

Children of the Constitution

Volume One:

Children of the Constitution Encounter Globalism

By: Roger Kay Snow (snow.rogerk@gmail.com)

Inspired by:

Three personifications of my mother Grace: Coffin, Madge & Snow

Blame:

Teresa, Kelsey, Erin, Theoffany, Alana, Reed Hawthorne and others who have encouraged me to “write my stories”.

For children, especially Jeffery Luke....who will soon have to learn how to resist their own governments.... simply to survive.

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Preface to: Children of the Constitution Encounter Globalism

Globalists Used Food Regulations to Destroy Canada.

Now They Are Trying Similar Programs to Destroy Humanity.

We invented ***Original Hemp Hearts*** (shelled hemp seeds) and learned by experimenting on ourselves how they could sometimes be used with certain long-fiber-foods (a) to lose weight, (b) to improve circulation, (c) to reverse diabetes, (d) to reduce inflammation and (e) to restore perfect digestive system health.

We learned from the **Human Genome Project** about the importance of perfect digestive system health for preventing and sometimes reversing serious diseases...not only diseases commonly associated with the digestive system. ***Original Hemp Hearts*** can be used to guarantee the elimination of wastesas well as the rebalancing of micro-organisms within the human digestive system.

We confirmed our knowledge of our products and programs by sending two-page health surveys to thousands of customers. We posted their replies, in the handwriting of the customer, at www.hemphearts.com

We learned that if ***Original Hemp Hearts*** are consumed in useful amounts, but without enough accompanying long-fiber-foods, they will cause people to poop in their pants....and then cut back to useless amounts. We improved ***Original Hemp Hearts*** by removing some fat and thus doubling their 18-amino-acid-protein contentto become ***Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes*** and a flavoured version called ***Hemp Hearts PerFikPro***.

We then learned from tens of thousands of our customers that **Real-Protein**, the 18-amino-acid-protein within our hemp products, can be used to restore body tissue health to many badly debilitated older humans.... including most low-income Canadians as well as those who have been avoiding animal protein because of Socialist and Environmentalist “false narratives”.

But we were not the first to discover that the 18-amino-acid-protein found in hemp seeds.... a very similar protein to that found in mothers' milk.... could be used to restore body tissue health to badly debilitated humans. Between WWI and WWII, a team of doctors and scientists with a residential hospital in Jince, Czechoslovakia were able to extract a liquid form of the same 18-amino-acid-protein found in ***Flakes*** or in ***PerFikPro***, from whole hemp seeds. They used that protein-extract for decades to cure virtually all cases of childhood tuberculosis in their region...a part of Europe where protein-deprived children were then common.

As aboriginal populations in Canada were forced... by increasing cost.... to change from diets that were previously almost entirely animal protein to diets that are now almost entirely cheap carbohydrates (sugars and starches), they became plagued with the highest incidence of diabetes and tuberculosis in the World. We assumed that The Canadian Food Inspection Agency would be interested in our products, programs, and research, but their consistent response over twenty years has been to try to force us to remove the Czechoslovakian Protein Study from our web site, to remove our Customer Health Survey replies from our web site and to do everything possible to prevent us from advising customers about the importance of Real-Protein, 18 amino acid protein, for human health. The Canadian Food Inspection Agency has

even sent threatening, registered letters to employees... ordering our employees to steal our products and packages and burn them under CFIA supervision.

We learned that most Government Employees in Canada are determined to throttle the export of rotted-plant-material (“tar-sands”) from Alberta, even though it should be obvious to them that “Global-Warming” and/or “Human-Caused Climate-Change” has always been a hoax. Grapes were grown for wine in Scotland and Scandinavia and Russia for hundreds of years, about 1500 years ago... before the Earth was too **cold** to grow grapes in those latitudes.

We recently learned that the Canadian Microbiology Lab, supervised by the Canadian Food Inspection Agency, both operating in the same building in Winnipeg, Manitoba, obtained a particularly dangerous and unique coronavirus sample from the Rotterdam Microbiology Lab in 2013.

This dangerous coronavirus was “weaponized” for 5 years in Winnipeg by Canadian Government Employees of ethnic Chinese background.... who frequently transported samples from the Canadian Government lab, supervised by the Canadian Food Inspection Agency in Winnipeg, to a biological-weapons-lab in Wuhan, China.

The biological-weapons-lab in Wuhan, China began as a humanitarian project of French Scientists. The Wuhan Microbiology Project was abandoned by its French Scientists and Designers and publicly exposed as a biological-weapons-making facility many years before the Canadian Government stopped its employees in Winnipeg from supplying the Wuhan Weapons Lab with weaponized coronavirus samples.

Indeed, the Canadian Food Inspection Agency did nothing to stop the transfer of weaponized virus samples from Winnipeg to Wuhan, China until scientists from India...eventually, the Government of India... publicly exposed the relationship between Canadian Elites and the Wuhan Weapons Lab.

In early 2020 when immense numbers of people were collapsing on the streets in Wuhan, China from this weaponized virus, Canadian Elites then pretended (a) that the virus came from a fish market, (b) that the virus could not transfer from one human to another without an animal intermediary...and (c) that the proposed testing of those fleeing Wuhan to their second homes in Vancouver and Toronto was because of “racism”, not “science”.

After their throttling of “Real-Protein” production and use and export... after their throttling of energy production and use and export... and after their assistance with the development and weaponization of a virus designed to create a World-Wide “Plandemic”, it has finally become undeniable that large segments of the Canadian Government have become “enemies of humanity”.

This volume, *Children of the Constitution Encounter Globalism*, uses true stories from our lives to demonstrate how Colonialism changed to Socialism and then to Environmentalism....three faces of Globalism...while destroying most of the potential of Canada.

Anyone who provides a proof of membership in the Wildrose Independence Party of Alberta or the People’s Party of Canada or any Constitution Restoration alliance in the US, will receive a ten percent discount on all orders of **PerFikPro**, by far our best product, in anticipation that

they will then send twenty percent of the purchase price to a political party that values and defends individual human rights.

The importance of Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, is obvious in Canada because Colonialists, Socialists and Environmentalists....three faces of Globalism... have all used regulations based on fraudulent, self-serving lies to deliberately increase the prices of dairy products, poultry products, fish products and meat products (traditional 18-amino-acid-protein foods) to absurd levels in Canada. The high costs of Real-Protein foods in Canada, many times their costs in the US, has limited their use in Canada, especially by poor people and aboriginals. It is obvious that the cost of Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, in Canada has caused the progressive debilitation of most middle-aged poor people, especially aboriginals. The ancestors of all rural people and aboriginals in Canada always previously lived primarily on Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, from mothers' milk, fish, buffalo, birds, eggs, and wild animals. Our ancestors did not normally get hardened arteries, cardiovascular diseases, and senility in middle-age.... like we do now. They did not normally become fat, diabetic, or debilitated with inflammatory diseases in middle-age... like we do now. Their communities were not decimated by tuberculosis like many are now. Certain "truths" about food and health became obvious to me because I began life in a different Canada, a healthy Canada, the Canada that existed before Colonialists, Socialists and Environmentalists...three faces of Globalism...used food regulations to gradually destroy everything of value in My Canada. As the Canadian Food Inspection Agency forced us with price and junk science to replace the Real Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, in our diets with carbohydrates (sugar and starch) diabetes became epidemic. But that was clearly not enough for them.

The paragraphs in ordinary print, beginning immediately below and intermittently later, are my life story...not unlike the life stories of many older rural Canadians. The paragraphs in italics print beginning farther below, add depth and demonstrate, with more stories, how Canada was gradually destroyed with regulations designed to limit the production, the consumption, and the export of Real-Protein foods (18-amino-acid-protein foods). Now that Colonialists, Socialists and Environmentalists....three faces of Globalism... have effectively destroyed the health and productivity of Canadians and the potential of Canada for feeding and sheltering and energizing the World, it is obvious that they are promoting similar programs, intended to destroy most of humanity....a "Great Reset" that will deprive ordinary people of all rights, even the right to life, as "The Great Reset" gradually converts the Earth into a National Park for Globalist Elites.

My early years:

I began life in a two-room house, kitchen, and bedroom, on the edge of the Milk River, six miles West of the village of Milk River. Many forks of the Milk River begin in the Eastern Slopes of the Rocky Mountains in both Canada and the United States, but the entire river flows into Northern Montana, on route to The Gulf of Mexico, after flowing only about 100 miles "as the crow flies" in Canada. Because the Milk River is an ever-changing series of connected loops in the bottom of an immense valley, it is many hundreds of miles by canoe from the upper Milk River to the dinosaur-bone sprinkled "badlands" where it crosses into Montana, near the Sweetgrass Hills. Most of my early years were spent mostly within the Milk River valley, where the Johnson brothers and I found beds of fossilized shellfish, hillsides covered with petrified wood, cliff banks littered with dinosaur bones, even a six hundred-million-year-old sunflower coral. The Eastern Slopes of the Rocky Mountains were once crowded with living types of carbon in the form of innumerable jungle plants and the dinosaurs that fed on these plants....and on each other. These jungles were once so thick and impenetrable that different

varieties of dinosaurs could live within a few miles of each other but have little effect on each other. These living forms of carbon eventually became oil and coal and natural gas, sufficient to energize the World for many hundreds of years, even at the unnecessary rates that we are forced to use "fossil-fuels" in the Globalist-designed societies of today. Indeed, all the river systems of Alberta and all the soils near these river systems have always been enriched with nutrients from oil and coal deposits...which are nothing other than rotted plants. Later, these Eastern Slopes were covered by three-hundred-foot-thick glaciers that slowly scoured the Earth, shearing off large pieces of rock and grinding these pieces of rock against each other for hundreds of miles...before abandoning the rock as rounded gravel and sand deposits. During the several ice ages, more of the water on the Earth was accumulated from rain and snow into piles of ice known as Glaciers...so the oceans were lower and North America was broadly connected to Asia. As the last glaciers gradually receded...culminating in a many-hundred-year warm period about fifteen hundred years ago, when grapes were grown in Scotland, Scandinavia, and Russia...the Canadian prairies gradually became covered with grasses and with the oceans of migrating Buffalo that converted those grasses into Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, for many different language groups of aboriginals.

Many different language groups of aboriginals represent many different migrations from an Asia that was then still connected to North America. Each language group learned how to work together to prepare Buffalo meat for seasons when the Buffalo would be elsewhere. The main Milk River valley has hundreds of tributary valleys, many of which are "guarded by" weather-sculpted sandstone Hoodoos. It was a magic area for my ancestors, ancient and recent, who left their pictorial and printed messages carved on sandstone cliffs. Before the deliberate destruction of the migrating herds of buffalo, a previous form of nutritional genocide, there were hundreds of locations on the Milk River where small groups of buffalo were "stampeded" over cliffs and butchered below. Some of these "buffalo jumps" were used for hundreds of generations and the layers of accumulated bone and orange soil at the base of the cliffs are over 12 feet thick. "Buffalo Jumps" are always located near hill-top camping areas where dozens of rings of stones once held down the skirts of the Buffalo-hide "teepees" of those who worked there, drying meat for the Winter. It is a region of extreme weather change. Weather systems from the Arctic, "forty below" temperatures and driving snow, sometimes dominate for much of the Winter. But warm Chinook winds, up to 100 miles per hour, that left their moisture on the Western slopes as they rose over the Rocky Mountains, sometimes interrupt Winter with temperatures over 60 F, melting huge banks of snow within a few hours. Most winters are described by ranchers as "open", meaning "without much snow". With careful management, Winter grazing is possible wherever sufficient foliage remains. Usually, "Minus 40" temperatures alternate unpredictably with intermittent warm periods. After the dinosaurs disappeared and after the glaciers disappeared, the Milk River area was traversed for thousands of years by trillions of cow-like ruminants, an infinite supply of Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, for those unhindered inhabitants who "used their heads" ...and their hands...to prepare for Winter.

Most of the early agricultural settlers in this region were "starting fresh". Many were avoiding turmoil caused by the US Civil War, the US Indian Wars, the US Mormon Wars, or the US Prohibition. Some had lost their farms to drought and adversity in the Dakotas or Minnesota. A few were fleeing political disruptions in Europe or Asia. All were looking for satisfaction via independence and productivity.

Some of my ancestors had burned forts and food supplies, to prevent the US Army from destroying "Zion", a country that Mormons had declared, again, as they were gradually forced West. Negotiations eventually determined that Utah would become a monogamous state with

Brigham Young as its Governor and the US army would be "confined to barracks" in Salt Lake City. But some Mormons, including some of those who had "dressed-up" like "Indians" and massacred wagon trains filled with settlers on route to California, chose to bring their "extra wives" here and their towns are still called "Many-Wives-Towns" in local aboriginal languages.

Some of the agricultural settlers here were certainly involved in smuggling whiskey to the US during prohibition. When I camped as a child with my friends, the Johnson brothers, and our 3 horses in Police Coulee, now part of Writing on Stone Park, we discovered that Police Coulee, lined for miles with vertical sandstone cliffs and small caves, could easily hide us and our horses from the World as we travelled from the Milk River to Montana, a few miles South. We found the rifle and pistol ranges, complete with 45.75 pistol and rifle slugs, and casings, used by the territorial police who abandoned the area near the beginning of WWI. But we also found two places, above the sandstone-cliff-walls of the coulee, where Whiskey Smugglers had excavated holes in the upper, sod-covered coulee banks and then used timbers to support the hillside around their excavations in perfect, original condition. The doors faced the coulee, but the smugglers' caves were back enough that they could not be seen from within the coulee network. They were perfect places to hide shipments of whiskey until further arrangements were made to lower the whiskey by rope to couriers on foot or horseback within the coulee maze below, or to load the whiskey on fast vehicles for a night run to buyers from the US, only a few miles South.

I learned later that local agricultural settlers were colleagues of the famous "Emperor" Picariello and his employee Charles Lassandro. "Emperor" Picariello bought alcohol legally in central British Columbia, considerably North and West of the Milk River region, then transported it legally across almost 300 miles of Alberta, crossing the Milk River at "Coffins' Crossing", originally part of my Great Grandparents' ranch, near Police Coulee. The whiskey was then sold legally, from some Canadian perspectives, to Americans on the US border, near the South end of Police Coulee. A Canadian police officer, operating near the source of the alcohol in British Columbia had expressed determination to "Stop Emperor Pic" and had shot and wounded Picariello's son on a previous whiskey trip. In an altercation, Picariello then shot and killed the police officer. Initially, Filomena, the young wife of Charles Lassandro, an employee of Picariello, agreed to confess to the crime because, "They would never hang a woman in Alberta." Later, her confession was withdrawn, and proof was offered that she had nothing at all to do with either the killing or the whiskey smuggling. Unfortunately, she was convicted by a fiercely feminist Judge who acknowledged that although 20-year-old Filomena was certainly innocent, "If she had been a man, she would surely hang...and so she shall hang."

Most of the earliest settlers in the Milk River area, including many of my relatives, thought they were in the US, or that the region would eventually become the US. Many individuals that I knew well refused to vote in Canada throughout their lives, because they considered themselves to be American citizens and they did not want to jeopardize their US citizenship by voting in foreign elections. But everyone brought skills and tools and the desire to make a great place for their children and for the children of their neighbors. Everyone "used their heads" to assist each other to produce enough in the short Summer months, that they would never need to worry about the coming Winter...or about the inevitable years when it would be too dry for much grass and there might be no crops at all. By the time that I was born, about 75 years ago, people from all over the World were living together in harmony in the Milk River area and were developing the many technologies that could enable them to produce and

export immense quantities of Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, from marginal land. These technologies can still be copied and used on marginal lands by unhindered agricultural peoples anywhere throughout the World.

A little before I was born, fences were mostly used to keep cows out of "ploughed land"...sometimes only when it was producing wheat crops or gardens. Otherwise, cows and horses were often free to go where they wanted, to eat and drink what they wanted, much like the oceans of buffalo before them. Indeed, as soon as I was aware of my surroundings at all, I learned that certain depressions in the prairie sod were "buffalo wallows", where buffalo would roll around in mud to discourage flies. I commonly spotted sun-bleached buffalo skulls with stubby horns protruding from the banks of the Milk River. I commonly noticed thick layers of decaying bones in soil that was orange from blood and bits of rotted hide and black from campfires where our ancestors had camped to butcher the buffalo that they had "stampeded" over adjacent cliffs. Everyone who had ever lived here had to "use their heads" to prepare for the worst that Winter could impose. When I was a little older, my friends and I would spend weekends sifting arrowheads from these orange layers of bones, blood, and decayed bits of hide. We trained our eyes to notice the serrated edges of small, "stampeding", Buffalo-jump arrowheads on our sieves. We also rode our horses back and forth over hardened, wind-blown land without grass or topsoil near the Milk River and collected hundreds of larger, "killing" arrowheads and spear points, also obvious with their serrated edges, among rounded, glacial stones.

Eventually, governments legislated against collecting arrowheads and ensured that it was embarrassing to ask landowners for permission to access their land in search of them. Governments expected collectors to grovel for permission to keep those arrowheads and "Indian-Hammers" that we had all previously shared willingly with universities. Local collections went into hiding. Local collectors quit teaching children and others that all aboriginal societies evolved as units of production... in response to their needs for food, shelter, and energy. Those who hindered the productivity of aboriginal societies destroyed those societies. Those who are now determined to throttle our productivity will also destroy us ... if we do not resist successfully.

Like most animals, buffalo did not like to climb straight up steep hills, so they made long gradual ascents and descents and left these corrugated trails on coulee banks forever. Our hundreds of cows traversed coulee banks in the same manner as trillions of buffalo had done previously ...following the same corrugated trails. Our cows similarly remained in herds, groups of older cows with several generations of their offspring. But our cows did not go South for the Winter, so most bull calves had to be castrated and the bulls that we "saved" for breeding had to be locked up in well-fenced enclosures to be released only at a predetermined time. It was very important that all our calves were born in early Summer....after there was enough green grass for milk production. It was just as important that all our calves were born early enough that they would not need milk from their mothers in Winter, when the mothers needed all the energy, they could get from grazing...for themselves and for the new calves that were developing inside them. Those who did not "use their heads" about castrating, about appropriate breeding periods and about keeping their bulls in secure enclosures, might find themselves with a houseful of hungry new-born calves in Winter....and a yard full of bellowing cows. Those who did not "use their heads" about keeping cows with nursing calves away from fields covered with Spring snow that reflected bright sunlight on their udders, might have a whole herd of cows with sunburned nipples, causing them to "kick off" their calves when they tried to nurse. We always "saved the grass" on certain sage brush covered "river-flats", so we could move nursing cows out of snow-covered fields that would reflect bright Spring sunlight

on their udders....in case of such an emergency. Before I was born, about 75 years ago, residents of the Milk River area were, "using their heads", unhindered by regulation, to replace Buffalo and again produce unlimited protein from ruminants.

My Mormon Grandfather on my father's side passed much of his life following his herds on horseback among grazing opportunities near the Milk River in Canada and the Sweetgrass Hills in Northern Montana. He did most of his branding and castrating and meat sales and even calf sales from horseback, returning to his family only briefly when, "it made sense"... until he finally brought his older cows home each Winter. When grazing was free, expenses were low and there were few livestock marketing and beef marketing impediments...cattle herding was profitable. When I similarly rode my horse, later my motorbike, to the still mostly unpopulated areas near the distant Sweetgrass Hills, I often encountered older people who remembered my Grandfather Snow because he had smoked, drank whiskey, swapped stories, sold beef and helped them with their work whenever his cows were grazing nearby. Some of them were especially helpful to me because he had nursed them and supplied them with meat when they were afflicted with "fever". I met others who had worked for him when he was contracted to set up local rodeos, while his cows were grazing nearby. An old man I met who had worked for my Grandfather Snow, building corrals for a local rodeo, explained to me that he had once tried to avoid going with "Mormon Snow" to Raymond, the Center of local Mormon Culture, for a wagon load of corral posts..."but it turned out all-right after all." As soon as they had the posts loaded, my Grandfather Snow introduced him to, "three things he had never seen before...a bathtub.... bottled beer.... and the cubed ice that was chilling the beer in the bathtub". Whenever my Grandfather Snow returned home briefly, he assigned "tasks" to each of his many children, usually assigning the most demanding tasks first.

My father got the nickname "Sly Snow" from his family because he always seemed to be in the "outhouse" when the worst tasks were assigned. But after his brothers and sisters left the ranch to marry, or to fight overseas in WWII, my father's "sly qualities" became essential. By then, governments were already beginning to restrict the use of government-controlled land, usually called "crown land". Indeed, when my father, Sly Snow, and his brother Jay Snow still ran cattle together, I was taught to ride horse so that I could frequently run my horse back and forth along our five miles of river front, making as much noise as possible, "spooking" all cows away from the river into the longer grass, more than a mile away from the river. Our cows would otherwise go to the Milk River to drink water every afternoon and then "chew their cud" nearby. When they were ready to graze again, they would only walk far enough from the river to find enough grass for a "meal". Unless I forced them to begin each day far from the river, and then graze toward the river, they would appear to be "overgrazing" the areas nearest the river, causing problems with the "lease inspector". Virtually all "The Snow Ranch" was then "prairie grass" on "crown land" ...subject to the whims of a succession of "lease inspectors" who expected us to grovel to them.

Also, by the time my father started ranching, governments had transferred huge amounts of "crown land" to grain farmers who could then produce their own calves, winter their own calves, and then fatten their own calves, choosing when to take profits. The Canadian Government used its "Canadian Wheat Board" for over 70 years to steal all premium, high protein grain from farmers in the Milk River valley at prices far below what they could have received in Montana...few miles to the South. Anyone who tried to sell their grain to buyers in the US and anyone who tried to use their own grain to make their own food products would be jailed until they understood that their grain belonged to the Canadian Government. But farmers often had to convince government agents that their grain was not of "milling quality"

and then feed that grain to their own cattle... or wait for years for the Government to sell it for them. It was difficult for ranchers to compete with farmers who were forced to produce and feed cattle. Consequently, our calves were often worth almost nothing in the fall when they were "weaned".

My fathers' brother Stringham Snow was killed in WWII and another brother Jay Snow was partly crippled by WWII. My father had to live up to his name, "Sly Snow" (a) in order to take advantage of their veterans' programs for buying small parcels of "crown land", (b) in order to retain my grandfather's "lease land" when governments wanted to convert all large parcels of "crown land" into "community pastures" (locally called "communist pastures"), (c) and later when he needed to get money from my mother's family to buy a bigger shack and some almost worthless flood-plain-land... all of the land on the "wrong side of the river". He purchased the new property from a seller who disliked "Sly Snow" but was "tricked" into believing that he was selling to Jay Snow. All my father, Sly Snow's, siblings searched for ways to escape "cow-calf-ranch" poverty, caused by government involvement in ranching, but my father, Sly Snow, and I tried to diversify into poultry, dairy, purebred cattle, non-wheat board grains and even beehives. Nevertheless, he also taught me to be "sly" about "saving the tall grass" on certain "river-flats" near home where cows could find shelter from freezing winds behind high riverbanks. And he taught me to be "sly" about "saving tall grass" where Winter winds normally blew the snow off nearby "buttes", making it possible for our cows to eat here and there, even when there was much snow. When I was very little, we only made, "enough hay to last, if we didn't start feeding it too soon" and we only kept our herd of breeding cows, sometimes a small group of young "replacement heifers" and a few well-secured bulls over the Winter....unless there was a huge amount of grass or "grain-stubble" nearby. Usually, most calves were sold to those who were better equipped to produce Winter feed. Our cows had to be guided to locations with thick grass until Spring. Whenever cows got trapped in inappropriate places by huge snow drifts, we had to use our horses to "break a trail" that a whole herd of cattle would then follow single file to get to a better place, or to a little life-saving hay.

Old cowboys like my father, did not like machines and did not like to make hay. Their horses could "paw" for grass and "drink" snow all Winter. Before I was old enough to walk well and drive well, we almost never drove our crank-start car, our crank-start 2-ton truck, or our flywheel-start tractor, unless the trails were dry, and the weather was warm. But, as we modified our cattle operation, trying to have animals for sale when there was more demand, we were gradually forced to make enough hay, that we could feed our calves over the first Winter, even "wintering" them again as "yearlings", before selling them as "grass-finished-two-year-olds". We then herded them with horses to the stock yards in Milk River to be loaded on the train. We also began a herd of Purebred Polled (hornless) Herefords, hoping that we could get better prices for them as breeding stock. Young cowboys, like me, soon had to cut hundreds of acres of grass with tiny mowing machines, then rake those many hundreds of acres into swaths, then stack that hay, after it had dried, in "loose stacks" inside fenced-off enclosures in the center of the fields where it was produced. As soon as we started feeding herds of range cows, purebred cows, calves, range cow replacements, purebred cow replacements, bulls and possibly "grass-finishing yearlings" each Winter...we had to make a lot of hay. We had to throw that hay with pitchforks against "2 by 10" plank fences that surrounded stack yards, each stack yard centered in the field where the hay was produced. The "2 x 10" planks had to be spaced so cows could extend their heads between the planks to eat but could not pull the hay through the fence to waste it by sleeping on it. After we started feeding each Winter, we then had to drive, or walk, to feed hay at various stack yards on both sides of the Milk River every day until Spring. The system worked well if we "used our heads".

For me, that meant being careful about unforgiving "Forces of Nature", about dangerous animals and dangerous mechanical tasks, but especially about parents who seemed to think that God was always going to protect me... from them. One morning in early Winter my father waked me, before dawn, to go with him to "pitch-fork" hay to cows on "the other side of the river". When we got to the Milk River, he said I would have to walk across the ice, feed the cows for a few hours at two "stack-yards" and then walk back. He said the ice was too thin to drive over, but too thick for the tractor to push through at any "crossing" place. Indeed, he said it was too thin for him to walk on, but because I was so small, I would be able to cross without falling through. He took me to a deep place where he said the ice was, "probably thickest because there was less water-current underneath the ice". He showed me exactly where to walk. By then I was awake, fortunately, so I pointed out that his boot prints were already there and that he had obviously already cracked the ice there, before he waked me up, because water was filling the depressions that his boots had made where the ice was cracked. He argued that "because the ice was almost thick enough for him, it would certainly be thick enough for me." I thought for a second about falling through the ice, getting swept downstream by the river current and then wondering how to get back up through the ice. I mentioned that if I was going to die there, at least I was going to try a route that was not already cracked. I used one "ice-cracking" route to cross to feed the cows and then another "ice-cracking" route to return. He had not waited. I teased my mother with the truth for years.... that if I had fallen through, "they" would have simply decided that "God wanted me with Him".... and dentists would have identified me by my teeth in the Spring, somewhere on the edge of the Missouri or the Mississippi, half-way to New Orleans. After that, I figured out how to cross the Milk River on much thinner ice by laying myself on a short 2x4 ladder and then propelling the ladder across the ice with my hands and toes...short screwdrivers in my hands to bite into the ice. I would also tie a rope between myself and a vehicle or the strong base of a sage brush on shore. With chickens, cows, horses... or me ...my father, Sly Snow, always used devious techniques to "trick us" into following his instruction. Despite hindrance from government, resourceful individuals in the Milk River valley were able to produce infinite quantities of Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, by raising livestock of all types on marginal lands.

By the time that I was born, rural Canada was filled with small farms, small communities, and large, energetic families. Life was exciting because of community events at which neighbors of different ethnic backgrounds shared food, music, stories, and alcohol...all home-made. We met, as one diverse family, after the ice left the river at Spring "break-up", after seeding, after haying, after harvest, after "round-ups" and whenever Chinook Winds changed Winter into Summer for a few days. We often met in our magic places that later became Gold Springs Park, Writing on Stone Park or Waterton Park. Local dinners, dances, weddings, funerals, sporting events and community projects were "open to everyone" and became opportunities for local people to show off their food production skills, their food preparation skills, their musical skills, their artistic skills, their organizational skills, and their mechanical skills as well as their skills in raising children. Colorful characters, like "Whoopie-Joe" or "Encyclopedia-Dick" were given "nick names" that reflected their skills, dancing or remembering. Those who were most skillful were respected for their achievements and were said to "really know how to use their heads".

I cannot guess how many families began in the tall grass near ethnic dances. When a young couple decided thereafter to marry, they simply arranged to help a more established neighbor with harvest for a few years in return for a piece of land on which to build a house and raise some children. Children were almost immediately valuable as producers of chickens, eggs,

milk, butter, meat, and garden vegetables. The house usually began as two rooms on a foundation of flat rocks, with a wood/coal cook stove placed near the wall that separated the two rooms. The kitchen was enlarged, or rooms were added, when space was needed for more children. Separate rooms, with separate kitchen stoves, eventually separate buildings, were used as we expanded into commercial food processing.

In a very real sense, my parents and I were born into the Real-World, a rapidly developing mechanical world.... at the same time. At the time of my birth, my mother was a silly, youngest child from a rich family. Friends from her Summer School at the Banff School of Fine Arts once visited. I worried that she might not survive their fits of "giggling". At the time of my birth, my father was a cunning manipulator, who had managed, after being drafted, to get himself rejected and sent home by a British officer in the Canadian army. He resented the public "dressing-down" he had received. He hated all "Brits" for many decades...until he later purchased a Welsh Coat of Arms and used it to pretend to my mothers' family that his "lineage" was superior to hers. When he offered it to me, I mentioned that I would not use a "Coat of Arms" unless it was clearly traceable from its origin to me....and unless I could read it. "Brits have a lot of fun with heraldry. Maybe it actually says that our Welsh ancestor had to leave Wales because he was caught having sex with sheep". He quit forcing everyone to acknowledge "his" Coat of Arms after that. My father, Sly Snow, had long survived on almost zero income by eating abandoned horses and crippled cows. When I was born, he had only one mechanical tool, an adjustable wrench with a worn-out worm that required a strong thumb to hold the movable jaw against the nut. Uncle Jay Snow told me that he finally threw it in the Milk River, out of frustration...devastating my father, Sly Snow. My earliest home memories are about assisting cheerful, goofy, parents to succeed at mechanical tasks and agricultural projects. When we were alone, I was consulted about everything. When we were with others, I was supposed to be a child, so I would not embarrass them. Some of my earliest memories involved protecting them from the "door to door salesmen" who seemed to have us on an "idiot list". Salesmen would always tell them that they needed a better set of encyclopedias, etc, etc, "for your son". I would always reply, "I will not use it". Days away-from-home were magical occasions with "normal" Aunts, Uncles, and dozens of cousins, each of them unique and fun-loving. There were no efforts to homogenize, pasteurize or indoctrinate any of us in the early days. We were encouraged to pursue our own interests, to enjoy each other uncritically, to learn from each other's mistakes, to help each other.... and to laugh a lot.

Lighting was from hand-pump pressurized, kerosene lanterns with silk mantles that became very fragile after they had been "fired". If a lantern was bumped, then the silk mantle had to be replaced and "fired" again, but a single lantern offered enough light to make any room as bright as a Summer afternoon. With the lantern fading at "bed-time", as its pressure was allowed to diminish, a few "moths", moving near the outer glass "lens" of the lantern, became projected on every wall as immense flying-machines, or as dinosaurs...all merging with plans for tomorrow.

The refrigerator was a large hole in the ground, eventually fitted with concrete walls, that could have its bottom covered with several two-foot-thick slabs of ice, skidded from the river behind horses, or a tractor, just before Spring thaw. Ice from one year remained until the last of it was covered with replacement ice, the following year. The excess water soaked away into the ground beneath the "frost line" or evaporated. Caustic soda was used to kill micro-organisms that might attempt to colonize food production or storage areas. Anything that needed to be kept completely frozen was placed close to the ice, usually in zinc plated pails or tubs with tight lids, then covered with sterile stove ash for insulation. Anything that only

needed to be kept cool could be placed a little above the ice, or not so well covered with insulation. Ice pits were always covered with an insulated, shingled peak that could be moved out of the way for full access to the pit, when necessary. Ice pits were used for pails of cream and for eggs or butchered fish or poultry, as accumulated for sale, but not as much for items that we used ourselves. Two-foot-diameter wheels of cheese, covered with cheese cloth and blue-green mold, offered cheddar continuously on kitchen counters. Meat that we used daily, depending on season, was often cut from fresh hanging "halves" or "quarters". Country people sometimes thoroughly "smoked" strips of meat or fish in "smoke houses" or thoroughly "dried" some items from their gardens in bright sunlight. But although we were meticulous about cleaning with boiling water and caustic soap... before antibiotics...most food was consumed well-cooked by those who "used their heads".

Our water was from a flowing spring that trickled from the base of the Hill on the North, continuously watering our garden area before entering the river to the South. Those who had to haul water in riveted metal tanks or hoop and stave wooden tanks, with wheeled chassis pulled by horses or tractors, really appreciated our flowing spring. A neighbor once rode by on his horse when my grandmother was gardening. He mentioned that "Your garden is ever so beautiful, Mrs. Snow. I wonder if its beauty is because of your hard work or because of your million-dollar-spring?" She replied, "I am quite sure, Mr. Miller that if my flowing-spring were not so well-attached to its hillside, you might one day "find it" near your hillside and my garden would be quite withered, regardless of my hard work."

That older Mr. Miller was "known" to steal grain from dead farmers' bins when the family was certain to be at his funeral, but anti-social behavior was excused, if not always cherished, because everyone understood that it was sometimes necessary for survival. Some locals might explain that, "We are all God's children." Other locals might remember when "colorful" neighbors had saved them from freezing in a blizzard, from drowning in a flood, or from burning in a prairie fire. And people hunted together, harvested together, made buildings together and partied together. I was told that, "Old Mr. Miller's wife had died of fever leaving him with a bunch of little boys and not much of a farm". He would supply his boys with a hundred-pound sack of oats, occasionally, and tell them if they wanted to eat anything "better" they would have to "find it."

My father once hired one of Mr. Miller's sons to haul a harvesting machine back from a distant farmer. As they were loading the cumbersome machine on junior Mr. Miller's wheels and "timbers", junior Mr. Miller remarked that the distant farmer, "sure knew how to raise mouth-watering turkeys, but didn't seem to know when they were ready to butcher". When my father and junior Mr. Miller got back home and unloaded the harvesting-machine, my father was surprised that junior Mr. Miller "discovered" a half-dozen dead turkeys that "seemed to have trapped themselves inside the harvester and died of fright". Junior Mr. Miller suggested that they, "might as well share the unfortunate turkeys. No sense allowing a mouth-watering thing like that to go to waste." When my father told me the story much later, he said that he had asked junior Mr. Miller if the turkeys had "died in fright of the harvesting machine... or had died in fright of the big hand that broke their necks". But my father would never admit to "sharing" the turkeys. By the time my father told me the story, he was a Mormon "Bishop"and it was a never-ending job convincing me that his was, "the voice of God".

Teasing was a subtle tool for controlling the eccentricities of others. No-one in a rural community wanted a truly embarrassing nickname, but colorful characters did not always totally hide their eccentric survival skills either. After I was an adult, I once found another son

of Mr. Miller sitting on a pail in my shop as I was walking to my barn at sunrise to milk my cows. He said, "I guess I could have stolen anything on this farm while you were still in bed this morning, Mr. Snow. But I guess you were protecting the right thing. Your wife is the only thing I would want here." I replied that, "I am sure that my young, thin wife doesn't need my protection. She knows the story about fatty and skinny going to bed...that when fatty rolled over, he found skinny dead". When that junior Mr. Miller died, everyone for miles around attended his auction sale to laugh about the items they had "lost" to that junior Mr. Miller over the years. There were hundreds of chains and shovels and other tools, many still carrying the names of their real owners etched on them.... all "safely" locked-up for many years in that junior Mr. Miller's shop. No one claimed anything back because everyone assumed that junior Mr. Miller's widow would need the proceeds from the sale, but there was a lot of laughter over a lot of home-made food and drink for many months as locals speculated about how their "lost" items "ended-up" in that junior Mr. Miller's shop.

We always filled metal pails with water at the flowing-spring and pulled them to the house on a wagon or sled, as we needed water. We always kept some pails of water simmering on the stove to supplement the very hot water that we dispensed from the hot water reservoir that was part of the kitchen wood/coal cook stove. Boiling water was used for all cleaning tasks. Clothing was purchased many sizes too large because we knew it would shrink significantly the first several times that we washed it, starting each wash with boiling water. Colored clothing got significantly lighter with each wash and white clothing became colored, but we were too busy to care much, especially about the "work clothes" that we wore daily. Single men were easy to identify by their pink or blue "long-johns"...and wrinkly clothing. Unless we used the heavy flat irons with detachable wooden handles that were located, hot enough to brand with, on the edges of every wood/coal cook stove, freshly washed shirts and pants would be so wrinkled that they could hardly be stretched enough to "button-up". We used enamel or porcelain basins for hand and face washing. We used stacking zinc plated tubs with handles for all other cleaning jobs.

There was no plastic or synthetic fabric when I was very young. Much later, my father discovered "life-time-guaranteed, synthetic fiber, stronger than steel", work stockings for all of us when he was on a pilgrimage to Salt Lake City....one color, many sizes, a hundred pairs. He boasted that none of us would have to buy socks for the rest of our lives. They were cold, "blister factories". But they all got melt damage from warming our feet near fires and my conspiring mother "just couldn't darn them". When my father tried to collect on the "guarantee", during a subsequent pilgrimage, he was told, "the stockings were guaranteed against wear, not fire".

Clothing and a wide variety of other things, including vegetables, were washed with boiling water in gas-engine-powered agitators with separate powerful wringers designed to get every drop of water out of heavy felt saddle-blankets. Everyone was taught to feed their heavy wet "Work Clothes" into the wringer without allowing anything to catch the clothing or fingers of the operator. When a woman got truly angry about something, it was sometimes explained... far from her fists... "that she sounded as if she might have caught her breast in the wringer". The Picasso-like image of an entire woman going through a wringer, breast first, was enough to make children safety conscious for life. Indeed, children were taught relentlessly to "use their heads" to avoid becoming vulnerable to "accidents", to dress warm to avoid losing ears and toes to frost, to respect the hoof ends or the horn ends of certain animals and to avoid river currents that could sweep us away. Spring rains could melt all the snow in the Rocky Mountains in a few days and overflow the banks of the Milk River with churning trees and

bridge timbers and ice chunks. Quite un-survivable to anyone caught in the maelstrom, but most of us had no fear of water. We did not even learn to swim because we knew that, apart from these floods, if we were sucked into the Milk River by strong currents, we only had to kick our feet to keep our nose up until we rounded a bend or two and found a shallow place where we would be able to walk out. Everyone survived a few small accidents when we were small and then quickly learned that "in bad situations, people should always use their heads."

Our first soap was made with rendered fat and caustic soda. Kids learned to peek through squinted eyes whenever an adult female with a cleaning cloth was nearby. She might attack our "dirty" ears or "dirty necks" with her soap and water, but she would surely get caustic soap in our eyes before we escaped. Bath times were quite terrifying. When I was a little older and had to take my "turn" bathing after my little brother, I got my pecker boiled. My mother had "too much to do with two of us bathing" to be very careful about where she was pouring a five-gallon bucket of boiling water, almost more than she could lift from the coal stove, as she re-heated my cold bath water. I am quite sure that "damage due to bathing" is the reason that I passed most of my life single. But others have claimed that I was fabricated inside a space-craft-for-one.

The pain was excruciating. My parents' "butter-treatment" was worthless...as was the greasy-ointment and mountain of gauze bandages added a few days later... after I had walked bow-legged up a long flight of stairs to a nurse in a two-storey building then across from my Grandfather Madge's machinery dealership. It was not until I learned to flame-cut and weld steel, a few years later, that I learned that whenever I mistakenly picked up almost-red-hot-steel with a bare hand...if I immediately plunged the burned hand into the "water-quench-bucket", moving it to an ice-water-bucket as soon as possible, always keeping it immersed...there would be zero pain, and not even a blister later. I went to many parties, later in life, with one hand in a bucket of ice water: "Couldn't weld: Might as well party."

Why is it that no health care professional, in the thousands of years since Hippocrates, has figured out this perfect ice-water treatment for burns? And why do none of our health care professionals understand that a meal of oil seeds will always cure constipation? And why are no health care professionals resisting the forced dietary change from Real-Protein foods to diabetes-causing-carbohydrates? When "Covid-19" was widespread in Vancouver in March 2020, I drove 700 miles to visit all the public markets, beaches, and parks... mask-less and never washing hands. I deliberately caught "Covid-19" and had no sense of smell. It was easy to keep it out of my 72-year-old, much compromised lungs...by gargling a collection of antiviral concoctions. I have never been able to catch it in the year since. It is definitely time to wonder who is actually served by our "professional classes"?

I was born in March and then often jailed in a small wooden crib with vertical wooden bars. It was always placed in the kitchen, sometimes above "brood circles"...walled rings filled with baby chicks. The legs of my crib were often part of the walls of a "brood circle" where "day-old-chicks", ordered by mail, delivered by train, remained warm under a metal pail full of hot ashes supported by stones...big stones if the bottom of the pail was very hot, smaller stones if the bottom of the pail was not as hot, but always high enough that the heads of the chicks were well below the bottom of the pail. Tiny as they are, "day-old-chicks" know how to bunch together where it is warmest when they are cold, how to move to the edge of the "brood circle" for broken seeds and water, when feeding, and how to move away from the center to cool off when center temperatures become much above 105 Fahrenheit. After they grew feathers and

strong legs, chicks could escape their "brood-circles", poop on the floor and thereby announce that it was time to put them outside. Everything was planned by my father, Sly Snow, so that by the time they had feathers and strong legs, the weather would be warm enough and they would be able to find their own bugs and seeds outside. At night most of them were usually tricked, with a little broken grain and kitchen garbage, to be briefly confined in a primitive shelter with straw floors, mostly for protection from skunks, foxes, and coyotes. In "the old days" chickens were mostly "free-range" scavengers of bugs and seeds from marginal land.

I was not so lucky. Several "brood-circles" of chicks had escaped their "brood-circle jail" before I managed to escape my "crib-jail", at will. I did once manage to release the latch hooks and drop one side of my jail so I could find out what was so entertaining in my parents' bedroom. After that, the latch hooks were so carefully wound up with pliers-twisted heavy wire, they could never be released. I did not want to fall from the top of the crib onto the chicks or onto the pail of hot ashes to get out, but eventually, I figured out how to brace myself so I could break two of the vertical wooden bars with my heels by pushing on the middle of each bar. I was then able to get the broken half-bars out of their holes and escape. My father said, "dratt that kid" when I interrupted them in bed the second time. For a while, I wondered if my middle name might be "Dratt". I was then almost immediately introduced to a huge, long metal crib with bolted latch hooks, sometimes with halves of old canal timbers on top. I am sure that my parents planned for me to spend many, very long nights in the second jail, but I was soon able to wiggle one of the steel-tube bars until I broke its spot-welds...top and bottom. I then lifted the bottom of the tube out of its lower socket and subsequently wiggled and lowered the tube, so it avoided the lower rail entirely. I escaped, not to their bedroom this time, but to the outside...like the chickens. I replaced the tube bar before leaving so they would not know about my "gate".

As soon as I could stand and point, I used to stand on the seat of the car and help my parents drive. My father was a 29-year-old "Horse Person", when I was born. There were no roads at all between our ranch and the town of Milk River. Horses can walk in deep snow and thick mud and cross rivers without "getting stuck". Horses did not get "wet-wires" and stall whenever water splashed up underneath them. My father, Sly Snow, used to ride his horse 24 miles to visit my mother's much older, party loving brother, Frank Madge and wife Verna...whenever my 18-year-old mother "just happened" to be at the Madge farm, visiting. He could tell when she would be at the Madge farm because her bicycle would be absent from the Madge house in town. My mother had never driven anything, always "chauffeured" everywhere by family members. She was the 18-year-old, youngest daughter of the richest local family, with Summer School training from the Banff School of Fine Arts...in elocution. Whenever my near-sighted parents did not accept my advice about where the snow was too deep or the ground was too soft, we would have to walk for the flywheel-start, Model D Tractor, sometimes almost freezing my fingers, toes, or ears. Except once.

I remember one late Spring afternoon, when my mother and I were returning from a weekly trip to town in our crank-start car and she did not notice that my uncle had closed the barb wire gate across the trail. I pointed with the hand that was not hanging on to the ceiling hand loop and said, "gate", but she did not want to take instruction from "the baby". My mother just kept on driving and shifting down and driving and shifting down, until the car died in a series of clunks, almost home. The many wooden uprights of the gate, as well as the gate posts and the end braces, all joined with loops of "number nine wire", made such a strong harness around the bumper, hood, and windshield that she was able to pull four quarter-mile strands of barb wire home, some on each side of the car. The gate posts broke off the lights, mirrors, windshield wipers and doorhandles as they danced along the sides of the car, knocking on the

side windows...all the way home. I could see distant fence posts leaning toward the car as the wires were pulled from them. I could hear screeching and then pinging sounds as staples were pulled from their posts, releasing the wires. After we got home, I said, "Dad opens gates." She looked angry, but said, with perfect elocution, "That gate had no business being closed."

As soon as I could walk, whenever I managed to escape my cage, my job was to follow the chickens around to make sure I found all their nests and eggs. I was taught that if we were to have money to buy kerosene for the lantern, gasoline for the car and boots for our feet, I had to be "smarter than the chickens". I learned the sound of the "cluck" that meant there was another egg... somewhere. I learned that if I replaced their eggs with rocks, as I stole the eggs, they would usually use the same nests over and over, making my "egg-finding" and "egg-washing" job easier. I also learned that I could lay chickens on their sides on the ground and trick them to keep them there for a while by placing a small stick across each neck. Once, I laid a bunch of them on their sides by the house door with a stick across each neck and then tricked my mother into thinking that all the chickens were dying. She threw her hands up and said, "How will I ever save enough for Christmas?"

Shipments to us of "day-old-chicks" were about half male, half female. Long before the females were old enough to lay eggs, we butchered the males and sold most of them to "town-people" as "fryers". Long before the older females were too old to lay eggs, we butchered them and sold most of them to "town-people" as "stewing-hens". We normally had various ages of birds, so some were always "laying" and some were always ready to be sold as "fryers" or "stewing-hens". As we "prospered", all farm families improved our poultry producing infrastructure and expanded our marketing into cities. Later, after we had a "chicken coop" with "roosts" and "nests", but still open to the "river-flat" during the day, I found a skunk in a nest made of heavy boards, eating "my eggs". Knowing that chickens and eggs were my responsibility, I decided to kill the skunk with rocks. I would find a few big rocks outside and then attack the skunk, which always managed to keep his head low in a far corner of the nest-box and his "tail-end" facing me. He would spray streams of eye-watering, breath taking, stink on me while I tried to hit his head with the rocks. Eventually, after dozens of trips for bigger and bigger rocks, I succeeded. My parents pointed out that killing the skunk might not have been, "the best use of my head". We would now have to eat all those stinky eggs from the chicken coop ourselves...and the chicken coop would not be useful for a while.

Local butchers with "automatic plucking machines" and "walk-in freezers" and frozen storage lockers for rent became available for those who did not yet have electricity or elaborate facilities of their own. Virtually every farm child had some role in poultry production, which provided about half of the cash we needed for items that we could not produce ourselves. Mr. Hofer, who gradually developed a huge earth moving business, admitted to me much later that he paid for his first used highway tractor and "drag-line" back-hoe with "egg money". He almost cried to think of the millions of eggs he had sold for one or two pennies each. I reminded him that his children had done all the production work and his wife had done all the marketing work, while he was busy buying dinners for the pretty receptionists who worked for heavy equipment dealers. They knew where he could find the best machinery "deals". With hundreds of thousands of acres of marginal grass and bush land, perfect for "free-range" poultry production in rural Canada, there was no doubt that we could have fed the entire World inexpensively with chickens, turkeys, ducks, and eggs. With careful planning, poultry products cost virtually nothing to produce...and there is no need for them to compete with humans for food, or for the acres suitable for growing food. In fact, anyone who regularly consumes poultry or eggs that were produced traditionally will "spit-out" poultry or eggs that

are produced as rapidly as possible on commercial grains, while packed tightly, without exercise, in heated barns that smell overwhelmingly of excrement.

Chickens and other birds "do well" on mosquitoes and flies. Later, when a seismic exploration job forced me to walk 2000 miles along the Canadian Arctic coast, a single slap on any shoulder or back in Summer, would often produce over 100 dead mosquitoes or flies. We had to wear beekeeping masks continuously in Summer, sneaking food to our mouths under the masks as we needed energy. As I worked on the Arctic coast, seeing the World through a thick fog of bugs, I used to look forward to Winter and I used to speculate that, "a few hundred trillion chickens might make the Canadian Arctic beautiful and habitable". Even now that I know that our **Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes** contain a much higher percentage of Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, than any poultry products, I wonder if everyone in the world should not be convinced to eat some cheap chicken and eggs from the Canadian Arctic, as a service to humanity.... like eating fish on Fridays was previously for Catholic Fishermen. Unfortunately, the Canadian Government has so deliberately limited the production of chicken and eggs that no poultry products have been exported in my lifetime....and the price of poultry products in Canada is so many times higher than in the US that they are not consumed in useful amounts by aboriginals and poor people in Canada.

Maybe my parents truly wanted to give me daily entertainment...checking cows for "problems" ...or maybe they just wanted to get me out of the tiny house as much as possible, so they could go back to bed. In any case, long before I could sit down to drive, I learned to "check cows", occasionally, by "hanging on to" the steering wheel, bracing myself against the lower seat, right heel on the floor, saving some toe for the gas, keeping to low-enough gears that I could clutch and shift without stalling. My parents never cared what I did when alone, or if they could pretend that I was "watched" by an uncritical type like Uncle Jay Snow. Like some traditional "cattle-herders", my father, Sly Snow, believed that if he could keep his wife in bed, she would be forced to love him. I do not think it was a great strategy because when she was in her 60's she confided to my daughter that she sometimes wondered, "if she had ever loved George"...and my daughter had already commented on the amount of noise that came from their room most nights.

When I was about twelve, my father, Sly Snow, met me in a field where I was driving tractor one evening. After I was in his car, he explained that "He wanted to go to a movie with me". He had never previously picked me up from a field when I was driving tractor. He had never previously suggested going to a movie with him. The word "bullshit" reverberated within my mind as I groped, mentally, for an ejection lever, but I was not able to escape. When I got to the "movie" it was an "educational" sex-slide-show from a live presenter who had advertised that he could teach every man how to use a woman's magic places... to control her perfectly. Unfortunately for my father, Sly Snow, I would not put my name and address on a return envelope with his payment for a "booklet to be mailed containing secret information"....so neither of us ever learned any "secrets" about women. But I have never been so embarrassed. I had to pass through a theatre lobby filled with laughing, pointing, students who had been wondering who would ever go to "that movie".

The John Deere Model D was easier to drive than cars and trucks because it had a hand clutch and hand throttle and because there was no need to shift up or down while moving. I used that tractor to "break up" several "river-flats" with a "one bottom plough", before I started school. Whenever the plough was stopped dead by a thick root of sage brush, the tractor would begin to tip over backwards, and I would have to pull the clutch lever back quickly... or get squashed under the slowly rotating tractor. After the front of the tractor dropped from

about 30 degrees, with a bone jarring "boom", then I would have to back a little and try again, maybe at a slightly different angle, maybe several times, before the root was severed. One day, after getting stuck on roots many times, I noticed a strange smell coming from the tractor. I mentioned the smell to my father, Sly Snow, that evening, who said only that, "the clutch might need adjusting." The next time I got stuck on a root, the tractor almost tipped over backwards before I could get the clutch released.... pulling back as hard as I could on the clutch lever, with both feet on the dash. He later admitted he had adjusted the castellated nuts two notches, twice as much as recommended in the book. I soon learned how to adjust my own John Deere Model D clutches.

Before gravel roads, it was sometimes important to be able to ignore the rutted, puddled trails ...to choose grassy routes instead that would avoid the softest ground in Spring and the deepest snow in Winter. As soon as my parents discovered that I had, "better eyes for this" than they did, I often became the "out of town driver", if we were alone. On straight trails, if the snow was deep and the snow drift long, the car or truck might have to be going 70 miles per hour to fly through or over the snow drift. That was as fast as those old vehicles could go. My parents would sometimes hang on with both hands as their child drove them, faster than they had ever driven, through avalanches of snow flung up from long, deep snow drifts. Because nothing imaginable was worse than getting stuck in the middle of miles of intermittent fifty-foot-long snow drifts when it was bitter cold, no one ever made me slow down, at least not in deep snow. When they got us stuck, first we would have to walk for miles to get home, sometimes falling through crusted snow with each step...just as we hoped the snow might finally be firm enough to support us. Then we would have to drain and heat pans of oil and water from the flywheel-start Model D Tractor on the wood/coal cook stove. Then we would have to put a pan of hot ashes under the motor of the tractor, possibly topped with something that would burn, but watching to be sure it did not set the oily tractor on fire. Then we would have to add the hot oil and hot water at exactly the right time, so the already warm tractor engine would "think it was Summer" and fire-up on the first turn of the flywheel, with the decompression cocks open. Then we would have to drive the painfully slow tractor to the stuck, idling car, hoping it was not yet out of gasoline, backing the tractor through every drift that was deep enough to be "questionable".

I learned early that coarse-v-treaded tires were great for throwing the snow away from tires, so they would bite the ground, forcing the vehicle to go forward. But they were only effective until the friction of the snow underneath the vehicle, nevertheless, made forward motion impossible. And then, when one tried to back out of these places, the coarse-v-tread turning backwards just pulled snow back under the tire making it less likely to go backwards, than forwards. Speed was the best way to skid cars and trucks over snow drifts, especially wind hardened snow drifts, but sometimes the drifts were surprisingly hard, and I broke leaf-springs on the "bump". Tractors were another thing. Their heavy-v-tread could chew to the ground through all but the hardest snow drifts, throwing the snow away from the tire and pushing the tractor forward. But if the tractor found a drift that was deep enough to stop forward movement, then it was certain that the tractor would not be able to back up. The heavy-v-tread would fill immediately with snow when turning in reverse, making it impossible to chew its way to the ground. I was only a few years old when I learned to back tractors into deep snow drifts. When the snow prevented me from backing further, I could then go forward a little and then try backwards again, without spinning the tires, repeating over and over, until a packed trail was made. After I was a little older, I sometimes mounted coarse-treaded tires backwards on driving wheels, or kept spares mounted like that, so the vehicles would be better at backing out of deep snow drifts than they were at getting into deep snow drifts....and

I learned to drive on half flat tires, without tread, for better flotation on mud or on the soft sandy ground near the Milk River. Different conditions required different tires.

I was lucky that my parents wanted me to drive occasionally to "check cows" and open "drinking-water-holes" in river ice. Most farm kids had to wait to drive until they could drive in "pairs". One would kneel on the seat to steer and shift gears. The younger one would have to do the "floor jobs": gas, clutch, and brake. A "skilled pair" of siblings could do almost anything like that. After I had brothers and sisters, I had great fun entertaining them by driving down vertical coulee banks.... straight down, so the vehicles would not tip over... and by crossing the Milk River with them, always pointing downstream, and going the right speed so the water would not rise over the electrical system. Sometimes I had to prepare vehicles in advance by removing fan belts, covering ignition wires with grease and taping oil dipsticks to their tubes. I knew all the places where the river bottom was firm. My youngest brother later perfected my coulee climbing and river crossing tricks while I was hitchhiking in Africa and Asia. He would "stunt" at night, within hearing of the police in town, forcing the police to chase him. He would then get the Royal Canadian Mounted Police stuck in the Milk River...long before he had an actual driving license. By the time the police had walked to the farmhouse, waked my father, Sly Snow, and convinced him to pull them from the river with the tractor, my father could show the police that my brother was sound asleep in bedand the truck motor would be cool to the touch. My youngest brother had his own metal fabricating business in Utah and had collected hundreds of speeding tickets in the US on the Alberta "learners permit" he obtained in Alberta at fourteen...just before moving to the US. He and his son Maddison became race car owners and drivers, Maddison the youngest World Champion Porsche driver ever at age 15.

One of my first cowboy jobs, as soon as I could lift a small, pointed iron bar, was to find river water for our animals, sometimes under several feet of ice, always a separate "drinking waterhole" near each herd. The first "drinking-waterhole" in a new location might require several hours of chipping, but if the hole was re-opened every day, even when it was "forty below" the ice would not get very thick in one night. As ice thickened with Winter, holes had to become the right shape, wide at the top, but narrow at the bottom, so cows could get their noses in to drink, but could not push each other into the hole to break legs. Ruminants need to "borrow" a lot of water from rivers, puddles, or swamps to process chewed grass from "one stomach to another", but they definitely "give it all back" to evaporation and rain. Nothing is as dry as an old cow skeleton....and nothing is more non-sensical than the environmentalist claim that cattle are "water-wasters". I learned to keep our cows well-supplied with water, so they did not fight over their water hole... pushing and falling while I was still chipping ice. Sometimes holes had to be over deep water, so the water would not freeze all the way to the river bottom when temperatures were "forty below" for weeks. But the holes always had to be near a flat shore, or the ice near the hole had to be covered with snow, sand, hay, or cow droppings... so cows would have good footing when they drank. Hooves are not very useful on "glass ice".

Cows on bare ice would often become terrorized as soon as one foot slipped. If a cow's legs started flailing... and it fell...that could complicate a whole day. Depending on a fallen cow's location and its temperament, and on the ice conditions, it might have to be pulled to shore with a long rope behind a horse, or behind the Model D tractor...before it could get up. Or, if the cow broke a leg, it might have to be butchered right there and the meat packed home for our own use. Nothing was wasted in those early years, the best years, when my father, Sly Snow, and I worked together to prove to my mother's family that we could build a financial empire

via agricultural projects: chickens, eggs, milk, cream, beef...then...Purebred Polled Herefords, the special barley that made us World Barley Kings, and finally, hundreds of beehives.

The Milk River floods in the Spring, especially when warm rains in the mountains melt trillions of cubic feet of snow there quickly. But it is always low in the Fall and Winter. Sometimes the only places deep enough that they do not freeze to the bottom after long periods of 40 below weather are the 20-foot-deep channels under the steep cliffs that form the outer wall at the end of each river loop...not good places for cows to drink if the ice flooded repeatedly, becoming glassy each time, or when the ice became so rotten during a Chinook that cows could fall through and not be able to get back out. If found in time they could sometimes be pulled out with a long rope and tractor, headfirst, but it was always important to check on the cows often. Sometimes blizzards left 20-foot-deep snow drifts over water holes that were too close to vertical riverbanks.

My father, Sly Snow, once got the wonderful idea that he should buy cases of dynamite in the Fall and we would experiment with blasting one deep hole on the edge of the river in a perfectly level place where the cows could drink without standing on unpredictable river ice over deep water. He explained that the water in our drinking-waterhole should rise from the gravel below, even after the nearby shallow river had frozen to the bottom. We could put the waterhole where it would be best, both for us and for the cows. He would only need one "cap" and one length of fuse for the cases of dynamite because the explosion of the first stick would set all the others off. I tried to plant the idea in his mind that we should save some dynamite, for the possibility that we might need it for something else, but he must have "read my mind". He said he was going to set off the entire lot because he did not want any dynamite, "hanging around for kids to play with". That was too much of a challenge. When he arrived from the city with the dynamite and wanted me to help auger little holes for hundreds of sticks of dynamite, I wore huge baggy pants, held up with rope suspenders, pant legs tucked into high topped boots. I could get 4 sticks of dynamite in each pant leg, and still walk. He had me figured out, because when we were "ready to blow", he said he was, "too stiff to runand the fuse was a little short for his taste...so maybe I could light it, wait until I was certain that it was burning well and then run as fast as I could", to hide behind the tiny knoll where he was, not far from the explosion. I did, but not without images of the big explosion setting off the 8 sticks of dynamite in my pant legs....and scattering me, like dandelion seeds in a wind. I had lots of fun after that making my own "caps" out of 30.06 cartridges, wedged in bits of pipe, using nails and springs for firing pins, activated with long trip cords. The "caps" were a lot more dangerous than the dynamite.

Most of my cousins and most of the farm children that I began school with had real dairies with huge barns, topped with lofts full of sweet-smelling hay. They used real "dairy breeds" that they were proud of because each gentle pet of a cow could produce an amazing number of gallons of milk per day, many times as much as could be consumed by any calves. My father, Sly Snow, and I figured out that we could "use our heads", the ancient notched-log Old-Snow-Ranch barn and our many Range Cows to produce as much cream as we wanted to sell... without spending anything on dairy cows or dairy facilities. Shortly after each "slightly-less-than-crazy" range cow delivered its calf, we would grab the calf, paint it with a mark that identified its mother and then take it to the log barn, with its mother following and bellowing. My father, Sly Snow, would then place the calf in a central pen, constructed such that the cow could smell the calf and the calf could reach through the planks to suckle, when the planks were so arranged. He would eventually trick the cow into placing its head between sliding, head-capturing planks to eat the hay and/or grain placed in the manger there, while its calf was suckling. After a while it was easy.... he would lock the cow's head in place, morning,

and night while she was eating, but would not allow the calf to get its head through its pen to suckle until he had carefully washed the udder and taken half the milk. Cows will always more than double their milk production if their calf butts them for it....and if they have sufficient grass or feed. There was space for one cow on each of the four corners of the central calf pen...four cows at a time. He could change cows and calves every half hour. My first dairy job was climbing on a stool and swinging from the crank of the cream separator to keep it at sufficient speed to separate the cream from the milk. This system could provide enough dairy products for the entire world, easily, without using much cultivated land at all. In fact, grain farmers who do not use poultry and cows as well as other farm animals as scavengers to "clean up" are wasting more than they are producing, but this has been forced on them by the Globalist-designed societies that have forced farmers to "specialize".

My father, Sly Snow, and I used a little waste grain to "trick" each horse into allowing us to sneak a rope belt from our waist to its neck. We used a little more waste grain to "trick" our chickens into going inside at night. We used a little waste grain to keep our cows busy while he was quickly stealing half of their milk, but his specialty was the series of "tricks" he varied, depending on conditions, to get different groups of cattle to cross the Milk River. If the group was all older cows or older bulls, familiar with a particular river "crossing", or if the river was low enough that swimming was unnecessary, then the task might be easy. Otherwise, he would usually make sure to have some "river-familiar-decoy-cows" eating hay or grain on both sides of the "crossing" at exactly the time when his herd reached the "crossing". If it seemed to the herd entering the water that others had already crossed, they would be more likely to continue. But calves and yearlings often turn back as soon as they lose contact with their mothers, or as soon as they need to swim. Before I learned to ride bareback...like a part of my horse...he sometimes took weeks to get a herd across the river. As soon as I could ride well, I proved to him that we did not need "decoy-cows" anymore. We learned to crowd the herd into the river from a flat, sandy, shallow, entrance, making a lot of noise and using our horses to push them downstream, past a deep trench near a steep "cut-bank", which made it more difficult for them to turn back than to continue. We kept the pressure on, making sure that cows and calves did not have an opportunity to discover they had become separated until they were across. Animals that turn back during a river crossing might run away, like deer, in separate directions and might have to be forced to cross later, one by one. I once "foamed up" and exhausted three horses, tumbling livestock over near-vertical riverbanks to complete a crossing that "went wrong". Two good horsemen can sort any large group of livestock in any manner needed. One horseman situates himself where he can "hold" the sorted animals from returning to the larger group, while the other horseman wanders around the field, slowly moving desired animals into the group being "held". My father, Sly Snow and I became perfectly synchronized at this. We rarely needed corrals for "cutting" cattle.... even for collecting groups of bulls and moving them out of cow pastures.

We were many, then. Farm families eventually had 5 to 12 children. There were farms on almost every quarter section, schools every 6 miles, towns with community centers every 12 miles. There were no "bad" kids because we were all respected as producers....and expected to be as "colorful" as our parents. Our "get togethers" were always chaotic and wonderful. My father, Sly Snow, encouraged me to be as "colorful" as him. My mothers' father, Martin Madge, and family had come from Eastern Canada with lots of money and bought huge amounts of land East of Milk River. They sold some of their land after they transitioned into selling International Harvester farm machinery, Ford cars, Ford and International Trucks and UFA Fuel, but they also ran many thousands of sheep on marginal land, always assisted with dogs and sheep herders.

They certainly did not appreciate my virtually shoeless, 29-year-old father, Sly Snow, sneaking their 18-year-old, much-protected daughter from under their noses, but they were more graceful about it than was my father. After my Grandfather Madges' funeral, when I was four, the family got together to distribute various assets that were not listed in "Grandpa Madge's Last Will and Testament" but were nevertheless part of the estate. At one point, my uncle Paul Madge noticed that there was a 3/4-ton truck available and suggested that my father, "should probably take that because he didn't have a small truck of his own." My father, Sly Snow, then said he would take it, "if Paul Madge would wash it first". In all the years that we ranched and farmed in the Milk River area, my father never once bought anything...farm machinery, cars, or trucks.... from Madge Equipment, but we visited their garage for free entertainment...and to show me off... every time we went to town. Whenever my father, Sly Snow, left me with any of the Madge's, he would coach me first by telling me.... "Sheep are so stupid that if one falls off a cliff...all the others will follow it over the cliff". Or.... "If the herders and dogs don't keep the sheep moving, they will eat all of the grass in any location, roots and all, and ruin the land." He also taught me that, "Eating mutton is like eating rocks; it will go right through you without offering any benefit." When I was little, all the Madge's had great fun telling me that "lamb" was "goose" whenever I ate with them and they did not mind "Little Snow" repeating the nonsense that obviously originated with his father, "Sly Snow".

But after my Great Grandfather Frank Coffin died, his wife Lovisa Coffin moved in with her daughter Grandma Edna Madge and very much dominated the three-floor cement house in Milk River that was then center of the Madge and Coffin families. Great Grandma Lovisa Coffin pointed out to me, often, when I was still a toddler: (a) "that sheep had two lambs every year...not one calf like cattle"; (b) "that sheep also produced a harvest of wool every year, the best material for keeping people warm....not a single hide per lifetime like cattle"; (c) "that the Madge's had tens of thousands of sheep, not a mere hundred cows like my father" and (d) "that her own Coffin family had raised many thousands of cows on the Milk River, before my father knew the difference between a cow and a cow pie."

Grandma Edna Madge had to live in the mountains when there was too much pollen in the Milk River area, because of life-threatening asthma. In the beginning some of the family lived there with her in tents, but later, Milk River friends and family floated logs from the US end of Waterton Lake and built a huge cabin that anyone from the Milk River area could then share whenever they escaped the hot prairies and their responsibilities to cattle, sheep, chickens, turkeys, seeding, haying, harvesting, gardening, etc.... for a few days of fishing, horseshoe tossing, mountain climbing and a few nights of music and dancing. The 8000 square foot "cabin", including a partly enclosed porch, was always full of ancient feather, sheepskin or quilted "bedding" and wooden "reclining chairs". People were always coming and going, eating, and laughing. There was a paddle wheel steamboat anchored in the Emerald Bay portion of Waterton Lake where local bands played music and everyone from the Milk River area shared food and drink and dances with other rural types, also escaping the heat of the Prairies. In the earliest days, my father was happy to send me to my mother's family events, even if we were very busy with our agricultural projects.

On one level, I was the "message" that he had been able to steal the youngest, most protected, "Madge girl" from under their noses. On another level, I was the "family beneficiary" of the projects that my father, Sly Snow, was trying to develop with money borrowed and inherited from my mother's family: "the Purebred Polled Hereford cows that were smarter than Madge sheep" "the sandy Snow soil that made us World Barley Kings" "the river-flat eggs and chickens and milk that tasted better than Madge Verdigris coulee eggs and chickens and milk

"...and later..."our wild-clover-river-flat honey that tasted better than store honey." But perhaps I was sometimes used to convey messages in both directions.

Once, although I had been standing on the car seat for many hours guiding Uncle Paul Madge to Waterton Lakes on muddy, rutted, dirt roads...And although I had helped load and unload garden produce and dairy and meat for Grandma Madge and Great Grandma Coffin on my toddler legs...as soon as we were "settled in" at the Waterton "cabin", Great Grandma Lovisa Coffin wondered if "Little Snow" could be instructed in "manners" sufficiently to take some corn across the rocky street to Mrs. Greenway. First, there was endless instruction, that I had to repeat in confirmation, about getting to Mrs. Greenway's door across the dirt street. Then, I had to repeat and confirm several times, that I would knock on Mrs. Greenway's door, near the doorknob, but would not open the door or cross the threshold for any reason, until she said, "come in". Then, I had to repeat and confirm, several times, that I would say, only, "I am bringing corn from Mrs. Edna Madge to Mrs. Greenway." I was then to remain outside, but give the corn to Mrs. Greenway, across the threshold, not leaving until she had spoken some form of "Thank You". Finally, after all that, I could say only, "You are most welcome, Mrs. Greenway." and walk away, "maintaining good posture" all the way back to the "cabin". "Little Snow", was often told he, "should be seen, but not heard". Unfortunately, the door to Mrs. Greenway's house was open so I could not reach the doorknob area to knock without crossing the threshold. Unfortunately, no one answered the door, but I heard sounds of wood and glass breaking inside, so I entered enough to see a huge bear tearing the doors from cupboards far above the sink. I dropped the corn and fled, but subsequently "failed" Great Grandma Lovisa Coffin's inquisition about..."not entering Mrs. Greenway's house", about... "putting the bag of corn into Mrs. Greenway's hands", about saying, "You are welcome, Mrs. Greenway." After too many questions among which there was no time for answers, I was finally able to mention the bear. Lovisa said immediately, "Edna, take your broom to Mrs. Greenway's house and teach that "beast" a lesson." I watched while 100 pounds of Edna entered Mrs. Greenway's house with the broom and 1000 pounds of bear, as big as some of our bulls, came out growling, getting its face "dusted" every time it looked back.

My father, "Sly Snow", might have been challenged, somehow, when he later heard about that event. In any case, he soon proved to "the Grandmas" that "Little Snow" was less malleable than bears. My parents uncharacteristically gave me a nickel for a chocolate bar and left me with "the Grandmas" for an afternoon. Usually, children were simply left in cars for hours, if not days, while parents visited or shopped or talked politics or religion in distant places. I was forgotten as a small child in the lobby of the Marquis Hotel, many hours away in Lethbridge, several times. Once I had to remain there overnight, until my father found someone who was going to be in Lethbridge to pick me up the next day. I was only two when my next brother was born, but I was left outside the hospital in Lethbridge by myself for half days, whenever they wanted to be alone.

Anyway, on the occasion of the nickel bribe to visit "the Grandmas" As my father gave me the nickel, he told me to, "Advise the Grandmas that I was running to the "Chinaman's Store" and would be back "in minutes". I was quite proud that he had acknowledged that I could run, and I was planning to run the-almost-two-blocks... and then back. I knew which bar I was going to buy. I crossed the huge porch and entered the huge cement house of "the Grandmas" and announced that, "Dad told me to tell you I would be back "in minutes". Of course, Lovisa asked, "Where do you think you are going?" ...and then..." Why do you think you need to go there?" ...and then..." There is no urgency in that now." ...and then..." Just, cool your heels, dinner will be ready soon."and then, finally..." Ask again, after you have demonstrated your perfect manners at dinner." I may have mentioned some version of my thoughts, "I might be

little, but I can run faster than Grandmas” or perhaps... “My hand is still on the doorknob; I can be out of here before you can move your knitting”. She was knitting socks without heels because she was too blind to make heels, but I did not mention that. Nevertheless, before I could even turn the doorknob, she was straddling me on the floor. Her long black dress was everywhere, and her brown-stockinged thighs were squeezing the breath out of me. I recovered quickly and then mentioned that she would soon “prefer sitting on her soft rocking chair, rather than on bony me, so I would simply wait to buy my chocolate bar until then”. She then called, “Edna, bring that big rope from the basement”. I heard little Edna dragging something heavy up the stairs, through the kitchen and dining room, knocking over furniture. I burst out with a “big victory-laugh” when I saw about a hundred feet of one-inch diameter rope entering the huge “sitting room”, looped many times over Edna’s shoulder, but dragging on the floor. I said, “That big rope is so big, and my little bones are so little that I will soon be able to wiggle my hands and legs out of any knots you can tie.” Lovisa then said, “Did I say anything about knots? We are going to roll you up like a bobbin. You are probably such a jack ass, Little Snow, that you don’t even know what a bobbin is.” I mentioned that a bobbin was a shiny thing full of thread that supplied half of each stitch to my mother’s treadle sewing machine....and then I watched Edna moving chairs and arranging the rope back and forth across the floor, twisting some loops together, until it was all laid out. Then, one Grandma took my hands, and the other Grandma took my feet.... stretched me between them.... and somehow managed to roll me in the parallel lines of twisted ropes until I was wider than I was long, hands and feet barely protruding. Not knowing when to give up, I then said, “I am going to shout for help until someone rescues me.” After half an hour of muffled shouting, the grandmas offered to help with my “rescue program” by rolling me outside where I could be “better heard by potential rescuers”. Eventually I got rescued by an uncle who advised me that “these particular grandmas” should be “feared like rivers in flood” by children who “used their heads”. It was about 70 years before I learned that his advice was immensely understated.

Interpretations of my early years:

The family has long “known” that our Great Grandparents, Frank, and Lovisa Coffin, probably with aboriginal background, had fled disruption in Southwestern US and first settled on the Milk River, before railroads, towns, or fences, in a strange one-roomed house, featuring an unusually high ceiling, with all windows near the ceiling. Their grazing operation was centered on a firm, gravel-bottomed crossing of the Milk River where a main North/South trail joined Canada to the United States. This trail, including “Coffins’ Crossing” was the preferred route for many fleeing either Canada or the US, because they could expect to cross without getting their wagons stuck in mud. It was also one of the few Milk River crossings that featured long gentle slopes to the North and to the South out of the deep river valley, where teams of horses would not get over-worked by their loads. The Lunds and other “Old timers” used to tell me that Great Grandfather Frank Coffin always wore colt revolvers in the early days, very uncommon in Canada. There were local stories about Frank Coffin sitting down to eat steak with cattle thieves....and then billing them for the cow they were serving, less his steak. He had already tracked it and had already found his branded hide among their “belongings”.

Frank and his older boy Earl were usually with their herds, leaving his wife Lovisa with daughters Edna and May to protect themselves, and much younger Bert, in their home. I recently found a pile of decayed boards...all that remains of the tall, one-room-house, but enough to prove that its door and high window both overlooked a very narrow lane, almost one-quarter mile long, between two rows of caragana hedge, leading sharply uphill from the river crossing. There is barely space between the two rows of caragana hedge for horses with riders to squeeze through single file. There is no possibility of horses with riders ever turning or passing each other before arriving at the top of the lane. The entire river crossing was obviously laid out, employing fences

and trails and river cliffs, so the only way to the house was between the narrow rows of caragana, perfectly centered on the high window of the house and on its main door.... much higher than most of the quarter mile of narrow lane from the river below. I recognized the lay-out immediately as a Lovisa-built, bad-manners, death-trap. If potential undesirables at the river crossing hailed the house, then little girls Edna or May could hail back from the door of the house, shouting, "Go away. Do not come here. Father will not be back until dark. There's only us little girls at home." If the undesirables persisted toward the house, after being ordered to wait or go away by little girls, they would be proving a "malicious intent". Looking down on the invaders, standing on a tall stool behind the high window that overlooked the narrow lane between the rows of caragana, Great Grandma Lovisa could remove heads with sniper shots. Left-handed Grandma Edna and right-handed Aunt May, each looking down from appropriate sides of the doorway, could each shoot startled horses, thus plugging both ends of the lane. With dead horses as gates at both ends of the caragana lane...and plunging horses in the middle...there is no doubt that Great Grandma Lovisa could "pick-off" a huge group of undesirables, without danger to her family. The bodies, horse and human, could then be pulled downhill from the caragana lane and released into the middle of the river with a rope loop, ends "dallied" around Lovisa's saddle horn. "The Grandmas" had obviously learned how to use rope loops, without knots, long before I was born.

Frank and Lovisa Coffin and their family were not only "pioneers" in the sense that they were among the first to live in the Milk River valley after the migrations of Buffalo had ceased, but they were also "pioneers" in the sense that they developed the technology that makes it possible to produce immense amounts of Real-Protein, tissue building and restoring protein, on marginal lands in extreme climates. The Coffins were the opposite of "groupies" as my mother's sister Helen Madge once explained to me. They lived and worked... all alone ...to thrive where there was no one to assist them against bandits, to thrive where no one could assist them against blizzards, droughts, fires, grasshoppers, tornados and extreme cold. And....as herders.... they had to ensure that their herds also thrived, regardless of adversity. They had appeared with several babies in the Milk River valley, then a "territory", with their guns and vague, aboriginal, US roots, following a tiny herd of cows, long before there were towns, roads, railroads, or fences, nearby.

They "used their heads" to replace the herds of Buffalo, that had always previously moved South for the Winter, with herds of domestic cattle, that remained in the Milk River valley all Winter. Cows that remained all Winter certainly had to be kept separate from bulls, other than during carefully determined breeding periods. Early or late calving could bring disaster and death to herders, as well as to livestock. Sometimes Nature offers little margin for imperfect management. It was always better to butcher a "fence-crawling" bull than to allow it to breed any cows at inappropriate times. Cattle that remained all Winter certainly needed to be moved frequently among many different "river-flats", each offering different types of plants and different types of protection from Winter conditions. Drinking-waterholes had to be located perfectly and kept open. Whenever it was extremely cold, Cattle had to be guided to plants that still carried fat-filled seeds for energy.

I learned about food and cold and energy when I "signed on" to walk 2000 miles in the Arctic doing seismic exploration in 1967. I arrived in Minus 60 F weather conditions and learned immediately that if I wanted to function in the cold, I had to begin each day with a huge platter of bacon smothered in syrup and another huge platter of fried eggs smothered in syrup. I went to work each morning with pockets filled with butter-covered steaks. I ate frequently, whenever I could steal a minute, while rolling out each group of four 5/16-mile lengths of 52-wire cables from chest reels and attaching the geophones needed to record each "seismic blast". No amount

of insulation creates heat; Food makes heat. In bitter-cold, Winter conditions, no mammal can consume enough food for both heat and energy ...as well as for making enough milk to also keep its young warm and energized.

The Coffins developed the herd management skills, partly adopted later by my Grandfather Snow and my father, Sly Snow, but like all aboriginals and like virtually all herders throughout millions of years of human history, the Coffins were also butchers. Indeed, until recently in human history, virtually everyone was a butcher. Animals sold by the Coffins and other traditional herders were often already butchered, certainly ready to butcher. They did not require finishing in feedlots with grain-based commercial feeds. In the old days, people did not even like the taste and texture of grain-finished beef. The Coffins sold "halves" and "quarters" of beef to those crossing the Milk River at Coffins' Crossing and to those filling the towns a few miles to the North.

After I was designing and building food processing machines for the "dinosaurs" of the food processing industries of Alberta, Montana, and Minnesota, Merle Adams, taught me the history of meat processing in Lethbridge. He showed me a decaying-wooden-shed Southeast of Lethbridge from which he and older colleagues had supplied virtually all the meat consumed in Lethbridge for many decades... before any regulation, even before refrigeration. Before the Transcontinental East-West Colonial Railroads, Lethbridge was a coal mining town, supplying coal to a wide area. Coal miners and coal transporters needed muscle and energy and appreciated untrimmed meat from mature animals. As coal markets were developed in Montana, many mines were opened near Lethbridge, and a narrow-gauge coal-line was built South through Stirling and Milk River to Montana. Merle Adams and older colleagues bought small groups of grass-fed cattle from herders, including Frank Coffin, and arranged with his cowboys and later with the narrow-gauge railway to bring them to Lethbridge as they needed them. They hung their beef early in the morning and sold fresh "halves" to many neighbourhood butchers throughout the day, sometimes offering discounts to ensure that all his meat was completely sold every day. People consumed plate-sized, untrimmed steaks every meal, for only a little more money than its value per pound as livestock. There was little obesity, little cardiovascular disease, and no Type II diabetes in middle age. There was none of the premature debilitation, now common among those who consume insufficient Real-Protein, but far too much starch.

Merle Adams offered evidence that the first butchering regulations were designed after the Transcontinental East-West Colonial Railroads were built. The regulations were designed to ensure that most live animals would be shipped to our Colonial Masters in Central Canada in "cattle-cars" where they would be processed. As settlers filled the West, increasing amounts of packaged meat was then returned with other manufactured goods by rail. Eventually, our Colonial Masters in Central Canada built "Branch-Plants" in the West and created sufficient regulation to prevent local butchers from competing with their "branch-plants".

After Merle Adams could no longer tolerate the increasing amounts of absurd regulation that was designed to destroy small meat processors, he started "Lethbridge Rendering". His trucks would collect dead animals from anywhere in Southern Alberta, in any state of decay, as a free service. He then became famous for proving that all meat regulation was unnecessary... that all high temperature cooked meat was safe... by guiding groups of government types on tours of his "state of the art" canned-cat-food facility. He would first demonstrate the carcass-crushing "de-boner" that an employee would use to fill his high-pressure cooker with rotted, maggot-infested carcasses, dumped from his rendering trucks and hand-skinned. Then, half an hour later, he would quickly spread a thick layer of paste, fresh from the 375-degree Fahrenheit pressure-cooker, on a thick slice of bread... and eat it... while watching the government types "up-chuck". While he was eating and they were vomiting, he would explain, "All of my rendered

product becomes canned-cat-food. Canned-cat-food must be cooked at extremely high temperatures because old people who cannot afford the layers of government regulation involved in producing wholesaled, retailed, trimmed meat, are forced to eat canned-cat-food for their health."

*Before Merle Adams died, I was honoured to be able to go with him to the auction sales of several of the "Colonial Branch Plants" that had previously replaced him producing meat in Lethbridge. Canadian Dressed Meats and other "Branch Plants" of our Colonial Masters all closed when "Free Trade" proved that the layers of regulation and inspection that had protected them from Merle Adams had done nothing to help them function in World markets. Indeed, the Alberta government soon had to bribe Globalist giant Cargill with millions of dollars in gifts, including all our Inland Terminal Elevators, or we would have had no beef industry in Alberta at all. Merle Adams was also certainly correct about canned-cat-food and old people. After I invented **Hemp Hearts** and **Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes**, I assisted many old people, the most independent types, to change from canned-cat-food to my various Real-Protein, hemp foods.*

Rodney Baglole, an employee originally from Prince Edward Island, assisted me recently with information indicating that that the Canadian Food Inspection Agency had just shut down his favorite smoked-fish producer in the Maritimes because the facility had "smoky walls".... actually, because the producer refused to grovel to the CFIA as more new regulations were imposed. Rodney used to send perfectly smoked salmon fillets from that facility to friends and associates all over the world. It was the only source of high-quality fish products that he could find remaining in Maritime Canada.... ..once a World-leader in fish processing. But because Rodney was also brainwashed by CBC and by his "Globalist Education" to love government-regulation, he was soon caught purchasing a packaged fish product sold by Globalist Costco, that is obviously made from cooked fish-slime in Thailand. Its label proves that it needs five different kinds of "gums" and "starches" to provide its slightly-fish-like texture. The cooked fish slime from Thailand, "gluten-free" of course, is probably not much different from the paste that emerged from Merle Adams rendering-plant-cooker.

My best meal, ever, was home-processed wild meat. After I had a wife and daughter to support, I took a "professional" job in the Canadian North but did not get paid anything for many months because my "professional organization" had to evaluate my transcripts from three different universities before they could determine my "pay-level". We arrived there without money, except for a half-gallon ice cream tub filled with small coins. I survived and fed my wife and one-year-old daughter by "hunting" among the many millions of migratory birds that are born too late each year to fly South. Instead, they swim in smaller and smaller circles, in every tiny lake, eventually touching each other to share warmth, until they finally freeze and become bony "duck-sicles" for wolves. The mature, strong birds fly South in early August to take advantage of grain fields in farming regions. We lived on the skinny, immature birds that local aboriginals would not eat because they tasted too "wild". I would crawl through the grass to get close and then shoot many immature birds with a single shot as they swam in groups.... leaving the bodies to float to the down-wind shore where I would collect them the next evening. I could do that at three or four lakes every evening until the lakes froze. It was cool in our porch area. We cleaned them ...a little ...just before eating them. My wife, an orange robed, three-eyed vegan who I had saved from dying in India, was not very excited about tearing the breast meat from many stinky, scrawny ducks every day, but that is all we had to eat for months.... roasted, wild-tasting, duck breast, without seasoning. My one-year-old daughter Chandra Snow loved them.

As soon as there was a three-day weekend, just before "freeze-up", a local aboriginal friend and I borrowed a home-made plywood boat from one "Uncle", an outboard motor from another "Uncle", and an aluminum canoe from a "White-man". We planned to poach a moose in the part of Wood Buffalo park where Charlie and his family had lived for unknown hundreds of generations... before they were tricked into leaving and then not allowed to return. But the motor soon died, so the home-made boat and motor had to be hidden in the woods before we could continue up the Athabasca River in the canoe to find Charlie's "Auntie's" log shack on the border of Wood Buffalo Park. We paddled upstream at the edge of the river where there was less current, but it was such hard work that I wondered if we would arrive before I collapsed in exhaustion.

Eventually we pulled the canoe into the "bush" and walked into Charlie's "Auntie's" one-room log building nearby...desperate for food. Inside the log building, the walls and ceiling were covered, every inch, with muskrat skins stretched and nailed to shingles. The muskrat bodies were boiling in a big cast-iron cauldron on top of a cast-iron woodstove. Charlie told his "Auntie" that we were very hungry, so she filled two metal, mixing bowls with muskrat from the cauldron and handed them to us. I noticed that she gave me mostly bodies ladled from the bottom, but she gave Charlie mostly the hair that was skimmed from the top. Whenever she was not looking, I dumped some muskrat bodies from my bowl into Charlie's and then soon asked for more. It was certainly the best meal I have ever consumed. I must have "cleaned up" thirty muskrat skeletons. When we were in the canoe again the next morning, I asked Charlie why his "Auntie" gave me the Muskrat bodies but gave him the Muskrat hair. He explained that "My Auntie didn't like sharing her man, Snowbird, with Auntie's sister and me".

I later got to know "Snowbird". As an elder, he was always asked to predict the weather. He would reply that, "This Winter is going to be the worst Winter ever known to the people since the time of the great ice." Everyone would then ask, "On what observations do you base your predictions, Snowbird?" He would then reply that, "I can tell by the size of Snow's wood pile." I began sawing, splitting, and piling driftwood as soon as I got there because I needed to sell wood to old aboriginal ladies to be able to pay for the chainsaw as well as gasoline and shotgun shells. But the clever old ladies wanted to buy their wood as they needed it, paying me with 90-day vouchers from Indian Affairs. Although I had a big wood pile, I still had no money.

With good management, even without hay or other prepared feeds, the Coffins' herd increased every year, for decades, while they lived mostly on meat and milk. But....shortly after the first East-West Colonial Railroad arrived at Medicine Hat, a hundred fifty miles Northeast of Milk River, Great Grandfather Frank Coffin hired other cowboys to help round up most of his herd and "drive" them to the railroad where he sold them. It was already obvious to Frank and Lovisa Coffin that our Colonial Masters in Europe and Central Canada were going to destroy his way of life.

To connect the Northern, Non-US territories to the ruling parts of Canada, before we decided to join the US, the Central Canadian Government gave huge amounts of land to East-West Colonial Railroads. These railroads, active participants in Colonialism, then advertised all over Europe for non-US settlers to buy small parcels of grass land. Tens of thousands of European settlers soon arrived "to-break-up" these small parcels of "prairie grass" and produce cash crops on their "cultivated land". They sold many types of meat products, dairy products, poultry products, and grains for the cash they needed to purchase tools, farm machines, and even T. Eaton Co. house-kits from our Colonial Masters in Central Canada. All products and people were shipped in both directions by rail. Our Colonial Masters set high tariffs against cheaper US manufactured imports, forcing us to buy costly manufactured items from Central Canada. Our Colonial Masters

did everything possible to ensure that the US would reciprocate, in anger, with high tariffs against our raw material exports...thus forcing us to sell our raw materials to our Colonial Masters in Central Canada, or to their local branch plants.

All rural people kept their T. Eaton Catalog and other "wish-books", near their kerosene lanterns for quick reference. Older catalogs were found in their outhouses, for more detailed study. Our Colonial Masters in Central Canada designed regulation and controlled financing to ensure that we always had to sell our raw materials inexpensively to agents of Colonial Canada for the funds needed to purchase expensive manufactured necessities from Central Canada. And they set farmers to destroy ranchers and some farmers to destroy other farmers as they increasingly regulated to ensure that it was illegal for most of us to process our own products in more than symbolic quantities. The function of the RCMP has always been to enforce regulations imposed by our Globalist masters. Ike Lanier, the father of one of my farmers, was taken from his young family in "hand-cuffs and leg-irons" ...and then jailed, indefinitely... for the crime against our Colonial Masters of transporting symbolic amounts of his own Wheat to the US.

*American regulatory types continue, even now, to get manipulated by our Colonial Masters. Sometimes the Americans reject hundreds of cases of my **Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes** ... because they do not carry the French labels required by Canadian law. When asked why they would want French Labels with metric measurements on my products entering the US, they reply honestly that their demand is a form of harassment. Their argument is that because they are required by our Colonial Masters to put unnecessary French labels on their products entering Western Canada, then I should also have to put unnecessary French labels on my products entering the US. They know that as soon as any American sees any French, or any metric measurements on a label, the American is going to attempt choose another product.*

But all Americans, even regulatory Americans, seem to believe in "freedom" in a way that no Canadian understands. They always allow my products to pass after having made their "point". More and more, the Canadian Food Inspection Agency is now trying to do the job of US regulatory agencies for them. It is illegal now to ship commercial amounts of foods or feeds or components of foods or feeds to the US without groveling to the Canadian Food Inspection Agency. It is illegal now to buy commercial amounts of foods or feeds or components of foods or feeds from the US without groveling to the Canadian Food Inspection Agency.

When Frank and Lovisa Coffin realized that our Colonial Masters in Central Canada would soon ruin their herding, meat-supplying way of life, they picked the right moment and sold their entire herd for sufficient money to establish a "land-bank". Their bank consisted of large quantities of King George notes in a pit beneath their modest house in Stirling, 40 miles North of their Milk River ranch...protected with Frank Coffin's illegal "Colt revolvers". Thousands of Mormons were arriving each year to farm. They needed money to purchase farmland. Many of them worked for church leaders, indirectly for their church, which had contracted with railroads to build branch lines and irrigation canals ...using teams of horses to pull hand-guided "bucket-scrappers". Much of the land that was then irrigated was used to grow sugar beets which were processed into sugar and cattle feeds in the Mormon Town of Raymond.

Most of the land in this area, all the land that once belonged directly or indirectly to the Mormon church, until recently carried a "restrictive covenant" that warned that if the land should ever be used for production of alcohol, or for prostitution, or for anything immoral, it would revert to the Mormon Church. The restrictive covenant was never tested in court, but it probably had its intended effect.... there are still no bars in the area.

My Great-grandparents, Frank, and Lovisa Coffin "got out" of their own beef-supply industry before it was destroyed by our Colonial Masters in Central Canada, but they did not then understand that the same Colonialist Governments would take their sons to fight in WWIIand then alter themso they would never return to agriculture. They did not then understand that our Colonial Masters would soon ensure that the mortgages held by their "land-bank" would become worthless, thereby stealing, and redistributing the money the Coffins had earned when they risked their lives daily, as good herders. When the Alberta government replaced real money with "funny money" and legislated a moratorium on debt, Mormons drove their cars around Frank Coffin's house in Stirling singing songs about not ever having to pay "Old Man Coffin" for their farms. Eventually, he sold many of his Mormon mortgages to Albert Zobel, a young Catholic, who described his program to me as follows: "I gradually bought many of Frank Coffins' Mormon mortgages at greatly discounted prices with "real-money" that I earned from delivering coal to those who had been involved in whiskey smuggling to the US. I bought the coal with 'government funny money' that was available at a huge discount to 'real-money'. Then, I was persistent about persuading these Mormons to pay their debts.... or move off the Coffin land, on which I held the mortgages."

Some of Frank Coffin's descendants and some of Albert Zobel's descendants married Mormons and then became practicing Mormons themselves, as did Great Grandma Lovisa, but she advised me regularly as an older child that, "Real-Mormons value independence and productivity. Real-Mormons accept nothing from government, give as little as possible to government and never take regulatory government jobs." Her "context" was almost certainly that my father, Sly Snow, by then her "Bishop", was not a "Real-Mormon" because he was always trying to get access to free Coffin money or free Madge money and he was always counseling his children to look for "free government money". My mother occasionally told me with perfect elocution that, "I sometimes get so disgusted with your father. He has again arranged a meeting with your Grandmother Madge to complain to her that I received less from your Grandfather Madge's Last Will and Testament than the other Madge children." Whenever I later asked my mother about Grandma Madge's reply, my mother would joke that Grandma Madge had replied to my father, Sly snow, with her "Mona Lisa smile", a smile that was understood by Madges to mean, "I notice that you remain just as happy as if you were in your right mind."

The First World War was between Colonialists....over alliances and colonies. The Second World War was a continuation of that war, resulting from an unfair, peace agreement that was totally un-acceptable to ordinary, productive Germans...unwilling to work as slaves forever to French and other Colonial Masters. In the interval between wars there was a depression caused by Colonialist manipulations of the banking system. These Global catastrophes enabled governments to import desperate refugees and impose myriad rules and regulations on us all, diminishing our freedoms while expanding the power of Our Colonial Masters. Our governments eventually became the enemies that some of my uncles had died to defeat in WWII.

Colonialist governments took away my independent uncles, with the skills necessary to function well in the Milk River valley, and they applied those skills to war. One of the Coffin sons became a much-decorated tank commander in charge of the first tanks to enter Berlin. He wrote letters to many relatives at home on Adolf Hitlers' personal stationery. None of the Coffin sons returned to the family business.... or to agriculture. Another of my uncles began the war as a bomber pilot but was "busted back" to tail gunner when he saved his Colonial Aircrew but lost his British Rolls-Royce Engines by defying orders and landing his "shot-up" bomber on an English tidal beach...instead of among rock walls where the engines might have been saved, but the colonial

aircrew would have certainly perished. Tail gunners usually survived only one or two trips before they had to be removed from their turrets with scoop shovels. Uncle Jay Snow was much "patched-up" but returned alive and "wise" about the disdain held by Globalists for individuals. He often explained to me as a child how government regulation, especially border tariff manipulation, ensured there was "no money left in ranching... that when we try to avoid having our calves stolen by feeding them longer, we instead turn a hundred thousand dollars-worth of expensive feed into a corral full of cow shit".

Since then, all agricultural producers have been progressively denied access to consumers...to end users...by government regulation. Agricultural producers are now not much different from our livestock. "Fence crawlers" are culled early. Compliant immigrants are given a little more time to be useful to their Globalist masters. No one "lives" in the way we used to "be alive" before Globalist regulation. It is not even legal, now, to share our own food with the public...so there are few public events.

Shortly after I was born, all relatives of Frank and Lovisa Coffin went to his ninetieth birthday party. He butchered a fat beef, in preparation, in the tiny barn by his house in Stirling and then fed everyone delicious juicy steaks. The rest of the meat was divided among the guests to take home.... along with gifts of musty King George money from his revolver-protected bank in the pit under his kitchen. Such an invitation would never be offered now because of the possibility that police might arrive to question the host about the group, the food, the noise, the parking, or virtually anything else as the police project their authority as much as possible. And now...if a rancher allows a family member to take a single "home-butchered" steak to a barbecue, the rancher risks an arbitrary 50,000.00 fine without any opportunity to defend in court. Limitations on the use of cash are more subtle, but all regulations on the use of money are designed to put governments in control of the buying and selling of labour and property. It has been a long time since an individual could buy a small piece of land from a farmer and then build a house on it to start a family. In fact, just before I was old enough to marry, it became impossible for me to add a house to my father's farm unless guarantees were made to move him to town and demolish his house.

It was obvious to me as a child, that we were the victims of a Colonial System that ensured that all our manufactured goods were from Central Canada, and expensive, and that the only people who had "real-money" were those who had become agents of that system.... especially farmers who were producing "Marketing-Board-Products". When I "hitch-hiked" throughout Africa and the Middle East and East Asia, it became obvious that Colonialism had destroyed everything that had preceded it... everywhere that Colonialism had been imposed successfully.

But nothing prepared me for the nuclear-bomb-like devastation that I observed in Minneapolis, Minnesota when I went there forty years ago to build a mustard seed processing facility for Demeter Agro. Minneapolis had been an industrial hub for hundreds of years. It was located adjacent to Saint Anthony Falls on the Mississippi River where thousands of businesses were situated so they could take water from above the Falls, use that water to turn their water wheels, then release the water below the Falls. Free energy and products made with free energy made Minneapolis into a beehive of industrial activity. All the grain produced in the US was previously shipped there and stored in many groups of huge cement silos from which it could be processed into thousands of food and feed and oilseed products, including paint, linoleum, printers' ink and hardboard ... or shipped down the Mississippi on barges to the rest of the World. Everything used in the production and transport and processing of grains had once been made there... including farm machinery, diesel motors, hydraulic equipment, and an infinite assortment of specialized processing machines. But it was all shut down when I got there. Globalist Socialists and Globalist

Environmentalists created myriad regulations that forced businesses to close if anyone could hear them or smell them or imagine that their water-vapor was pollution. Labour laws were imposed that made it impossible to get much useful work from anyone, regardless of their pay or willingness to work. Astronomical liability judgements exposed everyone who operated a business there to infinite and uninsurable risk.

Then, American Globalists took samples of Traditional-Minneapolis-Products to China and financed Communist-Party-Capitalists in China to build the slave-labor factories which produced copies of these products at minimal cost. Globalist offshore-tax-haven branches of virtually all American and European Retailers purchased these Chinese copies for almost nothing using their off-shore, tax-haven branches and then re-sold the products to themselves at their Big-Name Stores in the US or Europe.... after marking them up thousands of percent. They rarely make enough profit in the US or Europe to pay tax. These US and European Globalist Retailers are so without morality that they often work with their colleagues in Government to obtain subsidies in America or Europe...while leaving oceans of untaxed money in their offshore tax-havens.

Simplified: American-Socialist-Environmentalist-Globalists used socialist and environmentalist and liability laws to enrich themselves by destroying the American economy and the American middle-class.... quite deliberately. Globalists running the City of Minneapolis later tried in vain to prevent their largest businesses from divesting themselves of billions of dollars worth of taxable property by donating it to the "Moonies" and other tax-exempt "religions". I built my mustard facility with machinery gutted from abandoned businesses that had become residences for drug addicts and prostitutes.

Oceans of tax-exempt money always remains off-shore to buy media companies, politicians, think-tanks, universities, etc. But American Big-Name Globalists operate on thin margins at home... so they can justify tiny wages. All these Globalists are associates and colleagues, often belonging to the same families, always owning shares in each other. Is it any wonder there was such a frenzy...even involving a "Plandemic" ... to stop Trump from taxing Chinese imports 25 % of their selling price in the US? That could be 5 to 10 times more than the American Globalists are paying for Chinese manufactured products from their American-owned tax-havens in the first place.

The Canadian Food Inspection Agency and the Canadian Microbiology Lab were caught assisting the Wuhan, China weapons facility in creating and spreading the SARS-coV-2-virus that was first weaponized against "Trump's Economy", then used to corrupt the US election process and is now being used against all those who might attempt to restore Western Middle-Class Economic Dominance. It is easy to prove the culpability of the Canadian Globalists: French scientists, the designers, and builders of the Wuhan facility, publicly exposed the Wuhan facility as a weapons facility and abandoned it years before Canadian Globalists finally stopped supplying the Wuhan facility with weaponized virus samples. In fact, Canadian Globalists did not finally stop their team of ethnic Chinese Scientists from supplying the Wuhan facility with weaponized virus samples until they were challenged, brutally, by the Government of India.

My early years, continued:

As the West filled with the settlers that supplied our Eastern Colonial Masters with cheap raw materials, settlers that were also customers for expensive, tariff-protected, manufactured-goods from Central Canada... our Colonial Masters began to pretend to an increasing responsibility "to look after us" with expanding socialism. Their "assistance" always increased the power of government agencies, while rewarding a few "government-darlings". The masses

were never “rewarded” by governments with anything other than increased taxes, increased expenses, increased barriers to house and land and business ownership, increased protein costs, poorer health, and endless fraudulent, self-promoting lies.... sometimes politely called “false narratives”.

Ranchers like my Stringham uncles had legally obtained, marketable leases to many dozens of square miles of marginal prairie grass in the Milk River area. They had spent all their money for several generations on “good stewardship” of their lands and livestock. They built fences and cross fences and small dams and dugouts, so cattle would have access to water wherever they grazed.... never over-grazing as the cattle walked for water. They maintained a network of ploughed fire guards to arrest any prairie fires that might otherwise cross their grass lands and harm others. The Stringhams had developed various programs for procuring and transporting and feeding hay to their livestock in Winter. Uncle Mark Stringham became a veterinarian, taught courses, and offered diplomas in “Herd Management” for only a few dollars per rancher...so other lands and other livestock would also be well cared for. But then, government lease inspectors were ordered to “claim” that most of the Stringham lease land was “under-utilized” ...as an excuse to steal it from the Stringhams and convert it into “communist pastures” for grain farmers. Grain farmers, debt slaves created to supply the Canadian Wheat Board with wheat and barley, needed places to park their cattle every Summer while their grain crops were developing. The Canadian Wheat Board needed grain farmers to feed cattle in Winter to get rid of the immense surplus of low-grade wheat and barley that the government agency could not sell. Ranchers were cheated out of their way of life and generations of toil, as well as their lease lands...which were then made into “community pastures” and given to grain farmers.

I spent a day as a small child with my father, Sly Snow, and my uncle Mark Stringham choosing which two square miles of Stringham Ranch my father could probably get “transferred to himself” in advance of the probable establishment of “communist pastures” for grain farmers, from most of the Stringham Ranch. Then later, even as a child I was embarrassed as my father, Sly Snow, assisted a group of grain farmers and socialist government employees to steal most of my uncle’s Stringham Ranch. Access to “communist pastures” is now bought and sold, known as “sections” or “half-sections” of stolen “Stringham Ranch”. They are squabbled over by “sponsored and approved” individuals, certainly not the masses.

Doctor Mark Stringham, a veterinarian, taught me more about nutrition and health than any of the many thousands of health care professionals I have encountered since inventing **Hemp Hearts** and then **Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes**. Virtually everything I know about human nutrition and health, I learned as a child from Uncle Mark Stringham, a veterinarian...usually about non-human mammals. One must study anthropology or history or veterinary sciences.... not medicine or food science... to learn the importance of 18-amino-acid-protein for body tissue health and the importance of long-fiber-foods for preventing disease by guaranteeing frequent digestive system clean-out. Such knowledge seems to have been deliberately obfuscated by socialist and environmentalist government agencies and schools...always promoting diets composed mostly of highly processed starch-grains, but little food containing Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein. Diabetes, with all its debilitating complications, is obviously the result of starch-grain diets promoted by our government agencies and schools.

As people changed from horses to motorized vehicles, their horses were often abandoned and became “pests”. When I was very young there was a herd of “pest-horses” on the Old-Snow-

Ranch....” tools” when we were using them, “pests” otherwise. My father complained about them frequently, claiming that they each consumed more grass than two cows. We ate “pest-horses”, without mentioning them, on the Old-Snow-Ranch, unless there was a crippled cow that could not be sold for a decent price. A “pest-horse” that might be alright for slow “cutting and sorting” of cattle, might “go crazy and run away” dangerously with anyone “who gave it its head”. Another “pest-horse”, that might not “run away” with anyone, might “buck” or “kick” unpredictably, or might have such a “choppy gait” that it would be too “bone rattling” for very much riding. Because we never had a horse that could be “trusted”, my father would never allow me to have a saddle. His theory was that without a saddle, I would never “stay on” long enough, “to get into bad trouble”. And indeed, when I galloped near my father, like part of my horse, across fields interspersed with sagebrush, I might guide my horse to the left side of an isolated “tree” of sagebrush, and the horse might seem to be adjusting its course to the left, but at the last moment it would deliberately jog to the right, to “miss the tree” leaving me in the sagebrush. I am still not sure if this was a “horse-game” or a “Sly Snow” game, but it taught me to be careful about misplacing trust.

The first thing I learned about “pest-horses”, therefore, was to use a heavy bridle with heavy reins so that whenever I got “dumped”, I could nevertheless hang on to one rein and keep the horse from leaving me on the ground, far from home, probably on the wrong side of the river. I once had to walk across almost twelve miles of prairie in pinching boots, following my horse to each gate, and then trying to get close enough to grab a rein as I allowed my horse through each gate, all the way home. The horse would appear willing to stand back forever... and not go through the gate at all ...unless it was certain that I was far enough away that I could not possibly be quick enough, jumping for the reins at the gate, to catch it. Then it would kick up its heels and wave its tail and run crazily to the next gate, a mile away, where it would eat grass and wait for me to open that gate, too. I was amazed that it could do all that, holding its head a little to one side so it did not step on its reins. Perhaps it knew that I was thinking about eating it. After I let it through the last gate into its home pasture, it became ever so friendly...nuzzling me affectionately while allowing me to remove its bridle. It won. I did not feel “up to butchering it” ... perched on sore feet.

Eventually, I found a huge “long-distance-horse” that could run with me on its back for hours.... like part of the horse. I could go up and down the Milk River almost endlessly, ignoring fences by swimming the horse around the fence ends, where fences met the river. By then, I often had the job of tattooing a number in the ear of each of our Purebred Polled Hereford calves soon after birth, then recording the calf’s new tattoo with the cow’s number as displayed on its neck chain. Every cow would attack me, head down and bellowing, as I sat on its calf tattooing, but luckily, if I kept the calf between us, they always stopped to sniff the calf, and did not quite strike me. I had to tattoo each calf before it was more than a few days old... or it could be as difficult to catch as a deer. I also got the job of adding new bulls to our Stringham Ranch pastures and to other cow pastures... as we noticed that the bulls already there were getting exhausted. I loved that horse. I often kept it at the Johnson’s for days of camping along the Milk River, while collecting fossils and arrowheads and learning to shoot flying mud-swallows near their river-cliff-nests ...with rifles. I could often arrange to take the Johnson school bus home with them from elementary school...then spend a few days camping and hunting with them...before taking my own school bus home after school...sometimes after missing a few days of school. My long-distance-horse was family when I was happily parent-free at the Johnson’s.

One morning as I went to catch my “long-distance-horse”, I noticed that it was laying on the

ground on its side, trying to kick itself in the gut with each foot. It was in such obvious pain that I thought I would have to shoot it, but I decided to try to call Uncle Mark Stringham, first. The telephone operator...the mother of a school friend who was much later “lost to the sea” when working on an offshore oil rig...thought she could find Uncle Mark for me, if I waited by the phone. When I heard my return call, Uncle Mark Stringham’s first question was, “How does your horse eat?” I tried to reply, “Grass in Summer; Hay in Winter”, but Uncle Mark interrupted with, “How, not what? Does your horse grab a big mouthful of grass or hay and pull it in past the corners of its mouth and then chew and chew and swallow...? or Does it use its lips to pull small plant tops or broken leaves from bales into its mouth?” I responded that I had, “never seen that horse with its mouth full. It always acted like it was stealing food, one leaf at a time.”

Uncle Mark then said, “He is full of “fines”, tiny pieces that won’t tie together to move through him properly like a rope. If you fed him a few dozen spoons-full of cracked flax every day, the oil in the half-digested flax seeds that escaped his stomach-acids, would keep his gut slippery and he would probably never plug up. Or, if he were always grazing in river-flats and getting some oily weed seeds, he would probably be alright too. But now, you will need to find 6 feet of small soft hose, the size of a finger...and a kitchen funnel that will fit into the hose...and half a gallon of some non-petroleum oil.... mineral oil or linseed oil ...from a paint shelf. Then push the hose into the horse’s nose until it is at the bottom of his stomach or lung. Blow in the hose. If your breath comes back stinky like stomach acid vomit, then it is in the right place. If not, then try again and again. If you put oil in his lung, you will kill him. When the hose is in the right place, quickly raise the end of the hose as much as possible, insert the funnel and pour the oil in as fast as you can. The horse will jump up as soon as it can and will soon poop out an oily mess of “fines” and will then be ready to run again.”

After I invented **Hemp Hearts**, a perfect and amazing solution to virtually all types of constipation, even constipation caused by opiate medicines, I was surprised at how difficult it was to teach doctors (a) that most modern humans experience occasional constipation because of diets that contain far too much highly processed food, especially starches, and (b) that the cure is as simple as adding five to ten tablespoons of **Hemp Hearts** to occasional meals. Every time anyone consumes enough **Hemp Hearts**, so some of them get past the stomach undigested to lubricate gut tubes...they will pass their wastes. Most doctors do not seem to be able to think mechanically or logically about health issues. They do not seem to be able to understand that low fat, highly processed “fines”, that do not tie together, will not “move well” in folding loops of gut. They also do not seem to understand that retained wastes in the bends and bulges of gut tubes can easily become colonies of dangerous microorganisms. There is also a convergence of interests that do not want us to understand that the consumption of carbohydrates (sugar and starch) always requires the production of insulin...and that virtually everyone who changes from Real-Protein to carbohydrates will eventually suffer from cardiovascular disease caused either by excess blood sugar...or excess insulin.

Every mammal fetus develops 2/3 of its weight in the last 1/3 of its pregnancy. It is important that the mother eats enough in the first 2/3 of its pregnancy, when the fetus is not growing much, to build her own strength. But the mother should cut back on calories in the last 1/3 of its pregnancy to avoid producing young that are too big to be born easily. My father, Sly Snow, was “no good” with machines, so he did not like to make hay. He would try to move his cows from field to field, scavenging until long after Christmas, forcing them to “get by” on minimal feed. Then, if he ran out of hay before Spring, he might feed commercial “range-pellets” that were high in calories from oil and wheat by-products, but not satisfying because they were low

in protein. The bossiest cows, often the ones with horns, would then over-eat the high calorie “range-pellets” and develop calves that were too big to deliver un-assisted.

Before I returned from three years of hitchhiking in Africa, the Middle East and East Asia, my father, Sly Snow, had to shoot dozens of cows that could not deliver their huge calves. The County even forced him to hire a backhoe to bury them. Uncle Mark Stringham and I knew the cause of the problem, but government types thought it was a “disease”. I learned, immediately after returning, how to use a single spinal injection to paralyze a standing cow locked in a headgate, then several other injections to freeze the incision site in layers...so that I could remove their calves by Caesarian Section. It was not difficult. They all survived and had calves normally the following year. Socialists and Environmentalists have since ensured that it is illegal for ranchers to buy even the most ordinary medicines...certainly nothing that would enable them to perform “Caesarians”. Many animals now suffer and die unnecessarily, without treatment. What kind of a society allows incompetent, regulatory fools to dominate its food and shelter and energy producers?

Uncle Mark Stringham explained the “protein/hunger” issue to me as follows: “*Nature* has evolved a mechanism called *hunger* which is supposed to teach us to look for *Real-Protein*, 18-amino-acid-protein, because *Real-Protein* best satisfies *hunger*. *Nature* wants us to find *Real-Protein*, 18-amino-acid-protein, because that is what is needed for good body tissue health. If we consume steak and eggs for breakfast, we can go all day without eating again, because the meal of steak and eggs was very-high in very-satisfying 18-amino-acid-protein.... *Real-Protein*. On the other hand, if we have four times as many calories in pancakes and syrup for breakfast, we will nevertheless be hungry again in two hours, because there was not enough *Real-Protein*, 18-amino-acid-protein, in the pancakes to satisfy *hunger* for very long. Those who usually choose poor-protein foods that do not satisfy will certainly become protein-deficient and have poor body tissue health. They will probably eat too often and become overweight. They will probably consume more sugars and starches than their bodies can neutralize and will then eventually become diabetic. It is mostly a mechanical issue...not medicinal at all.

It still amazes me that every type of Globalist...Colonialists, Socialists and Environmentalists... are determined to overwhelm the Planet and our diets with low-protein sugars and starches that neither satisfy nor contribute much to human body tissue health. I can eat two 300 calorie meals per day (total 600 calories) of **Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes**, including yogurt, and find myself more satisfied ...and infinitely healthier...than when I used to eat three or more starchy 2000 calorie meals each day (total, at least 6000 calories).

We had to avoid eating the “pest-horse” favourites of the sisters of my father, Sly Snow, and Uncle Jay Snow...at least until we got the unmarried Aunts moved to Lethbridge. My father, Sly Snow, and Uncle Jay Snow agreed that their unmarried sisters were unlikely to find good mates in the Milk River area where, “They might fly over the lilies of the valley and then settle on cow turds”. We built a house in Lethbridge, several hours away, for Grandma Snow and my unmarried Aunts. I stayed there with Grandma Snow, unmarried aunts and their scary, dress-making-manikins when I was almost too small to climb on the electric streetcars. When a rich, alcoholic, farmer of Russian background with three wonderful kids from a dead wife was later encouraged by the entire Snow family to marry Aunt Lil, there was much worry about whether he would manage to “kill Aunt Lil” ...too... before she made Mormons out of the wonderful children”. She is the only one in the family of that generation remaining, the only one smart

enough to avoid the sugars and starches that killed the others with complications of diabetes.

When I stayed with Grandma Snow in Lethbridge as a small child, I was amazed that there were horses there that could read. If we put the standard “milk sign” in the window, the horse would stop at the house until the milkman took the correct number of bottles from the wagon. Then the horse would proceed to the next house that had a “milk sign” in its window.... not stopping at houses without “milk signs” ...but almost every household needed milk every day. Socialists and Environmentalists had not yet begun to use price and junk science to discourage the consumption of milk.

Distant colonial governments used fraudulent, self-promoting lies, typical of “Socialism”, to take over our magic places, calling them “our parks” while increasingly restricting our access and utilization of them. When I was a boy, we met at the Madge cement house in Milk River, before driving past the decayed ranch buildings of our Coffin ancestors, to the “Grand-Opening” of Writing on Stone Park. The adults discussed the many ways that “Town people” as well as “Summer people” in Waterton park had been slowly cheated of their property rights as well as their freedom to enjoy Nature... while Waterton Park was converted into a shrine for government workers and their friends. The Madge adults speculated that we would soon be prevented from visiting the old wagon trail into the Police Coulee portion of Writing on Stone Park where the first Coffin and Snow names were carved into the rocks. The Madge adults speculated that we would soon not be able to climb into the various sandstone cliff-caves where aunts and uncles and cousins had declared childhood love with rock carvings. We all knew that we would no longer be comfortable having group picnics among a forest of regulatory signs...many displaying lies pretending that the rules preventing us from climbing, swimming, or hiking were necessary to protect us...or even to protect rattlesnakes. But we could not then imagine a country where it would become illegal to offer our own food to friends at our own public events. Technically, it is illegal, now, to feed visitors, possibly your own children, from your own garden.

We were supposed to be proud of our contribution to “World Heritage” but it was not long before it became obvious that the only thing not-done by the Parks Types at Writing on Stone Park was to actually protect the tiny amount of “Indian Writing” remaining, a job that could have been done with a few hundred dollars worth of steel bars, not millions of dollars worth of “no-trespassing” signs on “restricted access” property. For many decades after I left Milk River, I used to take groups canoeing from the old Coffin Crossing to Writing on Stone Park....a very long day of hard paddling. Almost everything along the river in the Milk River Valley looks exactly as it would have looked to my Great Grandparents, Frank, and Lovisa Coffin, except that Globalists recently “marked their territory” with hundreds of “No Trespassing” signsone every few hundred yards, on both banks of the Milk River. On occasion, Parks Types have even attempted to use nonsensical “health concerns” to deny river access to canoeists entirely, but it is certainly much cleaner now than it ever was in previous ages of “Buffalo Jumps” or jungles.

Because the Milk River region is over 3000 feet above sea level, it has a very short frost-free season, usually less than 110 days. When I was in my teens, plant breeders began irradiating seeds and selecting mutants for short-season maturity. Before that, the only types of grain with significant market potential that would produce seed in less than 110 frost-free days in the Milk River region were oats, flax, and wheat. Now, virtually all seeds have been irradiated

and then selected for mutants dozens of times... mostly so plant breeders can own varieties, which are then marketed with lies. "Non-GMO" is just a fraudulent marketing strategy..

Because the total annual moisture in the Milk River region averages only about twelve inches, including moisture from snow, no grain variety will produce nearly the quantities of seed per acre that can be produced in higher moisture areas. Because Oats and Flax will produce many times as much seed and straw per farmed acre in higher moisture areas, the price of Oats and Flax was usually too low to make sense for us.... unless we could not get "on the land" early enough to plant wheat. But wheat produced in low moisture areas is always higher in protein and has much better baking and pasta making qualities than high moisture wheat....so our wheat was much more valuable than wheat from any other region of the World.

As soon as many Milk River area farmers with heavier cultivated land set themselves up to produce wheat for local or US Flour Mills, Colonial Governments wrote laws that forced Prairie farmers to sell all their wheat, instead, to the Canadian Wheat Board. Milk River "dry-land farmers" then only received the same price per ton for their high protein wheat as "high-moisture farmers" received per ton for their much larger quantities of inferior low protein wheat. The Canadian Government stole our high protein wheat to blend with low protein wheat to make more of that low quality wheat marketable. But even then, the Canadian Government could not sell all its low protein wheat and had to force farmers to feed more and more low protein wheat to livestock.

The Canadian Wheat Board also made all farmers pay the costs to ship our wheat to the coasts so they could market it to foreign Countries and foreign Flour Mills at much lower costs than they offered it to domestic Flour Mills. Incompetent Canadian Wheat Board officials caused many of these shipments to become expensive boondoggles. Farmers had to pay hundreds of millions of dollars demurrage over the years because rail cars did not meet ships on time...especially not with the correct grades of wheat.

Every region of Canada that joined "Confederation" was guaranteed certain benefits. Tiny Maritime provinces were given excessive representation in government. Prairie farmers were guaranteed cheap rail rates to our coasts. The only "Confederation Benefits" that have ever disappeared over the years are these low-cost rail rates that were guaranteed to prairie farmers. The Canadian Wheat Board blamed the cheap rail rates for their own scheduling incompetence...and then maneuvered governments to get rid of the cheap rail rates. Most of our domestic Flour Mills shut down. Others adapted to make small amounts of low-quality flour as gifts to Third World Countries and immense amounts of commercial feeds for fattening animals and poultry.

Far from giving Prairie People cheap access to our coasts for exporting our products.... Globalist Canadian Governments as well as Globalist Provincial Governments have now converged in their attempts to prevent us from building the pipelines that would make it possible to export huge quantities of prehistoric, rotted-jungle-plants as "fossil fuels". We should work closely with Russia, another Country with a huge resource base, one that has completely rejected its Socialist, Globalist past, to market our agricultural and petroleum products through our North....to Asians. We should separate from Canada, giving every resident of the Northwest Territories a one million dollar signing bonus to join us. When I did seismic exploration in the Canadian Arctic in the 1960s, we found oceans of oil there. Fifty-five years later our Paternalistic Colonialist, Socialist, Environmentalist, Elites are still pretending that it is better for Northerners to preserve their culture as diabetic, tubercular,

welfare-dependant, drunks than to become independent and rich by exporting oil and minerals. How difficult is it to understand that all humans must be productive to be happy and healthy?

Colonial governments with global focus, re-designed our agriculture so that almost all animal feeds were produced on prime land, with expensive chemical inputs, instead of on marginal lands with zero inputs. The Canadian Wheat Board was always hated by Americans for dumping our wheat on the World markets at below World prices. Indeed, the Canadian Government often gave much of our wheat away to create "a favorable image" for those Canadian politicians who had UN and other Globalist aspirations. Farmers from Ontario, Quebec and most of BC could sell their wheat directly to US or overseas buyersor process it in Ontario, Quebec and BC and then retail the flour and manufactured foods to us. But we had to sell to the Canadian Wheat Board or go to jail. In over 70 years, no Canadian lawyer had the competence or moral compass needed to successfully challenge this absurdity....an absurdity that has caused immeasurable debilitation, premature death, and loss of opportunity.

After I had a wife and child to support, I built, installed, and repaired machines for Ellison Milling Flour Mill in Lethbridge for many years. Frequently, they would receive a letter from the Canadian Wheat Board in the Fall advising that the Canadian Wheat Board had "oversold" high protein wheat to foreign markets, therefore, Ellison Milling Flour Mill would have to "make do" with low quality wheat for the entire crop year. Catelli Pasta, our largest customer, was located one block away. Catelli Pasta would often have to buy flour milled in the State of Washington made from high protein wheat grown in the Milk River region. There was never a single year in all the 70 years of the Canadian Wheat Board when Milk River farmers could not have sold our high protein wheat for more than twice as much in the US, as we received from the Canadian Wheat Board. Catelli Pasta shut down. Most flour Mills shut down. Milk River, Coutts, Warner, Foremost, Aden, Grain, Masinasin, Manyberries, Wrentham, New Dayton, Seven Persons and Etzikom... in the Milk River area alone... died because of the Canadian Wheat Board. Tens of thousands of farm families from the prairies gave up and "moved to town". Millions of Canadian children were not born at all and millions of others who began on farms became hamster-wheel-rotators for Globalists, instead of independent, producers who could "use their heads" ... all because of the Canadian Wheat Board.

My father, Sly Snow, copied an uncle who had imported a short season barley variety from Montana and won awards at agricultural fairs. My father and Uncle Bob Hummel "agreed" to work together to introduce this short-season barley which had great milling and brewing qualities, so farmers in the Milk River region would not be at the mercy of the Canadian Wheat Board. Unfortunately, because they thought various governments would want to assist Milk River farmers, my father and uncle Bob Hummel proceeded in the manner that would get them the most possible publicity for their project. When I was 4 and 5 years old, we prepared samples of Campana Barley for agricultural fairs in Chicago, Toronto, and Calgary...kernel by kernel...so the samples would be uniform in kernel color, kernel width and kernel length. We placed a folding table under a hanging kerosene lantern and then used kitchen knives to guide kernels into piles. We selected many pounds of large, uniform shaped kernels with similar color from many hundreds of pounds of barley... for each agricultural fair. We picked through barley kernels night after night for several years and became "World Barley Kings" repeatedly. We dressed up like royalty and were transported in "coaches" during parades.

As we increased our supply of "perfect" seed we built a little grain cleaning and sizing facility with separate bins for various types of screenings, as well as for perfectly sized planting

seeds. We began selling seeds to neighbors and we began finding high value markets for our commercial barley. Then the Canadian Wheat Board arbitrarily made barley a "Wheat Board Commodity" and legislated that all planting seed had to be obtained from their sycophants and all grain had to be sold to them just like wheat. They cut us off at the knees. They later modified their regulations to eliminate "feed quality barley" from their marketing, but our project was dead by then. Anyway, we were interested in using milled barley to replace milled wheat in making thousands of food products.... not simply for fattening livestock like low quality wheat.

"Milling barley" remained a "wheat board commodity" until the end of the Canadian Wheat Board a few years ago.... after a Canadian "deep-state", an enemy of independent producers, tried every dishonest trick to restrain a Prairie Prime Minister who was elected to eliminate the Canadian Wheat Board. Colonialist, Socialist, Environmentalist domination of agriculture eventually determined that the best land...not marginal land...is used in Canada to provide feed for most of the livestock produced in Canada. But almost no Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, is exported....no eggs, no chickens, no ducks, no turkeys, no geese, no sheep, no dairy, and very little beef.

In Canada, most of our premium land is used to produce nutritionally dangerous starches and livestock feed. Tiny amounts of traditional Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein is produced for use as novelty foods. In contrast, after I invented **Hemp Hearts** and subsequently **Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes**, I now live almost entirely, month after month, on 4 ounces (112 grams) in two meals per day of **Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes....**over fifty percent Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein. (I add a splash of milk for calcium for bones, but zero cost window-mustard-greens could be used instead.) My farmers can produce enough hemp seed alone to become a total diet for 16.5 humans per acre per year with each person consuming over 56 grams of Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, per day. Prairie Canada alone could potentially provide a perfect diet using Hemp Hearts Protein Flakes for 16,500,000 humans per year. But a large percentage of each crop, mostly oil and cellulose, would still be available, after fiber separation, for farming fish or poultry or livestock.... potentially adding perfect protein for another 16,500,000 humans per year. Prairie Canada, alone, a tiny part of Canada, could easily provide perfect protein diets for 33,000,000 humans per year. Canadians are now consuming only a tiny part of 56 grams of 18-amino-acid-protein per day.... the primary reason that they suffer from obesity, hardened arteries, cardiovascular disease, diabetes, senility, and other types of premature debilitation.

My impoverished 29-year-old father, Sly Snow, timed his marriage to my rich 18-year-old mother perfectly. Within a few years she inherited various chunks of money to assist with our agricultural projects from my Great Grandfather Coffin and from my Grandfather Madge. We also inherited a lot of cultivated land from the Madge family, and we farmed my Grandmother Edna Madge's land for her. But, before I was a "teen", it was obvious that government involvement in agriculture was going to be the "death of a thousand cuts" for us and for everyone who did not grovel endlessly to become and remain "government-darlings".

Most of the "money in cattle" went to farmers who produced some high-quality wheat and barley for the government to sell overseas....and immense amounts of feed quality wheat and barley to feed to cattle, kept at home or kept in feed lots. Grain farmers and others, even dentists and politicians, could claim cattle in feed lots as tax expenses. They often raised cattle at a loss to defray ever increasing amounts of profit.... made elsewhere. It was not possible for real ranchers to compete with those willing to raise cattle at a loss.

Very few breeds of cattle were legal in Canada until the cattle industry was "given" to others. Most real-ranchers preferred cows without horns because cows used their horns on each other when eating at stack-yards. And most real ranchers hated gouging the horns out of calves, so my parents went to Wyoming with inherited money to buy Purebred Polled (hornless) Hereford bulls, to give us an "edge" in the ranching world. It was not long, however, before Canadian governments began encouraging their "agricultural darlings" to import semen, to artificially inseminate ordinary cows to replicate "restricted breeds" and to then market these "restricted breeds" with fraudulent claims about their superiority...to unsuspecting US buyers.

Canadian governments have become experts at racketeering, assisting fraudulent "friends of government" to use Canada as a back door to an unsuspecting US public. Eventually a single replicated Maine-Anjou bull, produced after several "breeding's" using artificial insemination, might be worth a million dollars in tax exemption to a dentist/rancher or to a politician/rancher who planned to sell semen from the bull to Americans. We never made any money with our American Made--Purebred Polled Herefords.

For many years most farmers in the Milk River area fed their families and paid daily living expenses from their production of milk and cream as well as eggs and chickens... all produced with livestock that mostly scavenged marginal land for feed. Then, increasingly, we and the public were warned by self-serving government agencies that "free-range" eggs, chickens and dairy products were dangerous.... or that we needed to give those industries to Quebec to keep Canada "together".

Eventually government agents asked grocery stores to make lists of individuals who bought sugar and flour but not eggs, chickens, and dairy products. Then government agents then visited those individuals to discover which farmers were supplying their poultry and dairy products. Government agents then soon advised us that if we continued to sell eggs, chickens, and dairy products to the public we would be taken to jail. We worried that if our customers even imagined that they had become ill from our dairy and poultry products, we would be sued...and government agents would assist with our prosecution. Our farms were at risk. It does not make sense to try to produce milk or poultry products for one family. Most of the labour and material costs would remain, but there would be no income to defray the costs...so we all quit.

There was a relatively harmless Halloween tradition in Milk River in those days. Hundreds of rural students who attended local schools would gather in Milk River after dark and then block all the streets with obsolete farm machinery pushed from the many storage yards scattered all around the town. The Town Police and the County Police and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and their many deputies would then have difficulty driving anywhere and we would normally laugh at them, while we "trick or treated" without their ridiculous harassment. If they wanted to drive, they would have to push old combine-harvesters off the roads. Our schoolteachers would usually send us back on the day following Halloween to return the junk to the machinery yards where it belonged, but the police and their deputies were always enraged by our challenge. It was early September when we were finally forced to quit selling eggs. Ron Fleming suggested that every time we came to town in a car or truck, we should bring many dozens of eggs with us and hide them on the straw walkers in the open-discharge-ends of ancient combine-harvesters that would never sell. By Halloween we had thousands of dozens of eggs hidden in the combine-harvesters that we used for blocking streets. The many

police and deputies thought they had a hundred of us trapped on Main Street... so they emerged from their cars to make threats and project authority. Instead, they got thousands of eggs. They could not see for yolk. Their car interiors were so full of egg and shell and bubbles and slime that they all looked like science fiction, pod-creatures. We fled before they could see to shoot. They spent weeks pulling us from school and trying to intimidate us one at a time, searching for a stupid student who could be tricked into "getting off the hook" by "ratting" on someone else. No one in those days was that stupid.

The next year, obviously intoxicated police and their deputies put us in jail, one at a time as soon as we arrived in town before dark. We sawed the bars and escaped. When it became obvious, after our written statements to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, that police intoxication made our arrests invalid...and might get more attention than our jailbreak...the charges disappeared. Globalists have still not learned that their power derives from broad acceptance of their fraudulent narratives...not from their laws. As it becomes obvious that there is no "Global Warming" ... that grapes were grown for wine in Scotland and Scandinavia and Russia over 1500 years ago... then laws designed to limit the use of rotted-plant-fuels will be ridiculed, and unenforceable. After it becomes obvious that the SARS-coV-2 "Plandemic" was only possible because of the cooperation of many Globalists: (a) the deliberate "resurrection" of the Spanish Flue by Fauci and colleagues a few years ago; (b) the fraudulent testing protocols that can be "dialed up or down" to cause or relieve panic; (c) the attempts to sometimes make it appear that "seasonal flue" and resurrected Spanish Flue and covid-19 and the common cold are the same... then all the laws about vaccination and social distancing and quarantine will expose Socialist and Environmentalist Globalists as malevolent parasites.

When my mother went to the store for groceries, she discovered that she would have to spend her entire food budget on milk, alone....and she would still not have enough milk. She came home with Tang Crystals....protein free and calcium free....and white margarine that had to be mixed with colouring so it would look like butter. The three Lethbridge dairies all closed. Our cheese factory closed because it could not sell cheese with milk that costs three times as much as US milk. Much of the cheese products now consumed in Canada are components of manufactured products made by US multinationals...using milk that is 1/3 the cost of our milk. Much of the poultry products consumed in Canada are components of manufactured products made by US multinationals using chicken and eggs that are 1/5 the cost of similar items in Canada. Canadian Mom and Pop restaurants...unless they are marketing government gambling, government alcohol, smiling waitresses, or supplying entertainment must serve tiny portions of animal protein with immense portions of potatoes, pasta, bread, and rice, if they intend to survive. Obesity and hardened arteries accompanied by high blood pressure and complications of diabetes have gradually become the norm. It is easy to "sell" a virtually worthless health care system to people who are always sick...and always becoming worse. My father and every sibling, except Aunt Lil, died after many years of debilitation caused by Type II Diabetes.

My father, Sly Snow, assisted a non-farming, church friend to obtain free Turkey Quota and put commercial Turkey Barns just upwind of our buildings. I was not yet in my teens, but I complained to my father, Sly Snow that the barns would "ruin" the farm. They were planned for the only location that did not sometimes flood from the river, the only place where it would be possible for me to build my own house. They would also be up-wind of his house, so he would never experience a single day without the pervasive smell of Turkey excrement. He told me the friend would soon go broke and we would get the barns. Instead, a Government Turkey Marketing Board ensured that end users would have to pay so much more for

Canadian Socialist Marketing Board Turkey than for US Capitalist Turkey that there was no possibility that he would ever go broke. In fact, virtually all farmland in the region is now owned by Marketing Board Farmers...especially communal farmers who are now even subsidized to raise their own children and look after their own old people. We got the barn stink, the manure pile stink, the manure-spreading stink.... never a breath of fresh air until shortly after the friend sold the business for its "Quota", its legal right to raise a certain number of turkeys per year...after which the barns were burned for their insurance.

Immigrants and non-farmers who agreed to produce chickens, eggs, and dairy products, using commercial medicated feeds, fed to livestock in tight confinement, were initially given "Quota" ... the "right" to produce fixed quantities of chickens or eggs or milk. Most of them eventually retired and sold their farm operations with their farmhouses for half a million dollars or less, but sold their "Quota", their "rights" to produce certain quantities of Marketing Board products, for five to ten million dollars...often to investors who now lease those "rights" to farmers, keeping most of the profits. It might now cost 50,000 dollars for the "right" to milk one cow.

In the early days, like farmers throughout the World, Milk River area farmers used ploughs to tip the top eight inches of land over so the old plant material would be buried to rot, and the lower soil would be on top where it could be agitated slightly to make a great "seed bed". Unfortunately, the Milk River region experiences huge winds, sometimes over 100 miles per hour, that blow away land that is not tied together with plant material. I have seen places where West winds have blown huge pits in farmland, pits large enough to hide small towns. We tried to plant hedges in North-South rows to act as windbreaks, but usually there was not enough moisture to get such windbreaks well-started, without hauling water daily. We learned to "strip-farm", alternating grain strips with forage strips, so the winds could never get the soil "drifting".

And the Milk River area only receives about twelve inches of moisture per year, not much more than many deserts. When I was a child, we only planted half our cultivated land each year, leaving the uncultivated strips barren so they would collect and save some moisture for the following year. To prevent the barren land from growing weeds and "volunteer" grains that would waste moisture, we had to invent blades supported on wheels behind tractors that would cut the land horizontally about one inch below the surface.... killing unwanted plants but not disturbing the soil and thereby losing moisture. We called this "Summer-Fallowing". Before I was a "teen", I was "adopted" by a cab-less, John Deere 830 tractor which I drove 18 to 20 hours most days, always within a cloud of dust, with some time off to work with cows and some time off to go to school.

My undefined reward was that if I also pretended to be Mormon for a few hours every Sunday morning, so I did not embarrass my "Bishop" father, and if I got the tractor work done, I could use any vehicles that I could get to run... without asking...to go anywhere rural. My father, Sly Snow, was better at math than I was. He thought that the tractor was too small to get all the work done...so I would be his perpetual slave...but he could not have imagined how many hours I could work at night.... or the velocities that I could get out of his farm machinery. I did sometimes get embarrassed to discover that I was "blading" or "swathing" a neighbour's field in the middle of the night, but for most of my life I sometimes drove tractors over 40 hours "straight" without stopping for anything but fuel. I learned how to identify my limit, beyond which no tricks could keep me from falling asleep...then possibly falling from the tractor into the baler or swather.

I used to look forward to driving my fathers' old junk, usually without brakes or even door handles, to the inherited "Madge land" ten miles East of our farm buildings on the Milk River. Just before arriving, I had to go down a long steep hill on a winding gravel road into Verdigris Coulee, a tributary of the Milk River. I could take tractors and other slow machines "out of gear" and get them to almost fly as they either hummed or screamed down the Verdigris Coulee hill with their engines idling. But the Massey 27 combine-harvester almost finished me. Anyone can run as fast as a Massey 27 combine moves in high gear, so I was a few hours looking forward to the steep, winding Coulee hill, before arriving. Fortunately, the cutting header in the front would not raise very high, so the knives and guards and cutting table were just a little above the road gravel. I disengaged the clutch as I was going down the hill and enjoyed getting the combine-harvester to a huge screaming speed. Then I wondered if I should engage the clutch slightly to slow the machine down before the series of bends ahead. Much to my surprise, after only slightly engaging the clutch, the breaking action of the motor on the main driving wheels threw the rest of the machine forward ... lifting the rear steering wheels many feet above the ground...grading the road with the cutting table, knives, and guards. Obviously, I could not steer like that, with the rear steering wheels six feet off the ground, so I had to disengage the clutch totally again so the steering wheels would again touch the ground, allowing me to make the first bend at great speed. Then I had to engage the clutch and tip into the ground again to use the cutting table to again grade the road to slow down.... again, and again, until I finally got to the bottom. I had to change knife sections and guards and bang out dents in the cutting table for an entire day before I could begin harvesting wheat. I do not think my father, Sly Snow, ever figured out how I broke all the knives and guards, and dented the cutting table, but there were gouges in the shoulders of the road until they straightened the road years later. Anyway, my father, Sly Snow, never got very excited about my "disasters" unless they might make him late for church.

I once found a huge fossil-rock protruding from a vertical cliff above a deep place in the Milk River. The river was frozen enough that we were still crossing on the ice daily to feed cows, but it was Spring, and the water was fast and deep below the cliff. I got a friend to help me while I backed our 1950s three-ton truck against wooden blocks, so it would not roll backwards over the cliff, perfectly placed so its box protruded over the cliff above the ton of fossil-rock. We then dug the fossil-rock free of the cliff and used a chain-lift from a grain auger to lower the fossil-rock into the back of my fathers 3/4 ton "church-going-truck", finally finishing long before daylight on a Winter Sunday. Unfortunately, the additional weight of the rock was too much for the ice, so the back end of my father's 3/4 ton "church-going-truck" fell through the ice and made strange gurgling sounds. We then used the old three-ton truck to pull a huge cable, abandoned by an oil company, to the other side of the river where we joined the old three-ton truck to the half sunk 3/4-ton truck. I was trying to find a place with a frozen gravel base for the three-ton truck to pull the half sunk 3/4-ton truck from the river, when my father arrived in my mother's "church-going-car" and told my friend to hide in a distant place while he "pulled me out of the river". He wrapped the chains several times between the loop of the heavy cable and the front spring brackets of the 3/4 ton...and between the loop of the heavy cable and the frame of the three-ton truck. He then told me to drive the half sunk 3/4-ton truck while he pulled me out. Only the front wheels and motor of the 3/4-ton truck were above the ice....so I had planned to do a lot of jacking and other tricks, while pulling, to get the back of the 3/4 ton up on harder ice.... and giving me an excuse to miss church. But he just backed up, folding the long heavy cable under the three-ton truck until he was at the edge of the river just in front of my cab. Then he accelerated ahead, shifting gears, and gaining speed until he came to the end of the long cable. I threw myself on the floor just before the cable

went tight jerking my truck from the river in three large pieces....and many small ones. The front axle and many steering parts were still attached to the three-ton truck for about half a mile...until he decided to unhook the cable and take the three-ton truck to church. That left me to return home with my mother's "church-going-car" to take her and the little ones to church... probably my father's unstated plan. That was the last fossil rock I collected. Soon after, the government passed laws that ensured that all fossil rocks belonged to the government, even those already collected.... unless we grovelled for permission to keep what was already ours.

Usually, I was the only one who would drive that ancient, zero brake, three-ton truck, with an unpredictable, vacuum powered two speed axle that could also leave it without gears.... but I hauled hundreds of loads of grain with it long before I was a teen. I made sure to never shift the 2-speed axle ...if I might soon need my gears to slow down or stop. I watched for safe ditches in case of emergencies. An uncle once asked me to park it at the cemetery against blocks, near the place where they were digging a grave. I did that and then walked to town and waited for a ride home. After the dirt was placed on the old three-ton truck with a backhoe, the uncle picked me up to move the truck out of the way, parking it again against blocks...until after the funeral. Then, after the funeral the uncle asked me to walk to the truck, dump some of the dirt into the grave, but be careful not to overfill the hole. It took me a long time to get the truck parked against blocks, located perfectly so the dirt would fall in the hole ...when the dump-box was tipped about the right angle. I then raised the dump-box, little by little as it neared the height where all the dirt might slide at once. Eventually, a single big clay lump fell from the top of the pile in the dump-box and I could hear coffin boards splintering. I looked in the hole and was horrified to see that the head of the coffin was crushed. I thought I could see the dead guy's eye protruding. I thought about a "repair" to the coffin... and the head...but then decided to quickly dump the load and "hide the crime". A few years ago, my youngest sister bought a bunch of "plots" there and offered one to each of us. I refused on the grounds that "the eye" is probably still "looking" for me.

We were desperate for an agricultural project that was not burdened with layers of government involvement. My father learned everything he could about beekeeping, and we built 1200 beehive boxes, complete with about 12,000 inner frames...working every night for one Winter. We obtained twenty thousand pounds of inexpensive, weedy, sweet-clover seeds. In the coldest part of the winter, we then drove the old three-ton truck on the Milk River ice.... throwing seeds by hand on all the islands and on both riverbanks, for ten miles upstream and back. There was sweet clover everywhere in early Spring....and forever after. We had a huge production of honey. We packaged it in yogurt-style containers and sold it in local stores. We sang Christmas Carols and gave honey to all our neighbours as Christmas gifts. But, by the second year my father was told that he would have to sell his honey at a huge loss to a Socialist Group of Honey Producers.....or go to jail. After the last of my father's, agricultural projects was destroyed by Socialist Government Regulation, he quickly changed his focus from "this life to the next life". "Cheerful Sly Qualities" often became "Brutal Dogmatic Qualities" as he tried to force each of us to follow him into the "Celestial Kingdom". My mother frequently advised that if she and my father, Sly Snow "failed with their children" they might not get their own planet to populate with their new bodies in the "next-life". They might not get to be gods, themselves, for eternity. All farm project development ceased... unless it was free, or almost free.

I worked for promises...so I was free. Young Danes and other visitors to Canada were always available for 150.00 to 200.00 per month. My father returned them to Lethbridge the day after each job was finished.... or immediately after the first day that they talked to me about

anything other than farming.... thus, proving they were “bad influences”. My mother would convince me to join baseball teams, hockey teams, Boy Scouts, Four-H, and others, but as soon as a day trip was planned anywhere with other families, I was made to quit...or at least miss the team activities. My father, Sly Snow, would often pretend that he had “heard a boy swear” ...somewhere... and would then advise my group leader that he was not allowed to coach me further. He would show up at our Non-Mormon school dances that began at 9:00 pm and take me home before the first dance, announcing that “The Prophet” had determined that dances for young people should finish at 8:30 pm. A Non-Mormon Aunt told me how embarrassed she was when he arrived, uninvited, to “kneel in prayer” ... for my mother’s brother...the same brother who had been so easy to manipulate when my father, Sly Snow, wanted to get my rich, young mother away from her Madge chaperones. My father, Sly Snow, once pressured all my mother’s brothers and sisters to come to the house for an “archaeology evening” at which he explained how American Indians, called Lamanites by Mormons, could have come from the Middle East, a land of chariots and wagons... but have totally forgotten how to make wheels, any wheels. I learned to hide books because my father would open them randomly, here and there, read a few words and then decide if the book was “uplifting”, or not. I used to tease my mother by using the same test on the Holy Bible and the Book of Mormon. I avoided answering any questions about school. If my father, Sly Snow, thought that a teacher had recommended a book...or explained anything...in a manner that was not “uplifting”, he would soon call school board members with cleverly distorted complaints against that teacher.

But my “Bishop” father, Sly Snow, sometimes “over-extended himself”. He matched me up for “Home Teaching” with a Mormon Fanatic and then gave us a list of “Mormon Homes” to visit that must have been on the same “Mormon Membership List” that also included Nazi victims who had been “Baptized for the Dead” after WWII. I learned a lot from these “Strange-Mormons” as we were rudely ejected from many of their “Mormon Homes” when he offered to “lead them in prayer.

My “Home Teaching Partner” was therefore delighted when we were welcomed by an attractive woman in a long house coat who offered to “pray with us” as soon as we knocked on her door. She then seated us on a long couch across from her chair and began discussing differences between “her spiritual beliefs” and “Mormon spiritual beliefs”. Whenever my “Home Teaching Partner” would attempt to correct her, she would move a little and expose all of her upper self or all of her lower self.... but only briefly.... causing my “Home Teaching Partner” to sputter and become red-faced and agree that “she was right after all”. He looked at me occasionally, but I then pretended that I was looking out a window and had not “noticed” anything forbidden. She winked at me secretly as we were leaving, probably because she knew that I had enjoyed her “three ring performance”.

I worked several times more hours, for half the pay of the young Danes, but could never get my money because... “the farm was mine too” ... or ... “he was going to give me the money for University” ... or ... “I owed the family for the few months that I was too small to work”. He knew more than anyone that “money meant freedom” ... so he did his best to ensure that I was always almost penniless. I scored in the top 1 decimal 2 percent of US university applicants but was forced to go to a Mormon university which instructed, during the Vietnam War, that nuclear bombs should be dropped on North Vietnam and China... “to take a stand against communist godlessness”. My roommate was part of a BYU singing group that frequently toured the US singing Pro-Vietnam-War songs wherever they were allowed. They were quite “put-out” that Ed Sullivan would only allow them to sing the “Old Grey Mare” cowboy song... not their “Nuke-China” song that began, “Which way America? Which way to go?”

When I suggested at BYU that Ho Chi Minh only wanted freedom from French Colonialism... much like those who had written the US Declaration of Independence had only wanted freedom from British Colonialism.... I was forced to explain myself to several levels of "thought police": "The Head Resident", "The Senior Resident", "The Bishop", and eventually "The Standards Committee". Long after I quit that "non-university", no different now from virtually all Globalist "non-universities", I was able to tease my mother that it was a good thing Mormons were not allowed to "nuke China" ... or my brother Reed would have never got married and she would only have ugly, pink grandchildren.

I left BYU a little early to take a course in deep sea diving and under-water welding, but my father said he would sell the farm if I did not return to help. Then, although he would not pay me my own wages because I would not return to BYU, and although I could not qualify for Socialist Student Loan Programs because he had too much money, I went to another University and worked nights making seismic instruments to pay my bills. I went to the Arctic after my second year of University but was again tricked into returning to the farm the following Summer... after I noticed that my father had placed advertisements, offering the farm for sale, in the Calgary Herald. I told him that I would assist for that Summer, but instead of returning to University in the Fall, I was going to "hitch-hike around the World".

As I was preparing to leave to "hitch-hike around the World", my father, Sly Snow, tried to keep me "under his thumb" by offering me a single crop from many square miles of his prairie-grass lease-land.... if I "broke-up" the lease-land with my own fuel and machinery. Previously, he had always scoffed at me when I suggested that program because, "No one could ever make enough money.... from the single crop allowed by the lease inspectors....to pay for the 'breaking' of the prairie-grass". A neighbour advised me how to obtain some huge but well-cared-for farm machinery, inexpensively...making the project possible if I was lucky with weather and if I worked day and night. As soon as my father, Sly Snow, looked at my "numbers" he reneged on the deal, as always, claiming that he had only offered "part of one crop" so, I left.

About two years after I had gone "hitch-hiking", I received a letter from him advising that he had offered the farm for sale "too cheap", and a realtor had found a "full-price buyer". He wrote that he was lucky that he had included a clause in the sales agreement that if a son wanted the farm, he could instead sell to the son. "No other son was interested, at all, so unless I returned it was gone". I married a then-celibate, holy-woman in bad health who I was looking after in India.... and returned to discover that my mother's land, the most valuable part of the farm, had already been sold, long before he had made me the "offer". Some of my mother's land was sold to a cousin, often mentioned, because that was "out of kindness" but I learned recently the first sale was to a Catholic neighbour who my father, Sly Snow, would have then equated with "the Antichrist".

I was a slow learner, but I did learn, eventually, that he never had any intention of assisting me with anything. He tried many times, later, to use me to "buy time" to dispose of all his assets in such a manner that my much younger mother would have virtually no assets in her own name after he died. But whenever I offered projects for the family that would certainly produce immense income, he objected. He was terrified that after his death, Madge friends of my mother who had become widowers, might marry my mother for her assets. She would then become too "blemished" to assist him to become the god of the new planet they would be entitled to populate with their restored bodies. In fact, when he knew that I was taking my wife to a distant hospital for an ovarian cyst operation, he went through my house, found the letter containing his "promise to sell me the farm" ... and destroyed it.

He died after progressive debilitation from health problems that would have been easy to reverse long before... if he had bothered to learn anything from me about my Hemp Hearts products. But, after someone believes he is almost a "god", it is difficult for a mere "mortal" to teach him anything. Indeed, after a successful bypass, his chronic constipation.... aggravated with opiates and highly processed hospital food... caused a tiny rupture in his colon. The bleeding quickly stopped on its own, but the constipation remained, and his health care providers had by then decided they should quit while they could still call the operation a success. They killed him with an insulin imbalance. I could have fixed him with the same hose and mineral oil that I had once used on my horse... but I thought it might be a "hard-sell" to his socialist health care professionals. And I was not the one hauling him around, almost daily, for dialysis.

Long after my father, Sly Snow died, I learned that he was almost certainly disappointed with his "life-after-death" experience. I had known Les Buckskin for many years. Sometimes he marketed my welded-products and later my food-products. Sometimes I assisted him by supplying backhoes for his irrigation projects and later by marketing his ammonites. One day he called from my bank where he wanted to meet me to borrow some cash. When I got to my bank, I noticed that he had a patch of parchment-like skin covering a hole near the base of his neck. I pointed and asked, "Les, what happened to you?" He replied that he had died in the hospital after they had cut a hole in his throat to supply him with air. He had "flat-lined" on his monitors for hours...totally dead...while they waited for relatives to arrive from four aboriginal reserves. I thought for a few seconds and then said, "Les, you are the only person I have ever encountered who has certainly died... for a long period of time... and then come back to life. What happened?" Les explained, "The Mormons have everything half-right: When we die, each woman gets her own planet to populate, right away. But the men get shrunk to the size of fruit-flies and they have to fly around swamps or parks for eternity.... unless a woman remembers one of them and invites him to assist her with populating her planet." Les then said, "I couldn't think of a single woman who would summon me from Galt Gardens, so I tried to come back to life....and here I am. I am going to use every minute that I have left to be very nice to every woman I meet. I do not want to be a fruit-fly for eternity." My guess.... is that my mother Grace Snow certainly had enough of my father, Sly Snow, in one lifetime. I don't swat fruit-flies in Galt Gardens.

I took my mother and some Mormon Relatives to dinner on several consecutive evenings, after they had been at a funeral home planning his funeral. When it became obvious that there was a conspiracy to inflict a lot of Mormonism on a lot of Non-Mormons from Milk River who would probably attend his funeral, I told them I was not attending. My mother challenged me repeatedly.... "I do not care what you do when you get there, but I insist that you go to your father's funeral." I took 500 pair of pink ear plugs and stood in the "greeting line" beside my mother to shake hands with all the mourners. When a Mormon shook hands, I simply said, "Thank you for coming." When a Non-Mormon shook hands, I said, "Thank you for coming. I brought you something to help with the service." Everyone seemed to appreciate their pink earplugs... or ... watching my mother punch me. I think my mother got what she wanted... but could not request. And since then, no one has ever wanted me at any funerals.

- **Interpretations of my early years, continued:**

The Deltas of the Earth are its "incubators". Deltas are swampy locations on the edge of lakes or oceans into which huge rivers, for millions of years, have delivered immense depths of rotting vegetation...often becoming immense petroleum deposits...always becoming an immense proliferation of additional plants and animals that thrive on abundant nutrients. Prehistoric as

well as modern locations of Niger Deltas, Volga Deltas, Euphrates Deltas, Nile Deltas, Orinoco Deltas, and many others... each support many millions of people on extremely fertile lands above oceans of fossil fuels. The largest inland Delta in the World is found at the confluence of the Peace River and the Athabasca River, near Lake Athabasca, in Farming Latitudes of Alberta...on top of an immense area of oil sands...constituting Wood Buffalo National Park. It is the size of Switzerland. It is a monument to Globalist Canadian Governments. It supports no one. The descendants of everyone who ever belonged there before it was seized by the Canadian Government, are debilitated with diabetes, tuberculosis and cardiovascular diseases that result inevitably from poor protein diets...from cheap cereals, breads, potatoes, pasta, and rice... especially from flour and lard, known locally as "fry-bread".

After a breakfast of as many more muskrat bodies as we could stuff into ourselves, Charlie and I turned our canoe downstream toward the ocean-like Lake Athabasca. Then the question from Charlie, "Does your wife sign?" I wondered about the question and then said, "I don't have any money, Charlie, so she can't write cheques." Then the rest of the question, "Will she sign for a search?" It seemed that Charlie had calculated that without the motor...and the plywood boat for lake crossing.... we could not possibly paddle back to the town on schedule, so the authorities would attempt to get my wife or his to sign for a search. If either wife signed, they would expect us to pay tens of thousands of dollars in costs... possibly eventually grabbing our wages. He knew his wife would not sign. I thought for a moment and then replied, "If they don't find us, Charlie, I guess they would look stupid trying to invoice us, even if she signs." Charlie countered, "They use helicopters; they always find." I thought out loud, "They know we went South across Lake Athabasca and then went Straight South on one of the delta channels of the Athabasca River. Maybe we can portage from this channel to a creek that feeds Lake Mamawe...then find a route through the hundreds of islands and channels in lake Mamawe...then find an outlet channel from Lake Mamawe to the Peace or the Slaveand then enter the town from the North, at night?" Charlie smiled and said he could eventually find the route. "I might make some mistakes. It has been about 20 years since I lived here." _

Wood Buffalo Park is a truly magic cornucopia filled with immense amounts of every type of fish and plant and bird and fuzzy thing that can live in Alberta. Some of the small waterways were frozen so we sometimes had to use the aluminum canoe like a miniature icebreaker. Both of us kneeled on the back seat facing backwards. Then, we pushed the canoe ahead with small trees that we had cut and trimmed, forcing the prow up onto the thin ice. Then, as the ice broke downwards, we moved forward easily. We came to a larger channel, where there was some current, and decided to try the net that friends had sent to me from Milk River. Before we had a canoe length of net in the water, it was so full of big Whitefish that we had to pull them in so we would not sink the big canoe. We then went quickly to an island among the thousands of waterways to cook a few of the fish. We ate fish day and night until we got home, but we could have brought back enough fish or moose or Buffalo or ptarmigan for years... if we had a bigger boat.

One day, as we were paddling, I said, "Charlie, this is a paradise. Millions of people could live here on fish and birds and game animals.... without even working. Many islands could be farmed for fruit and vegetables ...like farmers are doing a few miles to the West. The soil is all nutrients. You would never need fertilizers. Why did you leave here to starve on flour and lard in a town where everyone is drunk and diabetic, and many have Tuberculosis? Where "staked-out-sled-dogs" that have not been fed, eat children and old people who stray from narrow paths between shacks that get half-burned each winter for firewood." Charlie answered, "After my children were old enough for school a policeman came. He spoke the truth. He said if I did not move to town, he would be forced to take my children to the residential school. He said the residential school would damage

them. He said religious nuts in charge of the school would give my children bible names, would not let them talk to each other in their own language, would frighten them with stories of hell and devils and would make them sleep in the root cellar alone if they called each other by their family names. The policeman said the government must be deliberately searching the whole world for perverted, child-molesting, teachers...most of them not even Catholic because the policeman, "couldn't get rid of one pedophile teacher, before two more arrived."

I later asked, "Why don't you net fish, just like we did?" Charlie explained that he would need to apply to a government agent for a special license to net fish. If he said that he needed the license to catch fish for his family, the agent would say that, "Families have to eat government inspected fish"...even though there was not any.... and they would not award the license. If he said he needed the license to catch fish for his dog team, the government agent would demand to inspect the four dogs required for the license application. If he showed the agent his four dogs, the agent would say, "Your dogs have to display tattoos, registered with a kennel association, proving they are your dogs." If he objected, emotionally, that such a thing was not possible there, the agent would call the police to, "take him down"and then charge him with assault...and he would then lose his job. Many children and old people were killed every Winter by starving sled dogs. In the Spring, most work dogs were taken by boat to islands where they were abandoned until Fall. The dogs then lived on each other until Fall...in one of the most food-rich places on the Earth....but the owners could not feed them without net licenses and could not get net licenses without tattooed dogs or without agreeing to "rat" on those who might be fishing or cutting firewood or hunting illegally. Those who received fish licenses were often suspected of being "rats" by their neighbors...and sometimes discovered that their houses burned, while they were away fishing.

I asked Charlie if anyone was catching fish. Charlie said there was a "fish co-op" that had received millions of dollars in "subsidies" over the years, but had never supplied any fish, that he knew about: "Maybe there were too many rules about butchering the fish. Maybe too many "friends of government" spent all the subsidies before they could get any boats out. Maybe there were too many rules about boats. Maybe the boats were not "right" for the area. Maybe the fish were in the shallow Lake Mamawe Delta, not in the deep Lake Athabasca. Maybe environmentalists were paying members of the fishing co-op to make trouble for oil sands processors....so it was better for them, not to catch any fish. Maybe friends of government are simply not as smart as fish."

Virtually every aboriginal in the vicinity of Wood Buffalo National Park is debilitated at a very young age from complications of diabetes or tuberculosis or cardiovascular disease because of insufficient Real-Protein, 18-amino-acid-protein, in their diets. It is difficult to determine if the widespread malnutrition and almost universal debilitation of aboriginals near one of the richest Deltas on the Planet is a condemnation of Colonialism.... Or Socialism....or Environmentalism? Or if the various "isms" are not merely "flavours of nonsense" marketed with "brain-killing education systems" designed to protect a class of Elites.

A year after I "gave up" on Canada and fled to hitchhike in Africa, the Middle East, and East Asia, I found myself on a paddle-wheel steamboat going down the Congo River. Every steam-powered part of the boat, including steam pipes to the anchor-winch, steam pipes to the boarding-ramp, steam pipes to the cargo-winch, return pipes to the boiler, was covered with split-bodies of drying fish. Everyone was stuffed full and happy on drying fish and beer, but I became fascinated with my map and noticed that there was a trail through Northern Congo, to Central African Republic, to Cameroon...and then across the Sahara. After a few wonderful days and nights on the roof of the pilot house, listening to the music of one village recede while the music of another

village replaced it, all to the gentle background sounds of steam and paddle wheels, I decided to get off the paddlewheel steamboat at the next fire-wood-loading-stop and take the trail through Northern Congo to Bangui, on the Bangui River, capital of Central African Republic.

I was picked up by an Army Jeep carrying a "Commander" leading a slow-moving Army caravan of trucks filled with Congolese soldiers. The driver of the Jeep was from the area. The driver had been kidnapped as a small child to be a "water-boy" when the army was passing 20 years before and the "Commander" advised me they were all curious to learn if anyone from the driver's family was still alive in the area. It was not long before people working in the field nearby with hoes recognized the "tribal-features" of the driver and asked who he was. As soon as they learned that he was the "kidnapped boy" from the nearby village, there was a huge celebration and crying people surrounded the Jeep. Soon, his very old, very frail, mother even appeared. The "Commander" then apologized that they would not be able to take me any further, because they were going to be "stuck" there for the night. He suggested that I continue along the road on foot as it was not far to an interesting factory ahead.

As I walked on the road through a forest, I noticed that there was a large "clearing" ahead. A grove of huge hardwood trees ahead had been decapitated and stripped of branches and fitted with horizontal log-platforms that joined the standing tree-trunks at various levels. The log-platforms were covered with steaming machines. It was like looking at an anthill through glass walls. There were half-dressed workers everywhere, climbing wooden ladders from level to level through clouds of steam. As I circled the amazing factory, an African approached and invited me to follow him to the "Master". I followed to a very ordinary European-style bungalow with a porch, partly hidden by trees. A White Man in a rocking chair on the porch offered me wine and conversation, so I sat with him.

He asked where I was from. I said, "Canada". He said, "You are so lucky to get away. The happiest moment of my life was when I escaped that idiot-dominated hell." I smiled...so he continued his story. He grew up in Belgium, graduating as an expert in electricity when World War II ended. He could design motors, capacitors, batteries, switches, etc. There was nothing he did not know that was then known about electricity. He was excited to go to Canada...which he thought was a land of individual freedom...where he would be able to help to develop its infinite potential to feed and shelter and energize the growing population of the World. Instead, he discovered a tapestry of regulations that prevented him from doing anything useful... except working for almost nothing as an "apprentice" to a junior-high-school drop-out who had previously been such an "apprentice" himself. They and hundreds of comparatively incompetent tradespeople were contracted to "hook-up" large pieces of American designed, American built, Distant Early Warning Bases in the "Canadian?" Arctic. I described the abandoned hulk I had visited on Anderson Plain, two hundred miles East of Tuktoyaktuk when I was doing seismic exploration. He knew it. He was happy to learn that it was still there, a huge, abandoned monument to stupidity, filled with metal cabinets, test tubes, bean cans and freeze-dried human waste.

He had saved every penny until he could return to the rubble of Europe where he found the owner of a salvage yard who had assisted him to take salvaged machines to Africa, then on steamboats up the Congo River, to an area with potential for a palm-nut-oil factory. He trained his Africans to use steam from waste to generate electricity, to wind their own designs of electric motors that operated at any required speed and horsepower. They had long shipped their Palm Oil all over Africa and South America. He was about 20 years older than me but retired. His Africans loved

him and built him a retirement home where he could watch his factory from a rocking chair on his porch, while studying music and literature and electrical engineering.

The next day I was in The Central African Republic, a country like Canada where nothing is possible without government participation, where written laws and educated lawyers, protecting politicians pretending to be Royalty, guaranteed that all the diamonds in the country belonged to "friends of government", where school children of "the other tribe" could be legally abused.... even served as the main course at State Banquets, honoring anyone promoting "Global" projects.