



THE MARK OF THE BEAST

“Fifteen years from now, the country will be full of cattle, but you won’t have any independent cowmen.” — A Virginia cowman, speaking to *Acres U.S.A.*

Two cowboys walked up the marble halls of a ministry in Brussels, Belgium. One was a Texan, the other from “back East,” the conveyor of this intelligence had it. They were there to find out all about the wonderful international animal identification scheme being sold to so-far gullible American cowmen. They picked up brochures and glittering generalizations from the offices, but the real skinny was downloaded from an Irish cowman who in turn helped out the *Acres U.S.A.* understanding of the subject. I will not give the source for what follows except to assign a pseudonym, this because the source fears reprisal.

Foy Powell is an Irish immigrant to America. He came to this country at the time of the Big Trouble to work on a cattle ranch, and in fact has done so on ranches as far spread as Virginia and California.

As Foy retold the elements of that visit to the Agricultural Office, the “far East” cowboy turned out to be from Virginia.

“What in the world are you doing way over here?” was the opener from the Irishman.

“We’re here to get this tag system. We came over to see how it works, learn the program, get a little training.”

Foy told me that was six years ago. The man known as a chance encounter by the cowboys told the Americans, “Man, that’s the biggest wreck that ever happened to the cattle industry in Ireland and England. There’s more farmers going out of business!” The speaker paused. He spoke in fragments. “They don’t want to do 10 to 12 hours work a day, then do four or five more hours on a computer. Can’t keep up with the red tape. Vet bills.”

The forms and literature ended up with Foy Powell and finally landed on the *Acres U.S.A.* “Newsletter” desk.

“If you’re in the cow business in Northern Ireland, the premises ID system is a nightmare. If you have non-contiguous acres, you have to have a premises ID for each plot or farm.” The ID scheme is keyed to counties, Foy went on. “You’re gonna have to have permission to move

cattle from one site to another. The business of selling a bull to a neighbor without government permission is over.”

We have to admit we were a bit stunned by Foy’s revelations. We asked for permission to turn on a tape recorder because our handwritten notes were exhausting the available notebook space. What follows, then, is largely a transcript of what Foy said.

**These people can
come onto your farm
without notification
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Any animal not tagged
— computer chip or
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reason . . . \$1,000 fine.**

PERMISSION

Those who have read David McCullough’s *1776* will marvel at the freedom enjoyed by those who fought with Washington from Boston to New York. They will also wonder why Americans give up their freedoms with such trembling subservience.

“Even moving cattle from one farm to another will require the written approval of a County Agent,” Foy noted. “This will be a new agency set up by the government — cow cops, so to speak. These people can come onto your farm without notification and inspect your cattle. Any animal not tagged — computer chip or otherwise — and you haven’t got a good reason . . . \$1,000 fine. Policeman, court, judge and jury in one.”

One Irish farmer refused to tag his cattle. He said he wouldn’t sell them. The enforcers of the “Mark of the Beast” fell into action. Sharpshooters arrived at the farm and simply cut down 12 animals right there in the pasture.

This case from Northern Ireland has Irishman Foy Powell wondering why Farm Bureau is pushing this identification scheme. Farm Bureau, of course, is not a farm organization. It is a front designed to keep farmers from truly organizing. This reality causes Foy Powell to make a modest suggestion.

“You’ve heard of meat recalls. In theory, Tyson or Hudson eats the bill. Under the numbering system, any problem with retailing or consumption traces back to the farmer. If someone gets sick eating a tainted hamburger or meat laced with soda benzoate, it’s the farmer who is to blame, not the filthy eatery or the locker full of stale meat. The farmer is going to have to carry a half-million-dollar insurance policy — which Farm Bureau will sell them, of course. You’ll have to have such a liability policy in order to sell the cattle, with permission, of course.”

That is one reason why Farm Bureau is pushing this oppressive measure. With millions in insurance up for grabs, greed oozes from every pore of the absconders.

As Governor of Texas, Number 43 once spoke with the mike open and the camera running. People who follow sound bites were shocked to hear him say, “There ought to be limits to freedom.”

Usually a farmer knows more about livestock than the bureaucrat who plows with a pencil and lives perhaps a thousand miles from the nearest cow paddock. Not so, say the people and cow police. If the stock trailer is rated for ten cows, then 11 cows puts a \$1,000 fine on the farmer’s side of the equation. The shakedown promises to be as final as that of any cop on a Mexican highway, except that the south-of-the-border fellow might negotiate if the wallet appears to contain less than the roadside justice system typically asks.

COMPETENCE

Once pronounced the most competent food producer, the meat-protein farmer is

Reprinted from
ACRES^{USA}
THE VOICE OF ECO-AGRICULTURE

December 2006 • Vol. 36, No. 12

A Note on This Month's Newsletter

Law means little these days unless it serves the wave of oppression sweeping over America. Since judges are not likely to bite the Executive Branch hand that *de facto* feeds them, it will be up to the citizen at large to deal with NAIS, the subject of this month's "Newsletter."

A recent issue of *Cowboy Newsletter*, the house journal of the American Herbataurus Society, quotes attorney Mary Zanoni, the Executive Director of Farm for Life. She confronts the propaganda that disease pandemics are imminent unless every last animal is numbered by a system not unlike the Mark of the Beast (to be visited on mankind in the fullness of time).

The mechanisms for control are in place, often with small and large farmers remaining indifferent or uninformed about what's afoot. In fact, the program not only stumbles over the Constitution, it stomps it into the mud with hobnail boots.

- The First Amendment is savaged by NAIS. Many Christians are forbidden to accept the mandatory mark because it violates scripture and therefore violates freedom of religion.

- Millions who own a horse, a 4-H animal, a cow or two, or a few chickens are to be subjected to satellite surveillance and Big Brother scrutiny of all farm land.

Yet under law and the Constitution, the government has been prohibited from using such technologies to invade the privacy of its citizens. If law still means anything, then see *Kyllo v. United States*, 533 U.S. 27 (2001). Those who still believe in the Fourth Amendment should also see *Dow Chemical v. United States*, 476 U.S. 227, 238 (1996).

- NAIS also violates the Fifth and Fourteenth amendments.

This program is the first attempt by the federal government to create a database of property, homes, animals and, in effect, personal dossiers. We have motor vehicles registered by states and dogs licensed by cities, but the idea of the federal government inserting itself into the lives of people as envisioned in NAIS would have been repugnant to the Founding Fathers. It is hard to see how the government justifies this arrogation of power while pretending to be a nation of laws under a governing instrument called the Constitution.

The proposed and half-secret detail will fill more pages, but we pause for now because acute nausea has set in.

now being downgraded to serf status. This means a farmer is not to use antibiotics or animal remedies. Experience in Ireland and England tells all who are willing to listen that soon you'll have to call a vet — a vet to record a birth, a death, an abortion. As the cowman turns from husbandry to bookkeeping, he is now (in England and Ireland) or soon (in America) going to have to keep a herd book laden with a farrago of detail, much of which must match the vet's book. Employment of a clerk becomes indicated, another unaffordable expense. Again, a \$1,000 fine is levied for every clerical error.

If the Brussels decree gets rubber-stamped by a somnambulant Congress, each and every cow event will call for a veterinarian and a bill to pay. A death certificate for a calf? You bet!

The power to control is to extend to acres (hectares in foreign climes). A bureaucrat is to decide your stocking rate, usually with the schoolman's lack of understanding of local conditions, pasture, or rainfall, sun, wind and gain. The quotas will be assigned and enforced. "You can even buy and sell quotas," Foy Powell said.

That's what is happening in England and Northern Ireland. Foy went on, "You have to apply for permission to get these tags. You can't just declare that you're going to keep ten replacement heifers — you have to get documented permission first.

When given a chance, Foy Powell will spread out a sheaf of forms to be used in our brave new world. There are 11 of them.

ON THE FIRING LINE

A few Amish farmers — about 100 — came to a Michigan meeting. They were rightly concerned about the Mark of the Beast being ordered up by agricultural bureaucrats without any legislative authority whatsoever. They had their Bibles in tow.

The federal man talked himself into one cul-de-sac after another while the attending farmers poured truth on every

choreographed lie. There was the lie that enabling legislation was on the books, this by a new reading of the law. Even high school graduates on hand could see that official mendacity was crystallizing into a boundless capacity for rationalization. I mentioned this to Foy Powell, who responded with the information that causes him to court anonymity: "I go to these county meetings. These government people get up and give us a sanitized version of what's going on, how great this ID system is, etc., etc. When one got through with his spiel, he asked, *Any questions?*

"I had a boatload of them. He wouldn't answer them. *That's not true! That's not true!* on and on. I merely told the crowd of 100 where all this was going. He said that even Mike Johanns doesn't know what this is going to be. I asked, *If you don't know where this is going, why are you telling us it's OK?* I said, *You see those little brochures you're putting out? They have signatory letters, APHIS. Is that right?*"

"Yep!"

"That stands for Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service." Foy revealed a copy of a brochure from Brussels. It too was signed "APHIS," as a fine-print signature. He asked, "Do you know where Brussels is?"

The government man responded, "Over there in Europe somewhere" — an answer designed to excuse him from making the WTO/one-world connection.

Foy asked the presenter to read out the small letters on both brochures.

"APHIS — it's just a computer program."

"How come you have the same program as Brussels?" Foy asked. "America doesn't have its own — is that what you're saying?"

The fence post stood his ground, but just the same, the fine print has since been changed to NAIS.

"Where did you get those papers?" the government lecturer wanted to know. It was Foy's turn to play the stonewall game. He addressed the attendees, "How many of you fellows want this program?" Not a hand went up. That particular meeting raised protest to a crescendo.

After that, Foy Powell was inundated with invitations to speak to cattlemen's groups, usually county associations.

The rejection ball was soon rolling in Foy's state. Soon enough, word came back. There had been a call from the Governor, who told the rancher where Foy worked, "You tell that boy of yours not to show up at any more of those cattlemen's meetings with those papers, or I'll have his ass thrown in jail." The Governor went on to

Reprinted from



December 2006 • Vol. 36, No. 12

promise reprisals involving the employing rancher as well as cowman Foy.

Foy was astonished. He thought the United States was a free country. He'd escaped the Big Troubles in Northern Ireland, therefore he understood the Patriot Act even as it was passed. In the midst of the Troubles, the Prime Minister introduced the Emergency Powers Act, a fore-runner of our Patriot Act.

"Some guys were held four and five years without a trial, and if they got one, it became a Diplock trial," so named after a Judge Roy Bean type of character, Kenneth Diplock. Under this inquisition — no jury, no defense counsel — the evidence of one constabulary cop could put you away for life.

Movements, even countries, die — ideas don't. The symbol of oppression out of England that debilitated that great cattle industry has now become our guiding star, all without the average citizen's comprehension. What is happening to the former "land of the free?"

It is said that Tony Blair hand-carried the Patriot Act to America along with the WTO war on private ownership of cattle. As Foy put it, "Tony must have said, *George, here's the Emergency Powers Act. See what you can do with it.*"

So out the window has gone the Bill of Rights, the Constitution, the Geneva Convention, all for what? "War on Terror" might as well read "War with Terror." Prisoners taken are often mere bystanders, and even so-called illegal combatants are no better off than the farmer who stands his ground. Interrogation — under torture or not — can only deliver one piece of information. As with the prisoner in *Darkness at Noon*, he or she is to give the names of acquaintances, friends, associates. If torture helps, then all the principles upon which this country was founded are a small price to increase the roster of the evil!

THE PROGRAM

Foy Powell quit his job and set up his own operation. He decided he would continue to speak out. Since then, some slight

of hand has transferred costs associated with the ID system and police state rule to cowmen. Loss of gain while cows are rounded up, squeeze chuted, whatever, the farmer pays. Time lost, the cowman pays. Clerical errors, the cowman pays. Tyson and Smithfield are exempt, of course.

A private treaty with a customer who wants a side of grass-fed, "unapproved." The buyer must have a number in a world ruled by WTO. Small organic markets for meat protein, "out of business." Small packing plants where a grower asks for an animal to be processed, "You won't be able to do that anymore," not when the British-Irish model takes over. Without the Mark of the Beast, you can't buy or sell outside the Wal-Mart, retail, general wholesale complex.

A LAND OF TREMBLERS

Foy Powell gave his Irish papers to a friend for copying. A few weeks later he tried to recover them.

"What papers? You didn't give me any papers," came the sheepish denial. Not too much later the same fellow called up Foy. "Come on over here. I need to talk to you."

When the meeting took place, Foy was told, "This tagging deal and the meetings you're going to — stop it."

"What are you talking about? This is the United States of America!"

"Don't keep going to them meetings."

Foy asked, "Why?"

"Because we've figured out a way of making a lot of money," the man who had lost the literature said. "We don't want you messing it up."

Foy bristled. "Let me tell you something, mister! Nobody's going to get anything out of this — at least not any individual. Maybe Farm Bureau and the supply companies, but that's all. *You're* not going to make anything."

The rascal farmer came back, "We've got it figured out. There's going to be lots and lots of these older farmers who won't comply. They won't be able to sell. Me and my buddy will buy them at 50 cents on the dollar. We'll use our ID numbers to sell them."

Foy told Mr. Greed, "There won't be animals without numbers out there. They'll shoot them the way they did in Ireland. It happened where this tagging came from, and it will happen here if farmers don't stop trembling."

The guy wouldn't stop. "Anyway, don't you go to any more of them meetings or raise hell about the program. Don't screw it up for us."

As Eisenhower put it, "Preemptive war was invented by Adolf Hitler." Records down to eyeball colors and genetic heritage came from the same source. Despotism marches across the blotter paper like ink in a Rorschach test.

Word has now arrived that several spokesmen are answering the ambassadors of duplicity, and quite a few cattlemen have stopped trembling. As John Steinbeck had it, "The grapes of wrath are heavy for the vintage."

— Charles Walters

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