



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

November 2024

Lost and Found

Sam Aurelius Milam III

During the 1980s, after several years of working with the Libertarians, I lost my confidence in their legislative strategy for opposing the police state. Instead, I began to work with the Constitutional Patriots, who were using a judicial strategy. I began to study old documents and write essays. Those essays, and others, are presently available in *Pharos*.

For my studies and my writing, it was useful for me to know the meanings of words as they had been used at the time that the old documents were written. An associate, understanding that, gave me a gift, an 1889 edition of *Bouvier's Law Dictionary*. I used the dictionary extensively and I still have it. [Scanned images](#) of the definitions are presently available in *The Sovereign's Library*.

The acquisition of that old dictionary motivated me to start acquiring old dictionaries. I found most of them at flea markets. I now have a collection of them that goes back to 1828. In recent decades, my writing has been mostly about more current things, and I don't use the old dictionaries much any more, but I still have them.

Sometimes, when I bought an old dictionary, I didn't get around to examining it until several months after I'd bought it. In the pages of one such dictionary, when I did eventually examine it, I found what I believe to be a photograph of an American serviceman. The dictionary was published in 1968 but, of course, the photograph could have been older than that, or more recent.

[http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/Lost And Found/Service/Service.html](http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/Lost%20And%20Found/Service%20man/Service%20man.html)

Of the People, By the People,

For the People

Sam Aurelius Milam III

People who presume to be voting members of a democracy should take the trouble to learn about such things as jurisdiction, sovereignty, and social contract. If they don't, then they'll get the kind of government that they deserve. That is, there'll be government of the people but not government by the people or government for the people. 🦅

I don't know enough military lore to recognize the uniform, or even the era. I suppose that it might even be some other kind of uniform but, to me, it looks like a military uniform. That's what I've assumed it to be, for all of these years. If it turns out that I'm wrong about that, and he wasn't actually a member of the military, then I'm appropriately embarrassed, and I apologize for my ignorance.

The man in the photograph is a young black man. He had a smile on his face but it seems to me that he had fear in his eyes. If he really was wearing a military uniform, if he really was being sent off to war, and if it really was 1968, then such fear would be easy to understand. On the back of the photograph, handwritten, is the inscription, "Mothers Baby Boy".

There wasn't any way for me to return the photograph to her. It had been a flea market transaction, anonymous, no receipts, nothing, and it was months in the past. I wonder if she ever knew what happened to the photograph. Maybe she remembered where she'd put it but hadn't expected anybody to sell the dictionary. Maybe she didn't remember where she'd put it, and spent months looking for it. Either way, I expect that she grieved for its loss. Maybe her son came back home again, safe and healthy, and the only thing that she lost was the photograph. Maybe not. I don't know, but I'm sorry for her loss, whatever it was, and for having been, albeit unwittingly, a part of it.

I've had a copy of the photograph, and an offer to return the photograph to its rightful owner, on one website or another for many years. I don't know of any other way to find the owner, or her surviving family. So far, nobody has claimed the photograph. The copy is presently available at the address shown below. 🦅

Lost Angeles

Sam Aurelius Milam III

There's a lot of archeological evidence of ancient societies that had large cities and advanced technologies. Many of them depended on sophisticated water supply systems. When the water supply systems failed, the societies died and the cities crumbled. The cities have been abandoned for centuries, or maybe even for millennia. When I consider the ruins of such lost cities, I think of Los Angeles. 🦅

Clueless

Sam Aurelius Milam III

The natural environment is a ruthless and brutal place. When we gaze upon an idyllic scene of forest or grassland, what we're gazing upon, without actually seeing it, is an endless and pervasive struggle to survive and to reproduce.

In the natural environment, things kill other things, without hesitation or remorse, and eat them. Things take what they want or need without asking. The survival strategy for most species seems to be to have as many offspring as possible. As far as I can tell, there isn't any concept of rights in the natural environment except, if we want to call them rights, the rights to do something or to take something without asking, and to use force when it's needed. If we want to acknowledge such behaviors as rights then, logically, we'd have to call them natural rights.

Some people advocate the exercise of natural rights in human societies. Maybe they have something different in mind but I doubt that they can provide any cogent definition of what they're advocating. *Wikipedia* suggested such a definition, but I expect that most people who advocate natural rights have only lists of pet agendas, parading as natural rights. Each such person will have a different list, further confusing the issue. In lieu of a formal definition, I'll use the understanding of natural rights that I proposed just above.

Consider how well our actual behavior conforms to that understanding of natural rights. We kill, sometimes without hesitation or remorse, and sometimes for food. We tend to take what we want or need, often without asking, often by force. We have as many offspring as possible, without any evident regard for the likely consequences. If natural rights, as I suggested above, are being exercised within human societies, then it seems likely to me that they're useful mostly for theft, murder,

Additional Reading

- *The Ravings of a Mad Man*, presently available in *Pharos*, first issued on Tuesday, March 28, 1989
http://pharos.org.uk/Ravings_Essays/Ravings/Ravings.html
- *The Right Rite*, *Frontiersman*, December 1994
http://frontiersman.org.uk/1994/1994-12/1994-12.html#The_Right_Rite
- *Dark Reflections*, *Frontiersman*, March 1996
http://frontiersman.org.uk/1996/1996-03/1996-03.html#Dark_Reflections
- *What a Tangled Web We Weave: The Spider, the Wasp, and Spanish Fly*, *Frontiersman*, July 2006
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2006/2006-07/2006-07.html#What_a_Tangled_Web_We_Weave
- *Rights Galore*, *Frontiersman*, May 2010
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2010/2010-05/2010-05.html#Rights_Galore
- *Natural rights and legal rights* - *Wikipedia*, as of Friday, August 23, 2024
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Natural_rights_and_legal_rights

Worldometer Population Clock

<https://www.worldometers.info/world-population/>

U.S. Census Bureau Population Clock

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

Typical Population Curve

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

and unrestrained overpopulation.

Maybe human societies are nothing more than technologically enhanced niches in the natural environment, glossed over with a veneer of opportunistic and self-serving gentility. Maybe our constructions, in principle, are nothing more praiseworthy than bigger and better (allegedly) bird nests and beaver dams. Maybe survival and reproduction are the only actual determinants of our behavior. Maybe the people who advocate natural rights in human societies are correct, maybe natural rights prevail, and maybe the people who advocate them just don't have the vaguest clue of what they're actually advocating.

A View

Man shares certain significant characteristics with the rat and cockroach: He will eat almost anything. He is fiercely adaptable to a wide variety of conditions. He can survive as an individual but is at his best in swarms. He prefers to live, whenever possible, on what other creatures store or biologically manufacture. The conclusion is inescapable that he was designed by nature as a most superior sort of vermin — and that only the absence, in his early environment, of a sufficiently wealthy host prevented him from assuming the role of eternal guest and forced him to live hungrily, and more than a little irritably, by his own wits alone.

—from *Of Men and Monsters*, 1968
by William Tenn

A Vision

May God grant us the will to seek the light, the skill to find it, the courage to choose it, and the wisdom to make it endure.

—from *Pharos*
<http://pharos.org.uk/>

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sammy,

... I still read your stuff each month and I'll catch the next episode in a couple of days. I can't speak for the bulk of your readers but for me the most interesting issues are the ones that tell old stories....

—T. M., of Winter Park, Florida

There are a lot of old stories in Pharos, under the heading [Adventures and Misadventures](#).

—editor

Dear Sam,

When I get the Frontiersman, I am always guaranteed two things.

#1 — I learn something. In this issue [October]. I learned a new word. And I have a decent vocabulary. I consider myself an amateur etymologist. Anyway, so the word that caught my eye... [his ellipsis] “ellipsis” — omission from an expression of a word clearly implied or marks (...) to show omission.

I never knew the dot, dot, dot was actually an ellipsis.

#2 — I get a good laugh. In this issue I love your response to my [letter to the editor](#). Ha Ha! You just might be right. Maybe Earth is the galactic nut house. Government is “Nurse Ratchet”.

And your opine on the Moon. I'm in total agreement with you. What the hell, not one

meteor came in sideways. And the depths and convex bottoms are a mystery.

Have a good one. —S. H., a prisoner

Dear Sam:

My old alma mater, San Jose State University, is experiencing a notable difficulty. It seems that the school's woman's volleyball team contains a transgender player. This is causing several schools to boycott matches with the San Jose State team. When another school's team forfeits a match, the game is counted as a win for San Jose State.

In my opinion, if the ostracism is really caused by fairness concerns (and not mere prejudice against transsexual people) then the problem could be resolved relatively easily.

In the sport of boxing, contestants are sorted according to height and weight. Sorting according to those criteria, and perhaps others more appropriate to volleyball, could be instituted as a common precondition to forming teams. Then the question of birth gender would be irrelevant.

—Sir Donald the Elusive

The freedom of opinion must necessarily include the freedom to be prejudiced. Otherwise somebody, somewhere, has the power to declare which opinions are permitted and which opinions are not permitted. That isn't freedom of opinion. That's mind control.

—editor

Obituary

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

It is with great sadness that we pass on the following news. The Pillsbury Doughboy died yesterday of a yeast infection and complications from repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71. The funeral was held at 345 for about 20 minutes. He was buried in a lightly greased coffin.

Dozens of celebrities turned out to pay their respects, including Mrs. Butterworth, Hungry Jack, the California Raisins, Betty Crocker, the Hostess Twinkies, and Captain Crunch.

The grave site was piled high with flours. Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy and lovingly described Doughboy as a man who never realized how much he was kneaded. Doughboy rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with turnovers. He wasn't always viewed as a smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes but, despite being a little flaky at times, as a crusty old man he was a roll model for millions.

Doughboy is survived by his wife, Play Dough, their son John Dough, their daughter Jane Dough, who has one in the oven, and his elderly father, Pop Tart.

∞

Inner Peace

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Cassie E.

Note: This is humor, not medical advice.

—editor

I am passing this on to you because it definitely works, and we could all use a little more calmness in our lives. By following simple advice heard on the Dr. Phil show, you too can find inner peace.

Dr. Phil proclaimed, “The way to achieve inner peace is to finish all the things you have started and have never finished.”

So, before leaving the house this morning, I finished a bottle of White Zinfandel, a bottle of Captain Morgan, a package of Oreos, the remainder of my old Xanax prescription, the rest of the cheesecake, some Doritos, half a bottle of vodka, and a box of chocolates.

You wouldn't believe how good I feel right now!

∞

Blonde-Friendly Bank

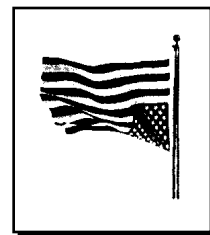
As retold by Sam Aurelius Milma III.

A blonde walked up to the teller's window at the bank.

“May I have change for a 12?” she asked.

“Sure,” replied the blonde teller. “Do you want 3 fours, 4 threes, or 2 sixes?”

☛



Nation in Distress

The greatest danger which can
come to a state is when its intellect
outruns its soul.

—from *The Maracot Deep*
by Arthur Conan Doyle

Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: El Dorado Bob;
Betty; Eric, of Stockton, California; and Sir
Donald the Elusive.

—editor

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/>

A High Standard for AI to Meet

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by El Dorado Bob.

- The *Times* newspaper (UK) carried a story about a taxi driver from Brighton who spent six years of his leisure time writing out the numbers from one to a million by hand, in order to get into the *Guinness Book of Records*. When

the compiler came around to verify the feat, he informed the man that he would need to do it over again because “they have to be written in words, not in digits.”

- Several years ago we had an intern who was typing. He turned to a secretary and said, “I’m almost out of typing paper. What do I do?”

“Just use copy machine paper, instead,” she told him.

He took his last remaining blank piece of typing paper, put it on the photocopier, and made five blank copies.

- I called a company and asked to speak to Bob. The person who answered said, “Bob is on vacation. Would you like to hold?”

- I worked with a woman who plugged her power strip back into itself and couldn’t understand why her system wouldn’t turn on.

Frontiersman

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

Klaatu barada nikto.