

**Our Man Hoppe****Friend of the Rich  
--SUPERTEX!****Arthur Hoppe**

**I**S IT A BIRD? Is it a plane? No, it's . . .  
**SUPERTEX!**

Faster than a depletion allowance, stronger than an oil import quota, able to leap over party lines in a single bound, it's . . . **SUPERTEX!**

Disguised as a humble Democratic Texas millionaire named John Connally, no one knows our hero is really Supertex — not even his attractive secretary, Lotus Lane.

There she is now, dabbing her tears as she enters his modest block-long office.

**Lotus:** Oh, Mr. Connally, I can't help feeling sorry for poor Dick and Pat. Their expensive spread back East is under water. Their top hands are deserting them. And they're surrounded by mean old elitist gossips who keep sniping at them.

**John:** Well, now, honey, that Dick's a mighty rich and powerful feller. I reckon he can take care of himself.

**Lotus** (angrily stamping her foot and storming out): Oh, you Democrats are all alike. You don't give a fig for poor, rich, powerful people in trouble. I sure wish Supertex were here!

**John** (to himself): Lotus is right. This sounds like a job for . . . **SUPERTEX!**

*(Stepping into the telephone building he owns next to his office, John whips off his Democratic vicuna jacket to reveal underneath a Republican cloth with a flag pin in the lapel — the uniform of . . . SUPERTEX! With the speed of a Lear jet, he is soon at the side and Dick and Pat — both of whom are treading water.)*

**Dick:** Look, Pat, it's . . . **SUPERTEX!**

**Pat:** Oh, Dick, just knowing he's come to help us in our seventh crisis gives me the strength to go on.

**Supertex:** After surveying the scene with my 20-20 vision, my 100 I.Q. brain tells me that some sneaky varmints have

tried to flood you out of your expensive spread here by opening up your water-gate.

**Dick:** You mean people I trusted? I can't believe it!

**Supertex:** You better believe it, son. But don't worry. The first thing is to shut off that watergate. There! That takes care of that.

**Dick:** You mean our troubles with that watergate are over?

**Supertax:** Just don't ever mention it again.

**Pat:** But, Supertex, the elitist gossips are still sniping at us.

**Supertex:** No need to worry, ma'am. Using the amazing powers of my silver tongue, I'll lay 'em low. Take that for America, you dirty rats!

**A Portly Figure** (crumpling):  
Aaagggghh!

**Dick:** Excuse me, Supertex, but I think you just got our beloved foreman, Spiro.

**Supertex:** Never mind, son. Now that you got me, you won't be needing him.

**Pat:** Oh, Supertex, how can we ever repay you?

**Supertex:** No need, ma'am. My only duty is to help the rich and powerful in their time of trouble. And by the way, when's your lease up on this here expensive spread?

**Dick:** (gratefully shaking his hand): In three years, Supertex. After that, the place is yours. But tell me one thing: what strange, mystic wisdom made you pick this precise moment to come to our rescue after all these years?

**Supertex:** (hand over his heart): Why. The Secret Code that is the source of all my amazing powers.

**Dick:** What's that?

**Supertex:** Buy low, sell high.