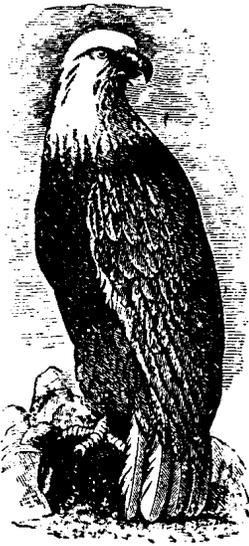


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# Frontiersman

*Facing the truth, however great the cost.*

*February 2005*

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## MPP Report

Rob Kampia, Executive Director  
Marijuana Policy Project  
Washington, D.C.

Twenty-five-year-old Weldon Angelos celebrated Christmas in federal prison this year ... just like he'll do every year until he's 80.

In November 2004, Angelos was sentenced to 55 years in prison for selling marijuana to undercover police officers. As U.S. District Judge Paul Cassell pointed out at sentencing, that's more time than he would have received if he had hijacked an airplane (25 years), beaten someone to death in a fight (13 years), or raped a 10-year-old child (11 years).

In fact, the maximum sentence for all those crimes combined is less than the federal mandatory minimum sentence for a drug felony involving a gun. (Angelos was carrying a gun at the time of his arrest, although he never brandished it or threatened anyone.)

The assistant U.S. attorney prosecuting the case justified putting Angelos — a first-time offender and father of two — behind bars for 55 years by saying that he was a “purveyor of poison” who got what he deserved. (The “poison” was marijuana, which has never killed anyone.)

Angelos isn't alone in having his life destroyed by the government's war on marijuana users:

Jonathan Magbie died in September 2004 while serving a 10-day sentence for marijuana possession in a jail in Washington, D.C. Magbie, a 27-year-old quadriplegic, used marijuana to treat his chronic pain. He was unable to breathe on his own, and the jail — unequipped to meet his medical needs — allowed him to die while in custody.

And in 2003, a 19-year-old Florida college student was brutally raped by his cell mate while serving the first of four weekends in jail for a small scale marijuana offense.

And the year before that, 20-year-old Jose Colon — just months away from being the first

in his family to obtain a college degree — was shot and killed by police in a raid in which eight ounces of marijuana were seized. Colon wasn't even a suspect. He just happened to be visiting the house being raided, and he had no drugs or weapons on him.

Every week, we at the Marijuana Policy Project confront extreme government abuses like these, as the war on marijuana users rages on, with the government arresting law-abiding citizens, seizing their property, locking them up for decades, and even killing them.

With the help of our 18,000 dues-paying members, MPP is working to end the persecution and destruction of people like Weldon Angelos, Jonathan Magbie, and millions of others. You can help us bring sense to our nation's marijuana policies by making a financial contribution to our work at <http://www.mpp.org/donate> today.

Your help is desperately needed. The government is arresting more than 700,000 marijuana users a year — that's one arrest every 42 seconds — which is more than the number of arrests for robbery and all violent crimes combined. (And about 88% of all marijuana arrests are for possession, not sale or manufacture.)

As we enjoy our own freedom, let's remember the many, many victims of the government's war on marijuana users — the cancer patients living in fear of arrest for using marijuana to quell their nausea and help them keep food down ... the college students losing their financial aid for smoking a joint ... the AIDS patients using medical marijuana to ease the pain of their final months, terrified of losing their homes if caught ... and the thousands staring at empty cell walls for doing nothing more harmful than possessing marijuana.

We can and will put an end to this cruel and unjust war. Please visit <http://www.mpp.org/donate> to stand with us in the fight. Please also visit <http://www.mpp.org/subscribe> to sign up for MPP's free e-mail alerts. ∞

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## Gonna Blow Dis Joint

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

I wanted to use plastic plants. They're all over the place, tables in restaurants, doctor's waiting rooms, hotel lobbies, everywhere you look. Turned out, it ain't that easy to find plastic Marijuana. Maybe I just didn't know where to look. Maybe I'm just used to using the real thing. Anyway, it was easier for me to get the real thing

Since I was gonna use real plants, I had to build a place for em. So, I bought some pots, got some potting soil, and set up the lights with timers. I also built an irrigation system. None of it was hard to do, just stuff from the local stores. You buy it a bit at a time nobody thinks twice about it. I put the irrigation system on a timer, too, since I wasn't plannin on hangin around.

Next, I got a motion detector like they use to turn on front porch lights when somebody walks up the sidewalk. After that, I decided to get fancy. I think the results will be worth it. I rigged a timer so nothin happens for about two minutes after the motion detector goes off. I figured it ought to take them drug thugs about two minutes to all get into tha room, as many of em as is comin, and they probably won't start leaving yet, that soon, nozin and pokin into my private stuff. I want as many of em as possible in there when she goes off.

Then, I got to wondering how long it might be before anybody noticed my little farm. Wouldn't want the whole thing to fail because the power company nitwits turned off the power so I got one of them stand-by power supplies at a computer store. After that, I had the place all ready for the plants and the trigger system all hooked up with the wires dangling into the crawl space. Next, I made the stuff for the big bang.

I won't tell how I make the stuff. I got my own recipe and I don't want nobody else to know about it. I'll just say I made enough to take out half the neighborhood. Like the govment says, too bad bout them collateral casualties. Don't

want to miss any drug thugs that might stay out at the street. I thought about putting some in the storm drain at the curb but decided against it. Couldn't stay outa site while I was doin it. I put it all in the crawl space, but I didn't connect the wires.

So far, I hadn't bought anything illegal. Just normal hardware, some plumbing stuff, some electrical gizmos, and ordinary chemicals. I'm a real handyman. Just buy a little here and a little there and nobody puts two and two together. So, I went and got my plants. I put em in the potting soil and got em started. While they was gettin used to their new home I got some material from a fabric store to replace tha window shades. I wanted it to look like I just got careless about the windows. The fabric would hide the plants during the day but with my lights on a timer they'd come on from time to time at night. That material was thin enough that somebody would see my plants through the window at night. Eventually, somebody would report it or maybe a cop would notice. It didn't matter. Them drug thugs would come bashing in, kickin things and shoutin an just begging for somebody to not lay down quick enough to suit em so they could shoot him about 30 times until the threat was terminated. Yeah.

Finally, I went down and connected the wires. I checked once more on my plants but I didn't want to stay too long once things was connected. Naturally, I had a hidden switch at the front door so I could activate the motion detector after I locked the door.

As I got into my Hummer, I was thinking about them drug thugs. I figured I'd get tha whole gang. Only problem was it'd be too quick. Next time I make a dirty trick I'll have to figure out how to make it last longer, make em suffer a little before their lights go out fer keeps. I got a lot of dirty tricks in mind. It's gonna be fun. I gunned my Hummer down the road and laughed for pure joy! Yaaaahooooo! The Dirty Trickster rides again! 

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## Periodical Praise

Jim Sullivan

When it comes to my lifetime's favorite hang-out, the public library, all I hear about these days is that librarians ought to put a V-chip or some similar screening contraption in the library's computers to block kids from seeing things they shouldn't see, like naked men and women.

Well, I object, not to the nude folks, mind you, but to the screening devices! I'm here to say that no one in my hometown public library, which I visited as a kid, stopped me with a V-chip or with anything else electronic, mechanical, or physical from perusing whatever I wanted to in the collection. That included its vast archive, going back to the early 1920s, of *National Geographic Magazine* with its easily recognizable glossy, yellow-bordered cover. All were shelved openly, if remotely, in the back of the library (but within its walls).

Certainly the librarian, the facility's only staffer, who was in her 80s but with all her mental faculties as sharp as ever, save for slight impairments in sight and hearing, must have known full well what I was looking at so quietly for hours, back there in the dimly lit, narrow aisle also filled with dusty law books.

I was getting an eyeful, I'll grant you. But at the same time, I was getting an education in more ways than one. Primarily, Africa's, Asia's, Australia's, and the South Sea Islands' past was being revealed to me. I didn't learn until years later that there was a reputable word for what I was learning — anthropology.

In any case, I concentrated on the magazine's text. Well — okay, I scanned the captions mostly. But I poured over those pages, mainly filled with big, black and white photos until I nearly went blind. That affected my later life in some ways. Today, for instance, I have to wear glasses. But I learned a lot about people from other lands and that's made me a tolerant person. I do, though, have a tendency nowadays to get a wee bit cranky with bigots and censors.

What I am, too, is self-educated. It's not only in the field mentioned above but also in anatomy, gross and otherwise; geography; cul-

tures of the world and related subjects. The credit for all that goes to *National Geographic Magazine*, which I still enjoy. Today, by the way, I have the good lighting I need to see the magazine pages without straining my eyes. And I do it (look at the magazine, that is) in a dust-free environment.

Admittedly, reading *National Geographic Magazine* as a youngster may have inadvertently accelerated the onset of my puberty but no harm came to me as a result. On the other hand, I did marry rather young — at age 22. Yet that didn't work out too badly, considering that my missus and I have been wed now for over 40 years.

But the point I want to make is this. A V-chip might block out some things that parents don't want their little Tommy's and Mary's to see but, in the process, topics to which loving moms and dads would, upon reflection, want their children exposed, if you'll pardon that term, will also be covered up.

Naturally, I'm not defending hard-core stuff. That's something else again where children are concerned. But the only sure way to keep kids from viewing or reading such material anywhere is for a vigilant mother, father, older sibling (not!), or other responsible adult to be there to prevent it from happening in the first place.

One of those individuals should always accompany kids to the public library where ideas, in print, in pictures, and on the internet, possibly ideas contrary to those taught in the family home, are rampant. That shouldn't come as a surprise to anyone, for the public library is the area's home for different ideas.

Yes, I can safely and proudly, proclaim that the *National Geographic Magazine* made a man out of me, and an informed one at that. So, censors, stop badgering librarians! They're doing their jobs splendidly. ∞

When any government, or any church for that matter, undertakes to say to its subjects, "This you may not read, this you must not see, this you are forbidden to know," the end result is tyranny and oppression, no matter how holy the motives.

—from *If this Goes On*  
by Robert A. Heinlein

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## A Creature of Government

Sam Aurelius Milam III

One of the subscribers to this newsletter commented recently that my [article](#) about Laura Doyle's book, *The Surrendered Wife*, didn't have any political relevance.

In the USA today, marriage isn't a right. It's a licensed institution created by government and substantially similar to any other such institution. Behavior in marriage that is in violation of government rules can be punished by government. Every product of a marriage

## Letters to the Editor

*This is in reply to my [editorial comments](#) in the Letters to the Editor section on page 3 of the December issue.*

—editor

Sam, I just read the December *Frontiersman*. Thanks for including both of my letters. My point in asking about the garments of the invasive thugs was that there was a very small chance that the thugs were private criminals, not government agents. It makes some difference in that a small-scale criminal gang might be easier to bring to justice than a criminal government.

—Sir Donald the Elusive

Sam

Sorry about this minuscule contribution; Although I am limited to a very low "fixed" income, I will try to make a small contribution from time to time.

I do want to continue receiving the *Frontiersman*....

Please keep the light burning.

Respectfully —C. V. G.

Sam

First of all, I must confess that my meager resources simply will not permit me to pledge 20.00 per mo....

—C. V. G.

Sam

As of Feb 1, I am going to send \$10.00 per month.

—C. V. G.

