

UTILOOK EDITORIALS COLUMNISTS NEWS ANALYSIS

Connally: Nixon's New Strong Man?

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 untended 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

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

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, wavyhaired 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 employes.

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 President'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 Nlxon 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)

Connally ... architect



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.

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

No. Things just aren't the same around the

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

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

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 soliloguy 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

"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-

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 pur-

"Only there's skins you never bothered with!

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

doesn't do much for the multiracial inhabitants of his crumbling tenement. And as the sun

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 . . .

slowly sets on our heroes, they are heading off

"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.

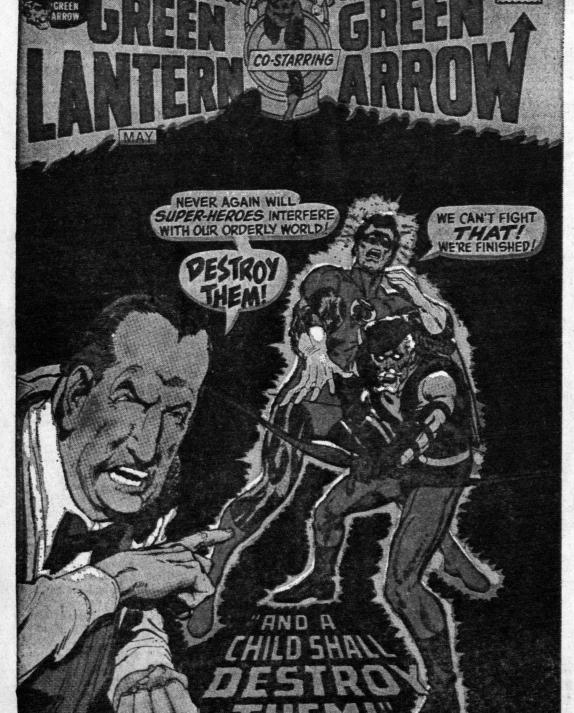
"We have a strong feeling up here that this medium has never been used properly," said National Editorial Director Carmine Infantino.

"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)

FEAST YOUR EYEBALLS ON MACABRE COMICS ILLUSTRATED TERROR

An artist in Norman Rockwell pose ... comics are featuring new terror themes



Comic books are trying political satire ... the villain resembles Vice President Agnew

Bloodiest Day In San Quentin's History

By JACK V. FOX

United Press International

SAN QUENTIN, Calif. - Scarcely had the gunfire died away and the throat slashing ceased in San Quentin Prison's "adjustment center," than the cry went up from the "New Left" that George Jackson was the martyred victim of a "murder setup."

That theory ignored somehow the bodies of two white inmates and three guards piled atop one another in the cell of the "Soledad Brother" and still another guard with deep throat cuts gasping for life beneath them.

There was a time when an attempted prison break was taken for the blot on society that it represents—the desperate attempt of desperate men to break out of an unbearable existence. But, this time, the San Quentin bloodbath was being depicted by some as a sort of revolution entirely justifiable.

What really did happen at San Quentin a week ago yesterday?

Certainly the facts are obscure—and getting cloudier by the day-but there is hard informa-

tion in sufficient quantity to put the picture in Start with San Quentin itself. The gloomy cluster of yellow buildings on the bay north of

San Francisco, opened on July 14, 1852, houses 2,300 prisoners. It is outmoded, overcrowded. The director of California prisons says it should have been shoved into the bay 50 years Among its more notorious inmates is Sirhan Sirhan, the assassin of Robert Kennedy.

Charles Manson is to join Sirhan in Death Row once his second trial in Los Angeles is completed. The adjustment center is actually a little prison within a prison. It is reserved for inmates who commit crimes while they are be-

hind bars plus an overflow from Death Row. The best known of its inhabitants was the 29-year-old Jackson. His 17-year-old brother,

Jonathan, was killed in the San Rafael courthouse shooting five miles away last year. Former UCLA assistant philosophy professor Angela Davis faces trial on murder and kidnap charges in that bloody affair. Jonathan Jackson's reputed move was to get hostages to free the "Soledad Brothers."

