



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

May 2021

Time in Hyperspace

Sam Aurelius Milam III

During my first year at Texas A&M University, beginning with the autumn semester of 1966, I lived in a dormitory called Leggett Hall. Behind the dormitory, there was a faculty parking lot that students were permitted to use during the weekends. I'd driven somewhere one Sunday and parked my 1959 Ranchero in that faculty lot when I returned to the campus. Late Sunday evening, I went out to move the Ranchero back to the student parking lot. When I got to the truck, I discovered that my keys weren't in my pocket. Of course, the truck was locked. I looked through the window and saw that the keys weren't in the ignition switch. They weren't on the ground near the truck or anywhere in the lawn or on the sidewalks between the truck and the building. They weren't on the stairs or on the floor. They weren't in my dormitory room. I looked in, around, and under all of the desks and other furniture in the room. I went through my pile of laundry thoroughly, shaking everything and checking in all of the pockets. The keys weren't anywhere. They'd completely disappeared.

It was 1966. The available methods of communication were different back then. The best that I could do was to send a letter home and ask for another key. I wrote a note to the campus cops and put it under the windshield wiper. The next morning, I got a parking ticket anyway. A colleague of mine had previously commented to one of those cops, "Aw, come on! Just 'cause you're a cop, you don't have to act stupid!" Maybe it was, after all, a job requirement.

That same day, I turned in my bundle of dirty clothes to the campus laundry, about which I need to write a few words. The laundry people put little tags, with numbers on them, on all of our clothes. My assumption is that everything was dumped into some big cleaning process and was sorted out later, according to the tags. The likelihood of my keys remaining attached to a particular article of clothing while going through that process is very small. Also, remember that I'd gone through my

clothes, checked every pocket, and shaken everything. The keys would have needed to be attached to some item of clothes very securely to have stayed attached while I searched through the clothes and then to have stayed attached while the clothes went through the campus laundry process.

Later that week, I received my bundle of clean clothes from the campus laundry. I unwrapped it and started hanging things. I unfolded a pair of pants, folded them across a clothes hanger, walked across the room, and hung the clothes hanger on the clothes bar. Just as I turned loose of the hanger, my keys fell out of mid-air, right in front of me, and landed on the floor. If they'd been attached to the pants, then they must have been very loosely attached, to fall off so easily. In that case, they'd never have stayed with the pants during my search for them and during the laundry process. If they'd been attached well enough to stay attached during my search and during the laundry process, then they wouldn't have fallen off of the pants when I hung them on the clothes bar. I don't think that they were attached to the pants. It seems more likely to me that, sometime Sunday afternoon, they slid through a hole into hyperspace. Later that week, they slid back out and landed on the floor in front of me. Of course, I don't really know. I can only report what happened, and speculate.

Many years later, I observed a similar event. It happened some time during the late 1980s, while I was living at Mere Keep. After the divorce from my first wife, and my departure from the corporate establishment, I was living hand-to-mouth. I wanted to be sure that I'd have the funds to make the child support payment that was due each month, so I developed the practice of putting cash in my file cabinet whenever I was paid for something. There wasn't any secret about it. I put the funds in a file folder labeled "Child Support Payment". One month, when I went to get the funds, they were gone. I had to scrounge additional funds for the child support payment that month.

Several years later, I had occasion to go into my map collection, looking for a map of the Monterey Peninsula. The map collection was in the same room with the file cabinet, on a bookcase on the far side of the room. So far as I can recall, I'd never before even looked at →

the Monterey Peninsula map. I like maps and I'd bought that one somewhere and put it on the shelf, with the other maps. When I took it from the shelf, it was still in its original plastic sleeve. When I pulled it from its plastic sleeve, the missing cash fell out of mid-air, right in front of me, and landed on the floor. I don't know of any way that the funds could have moved from the file cabinet to the map, by themselves. I don't know of anybody who would have moved them. Somebody might steal the funds, but why would anybody move them across the room? I certainly didn't do it. Again, it seems more likely to me that the funds slipped through a hole into hyperspace and, later, slipped back out again.

During the last week of November, 2020, I laid some concrete paving blocks at the front end of a little metal storage building in the back yard of my present place of residence. I used my tape measure to make sure that I had the row of blocks centered, and then I clipped the tape measure back onto my belt. When I finished the job, I went inside to take a shower. When I went to unclip the tape measure from my belt, it wasn't there.

I went back out to the metal storage building and looked for the tape measure. I looked all around the location where I'd been working. It

wasn't there. I looked further afield, in places where I hadn't been working. It wasn't there. I looked in things, behind things, and under things. I looked under the metal building. I even lifted the paving blocks and looked under them. The tape measure wasn't there. I looked along the way between the building and the back door. The tape measure wasn't there. I looked all around inside, in things, behind things, under things, in places that I hadn't even been. It wasn't there. During the next two days, I searched for the tape measure five different times. The owner of the property on which I'm presently staying searched for it three times. It isn't there. I can think of only two possibilities. Either a squirrel carried away my tape measure, or it slipped into hyperspace.

My keys to the Rancho returned after a week. My child support funds returned after several years. So far, the tape measure has been gone since November of 2020. If these things operate according to some kind of an increasing time progression, then the tape measure might not return for hundreds of years, maybe not for thousands of years. Even so, I watch for it every time that I go out there. So does the owner of the property. As of this writing, the tape measure hasn't returned. ↩

Letter to the Editor

Over the last couple of decades I have been involved with various Men's Rights Activist (MRA) movements: father's rights, reform of the insane child support regime, opposition to feminist inspired vitriol against men, and so forth. You would think that with all the anti-male discrimination policies more men would be involved in men's rights activism: like people signing up for MRA groups, or foundations providing monetary grants, or pro bono legal work. Yet this support does not appear to be in the cards.

What of the rank and file men who are daily victimized by feminist policies? When you try to get them involved in MRA they tend to shrug.

Why don't men — and for that matter the women in their lives — get behind the Men's Rights movement? For example, it would be useful to have a MRA student movement to challenge feminist hegemony on campuses.

The MRA groups with which I have been involved have only a small cadre of people, they are underfunded, and they have no real institutional support.

Why do you suppose this is so?

One speculation here is that an activist movement requires institutional support.

Radical feminism has the backing of universities, corporate foundations, and in the past (allegedly) the CIA (sponsoring Gloria Steinem!).

During the Trump administration there was a brief attempt to reverse some of the feminist abuses on campus, notably the Title IX kangaroo courts. But there was no backing for a wider MRA student movement. One can only speculate on what will happen with the Biden regime.

I would be very much interested in your thoughts on this matter.

Yours in liberty,

—Joseph

I'm entirely sympathetic with your opposition to the feminists. I have done and am doing what I can to oppose them. My thoughts about them are available in various things that I've written over the years, and can be found in [The Frontiersman Website](#) or in [Pharos](#). Also, see my short story [Lady's Man](#), in my personal website, under the heading Stories.

It's important to understand that what the feminists and their opponents have been doing, and are still doing, doesn't have anything at all to do with rights. They're not seeking rights. They're seeking privileges. The two things are mutually exclusive. A thing can be a right or it can be a privilege. It can't be both. →

The methods of acquiring privileges are fundamentally different from the methods of acquiring rights, as are the consequences. People who ask the government for rights don't get rights. They get privileges, and they voluntarily submit to the jurisdictions of whatever agencies administer those privileges.

The ability of people to understand such things has been disabled by propaganda, false assumptions, and misinformation. I've written a lot about that. See my [Ravings Essays](#). They're available in *Pharos*. I also commented on it in my introduction to [Milam's Dictionary of Distinctions, Differences, and Other Odds and Ends](#). That's available in *The Sovereign's Library*.

As for your question about why men seem to have so little interest in opposing the feminists, here's a theory. Consider some group that a man might not like. If he doesn't like the group, then he probably also doesn't like the members of the group. With the feminists, I speculate that there's a difference. Even if a man doesn't

like the feminists, the group, he probably still likes women, the members of the group. That might inhibit men from opposing the group.

Here's another theory. Maybe we've all learned that it's easier to just put up with the women than it is to try to reason with them which, of course, is futile anyway. Women generally get what they want by manipulation, not by logic. If a woman is wheedling, nagging, crying, or throwing a hissy fit, then you just have shrug your shoulders and give up. —editor

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- Gun control doesn't prevent crimes. It increases the number of victims.
- Good communication isn't necessarily the key to a good marriage. Sometimes, silence is the key to a good marriage.
- Making things illegal creates criminals.
- Any belief system, no matter how loving and benevolent it might be, is evil if it's imposed by force or coercion.

Memory and Respect

Sam Aurelius Milam III

It seems to me that the present-day inheritors of the teachings of Martin Luther King Jr. have misconstrued his message or, more likely, forgotten it entirely.

I believe that Martin Luther King Jr. would never have approved of signs proclaiming that "black lives matter", any more than he approved of signs proclaiming "whites only". By his own words, he declared that all lives matter, black and white, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic. One sign is just as racist as is the other. The signs should say "all lives matter", not "black lives matter".

I believe that Martin Luther King Jr. would never have approved of outrage from the black communities being reserved for only black men killed by the cops. I believe that he would have been angered by the death of any man who was killed by the cops. As I understand his teachings, there should be objections when the cops kill anybody, black or white, Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic.

When the present-day protestors object to the deaths of only blacks and are indifferent to the similar deaths of whites, they're displaying an unworthy hypocrisy. They condemn racist attitudes in others that are no more racist than their own, as demonstrated by their own racially selective objections to the behavior of the cops, based entirely on the races of the victims. It seems to me to be an insult to the teachings of Martin Luther King Jr., a man whose memory they claim to respect.

Amiss

Sam Aurelius Milam III

The verdict in the Derek Chauvin trial was of interest to me because of my long-term objections to such gestapo thugs. See [Gestapo Force](#), November 1994, [Gestapo Attack](#), January 1995, [More Thugs](#), June 1995, and other such articles that I've written over the years.

Because of the routine and heinous immunity of such thugs, I watched the news on April 20 to see what would happen this time. I watched the DW News, from Germany, at 5:00 PM and BBC World News America, at 5:30 PM. The DW news is [explicitly billed as live](#) and the BBC news is presumably live. When the DW news began, the news anchor stated that the verdict would be reported as soon as it was available. By 5:30, it hadn't yet been reported. On the BBC news, at 5:30, the news anchor made the same promise. A few minutes later, she interrupted the man who was talking about the trial and switched to live coverage, directly from the courtroom. That was at 5:35 PM.

As the members of the jury walked into the courtroom, I saw that the clock on the wall behind them showed the time to be 4:10 PM. That's 5:10 PM my time, 25 minutes prior to the time of the so-called live coverage. If it was a time zone thing, then the difference would have been one hour, not 1 hour and 25 minutes.

So, is the claim of live news coverage another lie told by the regulated news agencies? Do the courtroom authorities tamper with the clocks? I don't know what the problem is, but something is amiss.



Nation in Distress

We cannot but pity the boy who has never fired a gun; he is no more humane, while his education has been sadly neglected.

—Henry David Thoreau
Walden-Essay on Civil Disobedience



Acknowledgments

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Websites

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/>
<http://moonlight-flea-market.com/>
<http://pharos.org.uk/>
<http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/>
<http://sovereign-library.org.uk/>

Grammar Advice

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- Foreign words and phrases are not apropos.
- Don't use no double negatives.
- One-word sentences? Eliminate.
- Never use a large word when a diminutive substitute will suffice.
- Be sure to remove unneeded exclamation points!!!! ∞

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Exclamation

As retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Decades ago, back when technicians still repaired things in shops, an electronics technician was soldering a component into a radio that he was repairing. Another technician was searching for something on the shelf, under the work bench. The technician who was doing the soldering accidentally dropped a bead of hot solder onto the back of the neck of the other technician. When the hot solder hit his neck, the offended technician said, "My word, Joe. I certainly wish that you'd be more careful where you drop your hot solder." ¶

Signs That You're Getting Older

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- You don't remember being absent minded.
- You're proud of your lawn mower.
- You wear white socks with sandals. ∞

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Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.