



# Frontiersman

*Facing the truth, however great the cost.*

April 2013

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## The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Six

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

There are a lot of different ways to get into a computer. Each computer is different. Doesn't matter if they're mass produced. Once a person starts to use the thing, it gets personalized. Anyway, getting into different computers can take different hacks. I once rode in on an audio stream. It was just a personal computer but the guy had it pretty well protected. Guess he was a hacker himself, at least a wannabe. Anyway, he was listening to some Doo Wop stuff, which I don't like. Whiney old slow songs with overblown harmony. Anyway, you need to know your target so while I was trying to find a way into his computer, I tapped into the stream. I was listening to some old thing called *In the Still of the Night* when I had a flash of an idea. What, I asked myself, if I rode in on the audio stream? It's already going where I want to go. So I wrote a bit of code that would open a door from the inside, I call those codes Inside Men. Made it look like the audio stream, merged it into the stream, and I was in.

There's also more hacks than just computers. One time, we wanted to do some surveillance in a guy's house. The bosses were planning a scam that would get our man into the house to plant some cameras. I had a laptop with me at the meeting so, while they were talking, I did some research. It took a while but long, boring meetings are no stranger to NSA. So, I discovered that the guy had that Xfinity service. I already had some skids for Xfinity so I hacked into his video feed, pushed my laptop across the

conference table in front of the big boss. There was the guy we wanted to watch, eating supper with his family. Saved us a bundle and got me a feather in my cap.

Another time, we wanted to keep track of a guy and stop him at some location that would be convenient for us. Secluded, where we could nab him. No witnesses. I sent him a phoned up special sale offer from OnStar. They didn't have a sale going but he didn't know that. He signed up. Of course, his application came to me, not OnStar. Sent a normal-looking application to OnStar, no special discount, and they sent a guy out and installed the stuff in his car. I arranged for the payment by him and the payment to them to look right to both parties. Easy if you know how. After that, we knew just where he was. We followed him for a while, mapped out his routine, and found a good place where he usually went. Got our trap ready and when he drove by, we locked his brakes. He was never seen again. Not outside of NSA, anyway. I checked on him because I was getting pretty tired of the sordid things I was noticing, things that the agencies were doing, things that the bosses were making me do. The man went to a place in Idaho, underground, literally, in a mountain, in that big wilderness area. Frank Church River of No Return, that place. NSA sends a lot of people there. Lot of support for a lot of NSA comes from there. They have a huge work force of people who disappeared, work there while they're useful. I don't want to say what happens after that but it's one of the things that turned me against NSA. Against all the agencies. Really, it's all one big agency. Enough said for now.

Gotta go. =

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## The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Seven

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Got tired of living in my little two room apartment. One day, sitting at my desk, it occurred to me that I didn't have to keep living there. I phoned up an excuse to leave the office, bosses might be watching so I'm careful, and headed down to my secret conference room. I guess it was along about then that I started

thinking about myself as independent. I still work at NSA, National Security Agency, but maybe I could work for nsa, no such agency, me. *At* and *for* mean different things.

Anyway, I searched around and found a house that I liked. Not too big, not too pretentious, didn't want to attract a lot of attention. Just a nice house. Most important, a little remote. Not enough to be a nuisance but →

enough that I wouldn't be too obvious arriving and leaving. Did some things in the real estate system and the house was mine. Completely legitimate. Nobody will ever be able to prove anything.

Next, I set up the utilities, electricity, gas, so forth. Nobody will ever be able to trace any of it to me but everything is paid automatically from sources that will never arouse any suspicion. There are a lot of big agencies in the world, most of them have black projects, and not a single one of them will ever notice the leaks that I made in their funding. One thing, I've been careful to never make a leak in an NSA project. Don't know why for sure, just

seemed like a good precaution. A big part of hacking is attitude and a big part of attitude is instinct. Never ignore that little voice in your head.

Just to be on the safe side, maybe being a little paranoid, I made an arrangement with a local grocery store to have some food and other miscellaneous supplies delivered once a week, standard list unless I modify it. Paid automatically, of course. Guy leaves them just inside the side door. Had a special little alcove built there, he can get into the alcove but not into the house.