George Jackson was one of the three Soledad Brothers. The other two, Fleeta Drumgo and John Cluchette, wee also in the adjustment center at San Quentin. They are charged with the murder of a guard at Soledad Prison.

Also in the tier was Ruchell Magee who also is charged with murder and kidnaping in the San Rafael shootout.

Jackson and Magee have been visited by literally dozens of attorneys during the past months and it was just after such a call on Saturday, Aug. 21 at about 2 p.m. that the bloodiest day in San Quentin history began.

Stephen Mitchell Bingham, 28, a lawyer deeply involved in civil rights issues and the grandson of the late Hiram Bingham, one-time governor of Connecticut and U.S. senator from that state came to see George Jackson.

He was accompanied by Mrs. Vanitia Anderson, 23, who put down her address in the visitor's register as 2230 19th St., Berkeley, the headquarters of the Berkeley chapter of the Black Panther party and also headquarters of the Angela Davis Defense Committee.

Mrs. Anderson was not allowed to go with Bingham to see Jackson, but she was reported to have handed him a briefcase when they

Officials said the gun used by Jackson must have come into the prison inside a tape recorder carried by Bingham, whose father, Alfred M. Bingham, came to California from Connecticut after the attempted San Quentin escape. become part of a "crazy conspiracy" and that The father said his son may have unwittingly he fears the young man may have been the victim of foul play or may be held against his



George Jackson ... killed during escape

will. He said he felt his son might be an "innocent party" in the affair.

The elder Bingham said that although Mrs. Anderson's address was that of the Black Panther Party it did not mean the Panthers were involved. He added that the present leadership of the Panthers seemed more intelligent than the organizers of something so hopelessly doomed to failure as the incident at the prison.

The visitors' building is about 50 yards across a neatly clipped lawn from the adjustment center. Before being taken to the visiting room, Jackson was stripped to the skin and searched thoroughly. He talked with Bingham for about half an hour across a table with no screen between them and a guard looking in

What transpired from that point on comes mainly from Associate Warden James Park and Raymond K. Procunier, state director of

Jackson was escorted back to the adjustment center by correction officer Frank De Leon, 44, an Air Force veteran who wanted to be a policeman after his discharge but had to settle for being a prison guard because of his

Back in the adjustment center, Jackson was ordered to strip again and undergo a search. He had a bushy Afro-style hairdo with a "watch cap" worn on the back and one of the guards detected what he first thought was a pencil in Jackson's hair and reached to remove it.

At that moment, there were five guards in the corridor of the first tier of the cell block-De Leon, Paul Krasenes, Charles Breckenridge, Kenneth McCray and Urbano Rubia-

According to Procunier, Jackson grabbed a 9mm Spanish-made automatic pistol from his hair and shouted: "This is it." Holding the guards at bay, he pushed a lever which opened the doors of all the cells in the tier and 25 other inmates ran out. Two remained in their

They were John Lynn, 26 and Ronald L. Kane, 28, both white. They were "tier tenders," inmates who serve food, picked up laundry and thus had some degree of freedom although Kane was in for first degree

According to the San Francisco Chronicle quoting an unidentified guard, Lynn and Kane were dragged from their cells and asked whether they would join the break. They said

than a passing resemblance to Vice President

Spiro Agnew. Grandy's charge is a ski-nosed

they wanted no trouble. Their jugular veins were cut with a razor blade taped to a tooth

The five guards were forced to remove all their clothing, leading to speculation that the convicts may have intended to don the uniforms and masquerade as guards in trying to get to the administration building and take

more hostages. Just when the killing of three of the guards took place is not known. An autopsy report showed that De Leon died of a gunshot wound

in the back of the head and razor cuts on each side of the neck. An electrical cord was wound around his neck and ankles. Krasenes also had a strip of cloth and electrical cord wound around the neck. Razor

slashes had severed an artery. Breckenridge also was splashed in the neck and tossed into Jackson's cell, dead so far as the inmates thought. McCray and Rubiaco

were held in the cell. Almost half an hour passed before prison-authorities were aware of what was transpiring on the first tier of the adjustment center.

