



Frontiersman

Facing the truth, however great the cost.
July 2015

Crash Site Recognition

TAME Flight 120

January 28, 2002

Sam Aurelius Milam III

This is another of the short articles in which I'm showing pictures of crash sites. I intend for the articles — and the pictures — to clarify the difference between what is

and what isn't a crash site. It's important for people to be able to recognize the difference, especially when the government declares, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, that certain damage was caused by a plane crash. So, in the pictures, notice the amount, the size, and the visibility of the wreckage. Learn to recognize for yourself what is, and what isn't, a crash site. Learn to not be deceived by government lies and propaganda. ♪

Crash Statistics and Description

Date:	28 January 2002
Airline:	TAME
Flight No.:	120
Aircraft:	Boeing 727-134
Location:	Cumbal Volcano, Colombia
Fatalities:	92:92

—from AirDisaster.Com

TAME flight 120 departed Quito at 10:03am on the first leg of its scheduled Quito-Tulcán-Cali (Colombia) flight. Radio contact with the aircraft was lost at 10:23am as it approached Tulcán. The aircraft crashed near the Colombian city of Ipiales, approximately 20 miles north of Tulcán, in a crater near the top of the 15,626ft Cumbal Volcano. The wreckage of the aircraft was found by aerial search some 24 hours after the initial disappearance of the plane. The weather in the heavily mountainous region was reported to be foggy around the time of the accident.

—from AirDisaster.Com



—TAME Flight 120
from AirDisaster.Com



—TAME Flight 120
from AirDisaster.Com

Letters to the Editor

... thank you for printing [my view](#) on the Miss Cast article in response to your Feb 2015 newsletter. And thank you for your further explanation on this subject. And I understand your point of view and agree with you to a certain extent. I am not a fan of “political correctness”. I've always been a rebel and a nonconformist. But I'd like to say this one thing.

Most black people's ancestors did not come to this land and culture willingly. And this country has become a melting pot of culture, and cross cultures, and races. So many, most black children, Spanish, Asian American children are raised with the same bedtime stories and fairy tales as white American children. Much of this has been programmed into black American culture by living in this country whose fami- →

lies would not be in this country if it were not for slavery.

Roots is a different subject altogether. White mothers and fathers do not tell white children Roots at bed time. It would be totally out of place for a black woman to play Ann Frank in a WWII movie about the Jewish struggles against the Nazis. But I still think Cinderella, and stories such as Snow White are cross cultural because they are for children....

And for the record I hated when they used Cedric the Entertainer in the remake of the Honeymooners! Now that was a real miscast in my book!!!

Your brother in struggle.

—Ramon D. Hontiveros P-34034
CSP/SAC B3 SHU-105
P.O. Box 290066
Represa, California 95671

Okay, forget Roots. Pick any black story that you want, fact, fiction, or convertible. Imagine using white actors. I expect that the black critics would object. My point isn't which story is being told, or its origins. My point is the attitude of the black critics. They seem to like black people as white characters but not white people as black characters. It seems hypocritical to me, maybe even racist. —editor

Dear Mr Milan;

Thank you, for bringing the truth forward and pulling back the curtain people don't want to look behind....

To your May 2015 [dialogue with Bob Link](#), you're spot on with your reply "Maybe the prisons are destroying the brainwashing and creating a group of people who can recognize a police state when they see one." AMEN!! To any person that wishes to "objectively" expound on the prison system, they need a firm understanding of Potemkin Villages and Barmecide Feasts ..., there are curtains that must be looked behind....

Thank you for providing a means for the silenced to be heard. I remain,

In sincere appreciation —Robert H. Outman
Prisoner P-79939

Greetings Sam:

... Interesting pieces you've been putting into the Frontiersman's, lately. Lots of crash sites....

I hope you are well, my friend. I still enjoy the letter you put out. Keep up the good work.

Best regards, —Sticky, of San Diego

I still strongly protest your article [[Lay Their Burden Down](#), June, page 3] you sent me. but I agree: "[creepy and slimy to me....](#)" someone wrote to you [June, page 2]. Oh an that thing about abused not leaving abusers.: They fear *their abusers* will become more violent — perhaps fatal — stalking them if they *leave*.

Believing Abuse is Normal

Distrust of Police

Nowhere to Go:

Pregnancy/Parenting

One of the hallmarks of an abusive relationship is an abuser gradually isolating the victim from her support network, including friends and family. Since it happens over time, often victims of domestic violence don't even realize what's happening until it's too late. They may be scared of reaching out to their former support network, or they may feel there's no one they can trust. A woman may fear her partner's actions if she leaves.

My partner said he will hunt me down and kill me. My partner will kidnap the children and disappear. My partner will take my passport and immigration papers. My partner will spread horrible rumors about me. She will "out" me at work or to my family. My partner will have me deported or report me to the INS. My partner will stop the processing of my Green Card. —Ptosis

My article was about so-called molestation involving adolescents. Your comments mostly address domestic abuse, which is a completely different topic. Anyway, I'll reply to your comments.

Your concerns about domestic abuse appear to have been unduly influenced by the stuff that's shown on the television. I've seen, on the TV, such situations as you suggested, stories of protracted campaigns by ruthless, calculating men seeking revenge against or domination of helpless, terrified women. Such dramatic situations make exciting fare on the TV, but I haven't heard those sorts of things in the stories that women have told to me. Probably, such things really do happen in real life but it seems likely to me that their alleged frequency of occurrence has been exaggerated by feminists with an agenda, by movie promoters in search of sponsors, and by TV news agencies hoping to boost their ratings. As an aside, and addressing the credibility of TV news agencies, recall that, according to them, mothers rescue their chil- →

dren and fathers abduct their children. Given that, how credible can they be? Anyway, getting back to the point, I doubt that many men have the perseverance, the resources, or even the motivation to carry out such complex and devious schemes as you mentioned. The few men who do fit that profile have probably already been recruited by the CIA. I expect that the “thank God and Greyhound she’s gone” mentality is

probably more prevalent within the male population. A beer down at Louie’s is more likely behavior than a long-drawn-out scheme.

I’ve known a few women who stayed in abusive relationships longer than seemed necessary. In the situations with which I’m familiar, when the woman left, the abuse ended, regardless of which one of them was causing it. —editor

Theocosm

Sam Aurelius Milam III

But do not ignore this one fact, beloved, that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

—2 Peter 3:8, *Holy Bible*
Revised Standard Version

another trinity microcosm — a small reality macrocosm — a large reality theocosm — God’s reality

Would anybody expect the bacteria in a petri dish to understand the lab technician, or even to be aware of him? Probably not. I don’t know if the gap between us and God is comparable to the gap between bacteria and lab technicians, but I can speculate.

I suppose that standard procedure in the Heavenly laboratory would be for God to keep the petri dish covered most of the time, to prevent us from escaping. So long as we’re securely covered, we can be controlled. If we began to get too numerous or to do things that God didn’t like, then he could easily correct the situation by the judicious application of some antibiotics: a flood here, an ice age there, a meteor or two, and the culture (nice double meaning) would be back under control.

We know that God gets tired (Genesis 2:2), so after a hard several thousand or so years of peering through his Heavenly microscope, God would probably call it a day. He’d make sure that the petri dish was covered, shove it to the back of the laboratory table, turn off the lights, and go home. That would give us several thousand years with nobody staring over our shoulders

and smiting us all of the time. Left to ourselves, we might accomplish a lot in a few thousand unsupervised years. We might escape from the petri dish. We might even escape from the lab table. Once they’re loose, bacteria can get around with surprising facility. In such a case, we’d do well to keep a low profile. There might be a Heavenly cleaning lady who comes in during the night.

We’d also be well advised to scatter far and wide, to get as far from that petri dish as possible. We’d need to make a clean getaway and to do it before God came back, sterilized the petri dish, and sprayed the Heavenly lab table with Heavenly Lysol disinfectant.

