

Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

March 2026

The Evening News

Sam Aurelius Milam III

In 1987, when ABC aired the miniseries *Amerika*, I recorded it on VHS videocassettes. For a good many years thereafter, I got out the recording every few years and watched it again, to remind myself of life in a police state.

Eventually, I stopped watching the miniseries because I noticed that the society depicted in it wasn't so much different from the society that I saw slowly slipping into place around me. The most frightening thing about the miniseries, after all of those years, was that it wasn't particularly frightening any more. I didn't need it any more, to remind me. The police state that was emerging around me was already frightening enough.

As of this writing, all over the country, federal agents claim to be apprehending criminals

and illegal aliens. If that's what they were actually doing, then they'd be wearing suits and ties, knocking on doors, and serving warrants. Instead, they're rampaging around, armed with military weapons, wearing gestapo costumes with masks over their faces, kicking down doors, dragging people away to detention facilities, and killing other people whenever it's convenient. That behavior is part of a long-term escalation of police state powers in this country. No administration in the history of the country has ever succeeded in stopping that trend. The police state behavior today isn't much different from the behavior that was shown in the miniseries *Amerika*. Even if there's a lull in such behavior, the lull will be temporary. The increase in police state power will continue. See *Tytler's Observation*.

I don't need to watch the miniseries any more, from time to time, to remind myself of life in a police state. Nowadays, I only need to watch the evening news. 🦅

Additional Reading

- Quotations from the miniseries *Amerika*

http://sovereign-library.org.uk/Main_Directory.html#Amerika_the_Miniseries

- *Amerika* (miniseries) in *Wikipedia*

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amerika_\(miniseries\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amerika_(miniseries))

- Nuremberg and Los Angeles, Original Source Unknown.

<http://frontiersman.org.uk/2026/2026-03/Images/Nuremberg.pdf>

- *Tytler's Observation*

<http://sovereign-library.org.uk/Gallery/Posters/Posters.html#Tytler> 🦅

Travelogue

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I can remember when highways were the main streets in the towns through which they passed, complete with stop signs, traffic lights, and local traffic. You went slowly. You could actually see the towns. We sometimes stopped and bought things. The locals were happy to see us because we spent money in their towns.

When we traveled, back then, at least for my family, motels were out of the question. They were way too expensive. The length of a day's travel was determined by the distance between relatives. We had relatives scattered all over the place. Long distance telephone calls were expensive, so we never called ahead. We just showed up, unannounced. The relatives were always happy to see us or, at least, pretended to be. The women hugged. The men shook hands. Men didn't hug each other back then.

Also, men didn't wear jewelry, shave their chests, or wear little-boy pants. Short pants were for women, or for little boys. During our overnight visits, adults slept wherever there was a spare space in a bed and nobody gave it a second thought, at least not that I noticed. The kids slept all in a bunch, on a pallet on the floor, usually in the living room.

The man drove the car. The woman sat in the passenger seat. Sometimes the grandmother would sit in the back seat, to help keep the kids entertained. On our trips, if my mother wasn't along, I'd sit in the passenger seat and navigate for Poppa. That's how I learned to read a map. I expect that, today, a map would be a mystery to most people, since maps don't have buttons or a touch screen.

The kids played in the back seat, which was more of a playground than a seat. Back then, we weren't imprisoned in seat belts, or →

strapped into iron maidens masquerading as safety seats. The police state didn't dictate where we had to sit. We weren't hypnotically glued to "devices". We could move around. We could stand up on the floor, or kneel on the seat, and see things out the windows. The scenery wasn't 100 yards away, across a vast expanse of concrete, and shielded from view by several lanes of other traffic. It was right up close, just across the shoulder. Highways had shoulders, back then. There were occasionally roadside vendors, local farmers selling produce, and so forth. There were places to stop and rest for a while. There was scenery. Travel was an adventure or, at least, interesting.

There were roadside signs, identifying the highway, or announcing the distance to towns and highway junctions ahead. There were Burma-Shave signs with clever couplets, giving us an incentive to read, and little signs urging us to "Get Right With God". There were bridges with signs identifying the names of the creeks or rivers over which they crossed. That

was another time when a map was handy. It even encouraged us to actually read and maybe even learn a little about the local geography.

Today's freeways are fast and efficient but they don't have any souls. There's no romance, just the tedious concrete monotony of identical concrete vistas and monstrous green signs flashing past overhead. The only way that you can see most of the signs nowadays is through the windshield. They're not visible through the side windows, or from the back seat. The freeways are something to be endured until finally, gratefully, you arrive at a motel, which will probably be indistinguishable from the motel that you left that morning. Businesses along the way, when you can get off of the freeway before they flash past, are all identical to their corporate clones, all across the country.

Traveling conditions nowadays aren't of much relevance to me any more. I live alone, I stay alone, and I like being alone. There isn't anybody that I want to visit anyway. Nowadays, I mostly don't travel. 🐉

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sam:

While I was driving home from the grocery store, I heard someone on the radio say: "America isn't broken. It's just stopped pretending to be what it always pretended to be." I don't remember the name of the commentator, and he actually said that he was quoting someone else, whose name I didn't catch. I suppose that I may have gotten the quote garbled.

Anyway, I started thinking about what the saying might mean. It didn't take long to think that our government (and possibly, a good part of the population) was always pretending to be about freedom and justice for all, when really, it was about freedom for white males, especially, rich white males.

Something else that I heard on the radio seemed to corroborate what I heard. A commentator mentioned that, in the past year, there had been about one hundred highly questionable deaths attributed to I.C.E. The great majority of those killed were dark-skinned people. Their deaths received relatively little publicity, despite witnesses and video recordings. Renée Good and Alex Pretii, are I.C.E. victims who are now known world-wide. Partly, this is due to the fact that their deaths were extensively recorded on video. However, I think it's also plausible to suppose that their skin color had much to do with the wave of sympathy and outrage that has engulfed the U.S.A.

About a week ago, I was invited to partici-

Population Studies

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

pate in an anti-ice demonstration that took place in Santa Clara, near the Levi Stadium. I decided not to appear, because I believed (wrongly, as I found out later) that the demonstrators would be calling for the abolition of I.C.E. I reasoned that, in our highly militarized and collectivist world, an organization to enforce immigration and customs laws would be a practical necessity for the foreseeable future. I thought that the proper course would be to change the leadership and management of I.C.E. (I would have been happy to protest the violence and illegality, committed by individual I.C.E. officers.)

The events of the last four days have changed my viewpoint. I think now that any possible good that this organization might do, is outweighed by the harm it is actually doing. At the minimum, I.C.E. officers must cease and desist all enforcement actions. There must be a thorough investigation of the group, and a thorough house cleaning. If this can't be done without abolishing I.C.E., so be it!

Of course, street actions can't do everything. Look at what has just happened in Iran. Massive demonstrations provoked violent repression by the Iranian security forces. That resulted in at least six thousand deaths of dissidents, and the regime has not been moved to change its policies.

To slightly change the subject — angry activism alone has a poor record in regard to →

positive social change. It seems to me, that as far back as the sixties, protesters typically knew what they didn't want, but are not united about what they do want, and at times, are uncertain about what they do want.

I guess that if you are stuck in a burning building, it's best to cooperate with those who are trying to save you from the fire.

—the elusive one

Americans have been pretending, for all of these years, that America isn't a police state. All governments are police states. See Some Timeless Truths, in the December 2023 issue.

According to Wikipedia, as of Tuesday, February 3, the estimated number of people killed in Iran during the demonstrations varies from 3,117 to 36,500. The difference between the behavior of the government thugs in Iran and those in America is a matter of degree. In both countries, the government thugs kill civilians.

In this country, cops kill more white people than black people. See the last section of As I Look Around, in the November 2025 issue. When black people and white people kill each other, that might be a race issue. When the cops

Additional Reading

- *2026 Iran massacres*, in Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2026_Iran_massacres
- *Gestapo Force*, in the November 1994 issue.
http://frontiersman.org.uk/1994/1994-11/1994-11.html#Gestapo_Force
- *C'est la vie*, in the July 2012 issue.
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2012/2012-07/2012-07.html#Cest_la_Vie
- *Some Timeless Truths*, in the December 2023 issue.
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2023/2023-12/2023-12.html#Some_Timeless_Truths
- *As I Look Around*, in the November 2025 issue.
http://frontiersman.org.uk/2025/2025-11/2025-11.html#Look_Around

Chains

Sam Aurelius Milam III

The 14th Amendment to the U.S. constitution declares that a citizen is subject to the jurisdiction of the United States. The dictionaries inform us that jurisdiction means power and control. Experience teaches us that power

kill people, of either race, it isn't a race issue. It's a police state issue.

Over the years, I've written various articles in which I was critical of cops, of every kind. From my various comments, it's easy to see that I'm in favor of disarming, defunding, or abolishing the various armed agencies. I believe that any member of any such agency, and his immediate supervisor and the head of the agency, should be punished when any such member kills somebody. The determination of guilt or innocence might be left to the courts but I suggest that the nature of the punishment should be determined entirely by the surviving friends and relatives of the murder victims. Maybe that would encourage the thugs to think twice before pulling the trigger. Maybe some of them would even leave their agencies and find other ways to make a living. I suggest that they should go to former war zones to disarm land mines or dispose of unexploded munitions.

I don't particularly like cops of any kind, but I do respect them. I have the same kind of respect for them that I'd have for a mad dog, a hive of hornets, or a hungry crocodile. —editor

and control are exercised over property, and prove ownership.

This unbroken chain of declarations, definitions, and experiences reveals an unbroken chain of circumstances. Those are the chains that bind us. A U.S. citizen is property, and is owned by the United States.

Additional Reading

- *The Lone Raver Writes Again*, in Pharos
http://pharos.org.uk/Ravings_Essays/Writes_Again/Writes_Again.html
- *Those Chains That Bind You*, in The Sovereign's Library
http://sovereign-library.org.uk/Main_Directory.html#Those_Chains_That_Bind_You

Gender Studies 101

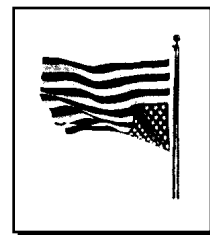
Sam Aurelius Milam III

If women actually believe all of their accusations and criticisms about men, then why do they keep forcing themselves into our presence? Why do they continue to place themselves in harm's way? Why don't they start their own female-only in-



Feminazis

stitutions, and avoid us entirely? Are they just naturally stupid, or do they practice in front of mirrors? Or, maybe it isn't stupidity. Maybe it's an organized conspiracy. Maybe not. Maybe it's just their inherent nature. Whatever the case, they entrap us, manipulate us, and control us. The resulting feminist police state is the same either way.



Nation in Distress

The legitimate boundaries of lawful government are not geographical. They are contractual.
—from *Pharos*



Acknowledgments

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—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/>

Signs That You're a Hillbilly

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- You have flowers planted in an old toilet in your front yard.
- You sometimes make change from the offering plate.
- Your "huntin' dawg" cost more than the truck you drive him around in. ∞

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Jokes

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by the elusive one.

- A doctor examined a woman, took her husband aside, and said, "I don't like the looks of your wife."

"Me neither Doc," said the husband. "But she's a great cook and she's really good with the kids."

- A man was recovering from surgery when a nurse asked him how he was feeling.

"I'm doing OK," he answered, "but I didn't like that four-letter-word that the doctor used during the procedure."

"What word did he use?" asked the nurse.

The man replied, "Oops!"

- If you're caught sleeping at work, just say, "I wasn't sleeping. I was meditating on our mission statement and envisioning a new paradigm." ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor