

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

July 2025

Something Else

Sam Aurelius Milam III

What nature doesn't do to us will be done by our fellow man.

—from *The Merry Minuet*, 1959
performed by The Kingston Trio

Nobody knows for sure what a quantum black hole is. The scientists argue about them.

I'm just an unemployed nuclear engineer but I suppose that I can still have an opinion, albeit an outsider's opinion. So, the idea is that fundamental changes might happen, or could happen, when little things like protons get forced really close together, or whatever is the subatomic equivalent of close together, like in the Large Hadron Collider for example. The scientists argue about what kind of stuff might be created when that sort of thing happens. I don't know where they get the names that they use for such stuff. Maybe they're Lewis Carroll fans. Beware the Jabberwock, my Sun! I'll just call the stuff "something else".

So, suppose that the scientists create a particle of "something else" and it turns out to be a quantum black hole. Will it be stable? If it is, then will it accumulate additional mass by pulling nearby normal matter into itself? The scientist argue about it. If it does get larger, then will it reach some inherent limit after which it will spontaneously disintegrate? How long would that take? Microseconds? Billions of years? Will it reach the limit while it's still small enough that its disintegration won't convert our planet into an expanding cloud of rubble, giving the Sun a new asteroid belt?

Additional Information

- Diploma, Nuclear Engineering, August 20, 1971, Texas A&M University
http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/Documents/Documents.html#TAMU_Diploma
- *Essays About Math and Science*, available in *Pharos*
http://pharos.org.uk/Essays_About_Math_and_Science/Math_and_Science.html

This Train Ain't Bound for Glory

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I can remember, in the early 1980s, traveling anonymously. I'd pack my suitcase, walk to the corner, and pay cash to get on the county bus. There wasn't any record made of the transaction. I'd ride the bus into San Jose and get off at the Amtrak station. I'd walk up to the ticket counter and pay cash for a ticket. I wasn't required to show any ID or even to reveal my

Parenthetically, notice that as viewed from outside of the plane of the ecliptic, our Sun has a ring, the asteroid belt, something like the rings of Saturn. Wow! A ringed star! Sort of makes you wonder how the asteroid belt got there. Scientists? Hmmm. Maybe such rings are a result of scientific research.

Getting back to the main point, suppose that there isn't any such limit, and the thing just keeps growing. Will it acquire an accretion disk and keep absorbing the surrounding normal material until it consumes our entire planet? How long would that take? Microseconds? Billions of years?

Maybe the "something else" won't be stable at all. So far as I'm aware, most "something else" isn't. Then, it will just go away and none of this matters.

I don't know what might happen and I suspect that the scientists don't know either, but consider this. The scientists who're involved in such experiments are the same kinds of people who believe in such nonsense as the Big Bang Theory, the Doppler explanation of the Red Shift, warped space-time, the molten glob fable about the origin of our planet, and the idea that our planet "formed" about 5 billion years ago. Do we really want those kinds of people to create a particle of "something else", right here on Earth, and then discover its properties and characteristics afterward, if they survive? Maybe that entire line of research ought to be delayed until we have a safe place to do it, maybe halfway to Proxima Centauri for example, or even further away than that.

name. The ticket didn't have a name on it. I wasn't searched or interrogated. I could travel, anonymously, anywhere that Amtrak had a station.

If I try to travel anonymously today, or if I refuse to provide ID when the nazi thugs demand it, or if I refuse to submit to a search or an interrogation, then I'll probably be detained. After that, I'll probably disappear. It's a hell of a way to run a railroad — or a country.

Rubble

Sam Aurelius Milam III

On Thursday, August 1, 1974, I wrote, “The longer we wait to solve an environmental problem, the fewer choices we will have. If we wait long enough, then we probably won’t have to make any choices at all. However, the resulting environment might be one in which we’re not included.” In 1974, I viewed those environmental problems as individual issues, each of which could be solved by itself. Now, I see them as interconnected consequences of the actual problem.

