



About the Author

“. . . trust no one to be your teacher nor your minister, except he be a man of God, walking in his ways and keeping his commandments” (Mosiah: 23:14, The Book of Mormon).

I grew up in 1940s and 1950s America, when the cultural standard of doing the right thing was important and accepted by most.

I was raised on a farm in eastern South Dakota—Little-House-on-the-Prairie territory.

I am a true Israelite (*not a Jew*), a first-born son of the Tribe of Ephraim, the Lord’s firstborn.

“. . . the firstborn of all the children of Israel, have I taken . . . unto me.

“For all the firstborn of the children of Israel are mine, both man and beast: . . . I sanctified them for myself” (Numbers 8:16–17).

“ . . . for I am a father to Israel, and *Ephraim is my firstborn*” (Jeremiah 31:9).

The warriors of Ephraim were legendary and had once been considered unconquerable.

My Ancestry

My dad was an Italian, and I may have inherited my love of art and design from his side of the family. My parents met in the Air Force but split up when I was about three. My mother was a great woman, but my dad set an example of how I did not want to become.

My Mother was a daughter of Leroy Ullman, a handsome and gentle German who loved animals. He was from Central Europe (Austria), and married a Swedish beauty, who was a college Latin teacher. I may have received my interest in engineering and mechanical design from them. I resemble, and relate more, to that side of my family.

One of my mother’s brothers was an engineer at Boeing in Seattle, Washington. Another was a jet fighter pilot. These Northern European people were the salt of the earth—dutiful regarding their responsibilities, but gullible, as Germans are known to be, and they seemed to trust everything presented on the 6 o’clock news.

I listened a bit, over grandpa Ullman’s floor-standing radio, but I was too young to understand. I can however recall having a slight distrust. Even then, I questioned things—even the “most trusted man in America” Walter Cronkite, anchorman for the CBS (Communist B.S.) Evening News.

I have since learned that almost everything promoted in this world is a lie, and I love to expose lies.

Education

Back in the 1950s I attended a one-room schoolhouse, built on land my grandfather donated for the school years before I came along. It was a good school. The teacher covered grades one through eight, and somehow it worked very well. I took pride in being a straight “A” student—along with all the other kids who believed that was important.

Later, in a more “modern” mass-production school in Minneapolis I could see that they were wasting my time, and I was bored; I wanted to get about things I was interested in, such as learning to be a motorcycle mechanic and developing the skills to customize them.

Thanks to a poor example from a teacher who liked to brag that he had never given a “A” because he never had an “A” student, I gave up on the public fool system. I thought, “What if I had set a goal of attending some famous university such as Harvard Law, and missed the mark because this jerk wouldn’t give me an “A” I might have deserved?” Since that time I have educated myself, following a variety of interests.

“I never let schooling interfere with my education” (Mark Twain).

Because I chose not to play the academic status game I do not have any worldly credentials, i.e., letters to place after my name. I have learned, however, that this is usually a badge of ignorance, indicating that one has been professionally dumbed down to an acceptable state by those who strive to manipulate society to their advantage.

Many are taught (in government schools) to believe that a degree granted by the government assures that you are an authority in your chosen profession. I believe that in many, if not most cases, it is only an assurance that any creativity you may have started out with has been sufficiently stifled, and that you can be counted upon to never come up with any intelligent ideas that might upset the status quo.

“Men are born ignorant, not stupid; they are made stupid by education” (Bertrand Russell).

“It takes sixteen years of formal education to blow out the lamp of natural intelligence” (Marvin Cooley).

“Every man should have a college education in order to show him how little the thing is really worth” (Elbert Hubbard).

I should however have a Ph.D. (Doctor of Philosophy), as I believe that I would qualify for one. The term “philosophy” associated with this degree in its original Greek meant, “love of wisdom,” something I identify with.

“Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding” (Proverbs 4:7).

Most universities however, would likely charge a lot for one of those titles, and would probably consider me to be too politically incorrect to be associated with them anyway.

“Every soul must make a choice between truth and repose. He cannot have both” (Ralph Waldo Emerson).

Life Experiences

As a child, I spent much time in the groves of trees every farm seemed to have for protection from the winter winds, building lean-to “forts” whenever the weather turned chilly.

Wealth to me was three pairs of blue jeans and plenty of extra BBs for my BB gun, though I often longed for a .22 rifle I couldn’t afford. I received a dollar a week allowance from my mother, from egg money I suppose (our only income), which I learned to spend wisely on Saturdays when we went to the small city of Brookings, about ten miles south of the farm.

I enjoyed building model airplanes—mostly the wood variety that could fly.

