

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

March 2008

Scat Fewmits Pursues the Dirty Trickster

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

I own a bar and grill on Highway 90, in south Texas. I call it the Barn Grill.¹ Since it's built in an old barn, my regular customers call it the Barn. I run the place, so I spend a lot of time doing odds and ends, especially when things are slow.

I was polishing glasses one slow afternoon when a man walked in who looked like he was right out of some old low-budget gangster movie with a manic director. He was wearing a grey, double-breasted pin-striped suit, a wide-brimmed black fedora, and black-and-white oxfords. He had a black shirt, a white tie, and a pink hankie in his coat pocket. The fedora had a little white feather in a white hat band. He was a beefy guy and, the way he walked, it looked like his feet were glued to the floor every time he took a step. I had the impression that you couldn't have knocked him over with a baseball bat. He had a wide face, a neatly trimmed mustache, and very serious eyes.

I stopped polishing the glass that I'd been polishing and stood there watching the guy walk toward me. He didn't turn his head but he gave the entire place a real going-over with his eyes.

When he arrived at the bar, he looked at me and said, "Fewmits".

I gave him a blank stare.

"Scat Fewmits," he elaborated.

"Beg your pardon?"

He looked a trifle impatient, reached into his coat, and brought out a wallet. He flipped it open and, with practiced skill, pointed to it and said, "Scat Fewmits".

I looked where he was pointing. The wallet had a badge on one side and an ID card on the other. He was pointing to the ID card.

1 See *The Barn Grill: Tales From All Over*. —editor

"Oh!", I exclaimed, "It's your name!"

"Special Agent Scat Fewmits", he confirmed.

"So, you work for the FBI."

"BFD", he commented.

I drew my head back just a little, wondering how to take that. He squinted his eyes and said, "Baltimore Forensics Department".

"Oh."

He leaned forward at the hips, looking intently at me. "Think it stands for something else," he explained, "wrong. Doesn't. Baltimore Forensics Department. BFD"

"Well, of course," I hastened to agree, since it seemed important to him. "What else could it possible stand for?"

"Looking for a man," he explained.

"There's nobody here but us," I replied, shrugging my shoulders.

"Few months back. Spent some time here. Worked for local contractor. Penny a day. Two pennies the next day. So forth."²

"Oh, him!" I exclaimed. "Yeah, I remember the guy!"

"Name?" he asked.

"Michael," I said.

"Michael what?" he asked.

"That's the only name he used," I replied. "Why do you want him?"

He looked suspicious, considered my question, and decided to answer it.

"Government research lab. Blew it up. Idaho. About six years ago. Killed employees. Both of them. Killed lab animals. Rotweillers. Three of them. Think it's the same guy."³

"He didn't seem like the violent sort," I objected.

"Fingerprints match. Prints from his glass. Here."

"How'd you get his finger prints from →

2 See *The Dirty Trickster and the Blowhard* in the March 2007 issue of this newsletter. —editor

3 See *Bill, Bob, and the Dirty Trickster* in the September 2007 issue of this newsletter. —editor

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here?" I wanted to know.

"Foreskin."

"Huh?"

"Got prints for us. Foreskin."

I was baffled. "I don't understand."

"Street informant. Foreskin. Usually stays in Baltimore. Saw the news. Had a hunch. Came down here. Got a job. Here. Worked one day. Served drinks and hamburgers. Lifted a glass. Got some prints."

"You mean that Fore—" I hesitated, "Foreskin is a person?"

"Street informant. Lumpkin Foreskin. Works for us. Worked here."

Suddenly, I realized who he was talking about. "What? You mean Lumpy?" and then I started to laugh. "His last name is Foreskin? He never told us! He just went by Lumpy!. Jeez! Lumpy Foreskin! What a name!"

Special Agent Fewmits looked grim and squinted his eyes again. "Lumpkin" he said.

"OK, whatever," I managed to stop laughing, "whatever you say. He told us his name was Lumpy! He never told us his last name." I tried hard not to laugh but a grin did escape me.

Special Agent Fewmits looked grim so I tried to settle down and look serious but Lumpy Foreskin was a lot to swallow, if you don't mind me saying it that way. That thought almost set me to laughing again.

"Suspect left his VW near the lab."

"What?" I asked.

"Idaho. Six years ago," he reminded me.

"Oh, yeah," I replied.

"Left prints on it. Match the ones from Foreskin's glass. Want to talk to him."

"Well, I haven't seen him since he left. So far as I know, he didn't leave a name or a forwarding address. Have you tried the court in Alpine?"

"No time," he said. "Provide backup tomorrow. Seattle. Sphincter's case."

"Sphincter?" I asked, completely taken by surprise.

"Agent Cloaca Sphincter."

"You have an agent named Cloaca Sphincter?" I asked.

Fewmits looked even more grim than before.

"Partner. Mine. Perky little thing. Smart as

a whip. Degree in Veterinary Science. Knows all there is to know about animals. Investigate squirrel killings. Seattle. Tomorrow."

"Squirrel killings?" I asked. "The FBI investigates squirrel killings?"

"Assumed jurisdiction. Retro bar. Sixties clothes. Sixties music. Surveillance microphones. Men's room. Overheard men bragging. Shooting squirrels. Inside city limits. Illegal."

"Squirrels — shooting squirrels? Sixties styles? You mean, like, miniskirts?"

"Yes."

Jesus! I couldn't help laughing at that! Shooting squirrels! Miniskirts! Of course the guys were shooting squirrels! I'd do the same thing myself. Hadn't these daffy agents ever heard of men shooting squirrels or women flipping beaver? I don't know, maybe the phrases are out-of-date.

"Sphincter's case," he continued. "Wear miniskirt. Pose as hippie. Code name Starflower Moonbright."

That was a good one. I tried not to laugh. "Good luck," I said, "I don't know anything about the guy you want."

"Hear something, contact superior."

"Who?"

"Deputy Director Egress," he elaborated.

"Who again?"

"Colon Egress. FBI Deputy Director."

I couldn't help laughing just a little, but I kept it short. Fewmits seemed to be very serious about all of this. However, I couldn't help wondering. Is this the bunch that investigates crimes in this country?

Fewmits laid a business card on the bar. I picked it up and, sure enough, printed on the card was Deputy Director Colon Egress, FBI, BFD.


"Doesn't take calls personally. Secretaries."

"He has more than one?"

"Fanny Douche," he said, "and Jenna Talia."

I've heard a lot of weird things in the Barn so I've learned self control. I didn't laugh until he was gone but I did have some difficulty keeping a straight face and talking in a normal voice.

"If I hear anything, I'll give them a call."

He walked out and I had a good story to tell to my regular customers that evening. 

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Letter to the Editor

To Sam, Greetings

This is a reply to your letter dated [omitted as a precaution]. I'm happy to hear that you do appreciate my comments concerning your newsletter (the *Frontiersman*). I do understand what you mean by not getting much feed back and it seems at times like no one gives a hoot! But, let me tell you this Sam, it's newsletter(s) like yours that keeps hope alive to thousands of us God "fearing Americans" and to those who do not believe anything at all! Which I can respect that! Since our government refuses to be 'open' and leave us in the dark, making us guess what's going to happen next! Which is a lot of guessing! As soon as I get my self situated I'll send you my contribution, plus I talked to a couple of friends of mine concerning your present situation and since he's into selling homes he looking into that for me and see if 'we' can find a spot for you to call 'home'. Rent free, all yours, so you can work on this newsletter with out having to worry about where you are going to live next. Which is a good start!.... 'big brother' is keeping an eye on a lot of thing(s) these days, and maybe it's preparing itself for that next faze of order that every open 'minded' person has been talking bout, the New World Order, a 'woman president' and possibly weeding out those who do not believe in what there doing is right! Who knows? Only they do! Not us! Well, Sam I close this letter 4 now, but I hope to hear from you soon! Keep up the good work!

—a prisoner

The Fable of the Microbes

As Retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Two microbes were circulating in the blood stream of a horse. They always followed the same route. One day, as they were going through the horse's heart, one microbe said, "Let's go a different way this time!" The other microbe said, "OK!" So, they took a different blood stream after they left the horse's heart. They were immediately attacked by antibodies and killed.

Moral: You can't change streams in the middle of a horse. 🐾

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Duh — A watched stitch in time never saves nine boiled pots of pennies earned. 🐾

Request for Help

Sam Aurelius Milam III

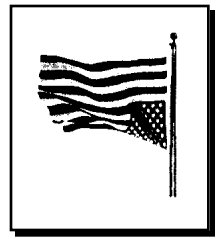
A Summary of My Situation — As of this writing, I'm still living in temporary borrowed quarters. I'm still using the end of their dining room table for an office. My files and books are still in boxes. I've begun to gradually move my possessions to a more secure temporary location, a few boxes at a time. I've been afraid that, in the location where I've been storing them, James might sneak into the yard and steal them or damage them. The neighbor gave me permission to post "No Trespassing" signs near the property boundary. I posted such a sign twice. Both times, James snuck onto the property and removed the sign. Thus, he's shown his willingness to enter the property and steal something. So far, he hasn't bothered any of my stuff. Maybe I can get it all moved to a more secure location before he steals or damages anything.

A Summary of My Needs — I need someplace else to live. I previously had an offer from a concerned family member to buy a house for me in this vicinity. That offer has been withdrawn. The cost of a small mobile home on a small lot in this area begins at about \$60,000 and goes up from there. I'm hereby requesting contributions toward the acquisition of such property or the actual acquisition of the property for me.

I'll need at least 700 sq. ft. of floor space plus kitchen, laundry, and bathroom facilities. That's about what's available in a 14x60 single-wide mobile home. I'll need access to the U.S. mail, a telephone line, and the internet. Due to my undocumented status, I'll need for someone else to legally own the place. That being the case, I'll need some kind of an arrangement, such as a trust or a will, whereby I'll be authorized to stay in the place for the rest of my life if the owner dies before I do. I'll need for the authorization to be effective without the need for me to show government ID, which I lack. Sharing space with another person has always caused problems. Therefore, I don't want to share the space. I want to live alone.

Please contact me if you can provide such an arrangement or if you can provide contributions toward such an arrangement. 🐾

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Nation in Distress

Sacrifice might be demanded of the individual, but never compromise: for though only the society can give security and stability, only the individual, the person, has the power of moral choice.

—from *The Dispossessed*
by Ursula K. LeGuin



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; Lord Jeffrey the Studious; my mother; Ernie and Claire, of Show Low, Arizona; Jules, of Tucson, Arizona; and Sir Donald the Elusive.

—editor

Classes for Men

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- How to fill up the ice cube trays — Step by step analysis with slide presentation
- Toilet paper rolls — Do they grow on the holders? Round table discussion
- Fundamental differences between the laundry hamper and the floor — Pictures and explanatory graphics ∞

Reasons for Men to be Cheerful

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- You can do Christmas shopping for 25 relatives, on December 24, in 45 minutes or less.
- You have freedom of choice about growing a mustache.
- You can do your nails with a pocketknife.
- One wallet and one pair of shoes, all in one color, is good for all seasons.
- You don't have to shave below your neck.
- You almost never have strap problems in public.
- You don't have to stop and think of which way to turn a nut on a bolt. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

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