

# Frontiersman

*Facing the truth, however great the cost.*

*February 2025*

## Legacy

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I saw, on a recent news report, a clip from video that was taken by a deep submersible operating at the bottom of the Mariana Trench. There, five miles down, clearly visible in the video clip, is plastic trash. It's widely acknowledged that thousands of pieces of debris have been abandoned in low Earth orbit. I expect that at least some of them are plastic. On a documentary that I recently saw, one researcher predicted that, in just a few years, the tonnage of plastic in the world's oceans will be larger than the tonnage of fish in the world's oceans. A doctor recently commented, on a news report, that some of the patients that she'd examined have measurable quantities of microplastic in their blood. I suspect that we all do. One researcher commented that the only plastic that isn't a problem is the plastic that was never produced. As far as I'm aware, such production continues, and at an accelerated pace. It seems likely to me that, except for such things as the Voyager probes, all of the plastic that was ever produced still exists somewhere on or near the planet.

Closer to home, on Friday, June 28, 2024, I observed a circler item about 18 feet up in a Leland Cyprus tree. The tree was at the near edge of *Sanctuary*, my own personal effort to preserve a place on the planet for Father Na-

ture and Mother Earth. The item appeared to be a short piece of light rope or maybe binder's twine. It was in a location, and at an elevation, where I couldn't reach it, so I took some pictures. On Monday, July 15, 2024, it fell out of the tree. I took some more pictures. They're available in the website. I don't know how the item got so high up in a tree but it sure looks a lot like plastic.

So, from an altitude of about 1,200 miles, or maybe higher, to an ocean depth of about five miles, or maybe seven if we include the Challenger Deep, and including the branches of trees and even our own bodies, we've turned our entire planet into a garbage dump for plastic. If there are any plastic parts in things like the Voyager probes, then we've even sent plastic out of the Solar System, and beyond.

If there are scientists on the planet a million years from now, of whatever species they might be, then maybe they'll discover a thin layer of microplastic in the geological record, and be puzzled by it. Maybe they'll also discover some evidence of a coinciding extinction event. If they're anything like us, then they'll probably dream up some stupid astronomical or geophysical theory to explain things. Like us, they'll never admit that there might have been technological societies a million years in their past. Unless they discover a few remaining bits and pieces of our hardware on the Moon, or elsewhere in the Solar System, then that thin layer of microplastic, and the associated extinction event, might be our only lasting legacy. 🦅

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Sam,

Greetings. I hope this letter finds you well.

Your article "The Mattel Scenario", in the, December 2024, *Frontiersman*. Interesting read. I've always felt the same way. That anthropologist, and archeologists are "way" too liberal with their ideas of what they find.

Just like they'll find a 2" x 2" piece of jaw bone and "reconstruct" a whole skull and call it a missing link.

Also what you ended "Silence is Golden" with is definitely true. I'm not particularly interested in hearing what most people have to say. Mainly because most people have become cattle, and, don't have anything original to say.

Have a good day. —S. H., a prisoner

Dear Sam;

Last summer, I had a conversation with a stranger about libertarianism. Abruptly, he asked me this question: What do you want to do, that you can't do now, because it's illegal? Those may not have been his exact words, but that was the gist.

I was stumped. I had no answer. I live a quiet, modest life, and I have few direct interactions with the state. In the months that have passed, I have pondered the matter, and I know now what I would have, or should have, said. I would like to stop supporting, through my taxes, the police-prison industrial complex. It's no secret that many police are over-zealous, and that others are downright corrupt. Serious abuses are also frequently uncovered in the court/legal system, and district attorneys, →

and incompetent public defenders, chronically distort the system.

I also would like to stop supporting our military/intelligence complex in a flat, compulsory way. I believe that some forms of national self defense are justified, and those I would voluntarily support. But — I detest being compelled to support endless, pointless wars. It seems

that the U.S.A. really learned nothing from Vietnam.

In regard to the last point, I blame the American educational system and the mass media for failing to expose essential information to the public. The *Frontiersman* is a valuable source of counter-information. Keep it up!

—Sir Donald the Elusive

## Still Growing

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Overpopulation has a sort of diffusion characteristic, somewhat like the way that a dense cloud of gas will spontaneously diffuse into a larger and more rarified cloud of gas. The difference is that, with a cloud of gas, the density at the original location will probably decrease. With human population, the density at the original location will probably continue to increase. One likely result is that local overpopulation will eventually become regional or global overpopulation. Even so, overpopulation is usually experienced locally.

Anybody who's old enough can probably remember when there were fewer houses, roads, and people, less noise, less traffic, more fields and trees, and things were less expensive. In my own case, when I arrived at the place where I'm presently staying, the total population here was four people. My arrival increased it to five. Since then, two members of the original population have died. Even so, the population here has increased to six people, one of whom is pregnant, plus four dogs and some cats. I don't expect that the population here is likely to decrease any time soon. It will probably continue to grow.

## Additional Reading

### World Population by Year

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

### The First Conference on the State of Man

Convened on Castle of Bethlehem

Day 27, year 2726, Universal Calendar

This is an excerpt from *Cold War*, first completed on Saturday, October 5, 1991.

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

#### Part 1

The people had been summoned by many lures. They had come because of the promise of good pay, interesting work, fascinating challenges, or whatever other promises would entice them. The transportation provided had been luxurious. The accommodations were lavish. The entertainment was thrilling. That they were closely restricted to the Convention Compound was a minor annoyance. With their

### 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>

In 1950, *Last Enemy*, by H. Beam Piper, was first published. The story didn't have much to do with overpopulation but, even so, he included this statement, a description of us at that time. "Those people, because of deforestation, bad agricultural methods and general mismanagement, are eroding away their arable soil at an alarming rate. At the same time, they are breeding like rabbits. In other words, each successive generation has less and less food to divide among more and more people, and, for inherited traditional and superstitious reasons, they refuse to adopt any rational program of birth-control and population-limitation." In 1950, the world population was about 2.5 billion, and growing. In 1972, Walt Kelly suggested, in the title of a little book, that we have met the enemy and he is us. In 1972, the world population was about 3.8 billion, and growing.

Today, the world population is about 8.1 billion, and still growing.

attitudes thoroughly lubricated and with little else to do on opening day (the bars and entertainment were all temporarily suspended), they'd come willingly enough to the opening address. They had discovered that pleasure wasn't to be completely denied them even there. Refreshments were available in the lobby.

At the appointed hour, the High Fanfare sounded. A man, elegantly groomed in Imperial Red, walked proudly to the white and silver podium.

"Gentlemen — " he began, which brought a scattering of chuckles. "Gentlemen," he said again, "I'm Carll Everret Blackker, the First Speaker of the Coterie of Castle of Bethlehem. On behalf of the sponsor of this conference, →

which I will presently identify, and on behalf of the Coterie itself, I welcome you."

There was a round of applause.

"I shall not detain you with a compendium of the reasons why Castle of Bethlehem has been selected as the site for this conference —"

That brought a few scattered shouts of "Thank You!!", "Bravo!", and "Hear-hear!" which the First Speaker endured with practiced skill.

"— nor shall I bore you with the reasons this planet has been of significance in the history of human life in the galaxy. Such a list would indeed be a long one and there are more pressing matters before us today. In that regard, I'll only say that the significance of Castle of Bethlehem, and of its place in history, will be enhanced by what is beginning here today. You gentlemen, representing your thousands of other planets throughout human space, will assure that."

The members of the audience were in a generous mood. They gave a small cheer. The Speaker smiled and shifted his position. He then took a deep breath and gave the appearance of preparing to take a plunge.

"I appreciate the responsiveness you've all shown by coming here with such little notice, over such great distances, and with such a mysterious lack of information regarding the purpose and sponsor of this conference."

There was another round of cheers, for the appreciation so far was mutual.

"I know you're all busy and important people on your own worlds but, believe me, you're here for a very important reason, a reason that will fully justify any inconvenience this conference might have caused you. You're here because —" and the Speaker paused, perhaps for dramatic effect, but succeeded only in looking uneasy. He cleared his throat nervously and continued more softly, "You're here because the Berserkers are winning."

That unexpected statement brought a few isolated exclamations of objection, and a slowly growing rumble of dissent.

"Not for over 500 years!" shouted a voice from the audience. A rabble of support arose. The Speaker had touched upon a sensitive subject.

"Gentlemen! You've come a long way to this conference! We've spared no expense! At least hear me!"

He waited briefly, while the noise tapered off to an uneasy mutter.

"I know that for over 500 years now there has been a kind of stability."

"We've stopped 'em is what ya mean!"

shouted a man in the front row, but a few others growled at him. It seemed that the members of the audience were, for the moment at least, willing to listen.

"A kind of stability, I said. An appearance of success. In the opposite spiral arm, the Bebeyem are holding out, and seem secure. They're defending a volume of space five times as large as ours. Near the core, the Nem still survive. And of course, so do we. Perhaps we are not as numerous as the Bebeyem, perhaps not so inscrutable as the Nem, but we are quite successful in our own way."

A low rustle of approval ran through the audience but the previous boisterous mood had been tainted with caution.

"Or so it would seem," said the First Speaker. "But the facts are not exactly as people perceive them. We tend to see things on a scale comparable to the lengths of our own lives. That, perhaps, was our greatest loss when the Carmpan were overrun. We lost their perspective, their way of looking at things that was so very different from our own. But believe me, given the longer view, the facts are more grim than they otherwise appear."

"The Bebeyem, although they defend their space well, are completely surrounded by an estimated one million Berserker units."

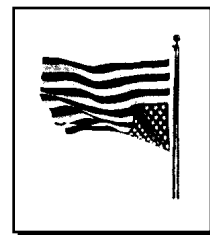
That fact startled the listeners and the residual shuffling and whispering tapered away. The audience became as quiet as it had been so far.

"I refer," continued the speaker, "to major, full sized battle stations. The estimate does not include smaller auxiliary units or individual combat modules."

"The Nem survive on a planet that's been a molten glob for over a century. They survive only because the Berserkers have not discovered a way to kill non-material beings. One day the Berserkers will solve that problem. On that day, the Nem will die. And what about us? Five hundred years ago we controlled about 10,000 planets. Today we still control about 10,000 planets. Fact? Yes, it is a fact, but somewhat simplistic. An oversimplification. Five hundred years ago we controlled slightly more than 10,000 planets. Today we control slightly fewer than 10,000 planets. The difference is a small one, but significant. I assure you, it is irreversible."

The members of the audience, no longer in their previous merry mood, were listening intently.

— to be continued —



Nation in Distress

This planet can provide for human  
need, but not for human greed.

—Mahatma Gandhi  
as quoted by Jane Goodall  
in *8 Billion Angels*

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### 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/>

### Round Trip Ticket

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

A blonde walked up to the ticket counter and  
asked for a round trip ticket.

“Where to?” asked the ticket agent.

The blonde rolled her eyes and said, “Duhh,  
back here, of course!” ∞

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### Advertising Bloopers

Not Verified, and Original Source Unknown.  
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- Electrolux, a Scandinavian vacuum cleaner  
manufacturer, used this ad in the U.S.: “Noth-  
ing sucks like an Electrolux.”
- When Braniff translated a slogan touting its  
upholstery, “Fly in leather,” it came out in  
Spanish as “Fly naked.”
- When Kentucky Fried Chicken entered the  
Chinese market, to their horror they discovered  
that their slogan “Finger lickin’ good” came out  
as “Eat your fingers off.”
- The American Dairy Association was so suc-  
cessful with its “Got Milk?” campaign, that it  
decided to extend the ads to Mexico. Unfortu-  
nately, the Spanish translation was “Are you  
lactating?” ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

Get down off the stove, Grandma! You’re too old to ride  
the range!