When I was about six or seven years old, my mother, noticing great grandpa sitting alone, said, “Here children,” referring to me, my younger sister and brother, “Climb up on great grandpa’s lap and he will give you some advice that will help you when you grow up.” My first thought was, “Great, this should be interesting,” but I noticed a look of panic on his face and I felt quite disappointed. I remember thinking, “If I ever live to be as old as he is, I am certainly going to know enough to give some simple advice to little kids.”

After some delay, great grandpa finally came up with some advice, “Fat makes you fat.” I was hoping for more—and felt some disappointment, but I considered his statement for decades—before figuring out it was not true.

Looking back I still think, “Couldn’t he have come up with something worthwhile?” Buy low, sell high perhaps, or more importantly:

“. . . Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him” (1 Corinthians 2:9).

Now that would have been something worth pondering throughout my life.

As I approached my teenage years I developed an interest in the game of Chess. One day at school, at age twelve or thirteen, I learned of a meeting to organize a Chess club. I was never much of a joiner, but this being a subject I was very interested in, I decided to check it out.

At the founding meeting I arrived a bit late. I felt a number of eyes on me as I walked across the gym floor toward a row of picnic tables where about twenty students were seated. An adult, the teacher, I supposed, motioned for me to sit at an open space.

Shortly, this man stood up to announce the program. He wasn’t much of a talker, and simply asked us to play against each other, whomever was sitting across the table, for the next two hours or so, at which time we would elect a President for the new club.

I looked at the kid sitting across from me. He was older, perhaps a senior I thought. He was sitting sideways, and by his body language, considered himself to be superior to me, and likely everyone else younger, or smaller than himself. At the instruction to play, he looked across at me as though I was something he might brush off the table—if he had more interest; I could tell he felt that playing against me was far beneath his social standing. He slowly and grudgingly moved about 45 degrees toward me, though maintaining his hostile attitude. We chose colors and began the game. I don’t remember the game, but it was over in about six or eight moves. I remember his stunned look, and his gasp of surprise caught the attention of the others in the room. I went on to play three or four more games before the time period was up, winning all of them easily. When the teacher asked if there were any nominations for a club President, a surprising number of kids just pointed at me, and someone quietly said, “Wayne.”

For the remainder of the life of that club, I was the one everyone dreamed of beating. The nerds with their horned rimmed glasses, pocket protectors, and briefcases would make appointments to play against me, though never successfully. I never lost a game to another student in that high school, not because I was necessarily smarter than everyone else, but probably because I put more effort into my study of this game.

I have written a more detailed story about this period of my life titled, “The Game of Chess.” My story leads up to the most important game I ever played. After accepting a challenge from a school-teacher bully, I beat him in two moves utilizing the famous “Fool’s Mate,” a game I had previously memorized “just in case” I might ever need it.

Regarding Intelligence

Although I was told that I had a higher than average IQ I never thought I was any smarter than my friends—and probably wasn’t, but eventually, over a period of several decades I gained more intelligence than most seem satisfied with.

Concerning my use of the word intelligence, I use a definition found in Latter Day Saint Scriptures:

“The Glory of God is Intelligence, or in other words, *light and truth*. Light and truth forsake that evil one” (*Doctrine and Covenants* Section 93:36–37, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, emphasis added).

Intelligence is something most of us can gain, through effort and study, especially if we humble ourselves before God. I believe it has little to do with being “smart” or sharp-witted.

“For *intelligence cleaveth unto intelligence*; wisdom receiveth wisdom; truth embraceth truth; virtue loveth virtue; *light cleaveth unto light*; mercy hath compassion on mercy and claimeth her own; justice continueth its course and claimeth its own; judgment goeth before the face of him who sitteth upon the throne and governeth and executeth all things” (*Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 88:40, emphasis added).

I am convinced that an average person can attain and grow in intelligence so that the simplest humble man or woman could confound the (supposedly) “wise.”

“To prepare the weak for those things which are coming on the earth, and for the Lord’s errand in the day when *the weak shall confound the wise*, and the little one become a strong nation, and two shall put their tens of thousands to flight” (*Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 133:58).

Regarding IQ Numbers

I have been told that I am a genius, twice by mental testing professionals, and on occasion by friends who may have been joking.

One “professional” mumbled something to the effect that I would’ve been in the genius category if I’d only been able to answer a couple of questions regarding famous plays. I thought, “Why should any question such as this be on an intelligence quotient (IQ) test? A test of abilities should not be a test of knowledge of someone else’s preselected topics. At that point I thought, “I can think of at least fifteen subjects more important than ‘famous plays’ that I have some knowledge of which were not brought up in the test.” Intelligence tests are supposed to measure a person’s problem-solving and reasoning abilities, and if one has not yet developed an interest in “famous plays,” points should not be deducted.