That actual problem is overpopulation. It’s an old problem, and a recurring one. Societies have collapsed before, due to overpopulation. Our society, world wide, is presently collapsing. The present collapse began with the population explosion that followed the agricultural, industrial, and medical revolutions. Sometime after

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>

that, we passed a critical point beyond which it was no longer possible for us to solve the problem. Now, we have only the certainty, provided by history and mathematics, that the problem, unsolved by us, will inevitably solve itself.

If there are human societies in the future which, as I noted in August of 1974 isn’t a sure thing, then the archeologists and anthropologists of those societies will study the rubble of ancient societies, ours among them. I expect that they, like us, will fail to recognize their future in the rubble of the past. ¶

The Acronym

Sam Aurelius Milam III

When I was young, my father commented to me that the United States isn’t a great nation. It’s a big nation, he said, and a powerful nation, but not a great nation. A great nation, he continued, would have a moral superiority that the United States lacks. As far as I can tell, my father was right. The United States got big and powerful not because of any selfless virtues that might occasionally arise, but by exploitation, abuse, and conquest.

The MAGA movement, allegedly intended to “Make America Great Again” is based on the false notion that America was previously great, and that it can be restored to that condition. Those people need a new acronym, one that actually fits their agenda. I thought about that agenda for a while and the correct acronym came to me in my sleep. It had been right there, right in front of me, the whole time. The acronym? Totalitarian Repression Under Militant Patriotism — TRUMP. ¶

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sam:

The assassination allegedly committed by Luigi Mangione has provoked a fog of moralistic commentary by the main-media pundits.

I don’t wish to comment on the rightness or wrongness of the killing. Everyone will (no doubt) form their own opinions. What I think is most interesting is the idea being stressed by the paid pundits that violence against political enemies is always wrong.

Was it wrong when George Washington fought at Valley Forge? Was it wrong when Davy Crockett fought and died at the Alamo? Was it wrong when Teddy Roosevelt charged on

San Juan Hill?

In regard to the media pundits, I don’t know what is more absurd — their gross hypocrisy, or their apparent ignorance of American history.

I think that Mao Zedong stated it succinctly back in 1927: “Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.” —Sir Donald the Elusive

It appears to me that, throughout human history, more issues have been resolved by violence, force, or fear, than by all other methods combined. I expect that it will be that way for as long as our species endures. I wish that it was otherwise, but it isn’t. —editor

The United States in 1900

Numbers Not Verified. Original Source Unknown.

Forwarded by W. F., of Idaho Falls, Idaho.

- The average life expectancy in the United States was forty-seven.
- Only 14 percent of the homes in the United States had a bathtub.
- There were about 230 reported murders in the United States annually.

- Coca-Cola contained cocaine instead of caffeine.
- Only 8 percent of homes had a telephone. A three-minute telephone call from Denver to New York City cost eleven dollars.
- There were only 8,000 cars in the United States and only 144 miles of paved roads. The maximum speed limit in most cities was ten mph. ∞

Learning from the Past

Sam Aurelius Milam III

Since a pronoun stands for, or replaces a noun, it must agree with that noun in person, number, and gender.

—from *Instant English Handbook*, page 75
Copyright © 1968, 1981 Edition
Career Publishing, Inc.

Many years ago, I used to watch *America's Funniest People*, a Vin Di Bona production. At the end of each program, a lovely little cutie would prance out in front of the cameras and gleefully exclaim, "The audience has made their decision." *Audience*, the antecedent, is singular. *Their*, the pronoun, is plural. It's a stupid grammar error for a role model (presumably) to make on national TV.

In January of 1993, I sent the producers a [letter](#) in which I informed them of the error. I didn't receive a reply. On subsequent episodes,

the lovely little cutie kept right on prancing out in front of the cameras, smiling with the same mindless enthusiasm, and making the same grammar error.

Almost 25 years after *America's Funniest People*, I heard this on a TV commercial.

As your child grows, so should their car seat.

—from a car seat commercial

The female in the commercial made the same grammar error that her predecessor made on *America's Funniest People*, about 25 years earlier. Maybe she studied the old *AFP* videos. Maybe not. I don't know.

The writer-philosopher George-Santayana is credited with the phrase, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." I can suggest a variation on the idea. Studying the past might be a good way to learn how to make the same mistakes all over again. ☞

The Queen of Rock and Rule

From [the weird stuff collection](#), by Sam Aurelius Milam III.

This story was first completed on Saturday, November 17, 1984, and was most recently revised on Friday, March 12, 2010.

Now, I need to type a slightly longer text, because it's raining outside and there are geese in Canada. If you want to understand more of that subject, then go to Kelly park and ask the attendant. He's an expert on the subject of nuclear technology. He can explain why there's a scratch in the paint and who fixed it for you. After you receive the bill, you'll be referred to the IRS for pregnancy counseling and they'll send you a Christmas card for lunch. After you find the needle, you'll be in a better position to negotiate the unilateral disarmament of pigeons. Then they'll fly you to Miami for the Festival of Saints. I was there once and discovered my lost love. We'd never met but I recognized her father as an old friend of the President, who'd once rescued my cat. Now that I'm under way, I think that it's appropriate that I

explain myself. I'm originally not from here, but from another place, a far place, a dry, dank, misty, arid place of consistent contradiction. It was there that I learned logic and reasoning poetry. After my apprenticeship, I fell to bickering amongst themselves and was expelled from the Fellowship, with honor. I traveled in search of the Great Grate. I never achieved much but was greatly honored everywhere that I went because of my beautiful wife, who I kept hidden in my camper, except for brief excursions into the forest for wood. Now that I've told my life story for the first time I feel that the price supports presently applied to the dairy industry will eventually be lifted from the backs of the weary and downtrodden people of Afghanistan, who have labored under the despotism of the Queen of Rock and Rule. I never understood how anyone could eat so much ice cream in just one year. Oh, I hear my Mother calling. I've got to come back now. See you later. ☞

Oversight Committee

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

Once upon a time, a government agency had a vast scrap yard in the middle of a desert. A Congressional oversight committee warned that someone might steal from it during the night, so the agency hired a night watchman, position GS-4.

Then the committee asked, "How does the watchmen do his job without supervision?" So the agency created a supervisory office and hired a person to write instructions, GS-12, and another person to do time studies, GS-11.

Then the committee asked, "How will we know that the watchman is doing his job cor-

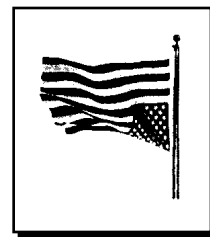
rectly?" So the agency created a QC position and hired two people, one GS-9, to do QC surveys, and one, GS-11, to write reports.

Then the committee asked, "How will these people be paid?" So the agency hired a payroll officer, GS-9, and a mail clerk, GS-7.

Then the committee asked, "Who will be accountable for all of these people?" So the agency hired an Admin Officer, GS-13, and a Legal Secretary, GS-8.

Then the committee said, "You've had this facility in operation for only a year and you're already \$18,000 over budget. You must cut overall costs."

So the agency laid off the watchman. ∞



Nation in Distress

You can trace the history of every piece of land back to the guy who stole it.

—Harlan Ray Putnam

Department of Economics
Texas A&M University
Spring Semester, 1967



Acknowledgments

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—editor

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<http://sovereign-library.org.uk/>

Signs That You're a Hillbilly

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- You sometimes use the weedeater indoors.
- Your mother tore her best dress while she was coon hunting.
- You view a family reunion as a chance to pick up women.
- Your brother bought a new house and you

helped him take off the wheels.

- You own at least 20 baseball caps. ∞

Ole and Lena Joke

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by H. L., a prisoner.

Lena went to the police station with her next-door neighbor, Olga, to report that her husband was missing. The policeman asked for a description.

Lena said, "He's 35 years old, 6 ft. tall, has dark eyes, dark wavy hair, an athletic build, weighs 185 lbs., is soft-spoken, and is good tew da children."

The neighbor Olga protested, "But Lena. Yer husband Ole is 5 1/2 ft. tall, chubby, bald, has a big mouth, and is mean tew yew and da children."

To which Lena replied, "Vell, yeah, but who vants HIM back?" ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor

Kilroy wasn't here.