The bullet caught him above the ear and glanced off the bone... Yes, he needs plenty of rest, of course, and absolute quiet.



Oh, goodness me!... Yes... Yes... Good... I'll be there right away.



He's opening his eyes!



Zette!... I... Listen... You... you must...

Ssh!... You mustn't talk... The doctor has forbidden it.



I... I overheard a... telephone conversation... there, at S.A.F.C.A.... Papa... Papa is innocent!... I couldn't see... who was talking... But he said: "It went like clockwork... the plane caught fire at once"... and he was pleased... that... Papa was arrested!

Did you tell anyone you'd overheard the conversation?



No... nobody... except Monsieur Werner, the pilot...

Gracious!... Could it be Werner who fired at you?



I... I don't know... But you... you must tell the police... so that Papa can be set free.

Yes... yes... Now you must rest.



Oh golly!... He's fainted again... Quick, I must fetch the nurse.



WARD B



Zette!



Hello, Zette... I came to ask of Jo... How is he?

Monsieur Werner! The C.48 pilot.



Oh!... Ill!... He's terribly ill... He's very badly hurt!

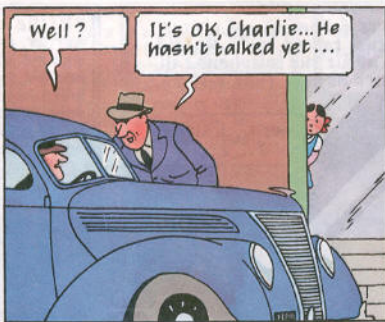
And... has he talked?



No... Up to now he hasn't said a word.

That's good!... I mean, how sad!... At any rate, I hope he'll soon be out of danger.







Me?... Er... I... I'm going for a walk...

Oh?... Going for a walk! ... I'll tell you what you're doing here



You're following us!... Your brother talked, eh?... He told you about the telephone call, didn't he?... That's it?

Well... I mean... I... er...



OK! He heard plenty!... It was me, Werner, on the telephone!... And it was me who shot at him... And it was me who sabotaged the C48... Yes, me!... In mid-air... And it was me got your fa arrested, thanks to a little letter accusing him...

You did all that? ... But why?



Why? I'll tell you...



Shut up, Werner... Stop blabbing!

You're right, Charlie...

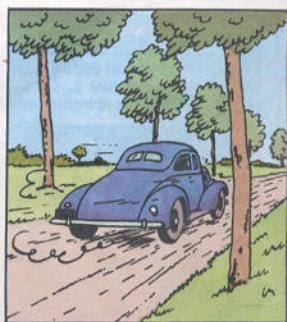


Now then, let's go! You're coming with us.

But... I don't want to!... I want to go home!



I'll bet!... So you can split on us, and get us arrested, eh?... What sort of fools d'you take us for?... Get in!



Meanwhile...

He has fainted again... But there's something else... Zette left just now, without saying where she was going. We haven't seen her since.



Here is a special announcement... We are asked to report the disappearance of a child, Zette Legrand... She is 11 years old; 1.27 m tall; black hair parted in the middle and tied at each side with a red ribbon; brown eyes. She was...



...wearing a blue pinafore dress and a white blouse.

Good heavens! It's the child I just had as a fare. She wanted me to follow a car!

I see... Can you describe the car she asked you to follow?

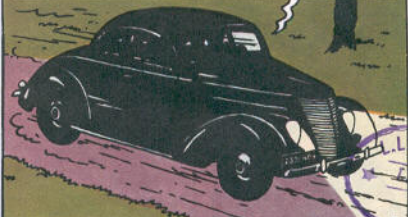
Sure I can, Inspector...



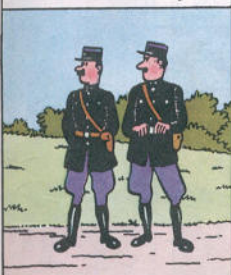
This is a general alert: detain 1937 Ford V8 coupé, blue, registration 2331-RD4, carrying two men and a little girl, description as previously broadcast...



We must decide. It can't be long before there's a call out for us. Then, how can we cross the frontier into Belgium?



The next morning...

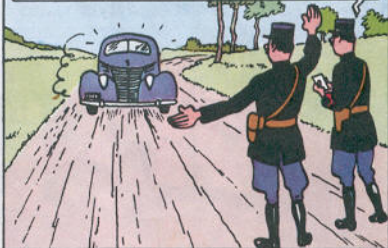


Hey!... Look at that car coming!... Isn't it...

Yes... it is!



No mistake, that's the one... They haven't even changed the number plates.



I promise you officer, there's some mistake... I'm an honest garage owner... I bought this car second-hand, last night.



Hello?... Gendarmerie here... Yes... Oh, it's you, Sergeant. You've got the car?... Well done!... Hmm!... A garage owner from Maubeuge... What about the two men... And young Zette?... You don't know.



How can we find them, now?



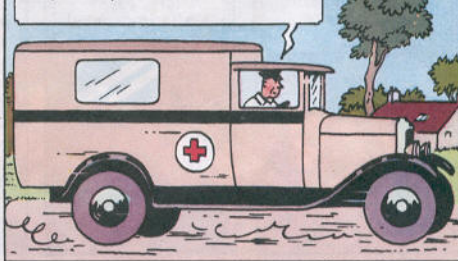
Now what?

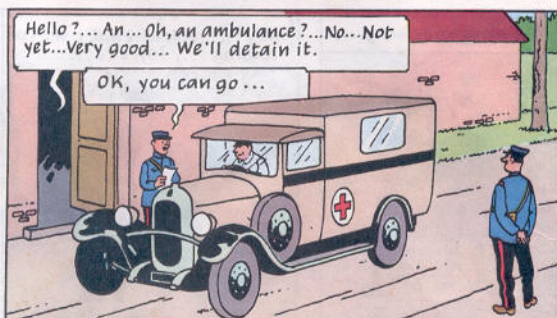
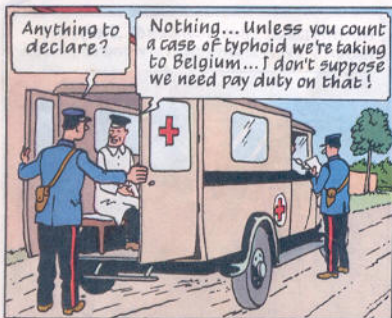


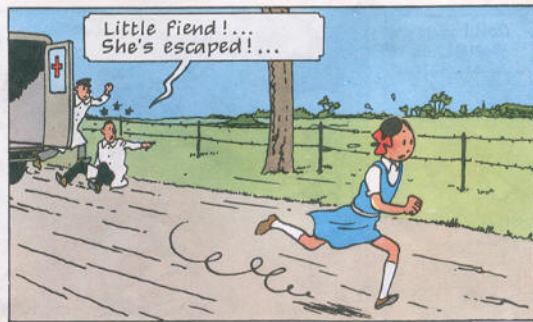
Hello... Yes... Gendarmerie here... Yes?... Ah, the hospital at Maubeuge... What? Someone stole an ambulance... You found the night-watchman this morning, bound and gagged... Could he describe his attackers?... Two men... with a little girl... seemed a prisoner... Good... Set off for the Belgian frontier... Right! I'll send out a call and stop them...

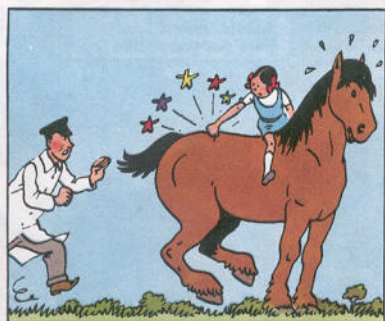
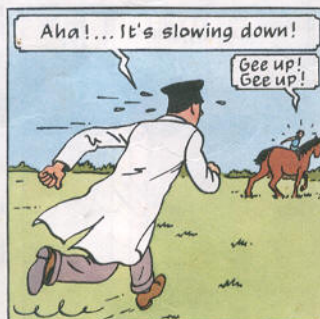
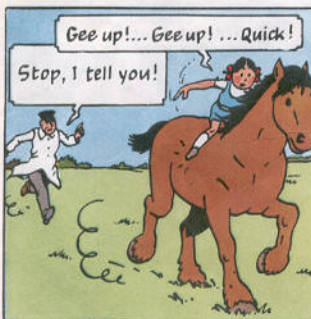
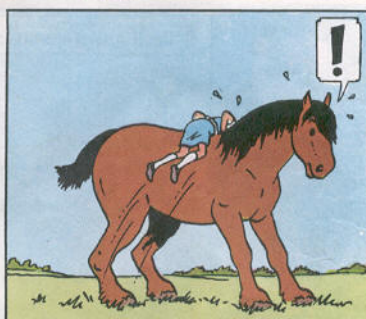
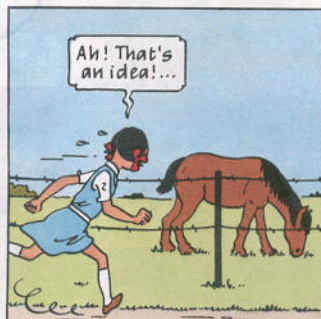


There's the customs post. Let's hope they aren't on to us...





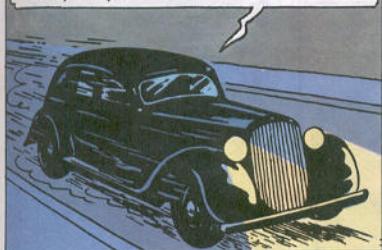








Here we are in Paris, Mademoiselle Zette. In a few minutes you'll be back with your parents.



One last try ...



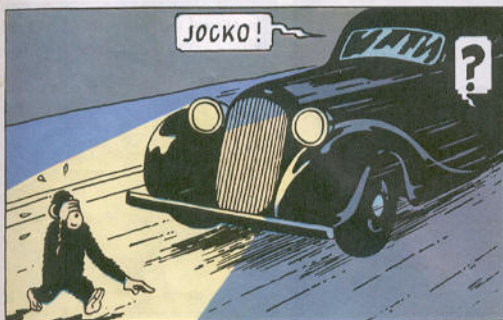
Round and round with my eyes shut ...



Now, with a little bit of luck ...



JOCKO!



My poor little Jocko!

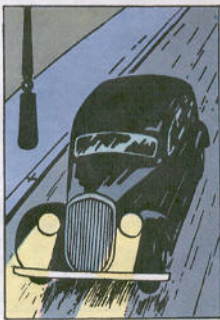


Where am I?... Ah, there you are, Zette. I knew I'd find you.



Oh, how lucky!... He isn't hurt.

Come along, Jocko! ... Papa, Mama and Jo are waiting for us.



There she is!

My darling Zette!

Hello!!

It was me. I found her!

And Jocko, too!

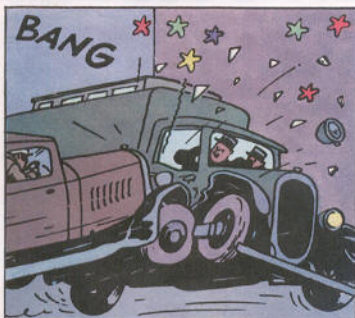
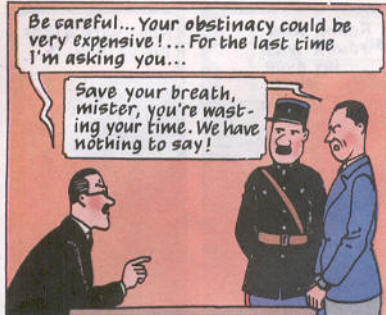


Some weeks later...

Once again, why were you plotting against engineer Legrand? Was it some sort of revenge?

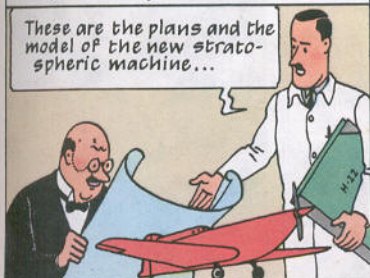
We're not talking!





Meanwhile, at S.A.F.C. a.

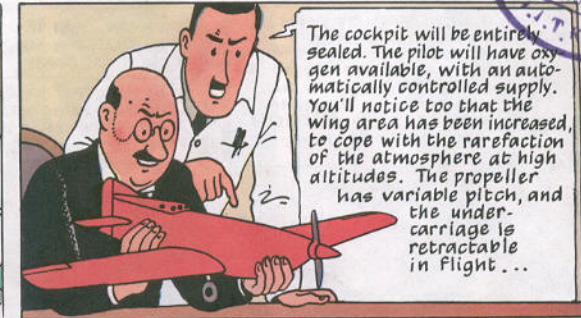
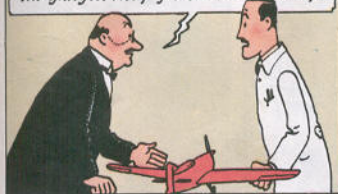
These are the plans and the model of the new stratospheric machine...



Naturally, the engine has been the object of special study. It will have an entirely new system of turbo-compressors providing the cylinders with the correct fuel mixture, according to the pressure... at whatever altitude...



It's incredible... Werner and his accomplice have escaped... The van taking them back to prison was ambushed and rammed by another vehicle, driven by other members of the gang... They got clean away.



The cockpit will be entirely sealed. The pilot will have oxygen available, with an automatically controlled supply. You'll notice too that the wing area has been increased, to cope with the rarefaction of the atmosphere at high altitudes. The propeller has variable pitch, and the under-carriage is retractable in flight...

Excuse me.



Hello?... Yes... Yes, it's me... What?... They escaped!... Yes... yes... Heavens, what a nerve!... Unbelievable!... I... yes... yes... Very well!... Yes... Thank you.



The Sûreté have just been in touch. Until they manage to recapture the thugs, the Factory will be guarded. Your house will be specially watched, too.



Be on your guard, Legrand. You've had plenty of proof, these villains will stop at nothing.

Don't worry. I'll be careful.



That night...

Goodnight, children...

Goodnight, Mama!

Goodnight, Mama!

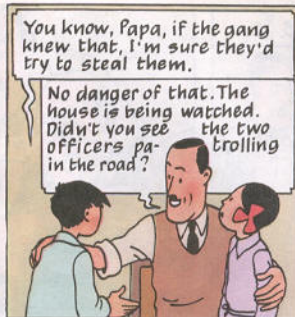


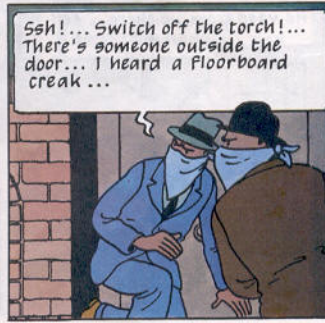
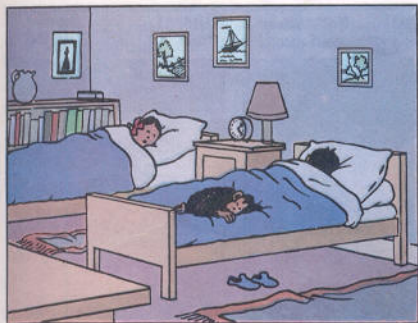
We'll say goodnight to Papa, now...

