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Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

December 2005

Prayer Pushers

Sam Aurelius Milam III

People keep complaining about the lack of formalized prayers in the government schools. Of course, I don't see any school teachers lamenting the lack of algebra classes in church. School is school and church is church. You do things like algebra and biology in school. You do things like prayer and gnashing your teeth in church.

I don't see why the prayer pushers have any legitimate reason to complain about the lack of prayer in the government schools. Of course, they have an illegitimate reason for doing it. Attendance at church is voluntary. Attendance in the government schools is mandatory. Thus, the government schools provide a captive audience for proselytizing.

Actually, the prayer pushers are a good example of people who call themselves Christians but who don't behave according to Christian doctrine. If they knew anything about the teachings of the Nazarene, then they wouldn't be so compulsive about public demonstrations of their alleged piety.

Letters to the Editor

I recently sent to an inmate, at his request, several back issues of the Frontiersman. He sent the following reply.

—editor

Frontiersman

I just received the first edition of your news letter but it got interceped by the post office and I was sent a memorandum saying — Frontiersman Jan 05 - Oct 05 anti-government content so if you would start sending my issues to [omitted] But I would like to continue to receive your news letter.

Thank you. —an inmate

Sam,

Keep up the good work. —The Outcast

Beware of practicing your piety before men in order to be seen by them; for then you will have no reward from your Father who is in heaven.

—Matthew 6:1

Revised Standard Version

They don't want to pray. If that's what they wanted to do then they'd sit quietly and do it. God would hear them. What they want is to force the schools to sponsor sanctioned prayers, thereby giving the appearance of endorsement. They want to put the sanctioned prayers on public display, where people who aren't interested in them will be exposed to them anyway. That isn't prayer. It's religious theatre.

The prayer pushers aren't followers of the Nazarene, although he did mention them in his teachings.

And when you pray, you must not be like the hypocrites; for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and at the street corners, that they may be seen by men. Truly, I say to you, they have their reward. But, when you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret; and your Father who sees in secret will reward you.

—Matthew 6:5-6

Revised Standard Version

This message was in response to my contemplation of discontinuing the Frontiersman, which I mentioned in the Letters to the Editor section last month.

—editor

I'm glad you've decided to keep going.

—Sir Donald the Elusive

Dear Sam

... Hope the exploits of the Dirty Trickster continue & the Patriot Act II bypasses you...

—an inmate

Government is a good example of man's inhumanity to man. Religion is another.

—Saturday, January 6, 1979

Milam's Notes

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Controlled Substance

Fiction by Sam Aurelius Milam III

I scouted around town and found an apartment complex that was arranged like I wanted. I rented two apartments, under different names of course. You had to go outside of one and all the way around the building to get to the other but their bathrooms were across the same wall. I cut a hole in the wall and covered it with big mirrors in both bathrooms. I glued hinges and friction catches on the backs of the mirrors. I glued the little plastic mirror holders to the mirrors with screw heads glued into the holders. It looked just like the mirrors was hooked to the wall with mirror holders but I could open the mirrors, go through the wall from one apartment to the other, an' pull the mirrors closed behind me. Nobody'd ever notice.


I installed hidden video cameras all over the front apartment. You'd be surprised how small them things can be nowadays. I had enough to cover the whole place from ever angle. By the time I was done with new sheet rock an' paint, nobody'd ever know they was there. I wired hidden video connections to a bunch of recorders in the back apartment. By the time I was done, I could turn the whole shebang on from switches in either apartment. It was all on "lock-relay" kinds of circuits so once it was turned on in either apartment you couldn't turn it off again except at the back apartment, where the recorders was. Everything was on standby power, so I knew it'd work. I tested it once in a while to make sure it was all OK. I kept the rent an' utilities paid ahead on both apartments, just in case. I loaded the back apartment with lots of blank tapes, padded mailing envelopes, and stamps, for later. I made real sure they wasn't nothin' illegal in the front apartment. I kept my Hummer fueled and loaded with everything I'd need for when I left town.

When everything was ready, I started goin' around town an' buyin' Sudafed. Yeah, I'd picked a town with one of them stupid Sudafed laws. That was the whole point. I bought either all the Sudafed in the store or all they'd sell me, whichever was the most. They was suspicious but I always had some dandy excuse why I

needed so much, like, "I use 'em for sprinkles on birthday cakes" or "I eat 'em with milk for breakfast," with a big silly grin.

By the time them drug thugs came after me, I had a big pile of Sudafed in the front apartment. Naturally, I saw 'em comin', flipped the nearest switch, and ducked through my mirrors. When they came bustin' through the door, kickin' and yelling an' wavin' their guns around, I was watchin' 'em on a video monitor from the back apartment. The cameras an' recorders worked fine. Them thugs'd been so sure I had a meth lab that they hadn't even bothered to bring anything to plant on me. The head thug had to send a couple of 'em back to get some-thin'. He grinned real big an' told 'em as long as they was goin' anyway to take all them hundreds of Sudafeds. He sure was happy to get 'em so I expect them drug thugs got a meth lab runnin' somewhere. They took the Sudafed an' after about 45 minutes they came back and handed him a plastic bag with some white stuff in it. Then they "found" it in the medicine cabinet, right beside the big mirror, which they never even looked at twice.

I spent most of the day makin' copies of them tapes and packin' 'em into padded envelopes. My favorite part was where the head drug thug grinned an' told 'em to take them Sudafeds. It came out real good, from two different angles complete with audio. When I was done I sent out for a pizza an' then went to bed. The next mornin', I went to the post office an' mailed one set of tapes. I had a long trip ahead of me an' I planned on mailin' a set at ever post office along the way. They was goin' to lotsa folks, news people, civil rights nuts, liberals of all kinds, I'd done a lot of homework. The last three sets was goin' to the DA, the judge, and my lawyer. Naturally, they'd issued a phoney warrant for my arrest but my lawyer could handle that, supposin' that the DA even wanted to push the matter, which I doubt he will after he sees them tapes.

As I drove past the city limit sign and onto the highway out of town I patted them envelopes, eased carefully up to the legal speed limit, and laughed for pure joy. Yaaaahoooo! The Dirty Trickster riiiiides again! 

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The Hand Basket to Hell

Sam Aurelius Milam III

I've been trying to restore liberty on this continent for more than 30 years. I've tried a lot of different strategies that didn't work. At some point along the way, I decided that government was, more than anything else, a consequence of people's ignorance. After that, I started trying to educate people. I wrote essays, a newsletter, a website, and so forth. One of my assumptions was that people had just made the wrong assumptions. I believed that if I could get them to examine those assumptions, then at least some of them would recognize the errors. Once they had corrected their assumptions, then the correction of their incorrect conclusions and false beliefs would necessarily follow. I was wrong.

I've been going through a years-long period of frustration because of my inability to have any effect at all on people's beliefs or on the course of events in this country. I couldn't get people to examine their assumptions. That was a clue to a grim possibility. That possibility recently floated to the surface of my mind while I was working on a completely different project. My mind works that way.

The situation might be far worse than I had previously believed. It might be that people don't have any assumptions. Their beliefs might not be based on anything at all. Maybe they've mindlessly accepted whatever they've been told by the government schools, the government media, or the mindless reformers. Maybe they haven't examined it or questioned it. Maybe they haven't compared it to their assumptions because they haven't **made** any assumptions. I can challenge an assumption. If there isn't an assumption behind a belief, then there's absolutely nothing that I can do. If the false belief isn't based on anything, if it's just blindly and mindlessly accepted, then that isn't ignorance. It's stupidity. I can't credibly challenge something like that. Education can correct ignorance. It can't correct stupidity.

My father told me that people were just too damned stupid to even bother with them. For years, I've resisted the temptation to come to the same conclusion but it's been getting more

difficult. For all of those years, the behavior of people has tended to support Poppa's pessimism. You poke them on one side, they move one direction. You poke them on the other side, they move the other direction. They never even think to grab at the stick. During all of those years of trying different strategies, whenever I tried something that didn't work I quit trying that and tried something else instead. Now, what I'm doing isn't working. I've tried for several years to think of another strategy to try next. I can't think of anything. Nothing. Things in this country, in this world, are deteriorating at a frightening rate. I can't change it. I can't stop what's happening.

Suddenly the other day I had an idea. Maybe that's what to do next. Nothing. When I couldn't think of anything to do next, maybe my mind was giving me the answer. My mind works that way. Maybe my next strategy ought to be exactly that. Nothing. Maybe I should stop trying to help the people in this country, on this continent. Maybe Poppa was right. Maybe they're too damned stupid to be helped. Maybe the best thing that I can do is to get out to the way, let them all go to Hell in a hand basket, and stay out of the basket. Maybe it's time to let the nitwits who're ruining the world reap the results of their own stupidity and just look out for myself. Maybe. It's an idea.

In fact, I might already be on that path but hadn't realized it. I'm living now in the most beautiful place that I've ever lived in my entire life. In almost every particular, it's the ideal that I've sought since I was a child. My health has improved since I came here. My chances of surviving the fall of America are probably better here than anywhere else that I've ever lived, or could live. Upon reflection, it appears that I'm well on my way to being out of the basket. The only thing that I lack is a cash flow.

Every year about October, I start wondering if I want to discontinue this newsletter. This year, I almost did it. You all have a year (or less, depending....) to convince me that I'm doing some good or that I'm wasting my time on a worthless dumpster stuffer. Either way, I'm getting the hell out of the basket. See ya! 🐦

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Nation in Distress

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Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: Sir James the Bold, SantaClara Bob, Lady Jan the Voluptuous, and CVG, of Jerome, Arizona. —editor

Buck Hunter Shoots Off His Mouth

Dear Buck

I took my weed eater to a different place this time and I think they're crooks. They charged me \$10 to sharpen the string. Did you ever hear of such nonsense? —Mad As a Wet Hen

Dear Mad As a Wet Hen

Danged right! Where I take mine, they only charge me \$5 to sharpen the string.

Headlines for 2029

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

- Postal Service raises price of first class stamp to \$17.89 and reduces mail delivery to Wednesdays only.
- Eighty-five-year, \$75.8 billion study conclusively proves that diet and exercise are the keys to weight loss.
- Average weight of Americans drops to 250 lbs.
- Japanese scientists have created a camera with such a fast shutter speed that they now can photograph a woman with her mouth shut.

(I didn't write it. I just sent it. —Don G.) ∞

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