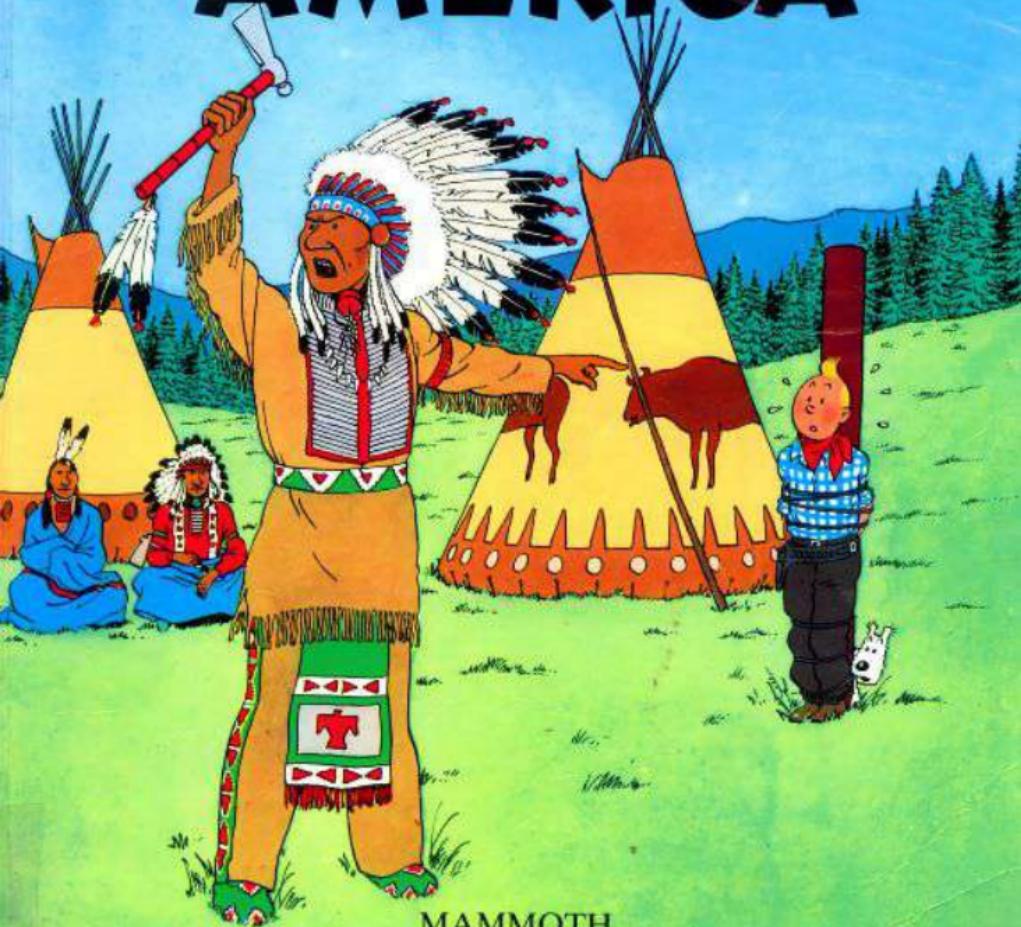


- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

TINTIN IN AMERICA

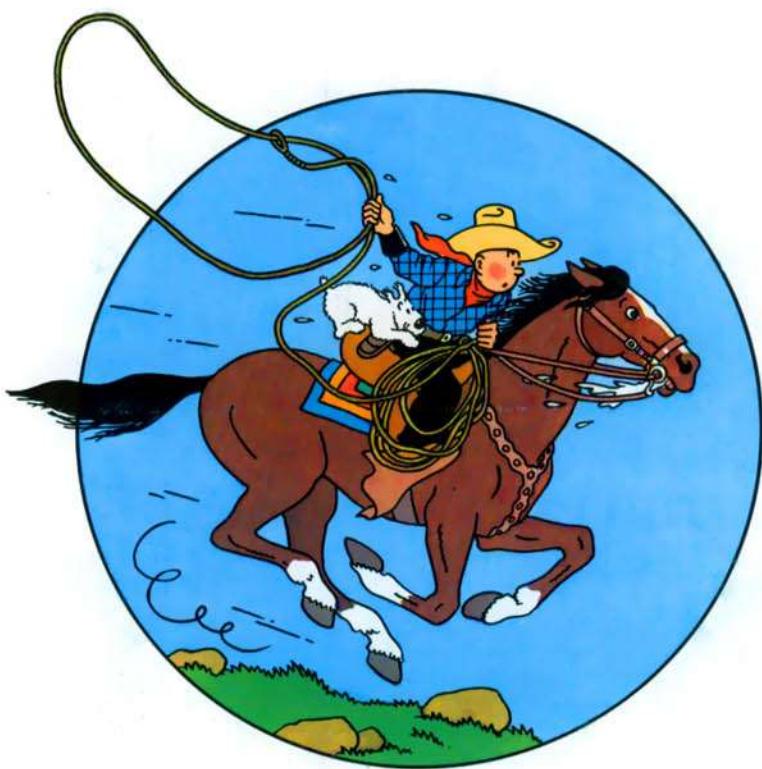


MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN IN AMERICA



Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper
and Michael Turner

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TINTIN IN AMERICA

Chicago, 1931, when gangster bosses ruled the city ...



Right, you guys, listen, and listen good... Tintin, world reporter number one is coming here to clean up. That's tough on us, and I'm not kidding! He busted my diamond racket in the Congo and landed my pals in the cooler... So here's the score: not one single day does he spend in Chicago...



Here we are, Snowy! ... Chicago!



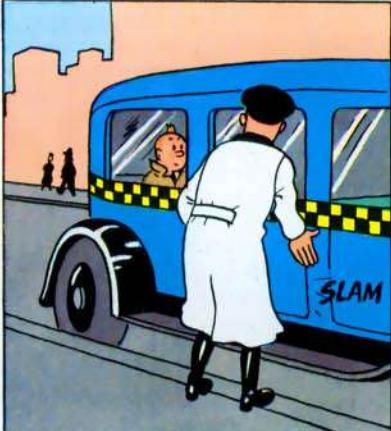
We'll go straight to the hotel.



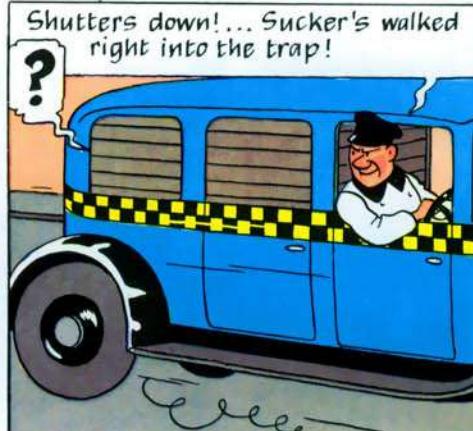
The Osborne Hotel, please ...



There you go!

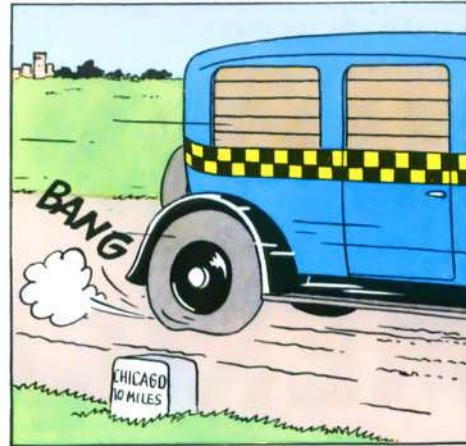


Shutters down! ... Sucker's walked right into the trap!

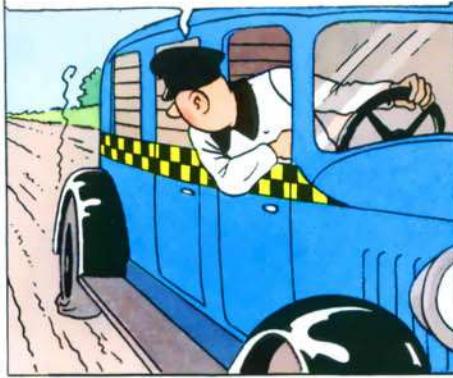


Hey, what's the game?... We're locked in!... And these shutters are made of steel!

We're stymied then. Even I can't chew through those!



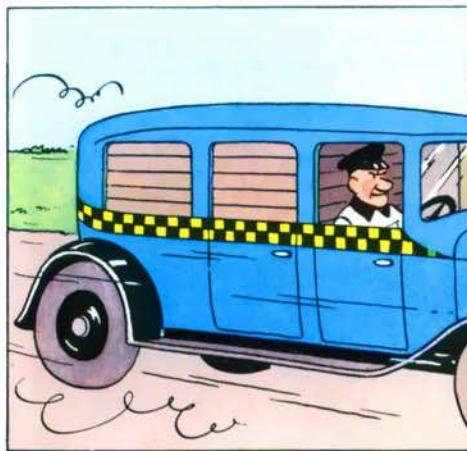
A blow-out! That's all I need!



Come on, come on!... I gotta hurry up...



All fixed... I'll still make it in time...



Have a good trip! Lucky I packed the right kit... He'll go through the roof when he finds I cut my way out!



Trust me to be in the land of the automobile and have to slog ten miles on foot!...



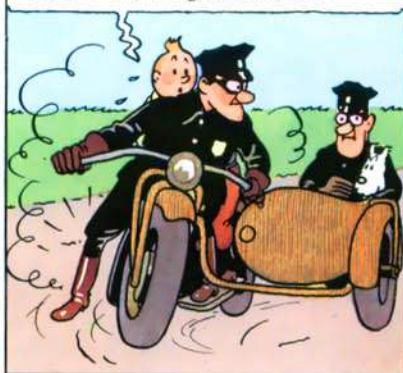
We're in luck! Here comes a police patrol...



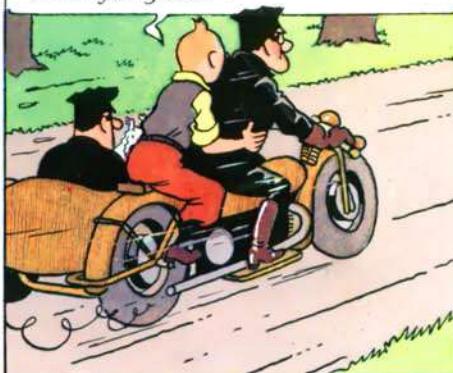
Quick, can you catch that car you just passed, and arrest the driver? He tried to kidnap me!

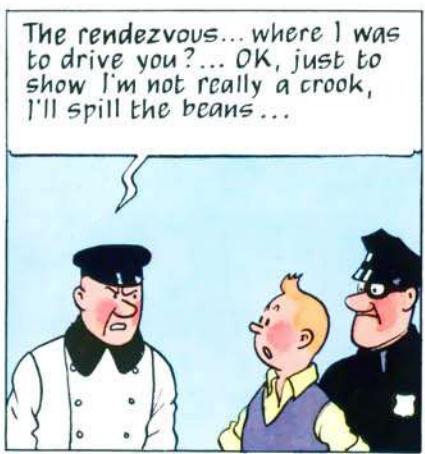
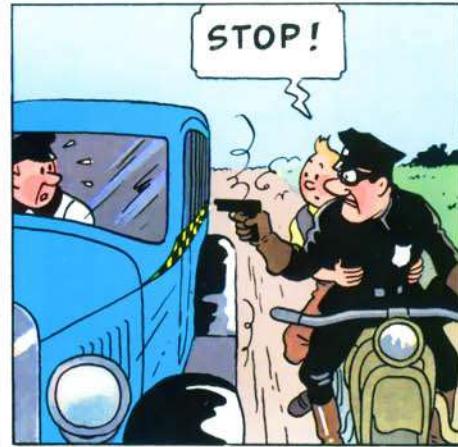


Just keep still, Snowy, and don't be frightened...



This way we'll soon overtake that gangster!



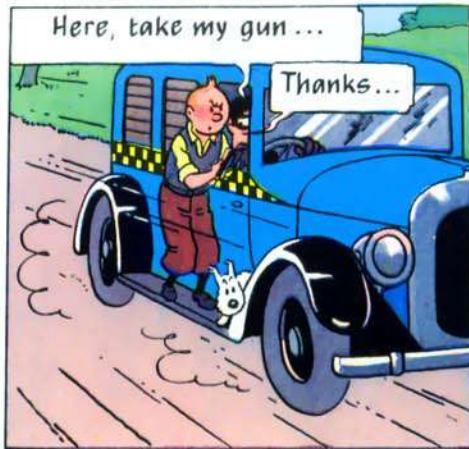


Quick, all into the car!
After him!



Here, take my gun...

Thanks...



We're approaching the city...
Don't lose sight of him...



If Butch isn't on the lookout
with his car, I'm a dead duck!

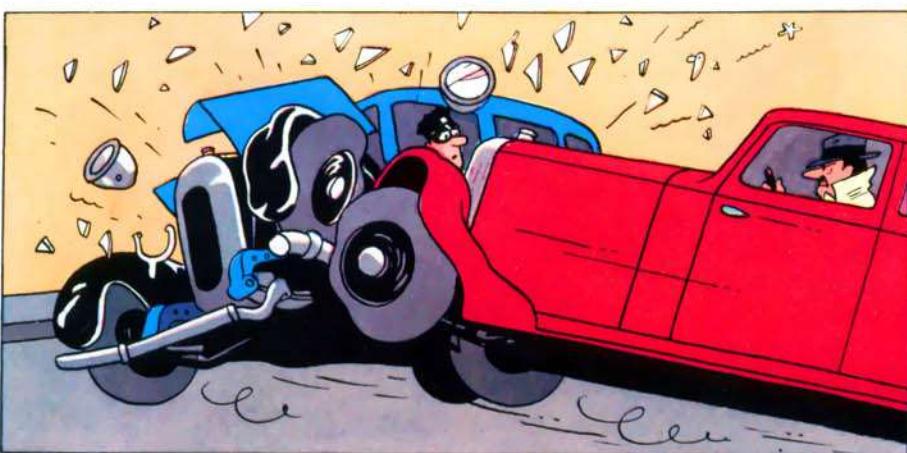


OK, let her go!

Saved!



A cab driven by the cops...
hit side on by another car...

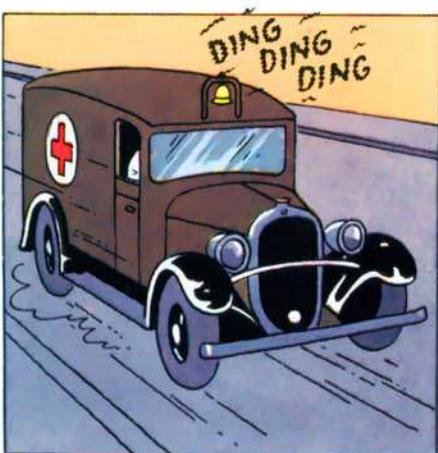


Say, what
a mess!

Some
crash!



DING DING DING

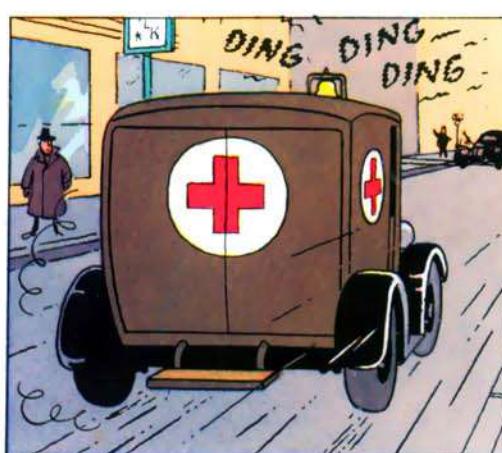


Gee! The poor kid...

He looks so young...



DING DING DING



Some days later ...

HOSP

I'm glad to be back on my feet again. It could have been much worse...

Fresh air at last! I feel better already!

Rush hour!

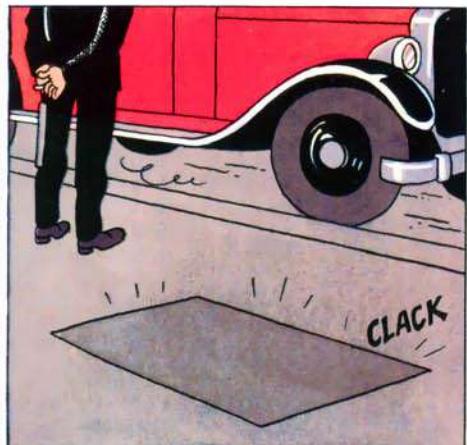
What does a dog do in Chicago when he wants to cross?

E.

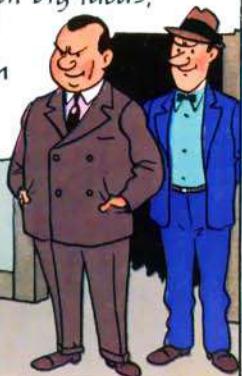


?

?



So! The famous reporter!... A little kid with big ideas, like he's gonna make war on Al Capone... On me, the King of Chicago!



You done a good job. Here's the dough.

Thanks, boss.



And that's for you. Now, just get that little squirt out of my hair, permanently!

Sure, boss.



No way to outsmart him... This time I'm done for!

Quick, not a moment to lose!

Two ...

Three !!

Thanks, Snowy! You've saved my life... again!

Did you see that?... Knocked him stone cold!

Now, let's see what goes on in here... Maybe there's some way to nail the whole bunch of cut-throats...

What about letting me go for the police?

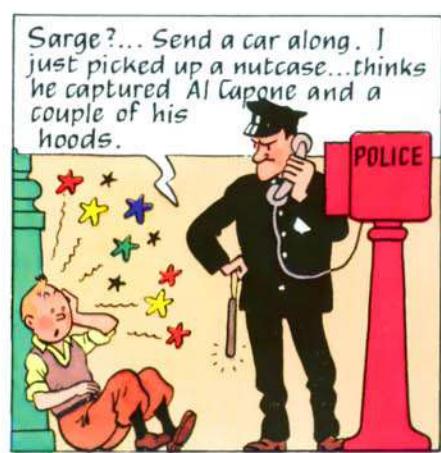
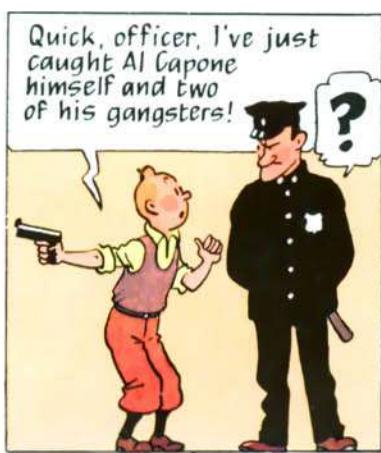
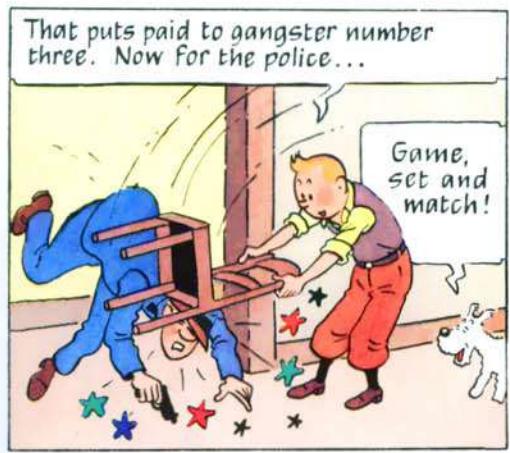
Whatta... whatta hit me?

I getta my own back... Sure as my name Pietro!

I losta my gun, but this make justa gooda weapon ...

What are they saying?

Can you hear anything?

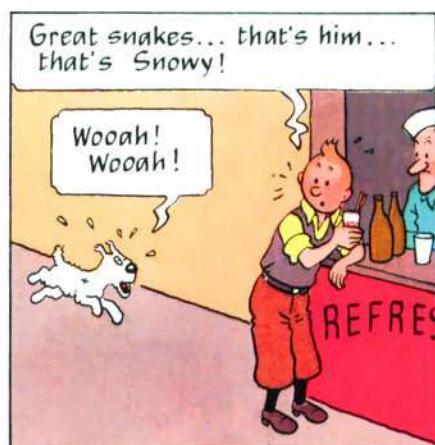
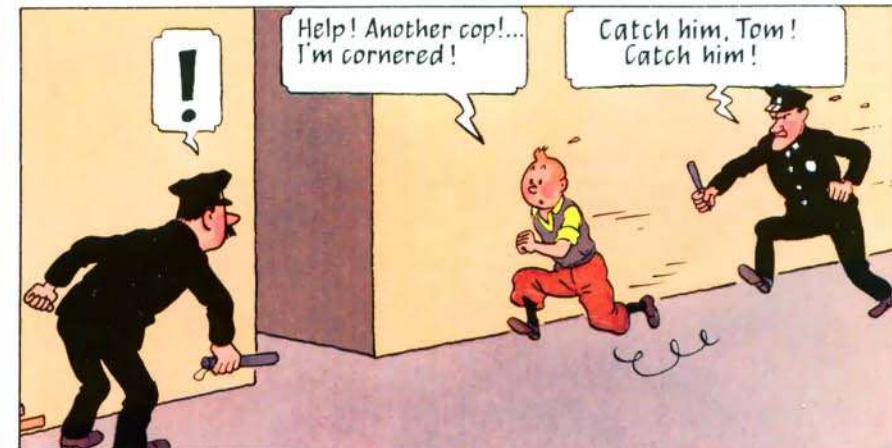
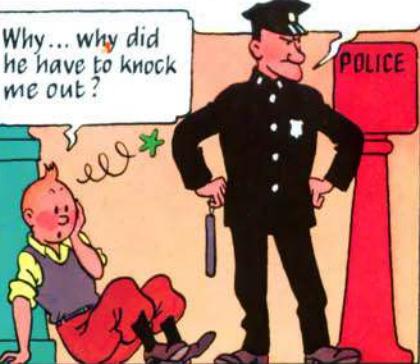


What happened to the paddy-wagon?
It should be here by now...

Why... why did
he have to knock
me out?

Hey, officer, what's this all about?
I tell you, I've captured Al Capone
and ...

Again?!



...So along comes this chap and unties the others. I tried to stop him... But even Snowy the Champ knows when he's beaten at four to one, so I hopped it. I picked up the Tintin trail, and here we are!

You're a brave fellow, Snowy... and clever!



Aha! He's arrived. I must tell the boss right away!

You're on the thirty-seventh floor, sir.

Good.



The hotel at last... We should have been here days ago.

Golly! It's a palace!



Ah, there you are Mr. Tintin... We feared we weren't going to see you. But we kept your reservation...

Thank you, I'd have been here sooner, but I was delayed.

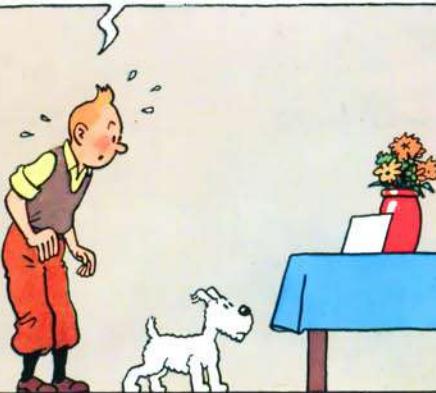


This is your room, Mr. Tintin.

Thanks.



Hello?... A letter for me?



Tintin:
I'm warning you one last time. There's a train to New York in the morning at 11.55. Be on it. Then take a boat to Europe. Quit Chicago by noon tomorrow, or your life won't be worth a plug nickel...

That, Mr. Al Capone, is what I think of your threats.

Bully us, and we'll chew you to pulp!

Next day, at 11.55 am...



Hello?... Hello?...
Hello?... Hello?...

Someone wanting us?



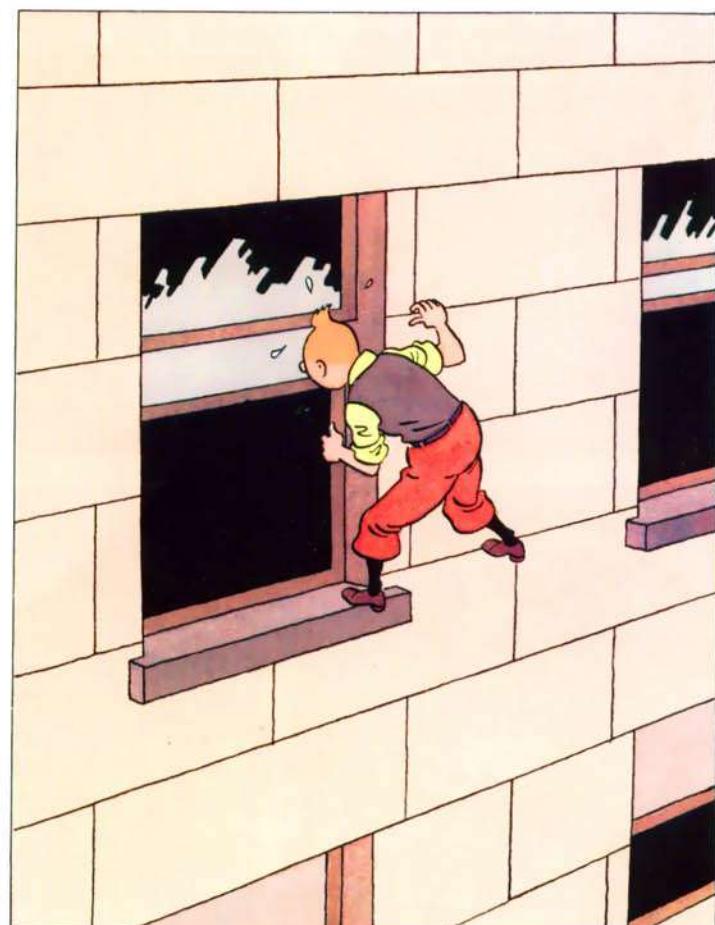
Hello... Hello??...

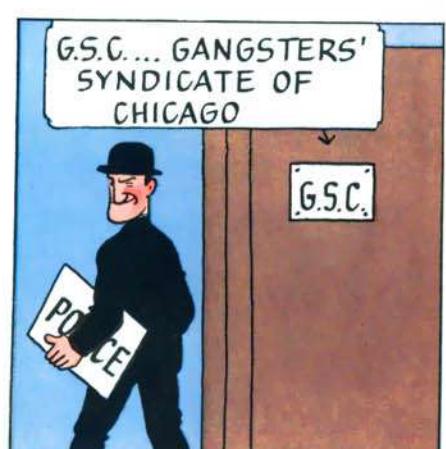
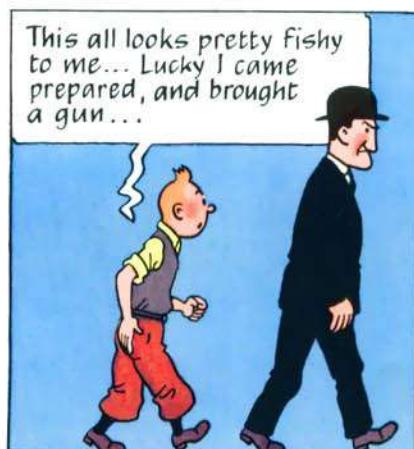
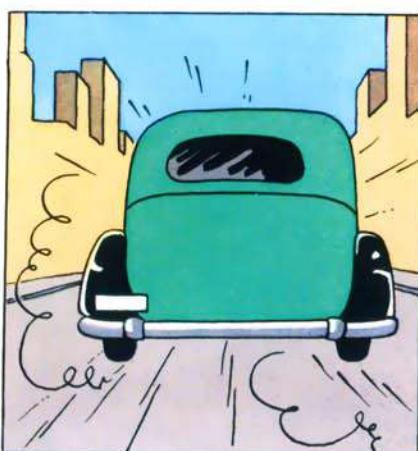
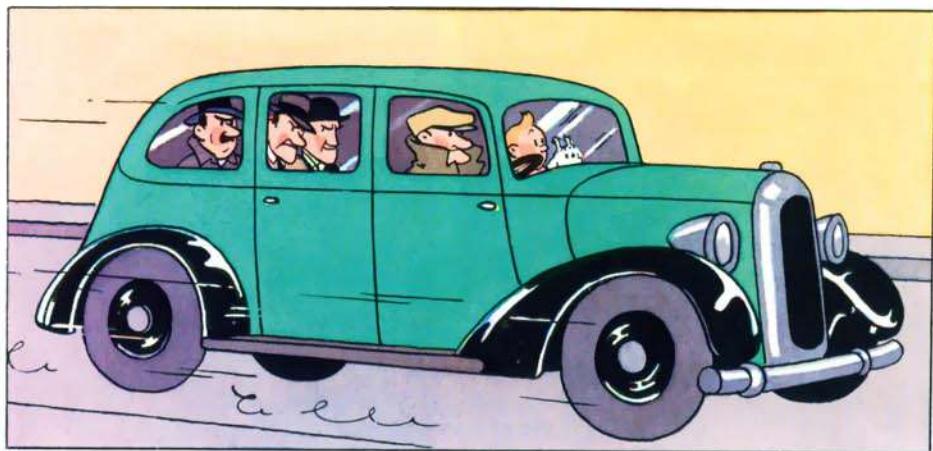
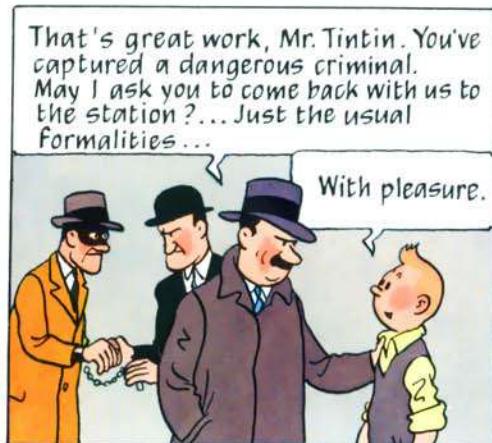
So far so good!... He was so busy with the 'phone he didn't hear me coming in.



That's odd... they hung up. A wrong number, maybe... Yet someone was whispering at the other end.







My dear Mr. Tintin, this is a pleasure! I'm glad to meet you. Do please sit down... Have a cigar?... No?... Then I'll come straight to the point...



I'm Bobby Smiles, boss of the rival gangs fighting Al Capone and his mob. I'm hiring you at \$2000 a month to help me bring him down. If you rub Capone out yourself, there's a bonus of twenty grand... Agreed?... Here's your contract. Sign there.



Get your hands up, you crook!... And I'll take care of that paper... Just remember, I came to Chicago to clean the place up, not to become a gangster's stooge!



So I'll make a start by arresting you!

Oh?... Is that so?



Marvellous little gadget, just under my foot!



I've been tricked... and now I'm trapped... Ugh! Smoke!... What a peculiar smell... It's like...



Help! It's gas!... They mean to kill me... Quick, my handkerchief!



Useless!... I'm done for!... I'm choking... My lungs... they're burning...



There he is, Nick!... O.XZ gas sure does knock 'em out!



To the waterfront, fast. Lake Michigan for him!



No one here. All clear, Nick, bring him along!



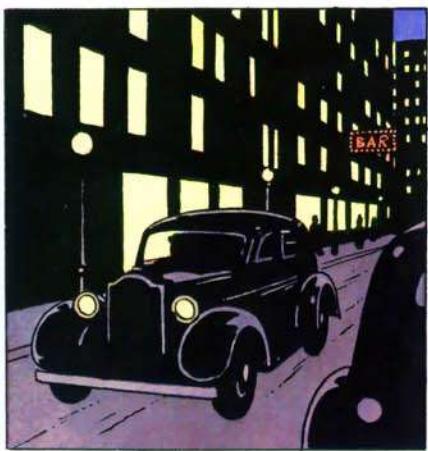
Give him a swing!... One... two...



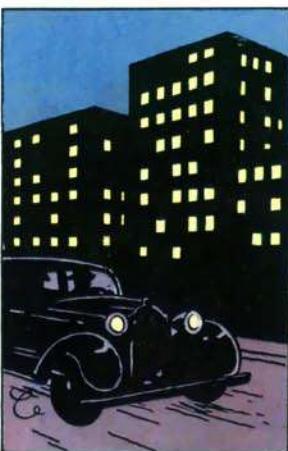
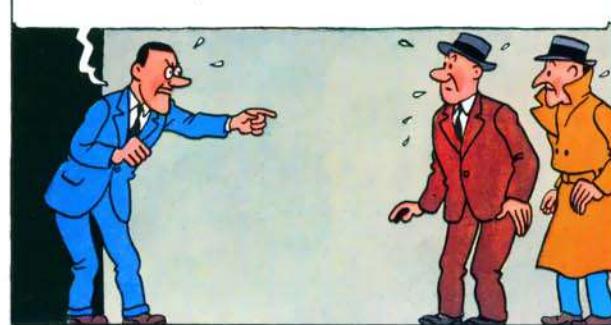
Three!

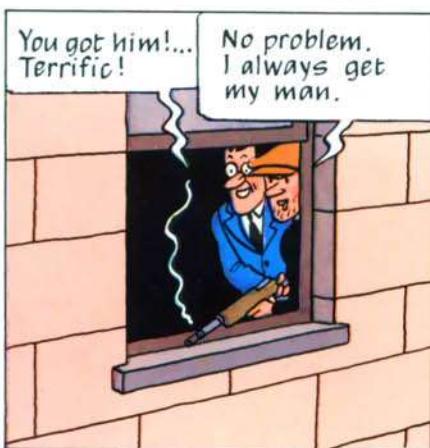
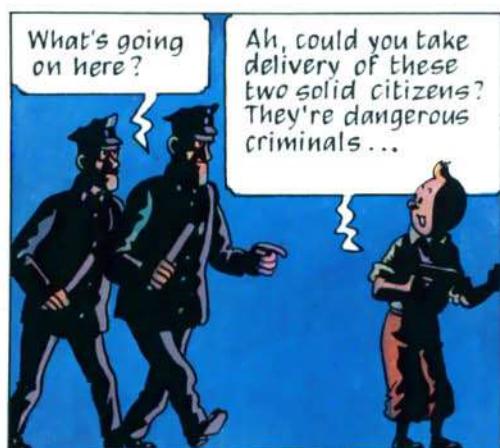
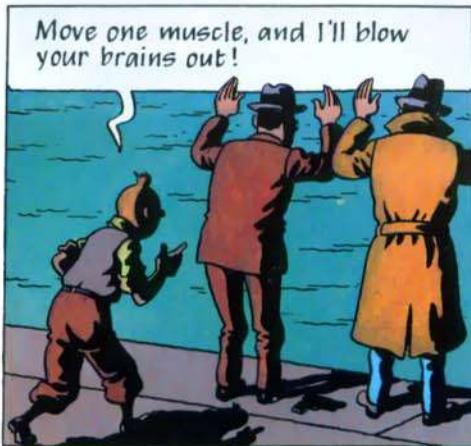
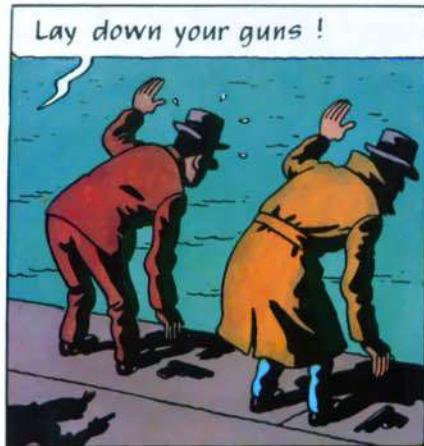


That's taken care of him.
Let's go!



Alcatraz!! Go right back where you came from! You used the wrong gas!... You gave him Z4, sleeping-gas... Cold water will waken him up. Go and finish him off!





How about that, Snowy? Wasn't I right to keep away from the windows? Those dummies I used are peppered with holes...custom-made colanders!

Dead right!... It strikes me... Wouldn't it be a good idea... if those dummies did the whole job, instead of us?



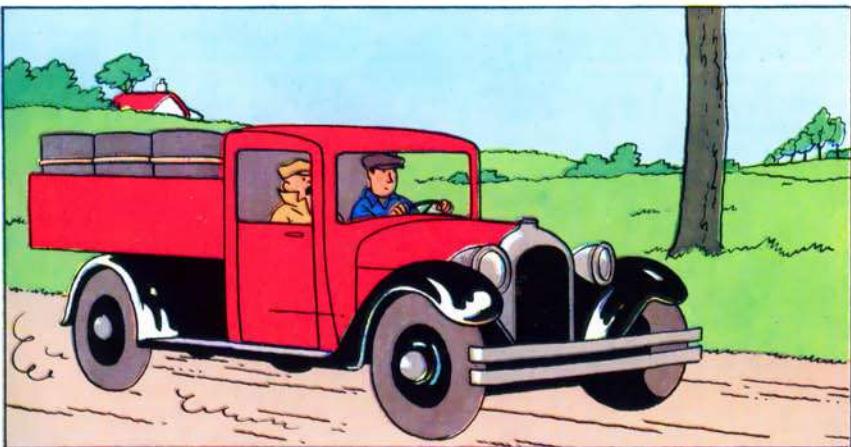
Now they think they've disposed of me, I'm going to arrange a little surprise for our gangster pals...



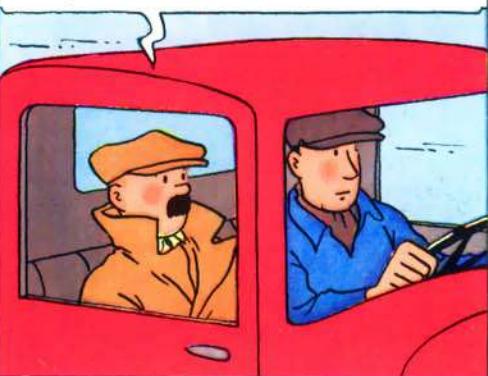
Next morning ...

Listen, Bobby. I just heard the Coconut mob are doing a job this afternoon, running a load of whisky, hidden in gasoline drums. How's about it?

Simple!... We grab it!



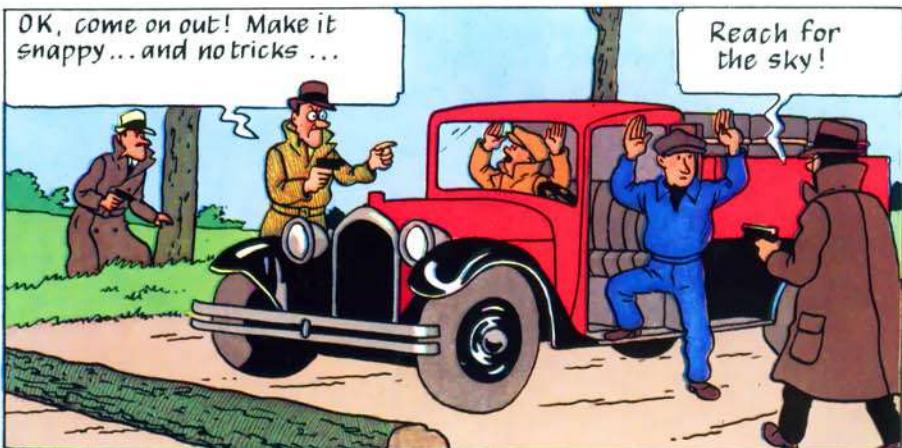
I've got a hunch there'll be a reception committee!



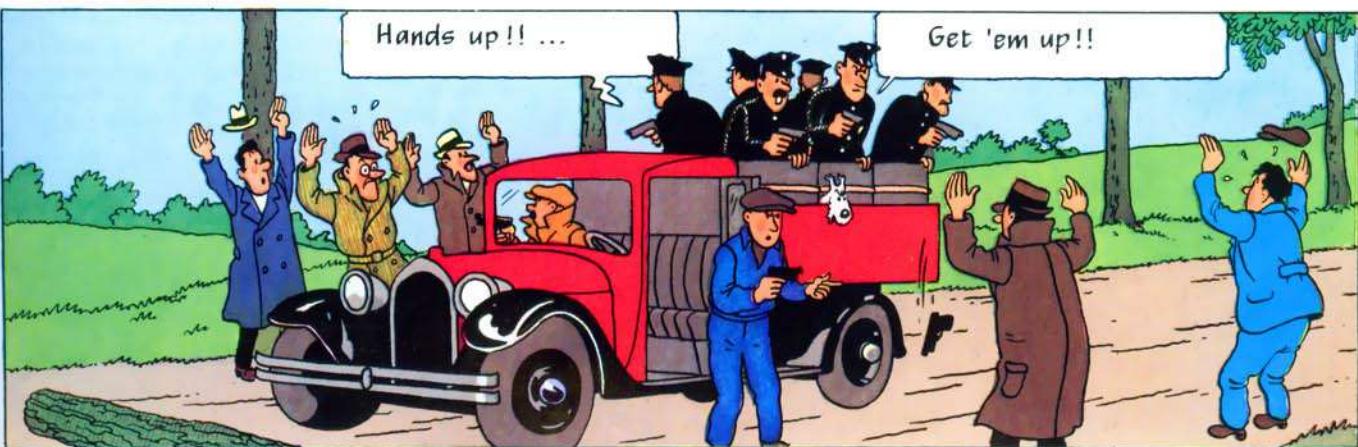
There! What did I tell you?



OK, come on out! Make it snappy... and no tricks ...



Reach for the sky!



Hands up!! ...

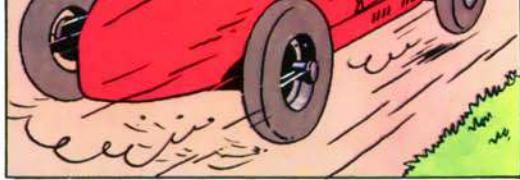
Get 'em up!!

You did a fine job, Mr. Tintin
... a fine job!
Thanks to you, we've
landed a really big fish.
I ...

Hey ! What's that ?

BANG
BANG
BANG

See ya, fellas !

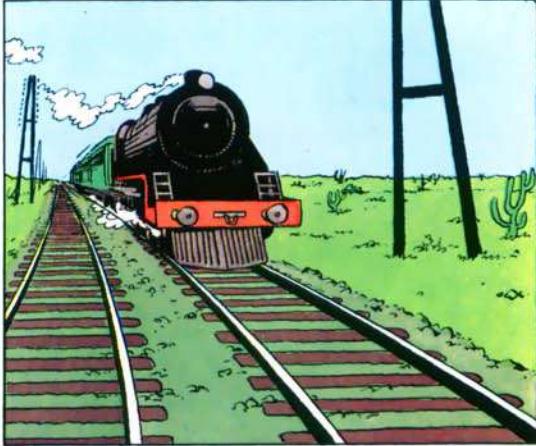


Suffering catfish ! Getting
away under my very nose !
And Bobby Smiles, too, the
big boss !

Don't worry, I'll
bring Bobby Smiles
to justice !

A few days later ...

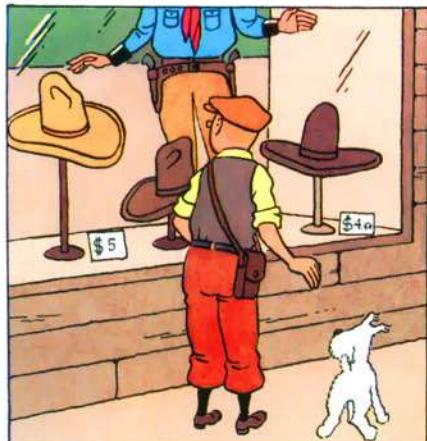
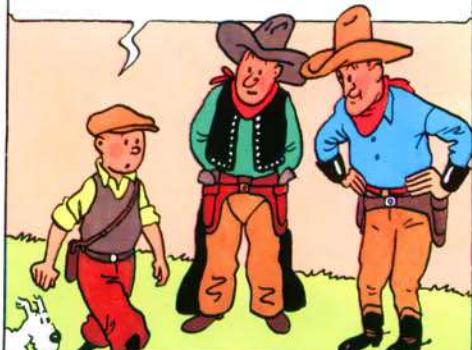
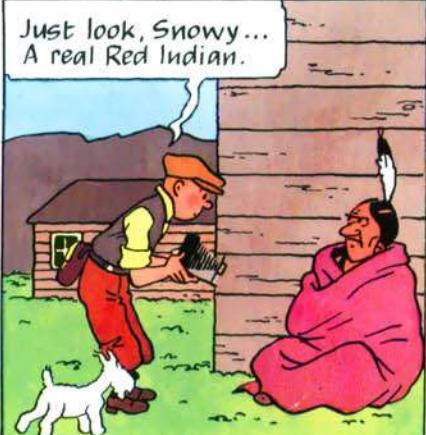
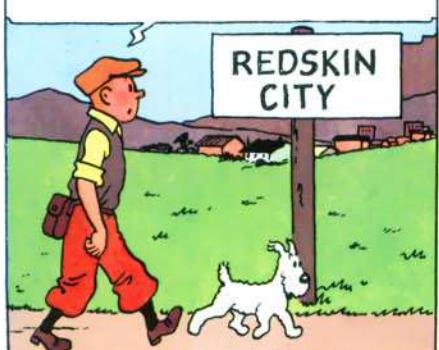
These two telegrams are about
Bobby Smiles. They say he's
been seen in Redskin City, a
small place near the Indian
Reservations. Come on Snowy ;
it's Redskin City for us !



Two whole days on the train ! ...
Oh well, we're here at last, and
that's what matters !

Just look, Snowy ...
A real Red Indian.

I have a feeling we look a bit out
of place here, Snowy ...



The boss won't like this one little bit!



Boss! ...
Boss! ...



Boss!... Watch out! I just saw Tintin in town. I'm sure he's come looking for you!...

Alcatraz!!

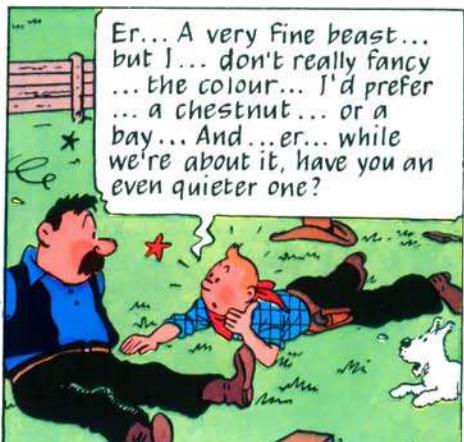


Meanwhile...

Yeah! I guess I have jes' the animal for you...

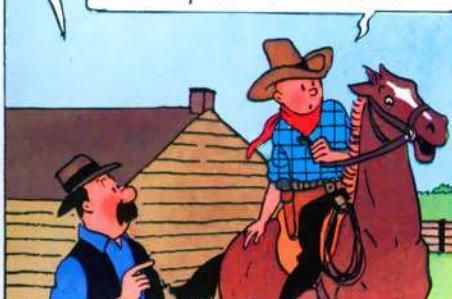


There, she's a nice quiet gal.
Name of Beatrice.

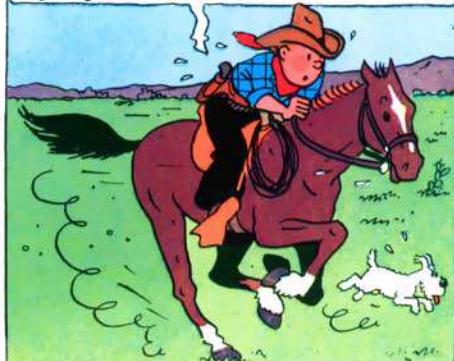


That suit you OK?

Yes, thanks. It doesn't seem quite so... fresh!



Right, Snowy! Lead me to the gangster hideout!



We've arrived. I smell gangsters!



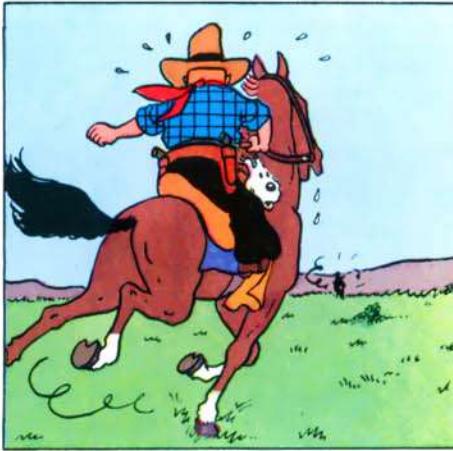
Hands up!



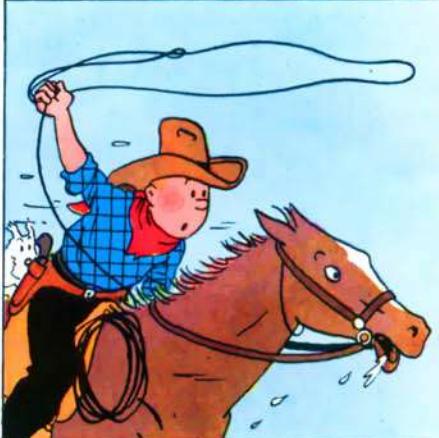
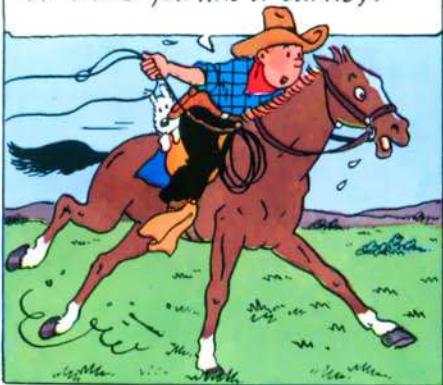
No one here?



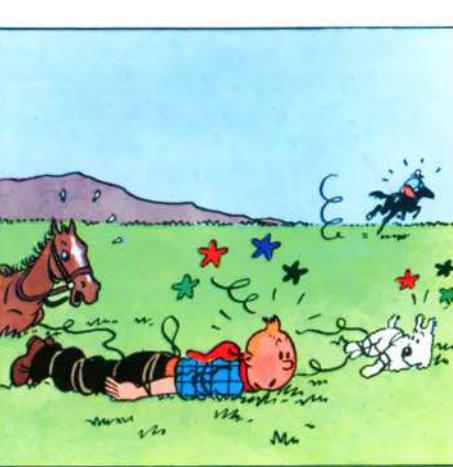
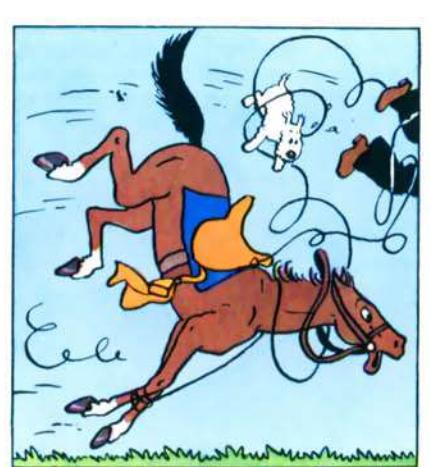
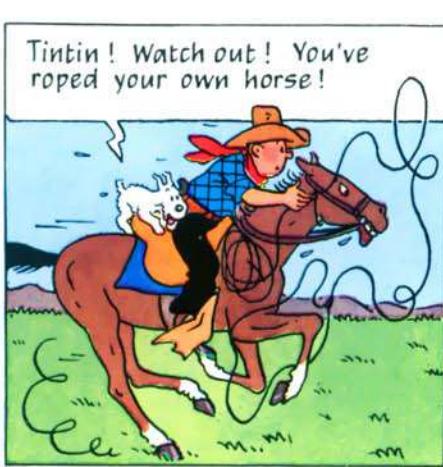
Look! There he goes!... Escaping on a horse... someone must have tipped him off when I arrived in town...



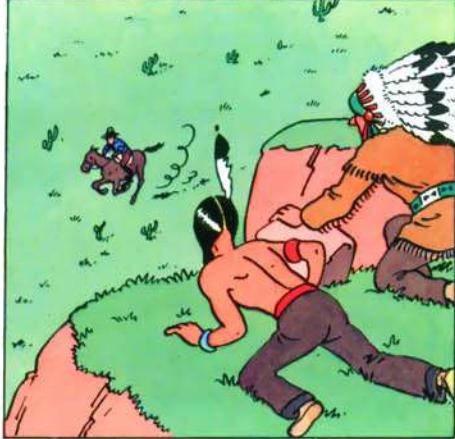
You can't escape, my friend! I'll truss you like a turkey!



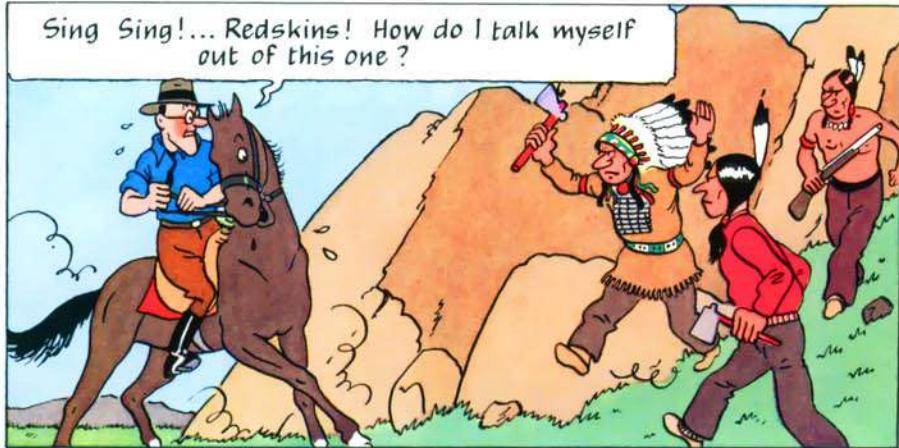
Tintin! Watch out! You've roped your own horse!



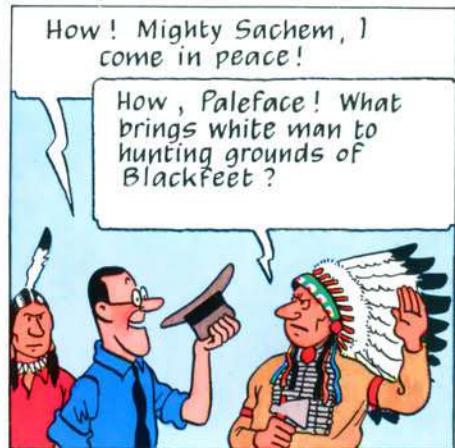
Ha! ha! ha! That'll teach you to play cowboys! By the time he's managed to untangle himself I'll be far away!



Sing Sing!... Redskins! How do I talk myself out of this one?



How! Mighty Sachem, I come in peace!



Mighty Sachem, I come to warn you. A young white warrior is riding this way. His heart is full of hate and his tongue is forked! Beware of him, for he seeks to steal the hunting grounds of the noble Blackfeet. I have spoken! ...



Hear me, brave Blackfeet! A young Paleface approaches. He seeks, by trickery, to steal our hunting grounds!... May Great Manitou fill our hearts with hate and strengthen our arms!... Let us raise the tomahawk against this miserable Paleface with the heart of a prairie dog!



As for Paleface-with-eyes-of-the-Moon, he has warned us of danger that hangs over our heads, and will soon come upon Blackfeet. May Great Manitou heap blessings upon him!



Now let us raise the tomahawk ...



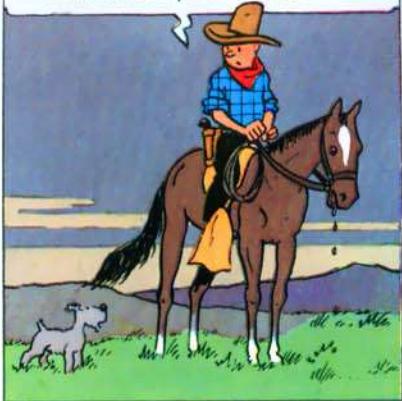
Pipe of peace! I can't remember where in the world we buried the hatchet when we finished our last bit of fighting...



We've lost valuable time unravelling ourselves. It'll soon be dark now, Snowy, so we'd better pitch night and trail again in camp for the pick up the morning.



We'll stop here...



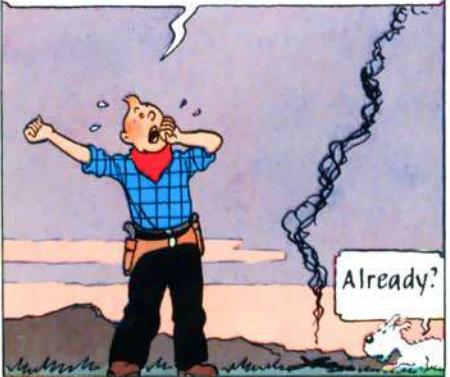
Tomorrow morning we'll set off at sunrise... I'm determined that crook won't escape us again...



Just my luck!... Tintin will be here in the morning, and I'll have to skedaddle... They're going to find that tomahawk if it's the last thing they do!



Wakey, wakey, Snowy!
On the road again!



Well, Chief?

Alas, Blackfeet still cannot find their tomahawk... It is lost!



What then?

What then?... It is quite simple: Blackfeet certainly cannot make war on Puleface. No tomahawk, no war!



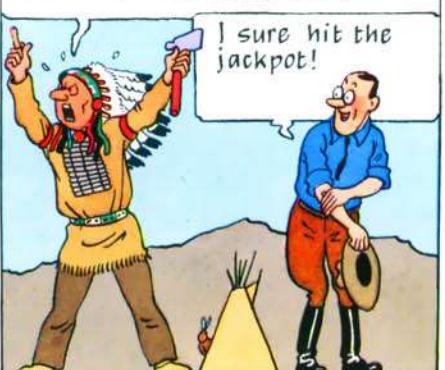
Alcatraz and Sing Sing!... Dumb redskins won't fight... I've gotta get out of here!



The tomahawk!



Our tomahawk is found!
Great Manitou wants war!



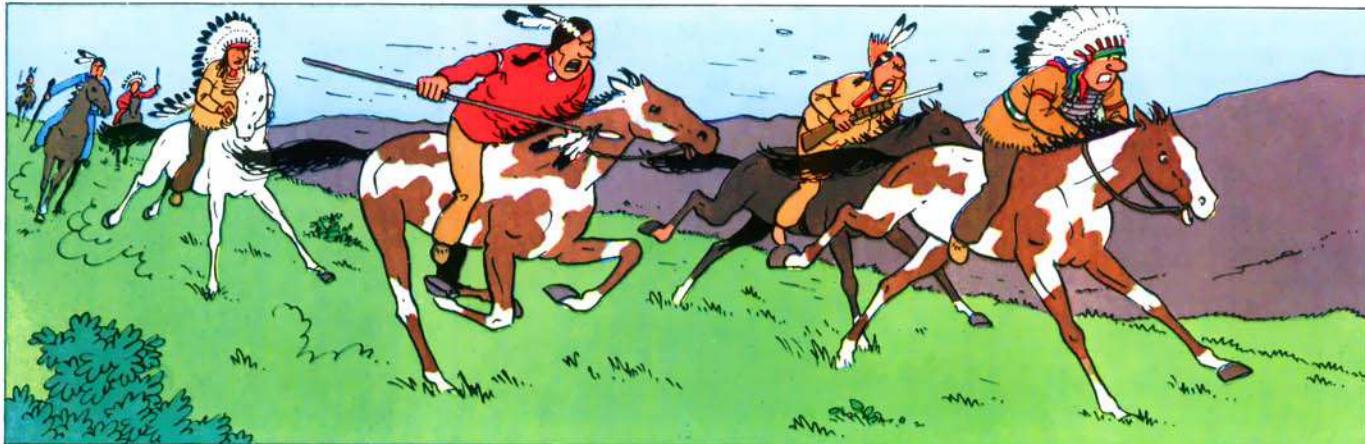
I sure hit the jackpot!

Great Manitou! Great Manitou!
Give victory to your warriors!



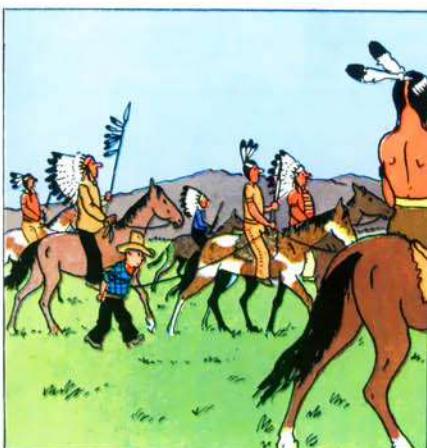
Away!... To the horses!... Death to the Paleface!



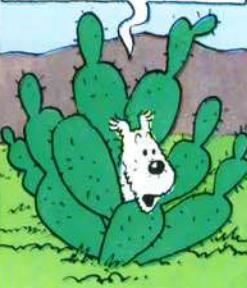


Hello, here come the Indians... I tell you Snowy, if I didn't know the redskins are peaceful nowadays, I'd be feeling a lot less sure of myself!

What's all this?... It's an odd sort of way to welcome a stranger!



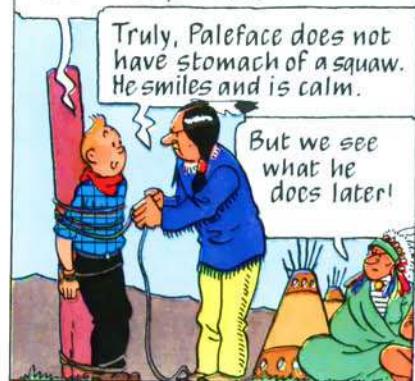
Whew! They've gone! Savages! Frightened me out of my wits!



Snowy, that was disgraceful! You abandoned Tintin.



Really, what curious customs you have!



Face it Snowy... You've got a yellow streak. For all you know, Tintin's in danger...

Hear, O Paleface, the words of Great Sachem... You have come among Blackfoot people with heart full of trickery and hate, like a sneaking dog. But now you are tied to torture stake. You shall pay Blackfeet for your treachery by suffering long. I have spoken!

What sort of talk is that?

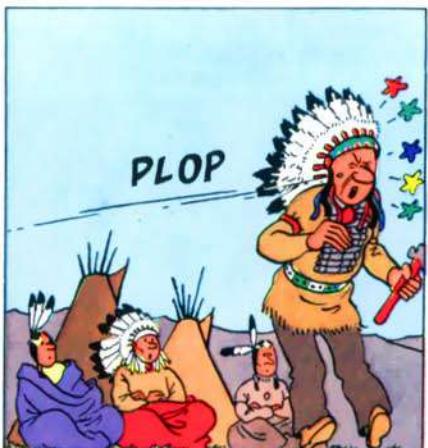
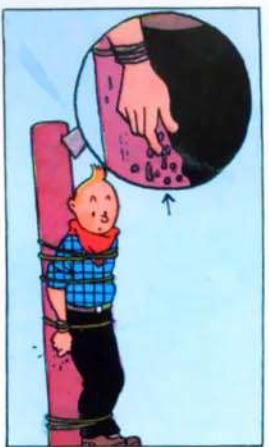
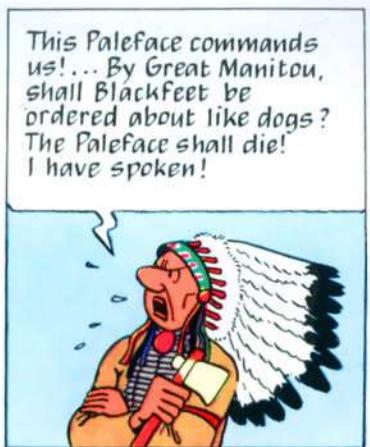
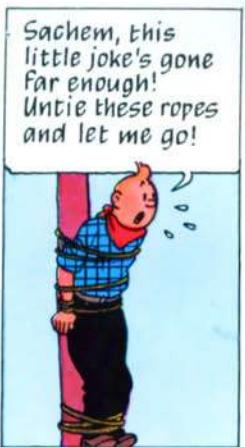


Now, let my young braves practise their skills upon this Paleface with his soul of a coyote! Make him suffer long before you send him to land of his forefathers!

But...he's crazy!

You speak well, O Sachem!





Take that, pesky little papoose!... Shooting at me with a catapult! Do that again, and I'll have yours scalp!



What a nerve! Behaving like that to Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole, the Great Sachem himself!... Nasty brat!



They shouldn't let papoose play with catapult ...

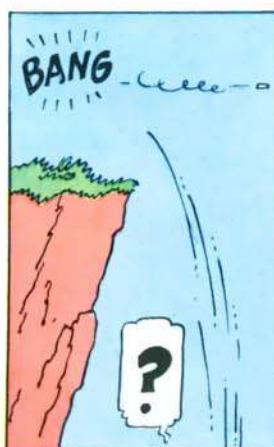
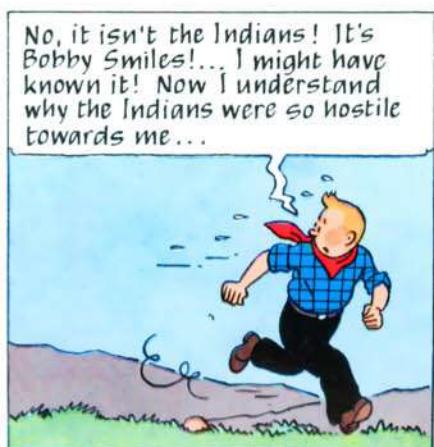
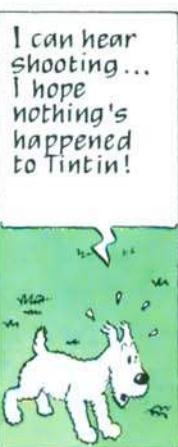
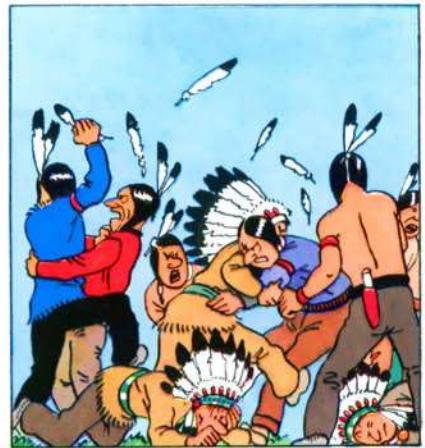
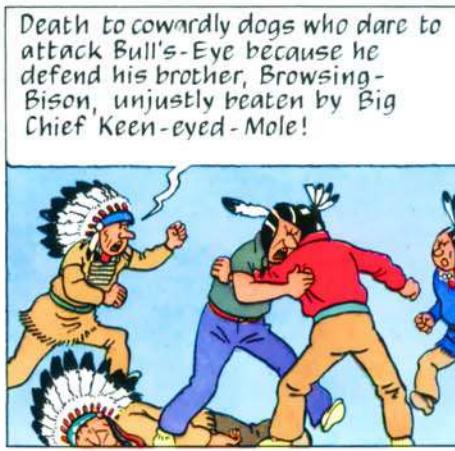
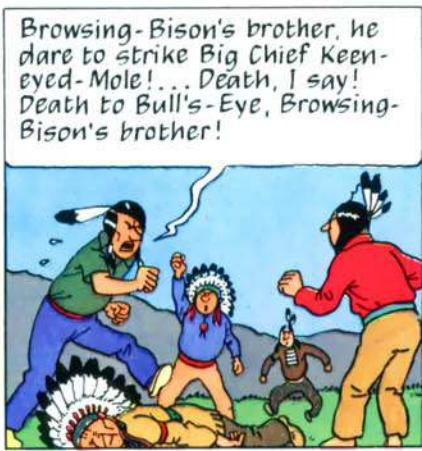
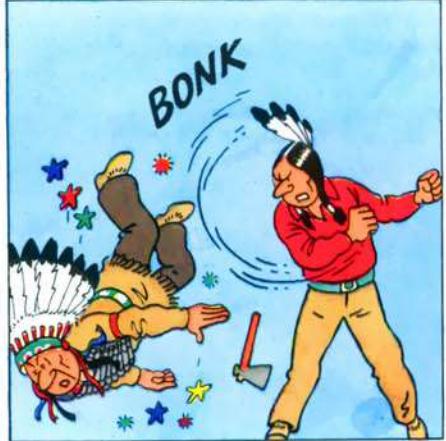


By Great Wacondah!... You too! You dare show disrespect to Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole!



Sachem! You strike my brother! ... Browsing-Bison, he is innocent ... He do no wrong!





Alcatraz!... What a drop!... The canyon goes down hundreds of feet... I can scarcely see the bottom...



Quick! Quick! I must save Tintin!



That'll teach you, smartalec! Meddling little busybody... I've got you out of my hair for good.

What's he looking at?... Surely it can't be... Tintin's fallen over that precipice...



And now, back to Chicago.



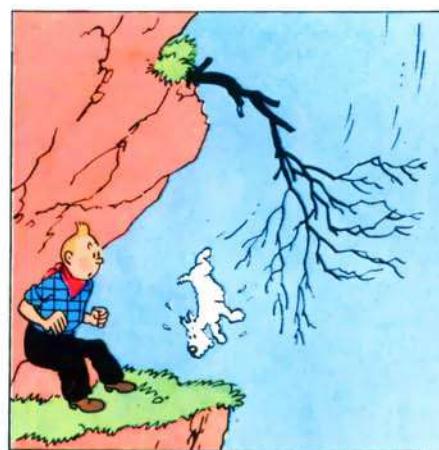
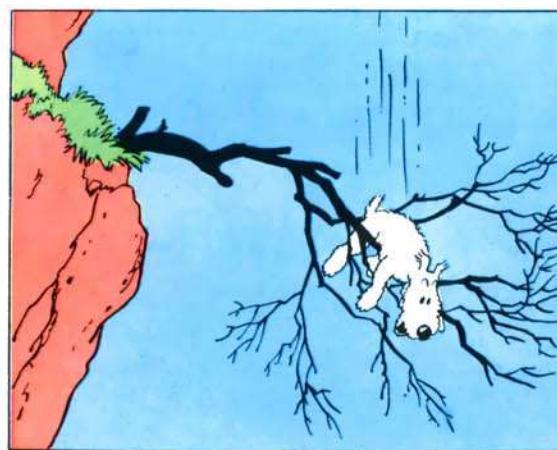
Wooah!... Wooah!... Wooah!



It's that dratted dog of Tintin's!... OK, he can follow his owner!



Wooah!...



Hello, Snowy! We both seem to have come by the same route!



I fell into space, like you. It was fantastic: there was this bush, and I fell right into it. It bent and dropped me on this ledge. So here I am, safe and sound, instead of smashed to bits in the canyon.



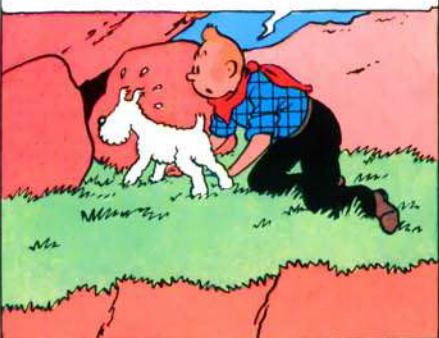
Still, we're only safe for the time being... I can't see any possible way of escape from here...



What are you sniffing at there, Snowy? ... Have you found something? ...

Good gracious!... Amazing!... It looks like some sort of cave... Why don't we see if it leads anywhere?

Here goes!

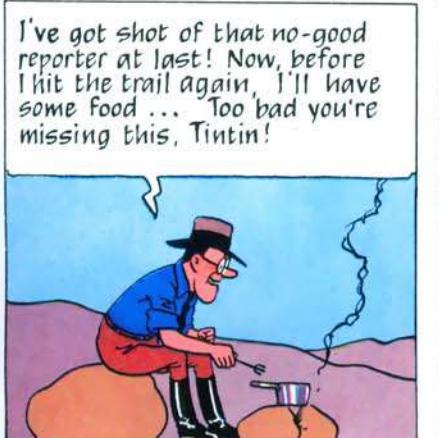


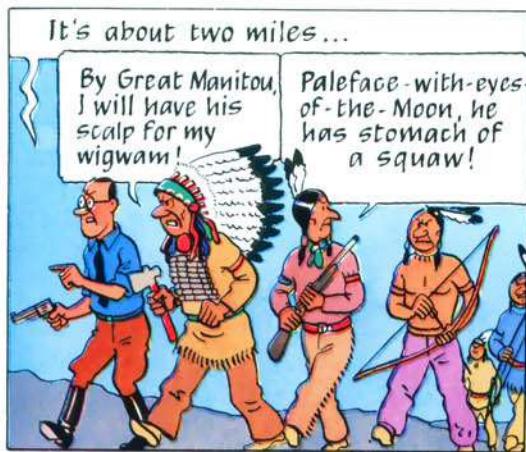
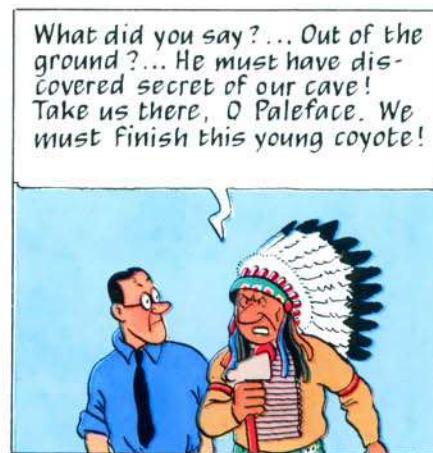
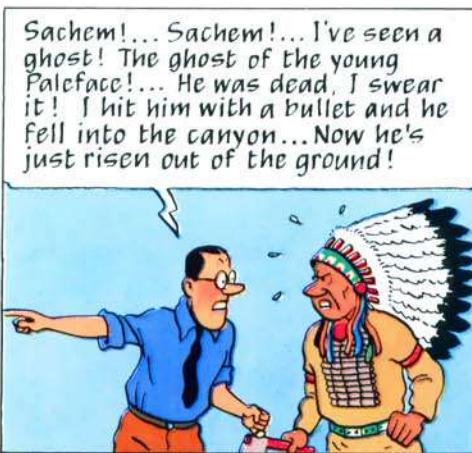
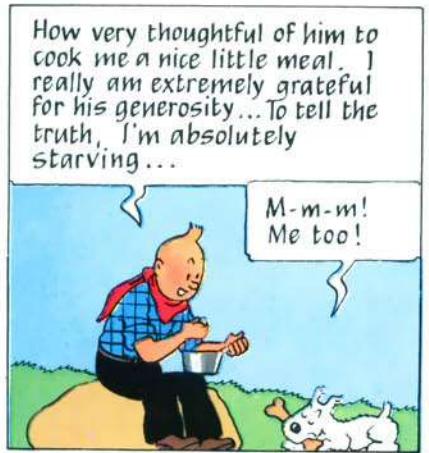
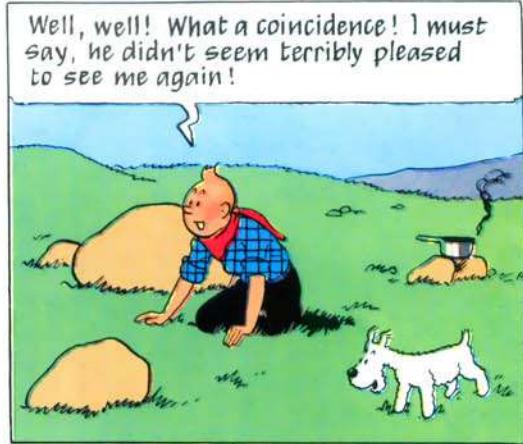
Where are we?

Careful, Snowy! ... Don't take any chances!

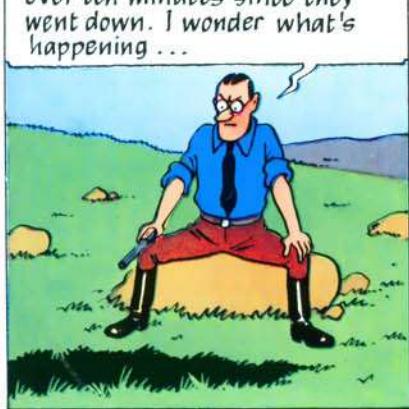
It's heading upwards more and more ...

Where are we going to come out?



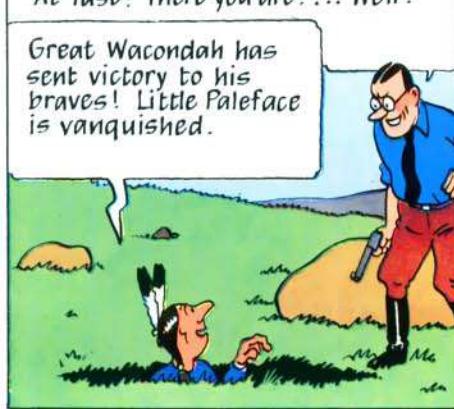


Over ten minutes since they went down. I wonder what's happening ...



At last! There you are! ... Well?

Great Wacondah has sent victory to his braves! Little Paleface is vanquished.



Our great Sachem did the deed. He brings his victim...

Fine! Fine! ...



Yet again Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole, he is worthy of his name. After heap big battle in darkness, with help of Great Wacondah, I, Sachem of Blackfeet, conquer the Paleface. Let my young warriors drag him from hole!



See! ... Pestilential prairie-dog! He trouble us no more.

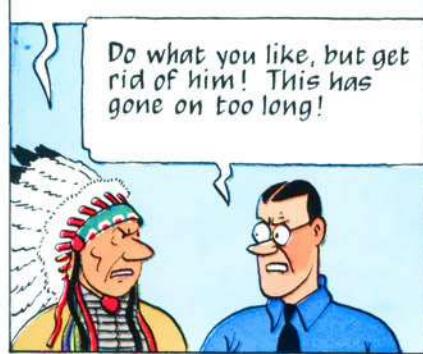


By Great Manitou! It is not the young Paleface!

Wriggling rattlesnakes! I made mistake! It is Lame Duck!

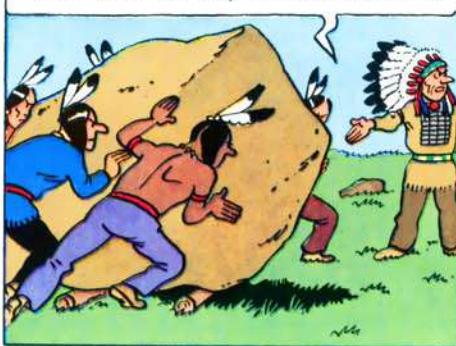


I have idea... Let us leave Little Paleface there, to starve to death in his burrow!



Do what you like, but get rid of him! This has gone on too long!

This end, heap big rock... other end, sheer drop! What can Paleface do? No way out but death...



Don't be afraid, Snowy. We aren't going to moulder away down here. They think we're trapped, but we're getting out. Look, I've emptied my cartridges and collected the powder. There! Now we'll blast their rocks to blazes!



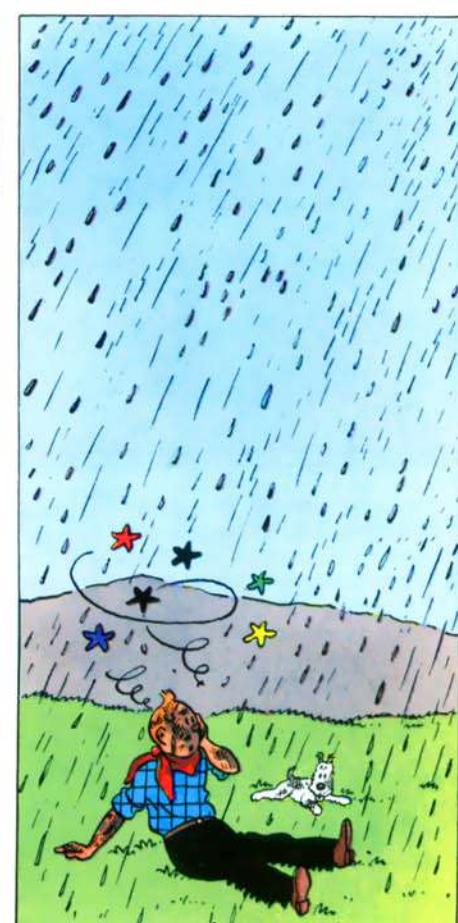
You wait here, Snowy. I'm going to lay my charge ...



Take care you don't blow us up as well!

Done it!... Now... there'll be a tremendous explosion... and that rock will pop like a champagne cork... Any minute now, we'll be free!...





Great snakes!... OIL!...
A liquid fortune, and no
one to harness it!

Golly! And
there's me,
thinking that
oil came out
of a can!

OK, son! Here's the contract. Sign there!
Five thousand dollars for your oil well...

H-h-how did you know there was
an oil well here?... It's less
than ten minutes since it blew...

Know-how, sonny boy!
Unerring American know-
how! Never fails!

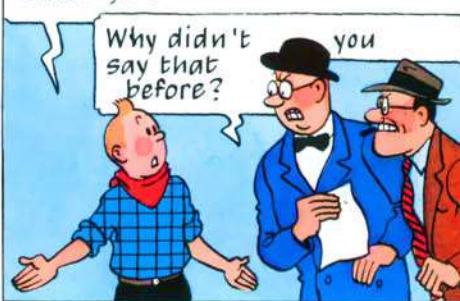
Von't listen to that crook!... Sign
here! Ten thousand dollars for
your oil well!...



Hey, buddy! Don't you sign!
I'm offering twenty-five grand!



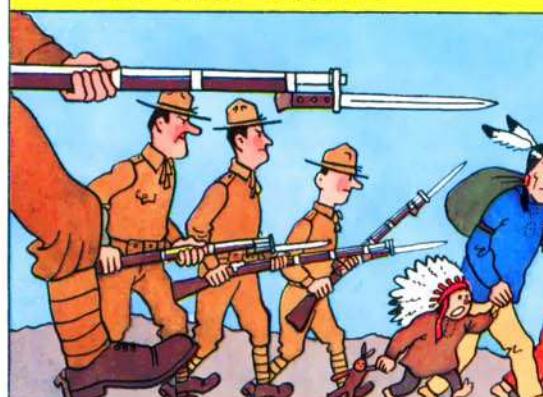
I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but
that oil well isn't mine to sell. It
belongs to the Blackfoot Indians
who live in this part of the
country...



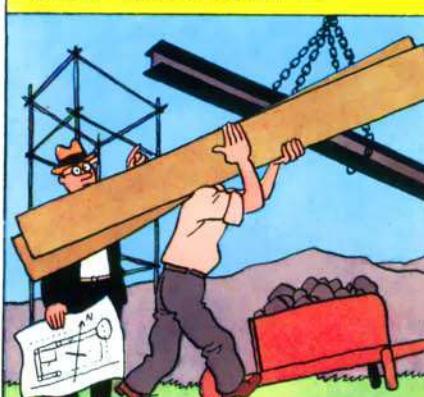
Here, Hiawatha! Twenty-
five dollars, and half an
hour to pack your bags
and quit the territory!



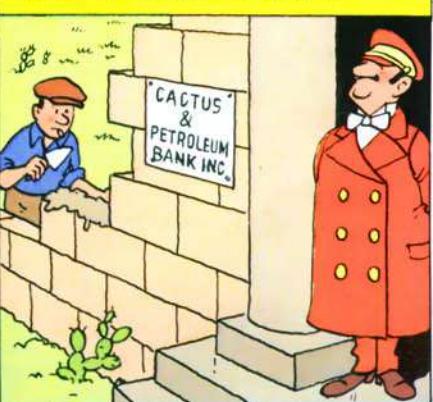
An hour later...



Two hours later...



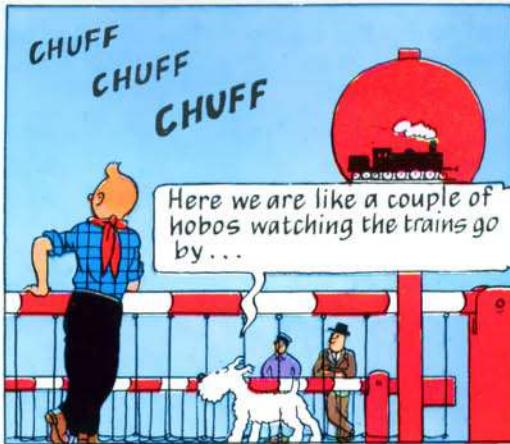
Three hours later...



The next morning...



Out of luck again! With all that ballyhoo, Bobby Smiles managed to give us the slip... How can I possibly find him again now?



Station-master! Station-master!
What time does the next train leave?

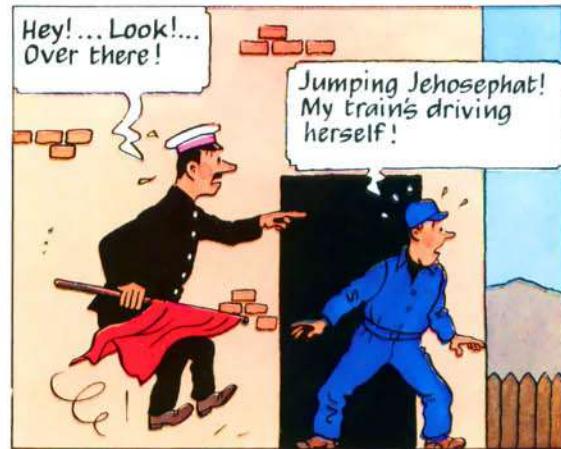
Next train, huh?...
Tomorrow...
Same time...



Beaten! He's defeated me again! ... Unless ...



Hey!... Look!... Over there!

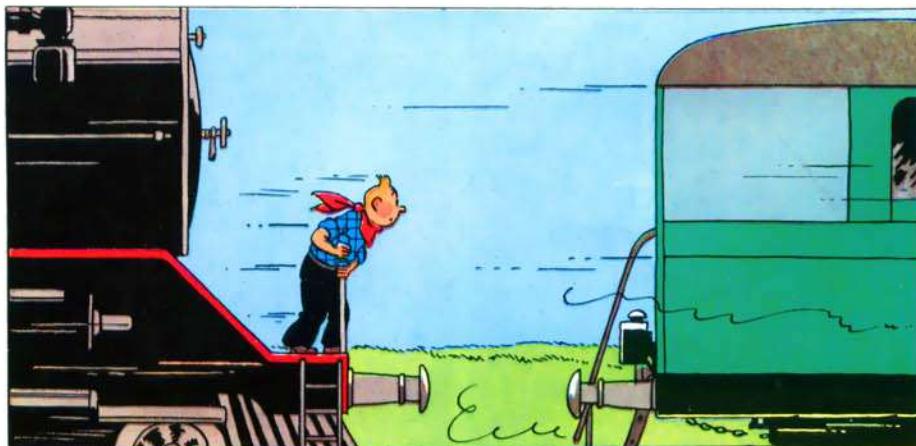
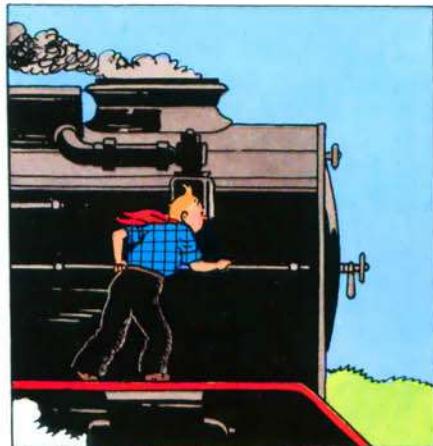
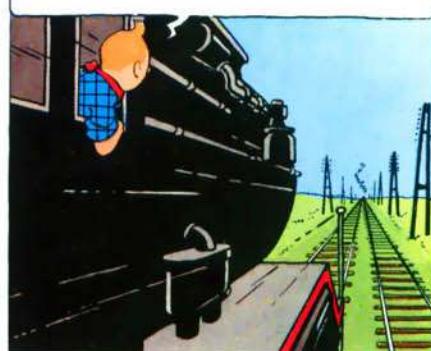


So long, folks!...
We'll send you a nice postcard!

Terribly sorry!... I'm only borrowing it! ...



Hooray! We're catching up!
I can see smoke from the other train ...



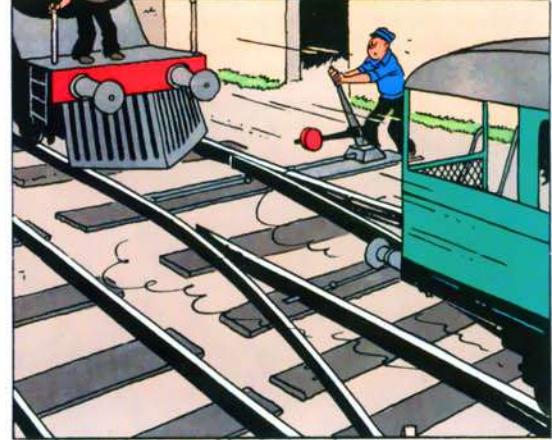
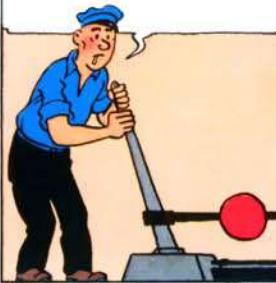
Hello?... Block one-five-two?... There's a loco running crazy on the track... Yes... She mustn't overtake the Flyer... Switch her on to number seven...



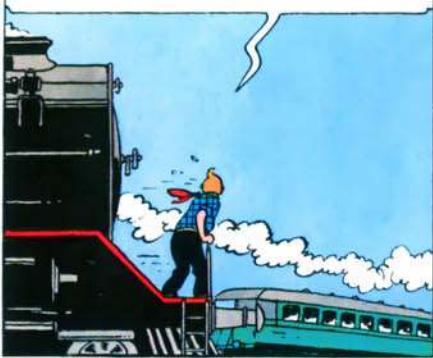
Right you are, boss! Count on me!



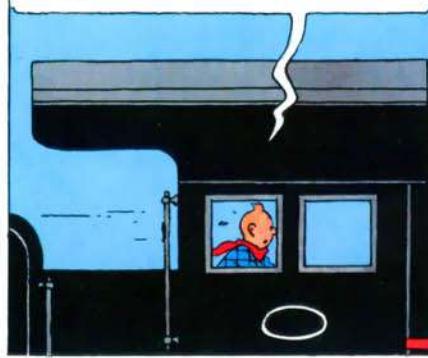
Phew! Just in time! Here comes the Flyer... with the runaway train on her tail...



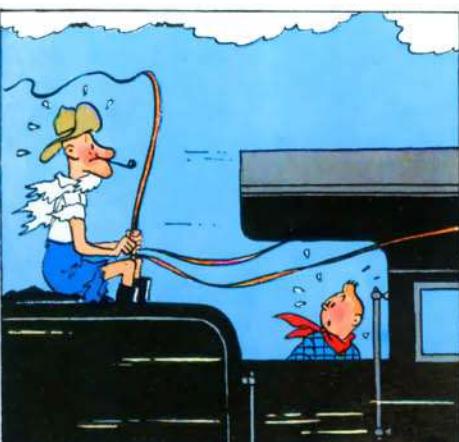
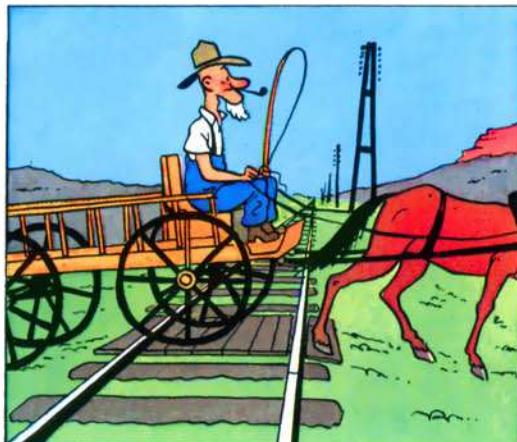
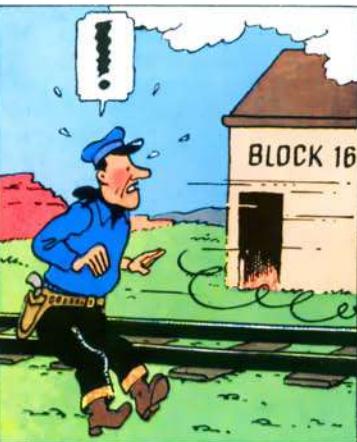
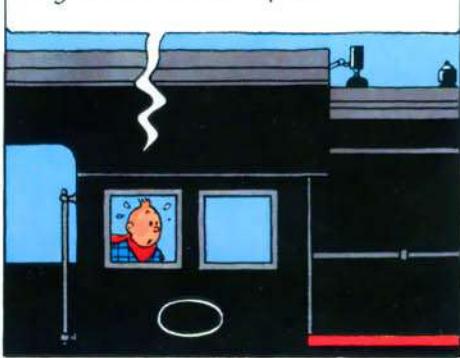
Drat! We've been switched to another track ...



Quick, stop the engine, and back up. We'll soon be on the right track ...



That's torn it! The brake lever's jammed. Now I understand. This engine was in for repairs!



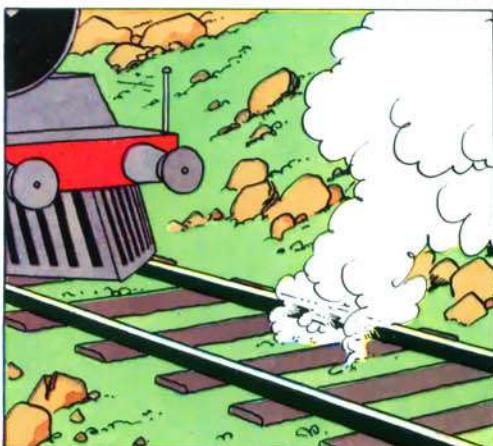
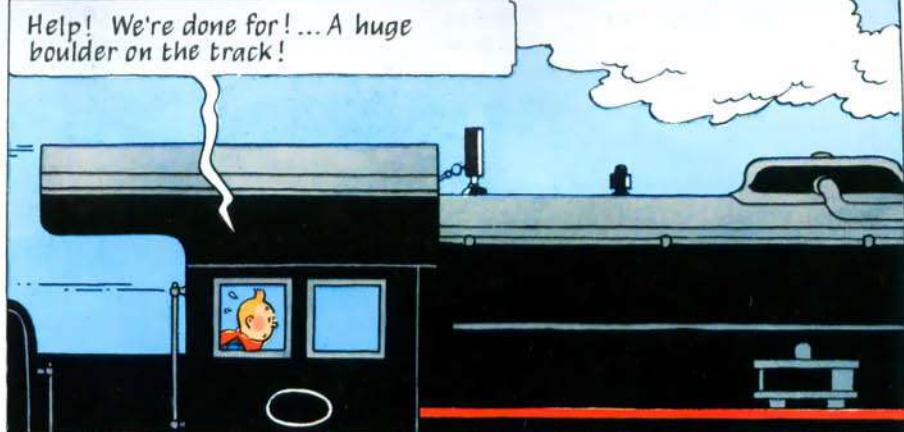
Only one way to clear this here track, Jem, and that's dynamite. We got plenty of time. Next train won't be coming through till tomorrow morning ...



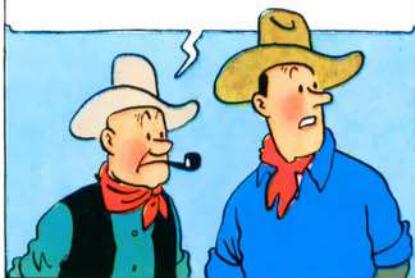
*Slim!... Train's a'comin'... Quick!
Light the fuse or she'll smash
into the rock...*



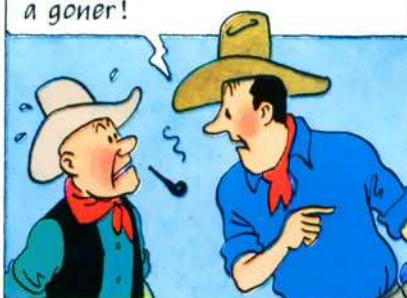
*Help! We're done for!... A huge
boulder on the track!*



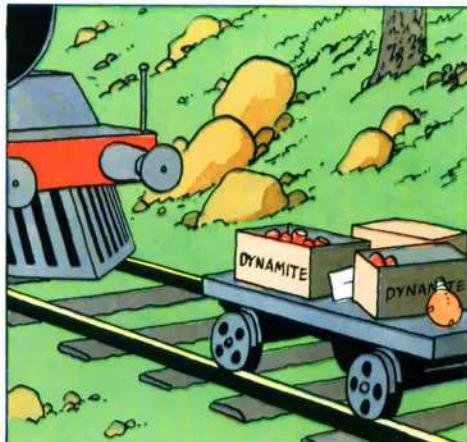
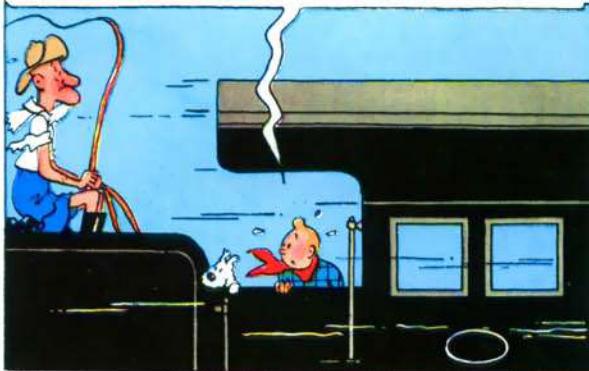
*Boy, that sure was close!
The dynamite went up in the
nick of time! Two seconds
later, and she'd have been
blown to glory!*



*Leapin' lizards, Jem!... The
trolley with our tools and the
spare sticks of dynamite...
It's there, half a mile down the
track!... She's done for, she's
a goner!*



*This is our lucky day, Snowy, and no
mistake...*



This is awful!... Awful!



What a disaster!
What a disaster!
Crew must be smashed to smithereens!



Say, Jem! This is the only piece left!
Sure is grisly!



Jes' terrible!

Horrible!



HEY!



HEY!



Hey!



Where's my dog?

Your dog? Can't tell you, son.
We ain't found nuttin'...

Pardon me, sir.
Can you direct
me to my wagon?



We must look! Snowy can't have vanished... He simply can't...

I've searched everywhere already...



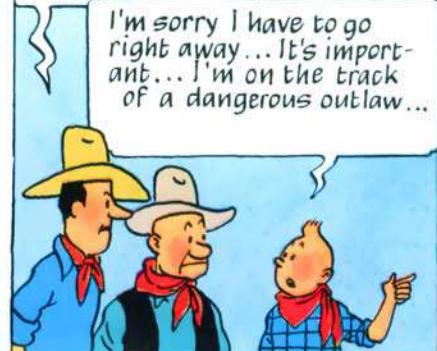
Snowy! At last! There you are, my old friend! This time I really thought you'd gone for good!

You can take my word, Tintin, it hasn't been much of a picnic stuck under that coal-scuttle...

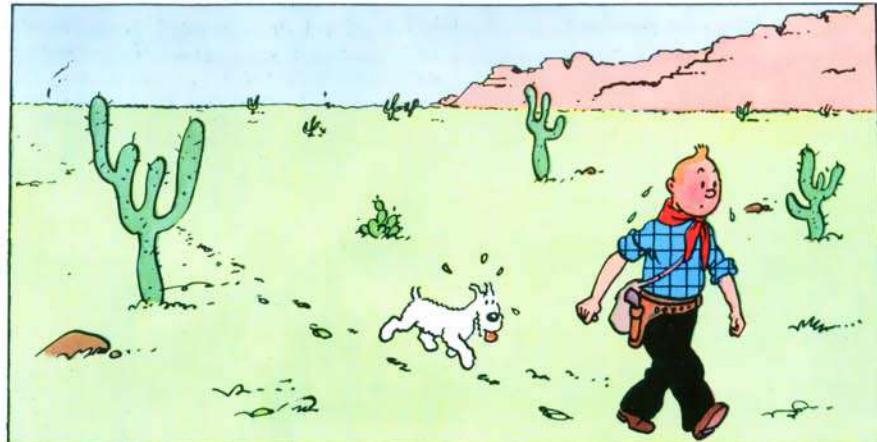


Hey, you plannin' on leavin'?... You can't light out jes' like that...

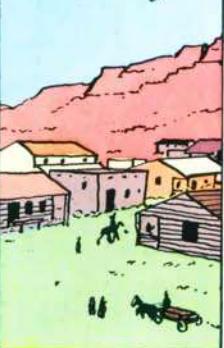
I'm sorry I have to go right away... It's important... I'm on the track of a dangerous outlaw...



Now then, off we go. With the supplies those good fellows gave us, I'm not worried about facing the desert...



In a small town, some miles away...



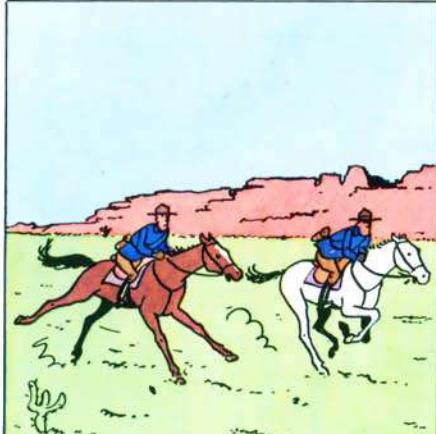
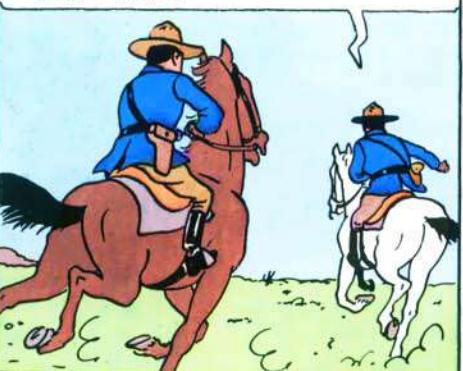
Yeah, that's all I know... When I came into the bank this morning, like I always do, there was the boss, and the safe wide open... I raised the alarm, and we hanged a few fellers right away... but the thief got clear...



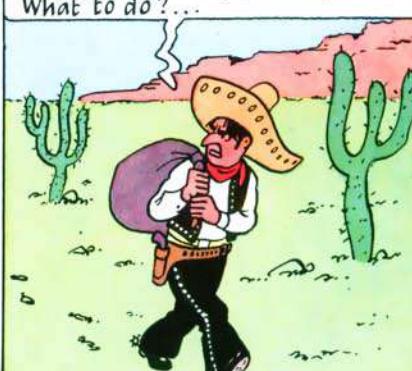
After the robbery he got away through the window... Say, look at his footprints... a dead giveaway. See that: just one row of nails on the right boot...



With tracks like that, we'll soon catch him!



Madre de Dios! Thees footsteps, they geev me away pronto, pronto... What to do?...



Caramba! Un hombre... Oho!... Ees sleeping!... Bueno, bueno!... Pedro, he theenk he has a vairey vairey good idea!...



If he wake, if he move, I shoot heem ...



Ees done!... Now, Pedro not have to worry any more ...



Aaaah!... Up we get! Siesta's finished. Come on Snowy: on our way...



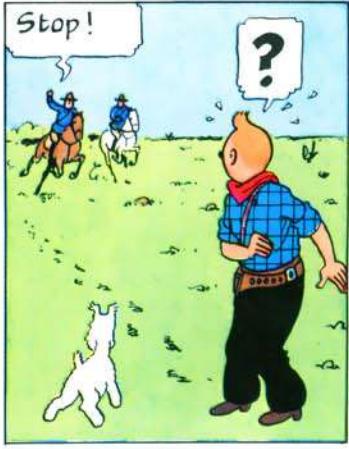
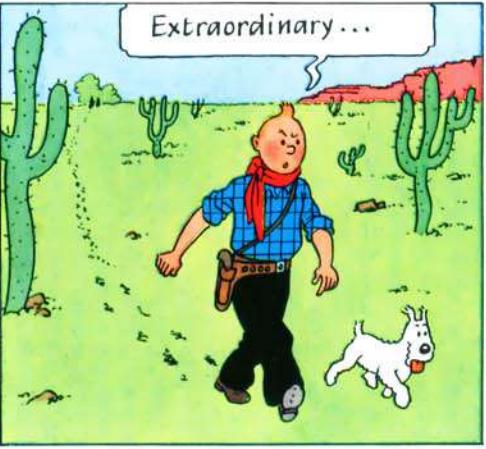
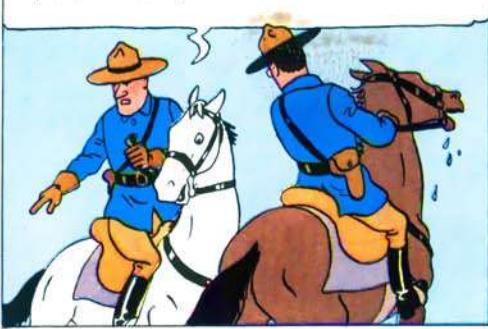
Hello! What an extraordinary thing. These aren't my boots. They have nails, and spurs as well... How very peculiar... I can't understand it...



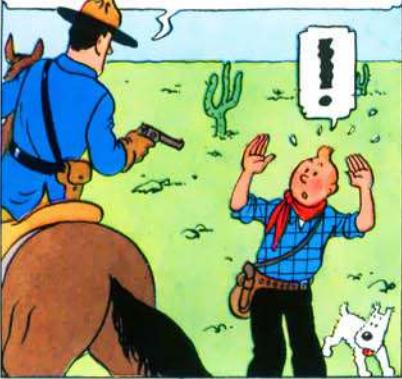
It's really quite extra-ordinary...



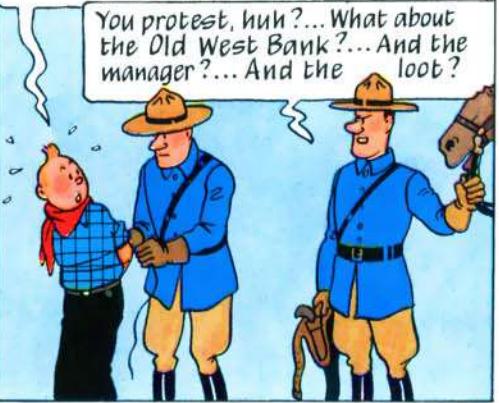
Look at those tracks... I'd say he was trying to disguise them... But he can't fool us... We'll soon catch up with him!



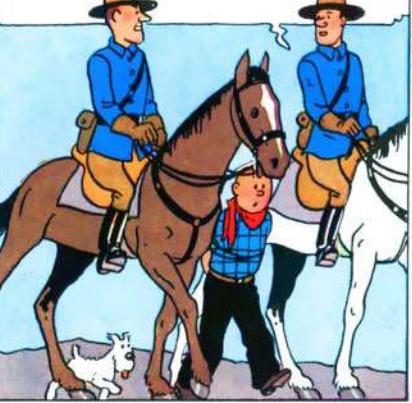
OK buddy... You're under arrest!



But why? I protest!...



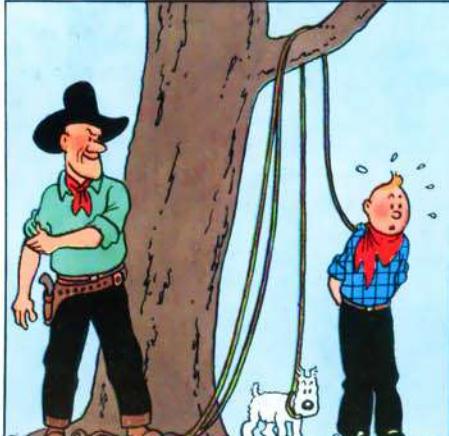
We'll be back in town by dark...

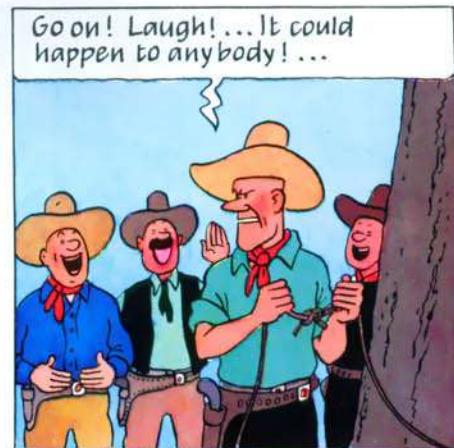
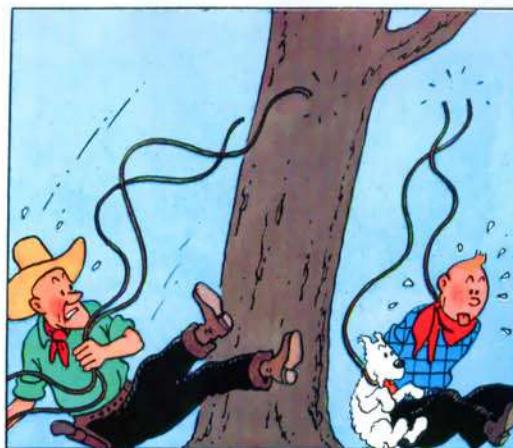
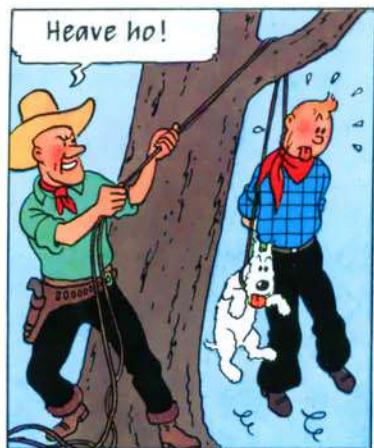


They're back!... They're back! They got the bank-robber!



Nothing we can do, Fred... It's a lynch mob! ...





Meanwhile ...

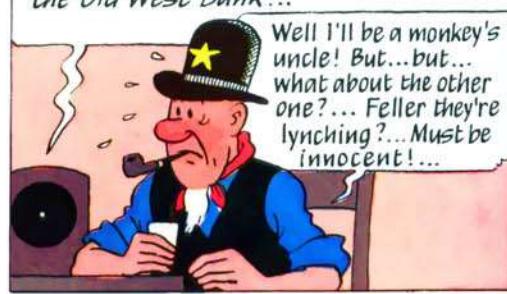


Here are yesterday's facts and figures from the City Bureau of Statistics: twenty-four banks have failed, twenty-four managers are in jail. Thirty-five babies have been kidnapped ...

... forty-four hoboes have been lynched. One hundred gallons of bootlegged whisky have been seized: the District Attorney and twenty-nine policemen are in hospital ...



Hold on, folks, we have a news flash! We just heard the notorious bandit Pedro Ramirez has been arrested while trying to cross the State line. He confessed to yesterday's robbery at the Old West Bank ...



I jes' gotta save him! ... No one's gonna say that the Sheriff ...



Let 'em lynch an innocent feller... 'Specially since I'm the only one who knows he ain't guilty... Aw, now, one more glass ... Las' one...



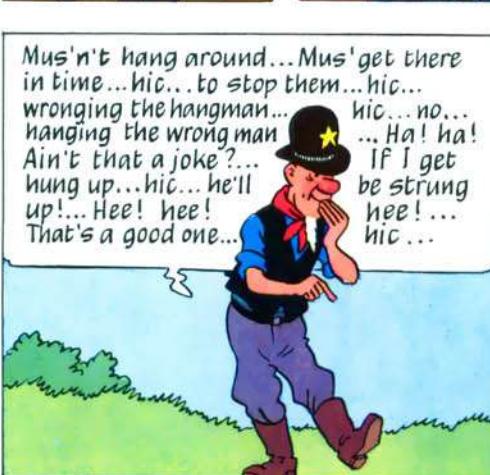
Git movin', Sheriff ... My, ain't this whisky jes' delicious ... Now ...



Let's go... to stop... this... here... hanging ...



Mus'n't hang around... Mus'get there in time... hic... to stop them... hic... wronging the hangman... hic... no... hanging the wrong man... hic... Ha! ha! Ain't that a joke? ... If I get hung up... hic... he'll be strung up!... Hee! hee! That's a good one... hic...



An' I say... hic... the guilty ish innoshent ... ish the... hic... the radio ... No... ish the whisky ... thass guilty!

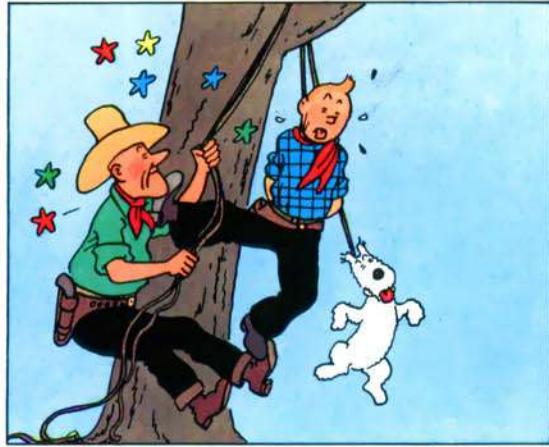
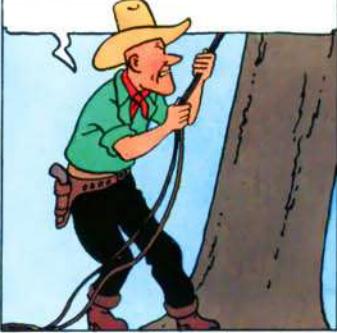


VOLSTEAD ACT
WHOSOEVER SHALL BE FOUND IN A DRUNKEN STATE
PRISON FINE
CONFISCATED
UTMOST SEVERITY
SHERIFF

Right, are you ready?

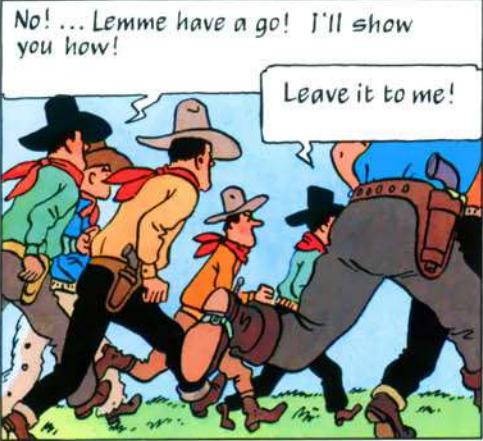


This time, buddy, there
ain't gonna be no mistakes!
I got my reputation to
think of...

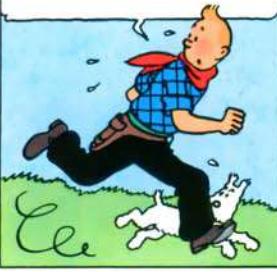


No! ... Lemme have a go! I'll show
you how!

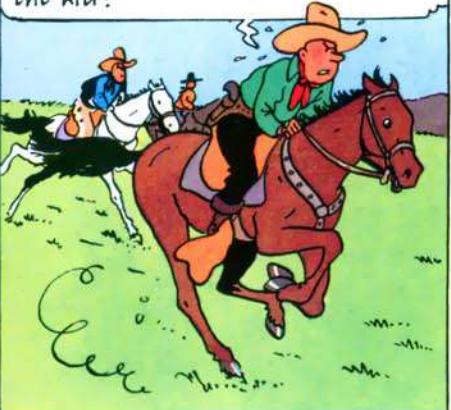
Leave it to me!



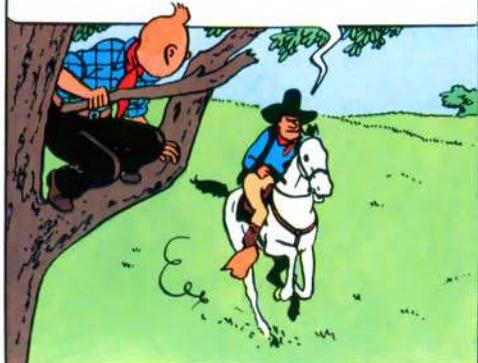
No good trying to tell
them I'm innocent.
Better get out of
here... and make
it fast!



Trust Big Jim to take off on that
mustang of his... Like always,
he'll be the lucky guy and catch
the kid!



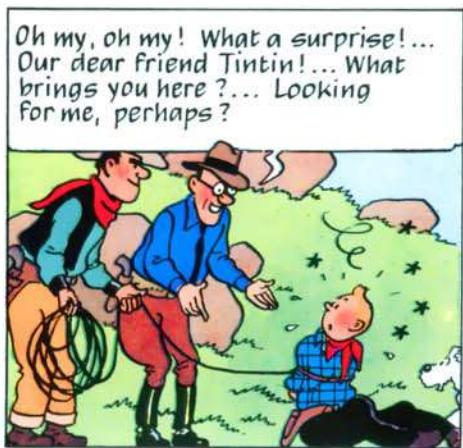
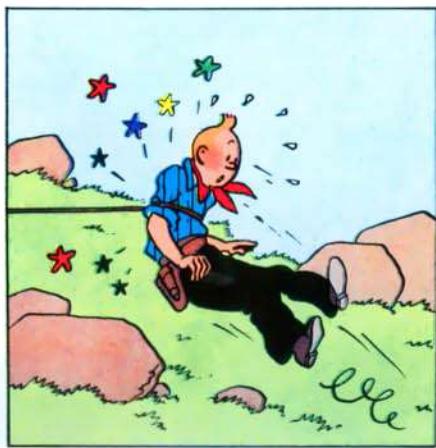
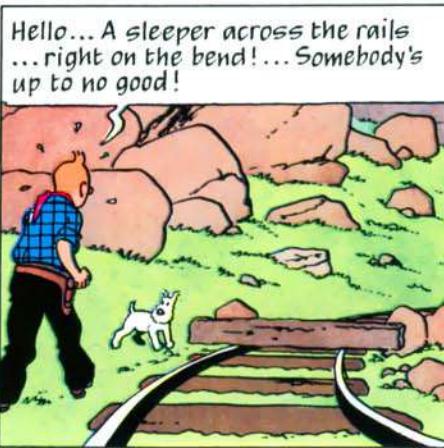
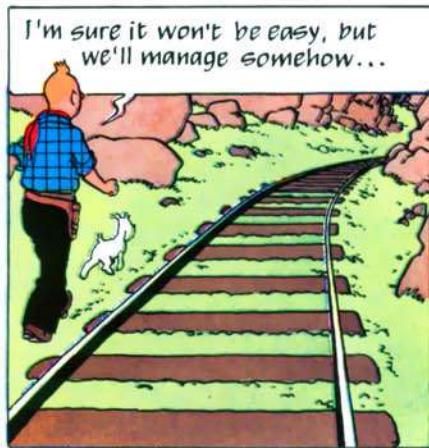
Beats me... he's gone and
disappeared some place... I know
he was near this tree, last I saw
of him... But I'll get him for
sure, or my name ain't Big Jim!



Yippee! He went out like a light ...

Saved!... They've given up the chase ...

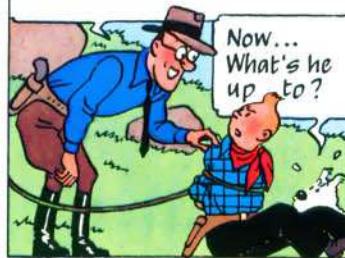
It's growing dark now. We'll camp here for the night, Snowy, and make a fresh start in the morning.



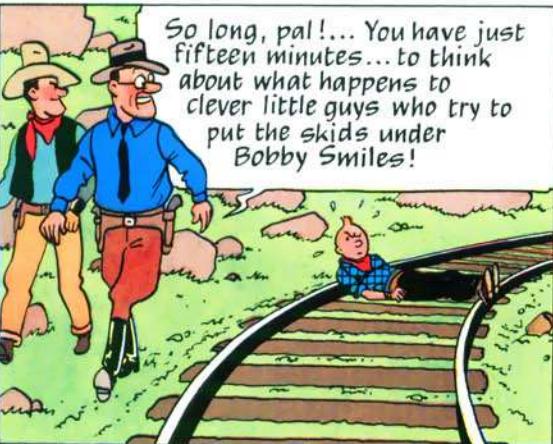
Well, well! I'm glad to have spared you a longer search... By the way, I was planning to wreck the Flyer... A cool half million bucks in the mail coach... But on second thoughts, I won't bother...



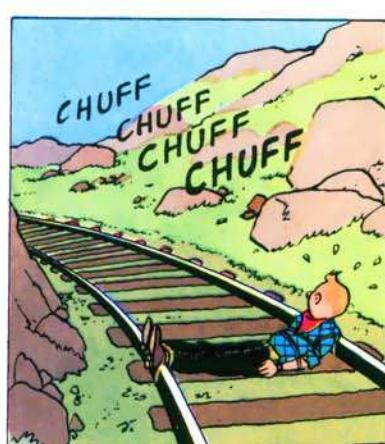
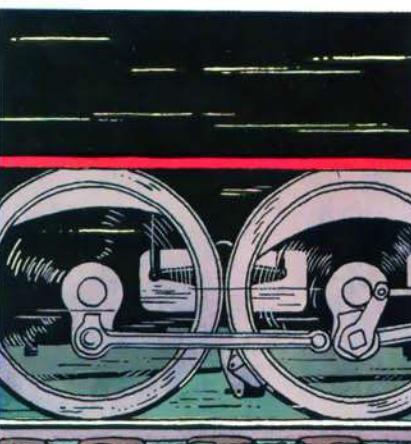
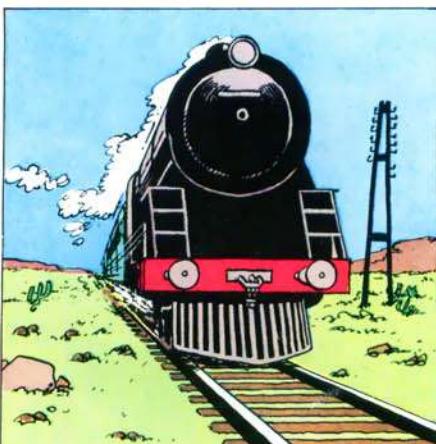
No, I won't bother. I'd rather let the train go on its way. Big of me, isn't it? But naturally, I'll see you tied securely on the track first...

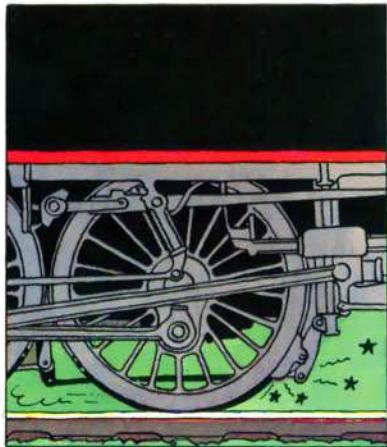
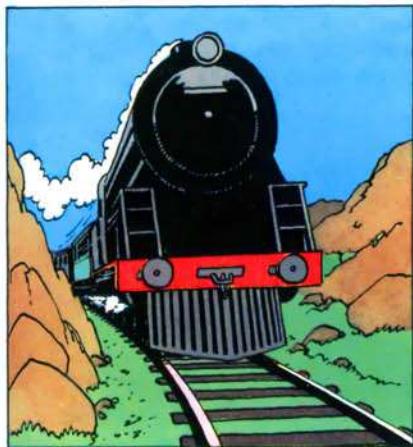


So long, pal!... You have just fifteen minutes... to think about what happens to clever little guys who try to put the skids under Bobby Smiles!



I'm done for! That fellow knows his job: these knots are like iron. Tintin, my friend, this time you're finished!





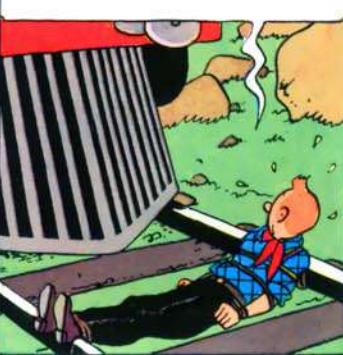
Yes, it was me!... It is a disgrace!
... I saw a puma attacking a deer.
As a member of the American
Association of Animal Admirers
I positively insist that you do
something... right now!



What?! Lady, you
stopped the Flyer
for that?!... Fifty
dollars Fine!



I'm sure I heard a
whistle... So I can't be
dead...



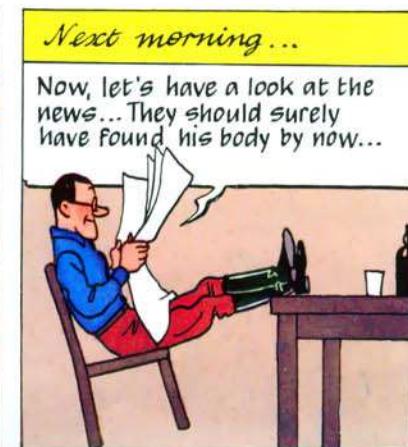
Now what's the
matter? I heard
someone hollering...



Smouldering smokestacks!
You sure can thank
your stars!

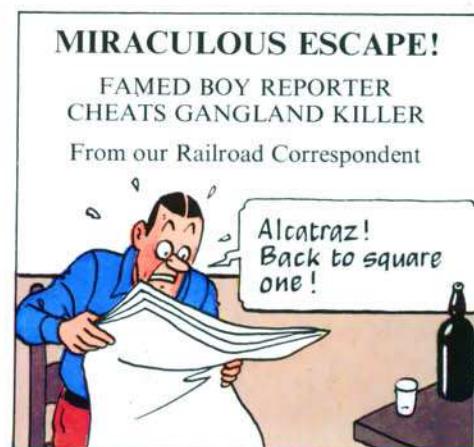


And how! If you hadn't stopped...
I'd be playing a harp by now!



Next morning...

Now, let's have a look at the
news... They should surely
have found his body by now...



MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

FAMED BOY REPORTER
CHEATS GANGLAND KILLER
From our Railroad Correspondent

Alcatraz!
Back to square
one!

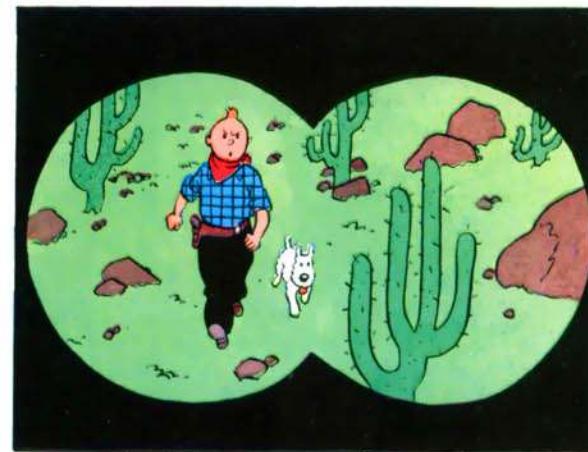
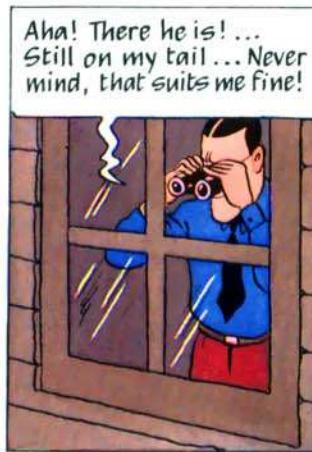
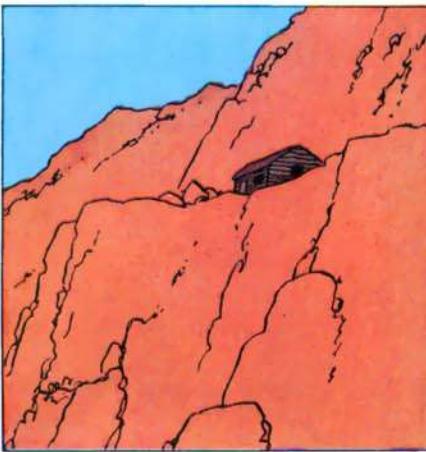
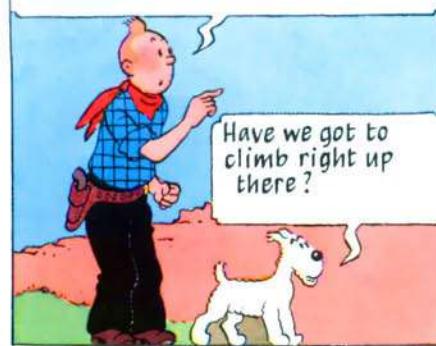
Our dear Bobby Smiles will have quite a surprise when sees me reappear!



Oho, we're coming to the mountains...



There's a cabin up there... Can that be it?... What a superb hideout: a real eagle's nest...



We don't often go climbing... Good practice for us, Snowy! ...



You know, Tintin, some people do this for fun!



Wait a minute... He's very nearly there... Now for the big laugh...



One... two... three!... Up she goes! ... And this, Tintin, is one story you won't write!

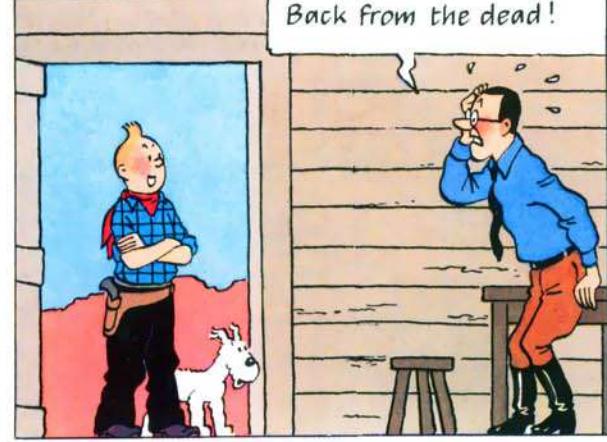


I had to blow up half the mountain, but, boy, it did the trick!

Tintin, my dear departed friend, here's to you!

And to you, too!

Back from the dead!



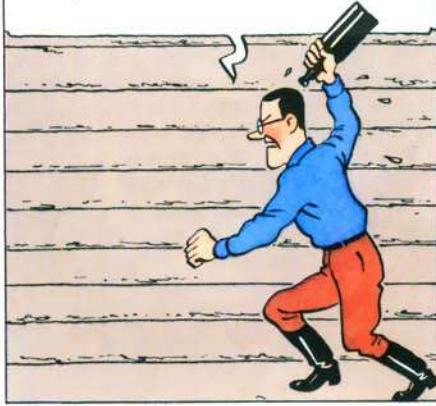
Back from the dead, indeed! If I hadn't been protected by an overhanging rock ...



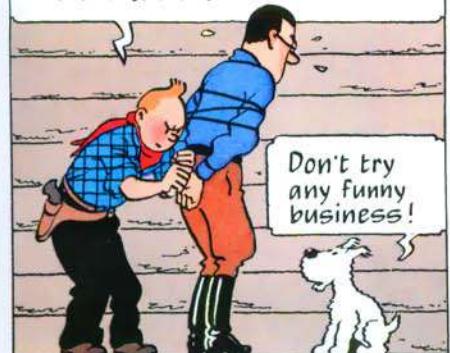
... I'd be dead as a doornail!



Well, better late than never!



Believe me, it's far better to give in. As you see, I always get there in the end.



Don't try any funny business!

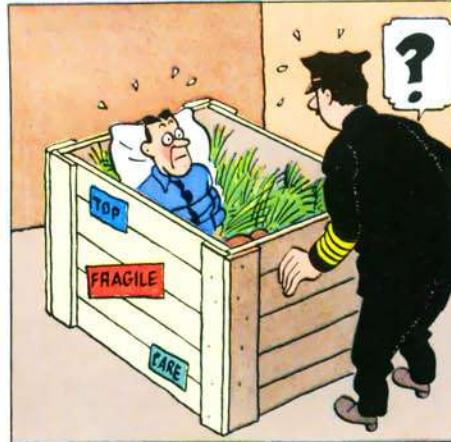
Three days later, in Chicago ...

Hello? ... Yeah? ... Chief of Police? ... That's me! ... Tintin? Nope! Not a squeak ... Been gone a long while now ... Trouble? ... Sure is! ... Nope ... Ain't heard a word ...



Come in!





That you, Chuck? How are my favourite newshounds? ... Look, you can put it on the wire we got Bobby Smiles... Sure, the gangland king, the one Tintin's been after... He just arrived in the mail... Yeah, that's what said: special delivery... Sure, for immediate release...

Next morning...
You stay there, Snowy. I'm just going round to police headquarters... I'll come straight back.

'Bye then.'

Mr. Tintin? I'm the head of World Vaudeville Inc., and I'm signing you up for one thousand dollars a week. And here's my cheque for five thousand dollars expenses...

You're booked for Pantechicon Radio, Mr. Tintin... Two thousand dollars a week for exclusive fireside chats...

Five thousand dollars ...

Paranoid Productions are starring you in their new billion-dollar movie spectacular ...



I have a message for you, sir! Profit from our new religion! Join the Brothers of Neo-judeo-buddho-islamo-americanism, and earn the highest dividends in the world!



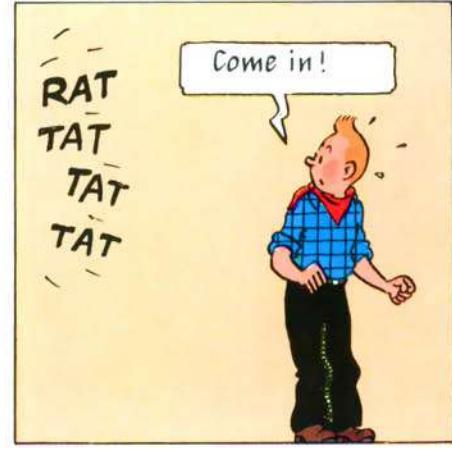
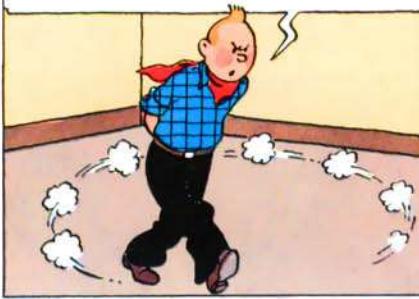
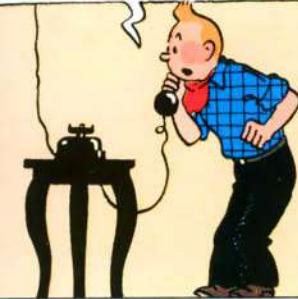
If you agree, put a white handkerchief in your window.
Otherwise ...

Hello, hello! Reception?... This is Tintin!... My dog's been kidnapped... Yes, Snowy! Don't let anyone leave the hotel... What?... Your house detective?... Good...

What can I do?... What can I do?... If I refuse, Snowy dies! But give in to threats? Never!... So, what can I do?... What?... What?...

RAT
TAT
TAT
TAT

Come in!

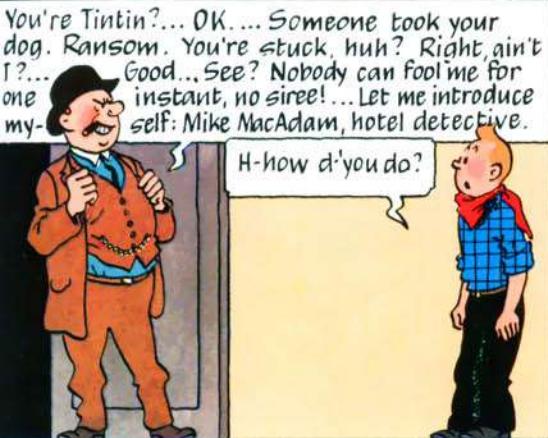


You're Tintin?... OK.... Someone took your dog. Ransom. You're stuck, huh? Right, ain't I?... Good... See? Nobody can fool me for one instant, no siree!... Let me introduce myself: Mike MacAdam, hotel detective.

H-how d'you do?

Mind if I begin detecting?

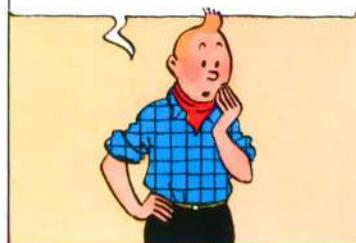
Right, here's the picture... Your dog's asleep. Someone comes in. Chloro-forms the pooch. Puts him in a sack... the kidnapper is thirty-three years and six weeks old. Speaks English with an Eskimo accent. Smokes "Paper Dollar" cigarettes. Wears an undershirt and has matching garters... Easily identified by a tattoo-mark on his left shoulder-blade...



The kidnapper has a slight limp with the right foot; cut himself trimming a corn the day before yesterday. And one more detail: snores in his sleep... When I tell you, sir, his grandfather was scalped by the Sioux forty years ago, and he has a profound dislike for birdsnest soup, you know everything I've spotted from a quick look round.

I'll be back within the hour... with your dog, of course.

What powers of deduction!... And what assurance!... A real Sherlock Holmes! I really didn't think detectives like that existed, except in books!



An hour later...

Come in!

Hey presto!... Your dog!

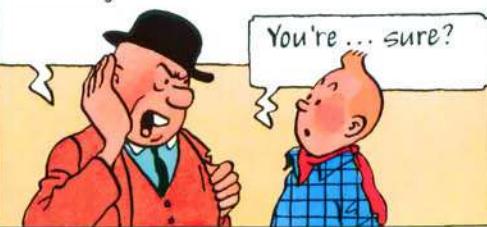
Monster!... You!... You stole my little Fritzy!



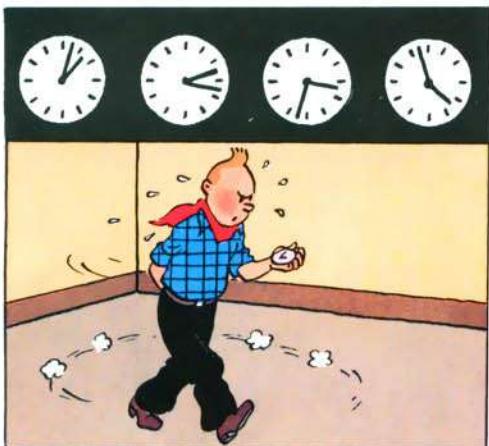
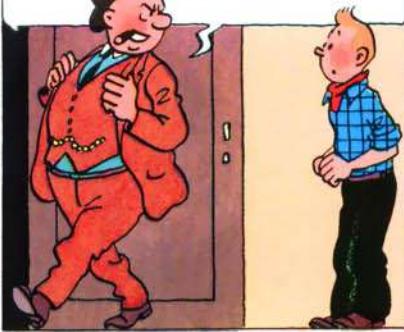
Ouch! The good lady certainly didn't spare the rod!



The good lady?... What's all this about a good lady?... The attacker, sir, hit me over the head with a Javanese club. It was a man, twenty-two years old, with two back teeth missing. Wears rubber-soled shoes and is a regular reader of the "Saturday Evening Post".



Sure I'm sure! This time he won't escape me. You'll have your dog back within the hour!



Well done. Thank you very much. But we've already spent enough time getting nowhere. I think I'll continue the case myself.



Chicago Tribune! ... New York Herald! ... Daily News! ...



Aha! The white handkerchief in the window... He's gonna pay up!



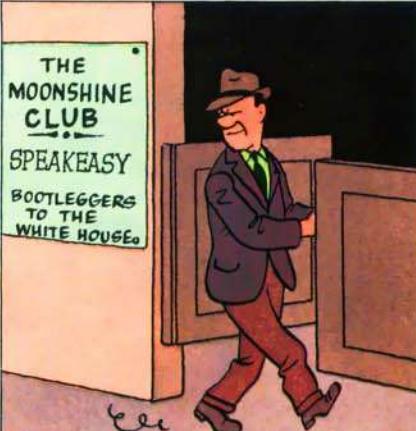
Give me a Tribune, a Times, a Herald, a News and a Globe... the lot!

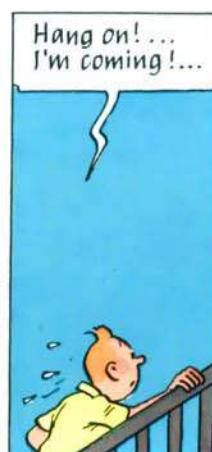
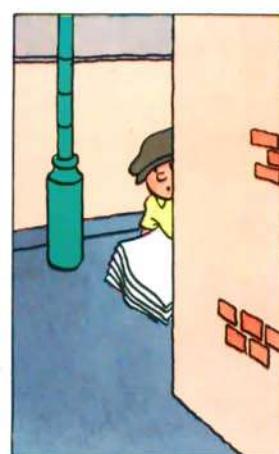
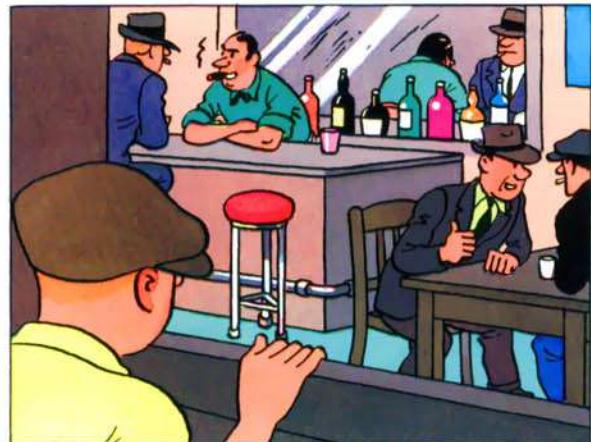


Still nothing in the papers... That's good: means he hasn't called in the cops!



THE
MOONSHINE CLUB
SPEAKEASY
BOOTLEGGERS TO THE WHITE HOUSE





All the same, I'm going to keep an eye on the building ...



Careful...That's him coming out...Great Snakes!...Look, that parcel ...



It's Snowy! I know it is!



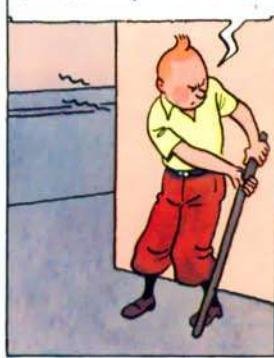
He's hitting him! ... I must do something!



If I dash round the block I can lie in wait on the corner...



A stick!...That's handy! Just what I need right now...



Steady... Cool, calm and collected ... He's coming ...



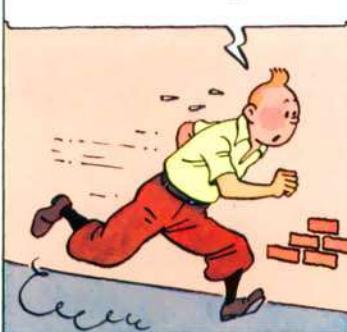
* Oops!...Sorry!



Say, what's going on?... If I'm seen around here I'll be picked up for sure...Beat it, Bugsie boy!



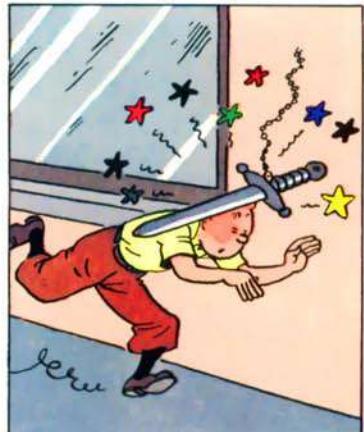
Crikey, what a bloomer! ... I'd better get out, and fast! ... I'm in dead trouble if I'm caught!



BANG BANG



THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES ARMORER



You there! Yes you, baby-face! Come with me!



Here he is, sir!
Little hoodlum!



Name and occupation?



???

Tintin,
reporter...



You have to pardon me, Mr Tintin, for
keeping you so long...



The trouble is, now I've lost track
of the kidnapper... I'd better go back
to the place I last saw him and try
to pick up the trail.



This is where I hit
that poor policeman
by mistake... Let's see, I reckon this
is the way he went
...



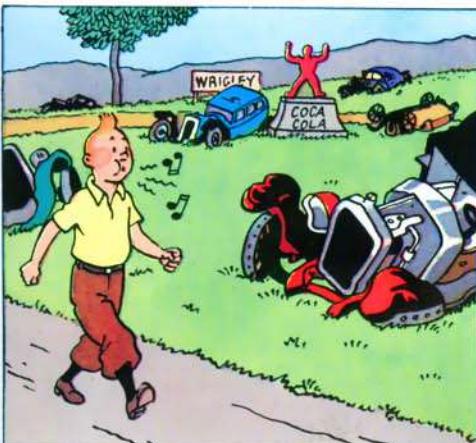
Excuse me, officer, but have you
by any chance seen a man in a
cloth cap, with a large parcel
under his arm? Somewhere
here, about an hour ago?...



Yeah, I noticed the guy. Came
past here. Then over there, on
the corner, he got into a red
sedan... seemed to be waiting
for him. They took off in the
direction of Silvermount.



?



A red sedan? A red sedan just
came out of those gates...



Could be...

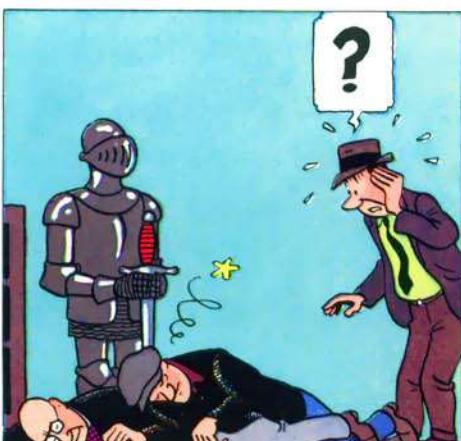
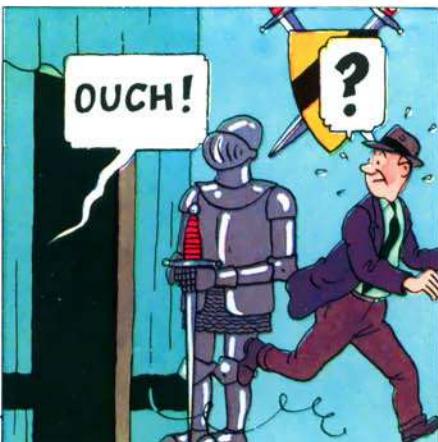
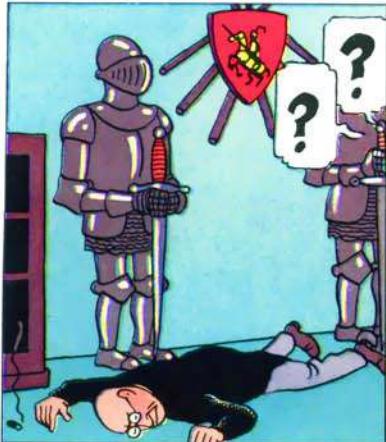
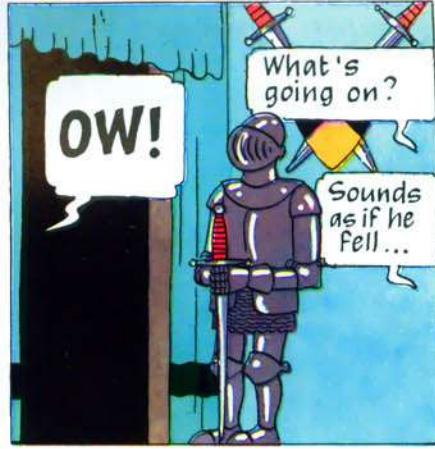
So you got away scot free after your third job... That's great, great. Now, listen to this... I'm planning that we turn our little venture into a regular business operation. Everything legit. We'll advertise, something like: "Need a snatch? Call the experts, KID-NAP INC. Speedy, discreet, and our victims never talk... guaranteed. Town and country service."

Excuse me while I fetch you the byelaws of our future corporation...

OW!

What's going on?

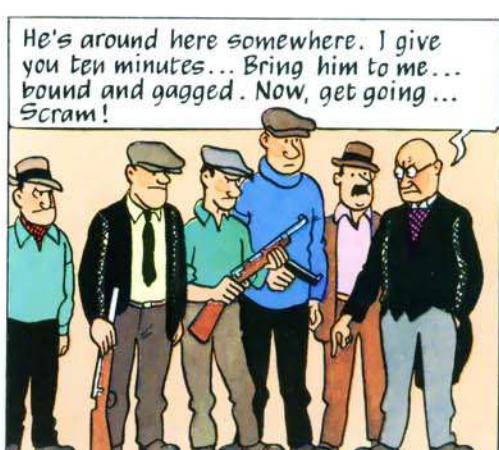
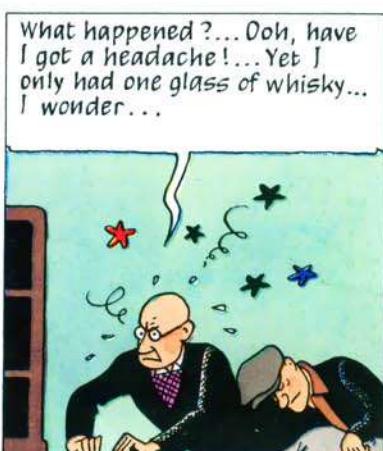
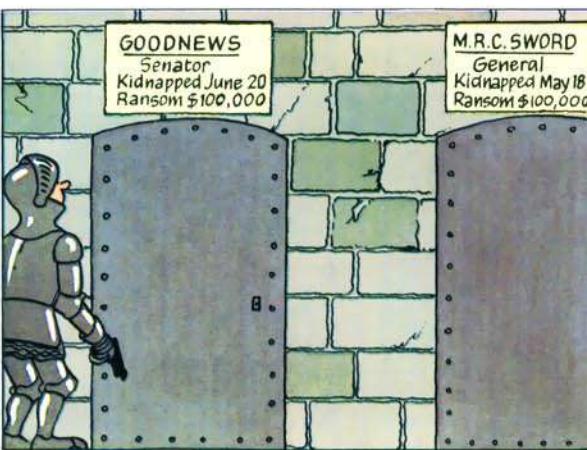
Sounds as if he fell...



Good work! ...Phew! I was beginning to cook inside here...

Now they're safely out of the way, I must look for Snowy...





At least a dozen of them after us. I can hear their footsteps already.

I don't fancy being in their clutches again ...

KEEP

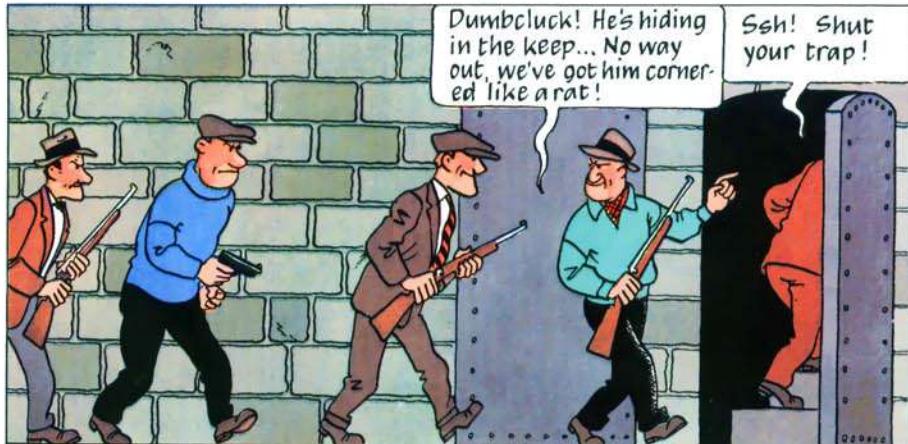
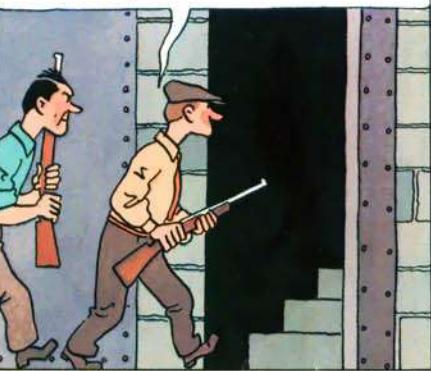
DUNG

DUNGEONS

KEEP

Take care you don't go through the wrong door, Tintin!

He went this way ... Look, he left the door open ...



There! All gone in! Full house!



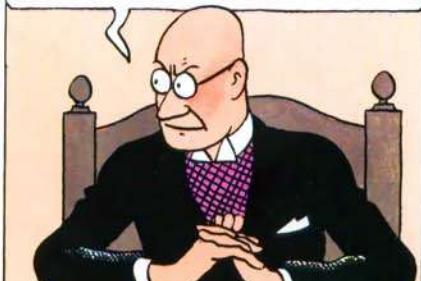
What about that, eh Snowy? ... No one noticed the signs had been switched ... So now we lock them all in the keep.



Now that bunch are under lock and key, we must take care of the other three.



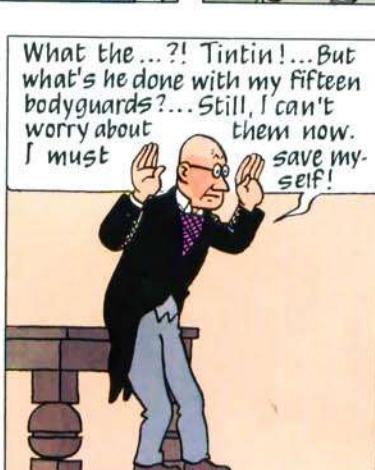
Half an hour! It's half an hour since they left, and not one single sound have I heard. It's positively creepy ...



Hands up!



What the ... ?! Tintin! ... But what's he done with my fifteen bodyguards? ... Still, I can't worry about them now. I must save myself!



Next morning ...

...Number one reporter Tintin triumphs again with a gang of dangerous crooks handed over to the police... a kidnap syndicate busted by the the young sleuth. The cops also netted an important haul of confidential files. Still at large is the gang's mastermind, now the object of intense police activity...



The object of intense police activity!... Ha! ha! ha! ... The "object" is going to show what he thinks of your activities... He's got another card up his sleeve! ... Hello?... Maurice?... Yes, it's me... You still with Grynde?



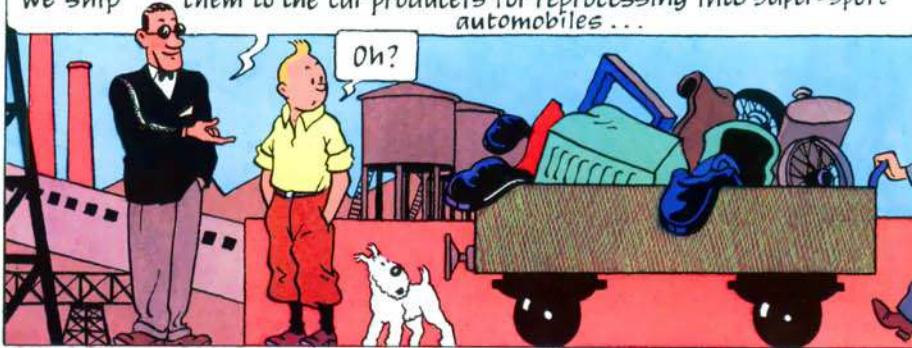
Next morning ...

THE DIRECTORS OF
GRYNDE
HAVE PLEASURE IN INVITING
Mr. Tintin
TO VISIT
THEIR NEW PLANT

Well, well! An invitation to see the Grynde cannery. That should be extremely interesting. I think I'll go...



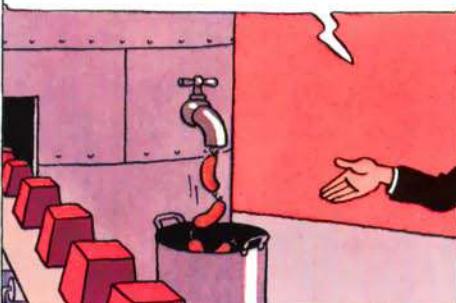
An economy measure to beat the depression... We do a deal with the automobile plants. They send us scrap cars and we convert them into top-grade corned-beef cans. We reciprocate by collecting old corned-beef cans and we ship them to the car producers for reprocessing into super-sport automobiles...



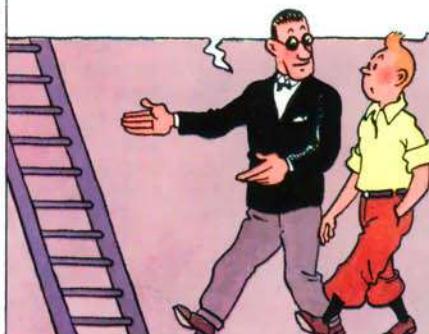
You see this huge machine? Here's how it works. The cattle go in here on a conveyor belt, nose to tail...



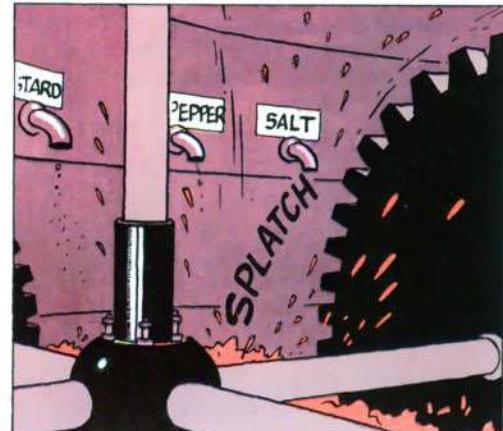
...and come out the other end as corned-beef, or sausages, or cooking-fat, or whatever. It's completely automatic...

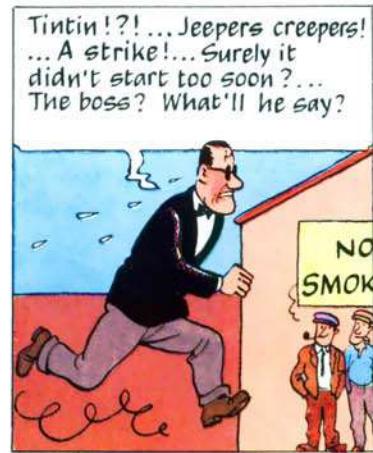
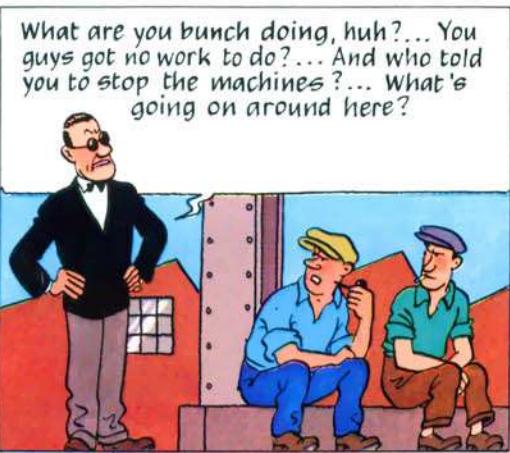


Now, you keep right behind me and I'll show you how the processor works...

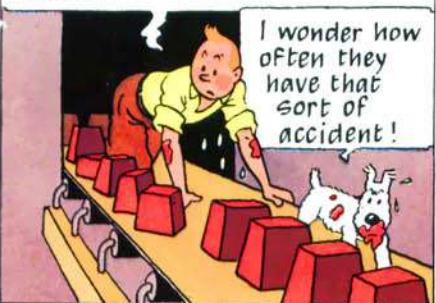


If you fell in there you'd be mashed in a trice by those enormous grinders... Look, down there, below you...





Heavens, what an escape! We're all in one piece... If that machine hadn't stopped suddenly we'd be coming out of here in neat little cans.



Oh, my good sir! What a relief! There you are, safe and sound... I stopped the machine right away, but oh, how I suffered in those terrible minutes!...



...believe me, dear Mr Tintin, I most bitterly regret this dreadful accident. You have, all too literally, had an inside view of our business ...



It looks pretty phoney to me... The invitation, the over-friendly manager, and then that peculiar accident ...



Yes, it's me, boss... We're back to where we started... While I was calling you a strike blew up and they stopped the machines... I'm afraid so... Alive and kicking ... But... What could I do?... I...



Bungling jackass! ... Cut the sob stuff. You don't let a chance like that slip! ... Sure! sure! At least I'll know in future that I can't rely on you! ... That's all ... As for the five thousand dollars... forget it!



But boss... Don't hang up, boss... I... Hello?... Hello?... Heck!... He's hung up on me!

Aha! Just as well I slipped back... You hear some interesting things around here!

I'm in the doghouse!

Hello?... Yes?... You again, Maurice?... Now what do you want?... Oh?... Oho!... Good... That's very good! Well done. That's really great... I'll be there in five minutes... Be seeing you, Maurice!



Mr Maurice Dyle, please.

Mr Dyle is expecting you, sir.

Hello, my dear Maurice.

What?... Are you joking?... You say you didn't call?... You aren't playing me for a sucker, by any chance?... Well... Are you?



OK! That'll teach you not to play games with me!

It's a mistake to leave your pistol lying about, my dear chap!

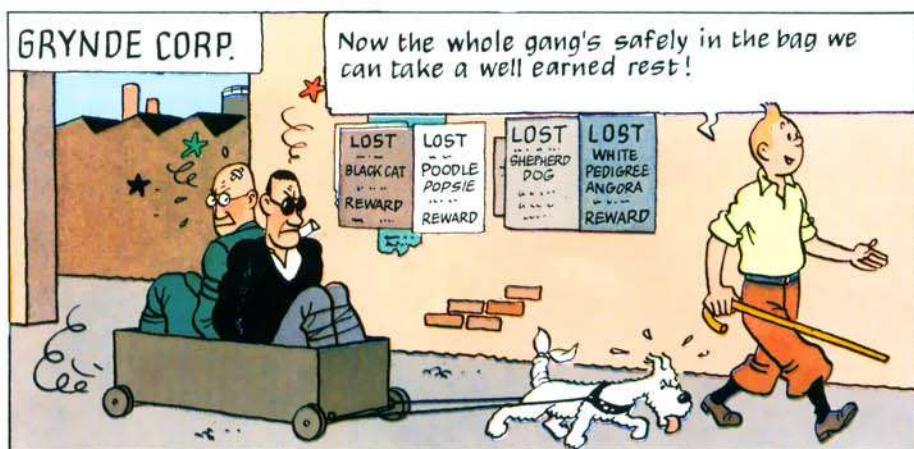
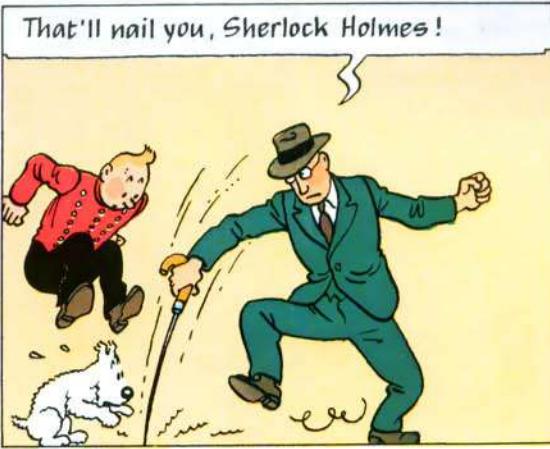


A mistake?... You think so?... Not really: that gun's empty.

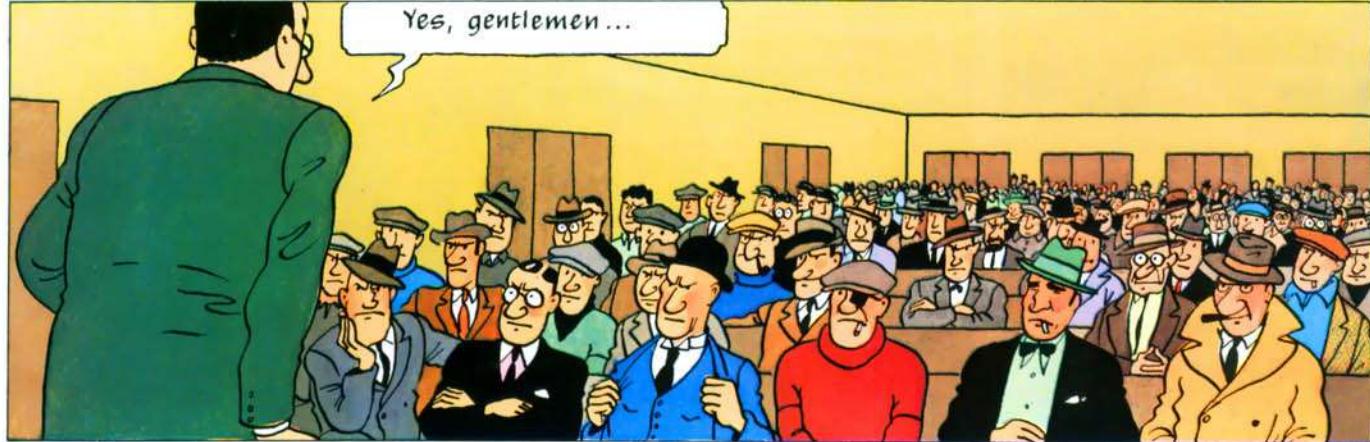
This is a far more effective weapon; my trusty sword-stick...

...and it's going to put a stop to your nasty habit of meddling in things that don't concern you... It's going to cure you... permanently!





Yes, gentlemen...



...our whole profession is on the verge of ruin. In a matter of weeks two of our most important executives, and many of their dedicated aides have paid with their freedom for the valour with which they attacked the enemy... Gentlemen, this cannot go on. Soon it will be as hazardous for us to stay in business as to live as honest citizens. On behalf of the Central Committee of the Distressed Gangsters Association I protest against this unfair discrimination! Forget your private feuds; stand shoulder to shoulder against this mischief-making reporter! Unite against the common enemy, and swear to take no rest until this wicked newshound is six feet under the ground!... I thank you!



Three cheers for the boss!

Bravo! Bravo!

You've said it!

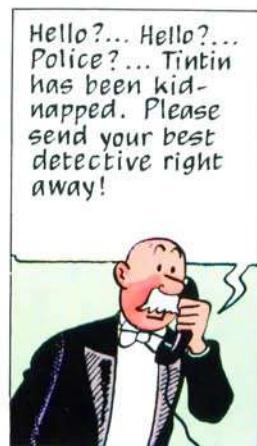
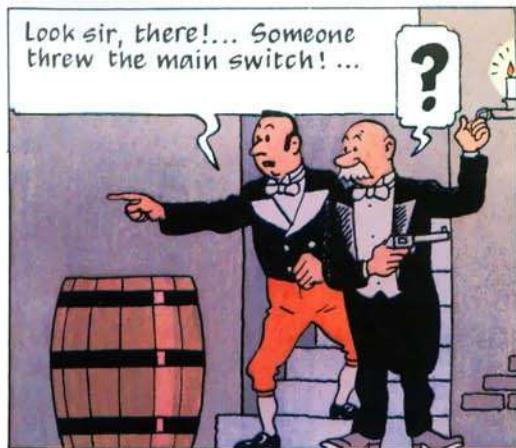


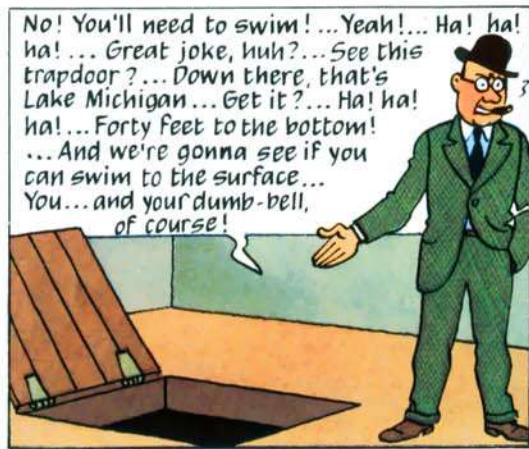
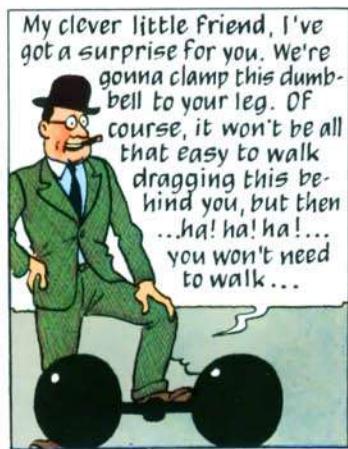
...and so I raise my glass to our young and shining hero, a newsmen as fearless as he is modest... who, with quiet courage, in a matter of weeks, has struck terror into the heart of every gangster...



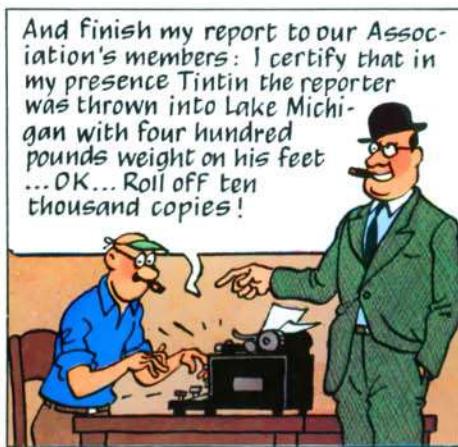
You may be certain, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall take away unforgettable memories of my short stay in America. With a full heart I say to you...







As for that mangy little mutt, he can go with you. Maybe he can give you a hand ...
Ha! ha! ha!

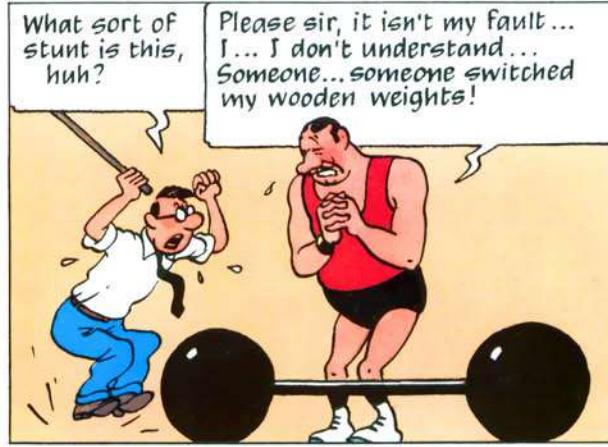
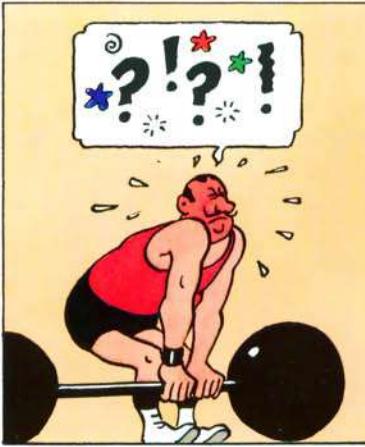


Ladies and gentlemen! It is my privilege and pleasure to present the strongest man in the world... I give you the Great Bolivar!... Mr Billy Bolivar... Before your very eyes he will perform amazing feats of strength...

The single-handed snatch, the speciality of the Great Bolivar... Mr Billy Bolivar... The lift with a laugh!... Right, Mr Bolivar!



HUP!

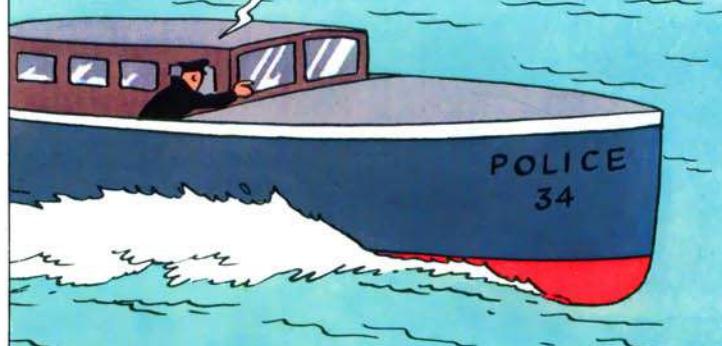


This make any sense to you, Tintin?

None at all! All I know is, we've managed to acquire floating dumbbells!



Hard a' port, Dick!... Something floating on the water over there...



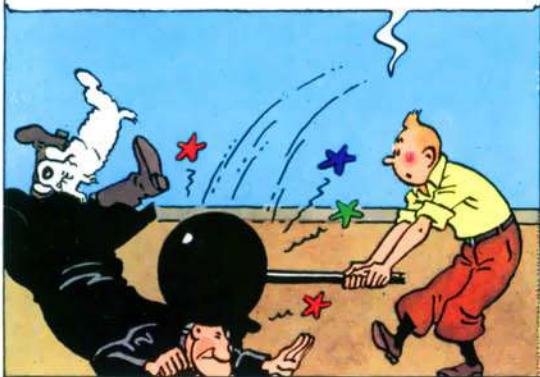
Jeepers!... Fantastic!... Just take a look at that... A feller hooked to a dumbbell... and he's floating!



Hey!... You!... I recognise you!...
You're Tintin, ain't that so?...
Well, bad luck, feller! I have to
tell you this boat is just rigged
up as a police patrol, and all
of us, we belong to the mob
who chucked you into the lake!



Watch out! There'll be more
of them! ...



Let them come! ...
I'm ready, and
waiting!



OK, pilot, what'll it be? A quick trip to
the nearest police post with you at the
helm, or a brief encounter with this?



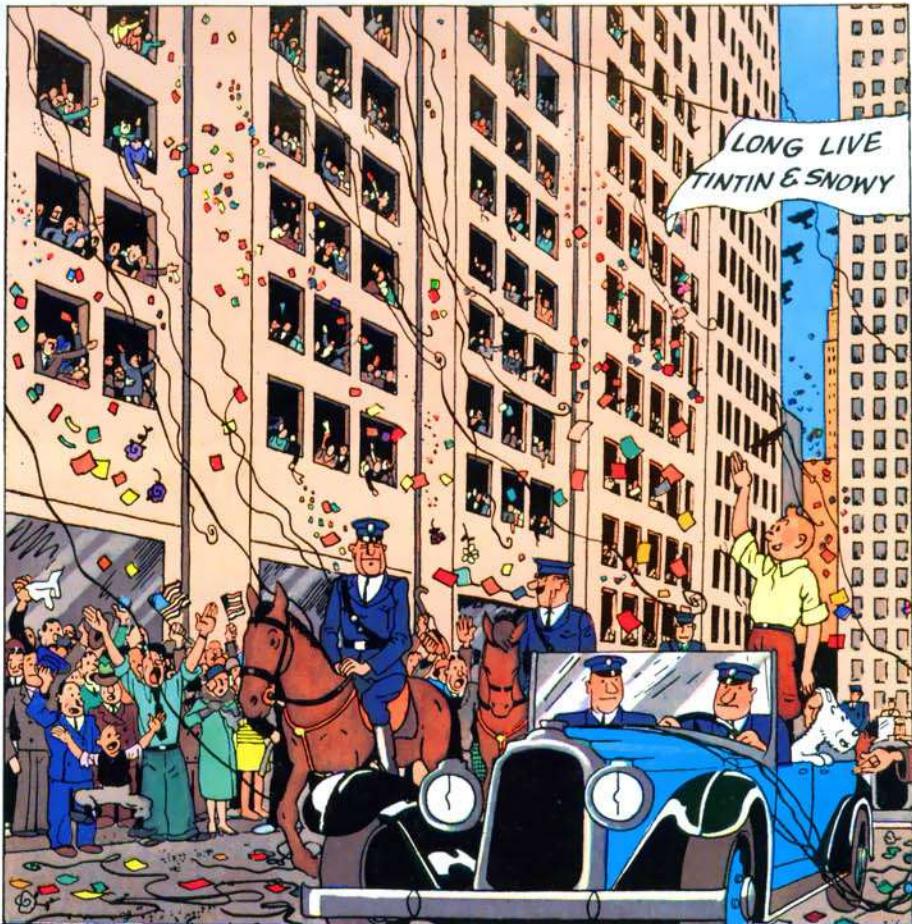
?!

...And don't try to pull a fast one. I'm
watching you.

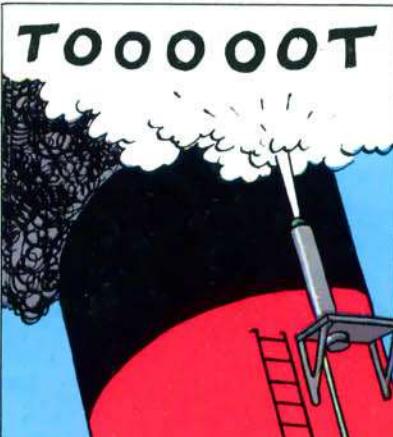
You must be Billy
Bolivar!

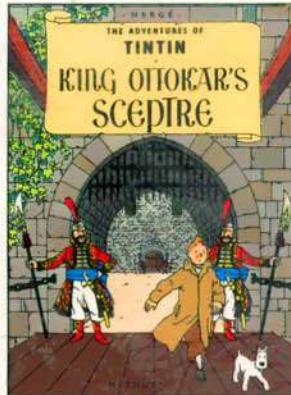
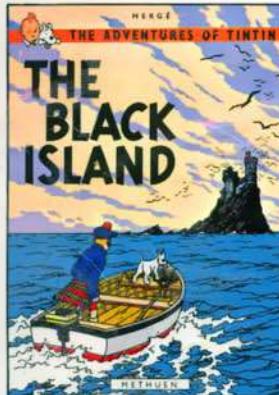
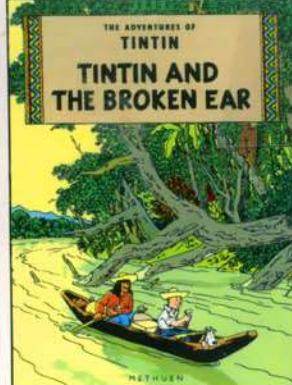
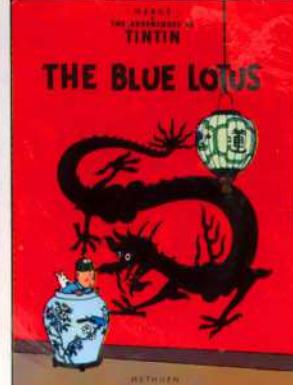
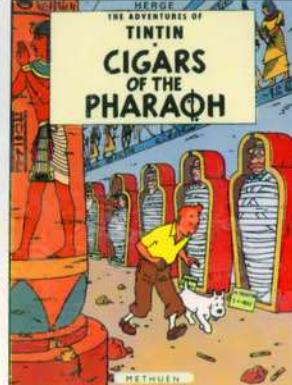
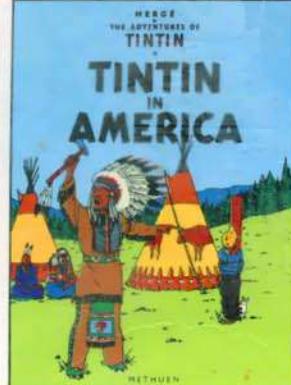


Sensational developments in the Tintin story!...
 The famous and friendly reporter reappears! Tintin, missing some days back from a banquet in his honour, led police to the hideout of the Central Syndicate of Chicago Gangsters. Apprehended were 355 suspects, and police collected hundreds of documents, expected to lead to many more arrests... This is a major clean-up for the city of Chicago... Mr Tintin admitted that the gangsters had been ruthless enemies, cruel and desperate men. More than once he nearly lost his life in the heat of his fight against crime... Today is his day of glory. We know that every American will wish to show his gratitude, and honour Tintin the reporter and his faithful companion Snowy, heroes who put out of action the bosses of Chicago's underworld!



After a full round of celebrations, Tintin and Snowy embark for Europe ...





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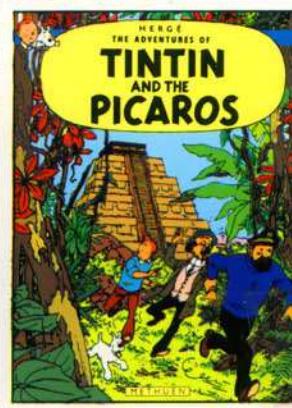
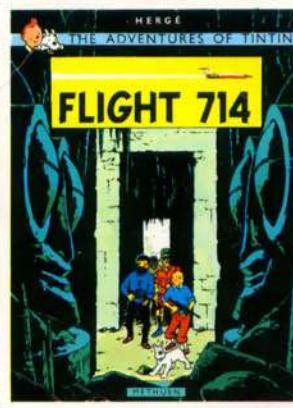
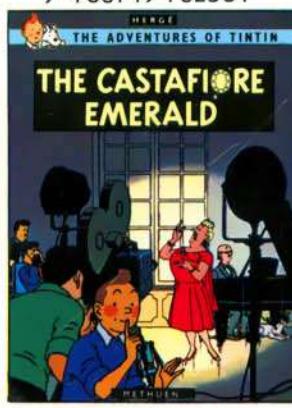
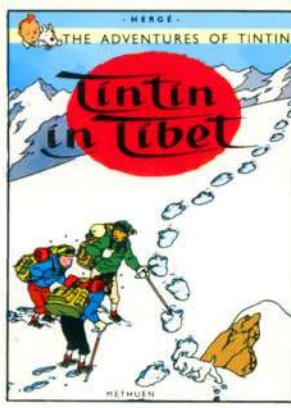
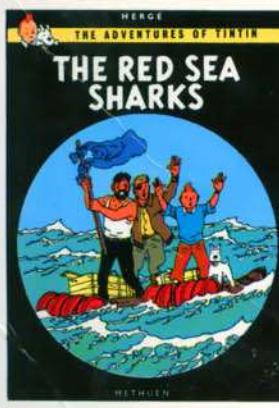
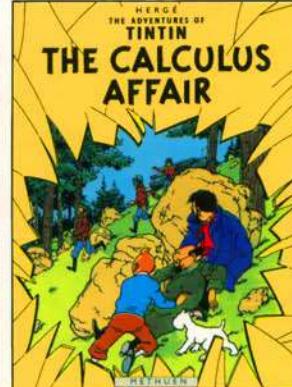
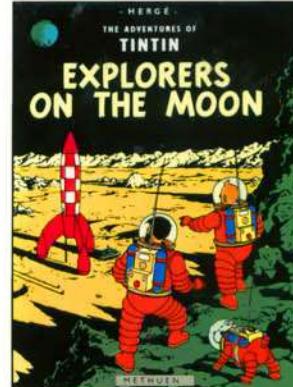
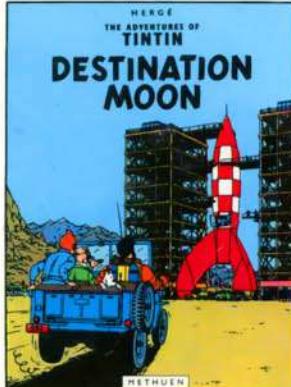
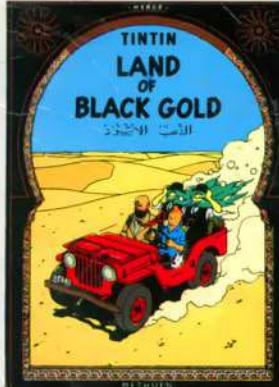
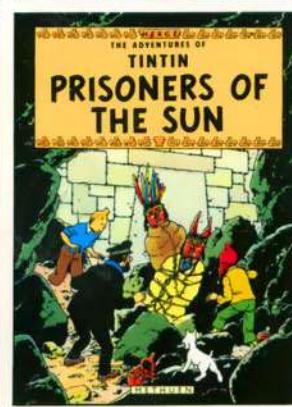
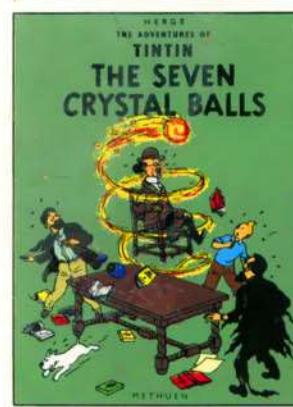
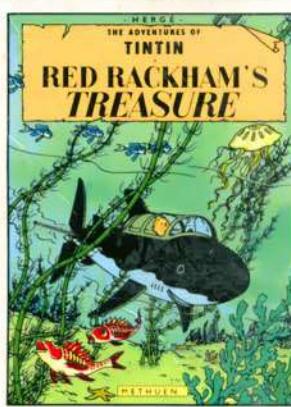
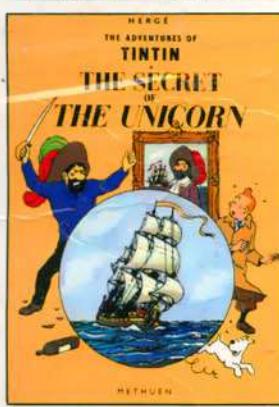
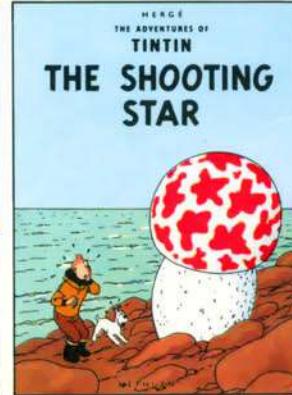
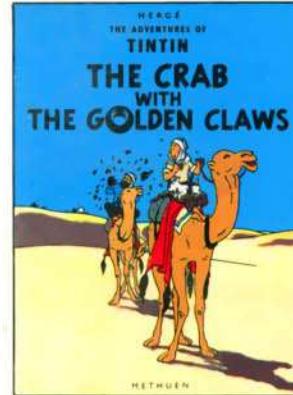
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