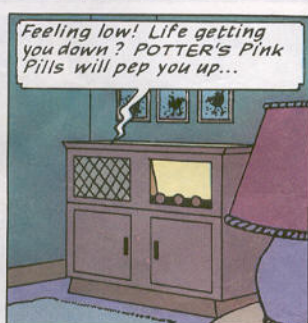


Come in!











Some weeks later...

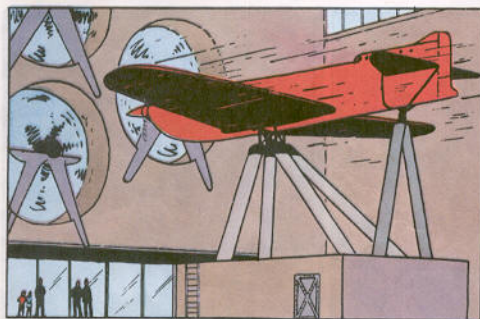
The machine is almost finished. Tomorrow will see the first wind-tunnel trials for the Stratoship at Chalais-Meudon...



Next day...



This is the experimental chamber. In a minute those giant fans will create an absolute hurricane and allow us to test the wind resistance of the structure... Now, take cover...



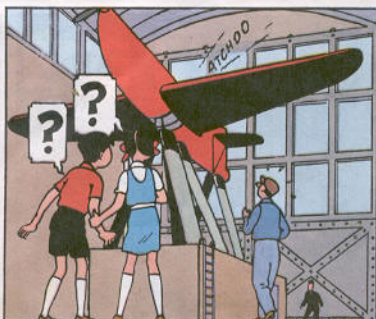
I say, Jo, have you seen Jacko?

Jacko?...No! Wasn't he with you?



Excellent!...That's conclusive!...The plane is structurally sound!

Fine!... Stop the fans...



My poor Jacko!... Whatever possessed you to go up there?

Poor Jacko! He's frozen!

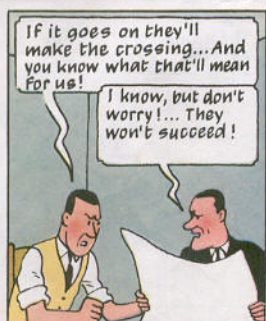


Listen here: "The ground trials of the Stratoship H.22, built by S.A.F.C.A., have been entirely satisfactory. The first flight will take place next Thursday..."

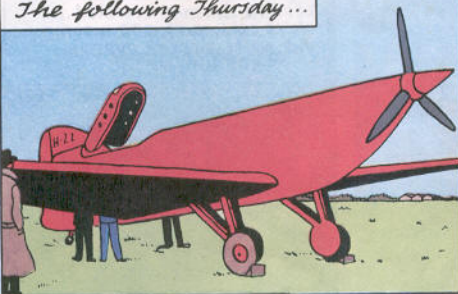


If it goes on they'll make the crossing... And you know what that'll mean for us!

I know, but don't worry!... They won't succeed!



The following Thursday...



You will be careful, won't you, Papa...

Do you think you can reach 1000 km/h?

All being well, when will you make the attempt?



Goodbye for now, children...

...Mind you shut the cockpit cover tight and secure it properly. You said the smallest crack could be fatal...



See you later...



Good luck!



LLR HA
LIBRARY
M.T. 1937



Ha! ha! ... Won't be long now! ...



What a speed!...

Out of sight already!...



Meanwhile...

Someone just brought this letter for you, sir...

What is it?



S.A.F.C.A.

"Most urgent" and "very important"... What can it possibly be?



!*

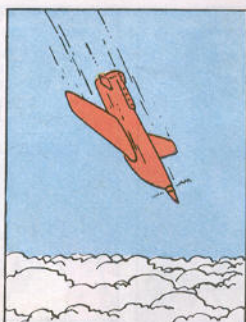
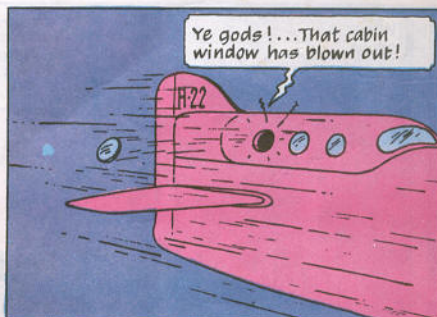
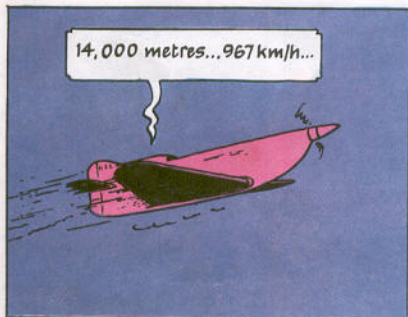
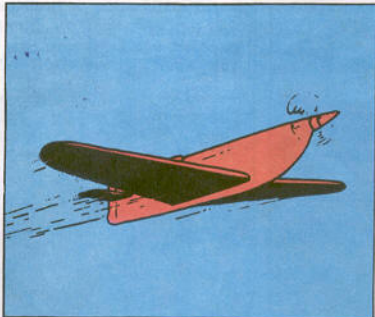


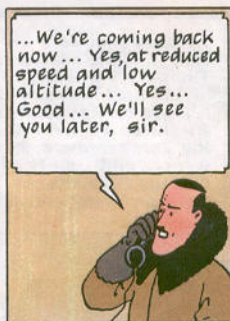
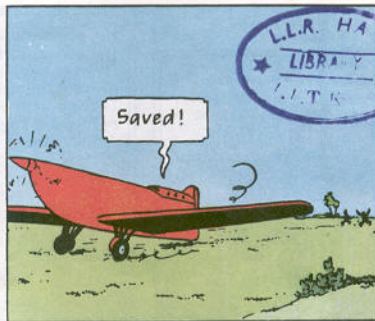
DON'T LET THE STRATOSHIP FLY: IT HAS BEEN SABOTAGED



Hello?... Hello?... Villacoublay?... Hello!... this is the director of S.A.F.C.A. ... Please go at once and tell the pilot of the Stratoship not to take off and... What?!... He's already gone!!!







Some months later...

Hello...More news about the Stratoship.

They still haven't caught the crooks who sabotaged the plane flight, have they?



No, but that won't prevent the crossing taking place. It says here the Stratoship will leave tomorrow. There's still a month before the time limit expires, the year stipulated in the will...



This afternoon they're christening the Stratoship... You've got to be very good, Jocko!



Hello!... Is that you, Legrand? ... Yes... We've had a frightful setback!... Berger has disappeared!... Yes, Berger, the pilot of the Stratoship... He left home yesterday morning, and no one has seen him since! ...



Someone's certainly kidnapped him to prevent our flight succeeding. But don't worry, sir. If Berger isn't found in time, I'll pilot the Stratoship myself!



That afternoon...

... And it is with justifiable pride that today S.A.F.C.A. invites us to applaud this superb machine. It does credit not only...



...to the engineers who designed and built it, but to our entire industry... Their glory will reflect upon all France... And here I must pay a warm tribute to Monsieur Legrand, Chief Engineer of S.A.F.C.A., who by his perseverance, by his dedicated work... and I must add, by his courage, has brought to fruition the heavy task entrusted to him!...



Have you seen Jocko?

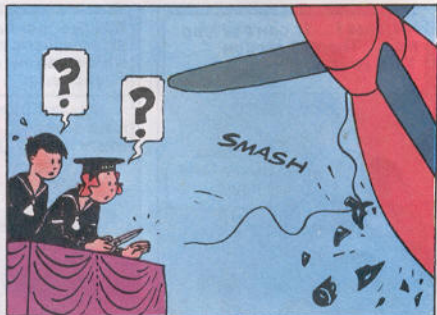
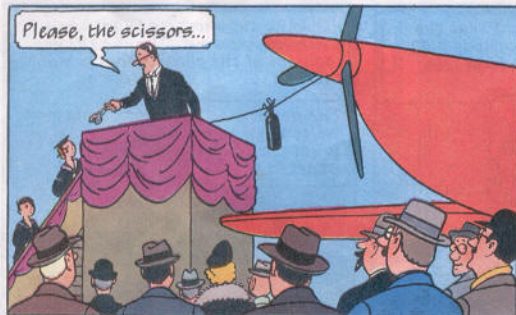
Why? Has he gone missing again?

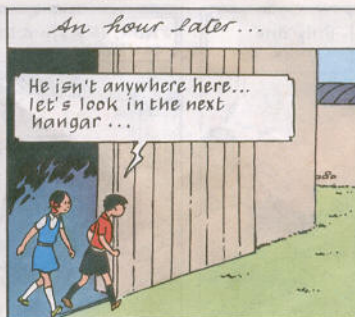
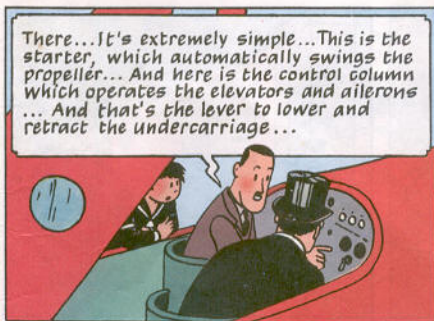


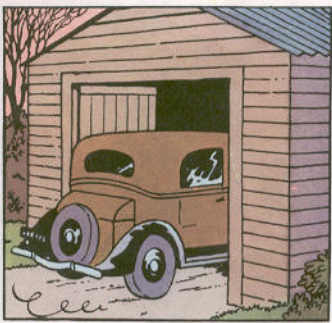
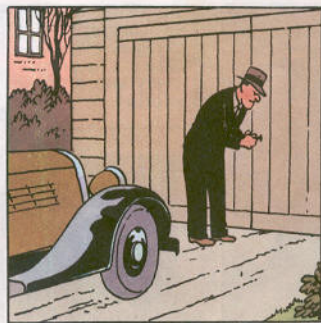
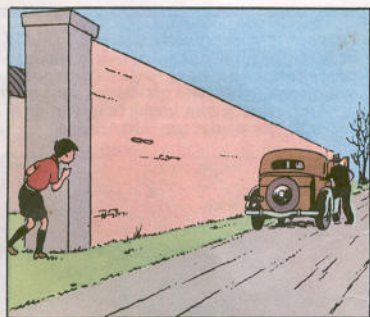
Now, according to custom, we are going to christen this aircraft. It is to be named "Jo and Zette" after Monsieur Legrand's children. Monsieur Jo and Mademoiselle Zette, may I ask you to break the traditional bottle of champagne?

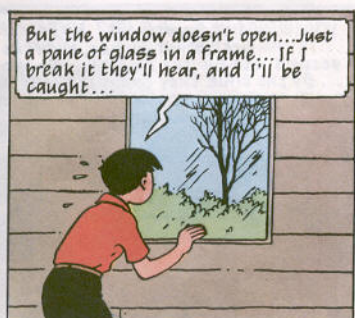
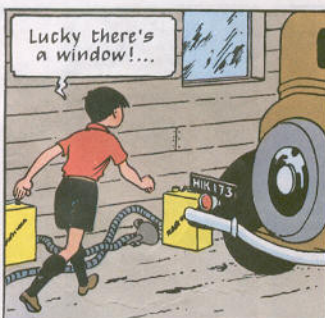
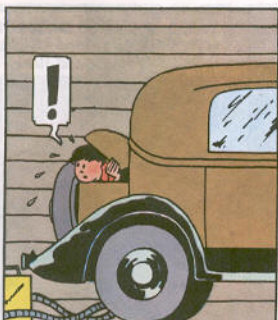


Please, the scissors...











Yes... Hangar No. 5... Yes... Absolutely certain... Yes... Good... Right... Goodbye for now... And good luck! ...



Werner's leaving now... In two hours their famous Stratoship will be destroyed!

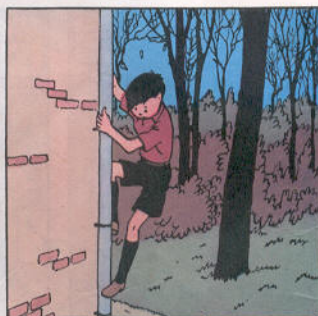
Yes, if Werner makes it...



Why shouldn't he make it? No fear of that! ... If the first bomb misses, then the second will hit the target! ... Or the third! ... By the time they can alert anti-aircraft defences Werner will be far away... His plane is amazingly fast...



I get it!... They're going to bomb the Stratoship hangar!



Quick! There isn't a moment to lose!



They must be stopped at all costs! ... But how to warn Papa of what's afoot?... I'll never be there in time...



Saved! ... There's a car!



Oh! They didn't stop!



A house, at last!... If there's a telephone, we're OK!



Just my luck: it's empty!

HOUSE FOR SALE



I'll never make it
... Oh! A fire!...



Gypsies!... I'll ask them
if they'll take me to
Paris ...



I beg of you!... It's terribly
important!... They're going to
bomb an airfield ...

Bomb an airfield? Is that
meant to be a
... Get along!



Don't waste your breath, son.
It's far too late ...



What can
I do?



Bomb an airfield!...
The kid must be
barmy!

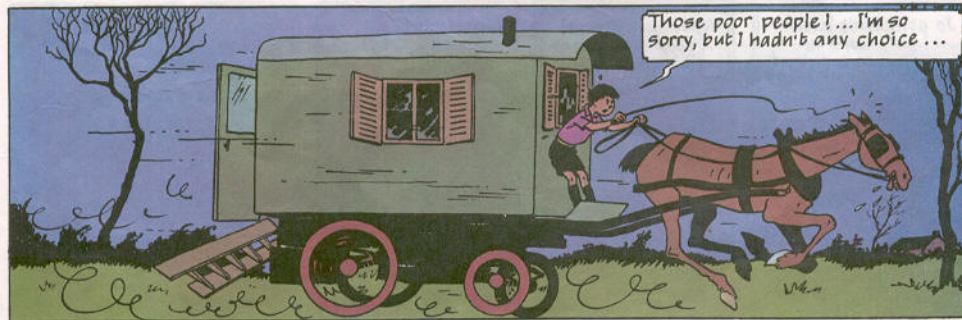


The caravan!... The
caravan's moving off!...

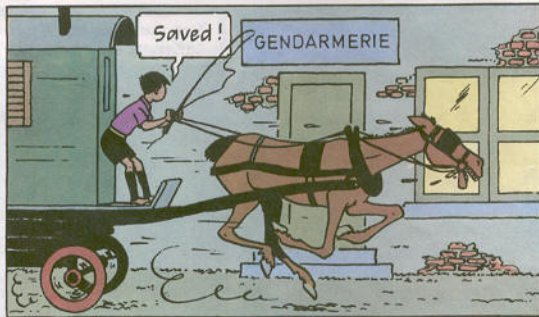
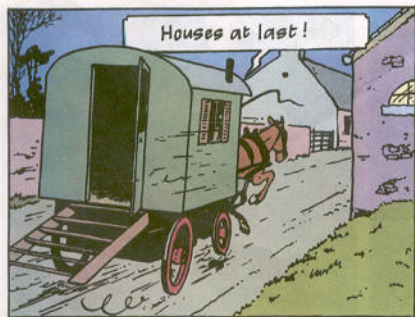
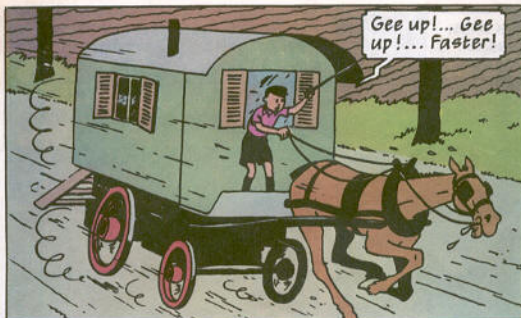


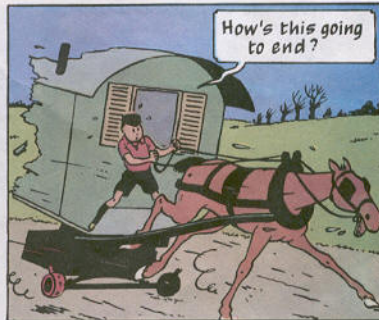
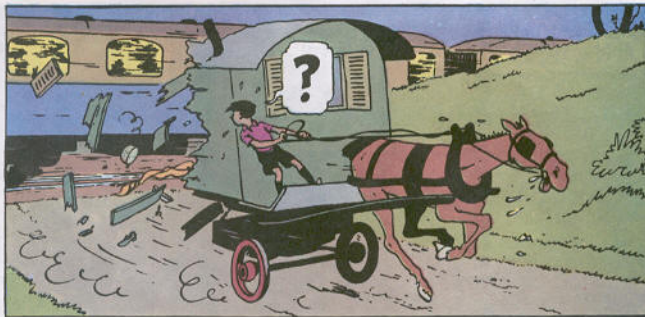
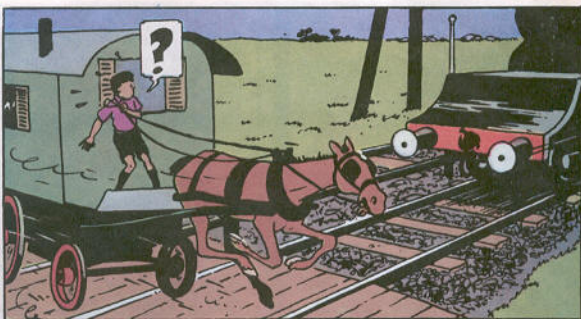
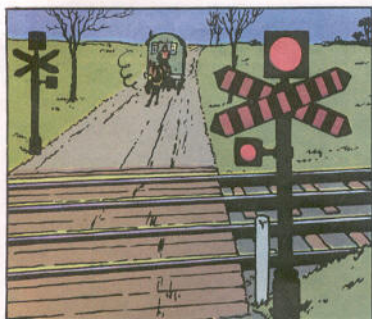
Stop thief!

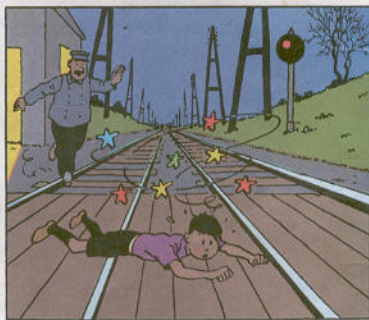
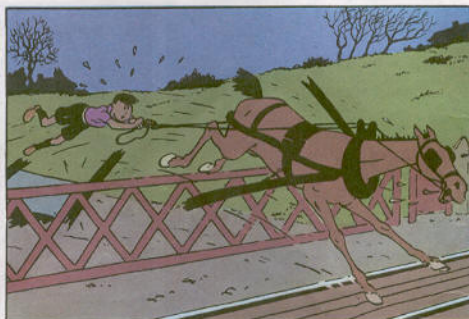
Stop! ...