Regarding IQ numbers, I have learned that sometimes numbers are tossed around for questionable purposes, such as attempting to escalate left-wing liberal Democrats into supposedly having superior IQ numbers than our great Founding Fathers and other wise men.

One report found on the Internet claimed that Barack Obama’s IQ exceeded that of George Washington’s, when in reality I doubt that half-wit abomination would score as high as an average street person in any honest evaluation. Like the turtle found on top of a fence post, he didn’t put himself in that position.

Another point to consider: The concept of intelligence quotient (IQ) testing had not been invented in the days of George Washington (it came about in 1912 I believe) so one could only guess how he might score in such a test today. Regardless, George Washington was a good man and that is much more important.

My Travels

I have traveled, but just a bit. As a kid I took a canoe trip from northern Minnesota up into Canada and I have hitchhiked across the U.S. I walked around the coast of Ireland in my early twenties, and did some deep sea fishing off the coast of Mexico (Acapulco), but most of the time I try to stay close to home. As I approached age 16 I left home in my 1954 Ford, with my new Triumph Bonneville motorcycle I had purchased from working three paper routes, and moved to Boston, Massachusetts.

The Stair-Form Job

When I was about sixteen or seventeen, I spent some months working for a carpenter in Newton Massachusetts. He did contract work, repairing fire damage and building additions on private residences. He usually had two or three jobs in process at any given time.

One job I helped him on was a three-story addition on a house, and on this particular day, he informed me that he wanted me to build a cement form for some stairs to lead down into the basement. We had always worked together on these jobs, but on this day, he said he was going to work on another job by himself. He left so quickly I didn't have a chance to explain that I had never built a cement form before.

After spending some frustrating time wondering what to do, I decided that I had better try to do what he had asked. I didn't want to sit there for hours and explain to him when he got back why I had done nothing all day. I determined to do my best, that way, if he didn't like it, I would at least be covered. When he returned a few hours later, he took a quick look at my form and pronounced it very good. I was amazed that he called for cement without changing a thing, and it worked perfectly.

The Machinist Trade

Before long I saw my first machine shop, and it was love at first sight. I then attended a trade school and began a career as a machinist. This was so interesting to me that it led me beyond my earlier desire to make custom motorcycle parts.

I worked in a number of small and efficient job (contract) shops in the Boston area and studied under many skilled German machinists. Germans, I believe, are the world's greatest engineers.

Later on I spent time as a prototype machinist at Lear, in Reno, Nevada, working on the Lear Fan, the successor to the Lear Jet, and after that at some of the highest paying shops in San Jose, California (Silicone Valley), an area with over 1300 machine shops.

After leaving California I opened my own machine shop in Salt Lake City called, "The Model Studio," to attract industrial product model work. Most of my work however was making prototypes and small quantities of precision parts for the silicone chip and medical industries. My profits increased steadily over a twenty-year period, but I kept my business small (just me) hoping to avoid government interference. I didn't believe that I would have much patience with that. I have nearly 40-years of experience at this trade and still love it.

A Life Changing Event

In my early twenties, while still in Boston, I managed to stumble into a very frightening situation—a ritual conducted by a couple of practicing witches in an attempt to obtain my soul for their master. During this ritual the devil revealed himself to me, and I was offered anything I wanted in this world if I would deny God. I made the right choice, and my focus in life became much more defined from that point on.

As a reward perhaps, our Heavenly Father took me out of that room—somehow, for a brief moment which had to be longer considering what I experienced. I was taken far away and shown things that few would believe. This experience allowed me to bypass a large stack of “answer books” I had been planning to read. I have shared a bit more detail regarding this experience in my book, *They Live Among Us* in a chapter titled, “The War in Heaven” (Regarding Revelation chapter 12). Over forty years have passed and I can recall every detail of that experience.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

At age 25 I visited a branch of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but only out of respect for my brother. To my surprise I found truth. I had been on a quest to find happiness and I had long had a sincere desire to know the truth of all things. It was the promise of truth that brought me into the Church.

Shortly before, and since, I was given a number of personal revelations including a personal witness of the divinity of Jesus Christ. I have a perfect knowledge of that fact and reasons to believe that He loves me. I wouldn't trade my testimony with anyone I am aware of.

I am an Ordained Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ

At age 27 I was ordained a Seventy by S. Dilworth Young (one who had the proper authority to perform that ordination), and given a Certificate of Ordination which included the following words:

“As a Seventy the bearer is an ordained minister of the gospel and is authorized to preach the gospel and administer its ordinances” (The First Council of the Seventy of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. . .”).

I am now a High Priest after the order of Melchizedek, as referred to in Hebrews 5:10.

Discernment

I have had a life-long interest in gaining an understanding of basic principles, the foundation stones of any subject.

I have unusual skills in my ability to discern truth from error. I consider this ability a gift, but it was not developed without investing much time and effort throughout my life in establishing accurate standards of comparison. I have written an article about that subject titled, “Discernment,” for those who question how anybody could be certain of anything.

I have made a serious study of the Lord's Plan of Salvation, and along with that, I have studied the devil's plan of destruction, a subject most ignore. I have found there is wisdom in knowing your enemy, and a knowledge of this subject clears up all manner of confusion in this world.

Personal Interests

I am an herbalist with a strong interest in Eastern medical philosophy and I avoid western doctors and their drugs like the plague. I explain these subjects in more detail in my book, *Doctors and Disease*.

I like Guns for many reasons. I have an interest in Ballistics, and enjoy Custom Gunsmithing. I am not a hunter, having killed too many sparrows with my BB gun as a kid, but I enjoy shooting, and it gives me a great excuse not to play golf.

“And wo be unto man that sheddeth blood or that wasteth flesh and hath no need” (*Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 49:21).

I have an interest in building design and construction. I once designed and built my own 3200 square-foot passive solar house using the Trombie wall system (named after a French engineer Félix Trombe). I doubt that it would make the cover of *Architectural Digest Magazine*, but it looked okay and certainly worked well. Sadly, it was stolen by the IRS shortly after I finished it.

I have an interest in Alchemy, and seek a better understanding of principles known by some of the ancients, such as Moses, relating to the elixir of immortality, the philosophers stone, or White Powder Gold. Contrary to popular opinion, the ancients were not searching for a way to turn base metals into gold to get rich; they had higher (spiritual) aspirations, and valued its health benefits, such as supposedly reversing the aging process.

I have developed an interest in Taoism, a philosophy, or way of looking at things that I begin to figure out on my own as a survival technique in dealing with difficult situations. Taoism teaches a person to flow with life, living in the here and now fully. I have learned to laugh at simple, and at times, difficult things. It is about how to stay happy and calm under all circumstances.

I study history (Those who do not know history are condemned to repeat it). I have a particular interest in the history of early Utah. This began after discovering that the Spanish were in this area as early as 1580 searching for the Seven Cities of Cibola (gold), possibly based on legends of seven caves in the Uintah Mountains in northeastern Utah.

I have since found evidence of an earlier, and much more interesting people, the Jaredites, who were led to this continent (North America) from the Tower of Babel by the hand of the Lord. Their language, not being confounded, gives us great insight into the pure language of Adam. These people were the original inhabitants of North America and are referred to in, *The Book of Mormon*.

I am a Libertarian, but only as far as their beliefs do not conflict with God's commandments. I have been a part of the patriot community since the early 70s.

I collect art (art is everywhere, but few see it), books (approximately 4,000 in my collection), coins, guns, knives, and all sorts of tools.

Things I Dislike

Team sports bore me but I enjoyed playing ball games when I was a kid. The smell of a leather baseball mitt still brings back special memories.

I do not relate to homosexuality, suicide, or race mixing— especially with Negros.

I have no interest in the game of politics, only in exposing some of the false political ideas, and wicked people who play in that arena.

I stopped listening to fake news over fifty years ago.

A Period of Trials

In late April, of the year 2000, I was arrested by local police under the direction of the Puerto-Rico-based Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (often referred to as the BATF, or ATF). They presumed nonexistent jurisdiction, the violation of a nonexistent law, and without the support of any claim of injury against me as required by the 6th Amendment, they “charged” that I was “Manufacturing Firearms without a License.” This story is explained in detail in my book, *It’s Not The Law*. This was the the fourth (and not the worst) of what seemed like eight freight trains hitting me every couple of years or so over a fifteen-year period of my life. It became obvious that I was being set up for a change of focus in my life, and now my full-time job is educating others through my writing.

My Books

It’s Not The Law
Oswald. Alone.

The following books are unfinished but are in various stages of completion.

They Live Among Us: The Descendants of Esau-Edom
Doctors and Disease
UFOs E.T. or Not?
The Negro Problem

My book, *They Live They Live Among Us: The Descendants of Esau-Edom*, may prove to be my legacy. It would never have happened without the Lord leading me to this work. I have come to believe this book may yet be found to be the most effective *exposé* of the Jews ever written.

People don’t know what they don’t know. My goal is to help make people aware of a few things they should know, and perhaps make a small difference in this world.

“. . . be not weary in well-doing, for ye are laying the foundation of a great work. And out of small things proceedeth that which is great” (*Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 64:33, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints).

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