

"The guys I know in my Civil War Roundtable, Revolutionary War reenactors, many of them know skills that are lost to the rest of us. I want people like that. I'd trade a hundred computertech

heads right now for one guy who understood steam engines. I'd trade a hundred lawyers for someone who could show us how to make gunpowder from what we can find here in this valley, or which roots we can dig right now and safely eat.

"An old chemist who could make ether or chloroform. Doc, we're going to need a lot of that in the months to come and I'm willing to bet we're short already.

"An old dentist who could get an old-fashioned foot-powered drill running. You folks think about that yet, next time you get a toothache? Care to have

the tooth yanked instead and no painkiller while we're at it? Remember the old movies, the ones about a gang of kids and one of them usually had a bandage wrapped around his head to keep his jaw shut because he had an abscessed tooth. If we saw that two weeks ago the parents would have been arrested for child abuse. But I tell you, we'll be seeing that again, and real soon."

He suddenly realized he was rambling, the room silent, suddenly far too hot.

"Sorry. . . ."