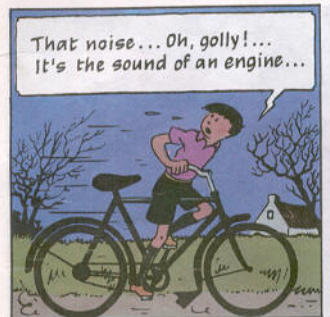


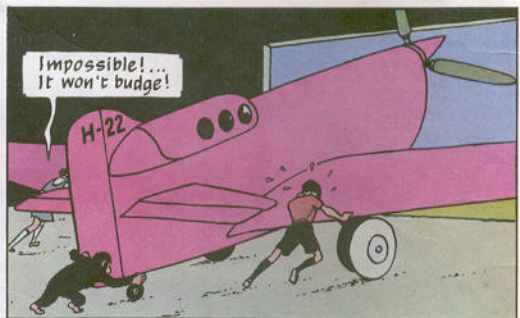
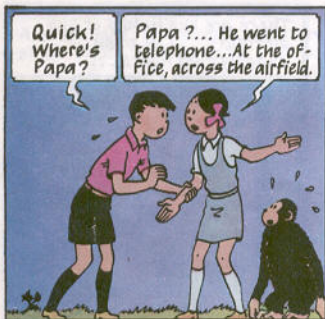
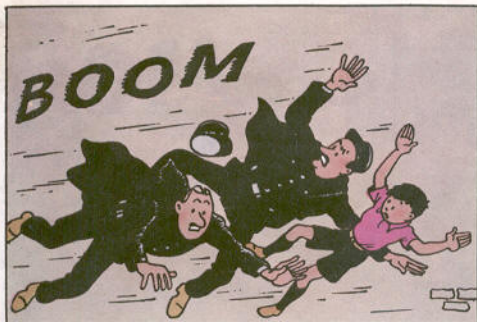
Those poor people!... I'm so
sorry, but I hadn't any choice ...











That one fell much closer...

Come on! ...
Let's try again!

Jo! ... We aren't strong enough
to move the aeroplane! ... What
are we going to do?

I don't know...

Unless... I ... I can't see any-
thing else to do! ... I'm going to
start the engine! ... It's the only
way to save the Stratoship...

You go, Zette! ... Run for
shelter! ... Another bomb
could drop any moment ...

Wait while I remember
Papa's demonstration ...
First of all, where's the
starter?

No, Jo! ...
I'm staying
with you!

Be quick, Jo! ... I can hear
the plane coming back ...

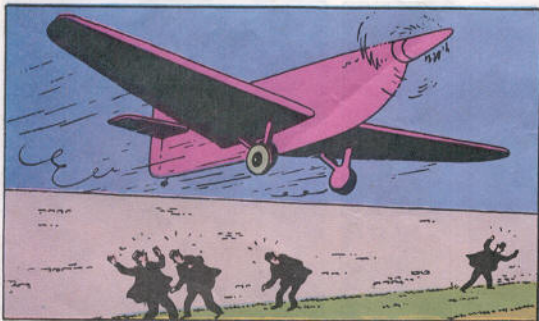
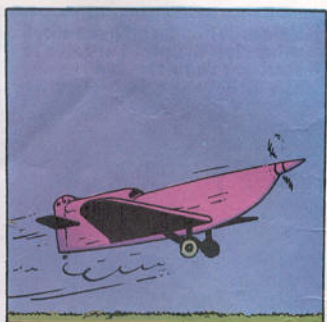
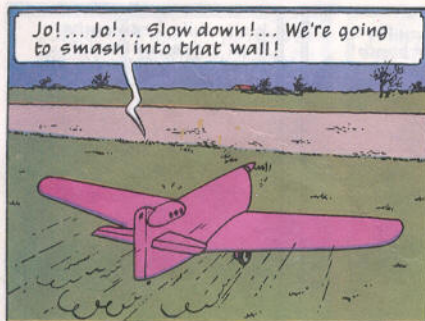
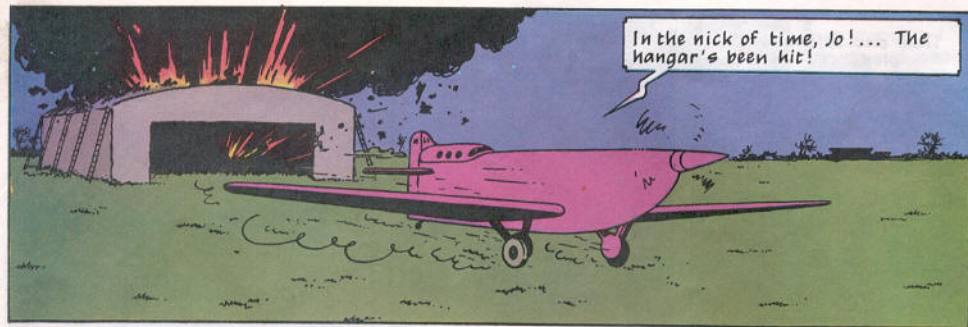
All right ... Just a
minute ... There!
I've got it! ...

What's
going on?...

A bombing raid,
sir! ... A plane is
bombing the Strato-
ship hangar!

She's full of fuel! If a bomb
hits the hangar she'll go
up in a flash!

Ye gods! ... Too late!



I promise you, it flew off...
It skimmed the wall where
we'd taken cover...

You mean... it's been
stolen?

I can't believe it...!...
The bombs... The Stratoship
stolen... it's terrible...
And Jo still hasn't come
back!...

Jo?... I saw him a few minutes
ago... He arrived just moments
before the first explosion...

Jo?... Are
you sure?

In which case... Good heavens!
... Is it possible?...
Could Jo and Zette...?

We'll have to wait for
daylight to land, Zette.
It would be crazy to
try in the dark...

The night passes...

Daylight!... We'll try to land...
Not a minute too soon, either
... Look, Zette, the fuel gauge
is almost down to zero...



THE SEA!?

Crikey!... What's going to
happen to us?... Almost out
of fuel!... In a few minutes
we'll be in the sea...



