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Note: This started out as a suicide note. It may still be one but I don't think so. I think the Patriot community will rise to the occasion and that we will all work together to stop this New World Order takeover. These little boys, Bandit on your left and Packy on the right, have kept that from happening. What started as an explanation of my state of mind and the circumstances that led up to it expanded into a series of articles. For the last four years I have been struggling each and every day to restore the Free American, pay all of the bills that accumulated during my hospitalization. I have been aided by the love of these two little dogs, true Service Animals in every sense of the word.

I believe my story needs to be told. I am submitting this to major publications. I am asking you to submit it to your local paper. Perhaps the mainstream will pay for a look into the essence of the Patriot Movement. You may forward it to all of your friends and lists. I have assembled a new team that includes RTR Radio who helps broadcast my daily shows. Any donations or advertising that you can send my way would be greatly appreciated. It was your donations over the past thirteen years that have made it possible for the Free American to keep growing and to rebound after my near demise. You can make a donation by going to the PayPal link or Free American shop on my website or mail one to the address above. Maybe I am crazy or paranoid or suffered brain damage from my "Accident" I truly do not know. You be the judge. But I can tell you that everything I have said here is absolutely true to the best of my ability and recollections. The latest issue of the Free American is up on <http://freemmerican.com>. I can print it if I can fill 10 pages with advertising. Thank you and God bless you and my country.

Clayton R. Douglas

WHY SUICIDE?

By Clayton R. Douglas

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I think I can answer that question because this started out as a suicide note.

Every morning for the last four years I have awoke from a dreamless sleep staring at the pistol that is always beside my bed and considered how easy it would be to place the barrel in my mouth, squeeze the trigger as I was taught and end the waking nightmare that my life has become. Beside the gun there is a tiny, compact cell phone that no longer works because I failed to pay the bill. It has a game of Solitaire that still works. I lay there and play it as if were a tarot deck. If I win, then I take it as a sign from the digital gods that I might make it through another day. Maybe they are trying to tell me that it will not get any worse today. Maybe someone, somewhere outside this narrow, isolated, moveable shelter that houses my bed, will read what I have written, or hear in my broadcasts my carefully crafted cries for help and turn into an angel. God uses us that way. Some days it takes 30 minutes or more to break the losing streak on my old phone.

Some weeks things seem to have worked out. Some weeks life assumes a semblance of normality. The last month I experienced a Christmas miracle and never looked at the gun or the game for a month into the New Year. Then God's smiling face turned into a leering Lucifer and I was back in the woods, with a broken water system and alone again with the only angels I could really count on, my two faithful black and white dogs who have gotten me kicked out of more bars than I can count despite their ID cards that proclaim them to be service animals.

No one could know that I am alive today because of those animals. They are there when I finish the game. Without me, they would not get to go outside and no one would feed them. They need me and they love me without question. I cannot pull the trigger because it would kill them too.

Last week I found these stories on my e-mail:

[Army Reports Rise in Suicides Will Likely Outnumber Combat Deaths](#) Source: [Fox News](#)

WASHINGTON — The Army is investigating a stunning number of suicides in January — a count that could surpass all combat deaths in Iraq and Afghanistan last month.

An unpublished manuscript, Vietnam Veterans, by Tom Williams, University of Denver School of Professional Psychology, April 1979, concluded that "More Vietnam veterans have died since the war by their own hand than were actually killed in Vietnam."

Testimony presented to the Massachusetts Commission on the Concerns of Vietnam veterans in Greenfield, Massachusetts on May 4, 1982, declared that "Vietnam veterans have nationally averaged 28 suicides a day since 1975, amounting to over 70,000.

These were headlines from stories I scanned while preparing for my show and the next issue of my Free American magazine. There are many factors attributed to these startling figures. Agent Orange, Depleted Uranium, Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome etc. But I know that the cause of this rash of suicides is something much more basic, loneliness! It is the feeling of being abandoned, by your friends, your lover, and your country. Of being alone in a foxhole without backup, surrounded by enemies. The feeling that no matter how hard you try, how much you cry, the answers to your dilemma cannot be found.

When I heard that under the Veterans Disarmament Act, a Vet diagnosed with PTSD could be forced to give up his right to bear arms in America, I commented, "If a Veteran of Vietnam, Iraq or Afghanistan DID NOT HAVE PTSD, then there was something wrong with them!" Such a man would have to have no conscious after killing innocent civilians or young men fighting for the safety and security of their own people while fighting wars based on lies by our own government. We Veterans have had the backs of our government turned to us.

This is becoming apparent to more than me as illustrated by this headlined story:
WASHINGTON — At least 8,000 members of the all-volunteer U.S. military have deserted since the Iraq war began, Pentagon records show, although the overall desertion rate has plunged since the Sept. 11 attacks in 2001.

This figure and the problem that created it will, in my opinion, only get worse as troops are withdrawn from Iraq and reassigned to the United States in preparation for civil unrest brought on by the realization that the trillion dollar Bailouts and Stimulus program to counter a recession and coming depression are merely more lies by those in power and in reality nothing more than convoluted dialog to cover for the largest rip off in History. What will happen when Iraqi veterans are forced to confiscate weapons from their own people and met with resistance from Americans unwilling to do so?

One of the first stories I covered after starting the Free American was that question being put to our troops at 29 Palms, California, "Would you fire on Americans during gun confiscations?"

Writers, researchers, honest reporter and talk show hosts like Bill Cooper and me, aided lately by the Internet, have been trying to bring a dose of reality to those with ears to listen and eyes to see. We understand there is a war on but is a war for your mind and the war on terror is a war against all who remain loyal to the Constitution and the Liberty it afforded us. My friend Bill Cooper was one of the first casualties in the real war. Set up and shot outside his home in Eagar Arizona on November 6, 2001 a few weeks after our last meeting.
"...God bless my family. I love my wife & children more than life itself. Everything I do is for the future of all my children. They may not understand why I have sacrificed so much, why I am so dedicated to this work; but someday they will. I want them to know they are the most important People in my life, and how very, very much I love them..." - William Cooper

. Bill's death was tragic but nothing we had not expected. A few months before, Bill sent his family outside the US. We were both on Shortwave Radio. We both had magazines. We both had been targeted and demonized by the ADL and SPLC in the booklets they put out. I started the Militia and ADL featured me in their "Armed and Dangerous" I worked on my friend Charles Collins' campaign for President in 1996 on the Republican ticket with Bob Dole, Pat Buchanan, Alan Keys and Richard Lugar. But you never heard of him, because every time he got up to speak every cameraman took a smoke break and in two primaries they unplugged his

microphone so the Republicans could not hear Charles tell them that we could buy back the Federal Reserve!

Bear in mind the following: neither Cooper nor I had done anything wrong. The militias we helped start are part of our US code and by law includes every able bodied man between the ages of 18 and 45. We both knew that the IRS and income tax were tools of the International Banksters. There is no law that requires Americans to pay a tax on our income... Every check sent to the IRS comes back stamped, "Pay to the Order of the Federal Reserve."

We knew that 911 was our version of the Reichstag Fire that Hitler used to consolidate power and Bin Laden worked for the CIA when Russia invaded Afghanistan. I made the statement, "I don't believe that Arabs in a cave in Afghanistan made the U.S. Air force stand down!"

When the ADL pushed the FBI to put out a booklet that was distributed to every police agency in New Mexico entitled "Guide to Right Wing Extremists listing me and the Free American, I made two phone calls.

The first was to Governor Gary Johnson who told me not to worry about it. The second the next day was to the Chief of the State Police. He also told me "not to worry about it."

I became a little agitated. "That is easy for you to say but I think someone is trying to get me killed here!" But his next words had a calming effect.

"Clay, I have been reading your magazine for ten years. You don't have a thing to worry about from me or any of my men. Besides, the Governor just recalled every one of those booklets in the state."

Just as it is today and throughout history, there are good cops, good politicians for every bad one out there. Thomas Jefferson was for the people; Alexander Hamilton was the banker's man. Jesus rallied the people and the Pharisees killed him for it. This is an eternal war we fight. It is always been a part of our existence, a war against good and evil. We may never win it totally but we can never stop fighting. I know many veterans and police feel the same way.

So there is a war and we are warriors. We accept that there is danger and that we could be killed in battle. Why then do thoughts of suicide enter our heads?

I often told my friends and audience if I ever turned up dead, it would be murder, that I would never take my own life.

That changed for me near the end of 2004. I cannot speak for anyone else. But I am sure that others, while fighting their own personal battles after surviving a war, have had the same emotional reactions, depression, the feelings of betrayal and abandonment.

As long as I had my lady and my family, I could enjoy the battles and weather the misfortunes. The negativity began when there were circumstances beyond my control.

My descent into madness began on May 29th, 2004.

Continued in "The Decline"

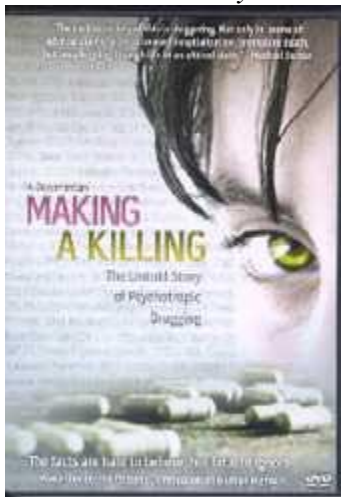
Delusion? Paranoia? Drugs? Accident? Or is Someone Trying to Destroy Me?

This section is the hardest to write. Because of my style of writing and the nature of the Free American, many of my readers and listeners may stop reading here because they "have heard all this before!" But for the millions of people that never picked up a copy or went to my <http://freeamerican.com> Internet site, who want to understand how a successful, intelligent man could be driven to consider suicide, this is required reading.

The Decline

Delusion? Paranoia? Drugs? Accident? Or is Someone Trying to Destroy Me? By Clayton R. Douglas

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Making A Killing

The Untold Story of Psychotropic Drugging

This documentary exposes how psychiatry and the pharmaceutical industry have invented so-called mental diseases that are merely conditions of normal human experience – such as shyness or anxiety. Their goal is to convince everyone they have a mental condition that must be managed by prescription drugs. This marketing ploy has led half the population into dependency on medications for the rest of their lives. People are harmed more than helped, and these drugs kill an estimated 42,000 people every year. Learn how to protect your family from this brutal money-making machine. 95 minutes.

This section is the hardest to write. Because of my style of writing and the nature of the Free American, many of my readers and listeners may stop reading here because they “have heard all this before!” But for the millions of people that never picked up a copy or went to my freeamerican.com Internet site, who want to understand how a successful, intelligent man could be driven to consider suicide, this is required reading.

Every man is different, every situation unique. In my case, as a writer, Broadcaster and webmaster, and controversial to say the least, I have acquired powerful enemies some of whom I have mentioned earlier. Other, more successful authors have committed suicide, Earnest Hemmingway, Hunter Thompson to name just two. Success nor fame or the lack of it plays a role in this.

Someone once called me a hermit. Nonsense, I scoffed, I talk to hundreds of people and reach thousands with my words and ideas. "How many people's houses have you been in lately?" My friend asked.

The answer was none. I had my wife, my employees and my customers. I rarely, if ever, just "hung out". Business associates were my only contacts.

Up until this time I had started and run businesses in Seattle, Sacramento, where I met my wife, to Phoenix, and then Miami, where I wrote my novels, to Albuquerque, where I helped start and close and restart Indian Motorcycles. Now a family man, we moved into the North half of the only two house town still on the map of New Mexico where I started the Free American and ran it for eight years. In each of those locations I had enough adventures to write a book about, which I did and called them fiction, with a little exaggeration thrown in and the names changed to protect the guilty/.

I put off submitting the novels to publishers because I was one. Living in a two house town has some drawbacks. Hard to find employees and few come to visit. So I started another magazine in Phoenix that was not controversial and, because it was motorcycle related and regional, I got more advertisers.

Then, in March of 2004, I broke with the government approved version of 9-11. You might say I was the first 9-11 Truther. I put building number 7 on the cover and asked, "Why Did It Fall?" I pointed out that no plane hit it and I also had the statement by the owner, Larry Silverstein, that he made the decision to "pull" the building, on the cover. If he did that, the logical conclusion was that he had to have explosives planted in the building before 9-11 and if that was true, he could have had explosives in the twin towers.

In April, George Bush allowed the NSA to tap everyone's cell phones. On May 20, 2004, I called home to ask my son where I needed to go next. I was on my Harley and I told him my location on the north side of Phoenix. "Go down 24th Street to MacDowell. Turn left. Go to the Wheel Shop."

