



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

June 2020

Unapologetic

Sam Aurelius Milam III

It seems to me that some feminists are still unhappy about the behavior of men in the workplace. Here's what I think. If they can keep complaining after all of this time, then so can I. After all, it isn't equality unless it works the same way in both direc-

tions, and they said that they wanted equality. Right? Okay, so here's some equality for them.

We didn't invite the feminists into our workplaces. They forced their way in, uninvited. Did they expect that, when they got there, we'd all behave like women? We're not women. We're men. We behaved like men. We still do. If they wanted to work someplace where everybody behaved like women, then they should have established workplaces for women only. They still could. They still should. Then we could have male only workplaces, female only workplaces, and mixed gender workplaces. A man could choose whichever kind of workplace

suit him the best. So could a woman. Choice and diversity. What wild ideas in the land of the free.

Making moves on women is normal behavior for men. We'll do it wherever we encounter them, even at work. We might not always be classy about it, but it's in our genes and it isn't going to change. Furthermore, the long-term consequences of repressing our behavior are more likely to be harmful than the long-term consequences of just putting up with it. Those women who graciously refused our advances, and those who kindly consented, did a lot more good for the well-being of women in the workplace than those feminists who complained about our behavior, and punished us.

It's in a man's nature to pursue women. Such behavior in the workplace is predictable and, in my opinion, it's entirely legitimate. Whatever the case, we're going to keep doing it, whether or not the feminists complain about it. We aren't always elegant or suave in our amorous pursuits but, with the possible exception of that lack of style, we don't owe the feminists any apologies. ♂

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sam,

Let me apologize beforehand because I know this letter will end up with messy handwriting. At this prison, I'm back in a cell and it has no desk in the cell so I'm reduced to sitting Indian style on my bunk, hunched over and writing the best that I can. The way my body is twisted up isn't conducive to a fifty something person with arthritis. But I'll do my best. Thanks for including your "Usage, Incrementalism, and Fascism" article in the May '20 "Frontiersman", it is a good essay....

In your May '20 Frontiersman you make a reference to Arthur C. Clarke's short story "The Wall of Darkness". Can you give me more info on it such as what publication was it printed in? Do you have a I.S.B.N. number for it? Where should I look for it? etc.

And man Sir Donald opened his mouth and inserted his foot, his rant totally proved your point! [Letters to the Editor, page 3, May issue] Funny!

In your "attitude adjustment" I remember that show of where the wife is yelling at the husband about not "wanting" to do the dishes. For some reason, my memory is telling me it

was "Mike and Molly", which is a total "ball busting" feminist show.

You speak of mind control and commercial marketing. I'll tell you, "men" are being attacked for being "straight", television is making children think if they aren't "gender neutral" that they are racist homophobes. I think your question of what would happen if cops subjected detainees to "virtual reality" is only around the corner. I think sci-fi has made many movies in this scenario. It's only a matter of time until people are put under, say by cryo-sleep, and force fed government ideas subconsciously by virtual reality. And what a great companion to your point and Winston in Orwell's 1984.

Anyway, my hands are killing me, knees too. I pray your health is holding up old friend. I shall write more later.

Very truly,

—S. H., a prisoner

My copy of The Wall of Darkness is in The Other Side of the Sky, an anthology edited by Arthur C. Clarke. The anthology was published by Harbrace Paperbound Library, Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. The copyright date is 1958. They weren't using ISBN's back then. Regarding ISBN's, note that the "n" in →

ISBN stands for number. So, it's either an ISB number or an ISBN. There isn't any such thing as an ISBN number.

You're correct about the mind conditioning of people with regard to special interest groups. It's good to encourage toleration but it isn't good to forcibly impose it, which is what the members of those groups demand. Worse yet, they don't demand just enforced toleration. They demand enforced approval. We might be expected to tolerate something that we don't like but we don't have an obligation to approve of anything at all. A requirement of approval is mind control, which is Orwellian again.

