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Good Social Horse Opera

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, shrewd in most matters, in others are like the man who couldn't see the forest for the trees.

This thought is inescapable as one watches the movie thriller, "Wild Bill Hickock Rides."

The hero, diamond in the rough with a heart of gold, owns a ranch through which flows the water supply for the fertile valley known as Powder Basin. The ranch, of course, is heavily mortgaged.

The villain of the piece tries to persuade the bank to foreclose, hoping thus to obtain the property for himself, gain control of the water supply and make virtual slaves of the residents of Powder Basin.

The film comes to the usual happy ending with Wild Bill, having frustrated the villain's dastardly attempt, proclaiming that there is enough water for all and that all have equal rights to its use.

The audience hissed the villain lustily without in the slightest realizing that he has his counterpart in the present day land grabber, that social parasite who grows rich on the toil of others through tribute exacted as rent.

Perhaps when the fury of war has died away and peace has settled again over the earth, the American people will realize that they are denied their heritage, and will assert their claim to the gifts provided by God for all.

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