

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN IN AMERICA





LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
BOSTON/TORONTO/LONDON

Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner

The TINTIN books are published in the following languages:

Afrikaans: HUMAN & ROUSSEAU, Cape Town

Arabic: DAR AL-MAAREF, Cairo.

Basque: MENSAJERO, Bilbao.

Brazilian: DISTRIBUIDORA RECORD, Rio de Janeiro.

Breton: CASTERMAN, Paris.
Catalan: JUVENTUD, Barcelona.
Chinese: EPOCH, Taipei.

Danish: CARLSEN IF, Copenhagen.

Dutch: CASTERMAN, Dronten.

English: U.K.: METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS, London
Australia: OCTOPUS AUSTRALIA, Melbourne.
Canada: GENERAL PUBLISHING, Toronto.

New Zealand: OCTOPUS NEW ZEALAND, Auckland.

Republic of South Africa: TRANS S.A. BOOK DISTRIBUTORS, Johannesburg. Singapore: OCTOPUS ASIA, Singapore.

Spain: EDICIONES DEL PRADO, Madrid
Portugal: EDICIONES DEL PRADO, Madrid.
U.S.A. ATLANTIC, LITTLE BROWN, Boston.

U.S.A. ATLANTIC, LITTLE BHOWN, Bostor
Esperanto: CASTERMAN, Paris.

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French:

Spain:

CASTERMAN, Paris-Tournai.

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Greek: ANGLO-HELLENIC, Athens Icelandic: FJÖLVI, Reykjavik. Indonesian: INDIRA. Jakarta.

Iranian: MODERN PRINTING HOUSE, Teheran.

Italian: GANDUS, Genoa.

Japanese: FUKUINKAN SHOTEN, Tokyo.

Korean: UNIVERSAL PUBLICATIONS, Seoul.

Malay: SHARIKAT UNITED, Pulau Pinang.

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Swedish: CARLSEN IF, Stockholm.

Welsh: GWASG Y DREF WEN, Cardiff.

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Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number R 558598

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Library of Congress catalog card no. 79-64865

Eighth American edition

Joy Street Books are published by Little, Brown and Company (Inc.)

Published pursuant to agreement with Casterman, Paris Not for sale in the British Commonwealth

Printed by Casterman, S.A., Tournai, Belgium.

TINTIN AMERICA











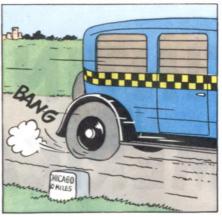






Hey, what's the game?... We're locked in!... And these shutters are made of steel!



















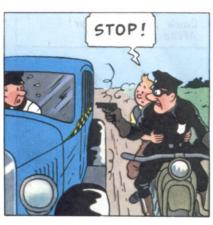
















They promised me five hundred bucks... They told me, if I got you into the taxi... dropped the steel shutters... and delivered you to the place they fixed ...



The rendezvous... where I was to drive you?... OK, just to show I'm not really a crook, I'll spill the beans...











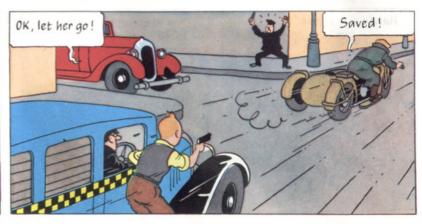
















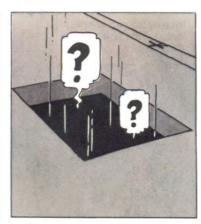


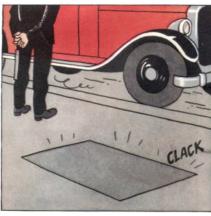




























And that's for you. Now, just



















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









Holy smoke!... A real little tough guy!... He knocked out the boss, and Pietro too!





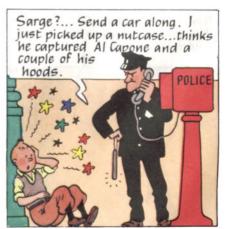


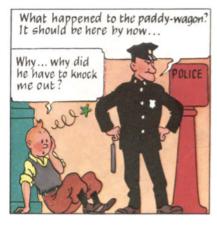


























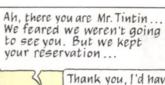










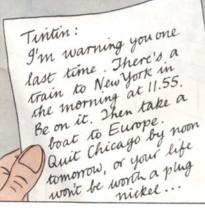










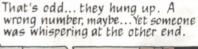












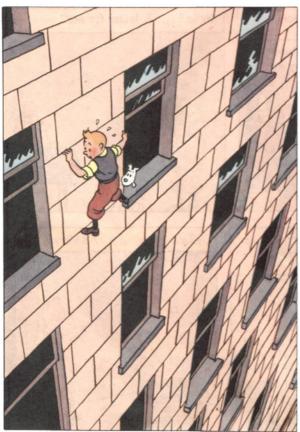






Ssh! Don't worry, Snowy. You stay here. I'm going to spring a little surprise...





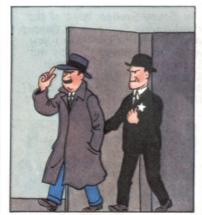






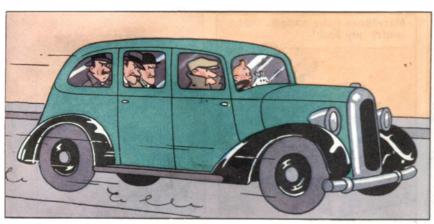






That's great work, Mr. Tintin. You've captured a dangerous criminal. May I ask you to come back with us to the station?... Just the usual formalities...



















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!







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. X2Z gas sure does knock 'em out!



To the waterfront, fast. Lake Michigan for him!



No one here. All clear, Nick,

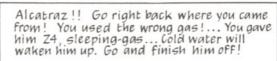




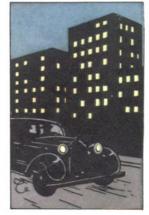


























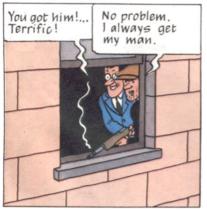














Hope I've given satisfaction. Sorry I can't stay; got three more clients to take care of this morning... So long!



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?

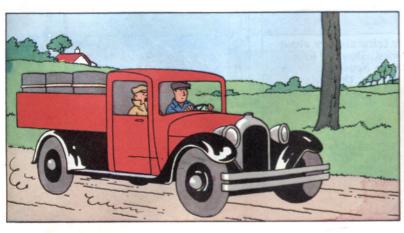
Now they think they've disposed of me, I'm going to arrange a little surprise for our gangster pals...



Next morning ...

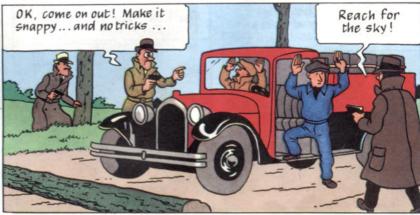
Listen, Bobby. I just heard the Coconut mob are doing a job this afternoon, running a load of whisky, hidden in gasoline drums. How's about

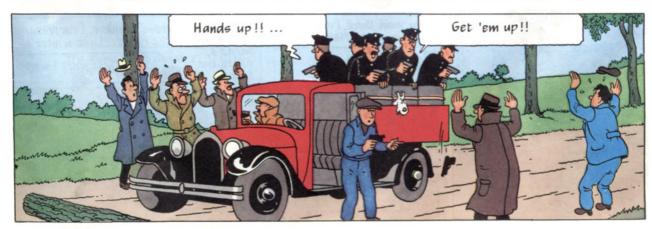












You did a fine job, Mr. Tintin ... a fine job!
Thanks to you, we've landed a really big fish.
1 ...







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





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!





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





You wait there, I'm going to buy an outfit.



It's the very latest fashion... cartridge belt slung to the right... Last winter's models, all to the left...

Good. Just what I want!

























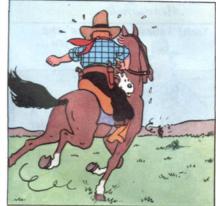




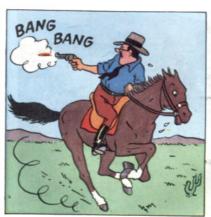
Look! There he goes!...Escaping on a horse... someone must have tipped him off when I arrived in town...







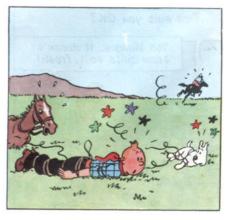




















Mighty Sachem, I come to warn you. A young white warrior is riding this way. His heart is full of hate and his tongue is forked! Beware of him, for he seeks to steal the hunting grounds of the noble Blackfeet. I have spoken!...



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!





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







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!

















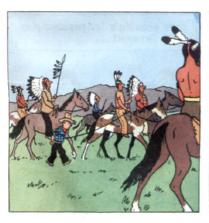














Whew! They've

gone! Savages!



Snowy, that



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!



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!





Sachem, this
little joke's gone
far enough!
Untie these ropes
and let me go!

This Paleface commands us!... By Great Manitou, shall Blackfeet be ordered about like dogs? The Paleface shall die! I have spoken!

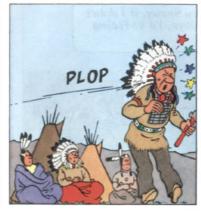














Take that, pesky little papoose!... Shooting at me with a catapult! Do that again, and I'll have yourscalp!



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!





Browsing-Bison's brother, he dare to strike Big Chief Keeneyed-Mole!... Death, I say! Death to Bull's-Eye, Browsing-Bison's brother!



Death to cowardly dogs who dare to attack Bull's-Eye because he defend his brother, Browsing-Bison, unjustly beaten by Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole!





Splendid! Splendid! Let them fight. Meanwhile, let me get these ropes untied..



There! That's freed my hands... Now for my feet... Good ... Move!



Now, who turned the Blackfeet against me? I must find that out...What about the gangster I'm chasing? Was it him?



They've stopped yelling and shouting, so the torture must be over. I'll go and see ...











I can hear shooting... I hope nothing's happened to Tintin!



No, it isn't the Indians! It's Bobby Smiles!... I might have known it! Now I understand why the Indians were so hostile towards me...







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





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





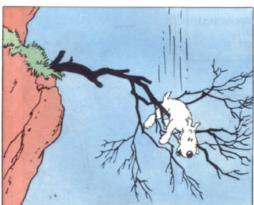


It's that dratted dog of Tintin's!... OK, he can follow his owner!











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...! 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?























I've got shot of that no-good reporter at last! Now, before I hit the trail again, I'll have some food ... Too bad you're missing this, Tintin!



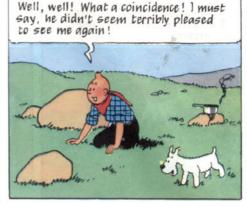
Hey, what goes on around here? Must be an earthquake! The ground's shaking under me...







Help! Help! It's a ghost!
It's Tintin!



How very thoughtful of him to cook me a nice little meal. I really am extremely grateful for his generosity... To tell the truth, I'm absolutely starving...

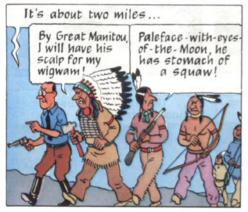


Sachem!... Sachem!... I've seen a ghost! The ghost of the young Paleface!... He was dead, I swear it! I hit him with a bullet and he fell into the canyon... Now he's just risen out of the ground!



What did you say?... Out of the ground?... He must have discovered secret of our cave!
Take us there, O Paleface. We must finish this young coyote!

















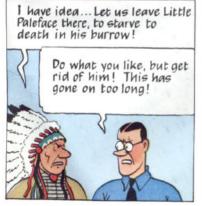
















aren't going to moulder away down here. They think we're trapped, but we're getting out . Look . I've emptied my cartridges and collected the powder. There! Now we'll blast their rocks to blazes! You think it'll work?

Don't be afraid, Snowy. We













Hopeless! Not enough explosive...
Now what? ... I've no more
ammunition ...

Come on, Snowy, this won't do. We absolutely must get out of here...
To work then! Let's try to dig another exit...



That's it... Slowly but surely, we're making progress... We'll get there, Snowy, you'll see. Come on, another little effort... Hello, the soil feels damp...















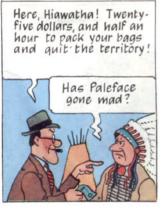


H-h-how did you know there was

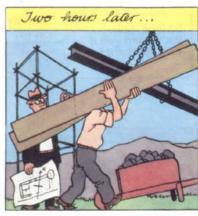










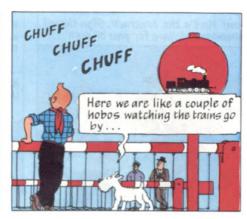






Out of luck again! With all that ballyhoo, Bobby Smiles managed to give us the slip... How can I possibly find him again now?









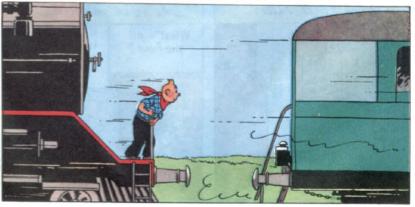












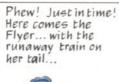
Hello?... Block one-fivetwo?... There's a loco running crazy on the track... Yes... She mustn't overtake the Flyer... Switch her on to number seven...



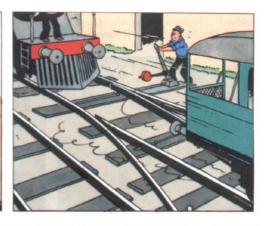
Count on me!

Right you

are, boss!



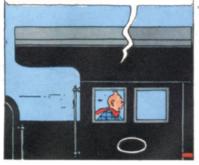




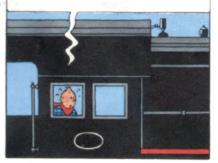
Drat! We've been switched to another track...



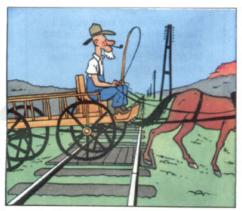
Quick, stop the engine, and back up. We'll soon be on the right track...

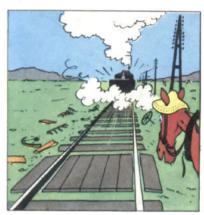


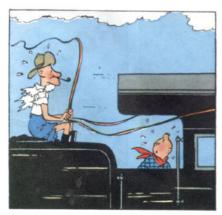
That's torn it! The brake lever's jammed. Now I understand. This engine was in for repairs!









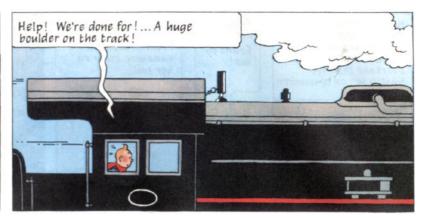


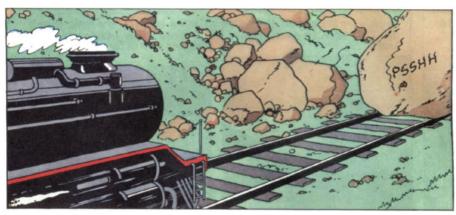
Only one way to clear this here track, Jem, and that's dynamite. We got plenty of time. Next train won't be coming through till tomorrow morning ...



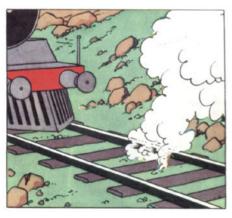
Slim!...Train's a'comin'... Quick! Light the fuse or she'll smash into the rock...











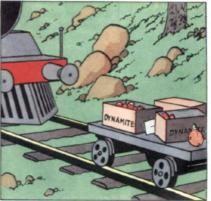
Boy, that sure was close! The dynamite went up in the nick of time! Two seconds later, and she'd have been blown to glory!



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













What a disaster!

What a disaster!



















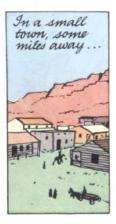




Now then, off we go. With the supplies those good fellows gave us, I'm not worried about facing the desert...





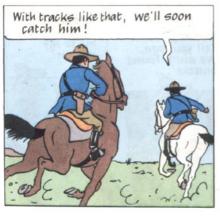


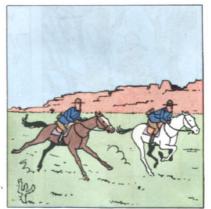
Yeah, that's all I know... When I came into the bank this morning, like I always do, there was the boss, and the safe wide open... I raised the alarm, and we hanged a few fellers right away... but the thief got clear...

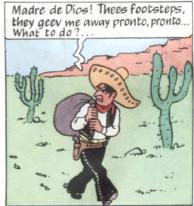


After the robbery he got away through the window... Say, look at his footprints...a dead giveaway. See that: just one row of nails on the right boot...



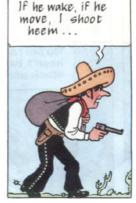












Ees done!... Now, Pedro not have to worry any more...

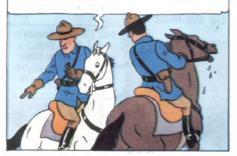
Aaaah!... Up we get! Siesta's finished. Come on Snowy: on our way...

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...





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









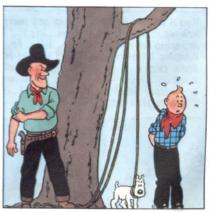




They're back!...They're back! They got the bank-robber!

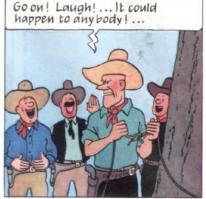














Here are yesterday's facts and figures from the City
Bureau of Statistics: twenty-four banks have failed, twenty-four managers are in jail. Thirty-five babies have been kidnapped...



...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...



1 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
...
...One for the road!...
Jes' to give me
strength ...



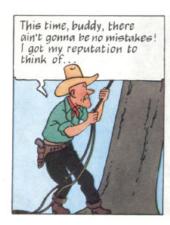
Mus'n't hang around...Mus'get there in time...hic... to stop them...hic...
wronging the hangman......hic...hanging the wrong man
Ain't that a joke?...
hung up...hic...he'll
up!...Hee! hee!
That's a good one...hic...

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
THE SHALL BE FOUND
THE SHALL BE



















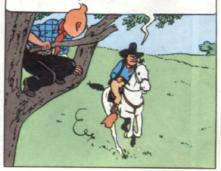








Beats me...he's gone and disappeared some place... I know he was near this tree, last I saw of him... But I'll get him for sure, or my name ain't Big Jim!



































I can tell you, Tintin, we were

We should soon come across the railroad again ...

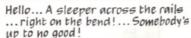






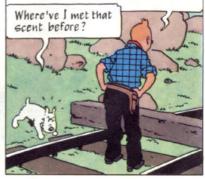
I'm sure it won't be easy, but we'll manage somehow ...







No doubt about it...Someone means to wreck a train! ...







Oh my, oh my! What a surprise!... Our dear friend Tintin!... What brings you here ?... Looking for me, perhaps?



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...









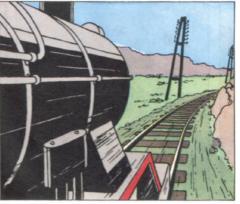


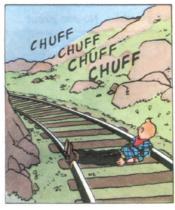


















What's going on?... Someone pulled the alarm ...



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.







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







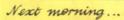


Smouldering smokestacks! You sure can thank your stars!



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





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



CHEATS GANGLAND KILLER

From our Railroad Correspondent

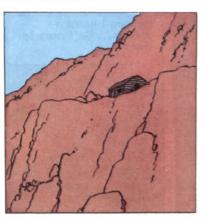


Our dear Bobby Smiles will have quite a surprise when sees me reappear!











Aha! There he is! ..







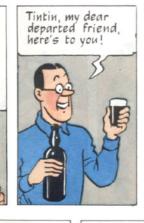






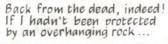


I had to blow up half the mountain, but, boy, it did the trick!













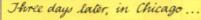






Believe me, it's far better to give in. As you see, I always get there in the end.



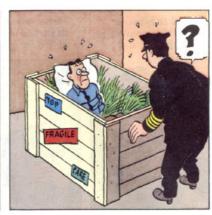


Hello?...Yeah?...Chief of Police?...
That's me!...Tintin? Nope! Not a
squeak...Been gone a long while now
...Trouble?...Sure is!...Nope...
Ain't heard a word ...









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..

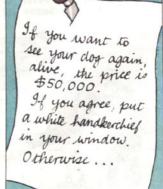










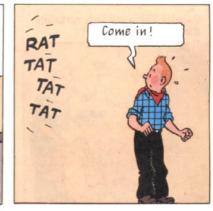


Hello, hello! Reception?... This is Tintin!... My dogs been kidnapped ... Yes, Snowy! Don't let anyone leave the hotel... What?... Your house detective?... Good ...



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?...





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





Right, here's the picture... Your dog's asleep. Someone comes in . Chloroforms 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 Pollar" 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!











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



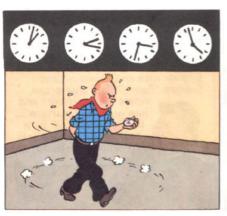
Ouchh! The good lady certainly didn't spare the rod!



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".

























































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!... 1 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...

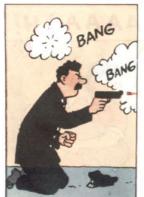


Oops!...Sorry!



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











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



Here he is, sir! Little hoodlum!





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



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



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.







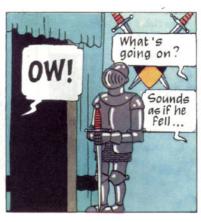
A red sedan? A red sedan just came out of those gates...

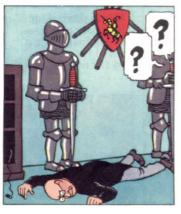


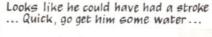




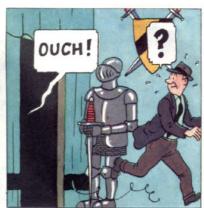


















Good work!...Phew! I was beginning to cook inside here...

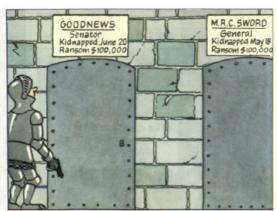


Now they're safely out of the way, I must look for Snowy...

















What happened?... Ooh, have I got a headache!...Yet I only had one glass of whisky... I wonder...







Here I am, Snowy! You see, Tintin hasn't let you down!





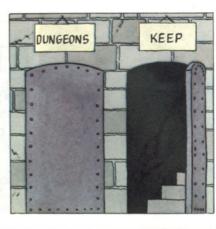




At least a dozen of them after us. I can hear their footsteps already.



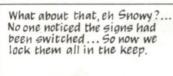














Now that bunch are under lock and key, we must take care of the other three.



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









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



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?





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



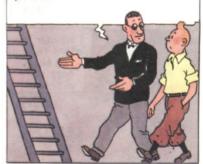
You see this huge machine? Here's how it works. The cattle go in here on a conveyor belt, nose to tail...



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



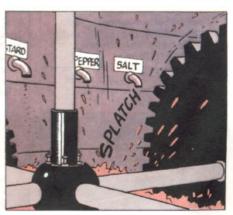
Now, you keep right behind me and I'll show you how the processor works...



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









Hello?...Yes... Ah, Maurice...You fixed it?...Good... Excellent!... What?... Corned-beef?...You're a genius!... How much?... Five thousand dollars?...Of course, right away



Poor old Grynde! If he had the remotest idea!... Some of the things that go into his products...



What are you bunch doing, huh?... You guys got no work to do?... And who told you to stop the machines?... What's



What's going on?... A strike, buddy, that's what!... The bosses cut the cash we get for bringing in the dogs and cats and rate they use to make



Tintin!?!...Jeepers creepers! ...A strike!...Surely it didn't start too soon?... The boss? What'll he say?



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 min-



...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 ...



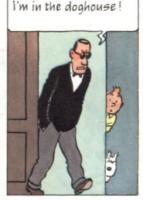
Yes, it's me, boss...We're back to where we started... While I was calling you a strike blew up and they stopped the machines...I'm afraid so... Alive and kicking... But... What could I do?...I...



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







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!







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











... 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!



























... 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 tannot 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!



.. and so I raise my glass to our young and shining hero, a newsman as fearless as he is modest... who, with quiet courage, in a matter of weeks, has struck terror into the heart of every gangster ... I must say these official dinners are a bit of a bore.



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 ...













































My clever little friend, I've got a surprise for you. We're gouna clamp this dumbbell to your leg. Of course, it won't be all that easy to walk dragging this behind you, but then ...ha! ha! ... you won't need to walk ...



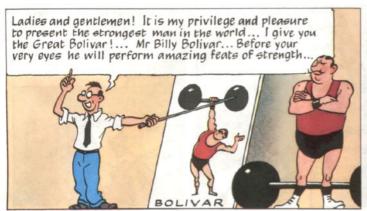
As for that mangy little mutt, he can go with you. Maybe he can give you a hand ...
Ha! ha! ha!

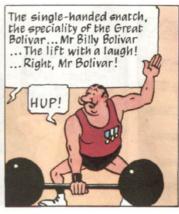








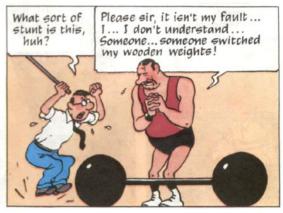




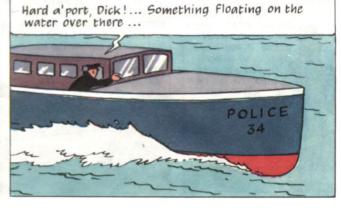


















Hey!...You!... I recognise you!...
You're Tintin, ain't that so?...
Well, bad luck, feller! I have to
tell you this boat is just rigged
up as a police patrol, and all
of us, we belong to the mob
who chucked you into the lake!

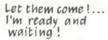














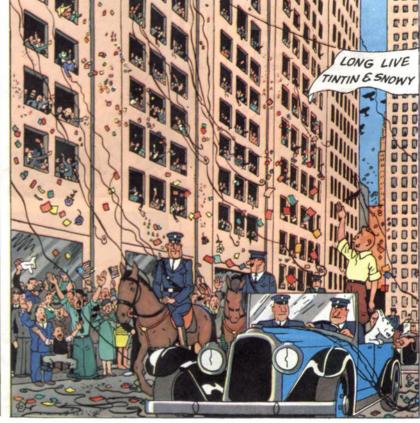






Sensational developments in the Tintin story!...

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!

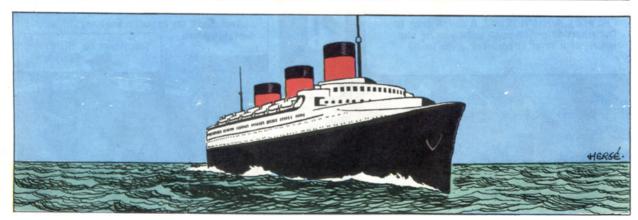












THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN ISBN 0-316-35852-5

\$6.95

by HERGÉ



