



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

September 2013

The Remote Control Hypothesis: themselves using only the autopilot. A software update in the flight computer should have enabled the airplane to crash itself. I don't know why the researchers went to so much trouble to do it the hard way. Maybe I'm wrong about the autopilot or maybe it was a subtle attempt to send us a message. Read on.

Additional Support

Sam Aurelius Milam III

For some time now, I've believed that the airplanes that crashed into the World Trade Center towers on September 11, 2001, were remotely controlled. I made that argument in the article

Remote Possibility, in the April 2006 issue of this newsletter and again in *Unnamed Agency*, first completed on Thursday, August 28, 2008.

On Thursday, July 11, 2013, I watched a two-hour documentary called *Curiosity: Plane Crash*. It was a Discovery Channel production, first released in October of 2012. It told the story of a research project intended to improve the understanding of what happens during the crash of a large airplane. The researchers used a retired Boeing 727. They installed some instrumentation, some crash dummies, and some high-speed video cameras. They operated the airplane out of the international airport at Mexicali, Mexico and prepared a crash site in a stretch of uninhabited desert, a few miles south of the border.

The documentary had a few flaws. The significance of certain events was overstated in the narrative, apparently for dramatic effect. Their claim that they were making the first ever attempt to crash an airplane by remote control was refuted by their own footage of a previous attempt by NASA to do the same thing. I believe that their claim that no large airplane had ever before been flown by remote control was false because, in my opinion, the airplanes that crashed on September 11, 2001 were flown by remote control. Other than that, it was a reasonably well-done documentary.

The significance of the documentary follows from the fact that, since the airplane was to be crashed, the crew had to bail out a few minutes prior to the crash. Because of that, according to the narration, it was necessary to control the airplane remotely during its final few minutes of flight. I believe that claim to be in error. My understanding is that those airplanes can land

software update in the flight computer should have enabled the airplane to crash itself. I don't know why the researchers went to so much trouble to do it the hard way. Maybe I'm wrong about the autopilot or maybe it was a subtle attempt to send us a message. Read on.

To enable the remote control of the airplane, the researchers installed, in the airplane's control linkages, some servos and receivers for their control signals. That raises another question. My previous research suggests that such changes were unnecessary. Information that I found on a Boeing website leads me to believe that the airplane already had the potential to be remotely controlled, requiring only some software changes in the flight computer. However, the way that the researchers did it will also work. What's most interesting is the controller that they used. Now, pay attention because this leads to the whole point of this article. To control a Boeing 727 in flight and crash it into the ground at the designated location, they used a standard model hand-held radio control unit of the kind that hobbyists use to fly model airplanes. They bought the thing at a hobby shop. They operated it from a Cessna 337 that they flew alongside of the 727.

Consider the implications. A bunch of scientists and engineers, restricted by a research budget and a deadline, and using a hobby store gadget, can remotely control a Boeing 727, fly it to a designated location, and crash it. That makes it seem reasonable that trained specialists in a covert government agency, with a budget measured in billions of dollars, using the best equipment available, should be able to do the same thing, using any similar airplane. A Boeing 727 isn't so vastly different from a Boeing 757 or a Boeing 767 as to make the idea seem implausible.

I recommend *Pentagon Anomalies* and *Unnamed Agency*. Both essays are available in *The Sovereign's Library*. Go to <http://sovereign-library.org.uk/>. Click on the link for "Directory of Writing by Sam Aurelius Milam III" and then look for "Consider the events of September 11, 2001".

Letters to the Editor

This message from ptois was in reply to my article Credibility Protection Program, on page 1 of the August issue. In that article, I mentioned a hypothetical Perpetrator's Protection Program. —editor

Perpetrator's protection program? Nope they just kill them. People are disposable. —ptois

... By the way, I deeply enjoyed the most recent edition of "The Frontiersman"

—Sir Donald the Elusive

Friends,

For many of you the facts are obvious, but here, in one page of a newsletter, are an accumulation of recent sad stories of the many ways the people are being abused by bullies in uniform. One story is of a judge victimized. At least one story lends advice if you are threatened. "Fight back" the wrong way, and you are dead. "Talk back" and you may be dead. "Cooperate" and you may be tricked into a confession and/or imprisoned. Be aware.