Here's another error that the reformers make. Tolerance is an acceptable variation in a measurement or a dimension. The correct term for putting up with something that we don't like is toleration, not tolerance. —editor

Hey Sam,

I truly enjoy reading all of the feedback from your readers concerning my stray thoughts & ideas that I submit to be printed. Well I'm still sitting here in the max, and this Corona virus epidemic has been a serious wake up call for lots of wealthy business owners, and in the past, the wealthy church goers had a belief they lived by. Early each Sunday morning, the family would climb out of their beds, and they would faithfully put on their best clothes, and their most expensive flashy jewelry, and they would drive their family to church in their shiny new car, and once they arrived at their church, the church's offering plate would be

Case Closed

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I don't know a lot about the case of D. B. Cooper, but I do know enough to have a theory. The theory has two variations.

The Stupid Cooper Variation: The people who were in charge of responding to D. B. Cooper's demands gave him defective parachutes, equipped with radio transmitters. Isn't that obvious? Then, they had a chase plane follow the Boeing 727. When D. B. Cooper jumped out of the plane, the chase plane dropped some kind of a visible marker. With both a transmitter and a visible marker, it was easy to find him, dispose of his body, recover the briefcase, generate a lot of job security and publicity for the FBI, and make off with the loot.

The Smart Cooper Variation: D. B. Cooper wasn't stupid enough to get trapped in an airplane from which his only means of escape was almost certain to be defective. If he had confidence that the parachutes would work then he must also have had confidence in the people

passed around, and the wealthy family would always throw in more money than anyone else, and they did this faithfully every Sunday with the understanding that with them paying out all of this money to God that he would always protect their family from harm, and God would also guarantee them a good secure spot in Heaven. But now with this cursed virus epidemic spreading it has forced this good family's business to shut down and they have now lost their business and all of their accumulated wealth, and they are now no longer able to donate any more money to their church, so now will their church help this family by it refunding all of those past donations, or will the church pay their bills? And does God still have this family a good secure spot in Heaven? If not then maybe this virus is a direct message from God telling this poor family to be brave and they must do what is right by getting themselves a gun, and go out into their city, and hunt down bad drug dealers and rob them of all of their money, so that your family can regain it's lost wealth, and the family can make more donations to their church and secure their spot in heaven? Because as you know if you destroy a demon on Earth you'll be blessed in Heaven? —Howie in the Max

Religion has been the most bloody, brutal, and irrational influence in the known history of human society. Thus, your fanciful suggestion might be more likely to actually come about than you'd really prefer to believe. —editor

who provided them. That means that they were in cahoots with him. After they provided the parachutes, equipped with radio transmitters, they had a chase plane follow the Boeing 727. When D. B. Cooper jumped out of the plane, the chase plane dropped some kind of a visible marker. With both a transmitter and a visible marker, it was easy to find him, rescue him, recover the briefcase, generate a lot of job security and publicity for the FBI, and make off with the loot.

Either way, my theory explains all of the acknowledged facts of the case, as I understand them. Either way, the conspirators made off with the loot. As Sgt. Preston used to say, at the end of his program, "Well King, this case is closed!"

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- We don't have a shortage of water. We have an excess of people.
- A vote is worthless unless it's redeemable in lead.

Just Say No

Sam Aurelius Milam III

It isn't possible to improve government by armed revolution. Throughout history, every successful revolution has only replaced one bad government with another bad government. It isn't possible to improve government by voting. That only legitimizes a bad government, giving it a mandate for its evil deeds. The best option for attempting to improve government is abandonment. Don't do anything that would tend to either support it or legitimize it. Refuse to participate. Refuse to cooperate. Just say no.

See my essay *Abandonment*, in *Pharos*. ☞

Susie

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Marilyn, of Bingham County, Idaho

There was a nine-year-old kid sitting at his desk and, all of a sudden, there was a puddle between his feet and the front of his pants were wet. He couldn't imagine how it could have happened. It had never happened before. He knew that when the other boys found out, he'd never hear the end of it. When the girls found out, they'd never speak to him again.

He looked up and saw the teacher looking in his direction. He put his head down on his desk and prayed, "God this is an emergency! I need help now!"

Across the aisle from him, Susie had a goldfish bowl on her desk. She'd brought it for "show and tell". As the teacher approached, Susie reached for her goldfish bowl, fumbled it, and dumped it into the boy's lap.

The boy pretended to be angry, all the while saying to himself, "Thank you thank you thank you!"

All of a sudden, instead of being the object of ridicule, the boy was the object of sympathy. The teacher rushed him downstairs and gave him gym shorts to put on while his pants dried out. All of the other children were on their hands and knees, cleaning up around his desk. The sympathy was wonderful but, as life would have it, the ridicule that should have been his was transferred to Susie.

Finally, at the end of the day, as they were waiting for the bus, the boy walked over to Susie and whispered, "You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

Susie whispered back, "I wet my pants once, too."

We should all try to see the opportunities to do good that are always around us. Remember, going to church doesn't make you a good person any more than standing in your garage makes you a car. ∞

The Judiciary Under the Doctrine

Sam Aurelius Milam III

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.
—Thomas Jefferson, 1787

Under the Doctrine of the Tree of Liberty, any judicial act of contempt of liberty, by any officer of any court, is punishable by death. ☞

The Aaron's Philosophy

from *Of Men and Monsters*, by William Tenn

Man shares certain significant characteristics with the rat and cockroach: He will eat almost anything. He is fiercely adaptable to a wide variety of conditions. He can survive as an individual but is at his best in swarms. He prefers to live, whenever possible, on what other creatures store or biologically manufacture. The conclusion is inescapable that he was designed by nature as a most superior sort of vermin — and that only the absence, in his early environment, of a sufficiently wealthy host prevented him from assuming the role of eternal guest and forced him to live hungrily, and more than a little irritably, by his own wits alone. ∞

Kelso's Doctrine

from *Under The City of Angels*, by Jerry Earl Brown

I believe in my own instincts and my own wits, and both say to be distrustful of all authority. There are laws that I respect because I recognize those laws as serving a common good. There are laws that I break because I see them as serving private interests. But in no case will I bow to any dictum that says I must obey or serve, in ignorance or faith, some so-called higher order because those who tell me I must do so are better or higher than myself and understand things I don't. Human history has proved that to be a colossal [*sic*] crock. *Nobody* is higher than anybody else in that sense, and the moment some fool or collusion of fools begins to think he — or they — *are*, then in my book they've joined the worms and should be promptly and categorically squashed. ∞

The Blonde and the Dentist

As Retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

There was a blonde who was terrified of dental work. However, she had a tooth that was so terribly painful that she made a dentist appointment.

When she arrived in the dentist's treatment room, she said, "You know, I'd almost rather have a baby than have work done on a tooth."

The dentist replied, "Well, make up your mind, ma'am. I have to adjust the chair one way or the other." ☞



Nation in Distress

Howe's Observation

Every man has a scheme that won't work. ∞



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Websites

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/>
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Signs of Getting Older

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- You run out of breath walking DOWN a flight of stairs.
- You find yourself telling people what a loaf of bread USED to cost.
- You quit trying to hold your stomach in, no matter who walks into the room. ∞

Frontiersman

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Blonde Jokes

Original Source Unknown.

- The phone rang at 2 in the morning. The wife (a blonde), picked it up, listened a moment and said, "How should I know, that's 200 miles from here!" The husband asked, "Who was that?" The wife said, "I don't know, some woman wanting to know if the coast is clear."
- When the doctor told the blonde that she was pregnant, she asked him to perform a DNA test to verify that the baby was hers.
- Bambi, a blonde in her fourth year as a UCLA freshman, sat in her U.S. government class. The professor asked Bambi if she knew what Roe vs. Wade was about. Bambi pondered the question then finally said, "That was the decision George Washington had to make before he crossed the Delaware." ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor