

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

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Lessons to Learn

Sam Aurelius Milam III

They resist in ways that make them feel good, not those that actually accomplish anything.

—Andrei Denisov, KGB colonel speaking in the miniseries *Amerika*, 1987

I have never tolerated a pecan pie. I like pecan pie. I did tolerate some beets, once. I don't like beets. You don't tolerate things that you like. You tolerate things that you don't like. That illustrates an error in the thinking of the LGBTQ activists. The more that they demand toleration, the more it means that other people don't like them. If other people liked them, then nobody would need to tolerate them. So, since they're demanding toleration, they must recognize that other people don't like them. For some reason, they don't seem willing to admit it. Furthermore, they seem to be demanding both toleration and approval, which is logically absurd. You can have one or the other, but not both at the same time.

Maybe they believe that if they forcibly convert everybody else to their LGBTQ ideology, then everybody else will start to like them and all of the prejudice will go away. In fact, people are more likely to be sympathetic with a victim seeking relief than with a crusader attacking their values. Sympathy tends to end when a victim becomes a crusader. Meanwhile, the activists are using aggressive behavior to confront people who already don't like them. I

suggest that all of the activists need to take a break. They need to reconsider their behavior and their expectations. It wouldn't hurt for them to take a look around the world at the unsatisfactory results of such behavior as theirs, and at the long history of such unsatisfactory results in the past. Such behavior has caused and is causing untold harm, and it doesn't appear to me to be making anybody like anybody else any better.

Indeed, it seems likely to me that prejudice is inherent in our DNA. I had a neighbor who refused to ride with me because he rode a Harley and I rode a Honda. He didn't want to be seen with the kind of person who'd ride a Honda. It seems that any excuse will do, just so long as it enables people to be prejudiced. I don't know what to suggest, but nothing that's been tried so far seems to reduce prejudice. Some of the things that have been tried seem to make it worse. As for those activists, making themselves even more disagreeable than they already are to people who already don't like them seems like a bad idea. It might even give them a dandy excuse to become prejudiced themselves, in return, against the people who don't like them.

Maybe someday somebody will come up with something better but, for now, it seems to me like a good idea to at least be aware of what doesn't work, and try to avoid it. Somebody told me long ago, learn from the mistakes of others. You won't live long enough to make them all yourself.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sam,

Hello friend, how are you? Well I hope. Your June '23 *Frontiersman* as usual, was a great read, with at least one of your articles hitting home. Your article, "One Good Thing" [June, page 1], is an example of good Karma. I live my life like that too. As a criminal, I've always directed my crimes toward corporate or government, i.e., forgery, counterfeiting, etc. Now, I know, in the overall scheme of things, one bad deed is the same as another but, when you have a chance to do good, like that 500 story, do it! And you did it right. You didn't wait around for accolades. You did well and disappeared as I said, good Karma. It was a good story.

Also, when I read your articles were you bring up the perils of overpopulation, it amazes me that more people in the world don't see themselves the problems on the horizon. There are more people alive today, than all the people who have died in all of mankind's history.

Your article, "...Mountain Report, 1967" [June, page 2] any threats are for sure, gonna be global. Travel is so fluid that any threat will go global, and there's nothing any one can do to stop it. From a nuclear standpoint, your article offers quite an interesting viewpoint.

I pray you are abundant in spirit and health.

Bye for now,

—S. H., a prisoner

Sometime during the 1980s, while I was living at Mere Keep, a friend of mine arranged for me to do some automotive work for a →

woman that he knew. I replaced the brake shoes on her car. After he returned her car to her, she complained that I'd ruined her carburetor. I hadn't worked on the carburetor. She told him that she wasn't going to pay for the work because she was a "single mom".

While I was married to my second wife, I made a loan to the older of her two daughters, from her previous marriage, so that the daughter could afford to get into a new apartment. She didn't repay the loan.

One day about 17 years ago, in Show Low, Arizona, I found myself waiting in line at the cash register of a local restaurant, behind a woman who was arguing with the manager. Her credit card had been "declined" and she didn't have the cash to pay for her meal. I peeked over her shoulder and saw that the amount showing on the cash register was toler-

Current World Population
<https://www.census.gov/popclock/world>

Population Curve
<http://frontiersman.org.uk/Population/Curve.html>

able. So, I offered to pay her bill and give her my mailing address. I explained that, then, she could repay my loan without having to have any personal contact with me. She agreed. The manager agreed. I paid her bill and gave her my mailing address. She didn't send me the payment.

A list of my overpopulation articles is available in the website. Here's the address.

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/Population/Curve.html#Articles>

Please be aware that the Iron Mountain item wasn't my article. It was an excerpt, and was cited as such in the byline. — editor

The Mage

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

The old mage approached the edge of the village, having walked from distant lands. He was old, bent, and leaned heavily on a staff that was as old and bent as he was, and worn smooth where he had gripped it for uncounted years. As he moved slowly through the village, people who saw him knew him at once for a traveling mage. Traveling mages were few but people who saw one always told the tale, so traveling mages were known.

He approached the end of the market street. The village lacked a market square, but the market street served the same purpose. Along one side, it was lined with shops of many kinds and sizes. On the other side was a wide verge, always cleared on the evening of the day before market day. It was used for stalls of wares and pens of animals, for sale or for trade. Some locations on it had been used by members of the same family for many generations. The verge was always cleared by sunset, for it was used on the following day for sacred observances. These long-held customs were never violated.

As the old mage made his slow way along the market street, people moved respectfully out of his way, and watched in respectful silence as he passed. He moved in an island of silence. Whispers followed. Near the center of the market street was a shop filled with objects of wood, objects large and small, decorative or useful, utensils, cabinets, all manner of things made from wood. The shopkeeper, a master craftsman, and his apprentice, worked at benches at the back of the shop. From there, they could watch the front of the shop, at which there was a long table, on which were displayed various objects for sale.

The shopkeeper and his apprentice heard the island of silence as it reached the front of the shop. The old mage approached the table, laid his old staff on it, and leaned on the table, tired. He sighed in relief. The shopkeeper and his apprentice rose from their work and made their way through the cluttered shop to the front. The shopkeeper stopped a respectful distance from the mage. His apprentice stopped a respectful distance behind his master.

The old mage rested for a few moments, then raised his gaze to look around the shop. The shopkeeper and his apprentice stepped aside, to give the mage full view. The mage was impressed by the work. Indeed, the shop was well known. It's fame had traveled far. Occasionally, even visiting lords or famous warriors had visited the shop. The mage looked around for a few moments and then his gaze fell on a staff, long and straight, finely made, covered with beautiful carvings. It leaned in the back corner of the shop. When the shopkeeper saw where the mage looked, he felt a pang of regret, for he had hoped to get a goodly price for that staff, maybe from a visiting lord or a famous warrior. But, one does not say no to a mage. Hiding his sorrow, the shopkeeper made his way through the clutter, to the back of his shop. He handled the staff carefully, so as not to mar its perfect finish, the result of uncounted hours of careful work. He laid the staff gently on the table, in front of the mage. The mage reached out and touched it with the end of a finger.

"This," he said, "is a wonderful staff. Much could be done with it. Much power could it hold." Hiding his disappointment at its loss, the shopkeeper said, "It is yours, mage."

For the first time, the mage showed some animation, and straightened slightly "No!" →

he exclaimed, and again, "No! I would never take such a thing as this from its rightful maker, unless I first paid him its fair price! What is your price, shopkeeper?"

The shopkeeper, taken aback by the outburst, gulped and tried to speak, but didn't have a ready answer. The mage glanced to the side, where the shopkeeper of the adjacent shop was watching. At the glance from the mage, that shopkeeper wished that he had been elsewhere, but too late. "You!" the mage exclaimed. "You know this man! What price would he ask for such a treasure as this?" That shopkeeper, too, hesitated. "Well now," asked the mage in exasperation, "Have we here a market of mutes? What price?"

The shopkeeper next door found his voice, for it wasn't his own price that was asked, but that of the master craftsman in wood. "I think," he announced, "that he would take no less than 60 pennies for such a prize!"

The mage turned back to the maker of the staff. "Is that your price? Sixty pennies?" The shopkeeper nodded confirmation. The mage reached within his worn and tattered garment and took from some hiding place therein a leathern bag, drawn and tied with a small cord. He opened the bag and pored onto the table top some pennies. He counted out 60 of them, put what remained back into the bag, pulled and tied the cord, and returned the bag to his garment. He picked up his new staff and stood it on its end. He thumped it against the ground once, just for good measure.


The shopkeeper handed the coins to his apprentice, who dropped them into a pocket of his work apron. "Take them," said the shopkeeper, with a gesture. The apprentice looked uneasy at having so many pennies in his possession, and under the gaze of so many people in the large crowd that had gathered. Nevertheless, he walked back to his bench and brought forth a cudgel. He made as if to walk around the end of the table but the mage leaned his new staff sideways, blocking the way. "Wait," he said, and reaching out, he touched both the cudgel and the arm that held it. They both sparkled for a moment. There was a murmur of wonder

from the crowd. After the story was told around the region, none of the local toughs would be so foolish as to confront this particular apprentice, not when both arm and cudgel had been touched by a mage.

The apprentice, no longer nervous, strode away toward whatever secret place he and his master used to hide their coins. The mage reached out and pushed his old staff across the table, toward the shopkeeper. "Here," he said. "In addition you shall have this. It has been depleted of magic these many years but, even so, it was the staff of a mage and so might have some small value to you."

The shopkeeper was astonished at such a gift, an actual staff of an actual traveling mage, and a whole street full of witnesses to verify it! He reached for his wonderful staff but the mage said, "Wait," and he touched the staff with the end of a finger. It sparkled briefly, and there were more murmurs from the crowd. He said, "Now, you may sell it if you wish, but nobody will be able to steal it from you." The shopkeeper picked it up and carried it carefully past the many items of wood that cluttered his shop, and leaned it in the same corner that had held the other staff. He turned, trying to think of some words that would adequately thank the mage, but the mage had already turned and was walking away. It seemed that he walked a little faster than before, and stood a little straighter. It seemed that he leaned less heavily on his new staff than he had leaned on the old one. It was a topic of debate for many years thereafter.

As he made his slow way to the other end of the market street, people moved respectfully aside, and watched in respectful silence as he passed. He moved in an island of silence. Whispers followed.

The old mage made his way to the edge of the village. There, he stopped and rested for a while, under a tree. Some people believed that he slept. Others believed that he meditated. For years thereafter, it was a subject of debate. After a while, he stood, turned, and without a backward glance, walked away from the village, toward distant lands. 

Her Schnauzer

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

A woman took her pet Schnauzer to the veterinarian, concerned that her dog was losing his hearing. After the exam, the vet assured the woman that the dog had passed the hearing test but suggested that she buy some hair remover to get rid of the excess hair in the dog's ears.

On the way home, the woman stopped at a

drug store to purchase a depilatory. As she was paying for her purchase, the pharmacist offered her some advice.

"Use full strength for legs and dilute one-half for underarms."

"Oh," the lady said, "It's for my Schnauzer."

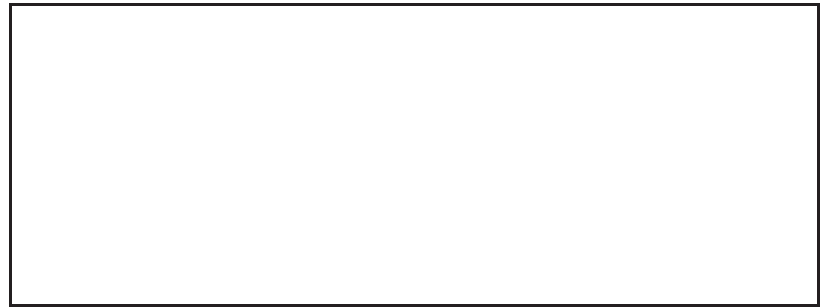
The pharmacist hesitated. "In that case," he said, "you'd better dilute by one-third. Also, maybe you shouldn't go bike riding for a while afterwards, either." ∞



Nation in Distress

The science of probability gives mathematical expression to our ignorance, not to our wisdom.

—in *Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones*
by Samuel R. Delany



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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/>

Interesting Things

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Steve S.

- $111,111,111 \times 111,111,111 = 12,345,678,987,654,321.$
- “I am,” is the shortest sentence in the English language. “I do,” is the longest.
- The San Francisco cable cars are the only mobile national monuments. ∞

Frontiersman

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Loch Ness Monster

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

An atheist was spending a quiet day fishing when suddenly his boat was attacked by the Loch Ness Monster. In one easy flip, the beast tossed him and his boat high into the air. Then it opened its mouth, waiting to swallow them when they came back down.

As the man sailed overhead, he cried out, “Oh, my God! Help me!”

At once, the ferocious attack scene froze in place, and the atheist hung in mid-air.

A booming voice came down from the clouds, “I thought you didn't believe in Me!”

“Come on God,” pleaded the man, “give me a break!”

“Two minutes ago I didn't even believe in the Loch Ness Monster!” ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor