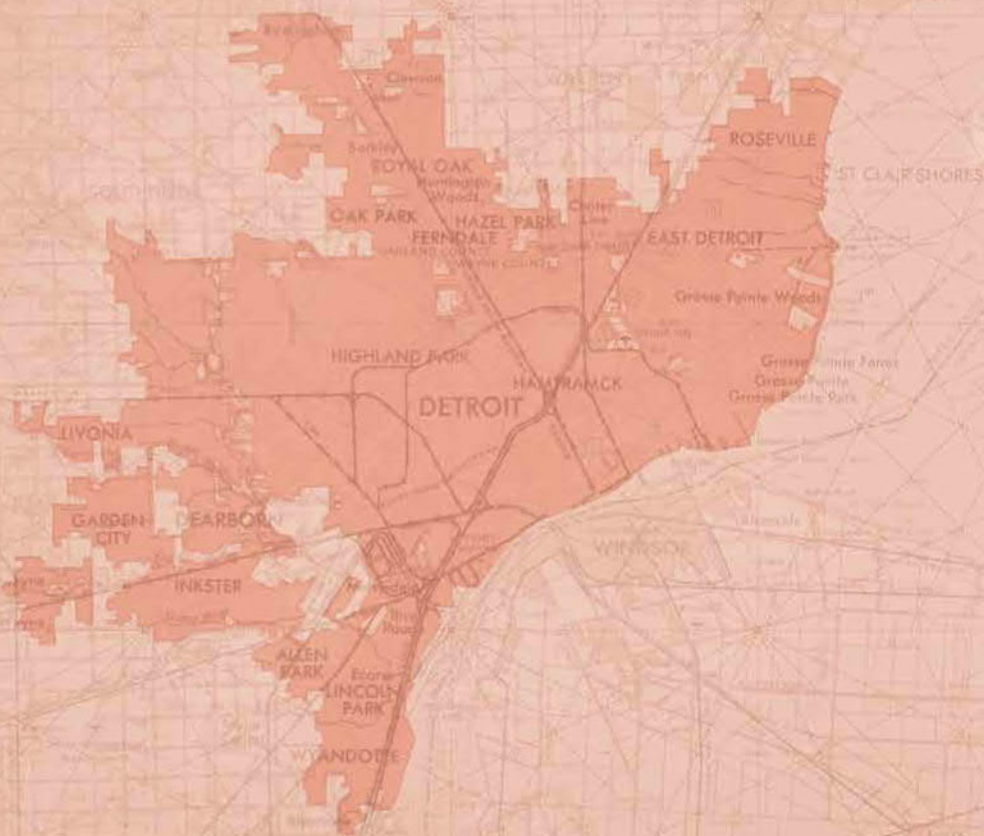


“JOURNALISTS ARE DETECTIVES FOR THE PEOPLE”

-WAYNE BARRETT



Written by
Saladin Ahmed

Illustrated by
Sami Kivelä

Colored by
Jason Wordie

Lettered by
Jim Campbell

Cover by
Taj Tenfold

Series Designer
Michelle Ankley

Collection Designer
Jillian Crab

Editors
Chris Rosa
Eric Harburn

Abbott Created by
Saladin Ahmed

DETROIT, 1972

**NIXON STEPS
UP BOMBING,
DETROITERS
DEPLOYED**

DETROITERS ARE BEING DEPLOYED TO THE FRONT LINES OF THE BOMBING CAMPAIGN IN THE MICHIGAN CITY AREA.

**GOING
OUT
OF
BUSINESS**

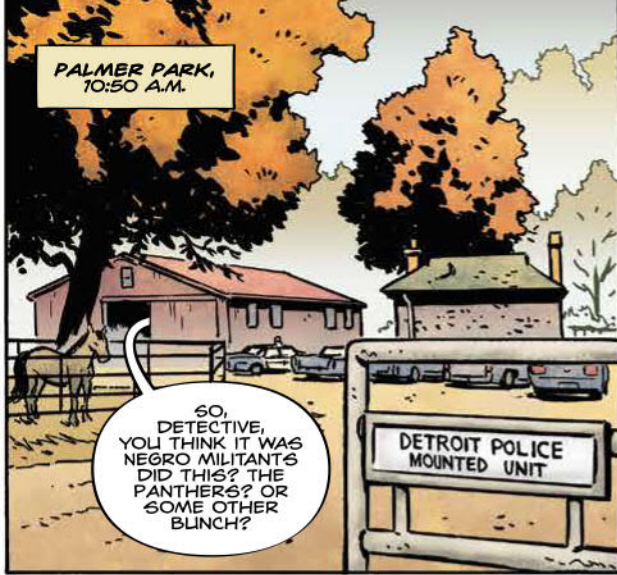
LAST
FEW
DAYS

**SEGREGATIONIST
WALLACE WINS
MICHIGAN**

CITY ON THE EDGE

BY ELENA ABBOTT

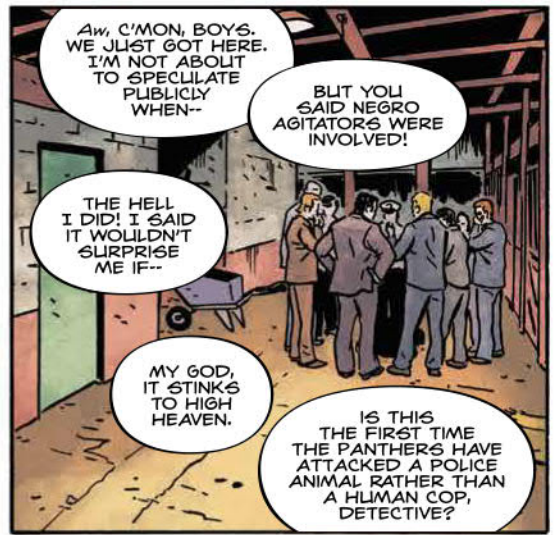
Tensions between police and Detroit's black citizens thickened yesterday as demonstrators gathered at city hall to protest the killing of 14-year-old



PALMER PARK,
10:50 A.M.

SO,
DETECTIVE,
YOU THINK IT WAS
NEGRO MILITANTS
DID THIS? THE
PANTHERS? OR
SOME OTHER
BLUNCH?

DETROIT POLICE
MOUNTED UNIT



AW, C'MON, BOYS.
WE JUST GOT HERE.
I'M NOT ABOUT
TO SPECULATE
PUBLICLY
WHEN--

BUT YOU
SAID NEGRO
AGITATORS WERE
INVOLVED!

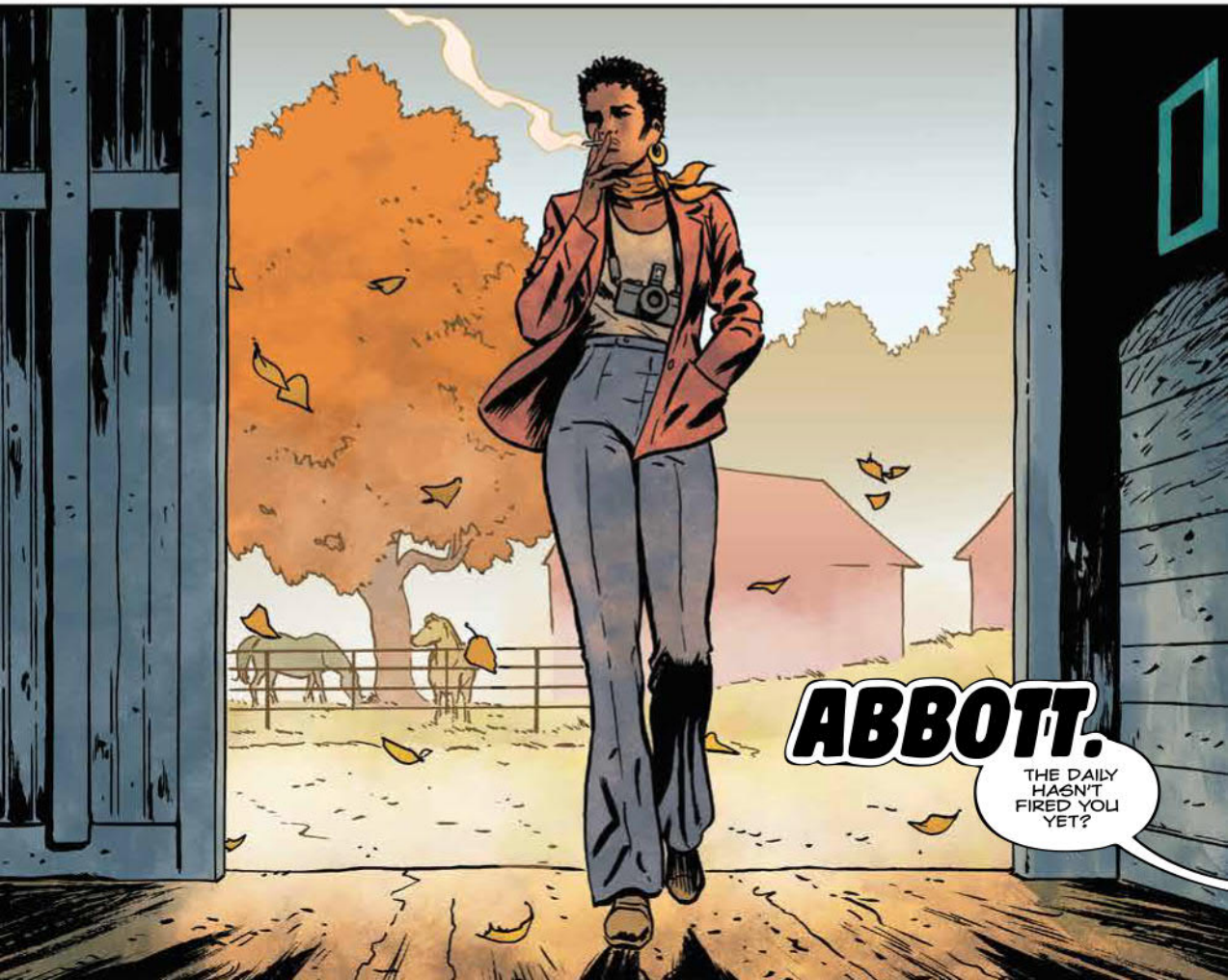
THE HELL
I DID! I SAID
IT WOULDN'T
SURPRISE
ME IF--

MY GOD,
IT STINKS
TO HIGH
HEAVEN.

IS THIS
THE FIRST TIME
THE PANTHERS HAVE
ATTACKED A POLICE
ANIMAL RATHER THAN
A HUMAN COP,
DETECTIVE?

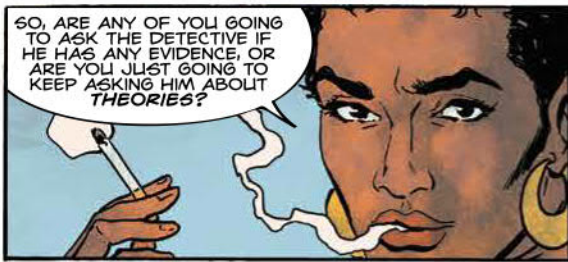


GENTLEMEN,
DO ANY OF YOU
REALLY BELIEVE
MUTILATING
ANIMALS IS THE
PANTHERS'
STYLE?

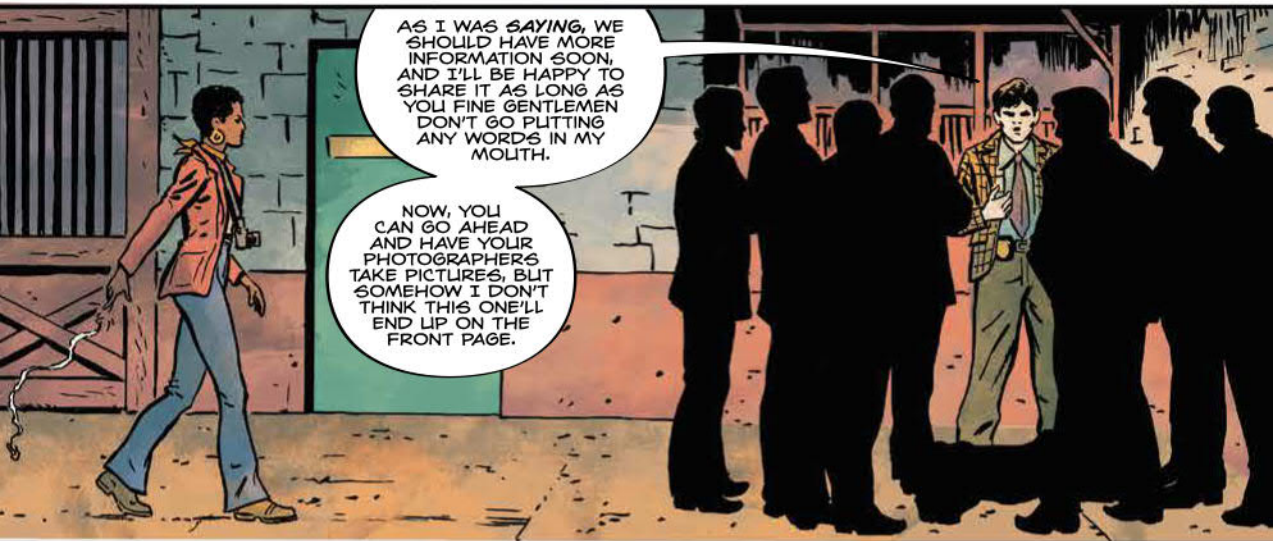


ABBOTT.

THE DAILY
HASN'T FIRED YOU
YET?



SO, ARE ANY OF YOU GOING TO ASK THE DETECTIVE IF HE HAS ANY EVIDENCE, OR ARE YOU JUST GOING TO KEEP ASKING HIM ABOUT THEORIES?



AS I WAS SAYING, WE SHOULD HAVE MORE INFORMATION SOON, AND I'LL BE HAPPY TO SHARE IT AS LONG AS YOU FINE GENTLEMEN DON'T GO PUTTING ANY WORDS IN MY MOUTH.

NOW, YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHERS TAKE PICTURES, BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THIS ONE'LL END UP ON THE FRONT PAGE.



HOLY CRAP, ABBOTT, FRED'S GOT YOU TAKING YOUR OWN PICTURES NOW? THAT'S RIDICULOUS. HE GIVING YOU ANY KIND OF BUDGET?



HELLO, MURRAY. IT'S NOT FRED, IT'S THE HIGHER-UPS. SOMEONE DIDN'T CARE FOR MY POLICE BRUTALITY STORIES. I'M BEING PUNISHED.

THAT'S TOO BAD. YOU'RE A GOOD REPORTER, ABBOTT. A DAMN GOOD REPORTER. BETTER THAN THE LITTLE @#\$%\$ I'M WORKING WITH NOW.



THANK YOU, MURRAY. AND YOU'RE THE BEST CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER IN DETROIT.

NOW YOU'RE JUST FLATTERING ME.

WELL, IT IS POSSIBLE I'M HOPING YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT THE POLICE KNOW HERE, SINCE NO ONE ELSE WILL.



NOTHING, ABBOTT. THEY'RE TRYING TO PIN IT ON NEGROES, BUT THEY GOT NOTHING, FAR AS I CAN TELL.

MOTHER OF GOD, THIS THING SMELLS AWFUL.

clk WHRRR clk WHRR

FWASH



2ND AVENUE,
12:47 P.M.

BROADWAY'S BLACK STAR DINER

...AND
YOU THINK
HE CAN BEAT
ALI? ARE
YOU JIVING
ME?

WE'RE TALKING
MUHAMMAD ALI,
NOW, RIGHT? NOT
ALI THE OLD ARAB
WITH THE LIQUOR
STORE?

YOU LOST
YOUR MIND,
MAN. I'LL TAKE
THAT BET.

MISS
ELENA!

HELLO,
EVERYONE.

HERE SHE
IS, THE BLACK
LOIS LANE! THE
VOICE OF THE
PEOPLE! THE
USUAL, MISS
ELENA?

YES,
WARDELL.
THANK
YOU.

NO
DISRESPECT,
MISS ELENA, BUT WHY
DO YOU ALWAYS ORDER
THE SAME THING? MY POPS'
OMELETTES ARE GOOD, BUT
THEY AIN'T *THAT* GOOD.

HABIT, YOUNG
MAN. ORDER. IT'S
WHAT KEEPS
CHAOS AT
BAY.

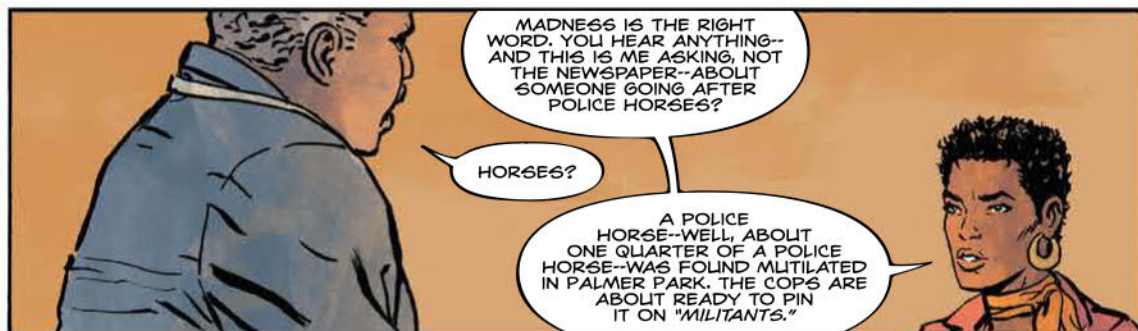
WELL, YOU SHOULDN'T BE
EATING IN RESTAURANTS ALL
THE TIME. YOU SHOULD
HAVE SOMEONE TAKING
CARE OF YOU
AT HOME.

I KNOW YOU
DON'T COOK, BUT
IT'S ALMOST 1973! THE
WORLD IS CHANGING. YOU
COULD FIND YOURSELF A
BROTHER WHO ISN'T
AFRAID OF AN
INDEPENDENT
WOMAN...

A YOUNG
BROTHER. A
BROTHER WHO
RESPECTS YOUR
JOURNALISTIC
TENACITY. A
BROTHER WHO KNOWS
HOW TO
COOK...

WELL,
MERCY MERCY
ME! YOUNG MAN,
YOU ARE ADORABLE.
BUT I'M ALMOST
TWENTY YEARS
OLDER THAN
YOU.

THAT DON'T
MEAN--



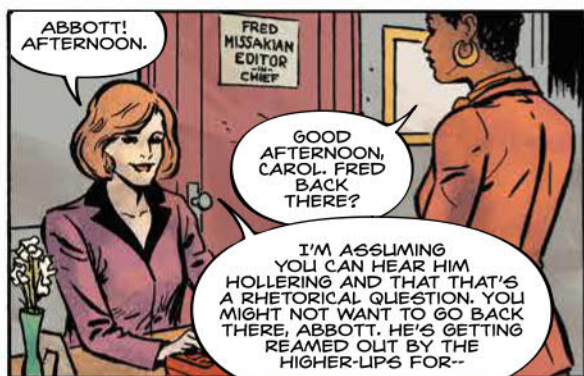
DOWNTOWN,
2:53 P.M.

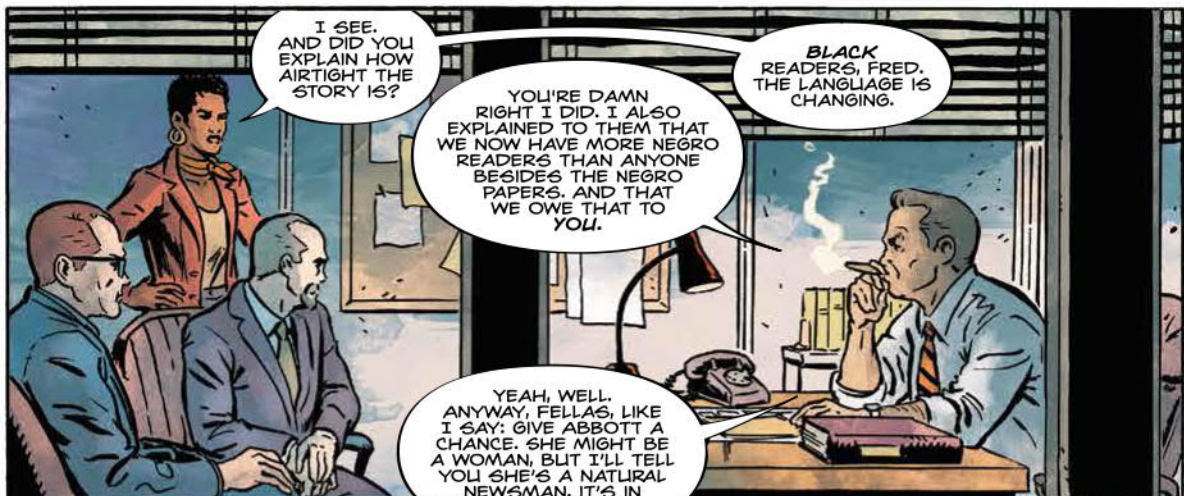
that there are, as one longtime
resident put it, two Detroits:
one white, one black



and that the former
would rather leave the
city than truly share
it with the latter.







I SEE,
AND DID YOU
EXPLAIN HOW
AIRTIGHT THE
STORY IS?

YOU'RE DAMN
RIGHT I DID. I ALSO
EXPLAINED TO THEM THAT
WE NOW HAVE MORE NEGRO
READERS THAN ANYONE
BESIDES THE NEGRO
PAPERS. AND THAT
WE OWE THAT TO
YOU.

BLACK
READERS, FRED.
THE LANGUAGE IS
CHANGING.

YEAH, WELL.
ANYWAY, FELLAS, LIKE
I SAY, GIVE ABBOTT A
CHANCE. SHE MIGHT BE
A WOMAN, BUT I'LL TELL
YOU SHE'S A NATURAL
NEWSMAN. IT'S IN
HER BLOOD.



YOU SURE THAT
ISN'T JUNGLE BLOOD
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT, FRED?

Oh JEEZ,
CHARLIE,
C'MON.



...
GET
THE HELL
OUT OF MY
OFFICE, CHARLIE.
RIGHT. NOW.

YOU
WATCH HOW
YOU TALK TO ME,
FRED! I'M STILL
YOUR--

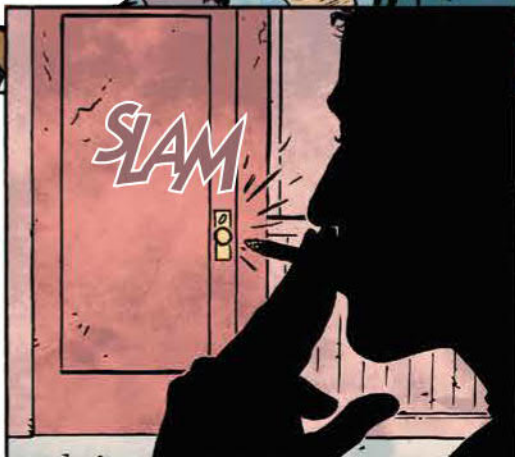
YOU GOING
TO FIRE ME, CHARLIE?
GO AHEAD! WATCH THIS
PAPER FALL APART IN A
WEEK! OR GET THE HELL
OUT OF MY WAY AND LET
ME DO MY JOB WITHOUT
THIS REDNECK
GARBAGE!

I DIDN'T
STORM NORMANDY
AND GET NAZI
SHRAPNEL IN
MY ASS TO
LISTEN TO THIS
DAMN--

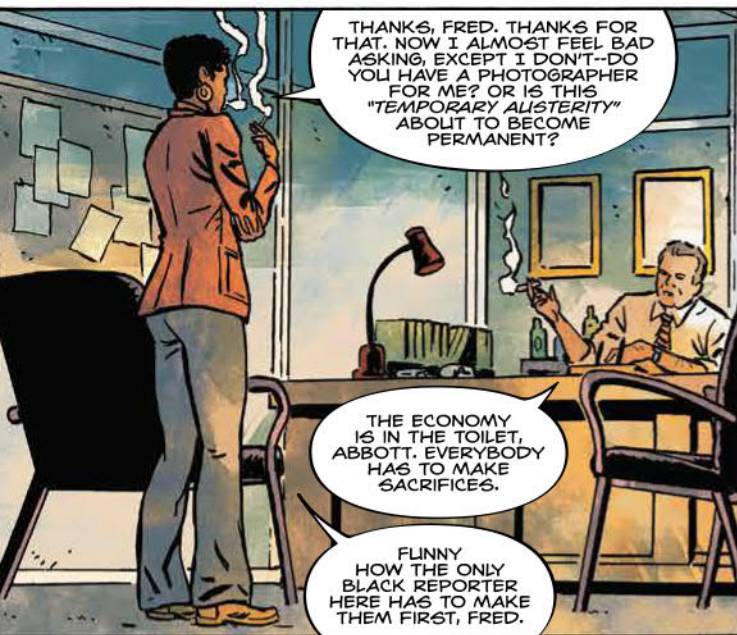
HOO BOY,
HERE WE GO WITH
THE WAR STORIES.
LET'S LET HIM COOL
DOWN, CHARLIE.



WE'LL TALK LATER
ABOUT YOUR...
PET REPORTER,
FRED. THIS ISN'T
DONE.



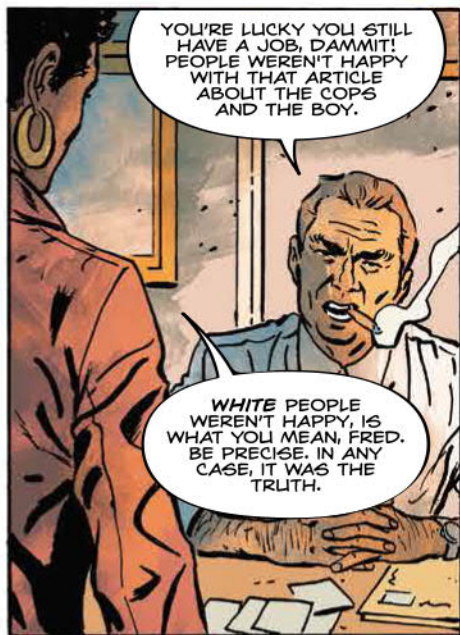
SLAM



THANKS, FRED. THANKS FOR THAT. NOW I ALMOST FEEL BAD ASKING, EXCEPT I DON'T--DO YOU HAVE A PHOTOGRAPHER FOR ME? OR IS THIS "TEMPORARY ALIENATION" ABOUT TO BECOME PERMANENT?

THE ECONOMY IS IN THE TOILET, ABBOTT. EVERYBODY HAS TO MAKE SACRIFICES.

FUNNY HOW THE ONLY BLACK REPORTER HERE HAS TO MAKE THEM FIRST, FRED.



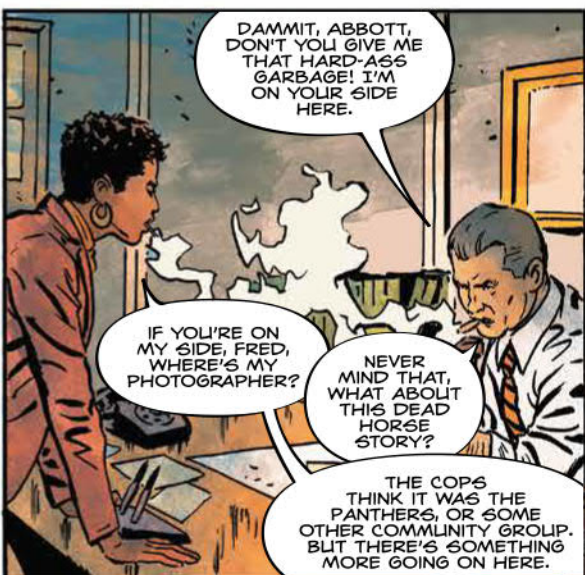
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU STILL HAVE A JOB, DAMMIT! PEOPLE WEREN'T HAPPY WITH THAT ARTICLE ABOUT THE COPS AND THE BOY.

WHITE PEOPLE WEREN'T HAPPY, IS WHAT YOU MEAN, FRED. BE PRECISE. IN ANY CASE, IT WAS THE TRUTH.



IT WAS. AND THAT'S WHY I RAN IT. BUT SOME OF THE BOARD SEES IT AS AGITATION.

IF THE TRUTH AGITATES PEOPLE, FRED, DOES THAT MEAN WE SHOULDN'T PUBLISH THE TRUTH?



DAMMIT, ABBOTT, DON'T YOU GIVE ME THAT HARD-ASS GARBAGE! I'M ON YOUR SIDE HERE.

IF YOU'RE ON MY SIDE, FRED, WHERE'S MY PHOTOGRAPHER?

NEVER MIND THAT, WHAT ABOUT THIS DEAD HORSE STORY?

THE COPS THINK IT WAS THE PANTHERS, OR SOME OTHER COMMUNITY GROUP. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING MORE GOING ON HERE.



THERE ALWAYS IS WITH YOU, ISN'T THERE?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT: WHY DON'T YOU DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND JUST WRITE THIS ONE LIKE THEY TELL IT. SOME NICE SHORT B.S. WITH A BIG GRISLY PICTURE.

YOU WANT A DRINK?



I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, FRED--I HAVE TWO BRANDIES EVERY NIGHT, AND THAT'S IT.

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW, BUT EVERY DAY?

ROUTINES, FRED. ORDER. EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

