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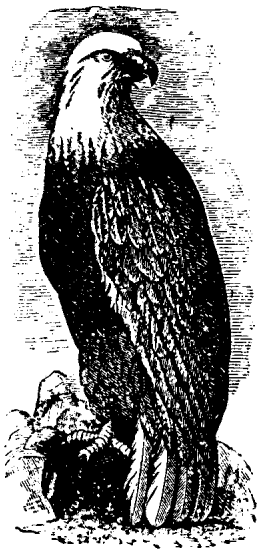

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

April 2009

Searching for Leah

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Earlier this year, I recorded a movie called *Loving Leah*. It was a Hallmark Hall of Fame Production and was presented on the CBS Television Network. The story centered primarily around three characters: a Rabbi, his wife, and his brother. The Rabbi, Benjamin Lever, was a member of an Orthodox Jewish community. His brother, Jake Lever, played by Adam Kaufman, was well beyond Reformed, mostly non-practicing. The story began when the Rabbi unexpectedly died. The leaders of the Orthodox Jewish community suggested that Jake should marry his brother's widow, Leah, in a Leverite Marriage. It isn't my purpose here to recount the action that followed. I suggest that you get a copy of the movie and watch it. The time will be well-spent. My purpose here is to comment briefly on the fictional Jewish widow, Leah Lever, and on the actress who portrayed her.

Leah Lever, the 26-year-old widow, was played by Lauren Ambrose. Leah was attractive but not unusually so. However, Lauren Ambrose revealed a surpassing talent as an actress. She gave to Leah an inner beauty that captivated me. Leah's beauty was compounded of honest modesty, bashfulness, hope, fear, happiness, and devotion. Her behavior and her attitudes were beauty itself. I know that she was fictional but that doesn't matter. She was an ideal and ideals are good things. They give us a standard of comparison for the real world.

In all of my years of searching, if I ever found a woman like the fictional character Leah, then I had the profound misfortune of not recognizing her for what she was when I found her. With a wife like Leah, my life would have been a very different experience, and a much more beautiful one, than it has been without her. ♥

CET

Sam Aurelius Milam III

> **Black Entertainment Television** (commonly referred to by its acronym **B.E.T.**) is an American cable network based in Washington, D.C. and targeted towards young black and urban audiences in the United States....
>
> —Wikipedia

There are various cable channels that I don't watch. Mostly, I don't watch them because they don't show anything that I want to see. However, I refuse to watch BET as a matter of principle.

It was the Negroes who insisted that separate-but-equal was an unacceptable policy. They inflexibly demanded total desegregation, at whatever cost. Now, they have Black Entertainment Television. So, let's start a network and call it Caucasian Entertainment Television, CET. Equality works in both directions or it isn't equality. Right? CET can be tailored for young white audiences. What do you think would happen? The owners of the network would be denounced as racist pigs. The network would be hounded out of existence by shrieking protesters, carrying big signs and marching back and fourth, blocking traffic.

I don't care if the blacks have black only situations but I do care about hypocrisy. If the blacks can have BET, the Congressional Black Caucus, black colleges and scholarships, and so forth ad infinitum then they shouldn't have complained about racial segregation.

Letter to the Editor

Sam Aurelius Milam III

G. W. Brown, of Baxter, Tennessee sent a letter to the editor that's too long to print here. A copy of the letter is linked to this issue on *The Frontiersman Website*.

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Planning Ahead — The difference between hoarding and stockpiling is entirely a matter of opinion.

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The Dirty Trickster and the Real Estate Office Caper

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

I'd been drivin' 'round tha country an' got inta a little town late one evenin'. Right near tha edge o' town they was a little shoppin' center, jus' a big parkin' lot an' a row o' businesses 'long tha back an' up one side. I pulled in ta ask some directions. Lots o' them places was closed but a few had some lights on. I stopped tha Hummer close ta some places that had lights on an' headed fer one of 'em. It wuz a real estate place next ta a bank. They was two people there, a woman workin' at a computer an' a man lookin' at some papers on a desk. They looked up as I walked in an' jus as I was askin' fer directions a van came squealin' up jus' outside an' three guys jumped out an' came runnin' in tha door yellin'. Two of 'em was wavin' guns. Tha other one was carrin' a big bag. It looked like a holdup but I couldn't see no reason why they'd rob a real estate office. What would they steal? Maps?

They herded me an' tha other two people inta a room on tha side, looked like a break room and storage room, all in one. In one end they wuz a countertop, sink, coffee pot, microwave oven, an' one o' them water things with a big jug upside down on it. At tha other end o' tha room they was six big file cabinets. Don't make no sense. All this talk 'bout computers and people still has all that paper. By tha door they was a little table with a lamp on it.

Anyway, them guys run us inta tha room an' shut tha door. I noticed that tha door had one o' them little lock buttons on tha knob. I pushed it. Then I went an' started movin' one o' them file cabinets. I tried ta be real quiet. Tha man came over and whispered, "What the Hell are you doing?" I put my finger on my lips an' kept movin' tha file cabinet. I eased it up flat against tha door, leavin' tha knob where I could git at it, an' went back fer another file cabinet. Tha man figgered out what I wuz doin' an' helped. We put three more file cabinets stickin' out inta tha room, 'gainst tha flat side o' tha first one, like a long letter T. Went clear ta tha other wall. They wouldn't nobody open that door from tha outside lessen we moved tha file cabinets first. That left two file cabinets. We put 'em flat 'gainst tha wall, end-ta-end with tha one that wuz 'gainst tha door, makin' a thick barrier 'long tha wall. I whispered to tha man, "Maybe you an' her oughta git down there behind them cabinets, in case them guys tries ta shoot through tha wall." They took that real serious. Tha woman was on tha wrong side o' tha cabinets, so she had ta climb over. That wuz a purty site.

After they wuz down behind tha file cabinets, they wuz on tha side away from tha door an' I was on tha side with tha door knob an' tha kitchen stuff. I unplugged tha lamp, got out ma pocket knife, and cut tha cord off tha lamp. I pulled tha wires apart, stripped about 12 inches o' insulation, wrapped tha hot wire 'round tha door knob, an' tied it. I laid tha cold wire on tha floor, by tha door. I turned their big water jug right-side-up an' emptied all their salt an' sugar packets inta it. Then I heaped up some wet paper towels on tha floor, close ta tha door, ta make a little dam. I poured tha doctored water on tha floor inside tha little dam an' mostly it ran out under tha door. In a minute, one o' tha guys outside yelled, "What tha Hell are you people doin' in there!?" I plugged in tha lamp cord.

A coupla seconds later, tha door knob rattled an' then tha whole door started shakin' 'an they was a lot o' yelling out there. I jumped up on tha countertop and pushed up one o' tha ceiling panels. Tha wall wuz only up ta tha ceilin' so I eased up a panel over tha main room, where they was, just a crack ta see what they was doin'. They'd figgered out a way ta get their fryin' friend loose from tha door knob. One of 'em was draggin' 'im out tha door an' tha other guy was pitchin' tools inta tha bag. They'd been makin' a big hole in tha wall on tha other side o' tha main room, toward tha bank. Idiots musta figgered safes was only steel on tha front. I jumped down an' unplugged tha wire an' told tha man an' woman behind tha file cabinets ta stay down. "They ain't gone yet an' they got guns!" They stayed down. I scrambled up inta tha space above tha ceilin', over tha wall, down inta tha main office, an' headed out tha door almost on tha heels o' them other three guys. Tha man an' woman would be safe where they wuz an' I wanted ta be long gone before they figgered out that it was all over an' called tha cops.

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Thank You

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Marilyn B.

I just want to thank all my friends and loved ones for the educational emails over the past year.

Because of your warnings I now live in a ziplock plastic bag with clean oxygen piped in after passing through 18 filters that are replaced each hour.

Thanks to you, I no longer open a public bathroom door without using a paper towel.

I can't use the remote in a hotel room because I don't know what the last person was doing while flipping through the channels.