Here’s an even more intriguing speculation. Maybe it’s already been done. Maybe our ancestors were some of the ones who escaped. Maybe we’re living behind the cover plate, in a light switch on the wall of the Heavenly laboratory. Maybe God doesn’t even know that we’re here. We should try to keep quiet. There might be another can of Heavenly Lysol disinfectant sitting somewhere nearby, as God measures distance. ¶

An Old Blind Man Walked Into a Bar

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Sir Donald the Elusive.

An old, blind man wandered into an all-girl biker bar by mistake. He found his way to a bar stool and ordered a beer. After sitting there for a while, he yelled to the bartender, “Hey, you wanna hear a blonde joke?”

The bar immediately fell absolutely silent. The woman next to the old man said, “Before you tell that joke, old man, I think it’s only fair, considering that you’re blind, that you should

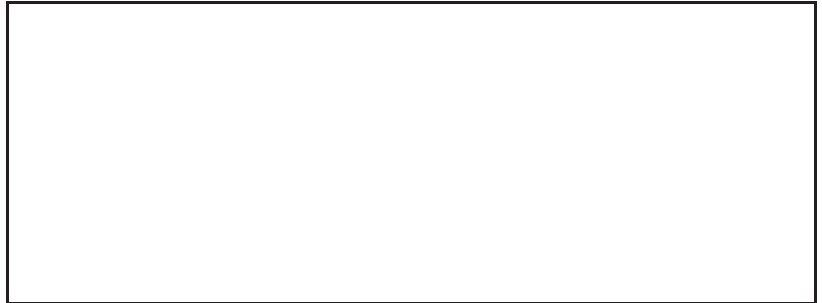
know five things. The bartender is a blonde girl with a baseball bat. The bouncer is a blonde girl. I’m a 6-foot tall, 175-pound blonde woman with a black-belt in karate. The woman sitting next to me is blonde and a professional weightlifter. The lady to your right is blonde and a professional wrestler. Now, think about it seriously, mister. Do you still wanna tell that joke?”

The blind man thought for a second, shook his head, and said, “Not if I’m gonna have to explain it five times.” ∞



Nation in Distress

Terrorism is encouraged by governments. When the results don't meet expectations, then terrorism is manufactured by governments. Either way, governments depend on terrorism to keep the people afraid and, therefore, easily controllable. ↩



Acknowledgments

My thanks to the following: SantaClara Bob; Lady Jan the Voluptuous; my mother; Betty; and Robert, of Ione, California. —editor

Support This Newsletter

Shop at The Moonlight Flea Market.

<http://moonlight-flea-market.com/> ↩

Visit Some of My Websites

Pharos

<http://pharos.org.uk/>

The Sovereign's Library

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

My personal website

<http://sam-aurelius-milam-iii.org.uk/> ↩

Blonde Joke

Original Source Unknown. Forwarded by Don G.

Q: What do you call a blonde with 90% of her intelligence gone?

A: Divorced. ∞

Answering Machine Announcements

Attributed to the International Institute of Answering Machine Answers. Forwarded by Steve, of Mililani, Hawaii.

- My wife and I can't come to the phone right now, but if you'll leave your name and number, we'll get back to you as soon as we're finished.

- A is for academics, B is for beer. One of those reasons is why we're not here. Leave a message.

- Hi. This is John. If you are the phone company, I already sent the money. If you are my parents, please send money. If you are my financial aid institution, you didn't lend me enough money. If you are my friends, you owe me money. If you are a female, don't worry, I have plenty of money.

- Hi. Now you say something.

- Hi, I'm not home right now, but my answering machine is, so you can talk to it instead. Wait for the beep. ∞

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. All past issues are available at <http://frontiersman.org.uk/>. Contributions are welcome.

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

Reprint Policy — Permission is hereby granted 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 authority 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. For PayPal payments, use editor@frontiersman.org.uk. 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