



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

March 2020

A Better Choice

Sam Aurelius Milam III

When I was young, soft drinks came in glass bottles. When we finished the soft drinks, we returned the bottles to the store, to be refilled and used again. Many years later, while I lived at Mere Keep, I bought milk in glass bottles. When I finished a

bottle of milk, I returned the bottle to the store, to be refilled and used again. I lived through the transition from glass to plastic. I commented briefly on that in [Another Challenge](#), in the December 1994 issue of this newsletter.

Recycling plastic is being touted as the answer to our waste problem, but a glass bottle might last for years or even for decades. If it does eventually become unusable, then it can

be recycled into another glass bottle. Making containers that can't be reused at all, but which are intentionally designed to be disposable, is a bad idea. The quantity of such containers that we recycle is a measure of our failure to make proper containers. The fact is that a failure to recycle plastic isn't the problem. Recycling plastic only hides the real problem, enabling us to ignore it, and to pretend that we're behaving responsibly. What we need to do is to actually solve the problem.

Beverage containers are only one part of the problem. In fact, the problem extends to all packaging, for all products. The quantity of such packaging, all of it, that we recycle is a measure of our failure to make proper packaging. I suggest that we return to the previous practice of making packaging that's returnable and reusable. That would be a better choice. ↗

The Fable of the County Rooster

As Retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III

A man bought a chicken farm and soon realized that he had a problem. His hens weren't producing enough eggs to pay for the feed that he was buying. He didn't know how to solve the problem, so he called the county agent. The county agent came out to the farm for a visit that very evening.

They walked from the driveway to the hen lot and the county agent looked around for a few seconds.

"Lots o' hens," he commented.

"Yeah," replied the farmer, "but they aren't laying enough eggs."

"Don't see no rooster," said the county agent.

"I don't need a rooster," objected the farmer. "Hens lay eggs. Roosters don't."

"Yeah," said the county agent, "but roosters lay hens, ifn ya git ma meanin'."

"And that will help?" asked the farmer.

"Shore nuff."

"So, I have to buy a rooster," speculated the farmer.

"No way. You can use ours."

"Yours?"

"Well, not mine. County rooster. He's specially trained. We keep 'im for just this kinda thing. Ah'll be here at sunrise tomorrow morning."

The next morning, the farmer was waiting at sunrise when the county agent arrived. The

county agent had a wire cage in the back of his pickup truck. In the wire cage was a rooster.

The county agent carried the wire cage over to the gate to the hen lot, opened the gate, sat the cage down, and opened the door. The rooster crowed once, and went out the door like a shot. He leaped right on top of the nearest hen and, well, uh, he did the job he was specially trained to do. Then he leaped from that hen and ran straight to the next nearest one. Then from her, he ran to the next nearest one.

"Doesn't he have to rest?" asked the farmer.

"Nope, he's specially trained."

"I wouldn't want him to get sick or something," worried the farmer.

"Don't you worry none," assured the county agent, "he's been specially trained."

"How long will this take?" asked the farmer.

"This many hens? All day," replied the county agent. "Ah'll be back about sunset."

The county agent got in his pickup truck and drove away. The farmer stood for a few minutes, watching the rooster. It never stopped. It finished with one hen, leaped off, and ran for the next hen. The farmer was a little concerned but what could he do? After all, the rooster had been specially trained.

The farmer went into his house to eat some breakfast. Then, he went out to his tractor. He had to plow the north field. On his way past the hen lot, he noticed that the rooster was still at it. →

The farmer plowed all morning and, at noon, he drove his tractor back to the house. He stopped at the hen lot and saw that the rooster was still hard at work. Starting to feel some real concern, he yelled, "Slow down! Take a break! You're gonna kill yourself!" The rooster ignored him.

After lunch, the farmer went back to work. He finished plowing that evening and rode his tractor back to the yard. He stopped at the hen lot, to check on the situation.

There weren't any hens in sight. They were all in the hen house, from which contented clucking and cooing noises could be heard. But, the rooster.... The rooster....

The rooster was out in the middle of the empty hen lot. He was all alone, laying on his back, his head over sideways, and his tongue hanging out. His wings were spread out flat on

the ground beside him. His little feet were pathetically curled above him. Overhead, the buzzards were circling, circling, circling, lower and lower.

Aghast, the farmer threw open the gate to the hen lot and ran toward the rooster, screaming, "I told you! I warned you! I told you to take it easy, to take a break! I warned you that you'd kill yourself! Why wouldn't you listen? Now look what you've done!"

The farmer ran up to the rooster and fell to his knees beside it, leaning over it, hoping for some small sign of life.

