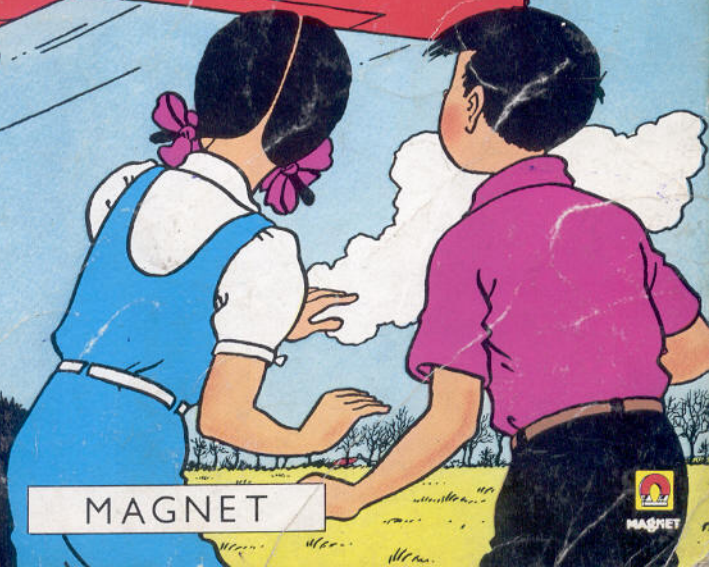
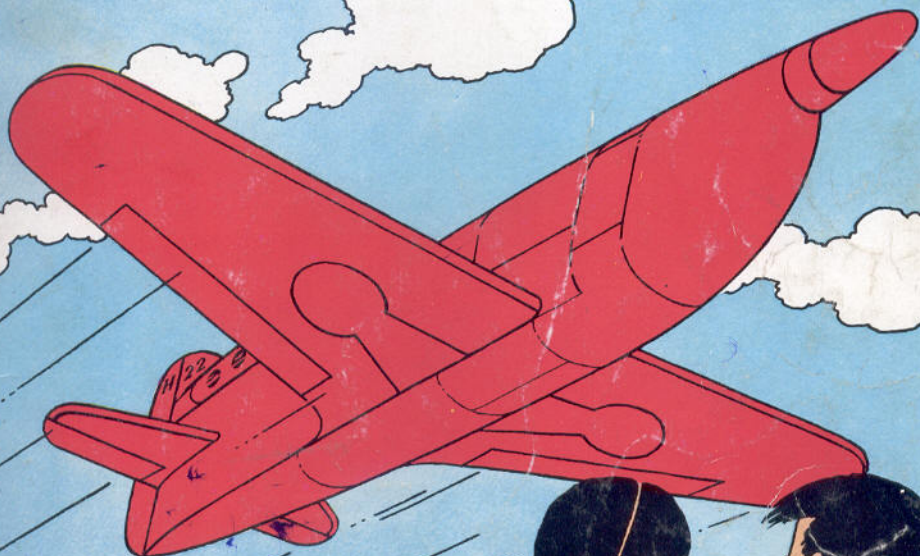


HERGÉ

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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REQUIRED**

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BUTLER WANTED

Gentleman seeks faultless butler, able to roller-skate.

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

3148987

Mature live out housekeeper

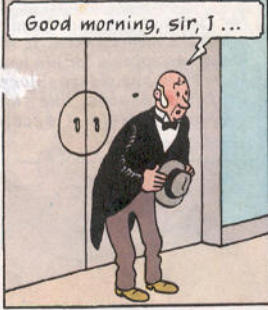
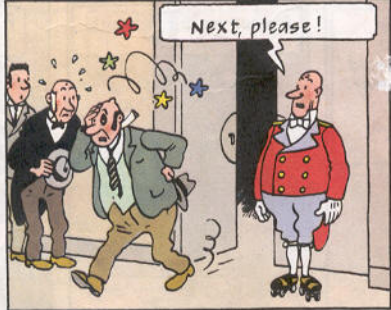
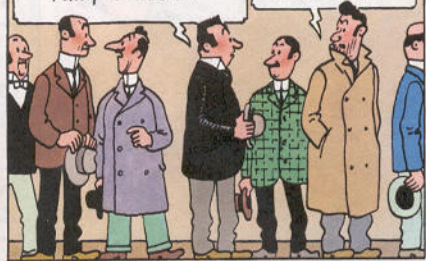
Part-time
BAR STAFF
required at the

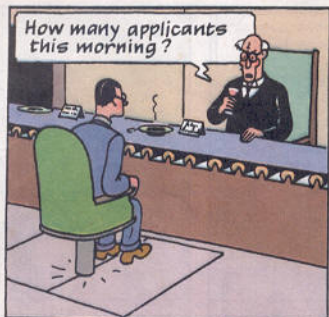
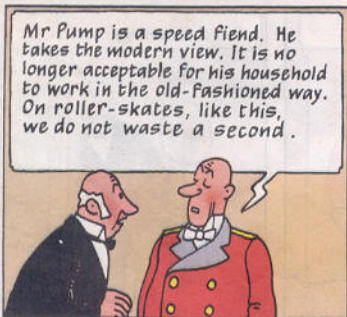
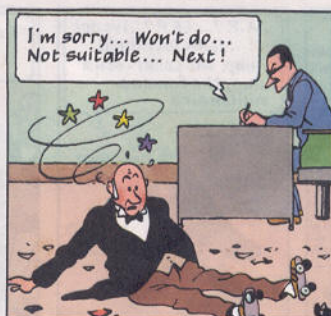
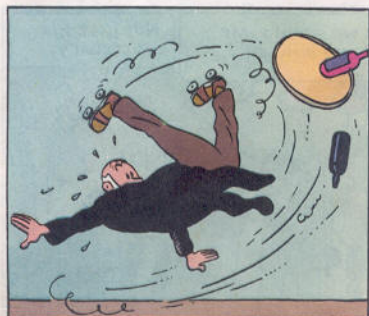
J.A.P.?... J.A.P.?... I've got it!... John Archibald Pump, the collar-stud king, the famous millionaire ...

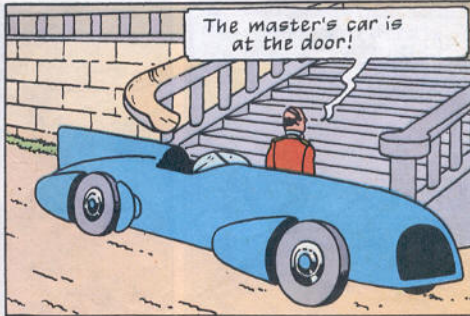
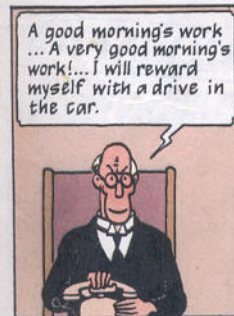
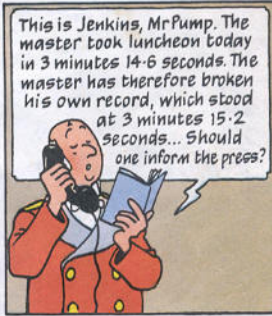
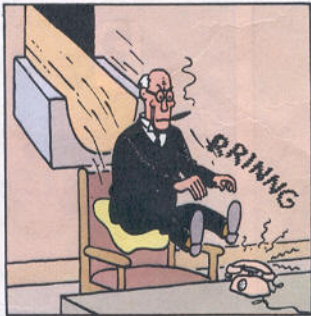
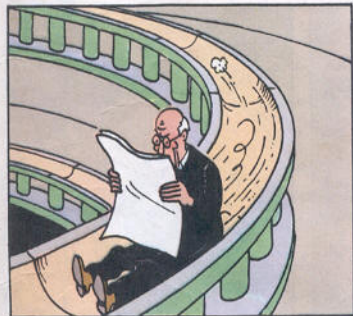
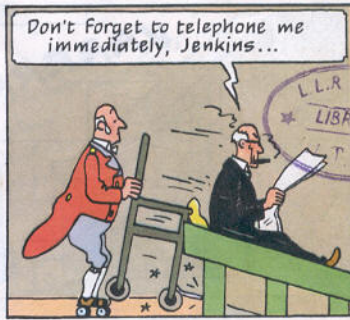
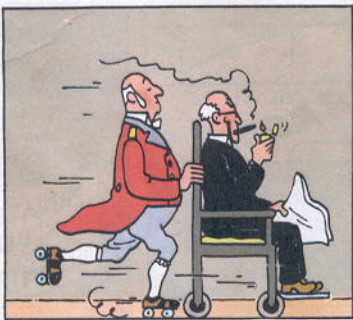
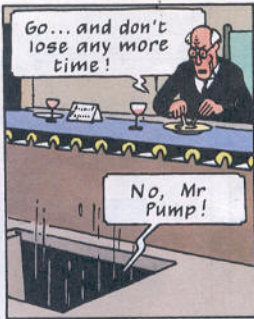


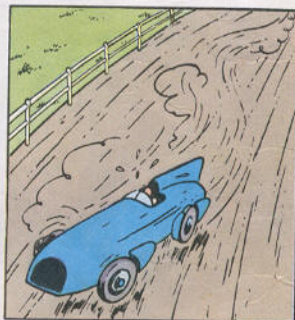
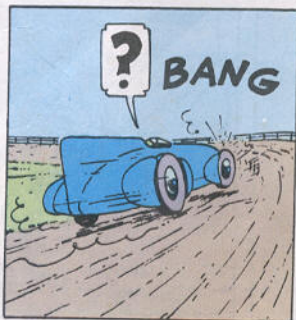
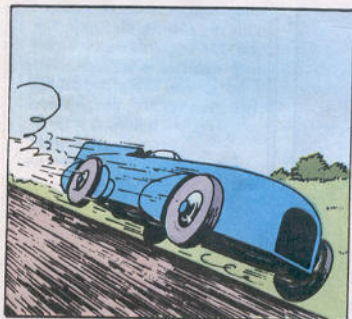
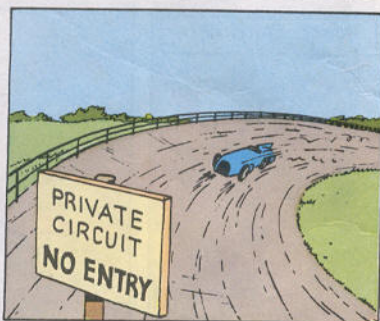
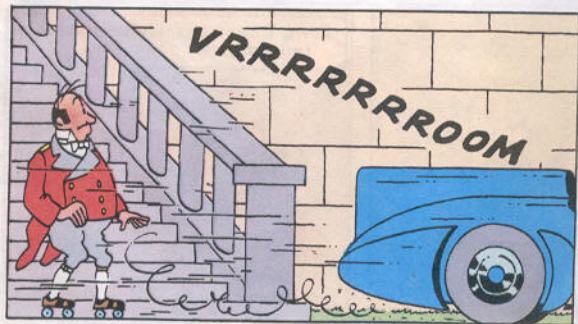
Are we seeing Mr Pump himself?

No, just his secretary.









... 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 "Fizz" stopwatch, so that it may help them as it has always helped me.

J. A. Pump

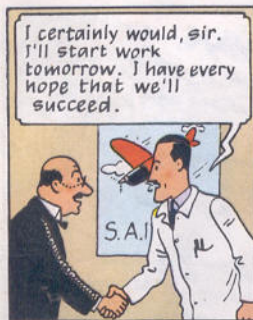
Executed in New York this 10th day of June 1934, in 1 hour, 34 minutes, 12.8 seconds.

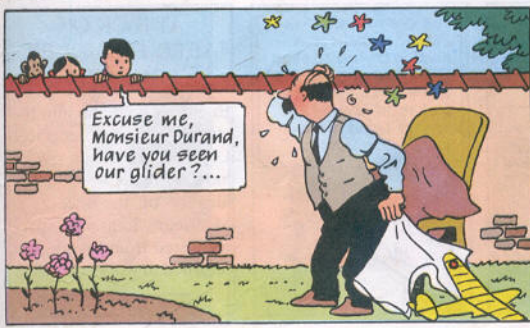
That is all, ladies and gentlemen. Does anyone wish to raise an objection?

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.



No doubt about it: the car was sabotaged... The steering column was sawn almost right through... At the first jolt it broke.



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...

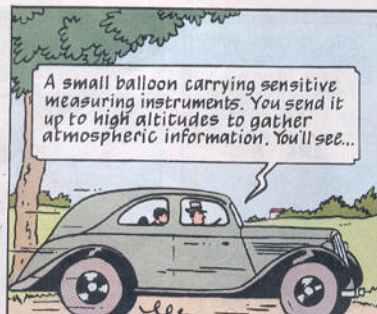
ATTACK ON AERO-ENGINEER LEGRAND

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.



Today I'll take you to the factory... You can help us launch a meteorological balloon.

A what balloon?



A small balloon carrying sensitive measuring instruments. You send it up to high altitudes to gather atmospheric information. You'll see...



There.



Let go! ...

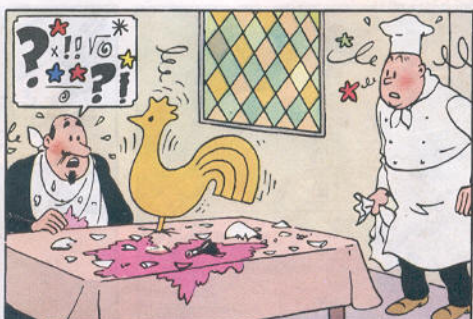
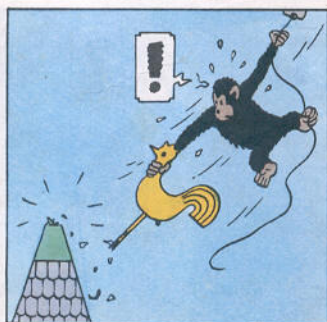


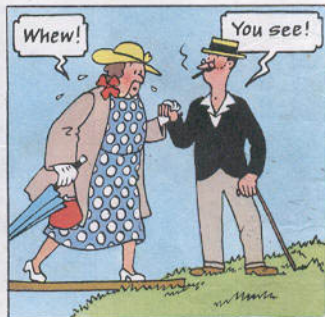
Look, there it goes...



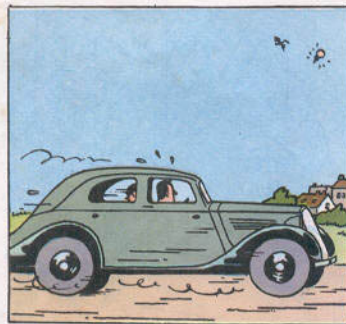
Jocko!

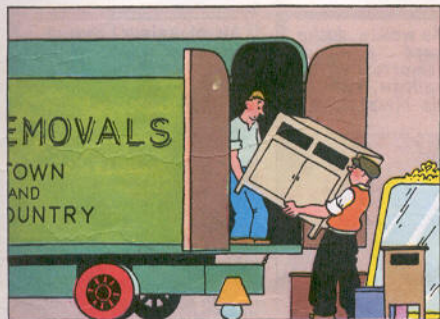
Jocko!

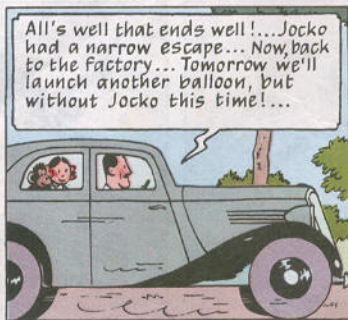




Koushik Chakraborty







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 aeroplane 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?

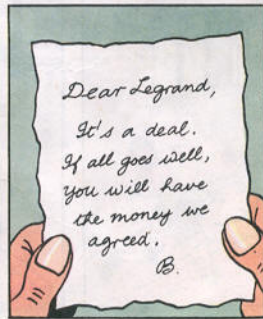
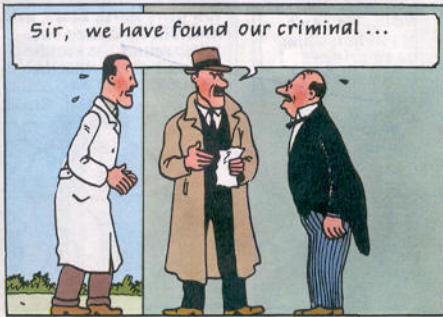
Yes, certainly. Before leaving the factory last night I went to have a final look at the C.48. I knew it was making its first flight today.

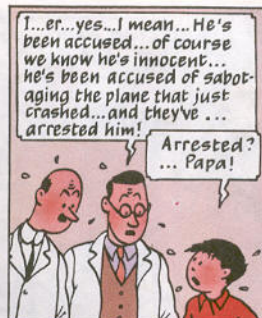


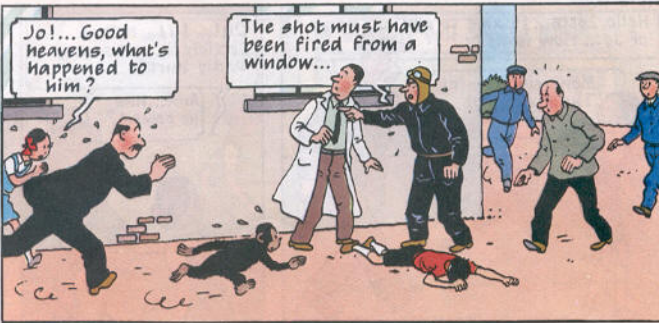
Oh?... Good... I'd like to see Hangar 3. Could someone take me along?

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!

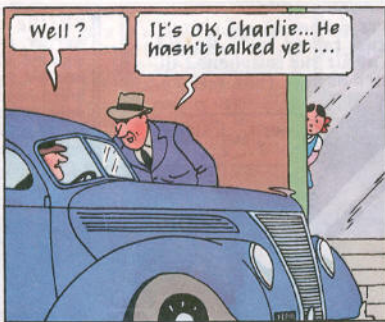
And... has he talked?

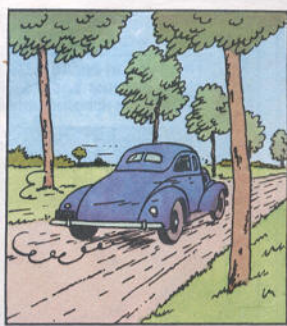


No... Up to now he hasn't said a word.

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







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

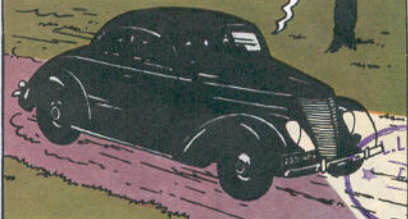
Sure I can, Inspector...



This is a general alert: detain 1937 Ford VB 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...

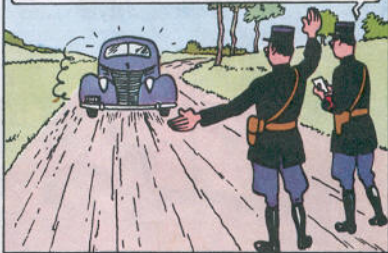


Hey!... Look at that car coming!... Isn't it...

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?



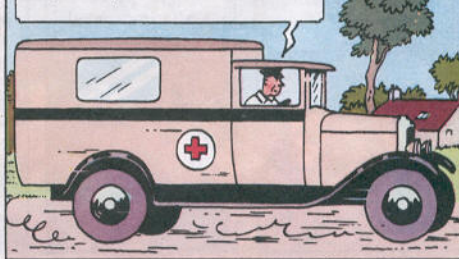
Now what?

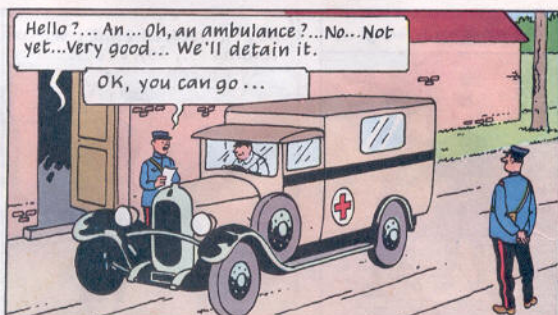


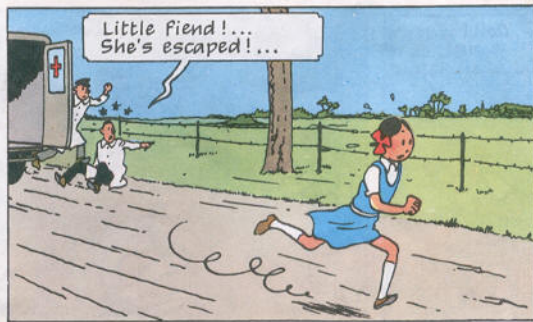
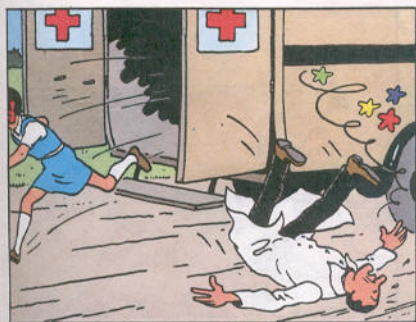
Hello... Yes... Gendarmerie here... Yes?... Ah, the hospital at Maubeuge... What? Someone stole an ambulance... You found the night-watchman this morning, bound and gagged... Could he describe his attackers?... Two men... with a little girl... seemed a prisoner... Good... Set off for the Belgian frontier...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

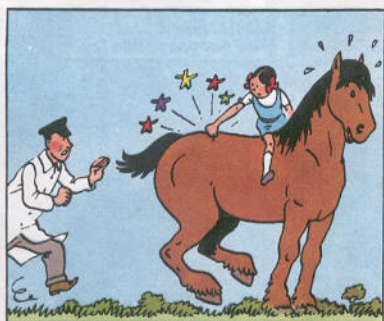
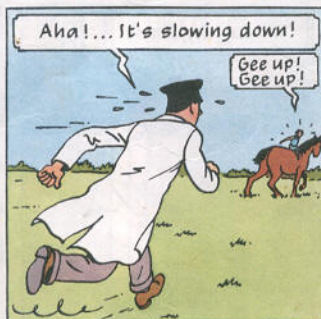
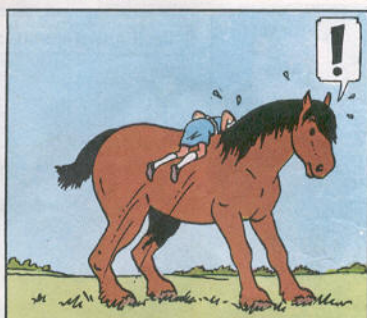
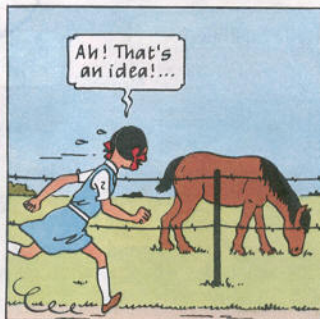


There's the customs post. Let's hope they aren't on to us...





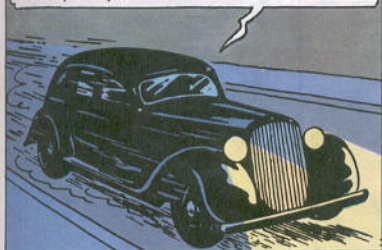








Here we are in Paris, Mademoiselle Zette. In a few minutes you'll be back with your parents.



One last try ...



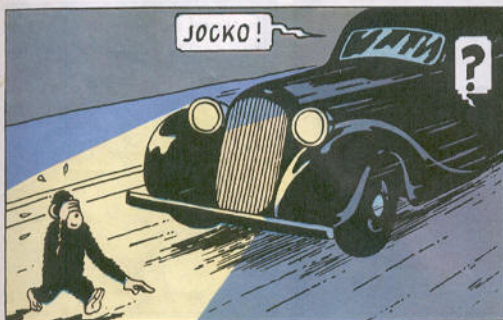
Round and round with my eyes shut ...



Now, with a little bit of luck ...



JOCKO!



My poor little Jocko!

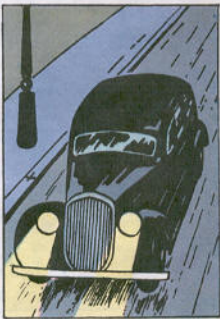


Where am I?... Ah, there you are, Zette. I knew I'd find you.



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!

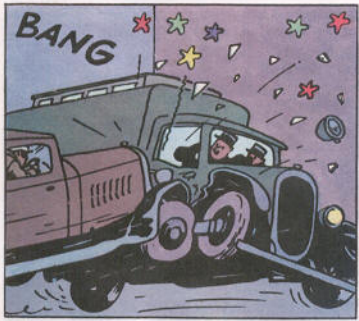
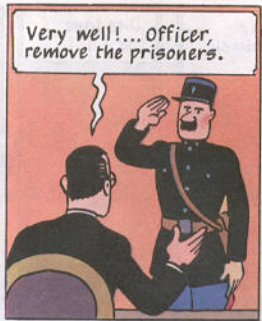
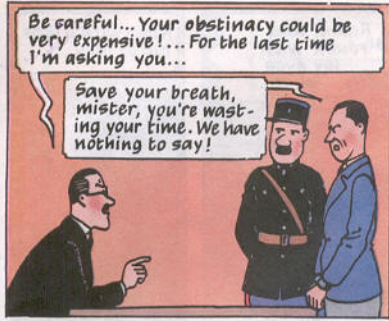


Some weeks later...

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

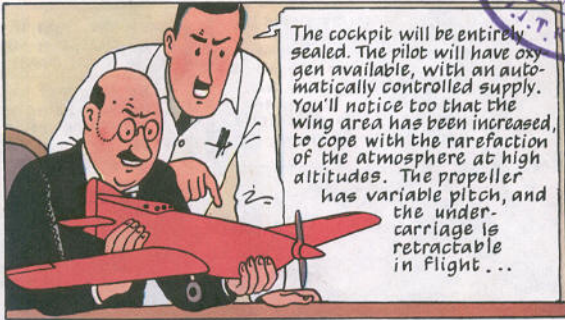
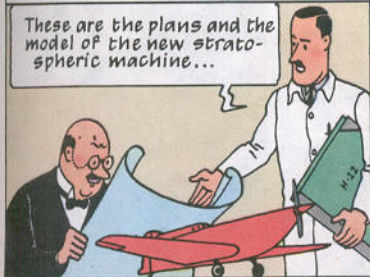
We're not talking!





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

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



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 undercarriage is retractable in flight...

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...



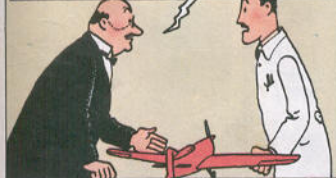
Excuse me.

RRRING



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

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 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...

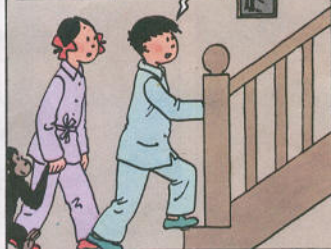
Goodnight, children...

Goodnight, Mama!

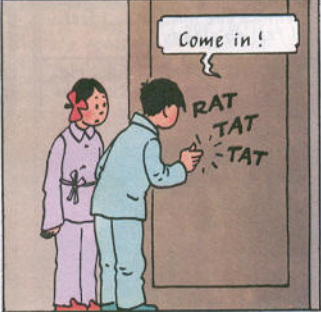
Goodnight, Mama!



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



Come in!



RAT TAT TAT







I can't see anything... And I can't hear anything. It must have been furniture creaking...



Still, we'll put on the light, to make sure ...



Don't say a word! ...Not a sound or you're a dead duck!



There!... back to work!

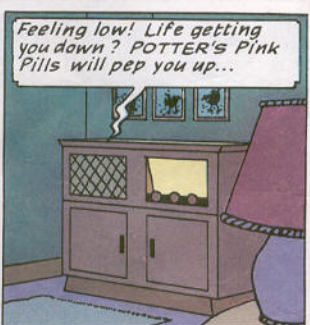


It's difficult to open ...

We'll use the blow-torch ...



Precisely!...



Feeling low! Life getting you down? POTTER'S Pink Pills will pep you up...



I don't understand... How did that radiogram turn it- self on?



Let's hope the noise hasn't woken anybody...



Hey!... What's going on?



The vase from up there... fell on my head!



Out!... Quick!... The game's up... That racket will have roused the house...



Hands up!!!

... That's the name of the film now showing at your local Luxor cinema!... A surprise a minute!... Don't miss it!



That wireless again!!... It must be possessed!



Hands up!



The gangsters!... They managed to escape ...



Jo!... Jo!... Are you hurt?

No, thank goodness!... I tipped over backwards to keep out of the line of fire ...



It's all gone wrong!... Hopelessly wrong ... and now they'll be on their guard...

Yes, we'll have to lie low for a bit.



Some weeks later...

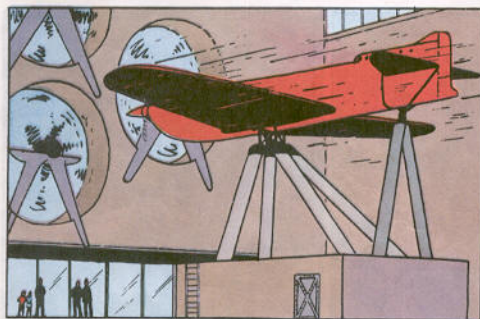
The machine is almost finished. Tomorrow will see the first wind-tunnel trials for the Stratoship at Chalais-Meudon...



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...



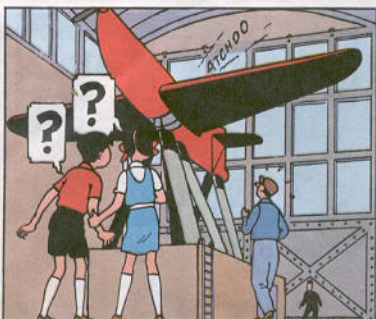
I say, Jo, have you seen Jocko?

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



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

Fine!... Stop the fans...



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

Poor Jocko! 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..."

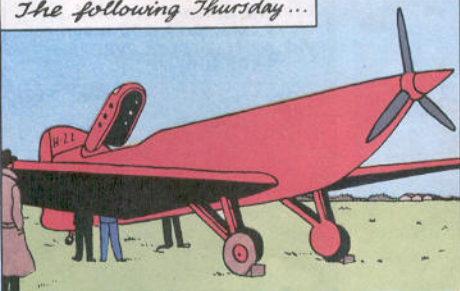


If it goes on they'll make the crossing... And you know what that'll mean for us!

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!



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?



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



!*

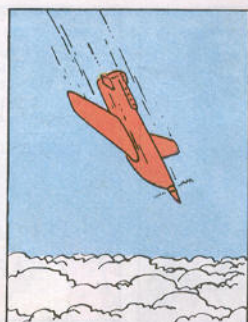
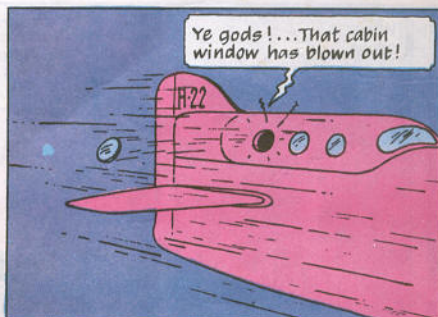
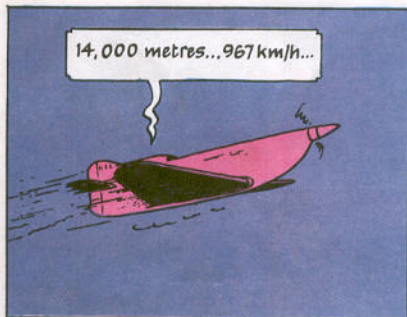
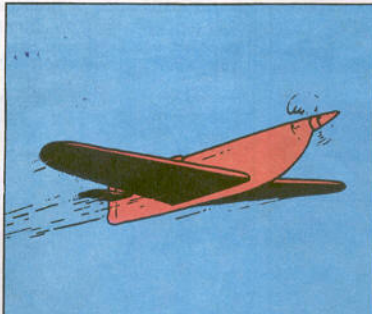


DON'T LET THE STRATOSHIP FLY: IT HAS BEEN SABOTAGED



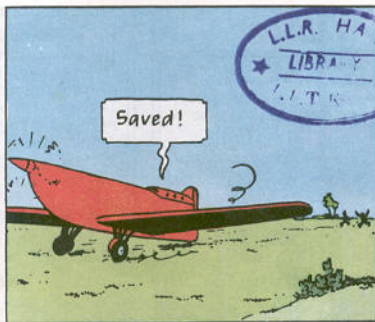
Hello?... Hello?... Villacoublay?... Hello!... this is the director of S.A.F.C.A. ... Please go at once and tell the pilot of the Stratoship not to take off and... What?!... He's already gone!!!







He's got it under control... He's landing...



Saved!



Whew!... I thought we were finished!



Ah!... There are people coming...



Is there a telephone anywhere near?

Yes, they've got one down at the farm... Not far...



... We can only wait for news of the disaster...



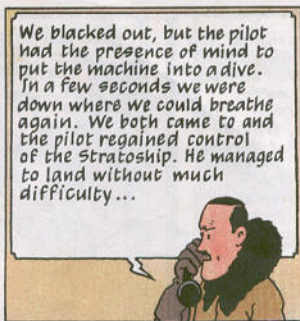
That's it!



Hello?... Hello?... Yes... I... Someone calling me from Beaufort?... Hello?... Hello?... Yes... What?... It's... it's you, Legrand?... Alive!... You're alive!... Yes, I know... Yes... An anonymous letter. You'd just taken off...



What happened?... A window?... The gangsters!... Yes... yes... How did you manage...



We blacked out, but the pilot had the presence of mind to put the machine into a dive. In a few seconds we were down where we could breathe again. We both came to and the pilot regained control of the Stratoship. He managed to land without much difficulty...



... We're coming back now... Yes, at reduced speed and low altitude... Yes... Good... We'll see you later, sir.



Patience!... It can't be long now... There, I reckon this is it...

Radio Paris news...



We have just heard that the stratospheric aeroplane H.22, which was on its first test flight today...

...crashed in a field somewhere near...



... had to cut short its flight when a window blew out. Thanks to the coolness of the pilot, disaster was averted...

The devil... We're back where we started!

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?

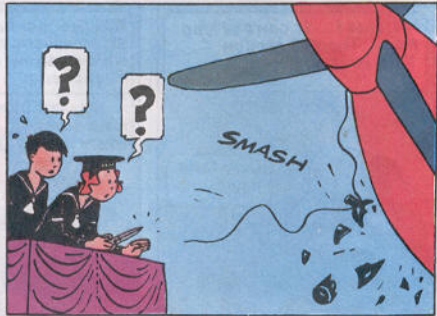
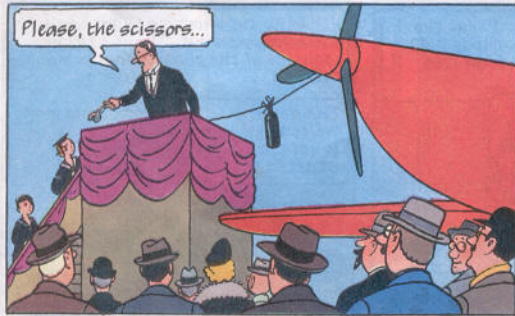
Why? Has he gone missing again?

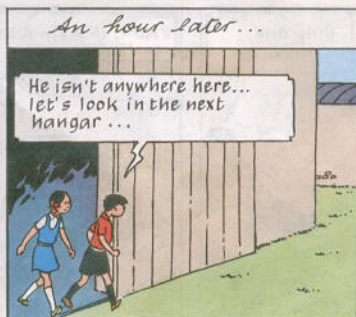
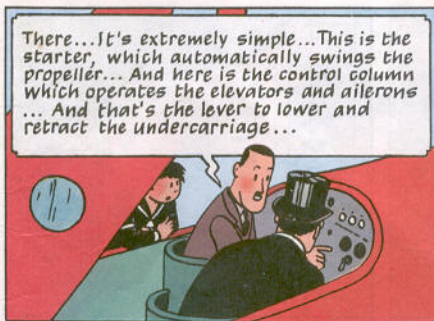


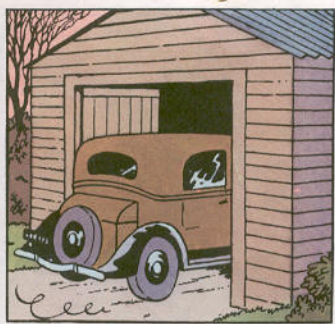
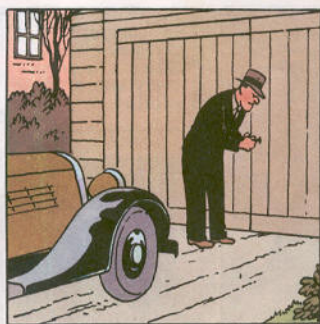
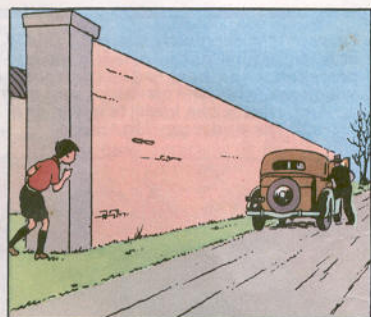
Now, according to custom, we are going to christen this aircraft. It is to be named "Jo and Zette" after Monsieur Legrand's children. Monsieur Jo and Mademoiselle Zette, may I ask you to break the traditional bottle of champagne?

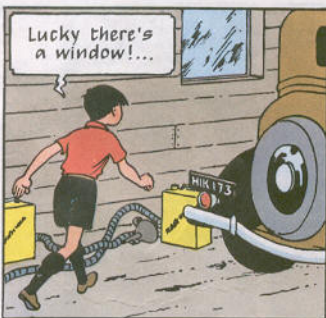
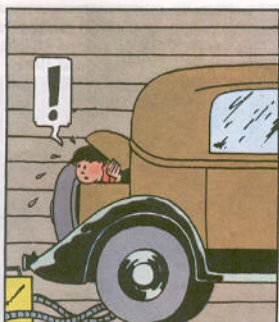


Please, the scissors...









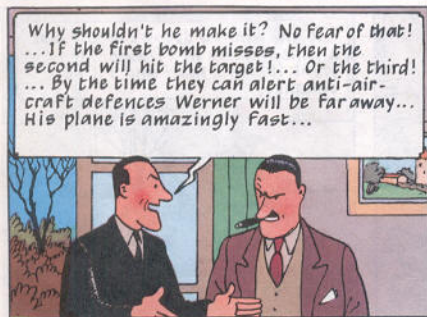


Yes... Hangar No. 5... Yes... Absolutely certain... Yes... Good... Right... Goodbye for now... And good luck! ...



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

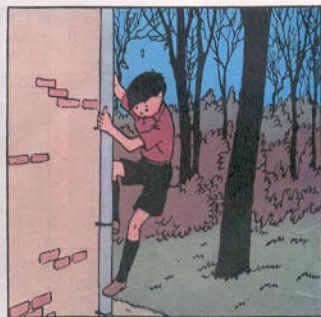
Yes, if Werner makes it...



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!

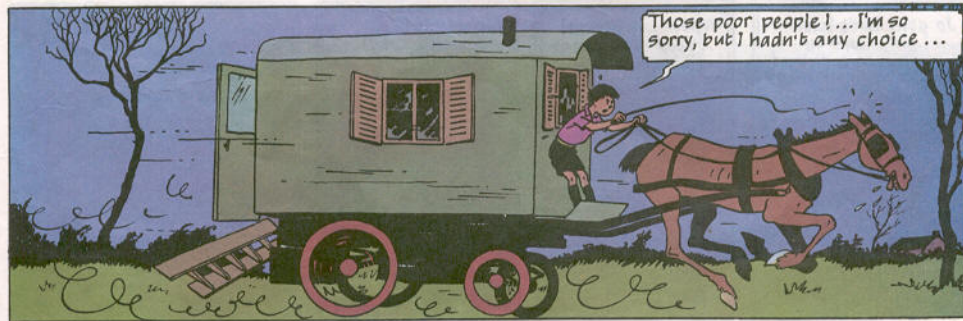


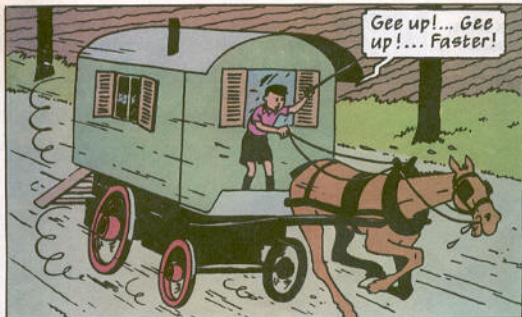
A house, at last! ... If there's a telephone, we're OK!



Just my luck: it's empty!

HOUSE FOR SALE





Ge up!... Gee up!... Faster!



Meanwhile, at the airfield...

Thanks to you and Jo, the Stratoship will be safe now!... As soon as you warned me I alerted the police... The hangar is well guarded already...



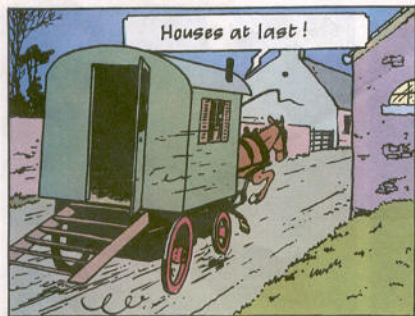
All precautions have been taken?



All the entrances are guarded... I've stationed men right round the hangar. I can't see how anyone could get near it... Unless they sprouted wings!...



Another hour's flying, and I'm there...



Houses at last!



Saved!

GENDARMERIE



Jo still isn't back! ... I only hope he hasn't been captured by the man he was following...

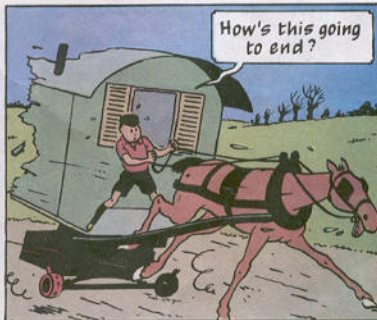
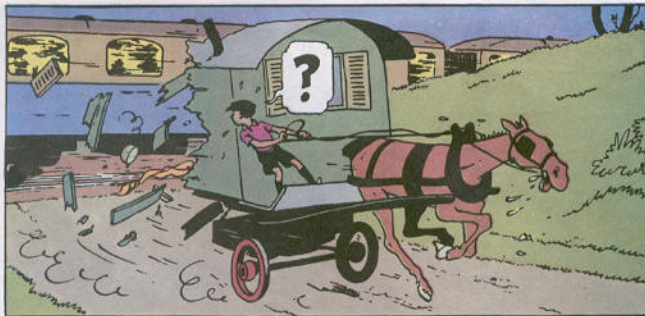
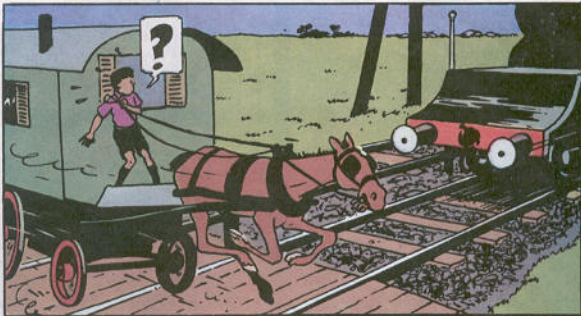


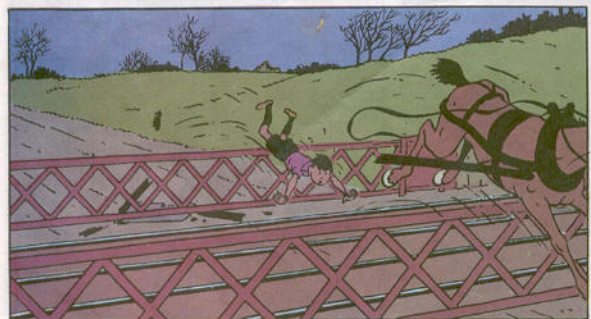
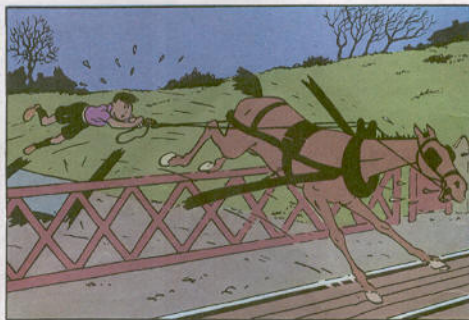
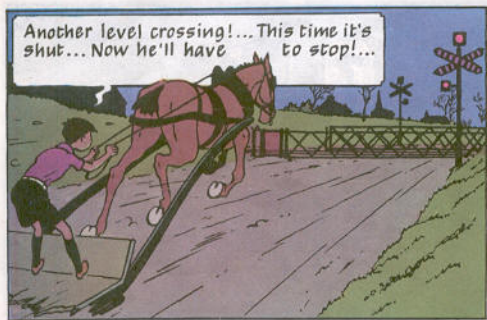
Whoa!... Whoaaa! ... Stop!... Whoaaa! ... Stop!



Oh crikey!... He won't obey!... He's bolting!

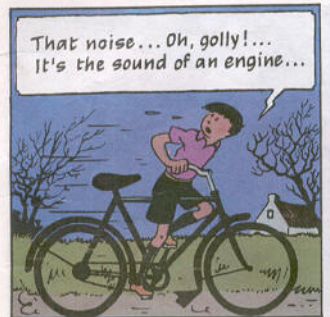
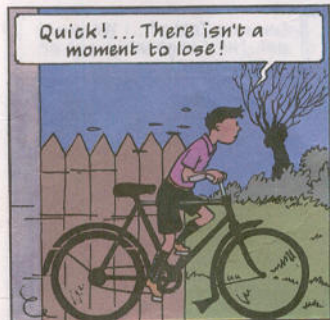


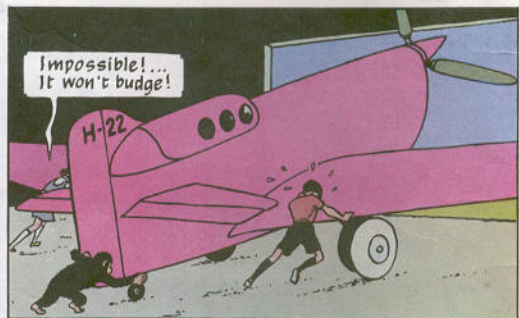
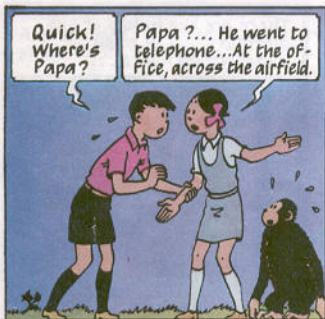
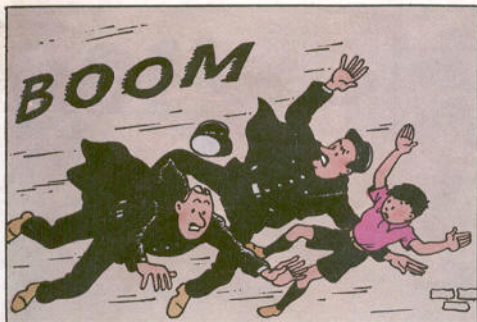




Yes, but
I...







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 anything
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?



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

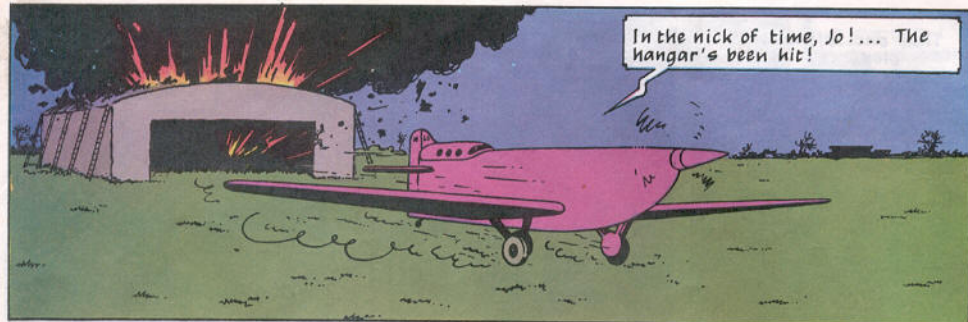
All right ... Just a
minute ... There!
I've got it! ...

What's
going on?...

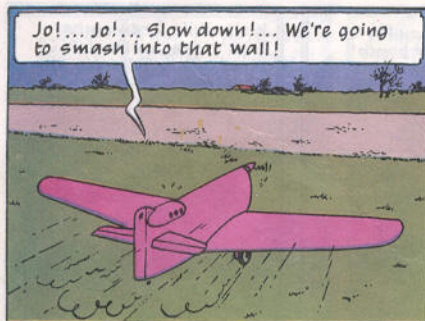
A bombing raid,
sir! ... A plane is
bombing the Strato-
ship hangar!

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

Ye gods! ... Too late!



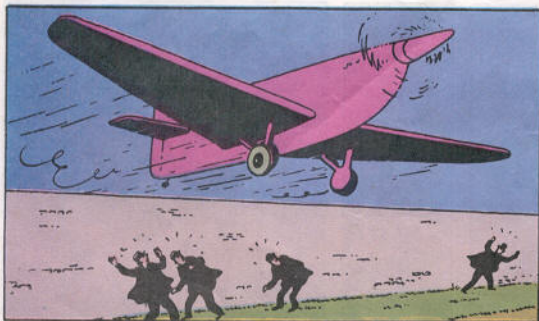
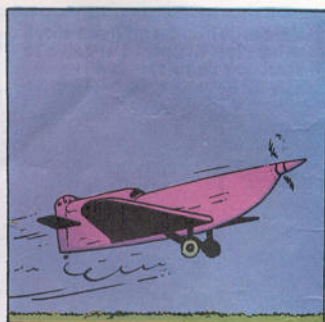
In the nick of time, Jo!... The hangar's been hit!



Jo!... Jo!... Slow down!... We're going to smash into that wall!



Too late!... We're going too fast to stop or to turn... Only one thing to try...

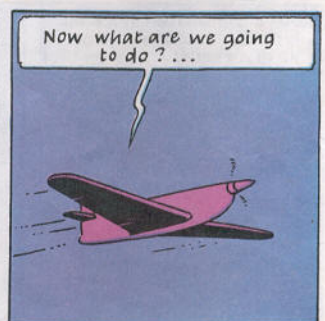


The Stratoship!!!



Did you see?... The Stratoship took off...

Took off? It can't have done!



Now what are we going to do?...

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...



