

# Frontiersman

*Facing the truth, however great the cost.*

March 2013

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**The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Three** is completely invisible. So, my

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

It's been about a month. Hell. No. Look at the calendar. It's been three months. Been busy.

I still have a work load in NSA but it's beginning to interfere with things that I'd rather do. Also, I like it less

and less, the kinds of things that the bosses make me do. I'm going to fix that. Both of those things. The work load and the kinds of things. Don't know how yet but I'll do it.

Figured I'd start at the beginning so I did some more work orders and etc and got myself my own internet connection. I still use the standard connection for NSA stuff, just so the bosses can spy on what I'm doing. Keeps them happy. That's in my old office, which is still there. I use my private connection for my own stuff, in my conference room. Now, understand this. I didn't get the connection in that conference room the normal way. I went into the ISP computers myself, set it all up, they never even knew they were getting a new customer. Erased all records of the transaction. Account

private internet connection is active, free, permanent, and completely unknown to anybody. Child's play, if you know how.

After that was working, I started a small cash flow from a black project that I found, some kind of big joint thing between DOD over here and MOD in the UK, big one that nobody's supposed to know about. No oversight on it, no visibility, huge black budget, nobody'll ever notice a few dollars leaking into my account, via 30 or so different locations along the way. Even if they notice, they'll never trace it to the account. I have so many traps, gaps, and blind alleys along the way that nobody'll ever be able to find where the funds are going, even if they notice that they're going, which they won't. I should note here that I have my own way of describing things. Wannabe hackers can call them what they want. I call them traps, gaps, blind alleys, skids, and so forth. Anyway, every penny that leaves the project by way of my leak is designated as a very small increase in the cost of some randomly selected item in the project's budget. They'll never notice.

Gotta go. =

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**The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Four**

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Several months again.

I've spent the past several months working on a bright idea. I developed it completely quarantined from the internet. Didn't want to take any chance at all of the thing getting loose before I knew I could control it. After I was sure, I turned it loose. What I did was to create what I imagine is the first ever real time real live internet animal. Well, living thing. Animal? Plant? I guess not, but it's alive. It lives in the internet. Saw something like it once on X-Files but this is real. I call him Cyber Dog. He does things of his own volition, grows, learns, Hell, I hope not but maybe even reproduces. Have to watch that. Wouldn't want him to turn into a plague.

He's a very capable program. He started out small but I soon figured out that he can do almost anything that I tell him to do. He can

sure enough do all of the routine things. That leaves me the pleasure of doing the interesting stuff. I doubt if anybody will ever find Cyber Dog because he doesn't exist in just one place. He exists in hundreds, hell, maybe by now in thousands or even millions of places around the world. His main directory program keeps track of it. I don't have him on my computer here. He stores himself in bits and pieces in thousands of computers, maybe millions of computers. He has all of the skids that I developed over my years of work at NSA so he can get into any computer that I ever hacked, assuming something didn't change in the meantime. He also has all of the standard basic hack techniques. Of course, he doesn't have the attitude. He's just an animal. Well, sort of an animal. Anyway, he stores a bit of himself in Joe's computer, a piece of himself in Sally's computer, some more of himself at Bank of America, and so on. Sure, bits and pieces of him disap- →

pear. People throw away their computers. Sometimes people reformat drives. Some disk utilities erase blank space. No problem. Cyber Dog keeps bits and pieces of himself on lots of computers. Lots of redundancy. If his code tries to link to the next instruction or data bit and it isn't there, then he knows another place where he stored that same piece of code. He's nowhere. He's everywhere.

I decided that one leak from one black project wasn't sufficient. Redundancy. So, I have several leaks from several black projects. Cyber Dog manages my flows of funds and anything else that I want him to do. Within his limits. The only problem is the leash. That's how I stay connected to him and stay in control of him. We send bundles, packets as some peo-

ple call them, of information via the leash. Different bundles go by different routes, travel through different locations. The leash isn't physical, of course, it's just a way of thinking about the data transfer process. Anyway, bundles to me get reassembled into a message in the dog house in one of my computers, a communications program that I wrote for that purpose. Bundles to Cyber Dog get reassembled into messages in his collar. OK, they're programs, code, but it's easier to write about things like collars and dog houses. What the Hell. It's just terminology. Anyway, I'm a little worried about the leash. After all, it does lead back to me.