The rooster opened one eye, pointed one of its wingtips up, toward the circling buzzards, and said, "Shhh!"

The rooster was specially trained.

Moral: There isn't one. It's just a funny story. ∞

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sam,

Thank you, for your Sambeams illuminated through the Frontiersman, as they shine upon the hypocrisy.

Sam, in December I sent two (2) books of stamps with a post-it note "Tis the season." Not looking for recognition, but assurance you received the stamps, I haven't noted "Acknowledgments."

I'm concerned they may have been lost in the mail, or worse. I'm thinking that the small envelopes you enclose may be more vulnerable to being lost in the postal system, ergo in the future I'll use larger envelopes.

Sam I'm sorry to read about your illness and the indifference you're facing. An ironic thought: The California Legislative Analyst Office reports; California spends \$229,000.00 a year for each elderly prisoner in their chains, numbered in the thousands of souls. Yet, Big Brother can't find a dollar for you!

Enclosed are another two books of stamps, in hopes they'll find their way to your efforts. I remain in admiration and,

Sincerely yours, —R. O., a prisoner

I received the stamps. I don't know why I failed to mention you in the Acknowledgments paragraph. I apologize. Regarding the little return envelopes, I'm not aware of one ever being lost.

I could get medical treatment if I would first submit to the jurisdiction of the police state. Therein is my objection. The government is obstructing our access to the necessities of life as a way to control us. The only way to get the things that we need is to first submit to the jurisdiction of the police state. Government ID is

a tool of a police state. Its requirement as a prerequisite to medical treatment converts medical treatment into a tool of the police state.

The writers of that famous declaration claimed that we have rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" but, if we have to qualify first, or ask for permission, or pay a fee, then they're not rights. They're privileges. In the miniseries Amerika, the last president of the United States said, "Totalitarianism doesn't need armies. It only needs to control a couple of things. The media, and the ability to dispense privilege to some and to withhold it from others..." Rights are converted into privileges as a way to keep us under control. —editor

Hey Sam,

Here is some questions and thoughts for your readers to consider. Will scientists ever be able to build a machine that is better than a cow at converting grasses, grains, and water into healthy milk and cheeses? Also if our sun has been burning non-stop for millions of years, then why hasn't our Sun ever gotten any smaller over the years? Because if science is to be believed, as the Sun depletes its oxygen and its fuel source, then it would be getting smaller and smaller, everyone knows that all fire requires oxygen to burn, and if there is oxygen on the Sun, then their must be life on the Sun, but where does our Sun get all of its oxygen and fuel supply to burn continuous non-stop for millions of years without it depleting its supply?

My personal theory is that our Sun is actually the eye and heart of an alien god, who pulsates its heat and love energy down upon the Earth to warm up our environment to provide us with light, creating a perfect heaven on Earth. →

But if the rumors are true, that our American government has actually recovered the crashed remains of alien flying saucers, then why haven't our scientists reversed engineered them yet? Why are we still using old rockets and space shuttles?

Your friend, —Howie in the Max

I believe that it's possible to make an artificial milk source. Maybe it isn't a good idea, but I believe that it's possible. Probably the best way to do it, instead of building the thing, would be to grow it.

Although the Sun does contain some carbon and oxygen, it doesn't burn carbon fuel in the presence of oxygen, like a camp fire for example. The heat that's generated in the Sun results (presumably) from the fusion of hydrogen into helium. That process doesn't require oxygen.

*As I suggested in [Born to Rave](#), available in *Pharos*, the officially acknowledged space programs might be nothing more than camouflage for a real space program, one that uses much more exotic and sophisticated technology.*

—editor

Dear Sam

... You mentioned in the Feb 2020 *Frontiersman* [[Editorial Reply, page 3](#)], if my speculations were correct, perhaps Ukraine had an "unnamed agency" too. I don't see why not.

Actually it makes more sense there. Like the movie "Hotel", where the rich go to compounds and pay so they can kill poor, unaccounted for people in a controlled environment.

Other countries that are smaller, often don't have the "accountability" that we have. And small countries that aren't as openly democratic, keep quiet because they don't want to be on their authorities "radar". So, picture the Ukraine, being a "safari" spot for rich hunters, having a compound where foreigners are brought (American, English, French) and are hunted. Burn any remains. It's as plausible an excuse for the tens of thousands of people who become missing as any. I have no idea how many people in America alone come up missing and leave behind no trace, never to be heard from again.

But I agree with you, the U.S. and the Soviet union, very similar. The way our government treats us? I view it as the same way aliens would treat us if they traveled across the universe. They (aliens) would be comparable to Columbus, and "we're" the Indians. Our government is still in a "conquer" mentality, and we're the enemy.

I know I sound dire, but it's true. The government's goal, to kill our "individual" self and

program good little Stepford wives. I just can't imagine "this" is what our founders imagined that "democracy" would turn out like.

I can see why you buck against the system. Maybe you don't get to "ride the ride" because you won't sit in your assigned seat with your seat belt on. But at least you get to die as a truly "free" man, with your boots on.

I shall close, your well being is never far from my thoughts and prayers.

Sincerely, —S. H., a prisoner

I don't believe that there's any more accountability in the United States than there is in any other country, only the appearance of more accountability.

—editor

Dear Sam, Greetings

As usual, a great newsletter....

... One of my desires, when I am released, is to get a "Medical Center for sovereigns" built. (No gov't ID's or forms required!) Staffed with people who'd like to live in "Galt's Gulch"!!! Maybe there is one & I'm just out of the loop?

—E. E., a prisoner

I'm not aware of any such facility. I expect that your most serious challenge will be to avoid the authorities. They're likely to raid the place, confiscate everything there, and arrest everybody present. I don't know how you'll handle the situation but, whatever strategy you devise, I hope that you succeed.

—editor

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- If you do good for acclaim or reward, then you're doing good for the wrong reason.
- It isn't true that every cloud has a silver lining. It is true that every silver lining has a cloud.
- It's in the nature of a dog to have a master. It's in the nature of a wolf to not.

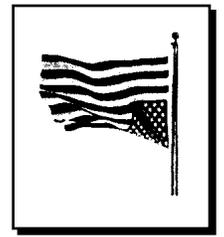
Memorial Service

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Marilyn, of Bingham County, Idaho.

While walking along the sidewalk behind his church, a minister heard the intoning of a prayer. Apparently, his 5-year-old son and the son's playmates had found a dead robin. Feeling that a proper burial should be performed, they'd secured a small box and some cotton batting. They dug a hole and made ready for the disposal of the deceased.

The minister's son was chosen to say the appropriate prayers and, with sonorous dignity, he intoned his version of what he thought his father always said:

"Glory be unto the Father, and unto the Son, and into the hole he goes." ∞



Nation in Distress

Whenever and wherever men have engaged in the mindless slaughter of animals (including other men), they have often attempted to justify their acts by attributing the most vicious or revolting qualities to those they would destroy; and the less reason there is for the slaughter, the greater the campaign of vilification.

—from *Never Cry Wolf*, 1963
by Farley Mowat



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: El Dorado Bob; Betty; Carl, of Gramling, South Carolina; Eric of Ione, California; and Robert, of Stockton, California.

—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/>

Clues That You Might be a Hillbilly

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- You hammer bottle caps into the frame of your front door to make it look nice.
- You consider a six-pack and a bug-zapper to be high-quality entertainment.
- There's a wasp hive in your living room. ∞

Frontiersman

Availability — Assuming the availability of sufficient funds, subscriptions to this newsletter in print, copies of past issues in print, and copies of the website on CDs are available upon request. Funding for this newsletter is from sources over which I don't have any control, so it might become necessary for me to terminate these offers or to cancel one or more subscriptions at any time, without notice. All past issues are presently available for free download at the internet address shown below. Contributions are welcome.

Cancellations — If you don't want to keep receiving printed copies of this newsletter, then return your copy unopened. When I receive it, I'll terminate your subscription.

Reprint Policy — Permission is hereby given to reproduce this newsletter in its entirety or to reproduce material from it, provided that the reproduction is accurate and that proper credit is given. I do not have the author-

What She Says and What She Means

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- Yes means no.
- No means yes.
- Maybe means no.
- I'm sorry means you'll be sorry.
- We need means I want.
- It's your decision means my opinion should be obvious by now. ∞

Signs of Getting Older

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- In a hostage situation, you're likely to be released first.
- You begin every other sentence with, "Nowadays...."
- Your childhood toys are now in museums.
- The car that you bought brand new is an antique. ∞

ity to give permission to reprint material that I have reprinted from other sources. For that permission, you must apply to the original source. I would appreciate receiving a courtesy copy of any document or publication in which you reprint my material.

Submissions — I consider letters, articles, and cartoons for the newsletter, but I don't pay for them. Short items are more likely to be printed. I suggest that letters and articles be shorter than 500 words but that's flexible depending on space available and the content of the piece.

Payment — This newsletter isn't for sale. If you want to make a voluntary contribution, then I prefer cash or U.S. postage stamps. For checks or money orders, please inquire. You can use editor@frontiersman.org.uk for PayPal payments. In case anybody's curious, I also accept gold, silver, platinum, etc. I don't accept anything that requires me to provide ID to receive it.

—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor