

From Out of The Past

By LANCE SAILS

Time: 1973.
(The following is a reprint of one of my columns in the early Spring of 1953.)

I am not sure how much longer they'll let me write. Got "called on the carpet" by the boss. Went about like this: "Lance, dern it, you're column is interesting and all that—but why can't you come down to earth—etc., etc.—and for gosh sakes, man, cut it down! etc., etc."

My column this week is an attempt in that direction.

Ever since I arrived in the canyon, I KNEW—and it would take a book to explain my reasons why—that this canyon would one day come into its own—in a big way.

I was feeling sorta low one morning. Dropped in at the Mill City Tavern—at the bottom of the hill—"never a dull moment" and Byron (Davis) said he didn't feel good.

"S'matter kid?" I asked. Told me that the doctors thought he had "rocks" (gall stones). Told Byron to be thankful they were where they were instead of where I had just been told I had 'em—(in the head!)

Sat there brooding over my beer—got to thinking of what I had been told, "come down to earth"—"don't make it so long"—"people won't read it"—etc., etc., etc.

I thought, "Nuts—this will do it!" And so, my column for this week

—and maybe my last. Fact is they might not even print this. If, though, they do print it and you read it and really want me to write seriously—why dont cha either phone ye editor, see him, or drop a card in the mail. Do it today!

Living here in the canyon among us was a guy—who, because of his strictly UNorthodox ideas was, on many occasions politely kidded for his dreaming. But he had courage. He let people in on his dreams—whether he got kidded or not—and if anyone sought to goodnatureedly belittle his dreaming by proposing something utterly preposterous, he'd tell 'em, "Okay, you sackit and I'll sell it!"

And that brings me down to horses! Whenever I feel low I get by myself, get out my Bible and either open a fresh quart of beer or put on a fresh pot of coffee.

You good people—please don't look down your nose at me—not for that! Many the time I hit for a tavern after first going to church—and to tell those that I met there, "I missed seeing you at worship". Now don't you think you'd better take back what you were thinking? Honest now?

Back to horses.

The Russian Cossacks have long been known as the greatest horsemen in the world. Until fairly recently, nearly all of the horses raised in Texas were shipped to Russia. When our victory in Korea turned to defeat it was not because of the enemy coming with airplanes or artillery, it was because tens of thousands of them came in the stillness of the night on horses and our boys were trapped in the fox holes. The invaders took our army by surprise and our soldiers were roused to battle, not by the roar of artillery or by the approach of airplanes, but by the thunder of hoof beats of tens of thousands of horses.

Odd that I should at this time be reading Ezekial (in the Bible).

Can you conceive of—in this day and age of mechanized warfare, the possibility of vast armies resorting again—as in times of old—to horses and primitive weapons?

Listen! A short, sharp atomic war

that would wipe out civilization and modern industry as we know it—that would place man in the primitive age—or—as a second choice, all nations—in a sweeping disarmament agreement agree to junk all atomic weapons—(NOW being discussed at United Nations headquarters in New York City as I write this!)

The entire world is so frightened in regard to modern weapons that it may make such a disarmament agreement. Don't be surprised if it happens just that way. Things are happening—and fast! It is much later than you think!

It is fun, like you've never experienced before to ask someone the answer to a question only to have them tell you they did not know—and in proving that they did not know—lay out in plain sight—the answer they assured you they did not have.

Such was my experience when I stopped in at a little radio shop on Santiam boulevard—Stiffler's. I had some difficulty with my car radio. Tube trouble, I think. Got to thinking.

Just as sound is broadcast by radio, so also it is now possible to broadcast power by means of a vacuum tube. I learned from Stiffler (who is an Einstein at fixing radios) that at the present time the power sent out from a broadcasting plant is projected on the beam principle, is limited in range, considerably, and can be picked up only by a restricted number of metals and alloys.

A plate of alloy was set out in a camping spot on the Little North Fork, and a pot of coffee was set on the metal disc. The power was broadcast on a beam directed toward this receiving plate, and as the three of us, Stiffler, his associate, Jim, and I drove up after driving from Mill City—there was the pot of coffee bubbling and steaming away as though it was safely and orthodoxly resting on one of the kitchen ranges in his stove! Spooky—huh? Not at all!

Without doubt, when this technique is perfected it will be possible to broadcast power which will affect any metal at a reasonable distance.

The warring nations of the future will turn to weapons of wood—or rubber. We don't have any rubber but



Installing officers and new officers of Marilyn Chapter 145, Order of Eastern Star, are pictured. From left are: Front row, George Huffman and Laurell Johnson, worthy patron and matron; Betty Tinney and O. K. Hirte, associate matron and patron; second row, Helen Johnston, Clara Morrie, Lois Scott, Ann Hirte, Mable Parker. Third row, Halle Toman; Esther Hartley, installing grand patron; Mildred Allen and Doris Sheythe, installing grand chaplain and musician, and Fern Shuey. Back row, Walter Kay, Richalyn Muckridge, Stella Kay, Mary Tuers, Maxine Hill and Leora Stevens. (Photo courtesy Bob Veness and The Statesman)

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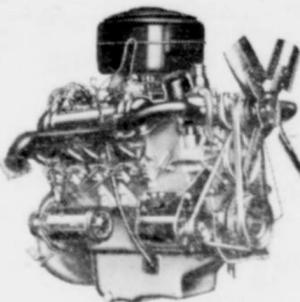
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