

Notice:

This issue of the *Frontiersman* contains contact information that is out-of-date. For current contact information, [click here](#).



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

January 2008

Running Bored

Sam Aurelius Milam III

A while back, I was sitting in a friend's car in a parking lot, waiting for the friend to leave a prescription at a pharmacy. While I was staring blankly out of the window, a woman parked her car in the parking space to the right of my friend's car.

I hasten to assure the anxious reader that I didn't notice the woman. I never look at women. Indeed, I'm such an avid feminist that, to me, women have hairy chests and nothing but smooth pieces of skin between their legs.

This is what I noticed. When the woman opened the door, a retractable running board automatically extended itself from under the side

of the car. When she closed the door, the running board automatically retracted.

I was disgusted. First, the contraption is an abomination of unnecessary complexity. The car sits so close to the ground that the step from the car to the ground is a short one. Thus, a running board is completely superfluous. Furthermore, the retractability feature is just something else to make the car more complicated and more expensive. It's just another gee whiz aw shucks gizmo that will eventually fail to work. With luck, maybe it'll fall off on the street. In either case, it's a waste of resources and a waste of ingenuity. Not only that, the thing is actually in the way. The woman had to step out across and past the worthless thing in order to step to the ground.

I think that the idiot who thought of that feature must have too much time on his hands. 🦅

The Fable of Benny's Beard

As Retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was a man named Benny. He was very poor. His parents had been poor. In fact, nobody remembered anybody in his family who had ever been anything but poor.

One day, a genie appeared to Benny and offered him a deal.

"Benny," said the genie, "I can make you rich."

"How?" asked Benny.

"No matter," replied the genie, "but there's a condition."

"What's that?" asked Benny.

"You have to stop shaving."

"That's all?" asked Benny.

"Not quite," replied the genie. "As long as you don't shave, you'll get rich. The longer your beard gets, the richer you'll get. But if you ever shave again, then I'll appear and turn you into an urn."

"OK!" exclaimed Benny. "I hate shaving anyway. I'll take the deal!"

So, Benny stopped shaving and got rich. The longer his beard got, the richer he got. Eventually, however, the beard got to be so long that it became a nuisance, if not an actual hazard. Sometimes, Benny stumbled over it. The beard would get tangled around him when he slept. Once, it nearly choked him. Finally, he'd had enough.

"Dammit!" he thought. "I don't need to get any richer. I already have more money than I can spend for the rest of my life. Besides that, it's been so long that the genie has probably forgotten all about me by now anyway."

So, Benny got out his scissors and his razor and shaved off his beard. Immediately, the genie appeared and turned him into an urn.

Moral: A Benny shaved is a Benny urned. 🦅

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Cure — All of the marketers should be horse-whipped. The judges, too. And the bankers.

Clout — It isn't what you know. It isn't even who you know. It's what you know about who you know. 🦅

Please use the enclosed envelope to send a contribution. I prefer cash. For checks or money orders, please inquire. For PayPal payments, use editor@frontiersman.my3website.net.

The Birthday Ash Tray

G. W. Brown

Twenty years ago, my future was assured. I was a nuclear engineer with the Southern Company in Birmingham, Alabama. I had ten years in service with the company plus a couple of other years' experience with other companies. My plan was to take early retirement at 55 and begin a new life writing Science Fiction.

Along the way everything went sour. Two years later I was laid-off in a downsizing operation. The excuse given was a lack of work but the elderly and the so-called troublemakers were targeted. I was tagged as a whistle blower for exposing a sexual harassment operation against female employees by our Department Manager. He traded jobs for sexual favors for himself and for those above him.

During the next twenty years, I was black-listed. I moved through various non-technical minimum wage jobs until I found a place at Goodwill, sorting and processing used clothes for resale. I've worked in that function for nearly six years.

On August 2, 2007, all of this came back to haunt my memories. I remembered my plans to retire. If all had gone well, by then I would have been making plans and coasting down towards that goal. Back then, I would never have imagined that in twenty years I would be working in such a job for a quarter of what I had previously made and struggling just to make ends meet.

Soylent Green

An Excerpt from the *NEVER NEWSLETTER*, October 2007

Welcome to the first issue of NEVER. Our mission is to promote smoker's rights before tobacco is completely outlawed. Whether you are a smoker or a non-smoker our battle affects your civil rights. There is a movement to dictate personal habits of all American adults. The present battle is over tobacco. Once that is lost the next target will be alcohol. Afterwards will come carbonated beverages, chocolate, and any other food item that tastes good, but is not recommended for a healthy diet. New York City has already begun a ban on junk food items. A diet of Soylent Green maybe around the corner.

∞

That was the day I turned 53. It was probably the worst birthday I'd ever had. Everyone in my family forgot it. My wife, after taking time off from work because of a hysterectomy, went back to work that week and discovered that, while on medical leave, she had been replaced. My birthday completely slipped her mind. Our sons were out-of-town working and they said they forgot it.

The policy manual at Goodwill lists birthdays as a scheduled holiday. Being fairly depressed, I thought I would take that day to visit my parents. I figured a country ham breakfast would help cheer me up. However, the plan went sour when the supervisor failed to approve the day off. I wound up working. The supervisor didn't even say Happy Birthday.

That night, after missing the special meal with my parents and without even a simple birthday wish from anybody, I tried the mail. I thought maybe someone would send me a card. However, all the envelopes were bills. But there was a simple package in a manila wrapping.

When I opened it there was a box with a cowboy on it. The message read, "KICK BACK and Enjoy Your Day." As I opened the box there was another message, "FOR YOU HAPPY BIRTHDAY from your friends at MARLBORO."

Hooray! Someone remembered and I did get a gift. The day was not so bad. One's spirit can be lifted by the simplest of things. ∞

The Free State

An Excerpt from *Revolt in 2100*, by Robert A. Heinlein

The Free State was an absolute dictatorship; the head man of the ruling clique was designated the "Liberator". Their watchwords were Duty and Obedience; an arbitrary discipline was enforced with a severity that left no room for any freedom of opinion.... Anything not compulsory was forbidden. ∞

In Germany they came first for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me, and by that time no one was left to speak up.

—Attributed to Martin Niemoeller (1892-1984)

Please use the enclosed envelope to send a contribution. I prefer cash. For checks or money orders, please inquire.
For PayPal payments, use editor@frontiersman.my3website.net.

Request for Help

Sam Aurelius Milam III

A Summary of My Situation — In spite of the fact that James Majeski promised me donated accommodations for the rest of my life, he recently forced me to vacate the rooms that I had previously occupied in the house that is owned by the James Majeski Living Trust. I vacated the last room, my office, during the month of November. James intends to rent my rooms but he doesn't have any intention of giving me any of the rental income from them. Meanwhile, I'm sleeping in a borrowed spare room in a neighbor's house. I'm doing such of my work as I'm able to do on the dining room table in the house where I'm temporarily sleeping.

Early in December, shortly after I had vacated my office, James changed the various locks and ordered me off of the Trust property. The majority of my possessions remained on the property at the time. My possessions that remained on the property were stored variously in the back room and in the two metal buildings behind the house. Since I'd previously removed some of my possessions and stored them in other locations, I can't say for sure what James stole from me when he changed the locks, seized my possessions, and evicted me. However, it was the majority of my possessions. It included such things as clothes, tools, videos, audio and video equipment, books, photo albums, file cabinets, furniture, and so forth. As of this writing, James has refused to even reply to my written request that he restore my access to my possessions. Lacking any access to the courts or to the various so-called legal processes, I don't have any way to recover my stolen possessions. It seems likely that I'll have to replace them out of my meager monthly cash flow. Some of the items, of course, are irreplaceable.

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. Sharing space with another person has always caused problems for me. 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. 

Letter to the Editor

Dear Frontiersman

The year 2007 marked the 50th anniversary of the publication of Ayn Rand's masterpiece, "Atlas Shrugged". Do you think that the ideas expressed in that novel have had any influence on American political or social life? If so, what? If not, why not? —Sir Donald the Elusive

It's been a long time since I read the book so I don't remember it perfectly. However, I don't think that it's having any effect. I no longer have the confidence in people that I previously had. I'm afraid that they're too stupid to understand the story or to do anything about it if they did, and too complacent to care. I will, however, comment that the predictions that she made in the story appear to be accurate. Things seem to be happening much as she predicted, including my own behavior. In that regard, consider that I'm a well-educated and well-trained engineer. Like some of her similar characters, I dropped out of the establishment because I wasn't willing to cooperate with the nonsense. I've ended up struggling to survive but, as she predicted, if you do what's right then things will work out. Maybe things haven't worked out as well for me as they did for John Galt but I'm not finished yet. John Galt, as I recall, was making hamburgers for a living. I'm doing something even less glamorous. I'm writing an apparently useless newsletter and begging for my survival from readers who either don't care or can't help. Maybe I'm not exactly John Galt but I've come close. Maybe it's time to switch over to making hamburgers. —editor

Please use the enclosed envelope to send a contribution. I prefer cash. For checks or money orders, please inquire.
For PayPal payments, use editor@frontiersman.my3website.net.



Nation in Distress

Vice squads, narcotics squads, and other such groups are more dangerous than the activities that they pretend to control.

—September 28, 1978
Milam's Notes

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

Church Clippings

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- The church will host an evening of fine dining, superb entertainment, and gracious hostility.
- The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

- This evening at 7 P.M. there will be a hymn sing in the park across from the church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.
- Potluck supper Sunday at 5 P.M., prayer and medication to follow.
- The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday morning.
- Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 P.M. Please use the back door.
- Mrs. Johnson will be entering the hospital this week for testes. ∞

Frontiersman

Subscriptions and Back Issues — Printed copies of this newsletter, either subscriptions or back issues, are available by application only.

Cancellations — If you don't want to keep receiving this newsletter, then print REFUSED, RETURN TO SENDER above your name and address and return the newsletter. When I receive it, I'll terminate your subscription. You can also cancel by letter, e-mail, carrier pigeon, or any other method that gets the message to me.

Reprint Policy — Permission is hereby granted to reproduce this newsletter in its entirety or to reproduce material from it, provided that the reproduction is accurate and that proper credit is given. Please note that I do not have the authority to give permission to reprint material that I have reprinted from other sources. For that permission, you must go to the original source. I would appreciate receiving a courtesy copy of any document or publication in which you reprint my material.

Submissions — I solicit letters, articles, and cartoons

for the newsletter, but I don't pay for them. Short items are more likely to be printed. I suggest that letters and articles be shorter than 500 words but that's flexible depending on space available and the content of the piece. I give credit for all items printed unless the author specifies otherwise.

Payment — This newsletter isn't for sale. If you care to make a voluntary contribution, then I prefer cash or U.S. postage stamps. For checks or money orders please inquire. For PayPal payments, use editor@frontiersman.my3website.net. The continued existence of the newsletter will depend, in part, on such contributions. I don't accept anything that requires me to provide ID to receive it. In case anybody's curious, I also accept gold, silver, platinum, etc.

—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

Please use the enclosed envelope to send a contribution. I prefer cash. For checks or money orders, please inquire. For PayPal payments, use editor@frontiersman.my3website.net.