Gotta go. ⊥

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### The Diary of Cyber Sleuth: Day Five

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

Had some fun yesterday evening. Don't usually do anything so frivolous but just took a notion. Did a little preliminary preparation, faked some official communiqués, that sort of thing, and then sent an order to the local pizza place. Large meat lover's. Told them to deliver it to a certain street corner. One of the prior communiqués was a cryptic missive to the British Embassy. Why British? Don't know. Just seemed right at the time. Anyway, per instructions directly from London (they thought) the folks at the British Embassy sent a diplomatic courier to that intersection with instructions that critical intelligence needed urgently at NSA would be smuggled, hidden under a pizza. Did they believe such nonsense? Who the hell cares? The communiqué came through official

channels and they didn't argue with SIS. The guys at the embassy sent the diplomatic courier, per instructions. Hope he gave the delivery boy a good tip. Anyway, the pizza went into the diplomatic pouch and was delivered pronto to our front desk. It was already expected there and, per instructions from overseas liaison with SIS (they thought), the people at the front desk sent it to the downstairs conference room. That's one floor above my basement office. I was waiting when the diplomatic pouch arrived. I had the right code words and I got the pizza. Damn good to have covert access to every communication system in existence. Damn good pizza. Only one thing. I forgot to order Pepsi with it. Damn. Have to be more careful. Little oversight like that can kill you.

Gotta go. ⊥

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### Letters to the Editor

Greetings Sam,....

It's always an honor to be published in the *Frontiersman*. My pleasure; & if the Kool Aid saga goes on further, I'll be a little jazzed to see more....

(a) Thank you for Jan 2013 issue. I enjoyed it all, the spider story [[Bambi's Observation, January 2013, page 1](#)], like most of your writings is good at stirring the mind to think outside the normal tracks minds too often run in. I guess impliedly the spider was black like the linoleum diamonds — I have seen light, yellow-tan colored spiders & other lighter colors as well.

(b) I did not think the "It's an Attitude" prisoner's examples of liberals vs conservatives

[[It's An Attitude, January 2013, page 3](#)] were "exaggerated." I think they were quite actual; except for my position that the whole "liberal/conservative" dichotomy is a bull-crap brainwash scam, just like creating the confining mind-box of "republican/democrat" voting choice.

(c) This is the 2d *Frontiersman* in which there were readers' comments about a previous *SPRITZ* article [[Real Men Don't Say Spritz, November 2012, page 1](#)] you wrote — & I've no idea what they're referring to. (I believe Nov 2012 issue). So I evidently did not receive that issue. If you can send it to me, I'd appreciate it....

(d) Do ya think maybe Al "may or may not" Gore [[Statements Attributed to Al Gore](#), →

January 2013, page 4] might have been birthed somewhere else — like somewhere in waaay outer space? He sure does have a peculiar mannerism to his goofy colloquy. (Assuming the quotes are accurate — noting you didn't verify them). (I don't doubt their accuracy).

—a prisoner

Dear Sam:

I thank you for sending me monthly issues of *Frontiersman*. Most of the time, when I do — finally — get them they are opened and I know some piece of crap cop has already read through it. But, at least I get them. Once in a while my TV-Guide magazine will come and the crossword, in the back, is already finished.

Lately, I have been enjoying the letters from the individual forced to write with Cool-Aid 'ink'. I feel for this gentleman, mainly because I was, once, in his predicament. Like him, I did a SHU term and had people scrutinizing all of my mail. I had the luxury of a 1" pencil but wish I'd thought of the Cool-Aid trick. Kudos to that guy. I've got mucho respect for his determination.

I write a weekly blog and am lucky enough to have a person willing to retype my rants and post them for me. I will forward the address to you. You can print it if you like, along with my letter, but something tells me the blog address will be kept to yourself. You never print names, which is something I appreciate about you. Anonymity seems to be your middle name. I am, also, sending a dated copy of one of my blogs ... for your enjoyment. —a prisoner

Frontiersman —

Hello Sir, my name is [*name omitted*] and I am writing you today in the hope that you guide me in the direction of attaining a copy of the National Defense Authorization Act.

I have read a few of your publishings & would like to read more. I believe that more people should be aware of what is really happening in the world. As it is now people are so hypnotized that matters like the passing of the NDAA go unnoticed, overshadowed by Kim Kardashian getting knocked up or Michelle Obama having bangs. My hope for humanity wanes more each day.

The only thing people can do is look behind the curtain & learn for themselves what our government is really doing to our rights & our freedom. That is what I would like to do, expand my knowledge. But at this time I am incarcerated in California so unfortunately my resources are rather limited. Prisoners get no access to computers for research or email.

That is why I would like to know if you could tell me how I can get my hands on the NDAA (HR 3166?) via snail mail. I have tried to have my family research it on the internet to no avail. Anyone or any place you could put me in contact with would be appreciated.

Thank you sir for your time. If you can offer me any insight into the subject (or any other for that matter) it will not fall upon deaf ears. Also if I could get on your list to receive the *Frontiersman* that would be great too. Thank you again & keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

—a prisoner

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## It's the Law

Sam Aurelius Milam III

This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and **all treaties made, or which shall be made**, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or law of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

—Article VI, clause 2

*Constitution for the United States of America*  
<emphasis added>

They didn't teach me this in school, but it's a fact that treaties have authority and status equal to that of the U.S. constitution and more authority and status than state constitutions. The document *Treaties in Force*, issued by the United States Department of State, is 499

pages long. A quick review of that document convinced me that I can't possibly count the number of treaties in force. I didn't find the number of such treaties shown anywhere in the document. Maybe even the Department of State doesn't know how many there are. Take a look for yourself. My best guess is that there are tens of thousands of them.

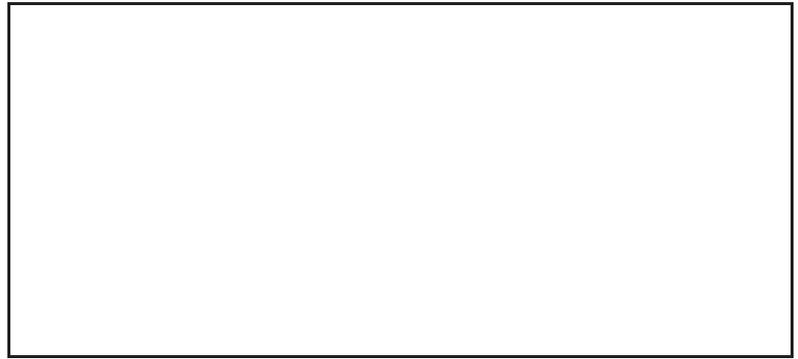
It makes the U.S. constitution seem a lot less authoritative. It makes the amendment process seem a lot less relevant. That's especially true when you consider that the supreme law of the land can be and has been changed by fewer than 69 individuals, without further judicial review, without additional congressional oversight, and without you even being aware of it unless the enforcers come knocking at your door. Nevertheless, it's the law. 🐦



Nation in Distress

Most people don't get interested in politics until the Gestapo kicks down their door. —Wednesday, February 20, 1991

*[Milam's Notes](#)*



### Acknowledgments

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—editor

### Marketing Strategy

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by David, of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

A lady walked into a post office one day and saw a middle-aged, balding man standing at the counter methodically placing “Love” stamps on bright pink envelopes with hearts all over them. He then took out a perfume bottle and started spraying the envelopes.

Her curiosity got the better of her and she asked him what he was doing.

He said, “I’m sending out 1,000 Valentine cards from, ‘Guess Who’”.

“But why?” she asked.

He answered, “I’m a divorce lawyer.” ∞

### Useful Units of Measure

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by David, of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

- 10 millipedes:  
1 centipede
- 1 million billion piccolos:  
1 gigolo
- 100 rations:  
1 C-ration ∞

### Love Notes

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by David, of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

- Marriage is a wonderful institution, but who wants to live in an institution?  
—Groucho Marx
- I don't think of myself as single. I'm romantically challenged.  
—Stephanie Piro
- I date this girl for two years and then the nagging starts: “I wanna know your name.”  
—Mike Binde

### Frontiersman

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor