

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

October 2023

New Curriculum

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I recently watched a documentary called *8 Billion Angels*, in which it was briefly acknowledged that overpopulation is the cause of our other problems. There wasn't anything new in the documentary about those other problems.

They've already been widely covered elsewhere. What was new was the actual acknowledgment that overpopulation is the cause of them. I'm not aware of any other source of information, besides my own writing, in which that has been openly acknowledged.

In the documentary, William N. Ryerson said that the way to solve the overpopulation problem is to educate girls. Educated women, he said, don't have as many children. He continued, speculating that without a solution to the problem, 1 to 2 billion people are likely to die sometime around 2030. That's consistent with the estimate of 2027 that I made in *Survival Instinct*, in my September issue.

Even if Ryerson is correct about educated women, his plan is unworkable. If we had started educating young girls, all over the planet, 200 years ago, then his plan might have worked. Sadly, that opportunity slipped by

unnoticed. If we start educating them now, then the educated ones will reach child bearing age at just about 2030, just in time for the population crash, and just in time to make their educations worthless. In fact, we'll probably be doing them a disservice if we teach them things like reading, writing, and arithmetic, at this late date. Instead, we should teach them something that they're actually going to need – survival skills.

Reference: <https://8billionangels.org/>

Kudzu Desert

Sam Aurelius Milam III

If there aren't enough people to restrain the kudzu, after the population crash, then kudzu will probably dominate this part of the continent. In that case, there won't be any trees. The kudzu will kill them all. The remaining animals will be mostly insects, rodents, reptiles, possibly a few species of ground nesting birds, and maybe some feral pigs. Maybe there'll be a few people. Maybe not, but we can survive almost anywhere. That ecosystem could last for thousands of years unless some species of large herbivore evolves that can live on kudzu and make its way through the tangle of vines. From the Gulf and the Atlantic, as far north as kudzu can survive and as far west as it can spread, there will be a kudzu desert.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sam,

Thank you for the August '23 Frontiersman. How are you? Well I hope.

In your response to my letter to the editor [[August, pages 1 - 2](#)], if my saying you were building good Karma, led you to presume your life would be free from strife, I apologize for the misdirection.

I feel, at best, if you can chalk up equal amounts of 'atta-boys' and 'aw shits', you would be doing pretty good.

How could one ever appreciate the sweetness of victory, if you've never experienced the agony of defeat?

Plus, if someone subscribes to "Karma", as believed by eastern philosophy, then any Karma, good or bad, isn't meted out until your next life.

Maybe that's why I'm in prison for 22 years, for such a miniscule crime under the 3 strike laws. Maybe I was a real bastard last time

Current World Population

<https://www.census.gov/popclock/world>

Population Curve

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/Population/Curve.html>

around. So is Nirvana or Perdition a reality, we'll find out I suppose...

... Per your response to my letter to the editor [[September, page 3](#)], I did catch your sarcasm. I was just making reference to overpopulation, which I see you opined on.

"Survival Instinct" [[September, page 2](#)], you pointed out a few things that have always been on my radar. Such as, we are inherently inclined to be prejudicial. Every color does this. Be the only white person in Zimbabwe, I promise, no red carpet for you.

I wonder, if "God" came here 6000 years ago as purported theologically, but "God" could have been an alien, and brought test subjects with him/her. Blacks came from their own planets, so do whites, reds, yellows, browns, etc. →

Perhaps we're an experiment to see if we can work out our prejudices or are we so warlike our demise is imminent?

If we aren't an experiment, we're a food source, or slave labor.

One thing I'm sure of is "God" isn't so much a narcissist, he created his own worshipping minions.

Just food for thought. Bye for now.

—S. H., a prisoner

We don't know much more about the past than we know about the future.

*Human races are all members of the same species. Thus, we all have a common origin, and came from the same planet. It seems most likely to me that we originated here on Earth, but see [Born to Rave](#). I sent a copy of the essay to you in April of 2018. It's also available in *Pharos*.*

—editor

Hey Sam,

Greetings to you from [location withheld]!

I just received your new August newsletter. "Thank you"....

Those LGBTQs that you mentioned [[Lessons to Learn](#)] are all mentally disturbed people, and they want the public to believe that it's okay to be gay. And it's spreading like an out of control epidemic and there is no vaccine on this Earth

Vive la Différence

Sam Aurelius Milam III

For most of my life, I've watched an endless parade of reformers, all of them complaining about one thing or another. I've agreed with some of them and disagreed with others. Either way, I've tried to be courteous about it. Lately, that's getting more difficult. The latest bunch of them that I've noticed, and the most annoying of them, in my opinion, is the transgender crowd. As I understand them, one of their issues is kids who don't like their gender. Apparently, the kids don't "identify" with their gender. If that's the worst problem that they have, then I'm not going to have any sympathy for them, not in a world where there are millions of people who're trying desperately to survive in horrible situations, and who're dealing with actual problems, not just silly juvenile perplexity. The kids at issue here should all just get over themselves, stop wasting everybody's time, and get on with their lives.

Of course, the kids' confusion might not be entirely their own fault. When I was young, my father was a man and my mother was a woman. They might not always have been exemplary role models but at least I knew which was which and which kind I was. I wasn't con-

to stop if from spreading.... —H. L., a prisoner

It's probably best if we try to tolerate people that we don't like, instead of provoking them. Even if that doesn't make the world a better place, maybe at least it will avoid making the world more violent than it already is. Of course, the people that we don't like must tolerate us in return. We tolerate people that we don't like and they tolerate the fact that we don't like them. If they just keep getting up in our faces all the time, about our attitudes, then we'll end up with a situation like the ones that exist all over the world, where people are killing each other for stupid reasons like, for example, refusing to tolerate each other.

Also, here's a usage note. Homosexuals aren't gay. They're homosexual. Gay means happy, joyful, and carefree. The homosexuals hijacked that word out of the language sometime back in the 1970s. Now, I can't say that I'm feeling gay at Christmas time, like I was able to do in the past. I'm not going to comment about the behavior of homosexuals except that I resent them for hijacking that word. They didn't need it then, they don't need it now, and I want it back. In this newsletter, at least, they're not gay. They're homosexual.

—editor

fused by a lot of gender abolitionist crap, things like same-sex parenting, same-sex marriages, endless harping about a nonexistent thing called gender equality, and constant propaganda against gender identity and gender stereotypes. So now, the kids are confused. Imagine that. What a surprise. I believe that the people who want to eradicate or ignore the differences between the genders are to blame for that confusion.

That bunch is one of the groups of reformers with which I disagree. Maybe they've confused some of the kids but they haven't confused me. I don't have any doubts at all about my gender identity. I'm not homosexual. I'm not bisexual. I'm not a rainbow-colored letter of the alphabet. I'm not some kind of in-between gender. I'm not planning to change genders. I'm not a "person". I'm a man, the heterosexual kind. Furthermore, I don't shave my chest or my legs. I don't wear jewelry or makeup. I don't wear feathers or boas. I don't even wear "little boy" pants. I wear the long kind. I try to avoid being hugged by other men. In my younger days, I was quite the enthusiast for the ladies, a reasonably successful male of the species. I'm old now, and "retired", so to speak but, even so, vive la différence! ♥

He is US

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I have a dictionary from 1941. According to that dictionary, fascism is any system in which business and industry are privately owned, and regulated by a strong central government. The year that the dictionary was published was the same year that the U.S.A. went to war against fascism, as it was defined at that time. That definition of fascism is an exact description of the U.S.A. today. Many years ago, I mentioned that to my mother. She sighed sadly and said, "Yeah, we won the war and lost the peace."

I have in my collection a little book of Pogo comics. As Walt Kelly ironically noted, by way of the title, we have met the enemy and he is us.

A Common Tater

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by D. K., of Gainesville, Georgia.

Many years ago, a girl potato and a boy potato had eyes for each other and got married. Later, they had a little sweet potato, which they called Yam. Of course, they wanted the best for Yam. When it was time, they told her about the facts of life. They warned her about going out and getting half-baked, so she wouldn't get accidentally mashed, and get a bad name for herself like Hot Potato, and end up with a bunch of tater tots.

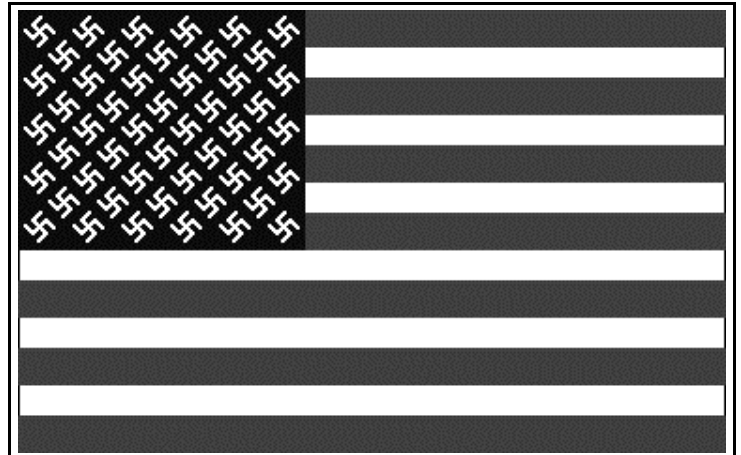
Yam said not to worry, no spud would get her into the sack and make a rotten potato out of her! But, on the other hand, she wouldn't stay home and become a fat couch potato. Also, she wouldn't get skinny, like her shoestring cousins.

When she went off to Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Potato told Yam to watch out for the hard-boiled guys from Ireland, the greasy guys from France, called the French Fries, and when she went out West, to watch out for the Indians so she wouldn't get scalloped.

Yam said that she would stay on the straight and narrow and wouldn't associate with those high class Yukon Golds, or the ones from the other side of the tracks who advertise their trade on all the trucks that say Frito Lay.

Mr. and Mrs. Potato sent Yam to Idaho P.U. (that's Potato University) so that when she graduated she'd really be in the chips. But in spite of all that they did for her, one day Yam came home and announced that she was in love with Eric Sevareid.

Eric Sevareid! Mr. and Mrs. Potato were very upset. They told Yam that she couldn't possibly marry Eric Sevareid because he was just a commentator.



You shall know the truth, and the truth will make you afraid.

The Frog With The Golden Tooth

Sam Aurelius Milam III

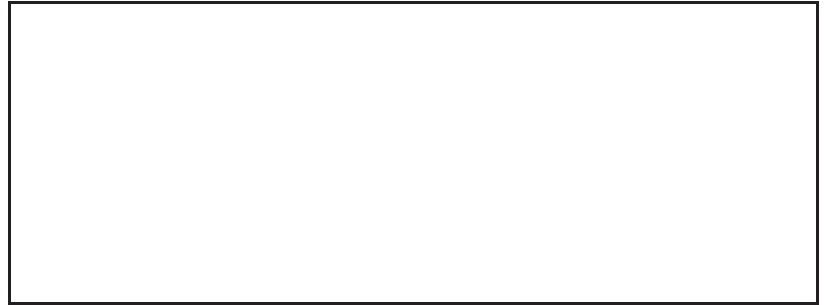
Friday, January 17, 1975

One day as I sat on a purple cloud ordering feathers neatly into rows, a woman flew by on a snake. She had skin the color of her skin, and the snake looked like one. They made three quick passes around me and vanished into the distance, leaving only a spool of polyester sewing thread, which floated there before me. I went to sleep and when I awoke the thread had disappeared. I wondered where the girl had gone, and my cloud began to move. It went slowly, so as to not mess up my rows of feathers. Eventually we overtook the spool of sewing thread, which had grown larger and was rolling through the air, unwinding. I passed a house on a hilltop where a woman was hanging from a line to dry, but she didn't see me. A puppy was chasing its tail in circles and a great finned bird with leathern wings flew along the horizon, croaking morosely. I passed a fishing line moving up, with an old boot hooked on the end. In the boot was a frog with a golden tooth and a chicken with silver hair, but the line snapped and the boot fell out of sight. My journey continued, but the horizon didn't seem to be getting any closer. All the while, the girl on the snake followed close behind. I saw an electric fan approaching, propelled by a squirrel cage wheel with a squirrel in it. I covered my rows of feathers to protect them from the squirrel; the fan blew the girl off the snake, and she landed on my purple cloud. We laughed while the snake and the squirrel looked on.



Nation in Distress

It's easier to resist at the beginning
than at the end. —Leonardo da Vinci



Acknowledgments

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Websites

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/>
<http://moonlight-flea-market.com/>
<http://pharos.org.uk/>
<http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/>
<http://sovereign-library.org.uk/>

Twins

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

Ginny (a blonde) had been married about a year when one day she came running up to her husband, jumping for joy. Not knowing how to react, her husband, Norm, started jumping up and down along with her.

“Why are we so happy?” he asked.

“I have some really great news for you!”

Ginny said.

“Great,” he said, “Tell me what you’re so happy about.”

Ginny proclaimed “I’m pregnant!”

Norm was happy, as they’d been trying for a while.

He grabbed her, kissed her, and started telling her how wonderful it was, and that he couldn’t be happier.

Then she said “Oh, there’s more!”

“What do you mean more?” he asked.

“Well we are not having just one baby, we’re going to have TWINS!”

Amazed at how she could know so soon after getting pregnant, he asked her how she knew.

“It was easy,” Ginny said, “I went to the pharmacy and bought the 2 pack home pregnancy test kit and both tests came out positive!”

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor