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# Frontiersman

*Facing the truth, however great the cost.*

October 2006

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## Whining to be Repressed

Sam Aurelius Milam III

America must have more whiners, per capita, than anywhere else on Earth. There are whiners of every possible description. The only thing that they all have in common is that they all demand, for the sake of their own agendas, restrictions on everybody else.

Some whiners want to feel safe in cars. They demand high-tech contraptions to keep cars from turning over. Some whiners want to downgrade SUVs because they're safer than small cars. They'll probably also want to downgrade Macs, Kenworths, Peterbilts, and so forth, so that nobody will have to worry about getting injured in an accident with a moving van. Then, all furniture deliveries can be done with Vespas and people moving to new homes can pay for a thousand little moving vans instead of one big one. Some whiners want to feel safe on airplanes. They make everybody submit to unreasonable searches and seizures at the airport. Some whiners want sex to be a sin. They try to abolish all possible forms of sexual pleasure for everybody. They even devise ways to entrap and prosecute people who aren't doing anything except trying to get laid. Some whiners think that the sight of boobs, or whatever, will turn their kids into perverts. They want to abolish "pornography" for all of us. Some think that violent programming will cause violence on the streets but that funny programming won't cause humor on the streets. They're too stupid or too lazy to just turn off the television so they sit and watch it and then whine about the content. Some whiners are too lazy to spend 5 seconds per message deleting junk email. They've complained so much that some hosting services won't even offer email anymore. Some whiners

complain about lost interest. Now some banks don't delete the record of funds from your account until a recipient has actually received a payment. That causes funds in your account to appear to be available after they're actually not available. Some whine about second-hand smoke. They've converted smokers into outcasts who lurk furtively around the corner while they smoke their cigarettes. Some eat like gluttons and then try to blame their fat on the restaurants. Now the food costs extra in restaurants to pay for lawyers. People have to show government ID to buy Sudafed because some whiners complained about Meth labs. The list seems to be endless.

The whiners are too selfish to admit their own selfishness. They're too stupid to recognize their own stupidity. Their selfishness is demonstrated by their insistence that their goals must be achieved by restricting everybody else. Of course, they don't advocate restrictions on things that they want to do themselves. Their stupidity is demonstrated by their failure to take reasonable measures to protect themselves. For example, instead of whining about cars that roll over, they could just learn how to drive. Consider that the most serious problem in the entire world today is overpopulation. The second most serious problem is people who are stupid. Therefore, why are we trying so hard to make automobiles **foolproof** and prevent the deaths of stupid people? Instead, we could use the roads to address two problems at once.

The cumulative result of the behavior of the whiners is repression. Each faction enacts a different little piece of control and it all adds to the total. To some extent, the sorry state of American society today can be attributed to the selfishness and the stupidity of America's repressive and evangelistic whiners. They control the rest of us for the sake of their own safety, morality, or convenience. 

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## Scratch Tape: The Sea Wolves

Reviewed by Sam Aurelius Milam III

While going through a collection of old video-cassettes last July, I came across a recording of *The Sea Wolves*. The movie is based on the book *Boarding Party*, by James Leasor and includes some big-name actors: Gregory Peck, Roger Moore, and David Niven. It tells a story of the sinking of three German freighters in the neutral harbor at Goa, on the eastern coast of India, during March of 1943. I haven't read any historical accounts of the event and I haven't read the book. I don't know if the story, as told in the movie, bears any resemblance at all to either the book or to actual events. Probably not. Here's the story as told in the movie.

German submarines had been sinking a large number of allied freighters in the Indian Ocean. British intelligence<sup>1</sup> agents decided that information was being supplied to the submarine commanders by way of a clandestine transmitter on one of the three German freighters at Goa. Since the harbor was neutral territory, under the jurisdiction of the Portuguese government, the British couldn't just waltz in with commandos and destroy the transmitter.

Two British officers, Colonel Lewis Pugh (Gregory Peck) and Captain Gavin Stewart (Roger Moore), went to Goa to investigate. Their main objective was to determine which of the three freighters housed the transmitter. During the investigation, they managed to cause the needless deaths of three people, a restaurant owner whom they had intimidated into helping them, a German agent whom they had hoped to interrogate, and a local man who was working for the Germans.

Since the transmitter was in neutral territory, they decided to use civilians to destroy it. They selected 20 civilian volunteers from a part-time Territorial Unit, The Calcutta Light Horse, that hadn't seen action since the Boer War, about 40 years earlier. Another British officer described its members as "a mixed bag of boozing, middle-aged, pot-bellied businessmen". Nevertheless, those were the boys for the job.

1 Although this usage of the word is conventional, I use it in this sense with grave misgivings.

With the help of Colonel Pugh, the volunteers stole a decrepit old river boat named Phoebe and loaded her with several inflated rubber boats and a good many crates of weapons, ammunition, and explosives. It's interesting to note that they did it all right out in the open, in broad daylight, and nobody in the vicinity objected. One has to wonder why there was so little concern among the locals over the theft of the Phoebe. With nine men on board, they motored away from the dock amid cheers and arm-waving from the other volunteers.

They traveled from Calcutta down the east coast of India, around the southern tip, and up the west coast to Cochin. The voyage around India was characterized mostly by seasickness. However a couple of things are worth mentioning. A possible reason for the lack of concern over the theft of the Phoebe was revealed by its engine, which was kept running during the trip only by constant tinkering. The competence of the crew was typified by a man on duty in the wheel house who observed a shark fin off the port bow, mistook it for a periscope, and caused a major panic by reporting a submarine off the starboard bow. He then completely failed to observe an actual periscope through which the Germans were examining the Phoebe. The Germans, probably wisely, decided that sinking the tub would be a waste of a torpedo. They went off in search of more worthy prey.

Meanwhile, Colonel Pugh and all but one of the remaining volunteers traveled across India by train, to rendezvous with the Phoebe crew at Cochin. From there, they all continued up the coast aboard Phoebe. At this point, I can't help but to make a couple of observations. Colonel Pugh and his group of volunteers verified that it was possible to cross India by train. One has to wonder why they stole a boat at Calcutta, so far from their ultimate objective. Surely there were boats to steal at Cochin. The British government could certainly have made the various necessary equipment available at Cochin as well as at Calcutta. The entire group of volunteers could have all crossed India by train and stole a boat at Cochin, probably a better boat, and much closer to Goa. →

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While all of that was happening, Captain Stewart and the remaining volunteer, whose heart was too weak for him to be included in the more vigorous pursuits of his colleagues, had traveled to Goa. Their objective was to arrange for events that would distract people in the vicinity while the transmitter was being destroyed. By the use of intimidation, threats against the children of a local official, and the lavish distribution of large sums of funds, they arranged for a big party, complete with fireworks, to which all of the port officials would be invited. They paid in advance at a local whore house for all of the entertainment that the local sailors could possibly use. That pretty much insured that everybody important would be otherwise occupied while the transmitter was being destroyed. During the preparations, however, the volunteer with the weak heart, who'd been given that easy assignment for his own safety, was killed by Captain Stewart's girlfriend who turned out to be working for the Germans. She then arranged for the murder of Captain Stewart. During the murder attempt, he killed her henchmen instead and, realizing her intentions and her true nature, shortly thereafter killed her with her own switch blade.

When the boatload of volunteers arrived in the vicinity of the freighters, most of the population of Goa was occupied in pleasurable pursuits having nothing to do with clandestine transmitters. The volunteers attached magnetic mines, with timers, to the hulls of the three freighters and then, en masse, boarded the freighter that housed the transmitter. What followed was a lot of pointless violence. The good guys shot at the bad guys and the bad guys shot at the good guys. Naturally, the good guys were better shots. Of course, the bad guys were mostly unarmed members of the ship's crew but we weren't supposed to notice that. After a long and tedious search for the hidden radio room, which seemed to have not been included in the planning when the timers on the magnetic mines were set, the radio room was eventually discovered. The good guys opened the door with explosives and used their machine guns to kill the radio operators, who were armed with only a

single pistol. Then, Colonel Pugh stole the code books and single-handedly threw a handful of hand grenades through the door, destroying the radio room completely.

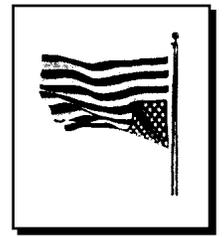
Naturally, the cantankerous engine on the Phoebe refused to start as the timers on the magnetic mines ticked in front of the cameras. The only member of the crew who knew anything about engines tinkered as the phoney dramatics dragged on. Of course, the engine started just in the nick of time and the Phoebe crept away from the mined freighter, just ahead of the leading edge of the shrapnel when the mines exploded.

Again, I can't help but make a couple of observations. After the ship was sunk, the transmitter was effectively disabled. That being the case, there wasn't any need to actually board the ship and destroy the radio room. The code books? There might have been some temporary advantage to having them but I expect that the Germans had revised their codes long before the code books were delivered to the British code breakers. So, there wasn't any reason at all to board the ship. All that was necessary was to sink it. That being the case, they didn't need the volunteers or the Phoebe. Colonel Pugh and Captain Stewart could have done the deed themselves with a couple of those rubber boats and a few magnetic mines. They didn't need to do the research, back at the beginning of the movie, to determine which freighter housed the transmitter. They sunk all three of them anyway so it didn't matter. They could have just sunk the three freighters themselves during the first trip to Goa and avoided all of those deaths and other expenses.

Maybe events didn't really happen as shown in the movie. I don't know. However, if the people in the service of the British government really were that stupid, then one has to wonder how they managed to win the war or even to fight it at all. If not, then one has to wonder about the intelligence of the people who make movies and the intelligence of the people who watch them. In either case, I'm reminded of that infamous bumper sticker: "Beam me up Scotty. There's no intelligent life down here. 🦋"

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Nation in Distress

Voting does more harm  
than voting libertarian  
does good.



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### Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: Sir James the Bold; SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; and Lord Jeffrey the Studious. —editor

### Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Buck

What do you think of the features of the Spad as compared to those of the Fokker?

—WWI Buff

Dear WWI Buff

I like spuds fried or baked but I don't know anything about fokkers. Where do they grow?

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### Bible Questions and Answers

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by ccranal.

- Q What kind of motor vehicles are in the Bible?  
A Jehovah drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden in a Fury. David's Triumph was heard throughout the land. Honda, because the apostles were all in one Accord. Second Cor. 48 describes going out in service in a Volkswagen Beetle: "We are pressed in every way, but not cramped beyond movement."  
Q Who was the first drug addict in the Bible?  
A Nebuchadnezzar. He was on grass for seven years. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

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