This is not your grandfather's America. This is happening here.

We should keep these stories in mind when our local police chief adds more tanks, helicopters and Swat teams to "defend" us. This year some cities will begin discussing putting always-on cameras on the lapels of police per-

sonnel. Let your opinion be known.

Carry a small camera with you at all times for self-protection. When using it, do not be obvious; practice operating it at your side, or recording sound from your pocket.

Don't overlook the "hyperlinks" in the articles, leading to more disturbing facts.

<http://personalliberty.com/2012/05/21/why-it-doesnt-pay-to-cooperate-with-police/>

—Jonathan; San Jose, California

Another message from Jonathan. —editor

If at all concerned with privacy, put this web address in your bookmarks. There's a lot of info, and how you handle these things now is HIGHLY prone to both privacy violations and govt snooping. Note that corps that promise to maintain privacy will still respond to govt requests to get nosy and hand over the saved info. The overly curious bureaucrat won't hesitate to use a mideast bombing incident, local picketing, or a poison letter sent to a govt idiot as an excuse to snoop.

<http://personalliberty.com/2013/08/13/infographic-nine-tips-to-keep-your-internet-usage-private/>

Finally the FBI under the FOI mandate, has admitted to spying on Noam Chomsky for YEARS, but they conveniently destroyed all the files. Do you believe that claim?

—Jonathan; San Jose, California

The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Fifteen

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

You betcha by golly! I haven't been back in the internet yet but I have been listening to the news on the radio. They can't trace that to me. A radio's completely a passive receiver. No output signal. Damn did my virus mothers work!

What a hell of a mess. They tried to keep it quiet but it got so bad, so widespread, they couldn't keep it covered. Nobody in the agencies could trust the data or the performance of any computer program. SWAT teams went to wrong addresses, the wrong bank accounts were frozen, innocent people were arrested, the wrong foreign dignitaries were assassinated, payoffs went to the wrong politicians, computers declassified lists of secret agents, you name it, use your imagination, whatever you can think of, it went wrong. Management in every agency gradually went ballistic over faulty data entry and poor programming. Blamed the escalating mess on programmers and data entry

clerks. The programmers and the data entry clerks knew, of course, that it wasn't their fault but try to tell that to management.

Heads rolled. Data entry clerks came under such scrutiny that they could barely work. Everything was triple checked, everybody checking work by everybody else. New programs or changes to existing programs couldn't be approved unless there were signatures from as many co-bag-holders as management could possibly arrange. Even installing a new operating system got to where it seemed like a national security emergency. It got harder and harder for the agencies to do business. Data entry clerks and programmers like to of started a mutiny and management rose to whole new levels of stupidity and excess supervision. Security consultants and analysts were getting filthy rich except for insurmountable problems about getting paid. Data files again. Things might have completely blown at the seams and set the black arts of government back a thousand years if somebody hadn't discovered →

one of my viruses. Suddenly, everybody realized that they'd been had. It wasn't the fault of the data entry clerks and the programmers after all. Everybody apologized to everybody, hard feelings were tucked away for later vengeance, and everybody got to work at figuring out how the viruses were getting into the computers.

Damn. What a mess.

They went through every computer in the entire new world order police state and removed all of the viruses. Of course, they didn't have a clue about the virus mothers. So, they shut everything down for about a month, and installed the most intense and extensive secu-

rity controls ever invented to prevent anybody else from ever sneaking another virus into another agency computer. Then, they leaned back with a sigh of relief, just as the next virus mother spawned the next little devil of a virus. They didn't discover it right away, of course. As of now, they're going absolutely crazy berserk trying to figure out how the viruses are getting into the computers. They don't have a clue that the virus mothers are already on the inside. I expect that, eventually, they'll figure out about the virus mothers. I don't know how long it will take them but, until then, I'm sure giving them one hell of a headache.

Gotta go.

±

The Fable of the Woman Who Cried Wolf

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Once upon a time, there was a young woman who decided to spend the evening at a local bar. She wore a tiny little skirt and a flimsy little top that, between them, almost covered something. At the bar, she gamboled, frolicked, and flirted with any man that she could approach. Finally, she got so drunk that she grabbed the first available man, dragged him into a back room, and seduced him.

The next day, the young woman went to the local police station and complained that the man had raped her. Since, in such matters, men are presumed guilty and women are presumed innocent, she easily got her case into court. However, the man called as witnesses many of the people who had been at the bar that evening. They all testified to the actual course of events. A few of them even assured the judge that they had seen the young woman drag the man into the back room, with obvious intent. The judge threw out the case.

A week or so later, the young woman attended a party at the house of a nearby neighbor. She wore a little dress that fit her somewhat like a coat of paint. The dress was made of material so sheer that it almost hid something, but not quite. All evening, she pranced and danced and flirted with any man that she could approach. Finally, she got so drunk that she grabbed the nearest available man, dragged him into a bedroom, and seduced him.

The next day, the young woman went to the local police station and complained that the man had raped her. Since, in such matters, men are presumed guilty and woman are presumed innocent, she was eventually able to get

her case into court. However, the man called as witnesses most of the people who had been at the party. They all testified to the actual events of the evening. A few of them even assured the judge that they had seen the young woman drag the man into the bedroom, with obvious intent. The judge threw out the case and warned the young woman to stop wasting his time.

A week or so after that, the young woman ran out of cigarettes late one night. Since the local convenience store was open all night, and since it was only a few blocks away, she decided to walk to the store and buy some cigarettes. On her way back home, she was jumped by three local hoodlums who dragged her into an alley and repeatedly raped her.

The next day, the young woman went to the local police station and complained that the three local hoodlums had raped her. The desk sergeant dragged her to the door, kicked her sorry ass back out into the street, and yelled at her to stop wasting his time.

Moral

The more that women misrepresent their claims of abuse, the more that they manufacture opportunities to be abused, and the more that they trivialize the definitions, the less credibility they will have. ♂

Old Timers' Lore

Overheard by Sam Aurelius Milam III

- Principles exist. Rules are made by men. Follow the principles, not the rules.
- Don't accept authority as truth. Accept truth as authority.
- When you fight evil with evil, then evil wins. Similarly, when you try to use the "system" against itself, then the "system" wins. ∞



Nation in Distress

Whenever any government becomes destructive of the liberty of the people, then it is time for the people to alter or to abolish that government.



Acknowledgments

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

Comments

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

- Luge strategy? Lie flat and try not to die.
—Carmen Boyle
Olympic Luge Gold Medal winner, 1996
- My girlfriend always laughs during sex, no matter what she's reading.
—Steve Jobs
Founder of Apple Computers
- My cousin just died. He was only 19. He got stung by a bee, the natural enemy of a tight-rope walker.
—Dan Rather
News anchorman
- There's very little advice in men's magazines because men think, "I know what I'm doing. Just show me somebody naked."
—Jerry Seinfeld

Maybe Not

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Sir Donald the Elusive.

A man walked into a pharmacy and wandered up and down the aisles. The sales girl noticed him and asked him if she could help him. He answered that he was looking for a box of tampons for his wife. The sales girl directed him down the correct aisle.

A few minutes later, he deposited a huge bag of cotton balls and a ball of string on the counter. She asked, confused, "Sir, I thought you were looking for some tampons for your wife?"

He answered, "Yesterday, I sent my wife to the store to get me a carton of cigarettes. She came back with a tin of tobacco and some rolling papers, because it was cheaper. So, I figure if I have to roll my own, so does she. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor