

HERGÉ

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

THE STRATOSHIP H.22/PART TWO

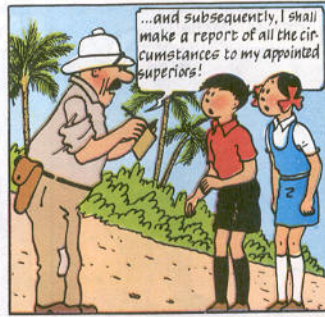
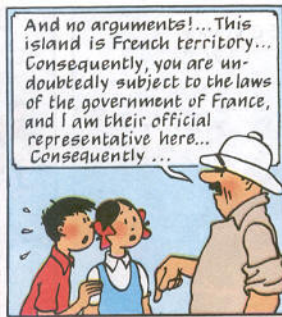
DESTINATION NEW YORK



MAGNET



DESTINATION NEW YORK





There! ... My report will go by the next boat.



Let's see, when will the next boat be passing? ... Well... The last one came a month ago... So the next will be here in five months, since there are two a year...



Consequently, in five months the report will go. Six months later it will come back, with orders from the government... That means... five plus six... eleven... In eleven months you will know your fate...





One of the mechanics must have left his flask and sandwiches in the aircraft.

Lucky for us... I don't know what we'd have eaten otherwise.



The storm rages all night...



Next morning...

Oh!... Look there, Zette!... Oil drums!



There must have been a shipwreck last night... And the storm cast the wreckage ashore...



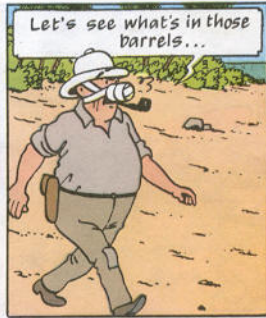
Let's roll one up the beach. We'll see what's inside.



We're saved, Zette!... It's full of petrol!



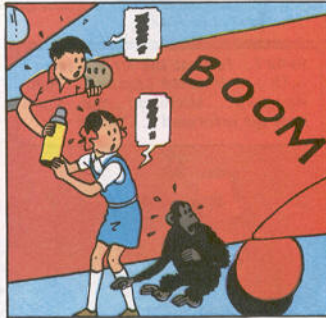
Quick! Something to put it in... We'll fill the tanks!

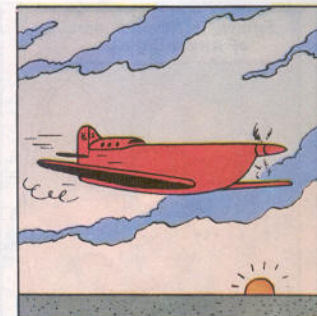
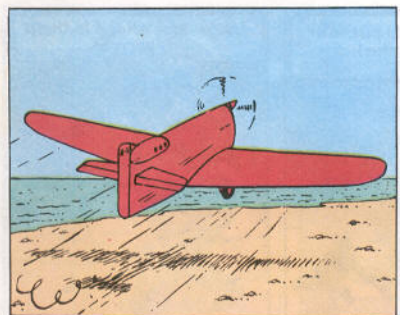
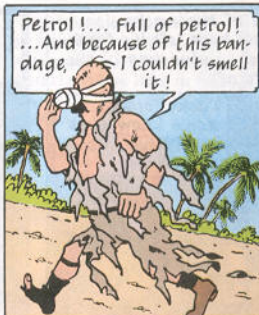
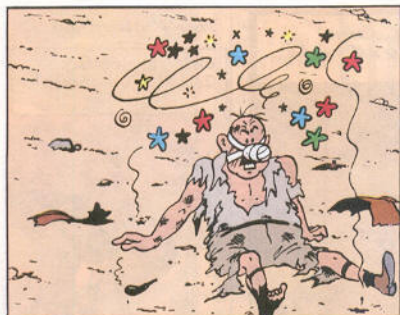


Let's see what's in those barrels...



Funny, it doesn't smell of anything...





Good heavens! It's the plane they said was missing... The Stratoship H. 22!



Hello...Hello...This is SS Anversville calling... 2017 hours... Position 19°40 W, 4°26 N. Aircraft Stratoship H. 22 sighted flying at high altitude, steering northerly course...



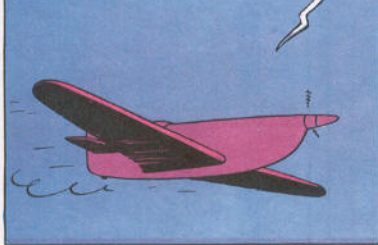
RRRRING
RRRRING



Hello?...Yes...The Air Ministry... Yes... You have news?... They... they're alive!... Heaven be praised! ... Sighted by SS Anversville? ... Going where?... Due north!... But...if they don't change course they'll miss Europe ...



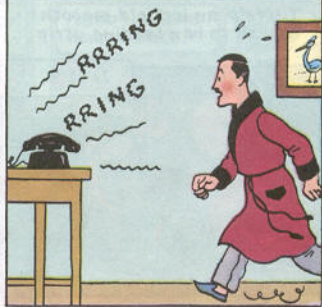
It's getting dark again... Still no sight of land ...



Still nothing... Not even the lights of a city...



Perhaps it's foggy, Jo ...



RRRING
RRRING

Hello?... Air Ministry here...Yes... yes... We've had word from Reykjavik, in Iceland, saying that at three o'clock in the morning, an hour ago, the people of Dyrholaey, on the southern coast, heard the sound of an aircraft engine... heading north...



Heading north!... They're done for!... They're going straight for the Arctic!



Courage, Zette ... It will soon be getting light...



The dawn is coming ...



Just as well, since we're running short of fuel again ...

Ah! I can just begin to see something...!... Oh, Jo!... It's all white!... It's snow!...



At this time of year?

Golly, Zette!... We've come too far! It's the North Pole!



We must turn round and go back towards the south.

We wouldn't get very far... Look at the fuel gauge: only a few litres left!...



I'll try, anyway! ... If only we could see an Eskimo settlement.



Nothing... Nothing... We really must land ...

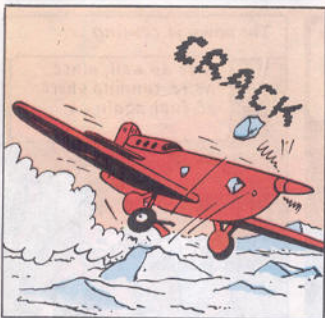
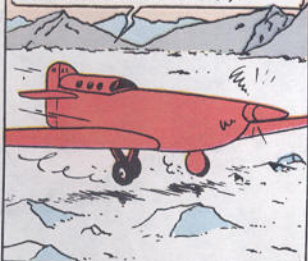


There's an icefield smooth enough to be a landing strip ...

Is it?...



Watch out, Jo... The surface is all bumpy!



The undercarriage is smashed!

The propeller's crumpled!



What will become of us?







Good gracious!... It looks... But it's too far away... It looks... Yes!... They're people!... We're saved!

We're still too far. They won't hear you.

AHOY!... AHOY!

Brr!... It's jolly cold!

They'll certainly be Eskimos...

Oh!... I can't see them now!

Keep going, Zette... We're nearly there...

Listen!... You can hear them talking... They're behind that cliff.

Yes. Eskimo is a funny language!

ARRH EURR iiRRH

RAAH! EURRH!

Penguins!...

No, they're guillemots... They looked like people from a distance.

Jocko!... Come here!

In a minute!

Back to the plane...

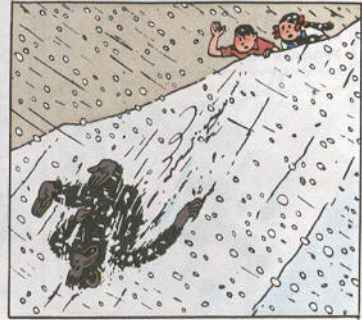
I don't much care for eggs, but I'm dying of hunger, and beggars can't be choosers!

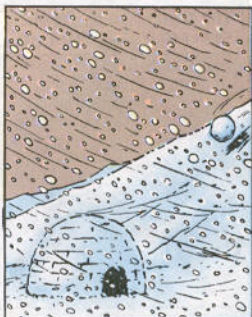
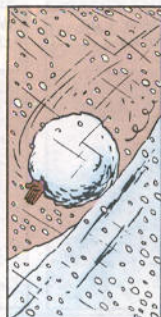
ARRH!

RRAH!



Koushik Chakraborty





The trail is quite fresh... I'll soon catch them up...



It's odd... the further I go the fainter the tracks become...



What does that mean??



Now I understand!... From here, they walked backwards! I'm going away from them, instead of catching them up!



About turn!... On we go!... Let's hope it isn't too late!



Zette!... Zette!... Did you hear?...



AHOY!



Saved!...

An answer!



AHOY!



A dwarf!!!...



Don't be silly! It's Jocko!

An Eskimo!... A real one this time!



Put on these furs, quickly... And you, little girl, get into the sack... I'll carry you...





Here we are.



That's better!



But the transatlantic flight, Zette!... How can it succeed now... with only three weeks left?... And the plane is damaged.

I know, Jo... there's little hope now...



Let's try to explain to them we can't stay long, and somehow or other we must try to get in touch with our parents.



Er... we come by aeroplane... Flying machine... Rrrrrrrrr... You understand?... We come down... Bzzzzz

And suddenly... Crrack... Bang...



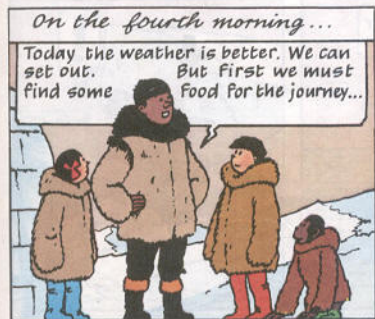
In fact, as I understand it, you wanted to land, but instead of touching down like a feather, you came a cropper...



Yes! I was taught your language by an ethnologist, Professor Nielsen... As soon as the weather clears we will go to see him. He has a radio transmitter. He'll be able to use it to reassure your parents.



The storm rages for three days...



On the fourth morning...

Today the weather is better. We can set out. But first we must find some food for the journey...

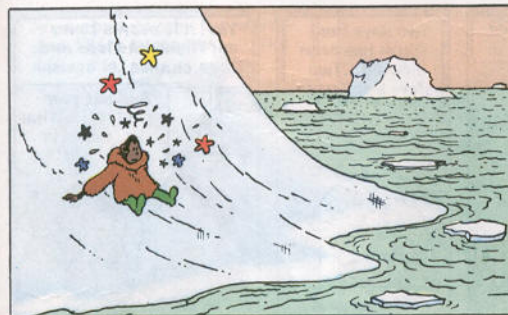
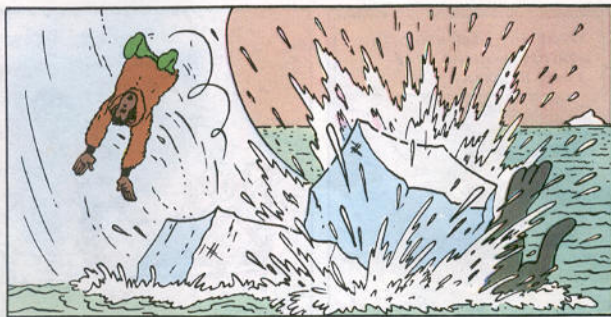
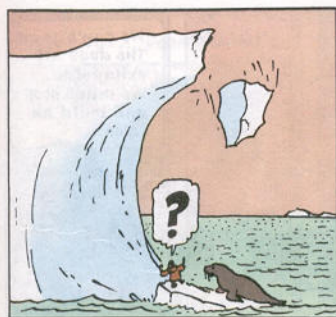
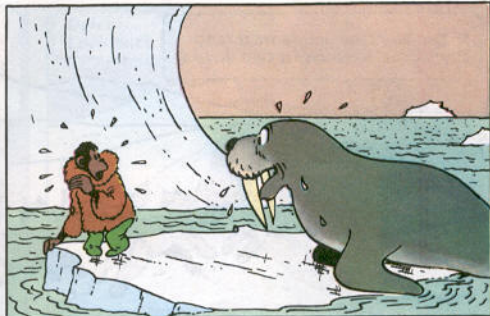


We will go out seal-hunting.



What super slides they have round here.





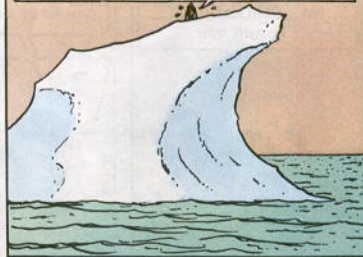
The sledge is ready. There's no time to be lost. We don't want to be caught by another snowstorm.

You are right... We must go.

My poor Jacko!... I shall never see you again...



The coast has disappeared!... I'm right out at sea!



If the weather holds we'll reach Professor Nielsen in two days.



Unfortunately the sky is growing dark again. We shall have snow before nightfall.



What did I tell you... Our journey is going to be badly delayed.



We can't go on. The dogs are exhausted. We must stop and build an igloo...



When we've finished this, we'll build another igloo for the dogs.



Two days the storm has been blowing... Two days lost, Zette.



Yes... It seems to me our flight has less and less chance...

And our poor parents!... What they must be suffering!



Hello?... Air Ministry?... This is Jacques Legrand... No... Still nothing?... Yes... Thank you.

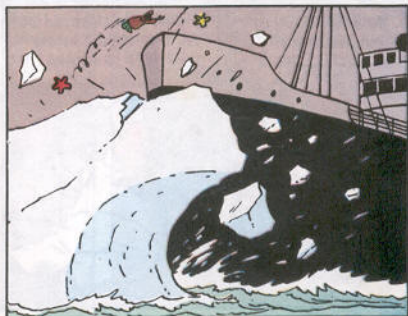
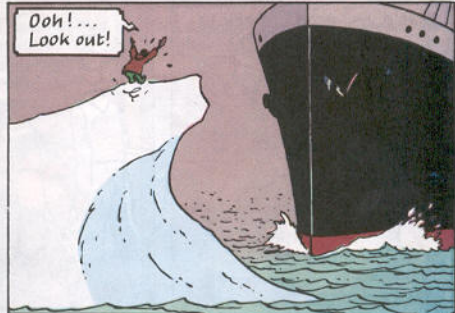


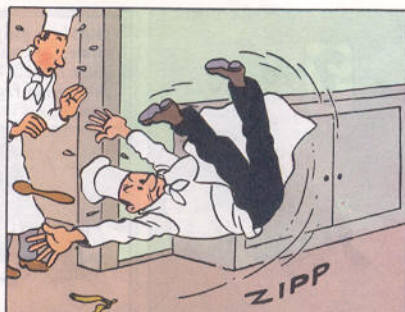
And poor Jocko! Where can he be now?



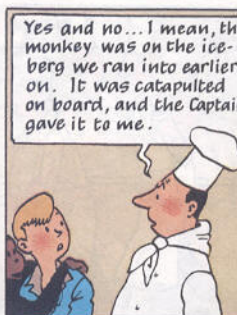
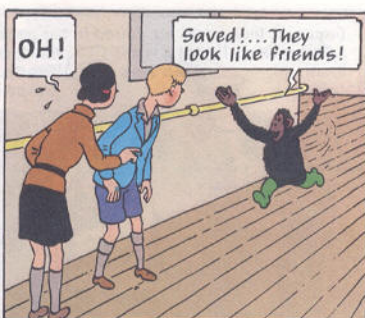
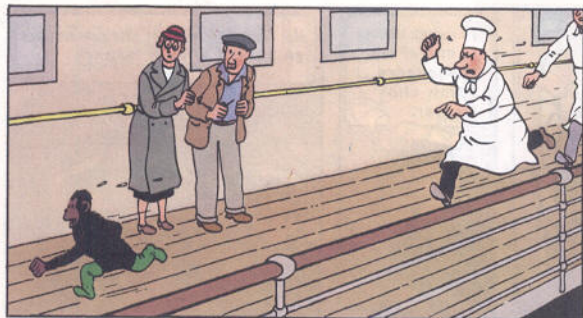
Jo!... Zette!... Jocko is hungry!... Jocko is starving to death!











Get the radio officer here at once!



55 Oceanic 1528 hours in passage to New York. Position 43°26' W, 48°31' N. We have aboard monkey answering to name Jocko Stop. We believe belongs to Jo and Zette Legrand Stop. Found on iceberg rammed by us Stop. Monkey dressed in Eskimo furs Stop.



Meanwhile...



Hello?... Yes... The Air Ministry?... Yes... Yes... Aah! They are safe?... What?... Only Jocko?... Jocko?... On an iceberg... dressed like an Eskimo?



Yes... It leads one to suppose that Jo and Zette have also been rescued by Eskimos... And to hope that they are safe and well.



The storm is over. We can be on our way.



Not far now. All being well, we'll be at the camp tonight.



... and that evening...



Greetings, Professor!

Ah!... It's Iriouk... Greetings Iriouk. You brought your children?



No, Professor, they are two French children.

French children?!

Jo and Zette Legrand from Paris... we were saved by Iriouk.



Jo and Zette Legrand?... You piloted the stratoship H.22?... Everyone thought you were lost!... How good to see you safe and sound!... Quick, we must radio the news of your rescue at once!... Come with me.



This is KR2 calling... This is KR2 calling... Come in PGM... Come in PGM.

PGM receiving you... PGM receiving you... Go ahead KR2...

KR2 calling... KR2 calling... Please inform Reykjavik South that Jo and Zette Legrand, who piloted Stratoship H-22, just arrived safe and well at KR2, after being picked up by Eskimos

Wait a minute. PGM will reply. Ah!... Now!

PGM to KR2... PGM to KR2... We are informing Reykjavik South... Stand by, please... Stand by...

Reykjavik South to PGM... We have informed Paris FR6... Please connect KR2...

Reykjavik South to KR2... Please stand by... Paris FR6 wishes to speak to you...

PARIS!

Paris FR6 calling KR2... Paris calling KR2... Are you receiving me?... Are you receiving me?

In a moment you can speak to them...

Jo!... Zette!... Can you hear me?... Can you hear me?... This is Papa!

Papa!... Hello!... Yes!... Hello, Papa!... Yes... No... Not a bit!... Zette and I are both very well... Yes... But we lost Jocko!... What?... He's been found!... That's wonderful!

Jo, tell me... Is the Stratoship badly damaged?... Yes... I see... That's all?... The undercarriage smashed and the propeller bent... Good... That isn't very serious...

S.A.F.C.A. will fit out an aeroplane to bring the necessary spare parts. As soon as the repairs are complete we'll return to Paris. There'll be enough time, I hope, to make the Paris-New York flight before the deadline.

Goodbye, Papa... See you soon!... Give our love to Mama... And tell her not to worry any more... Everyone here is very kind... The Eskimos are terribly nice people, and they speak English just like us!

That's it!... We're off the air... Now we just have to wait for the relief plane.



Meanwhile in Paris...

Hello?... Yes... This is the "Dispatch" ... Yes... Excellent!... Well done!... They've been found!... Good!... Hold on, my secretary will take it down...



"A message received from Radio Station KR2, relayed via Reykjavik, confirms that the two LeGrand children have been found and are safe and well."



All done?... Good!... Take it to the newsroom... I want that on the front page, across four columns, instead of the trial of the Dalmatian terrorists...



Daily Dispatch!... Daily Dispatch!... Special... Special!



"... S.A.F.C.A. immediately decided to send a relief aircraft to make any necessary repairs on the spot. They are confident they will meet the deadline for a successful transatlantic flight..." Confound it!



Those children have the luck of the devil, curse them!... Anyone else would have smashed themselves to bits!... Now thanks to them, S.A.F.C.A. can still scoop the jackpot!



There's still a way to spike their guns... Go tonight...



To see Victor, eh?... The foreman at SAFCOA

That night...



Hello, Victor!

Werner!

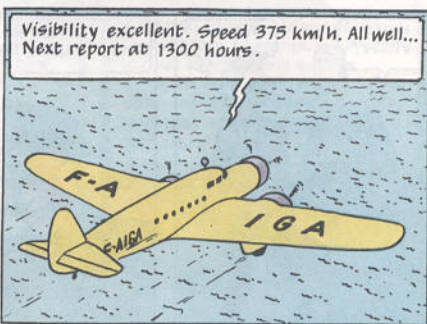
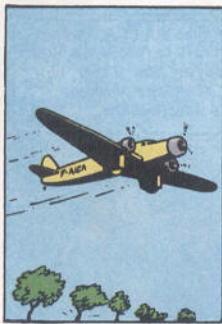
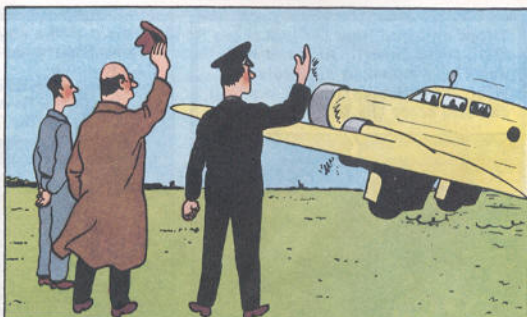


Ssh!... Not so loud!... Victor, we have a little job for you...



You know that S.A.F.C.A. are sending an aircraft to rescue the Stratoship... You, my dear Victor, will see that aeroplane does not reach its destination.





1257... three more minutes...



Let's hope nothing has happened to them!

Still no report...

Oh, Papa!



Hello?... Air Ministry?
...This is Madame Legrand... Is there any news?



Sadly not, Madame. Nothing at all. But there is still hope... A full search is being made...



...This is Radio Paris at 2200 hours. There is still no news of the S.A.F.C.A. trimotor aircraft. The search mounted by the Royal Air Force was called off at nightfall but will be resumed at first light...

Victor did a good job...



You mustn't give up hope. We don't know they are lost. Their radio could be out of order...

Poor, poor Papa!



Listen... Tomorrow morning we'll go in my aeroplane... We'll try to locate the stratoship and examine the damage... If it can be repaired on the spot we'll do it.

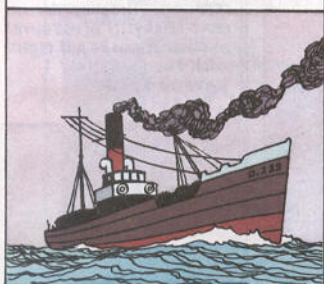


The next morning...

This is the little plane I use to move around the territory.

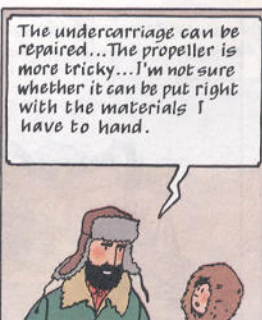
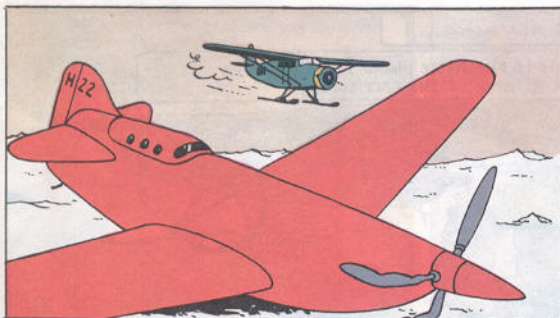
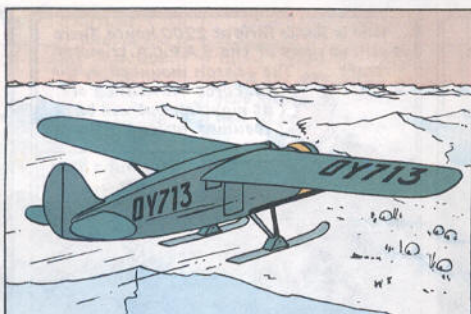
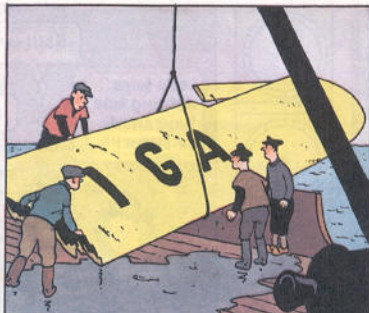


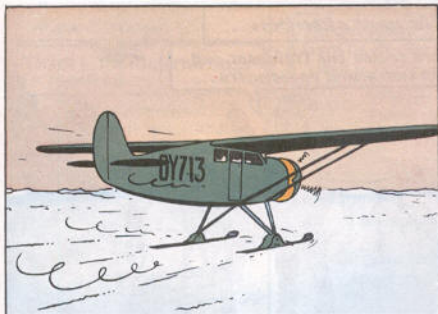
Meanwhile...



Wreckage to starboard!



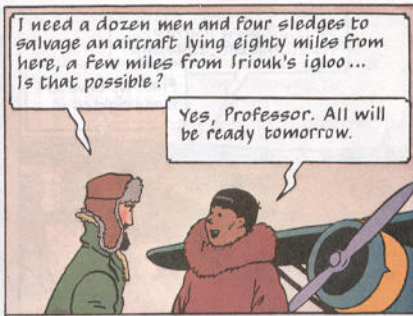




There goes Professor Nielsen's plane.



The Professor is back already.



I need a dozen men and four sledges to salvage an aircraft lying eighty miles from here, a few miles from Iriouk's igloo... Is that possible?

Yes, Professor. All will be ready tomorrow.

Next morning...

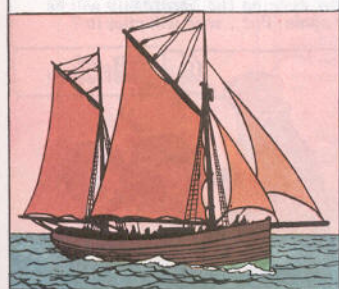
Goodbye, Narak, and good luck!... We will come by aeroplane and join you there tomorrow evening.



If they don't manage to repair the Stratoship we can say goodbye to the Atlantic crossing, Zette... There are only twelve days left...



Meanwhile...



Two days since we were picked up by these Fishermen, just as we were sinking...



And without a radio aboard, impossible to let anyone know what happened...

Hello, there's the skipper!



Well, Captain, when do we arrive?

If the wind doesn't change we'll be in Kirkwall tomorrow evening.



The next afternoon...

Here comes the Professor and his two young passengers...



So?... A good journey?... Yes?... And the Stratoship?

Fine. We have already righted it...



... and our two engineers have started work.

Excellent!



Another day gone by, and still no news of Papa!

Poor Papa!... Where is he now?



There's the coast!... At last we can pass on our news...



Hello?... This is the Air Ministry... Yes... Hello? Who is that?... What?... Legrand!... You!... Safe and well!... Saved by a fishing boat?!



Where are you?... Where?... Kirkwall... The Orkney Islands... Off northern Scotland... I... I'll tell Madame Legrand at once!

Hello?... Yes, this is Madame Legrand... Yes... Safe!... Praise be!



... Tomorrow evening the Stratoship will be ready to fly again. But... who will pilot it?

Why, us, Professor!



Next day...

There! The undercarriage is repaired.

Marvellous! But what about the propeller?

The propeller?... We just have to fit the new one. That won't take long...

The new one?... A new propeller?... I... I don't understand.

Here!... I remembered, I kept the propeller from my first aeroplane. With a few modifications it fits the Stratoship very well.

As soon as they've finished, we'll return to base. I will fly the Stratoship and Narak will bring my aeroplane.

One last can of fuel, and we're all ready.

Now, I'm going to start the engine. If all is well, you come aboard... I'm planning to take you to France.

??

Hooray!

Hooray!

Professor!... Baby Loumak is ill and her mother has been calling for you since yesterday!... And the old medicine man Iriakouk is dying...

Very well! I'll come at once...

Did you hear what he said? He wants to fly the Stratoship to France... But we can't accept that, Zette... You can see how much he is needed here...

Listen, Zette... This is my idea... While he's away we'll take the chance to refuel and go... What do you think?

I think you're right, Jo. We can't allow him to leave his job here...

Right!... We must be quick, before he comes back. We'll leave him a letter to explain why we went off so suddenly.

Yes...



Heavens!



This time, Jo, don't go the wrong way...

Don't worry, Zette, I studied the map well. We must head south-east.

Some hours later...

Land, ZETTE!... Land!

How wonderful!

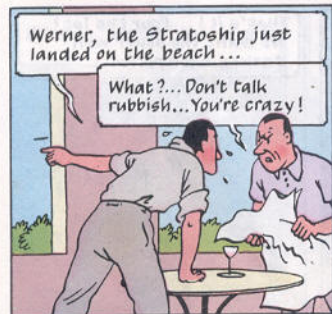
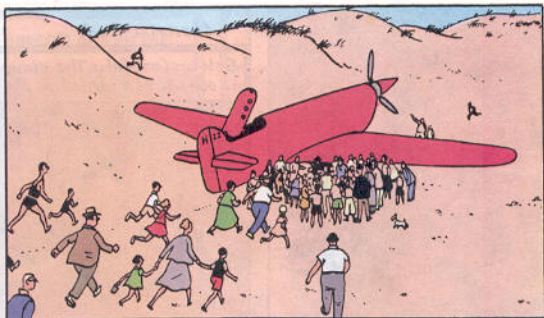
Look!... An aeroplane!

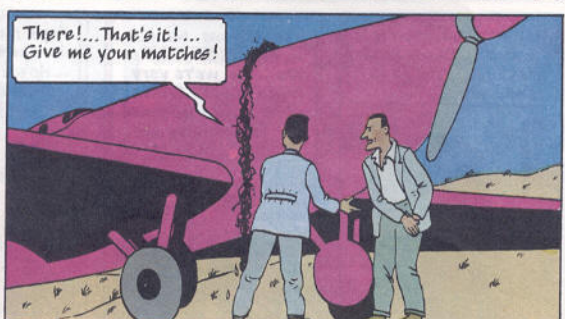
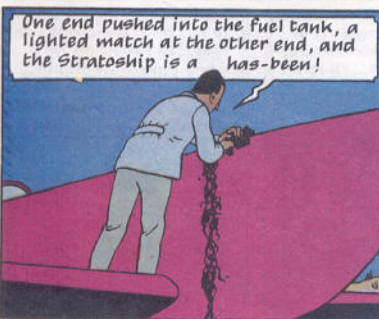
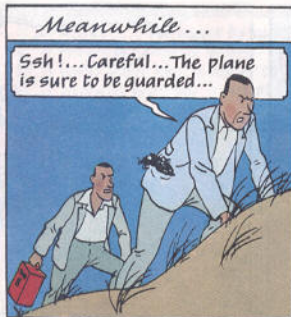


I'd say it's going to land...

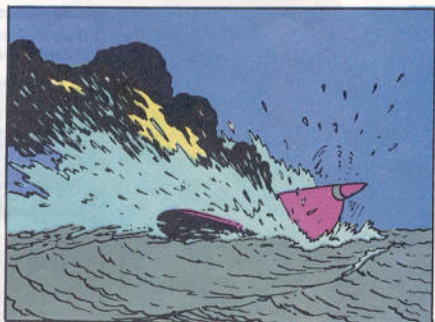
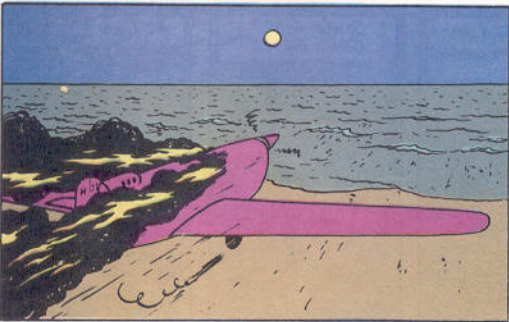
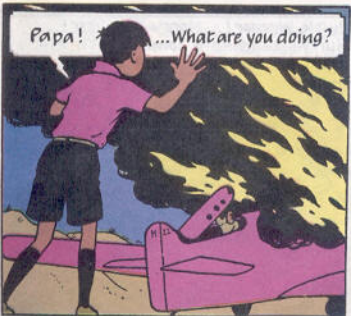
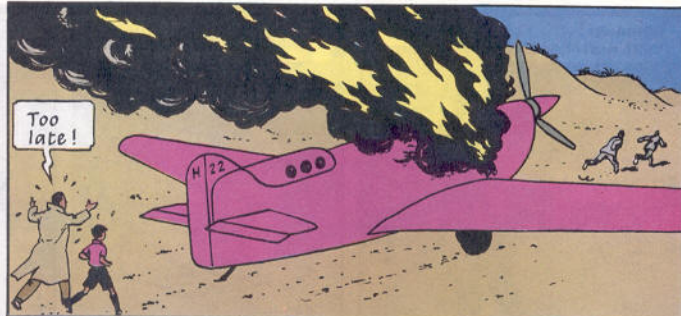
He's landed!...

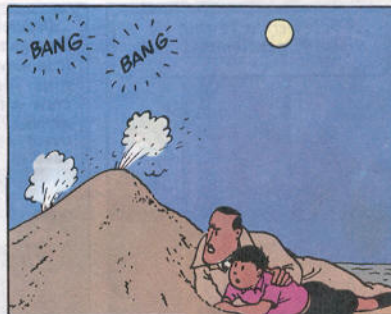
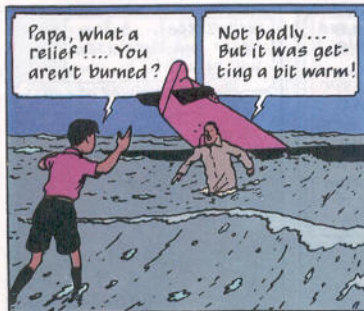
Let's have a look ...











Thank heavens,
another attempt mis-
fired... Patience, Jo!
We'll win through in
spite of it all ...



One week later...

This is Radio Paris... In a few moments
we shall be bringing you live coverage
of the departure of the Stratoship H.22
... As reported, there have been numer-
ous attacks on the aircraft... Only last
week the plane was almost destroyed
by fire... Engineer Legrand managed to
save the machine, which was brought to
Paris next day... Since then the Strato-
ship has been overhauled and is ready...



...Today at last it will be taking to the
air and making its 1000 km/h Atlan-
tic crossing... It is still unclear why
the gangsters tried so desperately to de-
stroy the aircraft... Reports confirm
that theories of sabotage by a rival
company can be discounted... The
mystery remains... Whatever the
answer, the time of departure has
arrived, so I am handing you over
to our reporter at the airfield ...



Well, here we are at the airfield, where, in a
few minutes, the Stratoship H.22 will take off
... It is 7.30 am. The crowd, very large despite
the early hour, is being kept at a distance by
a police cordon. Security guards ring the
aircraft. Overhead, military planes are
on patrol... The Stratoship is well
protected ...



Not far away I can see
Engineer Legrand's
children. Like us,
they are waiting for
their father... We
know that at this very
moment he and the
pilot are receiving a
last-minute briefing
from the director of
S.A.F.C.A. ...



Well, Zette!... A few
hours and the prize
will be won!

This time the end
really is in
sight.



... So! Here's to your
victory, gentlemen! ...



... Departure was fixed
for eight o'clock and
it is now nearly
nine. The Stratoship
crew still haven't
arrived... The anxious
crowd is becoming
restive.



I wonder what
they're doing ...

Let's see ...



In here ...



No answer...
That's funny ...

Oh Jo... I'm
afraid.

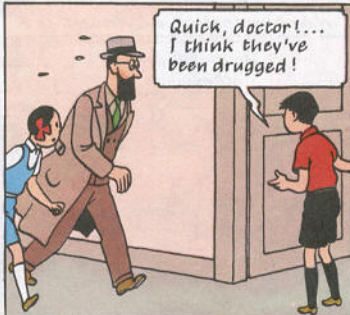




Papa!... What's the matter?... Answer me!...



Quick Zette!... Run!... We must get a doctor!



Quick, doctor!... I think they've been drugged!

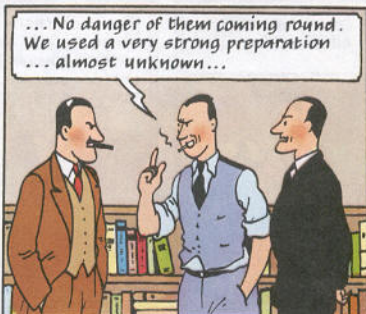


You're quite right... These men are under the influence of a powerful soporific...



Doctor... Will they be asleep for long?

That depends which narcotic was used.



... No danger of them coming round. We used a very strong preparation ... almost unknown...



But the flight, doctor!... The deadline expires on the 25th... In three days!

I'll do my best, my very best, but...



Wednesday, 23 November...

It is reported that despite all possible medical care, the director of S.A.F.C.A. and the designer and pilot of the Stratoship have not yet recovered consciousness ...



Thursday, 24 November...

The condition of the three victims remains stable. In aviation circles it is rumoured that the flight is to be abandoned.



... And the deadline for the attempt expires at midnight to-morrow.



Poor Papa! ... All these months working Flat out, only to be defeated at the last minute!



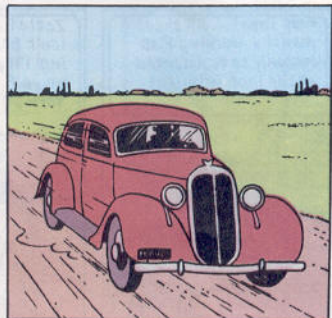
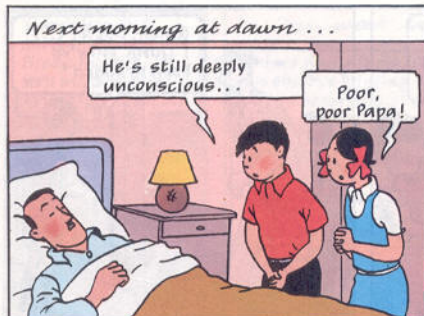
Zette!... Listen!... IF Papa isn't better by tomorrow morning I'll pilot the Stratoship myself and I'll fly it to New York!

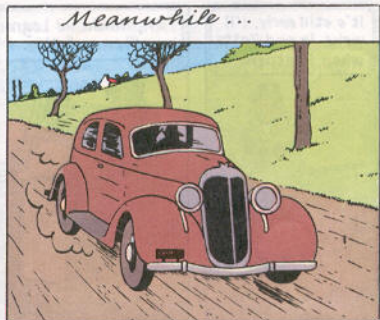
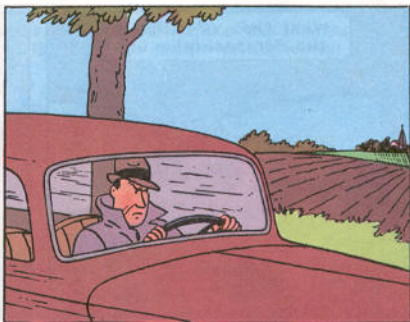
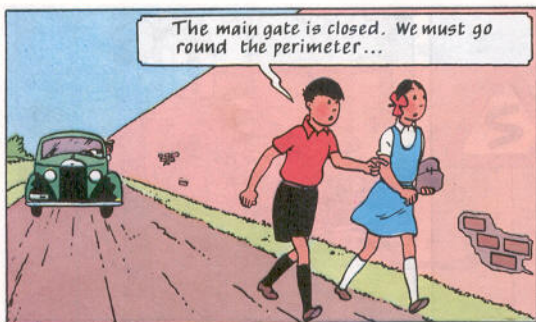
Jo!...

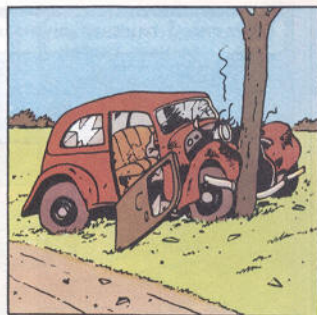
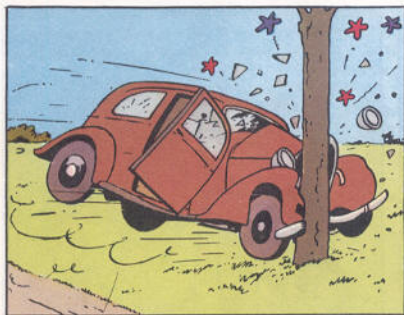
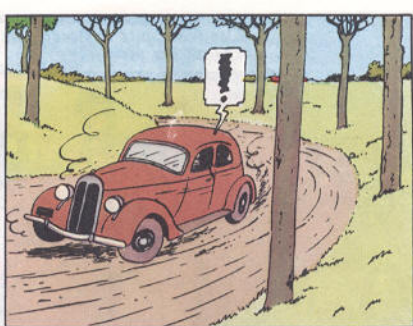


What if young Jo takes it into his head to fly the Stratoship himself, by any chance? He's shown he is capable of it...

Don't worry, I thought of that. I've taken precautions...







Oh, Madame Legrand... Thank... thank you for... coming... I... I have done so much harm... to you and to Monsieur Legrand.



Now... I am dying... I want you to know everything... It was Mr Pump's nephews... William and Fred Stockrise... who wanted... at all costs... to stop...



...the flight of the Stratoship... You remember... If within a year of the will... the crossing hadn't been made... the legacy... ten million dollars... would go to the nephews.



So... They promised me a lot of money... to sabotage the aircraft... or destroy it... I accepted...



... and I failed... The flight will succeed, I am sure...



Alas, that is impossible... The deadline expires tonight and neither my husband nor the pilot recovered consciousness.

But... But you don't know? Jo and Zette have already gone...



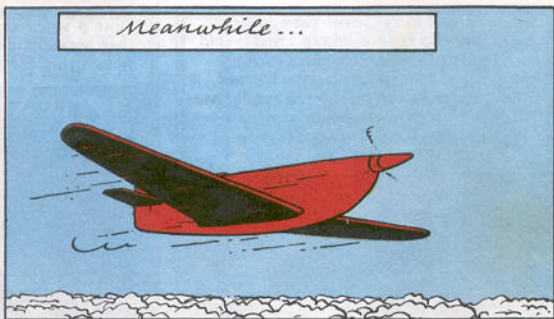
What did you say?... Jo and Zette?

Gone... in the Stratoship... Yes... I... Now you know everything... Can you forgive me?



I forgive you.

Meanwhile...



It is 8.30 am. It was 6.10am when we left...



Good... Let's hope I don't deviate from my course...

Meanwhile...

9 o'clock!... I wonder what's happened to Werner...



Yes... He should have been back here ages ago...



William Stockrise?...

I... Yes... that's me... What do you want?



I arrest you in the name of the law!

Look out!



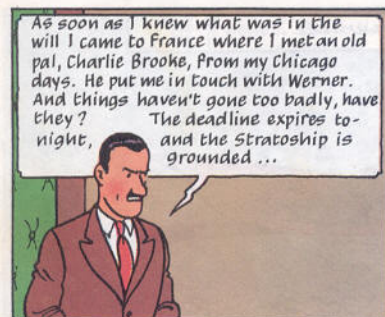
A little later...

It is disgraceful! I am an American citizen and I protest!

Perhaps you will protest a little less when you know that Werner has confessed ...



Werner confessed! ... All right ... So it was me ... I did all I could to stop the flight planned by S.A.F.C.A. I needed that money promised by my uncle ...



As soon as I knew what was in the will I came to France where I met an old pal, Charlie Brooke, from my Chicago days. He put me in touch with Werner. And things haven't gone too badly, have they? The deadline expires to-night, and the Stratoship is grounded ...



That's what you think! ... At this moment the Stratoship is heading for America!



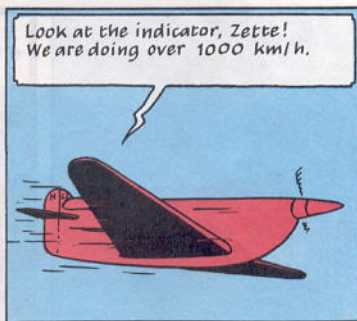
This is Paris FR6... This is Paris FR6... Calling New York Central.. New York Central...



Paris FR6 to New York Central... Stratoship H.22, piloted by Jo and Zette, left Paris this morning at 6.00 am local time, destination New York ...

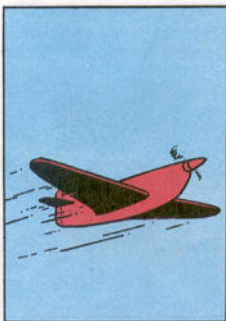


This is New York Central... Message received...

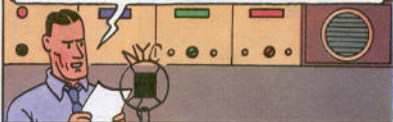


Look at the indicator, Zette! We are doing over 1000 km/h.

At this speed I'm sure we can't be very far from the American coast, Zette.



This is Radio New York Central... News has just come in that the French aircraft Stratoship H.22 left Paris around 6.00 am local time today in the Paris-New York record attempt... To win the prize offered under the will of millionaire John A. Pump, the plane must cover the distance, about 3750 miles, in under six hours...

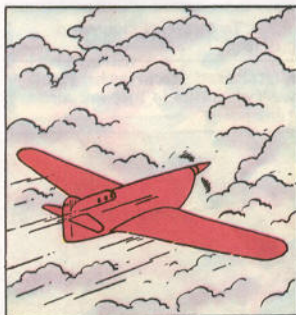


The time difference between Paris and New York is five hours, so our calculations tell us that the plane should land here in New York around seven o'clock... This event is unprecedented in aviation history... The Stratoship is piloted by Jo Legrand, with his little sister Zette riding along... To help the two youngsters, several fighter squadrons have taken off, to meet them and lead them into Springfield Airport.

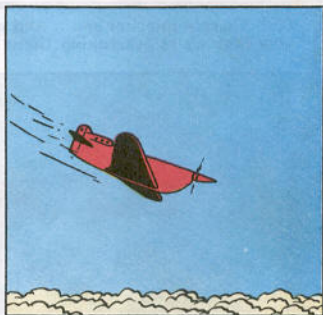


According to my reckoning, we should be there in three-quarters of an hour...

Yes, if we're on the right course.



We simply must drop below the clouds, even if we do lose speed. We need to see where we are...



The sea! Still the sea!



No!... Down there!... The American coast, Zette!

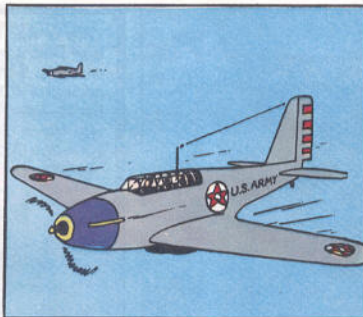
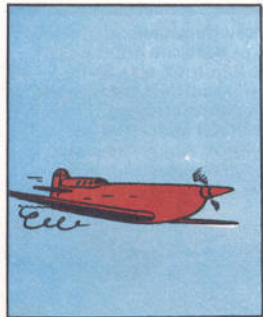
America!



Meanwhile, in New York...

The time is now precisely six thirty... The planes sent to meet the Stratoship still report no sighting of the aircraft...

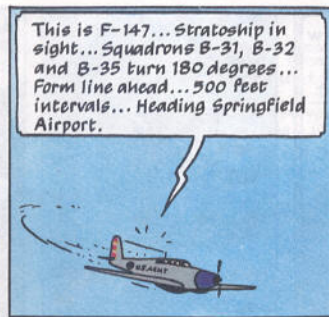




Look! There she is!...



Zette!... An aeroplane!...
Down there, it's turning!

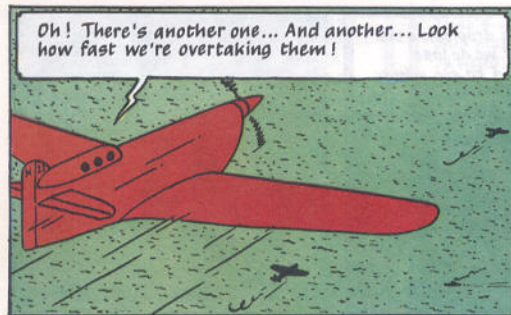


This is F-147... Stratoship in
sight... Squadrons B-31, B-32
and B-35 turn 180 degrees...
Form line ahead... 500 feet
intervals... Heading Springfield
Airport.



Jo!... Jo!... I've got it!... He's
showing us the way... You just
have to follow their line.

Saved!

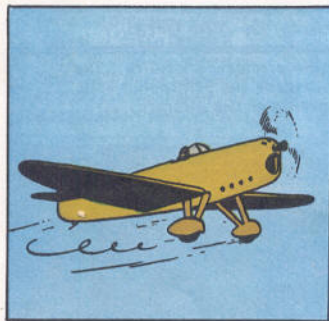


Oh! There's another one... And another... Look
how fast we're overtaking them!

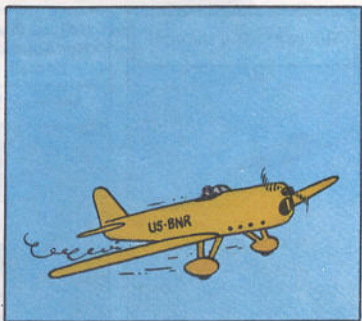


You understand?... Twenty-five thousand
dollars if you pull it off!

OK, Mister Fred Stockrise!... Don't
you worry!... This is just my sort
of stunt!



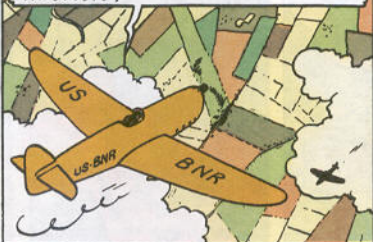
He's some flyer!...
Film studios always
hire him when they
need to shoot a scene
of an air crash...



Ah!... There's a plane!...
And another...



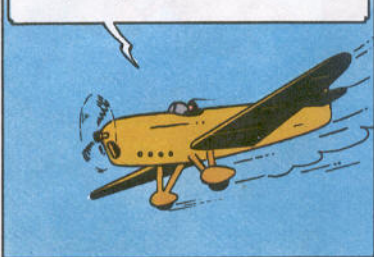
Lousy Army Air Force Fighters... Too
bad... They won't have time to
interfere!



Ah! The famous Strataship!



I mustn't goof!... At this speed
it's quite a job!

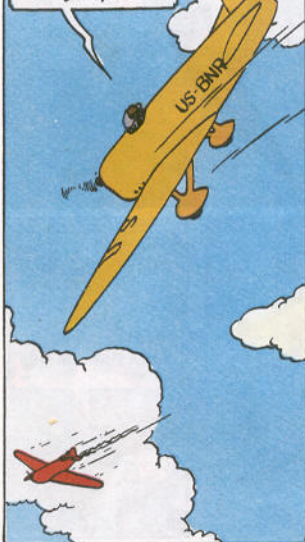


We're getting near... I'm going
to reduce speed a little...

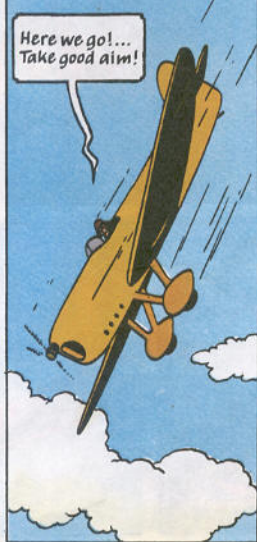


Yes, mind we don't
overshoot the airfield...

In a dive I'll
easily gain
enough speed...

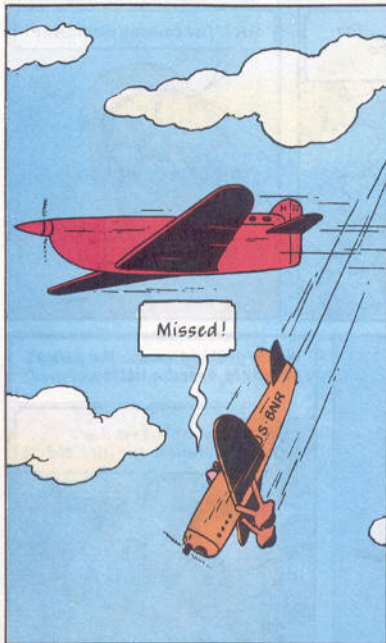


Here we go!...
Take good aim!

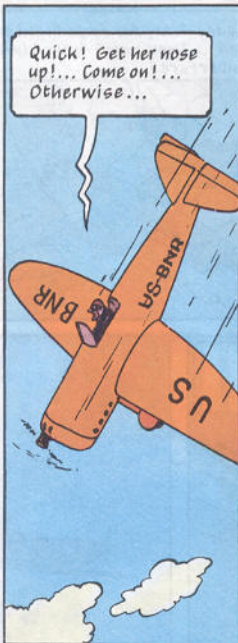


We're there Zette!...
I can see the
Field...





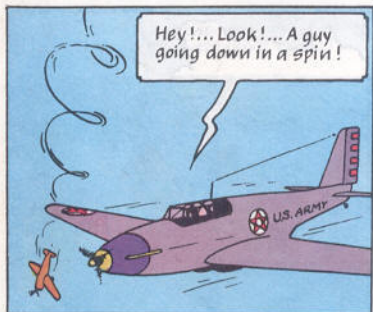
Missed!



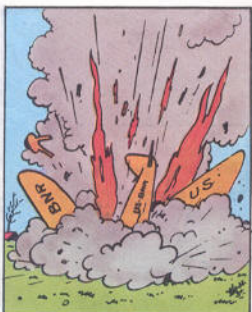
Quick! Get her nose up!... Come on!... Otherwise...



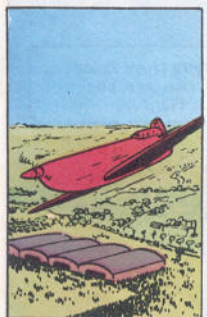
What the...?! She won't answer to the stick!...



Hey!... Look!... A guy going down in a spin!



The Stratoship!
Here it comes!...
Hooray!

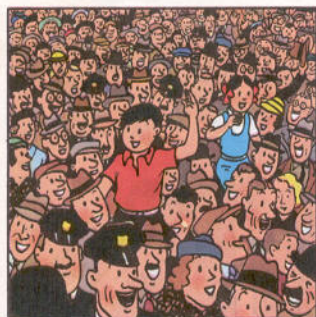
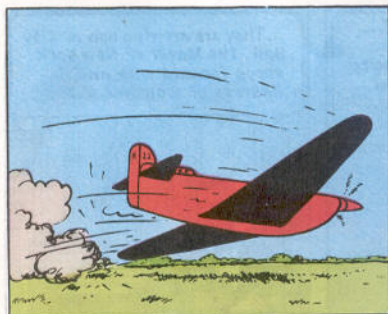
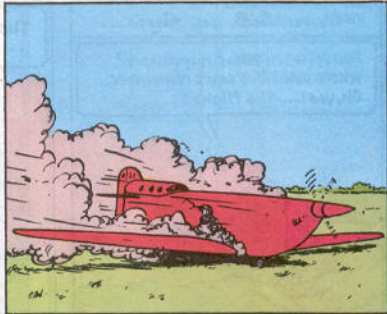
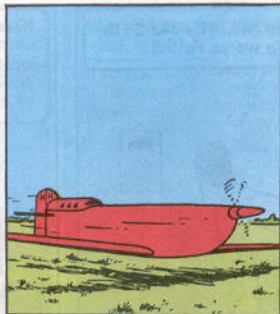
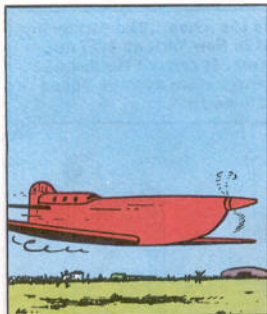


Don't forget the wheels, will you, Jo!

Don't worry, Zette!... There!...I've done it!...



The Stratoship is preparing to land... Almost touching down... Oh! I can't believe it... They haven't put down their landing gear...



Meanwhile, in Paris...

Heavens!... What happened?...
Where am I?... I can't remember...
Oh, yes!... The flight!...



The 25 th... It's the 25 th
... So we've failed!



Here is the news... The Stratoship
landed in New York at 6.57 am
local time. It covered the distance
from Paris at an average speed
of 1029 km/h.



I'll get my revenge!



The parade has just moved off...
The crowds massed along the
route are going crazy with excite-
ment. It's a rousing reception
for the two young aviators...



... They are arriving now at City
Hall. The Mayor of New York
steps forward with an
address of welcome...



... All America salutes you! You,
the heroes of the epoch-making
stratospheric Paris-New York
record flight. Proud representatives
of the youth of France...



As the representative of every
American schoolchild it is my
privilege to offer you these
Flowers...



... Following the reception held
in their honour, Jo and Zette
Legrand have gone to the
Imperial Hotel. They will
stay there until they return
to their own country...



Whew!... Now we can have a rest... I'm
really beginning to feel tired, Zette!

Me too, Jo!...
Peace at last!

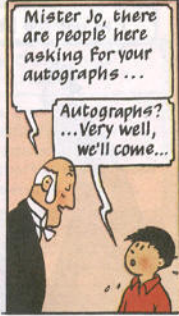
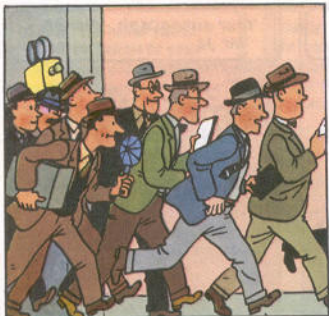


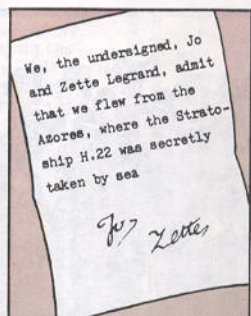
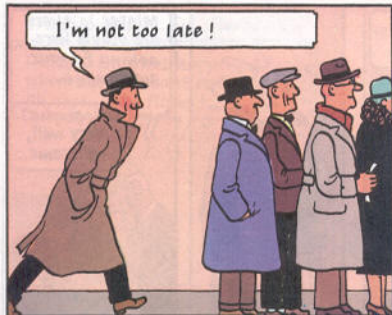
The press is asking
whether Mister Jo and
Miss Zette will receive
them.



The press?... Oh, I
suppose so... Please
let them in...







Next morning...

THE DISPATCH

A blatant fraud!

STRATOSHIP H.22 FLEW FROM AZORES

by on ng ick ury ire by

This startling revelation was made today by reporter Herbert Jones, who says he has absolute proof to back his claim. In making this extraordinary disclosure Herbert Jones has certainly

who say has was rep. This: stai



Absolutely!... And it won't be hard to prove!

Good! ...Thank you ...
You'll be taken to your
cell... Your statement
will be checked.



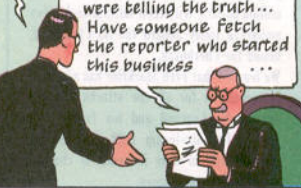
Cable Paris right away. Ask them to
launch an immediate inquiry to
discover if the Stratoship really
left Paris on the date and time
claimed by Jo and Zette Legrand.



Some hours later...

Here's the reply from the
French authorities...

That's good! ... They
were telling the truth...
Have someone fetch
the reporter who started
this business ...



We need to have the name
of the person who gave
you this document.

I'm sorry, Mr Attorney,
but you know I can't
reveal my sources...



I understand ... But this
document is a fake... If
you don't tell me who wrote
it I'll have you arrested!

Well, in that case I'll
tell you: it's Fred
Stockrise.



Fred Stockrise
...Thank you...
That gentleman
will be put under
arrest right away!



An hour later...

You are free!



You!

D'you know who that is?
...It's Fred Stockrise, the
guy who cooked up the fake
document accusing you.



Oh! The gangster!



Jocho!... Jocho! ...

OW
YEOW



THE FLIGHT OF STRATOSHIP H.22 New York, Wednesday

All the formalities have now been completed, and young Jo and Zette Legrand have taken possession of Mr Pump's legacy of ten million dollars. With their faithful Jocko they embarked today aboard the SS Champlain, bound for Cherbourg.

We learned that Fred Stockrise has admitted responsibility for all the attacks directed against Mr Legrand and his family, and against the Stratoship H.22. He and his brother William were immediately charged with a string of crimes.

THE FLIGHT OF STRATOSHIP H.22 Paris, Monday

When SS Champlain docked at Cherbourg yesterday afternoon Monsier and Madame Legrand were on the quay to meet their children. The young aviators were given an ecstatic welcome.

On arrival in Paris this morning, they were officially received by the President of the Republic. He congratulated them warmly upon their resolution, energy and courage, demonstrated by the successful Paris - New York flight.

THE FLIGHT OF STRATOSHIP H.22 Paris, Wednesday

After a short rest, Jo and Zette Legrand this morning bought a magnificent motor caravan equipped with every modern device. Talking to reporters who asked if they now planned to use this form of transport, Jo and Zette told them that the caravan was intended for a family of gypsies. This story goes back to the night when the Stratoship airfield was bombed.



THE FLIGHT OF STRATOSHIP H.22 Paris, Sunday

It has been confirmed that Jo and Zette Legrand have purchased a long range transport aircraft with a top speed of over 400 km/h. This machine, specially equipped for use in polar regions, has a convertible undercarriage which can be adapted for skis. It took off this morning for an undisclosed destination.

It is believed that the aircraft is a gift from an ethnologist who assisted Jo and Zette Legrand.

