

THE FRONTIER

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Anxious Days

These are anxious days—days of uncertainty and apprehension.

There is always plenty to worry about, but it seems as though worries had been piled up in recent months to an unusual extent. It is only necessary to read the newspapers, to listen to the radio, or to take a comprehensive look around your own vicinity to realize that fact.

There is a vast, unprecedented number of perplexing problems confronting the American people at the present time and the mental strain is becoming constantly more intense. So great has this strain become for some individuals, indeed, that they have desperately decided to "take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them."

There have been some conspicuous examples of that lately in public life which have attracted wide attention. These individuals have cracked under the mental strain of living and have committed suicide.

Of course, there are countless other people who have taken the same easy way out of their difficulties who are less prominent and whose names do not appear in the newspapers, at least, not on the front page.

Not knowing the problems and perplexities of various individuals, one should be charitable and suspend judgment; but, generally speaking, it may be said that suicide is a cowardly act. It solves no problems and dispels no perplexities and it adds heavily to the burdens of those who remain.

The courageous soul does not run away, but stays on to fight to the bitter end.

Obviously, however, the suicides are a relatively small number and the great majority of people do face life with all its problems and difficulties courageously, but, nevertheless, it must be conceded that these are anxious days for almost everybody.

That is true internationally, nationally and locally. Internationally, the situation is tense and critical and news reports are scanned with interest day after day. Always in the background, is the fear of another war. The recently adopted Atlantic pact may prove an effective means of averting war—we hope and pray that it may, but distrust, suspicion and fear still exist in the hearts of men. The world is in a state of turmoil with fighting between various nations going on all the time and world peace is still a long, long way off.

Nationally, these are also anxious days. Fortunately, the United States has been spared any great natural calamities and disasters in recent months such as have occurred occasionally in the past, but the national scene is very far from being a peaceful one.

Strikes, walkouts, riots, lynchings, murders and terrible crimes and accidents of all sorts are occurring every day and there is a certain amount of nervous tension always in the air on account of the turbulent conditions abroad. There is also anxiety about the nation's reckless spending and the constantly mounting national debt.

This is not hysteria, nor is it losing sight of the fact that the United States is the greatest, the most prosperous, the most progressive, the most peaceful and the most hopeful nation in the world today. It is simply citing some of the facts and conditions which cause more or less anxiety among its happy and contented people.

Locally, these are anxious days, but in an entirely different sense than they are on the international and national scene. Naturally, the inhabitants of Nebraska and the Midwest share in the concern felt by the rest of the people in world problems; but, nevertheless, when you leave the big, congested cities and travel West, you enter different surroundings. There is an atmosphere of peace, contentment and security which is in striking contrast to the hectic and dangerous conditions which exist in many other parts of the world.

That is not to say, however, that we people of the agricultural areas do not have our problems. We do and plenty of them. We have at every season of the year. Last Winter, we had the problem of terrible blizzards, excessive snowfall and unusual cold and, then, when the snow had melted and the cold abated, we were confronted with the problem of raising another crop.

We are wrestling with that problem at the present time and, while it is a local one, it has state, national and even international ramifications for it should be remembered that the Midwest is "the breadbasket of the world." What we raise on our fertile acres will be used to feed countless millions of people.

And the farmers and ranchers of this and other areas have been beset by unusual difficulties this season on account of the various insects which have invaded their fields. It seems that they are unusually numerous this year—aphids, corn borers, locusts, grasshoppers and numerous other pests which have attacked the growing grain and done an untold amount of damage. In addition to insects, the threat of drouth, hail, wind storms, etc., is continually present.

These are anxious days in Holt county and all over the Midwest.

Anxiety is a bad mental state—in a sense, it is worse, more disturbing, than the reality itself and every individual needs all the hope and courage possible to combat and overcome it.

★ ★ ★

There is one thing to be said in favor of hot weather—it gives people something to talk about.

★ ★ ★

Heat is only relative.

An Appreciative Audience



Prairie Land Talk —

Columbus a Fitting Locality for Reverting to Carb and Gaiety of the Old West

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN—A citizen of Columbus came to Lincoln and from his celestial perch on the back of a beautiful white horse, dolled up with fancy trappings, presented to Governor Peterson in the shadow of the bronze statue of the great commoner an official invitation to come to the Platte county city for an address on the occasion of the moderns up there reverting to the picturesque gaiety of the Old West in a three day celebration.



Romaine Saunders

I don't know how many if any may survive at Columbus who were there at the time, but it is one of the fitting localities in Nebraska for such an undertaking—here was the home of Indian scouts, the scene of Pawnee camp fires and the gathering ground for the first great undertaking to preserve in living drama the story of the trail blazers of prairie land, when Buffalo Bill assembled his magnificent gang of riders and marksmen.

In this age of rubber tires and the increase of burning gasoline there will be a few if any found who can mount a horse with the grace and regal bearing of Bill or his riders but that there will be plenty to make a stab at it is already understood.

After the toil and travail of four score years what is it that we wish to mimic of the past? The romance and adventure, the heroism and the lawlessness, the untraveled freedom of life and culture piety linked this the thing we look back with primitive barbarism—is upon with yearning? Has the soft touch, yet the subtle designing, of modern life becomes a bore to the men of business, and professions so that they crave something of the rudiments of the wild? Back of it all is it not a love of nature that survives in an artificial world?

Go out in the morning to far prairie land and camp in nature's solitude for a day and a night, and stay over another day and night. Catch the inspiration of the open air, the fragrance and color of prairie flowers, the flash of gold at sunset, the mystic charm of the heavens when stars shine afar, the call of a prairie wolf to his mate to startle you at midnight and the pink glow touching a distant sandhill at dawn.

The longing, seeking, striving to loose the bands of artificial living is realized for the moment in the presence of the tremendous panorama of prairie land.

At sunset a stillness rests over prairie land. The little lake mir-

ror, the blue above and the long stems of the cat-tails skirting the lake's rim stand motionless. The row of jack pines on the crest of a hill form a dark line against the incandescence of the sky. The meadow lark has sent forth his evening note, folded his brown-grey wings and gone to rest, the fierce July day dies and all things for the moment are left without a shadow. The hum of the night insects is heard as they rise up out of the grass, one by one stars burn over the sandhills and the brooding calm of night spreads a haunting charm across the grass lands. Sunset and evening star—it is the hour that remains forever in the memory, the hour when day is over on prairie land and night has unfolded a quiet calm over the earth as if listening for a message from the skies.

A fuel oil truck has drove up to the house next door, the hose connected with the basement tank and the streams of oil turned on. Early preparations for a changing season and a reminder of what lies ahead during moths to come.

There is an over production of experts telling "what ought to be done." To overcome the 10 percent shrinkage in the income of Nebraska farmers the university specialists in such things have cast out on the desert air their advice to increase production "per acre, per sow, per cow." No class of citizens get the hokey handed to them so freely and fluently as do the folks out on the land, who look tolerantly and smile. The tragedy of it is much of this so-called expert stuff is a racket that flourishes on the doles from public funds.

Carrying a stock of cigars in the vest or shirt pocket so far remains the prerogative of men.

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The foliage-laden elms bend before the wind and the long plume of the weeping willows swing and sway in graceful attitudes; bush and blooming flower beds to yield to the kisses of the fresh Northern gale; a streak of light cuts across a cloud bank and the roll of distant thunder warns of rain. Nature's mood this morning invites to the open to let the wind dishevel your hair.

Those who have been there tell us that from a high ridge among Judaean hills, snow-capped Hermon to the North is visible, the sands of the desert to the South are seen, the sullen outline of the mediterranean Sea to the West and Trans-Jordan mountains to the East are plainly visible. Within this spot of earth was born the faith that has heated the modern world, and here again the banner of a revitalized Hebrew nation is unfurled.

(Continued on Page 7-A)

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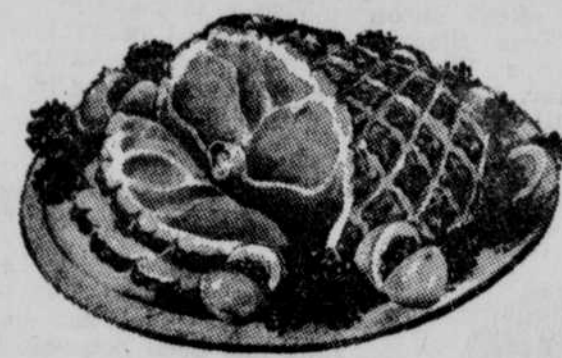
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