



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.

September 2014

Miss Me With All That

Sticky, of San Diego, California

A while back, my neighbor [name withheld] paroled after serving close to six years. He was still in his 20's, full of energy and anxious to return to college. I don't remember his exact charge, but I know he was broke off way too much time for a bullshit, slap on the wrist offence. I already miss his humor & happy-go-lucky attitude toward life, even though he was a victim of the system. I hope I don't see him again, at least while I am here.

Two days passed and a replacement was assigned to that cell. This new guy is everything the youngster was not. I have spoken to the new guy several times, mostly as we are walking to the dining facility for a meal. He is a 100%, full on, in your face, Bible-banging, religious NUT! If you don't read the Bible 24/7 and believe in his version of God, surely you will rot in Hell and burn for all eternity. Now, each time I see him, I am looking for an escape route. Just thinking about the man on the other side of the eight inches of concrete that separates us brings on a funny memory from my past.

I was just about [name withheld] age. It was my first (real) apartment, rented by me, just for me. My brother lived in the unit above in a neighborhood called Normal Heights and the religious solicitors were anything but that. After I lived there about three months, I started getting bimonthly visits from the same two solicitors. The denomination was those who ride bicycles everywhere. It didn't matter if it was 100° outside, these two would appear, suited up, knocking at the door, wanting to read me something from their book. I tried asking them not to return, complaining to their church, slamming my door and being rude, but nothing worked. One Saturday I was getting out of the shower and heard the doorbell. Just like

clockwork. Who else could it be?

I answered the door, water dripping, naked and, amazingly, they stuck around to read the slated book selection for that visit, both holding non-wavering eye contact. The one on my right, very briefly, looked south. When his eyes returned to mine I simply smiled and winked at him, never expressing a word. I still wonder if he ever revealed that little detail to his partner. Every other week they returned to Normal Heights but they never again came knocking at my door. My brother never had the co-jones to answer the door in his birthday suit. But, for me, mission accomplished!

I suppose I should be happy I don't have some muumuu wearing, dancing, bald headed, tambourine playing, airport nuisance living next door. Worse still, would be the Voodoo witch doctor drinkin' blood, as he does some chicken dance, while sacrificing pigeons. Outside my window, I see the religious group that gathers on a daily basis. One of the preachers gets quite animated, fervently shouting while beads of sweat form on his forehead and spittle erupts from his mouth. Now and again he pointedly jabs his finger at the ground as he hops and stamps his feet to make his point. Whew! My skin tingles and my neck hair raises just thinking about it, but it's a good show.

What I don't understand is why people feel the need to get right up in someone's personal space and force their particular brand of religion. I believe in my version of God. He makes sense to me. He works for me. Why do they think their God is superior to my God? This is not some third-world monarchy where some government dictates what I must believe. I believe in Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior, but don't think I should be required to attend a weekly Mass of a certain denomination, just to prove my faith. He knows and I know. To me, that is all that matters. ∞

Letters to the Editor

Greetings Sam,

I received your snail mail letter today. I am always encouraged by those who speak out for independence and especially those like yourself who act on their convictions. Well done. You have my heartfelt gratitude and respect.

Your comment that government cannot be fixed nor defeated [part of my letter to him] is most timely. Our local county board of supervisors recently voted 4-1 to endorse a state takeover of one of our rivers by declaring it “wild and scenic” and stating their authority under the state constitution. So long as the stupid element has a simple shit majority, we all loose. For freedom and independence,

—Bob Link

I'm very much in favor of preserving scenic beauty but there must be better ways of doing it than by increasing the authority of government. It's been a long time since I came across this next information and maybe things have changed since then but, in the past, the Nature Conservancy used to buy land and then preserve it. Maybe they still do that. I don't know.

I'm not familiar with your situation so I can only speculate. Anyway, here goes. In general, the protection of a river requires a lot more than just acquiring control of the river. A river is a consequence of its entire watershed. If I was go-

ing to protect a river, then I wouldn't start with the river. I'd start by acquiring as much of the watershed as possible and, preferably, those parts of the watershed that seemed most likely to damage the river. If your county agency didn't take that approach then there might be several reasons. One possible reason is that the people who're making the policy decisions don't know much about ecology. Or, maybe there's some reason other than its protection why they want to have control of the river. Think like a conspiracy theorist. It won't hurt and it might help.

—editor

Dear Sam —

Thanks for your work for liberty.

—Sir Donald the Elusive

Hello Sam:

... I am, currently, going through the trials and tribulations of breaking in a new cellie, brand new and fresh to the system. He is just starting out a 14-year sentence, and I feel for him. I remember what it was like. The last one is in the hole, right now. He had 10 months left and was busted at the work-change gate with tools manufactured in his class/job. Why he decided to fool with the system having less than a year to go, I have no clue.

So, Sam, I hope you are well and in the best of spirits. Stay happy!

—a prisoner

Stray Thoughts

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- The TV commercials contain as much useful information as the TV news does, they don't contain any more lies than the news does, and they're usually more entertaining.
- When you consider all of the things that small animals with small brains can do, and then consider our own behavior, there's a temptation to wonder if maybe our huge brains might be a waste of protoplasm.
- When you take a case into court, whether you win the case or lose the case, you still lose your liberty by becoming subject to the jurisdiction of the court.
- The human species has survived one crisis after another not because of intelligence or technology but by the simple, animal tactic of reproducing faster than the death rate.
- Pay cash and try not to look at the security cameras.
- Truth is found more often in fiction than in journalism. ☞

Medical Conference

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Jonathan, of San Jose, California

Some doctors attending an international medical conference were having drinks in a bar one evening.

An Israeli doctor said “In Israel, medicine is so advanced that we can perform a testicle transplant and in 6 weeks the patient is looking for work.”

A German doctor said, “That's nothing. In Germany we can take part of a man's brain, put it into another man, and in 4 weeks the man is looking for work.”

A Russian doctor said, “Gentlemen, we can take half of a heart from a man, put it into another man's chest, and in 2 weeks the man is looking for work.”

An American doctor laughed and said, “We're way ahead of you. Back in 2009, we took a man with no brains, no heart, and no balls, made him President, and now, everybody in the country is looking for work.” ∞

The Most Famous Man in the World

An old joke, as retold by Sam Aurelius Milam III
The slogans are based on the Dos Equis TV commercials.

His address book would look like an encyclopedia. If each of his friends gave him a dollar, then he'd be more wealthy than most nations. He gets more votes than the front runner, even when his name isn't on the ballot.

He's the most famous man in the world.

I've known John Smith for years. I don't even remember when I met him. Seems like I've known him all my life. I don't see him very often but I happened to run into him in a club one evening. We sat and talked for a while and I noticed that everybody who came by our table knew him.

"You sure do know a lot of people, John!"

"I know everybody in the world." was his reply.

"Crap!"

"No, I really do. I know everybody in the world."

I suppose it was the beer talking, but I told him to prove it.

He said, "I know the President."

I asked, "Of what?"

"Of the United States!" he answered.

I made a rude sound.

So, we walked out to the street and flagged a taxi. Turned out, the taxi driver knew John. Hadn't seen him for years, but knew him. When we got to the airport, he refused to accept payment. Damned unusual for a taxi driver. He said, "For ol' times!"

John smirked. The taxi driver leered.

So, John and I went into the airport. No problem at security. The guards all knew him. "Hell, John, we wouldn't think of searching you! Just go on through." They were going to search me but John vouched for me so they let me through without a search.

John had called ahead and his airplane was ready so we climbed aboard. I slept during the flight. When we got to D.C., we checked into a hotel, showered, shaved, and then went out to buy some new clothes. John had to argue to get his old friend at the clothing store to accept payment. We got a taxi to the White House with an old friend of John's. When we got there, the guards stopped the taxi but when they saw that it was John inside, they got big smiles and waved us through. The President was in the Situation Room but the people in

charge knew John so we went right in. The President recognized John so he ended the meeting early and cancelled his next one. John and the President got reacquainted. It'd been a long time since they'd seen each other.

When we were ready to leave, John asked the President's Chief-of-Staff to call a taxi for us but the President wouldn't hear of it.

"Hell no, John! I'll get you the presidential limo!"

On the way back to the hotel, John chatted with the two security guards that the President had provided. They were both old friends of his.

I was getting pretty impressed but I said that I still didn't see how it was possible for one man to know everybody in the world. One of the security guards commented, "Hey, John! Take him to see the Pope!"

"The Pope?" I exclaimed. "Ain't no way you know the Pope!"

John thought maybe that would convince me.

It was a longer flight that time but John's airplane is well equipped and well stocked. I slept in one of the private compartments, dined in luxury, and enjoyed the flight.

In Rome, we got a ride to the Vatican with an old friend of John's. When we walked up to the place, there was a huge crowd. Some of John's friends told us that the Pope was expected to make an appearance in a few minutes. We started pushing through the crowd but everybody wanted to talk to John. Most of 'em hadn't seen him for years. In the crush, we got separated. I couldn't keep up with him because of people crowding around him. They made way for John but not for me.

Eventually, I got near to the balcony but, by then, John was already inside. Shortly after that, John and some people in fancy duds walked out onto the balcony. People cheered but I didn't know what the Pope looked like so I thought that maybe it was somebody else. I leaned over and asked the man beside me if that was really the Pope.

The man looked at me and said, with a laugh, "I don't know if that's the Pope but I can tell you one thing for sure. That man standing there beside him is my old friend John Smith! Haven't seen him for years!"

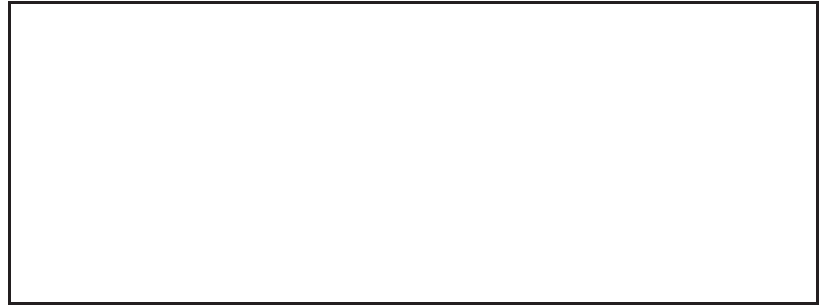
I don't always drink beer but, when I do, I prefer Tres Equis. Stay thirsty, my friends!

—John Smith



Nation in Distress

It takes considerable knowledge just to realize the extent of your own ignorance.
—Thomas Sowell



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; my mother; Dewey and Betty; and Sir Donald the Elusive. —editor

Wanted

Sam Aurelius Milam III

- I need to find a student that I can train to continue my work after I'm no longer willing and able to do it.
- I need to find somebody who can repair VCRs.

I'd appreciate receiving contact information for either item. ↴

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Posers

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Sir Donald the Elusive.

- Why do doctors call what they do 'practice'?
- Why don't we ever see the headline "Psychic Wins Lottery"? ∞

When You Least Expect It

These statements are presumably from a collection of actual analogies and metaphors found in high school essays. I don't know the original source. These were forwarded by Sir Donald the Elusive.

- Even in his last years, Granddad had a mind like a steel trap, only one that had been left out so long it had rusted shut.
- He was as lame as a duck. Not the metaphorical lame duck, either, but a real duck that was actually lame, maybe from stepping on a land mine or something.
- The plan was simple, like my brother-in-law Phil. But unlike Phil, this plan just might work. ∞

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—Sam Aurelius Milam III, editor