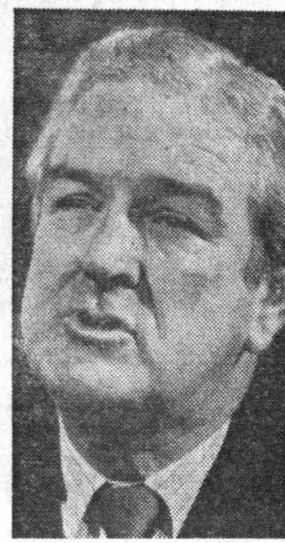


Connally: Nixon's New Strong Man?



Connally
... architect

By STAN HALL
United Press International
PRESSED FOR SOME INSIGHT into John B. Connally, his associates sometimes tell a macabre joke to show what makes him tick. After he and John F. Kennedy were shot in Dallas in 1963, Connally lay unattended and unnoticed on an emergency room table as doctors fought to save the President's life. Finally, so the story goes, a doctor looked at him, noted his serious wounds and asked, "Who's this guy?" An intern replied, "That's the governor of Texas." Whereupon, Connally sat up straight, smiled, stuck out his hand and said, "Yes, sir. John Connally's the name. Please to meet'cha."

Those who tell the story laugh quietly and leave the impression that Connally tells it with a chuckle too. But they quickly add, "He's ambitious, all right. But more than that, he wants to be in the middle of things." Connally, longtime Democrat and friend and protege of Lyndon B. Johnson, is certainly at the center of action right now in Richard M. Nixon's Republican administration. The tall, handsome, wavy-haired Treasury secretary has emerged as one of the chief architects of Nixon's new economic strategy, the prime enforcer of its wage-price freeze, and quite possibly the President's new strong man on domestic affairs. Nixon has made no secret of this. A day after his economic speech two weeks ago, the President was explaining his strategy

shift to between 300 and 400 top presidential appointees, the people who are supposed to really manage the government. "John Connally was my quarterback," the President said, waving to the Texan who was standing with a group of Nixon's other economic advisers, "and I played something like the role of the coach." Four days later, Nixon was asked on his arrival in California what he would do about Texas Gov. Preston E. Smith's open defiance of the wage-price freeze so he could grant raises to 132,000 state teachers and employees. A broad, deliberate grin spread over the President's face, and he said, "Connally can handle it." For weeks before Nixon's dramatic economic speech, Connally, while defending the Pres-

ident's policies in public, had been urging him to change them. At one point, wrote financial editor Hobart Rowan of the Washington Post, Connally bluntly told Nixon that his other economic advisers were underestimating the political seriousness of continued inflation and unemployment. "They're not politicians," Connally is said to have told him. "You and I are." Connally has been many things since his birth 54 years ago in Floresville, a dot on the map about 25 miles southeast of San Antonio. The son of a "dirt poor" farmer and butcher, he worked his way through the University of Texas Law School. In World War II, he won two decorations

(Continued on Page 5H, Col. 1)

CAPTAIN MARVEL EVIL THE NEW LOOK IN COMIC BOOKS

Comic books have come a long way from Superman rounding up the Nazi hierarchy and single-handedly winning the war. Today he fights pollution while Green Arrow goes after dope peddlers and slum lords. Staff writer Yvette Cardozo, a comic fan, takes a look at the new trends.

By YVETTE CARDOZO
Staff Writer

Superman fights pollution. Lois Lane turns soul sister. Speedy is a junkie. Green Arrow goes after slum lords and an ersatz Agnew stalks the land.

No. Things just aren't the same around the

old corner comic book stand any more. We've come a long way since the days when we could Shazam away all things evil and the baddies wore black hats.

Billy Batson grew up. Captain Marvel has retired. The word today is not Shazam. It is relevance.

In case you're still not quite a believer, picture this scene on the cover of a recent war comic:

The young, eager soldier is beside himself with excitement. His gun is smoking, his targets dead.

Soldier: "I stopped the enemy, Rock. None of 'em got away."
Sgt. Rock: "B-but they were CIVILIANS!"

And off to the side, the conscience of the comic asks in a panel, "Does any GI deserve a medal for murder???"

Or consider this soliloquy from a dying man of the soot covered planet Monsan. An array of super heroes (Batman, Superman, et al) have teamed to fight factory owners (really nasties from Monsan) who are bent on polluting the earth.

Man: "Once we gloried in our industrial might! Day and night, our fabricating plants spewed forth goods . . . and, alas, poisons . . . into our atmosphere! Our scientists warned us we were destroying Monsan with waste! But their pleas were not heeded by our governing council . . ."

"It was only when our people began dying that the truth became apparent! Hurriedly we tried to halt the dreadful pollution. But planets are like any living organism. Once they are murdered, they cannot be restored to life!"

Sound like any place you know? The reason for this sudden drive toward life "in the raw" is simple: money and sheer boredom.

During the '60s comic sales hit a slump the likes of which hadn't been seen since super heroes ran out of popular wars to fight in 1945. Readers were becoming more sophisticated. They wanted to know how the invulnerable Superman got his hair out and, for that matter, why he didn't wipe up the Vietnam War with one fell swoop.

The comic writers and artists, meanwhile, were getting just plain tired of endless train of super horses, dogs, cats, bat cars, planes, boats and mad scientists with schemes for world dominance.

Things got so bad around National Comics (Superman, Batman, Flash— by far the country's largest comic seller) that plans were laid to kill off Green Lantern. Then, with six issues to go last year, National tried a last-ditch effort.

The April 1, 1970 issue pitted Green Lantern (he's the one with the Guardian ring, remember?) and Green Arrow (a liberal-minded Robin Hood) against a slum lord.

At first, Green Lantern sides with the building owner. It is his building, after all. He hasn't broken any laws, right? Then comes the awakening as an old black man shuffles up and tells GL, "I been readin' about you. How you work for the blue skins. And how on a planet someplace you helped out the orange skins. And you done considerable for the purple skins!"

"Only there's skins you never bothered with!"

"The black skins! I want to know . . . how come?"

With much soul searching and teeth gnashing, the daring duo emerge victorious — after a fashion. The baddie goes to jail but that doesn't do much for the multiracial inhabitants of his crumbling tenement. And as the sun slowly sets on our heroes, they are heading off in a green panel truck to discover America.

"For years," the story introduction said of GL, "he has worn the power ring of the Guardians and used it well and never doubted the righteousness of his cause . . ."

"He has been fooling himself . . ."

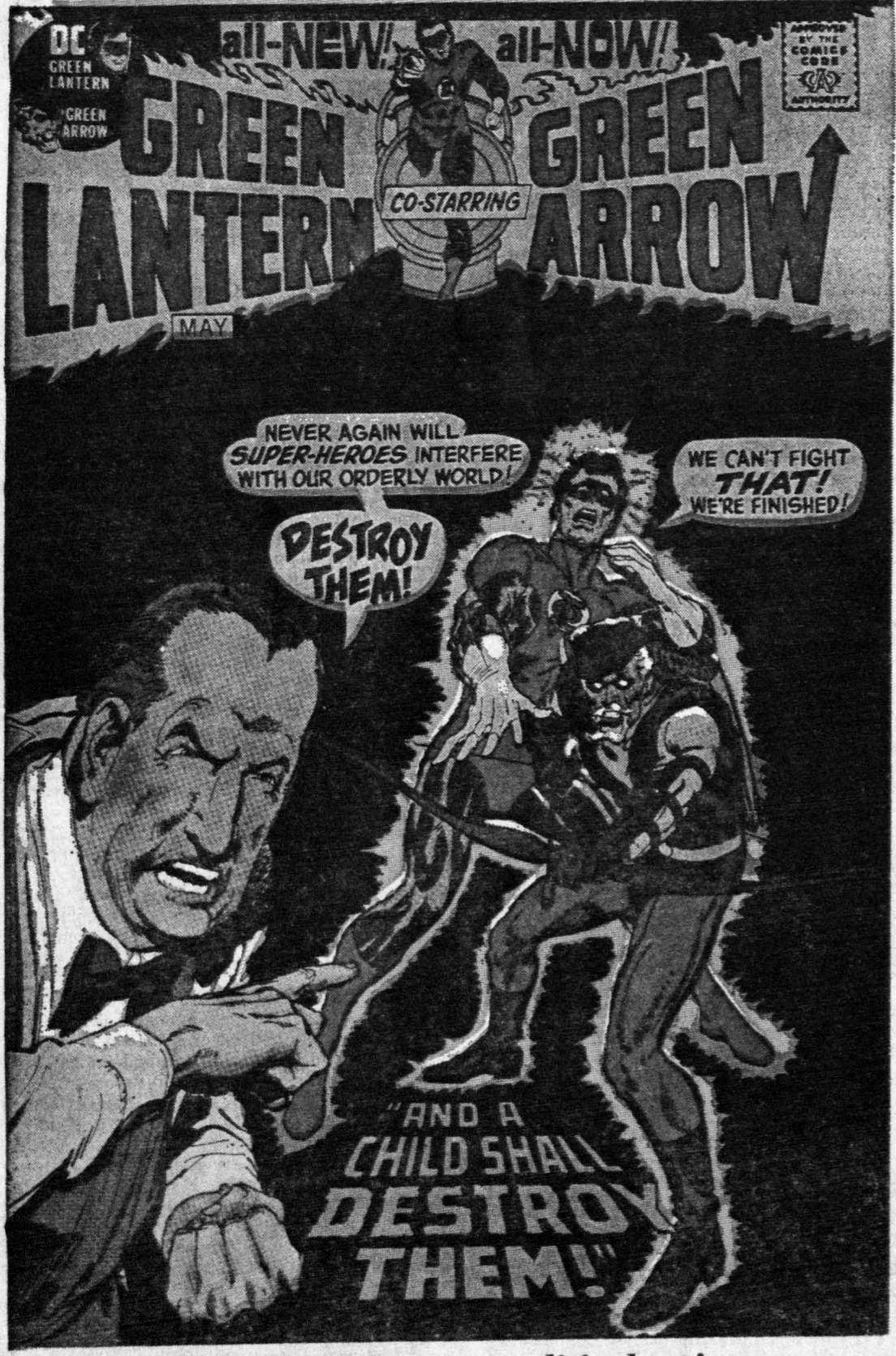
That, in a few words, seems to sum up the

sentiments at National and a lot of other comic houses these days.

"We have a strong feeling up here that this medium has never been used properly," said National Editorial Director Carmine Infantino.

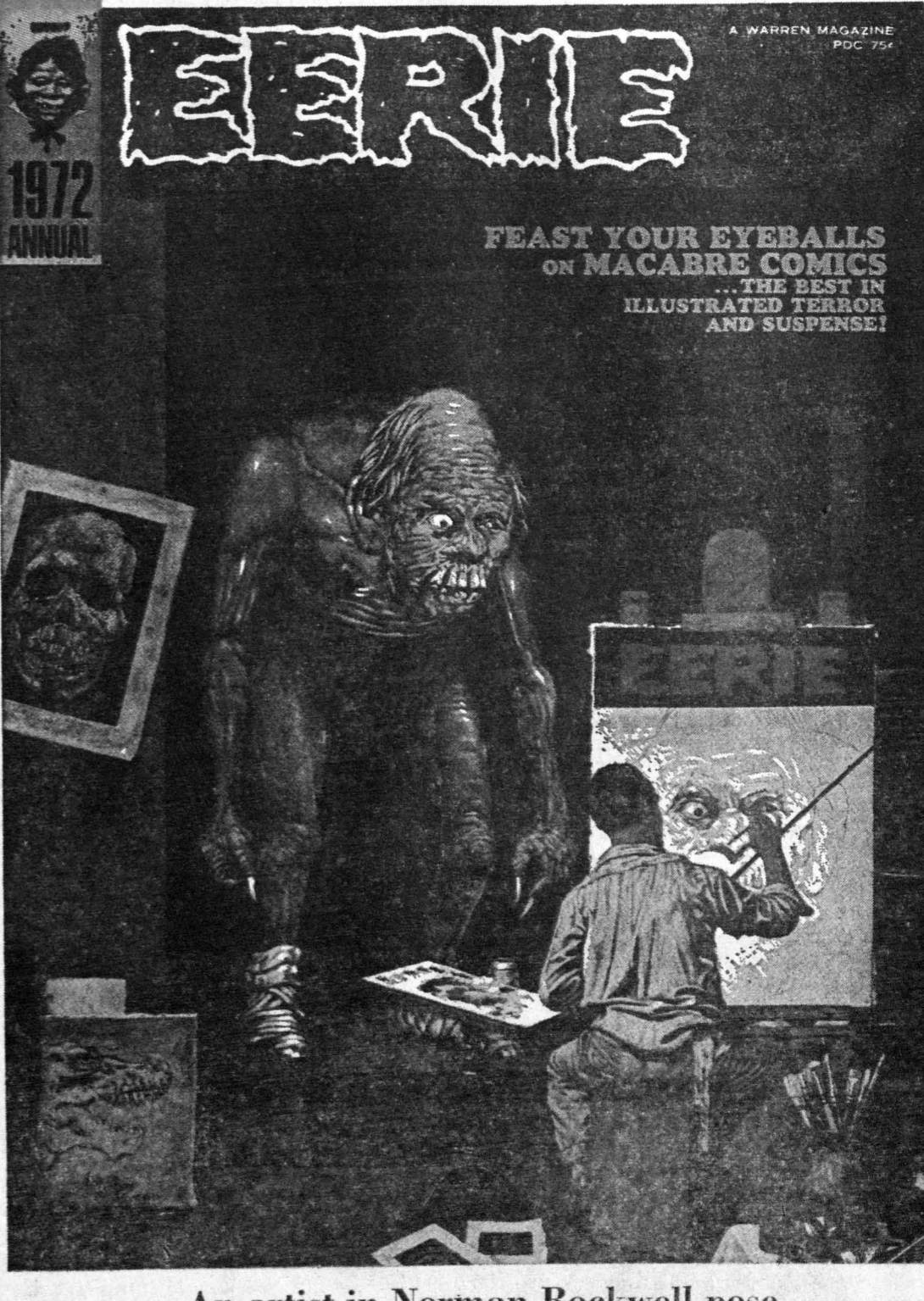
"If you remember reading your history books, you got it in cold, dead texts. You never really got involved. We feel if we could teach history in the schools through the comic medium, a kid would not only understand it, he would enjoy it."

How are they accomplishing this? Through (Continued on Page 2H, Col. 1)



Comic books are trying political satire

... the villain resembles Vice President Agnew



An artist in Norman Rockwell pose

... comics are featuring new terror themes