Gotta go. ≡

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## Nothing Can Impede Stupidity

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Against stupidity the very gods themselves contend in vain. —Johann von Schiller

I've been watching a good many reruns of *NCIS* lately. In some ways it's an excellent show, with very interesting and well-acted characters. The show does have a very distasteful downside. Members of the investigative team break and enter, conduct improper surveillance, hack information systems, and otherwise obtain evidence improperly. They lose, falsify, or destroy evidence. They bully people who don't want to cooperate with them. In one episode, Gibbs, the team leader, threatened to make a wounded prisoner disappear, promising that neither his family nor his friends would ever know what had happened to him.<sup>1</sup> In another episode, Gibbs threw a suspect against the interrogation room window so hard that the glass shattered. In yet another episode, he "prepped" a suspect for interrogation by forcing him to watch an autopsy as an example of what they were going to do to him, after they faked his suicide. More generally, the team members leave suspects alone in the interrogation room for long periods of time, bully them mercilessly, deceive them with false information, and threaten to invoke "terrorism" so as to detain them indefinitely. Requests by suspects for a lawyer are alleged by team members to be proof of guilt. They make a spectator sport of "breaking" suspects (as opposed to interrogating them), admiring one another's performances through the window and evaluating "style" as if they were doing Shake-

peare. I understand that interrogators need answers but thuggery in a worthy cause is still thuggery. Eventually, you can't tell the good guys from the bad guys any more. In spite of it all, team members are still presented as heroes. Their thuggery is presented as necessary, for the best, done in good faith, and fully justified because they're the good guys. I fear that the show presents a large dose of police state propaganda and brainwashing.

Of course, I could watch *America's Funniest Home Videos* instead, but I'm disgusted by their censorship of anything sexual including, believe it or not, baby's genitals. So, I've been watching *NCIS*. Admittedly, *NCIS* has censorship, too. Bodies on the autopsy tables are strategically blurred or covered so that no sexual parts are ever visible. We're shown exit wounds, internal organs, stomach contents, severed body parts, and decomposed, mangled, burned, or dissected bodies, but never sex organs. The network censors must be sickos. Well, at least *NCIS* has Abby Sciuto and Ziva David, which is a lot better than watching Tom Bergeron. OK, so I chortle, make suggestive comments, and stare at them. So sue me.

The writing on *NCIS* is occasionally excellent, usually good, and sometimes bad. They have the normal writing errors that are common in TV and movies but, in Season Two, Episode 10, *Chained*, I saw a really bad error. The *NCIS* guys were trying to trick a prisoner, Jeffrey White, into revealing the whereabouts of his partner and the location of some stolen Iraqi antiquities. Tony DiNozzo was posing as another prisoner and was handcuffed to Jeffrey, on a prison bus. As per the plan and at the designated location along the road, the →

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<sup>1</sup> See my article *Gone But Not Forgotten* in the December 2011 issue.

bus driver faked some kind of a seizure. The bus careened off of the road. The guard in the back of the bus faked a panic attack and rushed forward to unlock the cage so that he could render aid to the driver. DiNozzo faked strangling the guard, who faked being dead. DiNozzo then dragged Jeffrey off of the bus and through the woods to the intended location, an unoccupied travel trailer in a deserted campsite. DiNozzo and Jeffrey broke into the travel trailer, handcuffed together and wearing their bright orange prison duds. They came out of the travel trailer handcuffed together and wearing civilian clothes.

While I was writing this article, I started to doubt my memory. Could the writers really have made such a stupid mistake? To check on it, I bought the DVD and watched that sequence on my computer, several times, in step-frame mode. Yes, the writers really did make that mistake. As DiNozzo and Jeffrey were completing the change-of-clothes scene, they were still, definitely, handcuffed together. I visited a website that invites *NCIS* viewer's comments and I didn't see any complaints

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### Letter to the Editor

Hello Sam:

...In hindsight, I appreciate your discretion regarding anonymity, as this is a rare quality in today's society. Good lookin' out! After some thought, I agree with you in that prisoners should not be identified. Anything that does not, directly, identify me is beneficial. Thank you....

Sam, you have graciously included me in your subscription(s) for a few years, free of charge. You have no idea how much I look forward to my issue, each and every month. Once

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### Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- In a police state, innocent people have a greater need for lawyers than guilty people do.
- As long as tyrants and victims all continue to come from the same gene pool, there's hope for liberty.
- If there's a strong demand for a particular product or service, then the availability of that product or service cannot be prevented. ♣

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### A White Man's Notes

Sam Aurelius Milam III

For decades, the feminists have been calling us Neanderthals and accusing us of thinking with our penises. I won't disagree with either

about the situation. It's bad enough that the writers made such a stupid blunder but, apparently, the viewers are so gullible that they're willing to accept without question the dazzling notion that DiNozzo and Jeffrey changed clothes while they were handcuffed together.

For every credibility gap there is a gullibility fill.  
—from *Peter's Quotations*  
by Laurence J. Peter

Why is it important? It's important because if people are stupid enough to believe that, then they'll believe anything. Maybe that's why the writers get away with all of that brainwashing. Maybe that's why the brainwashing works. Maybe the brainwashing is why people believe the nonsense that the government reported about the so-called terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. Maybe the brainwashing is why people refuse to believe my explanation of those attacks. Maybe. If so, then I can think of only one explanation for the success of the brainwashing. It's been suggested before. I'll suggest it again. Never underestimate the power of human stupidity. ♣

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or twice I tried to send you a donation of some stamps and they 'disappeared' before they reached you. You printed my letter about that [*February 2012 issue, page 2*]. I am going to go against my better judgment and make the attempt, once more. PLEASE tell me if the book of stamps makes it to you, or if some sticky-fingered pig makes off with them, again.... I wish you nothing shy of happiness and prosperity.  
—a prisoner

*I received the stamps this time. Thank you.*

—editor

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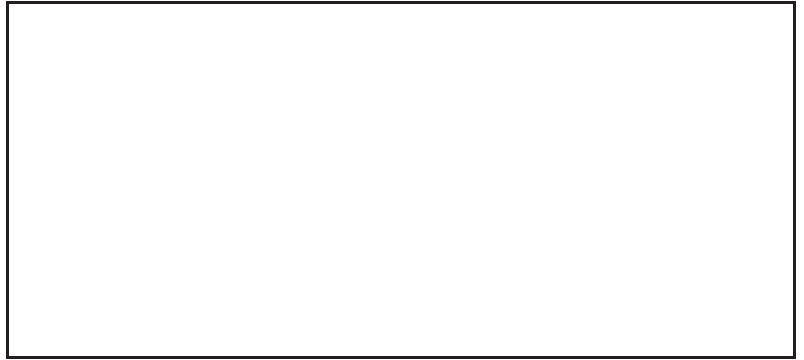
of those two points but, by now, all of the women should be well aware of them. So, when a woman prances around in front of us, flaunting her sexuality, she ought not to be surprised if we fail to respond with intellectual detachment. Indeed, if we're provoked to sexual aggression, then she doesn't have anybody but herself to blame for provoking us. Here's what the feminists neglected to mention. There are also Neanderthal women. Dare I speculate? Which part of a Neanderthal woman do you suppose does the thinking? ♂



Nation in Distress

I'm interested in politics for the same reason that prisoners are interested in bars. —Wednesday, February 20, 1991

*Milam's Notes*



### Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; my mother; Dewey and Betty; and Robert, of Ione, California.

—editor

### Words of Wisdom

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Lady Jan the Voluptuous.

- If you have a lot of tension and you get a headache, then do what it says on the aspirin bottle. Take two and keep away from children.
- They picked a very strange name for *Social Security*. For what you receive, you can't afford to be social and you don't really feel secure.
- Every man needs a wife because there are some things that go wrong that cannot be blamed on the government.
- 'Tis better to have loved and lost than to marry a woman you can't defrost. ∞

### A Woman's Revenge

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Sir Donald the Elusive.

"Cash, check or charge?" I asked, after folding items that the woman wanted to purchase. As she fumbled for her wallet, I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse.

"So," I asked, "do you always carry your TV remote?"

"No," she replied, "but my husband wouldn't come shopping with me and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally." ∞

### A Man's Mystery

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Sir Donald the Elusive.

I'll never understand how a woman can take boiling hot wax, pour it onto her upper thigh, rip the hairs out by the roots, and still be afraid of a spider. ∞

### Frontiersman

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor