



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

June 2013

Heinous Deeds Most Fowl

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Here are some stories from my past, tales of heinous deeds that involved chickens. Thus, the title of the article.

The first story happened when I was very young indeed. It was the day that my mother tried to set up my first real bed for me. That was a big day for me. I was graduating from a crib to a real bed. Maybe that's why I can still remember it. I watched eagerly while she tried to assemble the bed. I was probably making a royal nuisance of myself but mothers can be very patient when it suits them. She got the frame pieces attached to the head board and the foot board but she had some difficulty with the box springs. They kept falling between the frame pieces. She thought about it for a while and then recalled that there should be slats between the frame pieces. That was bad news. She couldn't find the slats. Much to my frustration, we had to wait for Poppa to get home from work. When she asked him about it, he looked sheepish and said, "Oh. So that's what those boards were." He took us out to the chicken lot. There were my slats, in a condition that probably rendered them unsuitable for use in a bed. He'd previously nailed them together into chicken feeders. I don't remember how the situation was eventually resolved. Many years later, when I was in my middle 40s, I built a bed for myself. I built it out of half-inch plywood, 4x4s, and 2x4s. It's glued together. Instead of slats, I used sheets of 3/4 inch plywood, cut to size, to support the box springs. Nobody's going to use that for a chicken feeder.

I must have been about four years old at the time of this next story. I don't think that revenge was in my motives. I was only trying to do as instructed. I was following Poppa around, as young boys will follow their fathers. He was in the chicken coop, trying to collect the eggs. A particularly feisty hen fought him until he gave up in exasperation and yanked her out of the nesting box. He held her upside down by

her legs and handed her to me.

"Here!" he said. "Take this ol' hen outside an' throw 'er on the ground!"

I did my best. Poppa looked around just in time to see me, holding the hen by the legs, as he had done, and raising her over my head as far as I could reach. "No, son!", he yelled, just as I threw her on the ground as hard as I could, straight down. I still had a lot to learn at the age of four. I was just trying my best to do what Poppa had told me to do. It didn't occur to me that the hen might land on her head and break her neck.

By the time that I was about 10 years old, my chores included feeding the table scraps to the chickens. At that time, the chickens lived in a fenced lot that was actually fairly large, as such things go, but still not large enough for the number of chickens that lived in it. Consequently, the ground was hard-packed and bare. The only food that those chickens ever got was the grain that we fed to them, any grasshopper that blundered into their lot, and my table scraps. After the table scraps became one of my chores I noticed that, when I walked up to the fence, the chickens would rush toward me in a frenzy. They were desperate for food. For a while, I just dumped the scraps over the fence and watched the chickens fight over them. Then, I realized that I could have more fun if I threw the scraps into the lot one at a time. The chickens would all dash toward the morsel. Whichever chicken got there first would grab it and run. The chicken had to stop before it could eat what it was carrying but if it stopped then another chicken would steal the food from it. Eventually, some lucky, and I use the word with reservations, some lucky chicken would manage to swallow the bit of food. Then, they'd all run back to me for more.

I'm sorrowful today for the torture that I inflicted on those poor hungry birds but, at the time, I was just a boy. It was just a game. I didn't mean any harm by it. I don't know if this is some kind of a karma thing but there are few meals that I like better than fried chicken, especially KFC. Even so, I still think about those chickens.

The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Ten

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

There's nothing like having plenty of time, unlimited resources, and absolutely secure covert access to all of the information in the world, to give a guy an education. For the last year or so, while everybody thought I was languishing in some rustic village in Lebanon, picking off suspected pro-Palestinian sympathizers for

Mossad, I've been studying the activities and behavior of outfits like NSA, Mossad, MOD, CSIS, and so forth. Guess I don't like what I'm seeing. Shouldn't have been so much of a surprise after that OnStar thing. Guess I was too busy to think it through. Now that I'm onto the thugs I'll have to do something about it. I'll give it some thought.

Gotta go. ±

The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Eleven

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

With all that's been going on it took me a while to get around to dealing with the problem of the leash. Early on, as a temporary fix, I put an alarm in my dog house. If anybody else tried to use the leash, the alarm would ring. I'm speaking in ordinary terms, of course. It isn't really a leash. It doesn't really have an alarm. It's just code but it's easier to describe it this way. I suppose that's been obvious since the beginning of this diary. Anyway, the alarm wasn't much but I had other things to do. Later, I did a better fix. I created the Dog Walker. He's another code entity. Isn't as good

as Cyber Dog, isn't supposed to be, not alive, just code. Only does a few things. Most important, he holds the end of the leash. So, anybody follows the leash they don't find me. They find the Dog Walker and that's the end of that line. In addition to holding the leash, Dog Walker relays information but he won't do it if anybody else is listening. Cyber Dog tells things to Dog Walker, through the leash. Dog Walker tells them to me. And vice versa. Anybody besides me or Cyber Dog tries to talk to the Dog Walker, he erases himself. Commits suicide, so to speak.

Gotta go. ±

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sam,

Your April article on stupidity [[Nothing Can Impede Stupidity](#), April 2013, page 2] challenges one to question everything that appears to be obvious. My eternal question is: I know that God forgives sin, but what about stupid? Let us hope and pray.

Most people generally react to what they feel rather than what they know. That is why they like shows like NCIS and why thugs with badges get away with murder, rape and other despicable crimes. If you are stopped by a policeman in any large city be sure to obey every inane command and keep saying "Yes, SIR." Otherwise he might shoot you and claim that he thought you had a gun causing him to fear for his life.

An intelligent person has a high IQ, is good at math and science and solves complex problems on paper. A Wise person is like a door to door salesman who walks up to a door with a smile after having the previous door slammed in his face. I know wise men that dropped out of high school and became successful in every respect. Then there are the whiz kids with PhD's who totally failed at life and some who even committed suicide. Observe and become wise.

Keep up the challenge, Sam. We need it badly in these times of treacherous stupidity.

—Bob Link

*I've mentioned to a few people that I might discontinue the *Frontiersman* after the December issue. This next comment was part of a letter from one of those people.*

—editor

.... If you decide to discontinue publication, I will miss it. You bring joy to many people's lives, whether you realize it or not, and will be missed by others, as well. If anything, you've taught me the value of giving back, especially to those incarcerated persons who don't have anything. When my day comes, there are a select few gentlemen, doing life, who have no one outside of these walls, who will **not** be forgotten, by me....

—a prisoner

Thank you for your wit, humor and the insight you bring into this dark place! I really enjoy your work and passion — if possible could you please also send me a copy of your pictures of 911, the Twin Towers — Pentagon, etc ... it would be greatly appreciated! Seeing the truth is more powerful than words sometimes! I would like to show them to those who have open minds! Thank you for your time and help.

—a prisoner

Best and Worst Men

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I've often criticized evangelists but I can only admire the elegance with which Robert A. Heinlein approached the subject. I came across the passage quoted below in his novel *JOB: A Comedy of Justice*, published in 1984. The character speaking is Alexander Hergensheimer, former deputy executive secretary of Churches United for Decency and an ordained preacher in the Brothers of the Apocalypse Christian Church of the One Truth. The names of the institutions alone are a warning. Beware of anyone who wants to dictate to you the only proper way for you to behave.

But I took even greater satisfaction in our labors in the vineyards, as fund raising means nothing if our programs of spiritual welfare do not meet their goals.

The past year had seen the following positive accomplishments:

a) A federal law making abortion a capital offense;

b) A federal law making the manufacture, sale, possession, importation, transportation, and/or use of any contraceptive drug or device a felony carrying a mandatory prison sentence of not less than a year and a day but not more than twenty years for each offense — and eliminating the hypocritical subterfuge of “For Prevention of Disease Only”;

c) A federal law that, while it did not abolish gambling, did make the control and licensing of it a federal jurisdiction. One step at a time — having built this foundation we could tackle those twin pits, Nevada and New Jersey, piece by piece. Divide and conquer!

d) A Supreme Court decision in which we had appeared as *amicus curiae* under which community standards of the typical or median-population community applied to all cities of each state (*Tomkins v. Allied News Distributors*);

e) Real progress in our drive to get tobacco defined as a prescription drug through the tactical device of separating snuff and chewing tobacco from the problem by inaugurating the definition “substances intended for burning and inhaling”;

f) Progress at our annual national prayer meeting on several subjects in which I was interested. One was the matter of how to remove the tax-free status of any private school not affiliated with a Christian sect. Policy on this was not yet complete because of the thorny matter of Roman Catholic schools. Should our umbrella cover them? Or was it time to strike? Whether the Catholics were allies or enemies was always a deep problem to those of us out on the firing line.

At least as difficult was the Jewish problem — was a humane solution possible? If not, then what? Should we grasp the nettle? This was debated only *in camera*.

Another matter was a pet project of my own: the frustrating of astronomers. Few laymen realize what mischief astronomers are up to. I first noticed it when I was still in engineering school and took a course in descriptive astronomy under the requirements for breadth in each student's program. Give an astronomer a bigger telescope and turn him loose, leave him unsupervised, and the first thing he does is to come down with pestiferous, half-baked guesses denying the ancient truths of Genesis.

There is only one way to deal with this sort of nonsense: Hit them in the pocketbook! Redefine “educational” to exclude those colossal white elephants, astronomical observatories. Make the Naval Observatory the only one tax free, reduce its staff, and limit their activity to matters clearly related to navigation. (Some of the most blasphemous and subversive theories have come from tenured civil servants there who don't have enough legitimate work to keep them busy.)

Self-styled “scientists” are usually up to no good, but astronomers are the worst of the lot.

Another matter that comes up regularly at each annual prayer meeting I did not favor spending time or money on: “Votes for Women.” These hysterical females styling themselves “suffragettes” are not a threat, can never win, and it just makes them feel self-important to pay attention to them. They should not be jailed and should not be displayed in stocks — never let them be martyrs! Ignore them.

There were other interesting and worthwhile goals that I kept off the agenda and did not suffer to be brought up from the floor in the sessions I moderated, but instead carried them on my “Maybe next year” list:

Separate schools for boys and girls.


Restoring the death penalty for witchcraft and satanism.

The Alaska option for the Negro problem.

Federal control of prostitution.

Homosexuals — what's the answer? Punishment? Surgery? Other?

There are endless good causes commending themselves to guardians of the public morals — the question is always how to pick and choose to the greater glory of God.

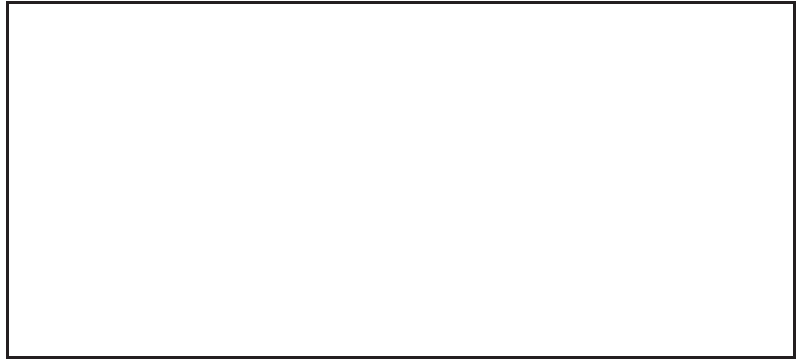
Thus did Heinlein give us yet another chilling glimpse into the horrible minds of evangelists. Rats, roaches, fleas, mosquitoes, and other such vermin might be tolerable as individuals but not in swarms. Similarly, evangelists on a holy crusade to enforce morality are engaged in possibly the most intolerable kind of human behavior that was ever invented. 



Nation in Distress

The fact that a man is ignorant, or even stupid, doesn't give someone else the right to make his decisions for him.

—Tuesday, September 27, 1977
Milam's Notes



Acknowledgments

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

Quotations

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Steve, of Mililani, Hawaii. I didn't try to verify any of them.

- Women might be able to fake orgasms. But men can fake whole relationships.
—Sharon Stone
- Honesty is the key to a relationship. If you can fake that, you're in.
—Courtney Cox, Monica on *Friends*
- I read somewhere that 77% of all the mentally ill live in poverty. Actually, I'm more intrigued by the 23 percent who are apparently doing quite well for themselves.
—Jerry Garcia, Grateful Dead
- Women need a reason to have sex. Men just need a place.
—Billy Crystal

Advice, Comments, and Observations

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Lady Jan the Voluptuous.

- When short hemlines came back into fashion, I dug an old miniskirt out of my closet and tried it on. The problem was that I couldn't figure out what to do with my other leg.
- The 50-50-90 rule:
Any time that you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, you'll have a 90% chance of getting it wrong.
- If the shoe fits, then get another one just like it.
- If you lined up all of the cars in the world, end to end, then someone would be stupid enough to try to pass them.
- The latest information released by the Bureau of the Census shows that 3 out of 4 people make up 75% of the world's population. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor