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Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

May 2007

The Making of the Dirty Trickster with 'em so folks mostly just put up with

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

I pulled my first prank when I was 'bout 13 years old. They was some things that happened before that but this is the story o' how I got to be what I am today. I ain't never told this story ta nobody an' I probly won't never tell it again but I'm gonna tell it here, just this once.

I was raised in a little town by a river. Tha name o' tha town don't matter. Tha river wasn't real wide right there but it flowed in a piece o' bottom land that was between two bluffs. Tha bottom land was maybe a hundred yards wide, mostly. It sometimes flooded fer a day or so after some heavy rain but it was mostly just empty land with a lot o' big Oak trees everwhere. All tha time I was growin' up I haunted that bottom land like a ghost. I knew it like my tongue knew tha inside o' my mouth.

Tha river flowed from northwest ta southeast right there an' our little town was on the southwest bluff. The Burke brothers had a farm on tha northeast bluff. They had all tha land southeast o' tha county road an' between tha bluff an' tha hills a half mile or so away.

They was a county bridge that crossed tha river an' tha bottom land just at tha north end o' town and tha county road went from there past the Burke brothers' farm ta tha county seat, 'bout 20 miles away. We didn't have no police or sheriff or even a Post Office, just a few little stores and some good folks that lived there and, acrost the river, the three Burke brothers.

Them fellers was a problem. Their folks had died years ago an' they run tha farm theyselves. Mostly, they grew corn. Tha problem was that they was bullies. They was careful not ta do nothin' that'd bring in the sheriff but they did everthing short o' that. Lotsa times, they took stuff an' didn't pay fer it. Nobody could do much

it tha best they could.

One time, the Burke brothers got some dogs. Nobody knew where they got 'em. They just went off somewheres an' came back with tha dogs. They was big light brown sorta rounded lookin' dogs with black muzzles. They was meaner than skunks. Nothin' much happened fer 'bout a year after that 'cept folks didn't walk acrost tha bridge no more. Tha only safe way ta git near the Burke brothers' farm after that was in a car.

After 'bout a year, little Cindy Morgan got killed by tha dogs. She was eight years old. She shoulda been home by sunset, that was the usual rule, but she forgot herself and she was playin' on tha bridge, droppin' flowers into tha water, and it got dark an' she didn't notice how far toward tha wrong end o' tha bridge she was and them dogs killed her. Couldn't nobody prove nothin' 'cause nobody saw it happen but what else could ita been? Weren't no other animals anywhere near the Burke's farm, 'cause o' tha dogs. Weren't nothin' that mean on our side o' tha river. Had ta o' been them dogs. Tha sheriff tried ta talk ta tha Burke brothers 'bout it but they didn't have much ta say. He couldn't git outa his car 'cause o' tha dogs. Nothin' ever came of it but tha funeral.

About a year later, just after I turned 13, them Burke brothers came inta town one night and raped and killed Becky Morgan, Cindy's big sister. Her folks was off ta tha county seat fer tha fair so she was home alone. Nobody saw it happen or saw nothin' at all. Her folks found her when they got back tha next day. Everbody knew it was the Burke brothers. Who else could ita been? Nobody else in town woulda done such a thing. Some o' the fellers was courtin' Becky but they sure didn't want her dead. Tha sheriff came down again an' tried ta talk to 'em. They didn't have much to say. He couldn't git →

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outa his car, 'cause o' tha dogs.

As soon as I heard what'd happened to Becky, I knew what ta do. I didn't even make no decision. I just knew it like I'd always known it. Them Burke brothers had ta go. I even knew just how ta do it. I never said a word ta a livin' soul. I just started to set up my plan. I scrounged most o' what I needed from around town or from tha farms that was close by. Tha only thing I had ta really steal was tha strychnine. I was mostly an honest kid but I couldn't let nobody know that I had tha stuff that it'd take ta do what I was gonna do.

I couldn't do nothing ta tha Burke brothers 'til them dogs was outa tha way so tha dogs had ta go. That's why I needed tha strychnine. I stole a whole box o' tha stuff and rolled it all up into meat balls that I made outa hamburger meat. I did that last, after everthing else was done. I let tha meatballs sit fer most o' tha day, so's they'd be stiff enough that I could throw 'em.

After Momma was asleep, I snuck down ta tha river bottom. That river never was no problem fer me. I could go up them Oak trees and squirrel along a limb from one tree ta another an' be acrost tha river in no time. I had a time of it with my stuff 'cause some of it was kinda heavy but I made it. I stashed a car battery where I'd need it later, stashed two long rolls o' wire where I'd need 'em, an' headed fer a place I knew of right near the Burke house.

I'd been teasin' them dogs ever since tha Burkes brought 'em home. I'd throw rocks an' then squirrel up tha trees an' acrost tha river. Them dogs never figgered I was worth gittin' wet fer so onest I was acrost tha river I was safe. After a while, they just ignored me. So, I went to my rock throwin' spot and lined my meatballs up on tha flat rock that I used fer my throwin' rocks. I knew just where ta throw them meatballs. I had seven of 'em an' I threw 'em all. Tha first one hit one o' tha dogs and he let out a yip, thinkin' that it was me an' my rocks again but the second dog noticed right away that it was rainin' meatballs. They had a feast, their last. I went home an' went ta bed.

Tha next mornin' I was up early an' outa tha house before Momma went ta work. I waited at

tha edge o' tha bluff 'til tha Burke brothers found their dead dogs an' headed into town, yellin' an' wavin' their fists. I s'pose they caused some problems in town but I didn't notice. I was busy. I knew they had some kinda propane stove 'cause o' tha propane tank out by tha road. When I got into their house, I saw that they had a propane cook stove an' a propane heater. I hooked up tha ends o' my wires ta my car ignition coil an' held it all down with some o' their likker jugs, that's one o' tha things they did with some o' tha corn they grew. I set it all on a chair outa sight behind a table, hopin' that it'd be tha right far up from the floor 'cause propane sits in low places. Then I strung my wires out tha back door, so's they wouldn't see 'em when they got back from town. I closed all tha doors an' windows, turned on all that propane, an' unrolled my wires acrost tha back lot an' over ta tha bluff where I'd left my car battery. I connected tha first wire an' then I hunkered down just outa sight an' waited. Purty soon they came stormin' back, talkin' real loud an' wavin' their fists. As soon as they was inside tha front door, I started poppin' my second wire on tha battery. About tha third pop tha Burke brothers' house turned into a big ball o' fire.

Right away, I started ta reel in my wire, 'til I got ta where it was sorta melted away ta nothin'. Then I wadded it up into a bunch, grabbed my battery, an' headed downstream ta where I knew they was a big pond. I pitched everthing out into tha pond as far as I could pitch it. Nobody ever knew that I did it.

I usually end my stories with that silly thing about tha Dirty Trickster rides again. I ain't gonna end this story like that. See, here's how it is. Becky Morgan was five years older than me an' she never knew 'cause I never told her but I loved her for as long as I kin remember. They never was no room in my heart for anything else but my love fer her. When I heard what them Burke brothers done ta her, my love for her just moved over a little an' made some room fer somethin' else. I'll go ta my grave with my love fer Becky Morgan safe an' secure inside my heart but I swear ta God Above it's my hatred fer bullies that'll drive me 'til my dyin' day. 🦅

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Pyramid Scheme

Jim Sullivan

Since the dawn of time, municipal citizens have been asked to pay for sports stadiums or other such community buildings. Usually given in support of such a request is the claim that such a structure, with an associated team or other attraction, will draw people to visit the facility. Maybe people and companies will even move to the community. That, it's pointed out, will mean more business, tax revenue, and profits for everyone. Well, maybe not for everyone.

In recent decades, the push has been for sports stadiums having humongous seating capacity, perfect sports conditions, state-of-the-art grounds, and retractable domes. Such features, however, cause construction costs to soar.

Using revenue money to build such arenas is, as ever, the root problem. Citizens will ask, "Why should taxpayers foot the bill for a sports facility when all of the profits go not to paying back the community or to maintaining the arena but directly into the overly large and already bulging pockets of the team's owners?" Moreover, after the taxpayers have built the stadium at their own expense, what's to keep the team franchise in the city? The short and only answer is "Nothing!" Other communities, caught up in the desire to have a sports group frequently and sometimes rashly offer another town's team the moon and more. Then the club moves to a new location, abandoning established fans and leaving behind an existing sports structure.

It was recently discovered that, back in old Egypt, some pharaohs advanced the same kind of come-on. King Mut, short (the name, not the pharaoh) for King Mutizuma IV offered to be buried in any city along the Nile River that would pay for his tomb, a giant pyramid of the size and opulence of the Great Pyramids of Giza. All seven communities along the Nile competed. City denizens knew that a community with such a pyramid would grow and prosper from pilgrimages and tourism. Industry would be attracted because the place would have the best and smoothest camel trails, thanks to all of the

tourist caravans coming and going. That would make the importation of supplies and industrial distribution better there than in lesser developed communities.

However, danger not unlike that of modern situations lurked behind the sand dunes. After building the pyramid, how could a community be sure that a pharaoh's body would be entombed there and not someplace else? What would prevent the royal family from removing the deceased pharaoh's body and relocating it in a competing city willing to build an even bigger pyramid with space for future dead pharaohs?

Apparently, according to recently excavated ancient clay tablets buried in the sand lo these many years, Memphis, not far from Aspsville, won the competition. King Mut was interred in his huge, new pyramid in Memphis. Fortunately for him, it was after he'd gotten sick and died. Memphis, however, went broke a few years later due to a major flood and was unable to pay its health insurance premiums, city employee pension plan, or pyramid debt. Things haven't changed much since those ancient days. In any case, Memphis went downhill from there. Consequently, King Mut's family surreptitiously shanghaied the buried pharaoh and re-entombed him in a newer, bigger (with a sun deck no less) pyramid in beautiful downtown Aspsville, by then a thriving city. Memphis, left high and dry after the flood receded, had among many other civic problems an empty pyramid to fill. That's why today, the mummy of al-Smartipants (an approximate translation of his name), the Egyptian stone mason and part-time clown, came to be buried there. As with his various humor gigs, he was just filling in but it proved to be his longest engagement. He's still there and still bringing them in.

You can see that having a municipality use tax money to pay for a facility to attract a baseball team or a football team or, as in Egypt's case, the burial of a pharaoh, has gone on for centuries. However, nothing is forever. Maybe the solution to the problem is, a la the Green Bay Packers, for city residents to own the sports team or the pharaoh's body. Then, either could be kept in one place permanently. ∞

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Letters to the Editor

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I've recently been reading some books about the economy of the Hitler regime. The Nazis apparently did something similar to what you've described in your essay [[the articles about fractional reserve banking](#) – editor]. They essentially “borrowed” money out of thin air, although this creation of “money” was very deeply disguised, so much so that even the international financial community was fooled – or allowed itself to be fooled – for a while. In classic Keynesian fashion, the German economy was “kick-started” out of the depression. The military and infrastructure build-up caused a fantastic drop in unemployment. The Nazis avoided inflation by an interlocking system of wage and price controls, forced saving plans, and steep progressive income taxes. Although inflation was moderate, the result was that there were shortages of consumer goods even before the outbreak of the war. Even if the war hadn't intervened, it's extremely unlikely that Hitler and his cronies would have been able to continue the juggling act. —Sir Donald the Elusive

Sam

Hey — Got those back issues of the Frontiersman and your letter! Thank you! These will help a lot in my search for the truth. I've already started to read some of them upon receiving. Also, thanks for starting my subscription — its greatly appreciated!!

Yep — I can understand your frustration — I've heard this before “It's got to get bad before it gets better”! That's an understatement looking at what's happening to this country I heard a guy say — I don't know what else I can do, I've done everything I can think of and nothing seems to work! So he's thinking about packing up his family and leaving the country! Wow! Since I've been in prison these 10 years my eyes have been opened and I'm not liking what they've been opened to. I was blind — just like the folk's out there allowing this government to do what they are doing. I'm thinking on listening to what it says in Revelation 18:4 an “coming up outta this bitch,” after I'm released from this prison! I try to tell other inmates, family, friends, about what's going on — to wake them up. But it's falls on deaf ears and they think I'm straight out of my mind! But one here and there is getting it! So I know your frustration first

hand — the truth carries a heavy burden! But thank God you are doing what your doing — your hard work won't be wasted!

Hey I've got a theory about all those missing people and those passenger jetliners (767), where are they if they were not used? The other day I read an article about “Mt. Weather” in an issue of “The Idaho Observer”. A witness saw on 9-11 what looked like Air Force One fly into an opening on Mt. Weather. If this is the case why can't those 2 767's be flown in there? That is an under-ground facility — we know they have a whole underground system under this country. This is where I believe all these many missing people are. They are put there to work down there for the rest of their lives — government slaves — workers in the underground cities.

This may sound crazy — but I've heard to much info from different sources, on what's underground, to be ignored! Plus in a dream I was taken underground and was shown a little bit of what's down there. I saw what looked like a Garden of Eden with its own sun in the center of this Earth. So there a lot going on down there — they need people, just like they need them up here! So this is something to ponder —

Well I look forward to reading your upcoming issues of the Frontiersman! Thanks again for everything you've done and yes what you've sent does satisfy my request.

Sincerely,

—an inmate

Your underground civilization proposal is interesting. Does anybody besides me remember Pellucidar?

I know of several people who've become so frustrated that they left the country.

Your observation about prison being an eye-opening experience appears to me to be entirely correct. I've noticed that, mostly, my positions are much better understood by prisoners than they are by people on the outside. Here's the text of Revelation 18:4, for those who don't know it. “Then I heard another voice from heaven saying, ‘Come out of her, my people, lest you take part in her sins, lest you share in her plagues;...’ ” I'll add to that another scripture, Luke 12:34. “For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.” Both quotations are from the Revised Standard Version. With regard to “coming out of her”, I recommend my essay, “[The Long and Winding Doctrine: Social Contract](#)”. —editor

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Dear Sam

.... By the way, I'm sure you are not aware of this but, to refer to a prisoner as an "inmate" is a derogation. Maybe not everywhere, but in most states, if not all, and probably most of the fed system too. Those who like to dramatize their offense to this the most, pride themselves on being labled as "convicts." But being that they, for the most part, are as deserving of the distain as those they label "inmates", for different reasons, I have never had affinity for either term. "Prisoner" seems to be the best, most neutral, and applicable to all, with no pidgeonholing or offense. (Tho most today have become so self-degraded without knowing it, that they all call each other "dog". They even have the guards now calling them that, to their liking.) I'm the only prisoner I've ever seen who always corrects them every time, as I think it is mentally/socially unhealthy to view oneself as a dog. (And the term comes from the old male whore temple prostitutes, but they don't know it, and when I tell them, they don't care. The robotic spewing just continues parroting out the same thing "everyone else says."). Anyway, there you have a short education on prisoner terminology.

I can't help but take one more crack at asinine prisoners: The same Frontiersman also had a piece from Don G. which said "17. [Household Dust](#): A Harmless Natural Occurrence That Only Women Notice" (p. 3). I wish that were true. Most prisoners have nothing better to do than to make a big deal of it in the cells; even to the degree of essentially worshipping shiny surfaces like a shiny sink. I am all for a clean cell, but this gets ridiculous. Maybe this qualifies them figuratively as "women" as they don't act much like men these days, for the most part.

— a prisoner

I checked the definitions, in one of my dictionaries, for the meanings of inmate and prisoner. I know that dictionaries should be used with caution. They don't define words but only report current usage and my dictionaries are getting old. However, according to my most recent dictionary (1992), the main difference in meaning appears to be with regard to restraint. The meaning of inmate is only that an inmate is a resident of an institution, possibly but not necessarily against his will. The meaning of prisoner is that the prisoner is there involuntarily. Thus, according

to the dictionary, all prisoners are inmates but not all inmates are prisoners. I don't know if there are more recent differences in current usage.

I don't like to offend people but I also don't like to be constrained by somebody else's agenda of political correctness. My Aunt Eloise once commented, "Some people are so thin-skinned that you wonder what keeps them from bleeding to death!" I consider enforced political correctness to be another of those dreaded slippery slopes with a great sucking sound at the bottom so I suppose that I'll just continue to refer to prisoners as inmates. I made an exception for you, just this once. I'll suggest, however, that insult would be better measured by the intentions of the speaker than by the agenda of the listener. —editor

Hi S.a.m, III

Yes I would like a subscription and any essays you would care to send. I find your outlook on things refreshing as well as entertaining. Great minds think alike!

It seems you have an eclectic circle of friends from the people who write you.

I have had an alien/spirit encounter on more than one occasion so an agenda is not really very far-fetched [[See the Letters-to-the-Editor section in the April issue](#) —editor]. I have spent a great many years in Shamanism, I raised wolves in the wild as well as lived in San Francisco and had mentors and encounters ranging from psychic to possessed! I am a Messianic now as I have found YHWH is in control and all else in chaos and mayhem. I also believe the human mind (aver.) can barely understand the natural let alone supernatural so some knowledge is for the few not the many. Comprehending a massive black hole at the center of the galaxy grinding up universes and spitting out new ones as well as M-Theory multiple dimensions is not for the faint of heart!

Prison life is a mad-house now Im sure you have read about the over crowding, human warehousing at its best! One can not truly appreciate good humans until experiencing the dregs of society, I pine for a boat on the S.F. Bay clean air and winds to sail away. Im paroling to S.F. in [date omitted].

Peace Out

—an inmate

Mediocre minds think alike. Each great mind is unique. By the way, I'll send my essay, "[Cosmology and the Law of Parsimony](#)". —editor

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Nation in Distress

Instead of abolishing the
Patriot Act,
why don't we just go
ahead and abolish the
entire U.S. government?



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: Sir James the Bold; SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; Lord Jeffrey the Studious: and my mother. —editor

Unseen Hand

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Our present situation has developed largely from events that were, at the time, seemingly coincidental. That vast expanse of seemingly coincidental reality in our past provides ample scope for the Hand of God to have moved in great sweeps through all of our lives, all unseen. 🦅

Definition

Attributed to the Washington Post's Mensa Invitational. Forwarded by Lady Nancy the Enchanting.

- Caterpallor (*n.*): The color that you turn after finding half of a worm in the fruit that you're eating. ∞

Alternate Meanings for Words

Also attributed to the Washington Post. Forwarded by Lady Nancy the Enchanting.

- Coffee, *n.* the person upon whom one coughs.
- Flabbergasted, *adj.* appalled by discovering how much weight one has gained.
- Abdicate, *v.* to give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
- Esplanade, *v.* to attempt an explanation while drunk. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

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