I can't sit down on the hotel bedspread because I can only imagine what has happened on it since it was last washed.

I can't enjoy lemon slices in my tea or on my seafood anymore because lemon peels have been found to contain all kinds of nasty germs including feces.

I have trouble shaking hands with someone who has been driving because the number one pastime while driving alone is picking your nose.

Eating a Little Debbie sends me on a guilt trip because I can only imagine how many gallons of trans fats and high fructose corn syrup I have consumed over the years.

I can't touch any woman's purse for fear she has placed it on the floor of a public bathroom.

I must send my special thanks to whoever sent me the one about poop in the glue on envelopes because I now have to use a wet sponge with every envelope that I seal.

Also, now I have to scrub the top of every can I open for the same reason.

I no longer have any savings because I gave it to a sick girl (Penny Brown) who is about to die in the hospital for the 1,387,258th time.

I no longer have any money at all, but that will change once I receive the $15,000 that Bill Gates/Microsoft and AOL are sending me for participating in their special e-mail program.

I no longer worry about my soul because I have 363,214 angels looking out for me, and St. Theresa's novena has granted my every wish.

I no longer eat KFC because their chickens are actually horrible mutant freaks with no eyes or feathers.

I no longer use cancer-causing deodorants even though I smell like a water buffalo on a hot day.

Thanks to you, I have learned that my prayers only get answered if I forward an e-mail to seven of my friends and make a wish within five minutes.

Because of your concern, I no longer drink Coca Cola because it can remove toilet stains.

I can no longer buy gasoline without taking someone along to watch the car so a serial killer won't crawl into my back seat while I'm pumping the gas.

I no longer drink Pepsi or Dr. Pepper since the people who make those products are atheists who refuse to put "Under God" on their cans.

I no longer use Saran wrap in the microwave oven because it causes cancer.

And thanks for letting me know that I can't boil a cup of water in the microwave oven anymore because it will blow up in my face, disfiguring me for life.

I no longer check the coin return on pay phones because I could be pricked with a needle infected with AIDS.

I no longer go to shopping malls because someone will drug me with a perfume sample and rob me.

I no longer receive packages from UPS or FedEx since they are actually Al Qaeda in disguise.

I no longer shop at Target since they are French and don't support our American troops or the Salvation Army.

I no longer answer the phone because someone will ask me to dial a number for which I will get a phone bill with calls to Jamaica, Uganda, Singapore, and Uzbekistan.

I no longer buy expensive cookies from Neiman-Marcus since I now have their recipe.

And thanks to your great advice, I can't ever pick up a five dollar bill dropped in the parking lot because it probably was placed there by a rapist waiting underneath my car to grab my leg.

If you don't send this e-mail to at least 144,000 people in the next 70 minutes, a large dove with diarrhea will land on your head at 5:00 PM this afternoon and the fleas from 12 camels will infest your back, causing you to grow a hairy hump. I know this will occur because it actually happened to a friend of my next door neighbor's ex-mother-in-law's second husband's cousin's beautician.

Have a great day! ∞

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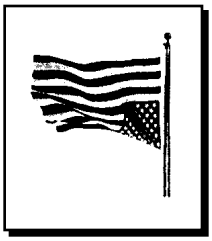

Nation in Distress

In my many years, I have come to a conclusion that one useless man is a shame, two is a law firm, and three or more is a congress. —John Adams

Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; my mother; and Dewey and Betty. —editor

Definitions

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

Antacid: A low pH chemical made from an insect
Arrange: A stove
Artificial: The person in charge of the exhibition of paintings
Cabaret: A line of taxis
Carpet: A cat or a dog that lives in your automobile
Forbear: In favor of nudity ∞

Differences Between Men and Women

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- Men wake up as good-looking as they were when they went to bed. Women somehow deteriorate during the night.
- A woman marries a man expecting that he'll change, but he doesn't. A man marries a woman expecting that she won't change, but she does.
- A woman has the last word in any argument. Anything that a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument.
- There are two times when a man doesn't understand a woman — before he marries her and after he marries her. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

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