The *Frontiersman*:

Primarily because I have decided to launch *The Outre Voice*, and, because there apparently truths that you refuse to acknowledge, I must rescind my pledge to donate \$10.00 per mo. For an example, you wrote that my statement that:

For several hundred years (at least since the 1600s) many millions of men and women smoked for 60, 70 years and more; living well into their 80s and 90s (some even beyond 100)

whether material, financial, or human (children) is owned and controlled by government and liable to confiscation by government. Marriage can be terminated only by an act of government (divorce). All terms and conditions of such termination are specified and supervised by government. Violations of them can be punished by government. Clearly, the behavior of the participants in a marriage is every bit as politically relevant as the behavior of any other minions of government in any other regulated institution. ↗

and never get cancer; nor, *any "Smoking Related Illness"...*

needs to be "documented".

That truth, however, is, of course, unquestioned by any even reasonably intelligent (or, reasonably honest) person. If you do not believe this to be so, I would encourage you to visit any government subsidized senior housing complex. There you will meet some 80 and 90 years olds who have smoked 60, 70 years and more, who are in phenomenally good health. The, by logical extrapolation, you must conclude that — over a period of some 400 years — their numbers must reach into the millions.

—C. V. G.

*I was uncomfortable with some claims that he made in an article that he submitted.*

—editor

Dear Sam,

Here are my thoughts on "[A Man's Perspective on the Surrendered Wife](#)" in your January 2005 issue:

When women say things such as they want men to "tell us what they are feeling," one can generally be assured of two things:

(1) If any man were foolish enough to do what a woman demanded, i.e., "share his feelings," "be intimate," "communicate," et alia, that very female would immediately reject him for being unmanly. On top of this, a man who was foolish enough to express his feelings in the workplace or a college campus might immediately find himself the target of a "sexual harassment" lawsuit. (And I would be interested in hearing from women on this point, why is female behavior directly contrary to their stated demands?)

(2) Women themselves feel no compulsion to act according to the very rules they set for men. Consider how many times you have heard women tell you that they are interested in a man and would like to go out with him. When you ask them why they do not do the obvious and logical thing, which is take the initiative and tell the →

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man how they feel, or perhaps even ask him out, the reply is usually a horrified “Oh no, I can’t do that, I’m a woman!”

The reality is, of course, that there are plenty of sensitive men who would just love to share their feelings, etc. But quite frequently they find themselves rejected in toto by women. Women need to ask themselves why it is they are so attracted to men who are insensitive, who do not communicate, who do not share feelings. It is a fact that women are attracted to the most aggressive males in our society: those who, at a minimum, must risk everything from rejection to a “sexual harassment” lawsuit for daring to ask out a female. And that’s just for starters: women are, generally, attracted to male power, wealth, strength, and status (just as men are attracted to female youth and nubility). Needless to say, the competitive factors which make a man attractive to women do not encourage “sensitivity.”

We are not very different from our savage ancestors of a few thousand years ago. Women want to mate with the alpha males, the tribal warriors who give them protection, the best chance for survival, and the strongest children (“Honey, did you bring home the mastodon steaks?”) One suspects all this talk about “feelings” and “communications” is a female test for men. If a man does communicate his feelings to a woman, he has demonstrated that he is not up to alpha male standards and is to be immediately rejected.

Now, I am not going to claim this is so of all women, but the fact is that despite several decades of feminist propaganda, the ancestral mating patterns are still there. But too many men have been whipsawed by feminist propaganda into believing that men and women are the same, especially when it comes to sex. This has caused no end to confusion, as well as a plethora of “sexual harassment” and “date rape” cases. i.e., men assume that women have come up to male standards on sexual freedom. But we find that in reality women are still pushing the “weak and helpless victim” routine, especially when it comes to sex. The fact that otherwise hard-charging female executives can go into mass hysteria over a pinup calendar in an office is evidence of this double standard.

Which brings me to my next point. What exactly is it that women offer that would make marriage a reasonable proposition for a man? It seems as if women do everything in their power to keep men from marrying them: the endless female perpetuation of the sexual double standard (“no sex until I get what I want”), the false charges of paternity which have destroyed so many men’s

lives, the ongoing hysteria over “sexual harassment” and “date/spousal rape.” Perhaps these are more tests to see which men are worthy of a lifetime of supporting a woman?

We have turned a corner in this country where the disadvantages of marriage far outweigh the advantages: consider alimony, child custody battles (settled in favor of women in the vast majority of cases), the potential loss of one’s home and savings in divorce settlements, not to mention legal sanctions without much due process in all of this. Meanwhile, women are under no obligation to give men any of the things that husbands might once have received from matrimony: certainly not sex, indeed any pressure in that direction can lead to charges of “spousal rape” being leveled against a man.

It is one of the major ironies of our time that even as women heap more abuse upon men (as “insensitive,” “date rapists,” “deadbeats,” “batterers,” “just not getting it,” etc.), they are all the more frantic to get married. But why, given the obvious female antipathy towards men, do women want to get married at all?

And a related point: feminists have spent the better part of a generation attacking marriage as the central institution of patriarchal oppression. But if marriage equals oppression, then (again!) why do women want to get married, and why do they excoriate men who choose to remain single? These are questions I would like to see women answer.

So what is to be done? Some in the emerging men’s rights movement are recommending a boycott of marriage altogether. If women have a right to say “no” to sex, then men have the same right to say “no” to marriage.

Anyway, I’ve made my contribution to the war between the sexes at my website, GAMES WOMEN PLAY. It’s at: <http://home.earthlink.net/~jamiranda/GWPindex.html>.

I’d be interested in what any of your readers have to say.

Sincerely,

—Joseph Miranda  
[jamiranda@earthlink.net](mailto:jamiranda@earthlink.net)

Dear Editor Milam

.... Thanks for sending me a copy of the current Frontiersman with your book review of [Laura Doyle’s book](#), The Surrendered Wife. I couldn’t agree with you more. —Jim; South Bend, Indiana

Stray Thoughts

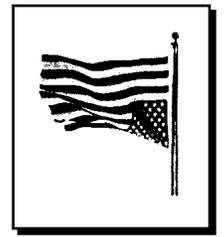
Sam Aurelius Milam III

Toilet Etiquette — Flush twice. It’s a long way to City Hall.

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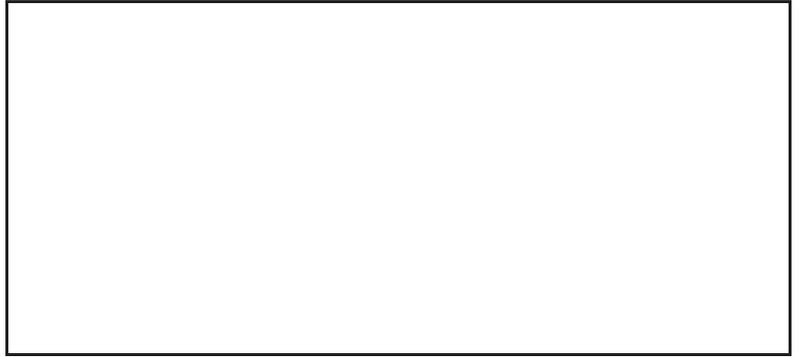
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Nation in Distress

You should always be presumed innocent — by the IRS, at the airport, at a roadside sobriety checkpoint, in a paternity dispute, at the food bank — everywhere, without exception.



### Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: Sir James the Bold, SantaClara Bob, Lady Jan the Voluptuous, C. V. G., of Tonopah, Arizona, Sir Donald the Elusive, Eric, of Soledad, California, and Joseph, of Northridge, California. —editor

### Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Buck

We're sending missionaries to countries where they have things like concubines, to end such sinful practices. Will you support us?

—Sanctified Faithful

Dear Sanctified Faithful

I couldn't git my wheat harvested without one of them things. I think you're crazy.

### Frontiersman

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- You know which restaurant serves the freshest arugula.
- A really great parking space can totally move you to tears.
- Gas costs \$1.00 per gallon more than anywhere else in the U.S.
- Both you AND your dog have therapists.
- You can't remember ... is pot illegal? ∞

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