At 2:50 p.m. Sgt. Jere Graham unlocked the one door leading into the building to get De Leon for another job. Graham was seized as he entred the corridor and another officer at the door was grazed in the arm by a bullet, setting off an alarm for the first time. Graham was shot in the back of the head and tossed on top of the other bodies in Jackson's cell.

A bulletin went out to law enforcement agencies throughout Marin County and officers converged for miles around. UPI Pacific Division picture editor Ray Maroney was in an antique shop nearby when the proprietor, anemploye at the prison, dashed out yelling that George Jackson had been shot.

What happened next is not clear but apparently at 2:55 p.m. Jackson and another inmate, John L. Spain, broke through the door of the adjustment center and raced for a 20-foot stone wall topped with barbed wire at the end of an alleyway about 75 yards away. The other prisoners remained inside the center.

A volley of gunfire was opened from the watch towers of the prison. Spain dived into a clump of bushes and was not hurt.

Jackson was shot once in the foot. Then another buillet entered the top of his head and went down into his body. He reeled for a few steps and fell dead.

A machinegun was brought up to the door of the adjustment center and the corridor sprayed with bullets. McCray and Rubiaco broke loose and ran to their fellow officers.

The 24 men still inside were ordered to remove all their clothing and come out one by one. They were forced to sprawl face down on the lawn with their hands cuffed behind them and searched thoroughly while other guards went into the tier and found the five bodies. Breckenridge was barely alive beneath them.

All the other inmates were locked in their cells and forbidden to go to exercise or work centers or to eat in the mess halls.

It was the bloodiest escape attempt in San Ouentin's history.

Those were the physical facts so far as was. yet known. Then came a tumult of recrimination, accusation and promises to crack down on revolutionaries in the California prisons. Said Procunier:

We just have to get rid of some of these bad bastards and segregate them from the rest of the inmates."

"We're going to take a much harder look at revolutionary type publications . . . most of them underground newspapers. They were a factor in much of the trouble we've had in the last year. We're going to keep them from coming in to the institutions.

"We're going to beef up security in all the buildings. We're going to have restrictive programs and they're going to have to work their way out of them. The people we're talking about don't consider they have a problem. They believe society has a problem. The bona fide revolutionaries."

Procunier said no more attorneys would bring in tape recorders and that screens would be placed between visitors and prisoners.

Bingham was not to be found during theweek after the incident. His former wife, Gretchen Spreckels of the sugar dynasty, said: "Steve has always been very liberal but very fair in his convictions and violence is not a part of his philosophy."

Bingham's mother said her son would not know which end of a gun to point.

Mrs. Anderson also was not to be found after the riot and the Black Panthers at Berkeley said they knew nothing about her. Said Associate Warden Park:

"I think that there is a lot of talk by dilettante revolutionaries on the outside. People take this very seriously - this stuff about kill the pigs and so forth. Actually, very few of the prisoners are involved in the so-called Prisoners Union or other such activities. There are 2,300 peaceful ones here."

Jackson was, of course, the catalyst of the

Born in Chicago, he first ran into trouble with the law at the age of 15 following a department store burglary. He was sent to reform school and had been in and out of prisons since. He was serving a one-year to life term for armed robbery in a \$70 holdup when he was accused of killing the Soledad guard.

In his book, "Soledad Brother," he wrote of his imprisonment for 12 years in California.

"I met Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, Engels and Mao . . . and they redeemed me. I dreamed of smashing my enemies entirely, overwhelming, vanquishing, crushing them completely, sinking my fangs in the hunter's neck and never, never letting go."

Gov. Ronald Reagan ordered prison officials to take "whatever steps are necessary" to protect officers and inmates in state institutions.

Reagan said the escape attempt was "the result of efforts by revolutionary elements inour society intent on extending their religion of violence, hate and murder to within the walls of our prisons."

Although they had met only several times while Angela Davis was championing the Soledad Brothers and had never been alone, both Miss Davis and George Jackson had professed a deep personal love for one another.

Shortly after Jackson's death, the Angela Davis Defense Committee released a statement from her:

"George knew that the price of his intense revolutionary commitment was having to live each day fighting off potential death blows.

"For me, George's death has meant the loss of a comrade and revolutionary leader, but also the loss of an irretrievable love. This love is so agonizingly personal as to be inde-There was also a statement from Mrs. Vivi-

an De Leon, the widow of the officer who led Jackson back to the adjustment center. "Every article we've picked up glorifies Jackson as a political prisoner," she said. "Nobody seems to care about the officers."

Old Comics Take On A New Look

(Continued from Page 1H)

a subtle form of brainwashing. Actually it is not all that different from the method of the 1940s and '50s. Comic heroes are still in hot pursuit of those who would destroy our world. The faces have changed. That is all.

With Superman, said Infantino, "We've dealt with the whole pollution problem in two issues. We explained how it came, why it's been happening and how it can affect them (the readers).

"And at the end, we never give answers. We just lay out the problem and tell them, it's your world, you're going to have to face it. What do you want to do about it?"

The reaction after that first relevant issuethe one with Green Lantern and Green Arrow-was tremendous. Then, National took on overpopulation, the black issue, the Manson

Even the Chicago Seven trial became the "New York Three" and in one panel a young girl told an ewsman. "It's a disgrace, a mockery of justice! Those three boys are being prosecuted solely because of their views. There's no proof whatever that they were in-

volved in the bombings! It's not hard to fathom what goes on in the

minds of the comic writers. "Listen, forget about chasing around the galaxy," Green Arrow tells a newly chastized Green Lantern. "Remember America. It's a good country . . . beautiful . . . fertile . . .

and terribly sick! "There are children dying . . . honest people cowering in fear . . . disillusioned kids ripping up campuses . . ."

The writers and artists serve the under 30 side of the generation gap, and thus, they mirror its thoughts.

Julius Schwartz, who supervises Superman, Batman and several other National comics, is in his 50s. "But mentally," he says, "we're all kids. Otherwise we wouldn't be working in

For Infantino, the dawn came four or five vears ago.

The question from the kids, he said, was rather simple: "If you want us to believe you, then why don't you try becoming real."

Past readers wanted escape-from the depression of the '30s, the war of the '40s, the boredom of the '50s. The readers of the '60s also ran-not from but toward. They wanted the fights, the mistakes, the doubts of everyday life spread across their comic pages.

Infantino says he learned this in the mid '60s. But it was not until the '70s that he took

He as, in fact, a decade behind the true originator of comic realism. National is only now catching the coat tails

of a tell-it-like - it-is kick started 10 years ago

by Marvel comics. Today, Marvel is number two in the U.S. comic selling field. In 1961 it was just another purveyor of monster and cowboy stories. Then

came the Fantastic Four. They were typical people, said chief editor Stan Lee, except that they also happened to have super powers. As improbable as that

sounds, it was a giant leap from comics. Until that time, nearly all the heroes were cut from the same dough. They were handsome, Charles Atlas types, mindless super people leaping and smashing their way to the defense of GOOD, never doubting for a second that they used their power wisely.

The Fantastic Four were different. To begin with, there was The Thing, a man of rock who looked like a product of your worst nightmare. And he was a hero, yet.

The four of them did not get on well at all. Someone was always taking a punch at someone else. And there was the day they were evicted from their penthouse headquarters be-cause leader Reed Richards lost the rent money in a bad stock investment.

The Fantastic Four were a smash. Following closely on their heels came your friendly neighborhood Spiderman - known as Spidey to his fans. In true life he is college student Peter Parker, described by Lee as "somewhat of an itch" to his friends.

He's got the "proportionate strength of a

spider" - but, thankfully, not its looks. He also has money troubles, girl troubles, school troubles. The town newspaper editorializes against him. He's not all that popular with the

Poor Spidey is the type who swings over a smoke stack just as it belches a day's ration of pollution.

Above all, he has doubts.

"Every problem I have is caused by my being Spiderman," he grumbles. "If I were just plain Peter Parker I wouldn't have to break dates. I'd have time for studying. I'd even be able to take that job with Harry's dad

(his roomate's pop) and earn a steady income. "Why do I do it? Have I an insane lust for power? A need to feel more important than those around me?"

Spidey would never make it as Superman. "One of my pet beefs," said Lee, a veteran of 30 years in comics, "was the lack of real-

"If a monster was walking down the street, our competitor would have a character say, 'Hey, there's a monster. I'd better run away before he destroys me.' You'd read another book and it would be the same thing. The character would say, 'There's a monster. I'd better escape before he destroys me.'

"I used to tell our writers, if you saw a monster walking down the street you might say, 'Who's that nut in the Halloween getup' or 'What's that guy advertisin?' You wouldn't say 'Eek, a monster!' and run away."

Now, everyone reeks of realism. Wonder Woman - National's bid for women's lib - is no longer threading needles under water to prove herself. In fact, she's lost her Amazon powers, along with those bracelets and the American flag costume. She's just plain 'ole Diana Prince wandering the earth in a skin tight jump suit and using judo to fell

her opponents. As for Superman, he at last has a personali-

"It's very much like the old gunfighter of the west," said Infantino. "He goes in. He does his deed. But he has to move on because he's not really wanted. He'd like very much to settle, to have a home and family. But he just can't have any of these things. It's not for

Comics discovered the Negro race sometime during the mid '60s. Now, just about ev-

erybody has conceded that blacks do exist. First, Marvel comics came up with the Black Panther, an African prince on loan to America. Unfortunately, their choice of names was not exactly original.

"That," said Lee, "was before we knew about the Black Panthers organization. We've been playing him down because we're not too anxious to make it seem as though he's affiliated with them. We're not taking sides on

Thus, Marvel has shifted the brunt of its black representation to the Falcon, who does double duty out of costume as a social worker.

National got into the act when Lois Lane did a stint a la J. H. Griffin and turned into a black woman. The story was titled "I am curious (black)."

"Will you marry me?" Lois teased Super-

For National, it was about time to join in. Surveys show fully one-fourth of all Superman comics are sold in city ghettos.

Now there are enough blacks, yellows and reds strewn across National's pages to satisfy practically anybody. You'll also find comics on the drug scene.

Until recently this was absolutely verboten. The comic code — a self-censoring authority flatly forbade it. Then Marvel comics came out with an issue showing one of Spidey's friends, a black kid, stoned on drugs. National followed shortly and wrangled a

change in the code. Addiction is allowed, but only as a "vicious habit," says the new guide-Sure enough, in the issue of Green Lantern-Green Arrow now on the stands, GA's ward,

Speedy, (don't ask how all those single guys become foster parents) is an addict Speedy is upset because GA has neglected him. The Arrow is too busy chasing around the

country (the green panel truck, remember?). In next month's story, a friend and fellow addict dies of an overdose. But fear not. Speedy kicks the habit and punches Green Arrow. (GA never did show him any compas-

"Drugs are a symptom" he tells Green Arrow. "And you, like the rest of society, attack the symptom . . . not the disease." Then Speedy stalks off to make his own way in the world.

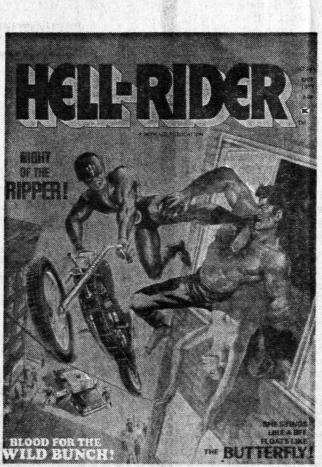
On a more down-to-earth vein, the comics finally have elevated the love lives of its heroes from the 10-year-old "I-hate-girls" or "man-kisses-horse" level.

National comics finally married off the Flash (fastest man on earth) and his girl friend Iris. The line was drawn, however, in the bed-

room. The two sleep in separate beds. Perhaps, like smoking, double beds are consigned only to the villians. "How many people do you know who sleep

in twin beds . . . in separate bedrooms?" In-

fantino said defensively. On another level, comics are dipping a toe into political satire. In fact, National went in up to its neck. This spring Green Lantrn and Green Arrow took on Grandy, a thoroughly vicious private school cook who bears more



HELL-RIDER — A NEW SUPERHERO — He's endowed with superhuman abilities, but he's also a Vietnam veteran, rides a motorcycle and comes from an upper-middle class Eastern background to which he has become totally alienated.

10-year-old witch named Sybil. She looks like you-know-who and can paralyze anyone with pain by merely looking at him. "That," said editor Schwartz, "was the inspiration mainly of the artist. The writer described who the character would be. It just struck the artist that it could very well be a take-off on the relationship between Agnew

Grandy tells our neroes, "I'm a person who wants order. I despise messiness." And at another point, he says, "Old Grandy doesn't kill. I simply do my duty - punish those who can't respect order. You may die but it won't That does make things perfectly clear.

Schwartz said the reaction was four to one in favor of the tale. National did, however, get some criticism "from middle Americans who couldn't understand how we could dare do such a thing."

"We're trying to be contemporary," Schwartz declared. "We're not trying to say things that aren't so. Whether people want to be blind to it, that's another matter." All this is a far cry from the comics of the

Superman started it in June 1938. He was

the comic's first super hero. He probably traced his parentage from pulp hero Doc Savage - Clark Savage Jr. - an iron-muscled do-gooder described as a "superman" and a novel by Philip Wylie called Gladiator. Wylie's hero leaped tall trees, fended off

bullets and was likened to "a being of steel." Superman and his legion of long underwear offspring starred in countless morality plays.

It was always good versus bad. Jules Feiffer, in his book "The Great Comic Book Heroes" paints the comic world of the era with his description of a strip called "Muss 'em up Donovan."

"Donovan was a detective, fired from the force on charges of police brutality. Donovan is called back to action by a city administration overly harassed by crime who feel it is time for an approach that circumvents the legalistic niceties of due process. Such administrations were in vogue in all comic books of the thirties and forties.

"Heroes and readers jointly conspired to believe that the police were honest, but inept; well-meaning but dumb - except for good cops

like Donovan, who were vicious. Came World War II and the heroes got some real villians - heel-clicking Nazis, squinty-eyed Japs. The heroes got used to hearing such comments from presidents (in this case FDR) as, "My son, you are a true courageous American. You have saved America from the slimy clutches of master spies and saboteurs. The youth of our country can well

look upon you as a model American. Another slump arrived when the war ran out. Then came Korea. The heroes went back to battle.

About this time, criticism of the comics

reached its peak. Congress launched hearings into the causes of juvenile delinquency which featured testimony by comic writers. Also about this time came Seduction of the Innocent, a scathing blast at comics written by psychiatrist Frederic Wertham. Wertham is best remembered today for his thoughts on Batman and Robin. "At home they lead an idyllic life. They are

Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson. . . . They

live in sumptuous quarters, with beautiful

flowers in large vases. . . . Batman is some-

times shown in a dressing gown. . . . It is like a wish dream of two homosexuals living to gether." By the late '50s the super heroes were once again on their way out. National countered by bringing back a hero of the '40s. The first ad-

venture of a newly-costumed, updated Flash came out in 1958. "The reaction was tremendous. We couldn't believe it at first, so we tried two more issues and again, it was very strong," Infantino re-

After Flash came Green Lantern, Aquaman

and many many more. Like Lazarus, they kept

rising from the morgues of the publishing "Through this whole thing, Superman and Batman never once suffered," Infantino insisted. "Superman has always been the largestselling comic book. It is today. It sells over a

million copies a month." But once again overall sales lagged. So National looked to Superman for help. Out came Super Girl, Super Dog, Super Cat, even Super Horse

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