Twenty minutes later, two blocks before I got to MacDowell, I was hit by a woman in a borrowed car. Hit hard enough to roll my Road King over me 3 times and hit my head on a curb. The ambulance drivers told the emergency room doctors that I fought them all the way. I didn't want to get on the stretcher, didn't want to get in the ambulance. The doctors told them that was a good thing, that it kept the blood flowing to my brain. What happened next is where I lost all sense of reality.

I have no memory of three months spent in three hospitals.

I was given Morphine, Halcyon, Haldol and Valium. Is that standard treatment for broken ribs and a head injury?

The woman who hit me had no insurance, had drug charges pending and never went to jail as far as I know. Why? My sons could not locate her. The woman who had loaned her the car filed bankruptcy.

I was finally transferred to Barrow Neurological Institute; St. Joseph's Hospital.

There, I was, at some point, taken off all of the drugs. Within just a few days or weeks, I was up walking and talking, going up and down stairs, taking a few tests and exercises they

termed Occupational Therapy. I had to carry my coffee in my right hand. I was told I suffered from 3 broken ribs and a broken collar bone. My family told me I had suffered a severe head injury with blood on my brain.

There were a few factors that did not make sense to me. I was not in a hospital room. I was in a jail cell. I slept in a bed surrounded by plastic mesh bag. I was hallucinating, seeing smoke roll across the floor towards my "cell". The door was not locked and when I asked my son about it, "Why am I in a jail cell?" his answer still brings a smile to my face.

"It's not a jail cell dad, Just a hospital room with little bitty windows!" referring to the checkerboard cross-hatch bars.

But as an old biker, I have been in enough jail cells to know what a jail cell looks like.

At this point in time, I knew nothing about the woman who had hit me. I had no memory of the time spent under the drugs I had been fed. My family said they came to see me every day but I had no memory of that either. They told me I was violent and angry. I don't doubt that. I can be violent and do get angry even before almost losing my life. According to one of my lawyers he represented many people whose lives had been destroyed by their doctors administering Halcyon and Haldol.

People told me how lucky I was to survive that accident. My response was, "If I was lucky the bitch would not have hit me."

At this point in my narrative and to this day I cannot say for sure that this was anything more than a terrible accident. Motorcyclists are killed and injured every day in this country. I had a blessed forty plus years riding without a serious accident. I am sure I did have a serious head injury. My ex-wife and my sons agreed that the care I got in the first two hospitals was way below standard. In St. Joseph the care, the doctors, were much better. Their burden of trying to keep the business going while dealing with the near death of the breadwinner of the family, the man who had always been there for them, was just as traumatic for them as it was for me. Perhaps, for most patients, the drugs they administered were OK. But for me, a man who hated downers or tranquilizers, I could not distinguish whether it was the drugs or the head injury that made me so angry and violent.

Let me say now that when I could comprehend more of what happened, I was and still am totally amazed and terribly proud of my young sons ability to take over and continue publishing the Motorcycle magazine there in Phoenix. Later, I asked them how they were able to do that. "I never taught you how to use any of the programs like Pagemaker, or Corel. You never seemed interested in what I did?"

"We just figured it out dad!"

"Good. That is the way I learned to do it, boys!"

They had grown up around motorcycles and bikers. They were not knowledgeable enough in the political field to keep the Free American going. Few men anywhere could have done that. It was one of the reasons I could never put the Free American up for sale. There was no way to convey to a new owner the twenty years of experience and knowledge about the inner workings of government and the corruption that abound to a novice.

Perhaps everything might have been different if the doctors had not convinced them that the tube-fed vegetable they were viewing might never be the same. The question is, were the doctors operating on their own or influenced by an outside source?

The incidents that followed with my regaining consciousness make the whole accident scenario even more questionable.

That was when the two guys in blue pinstriped suits showed up. No ties. “Hi Clay, how are you doing?”

“I’m OK.

“Have you been hallucinating, Clay?”

The question set me aback. “A little. Why?”

“You can thank us for that.”

“Yeah? Who are you?” I had told no one, not even my family about the vivid hallucinations I had been having. I figured it was an after effect of all of the drugs they had administered because I was taking no drugs in this third hospital.

“We are CIA.” They announced.

“Yeah? What are you doing in this country and why are you fucking with me?”

“We don’t like you publishing that motorcycle magazine!”

“The motorcycle magazine? Thunder Riders? Why? It is just a motorcycle magazine. The Free American is the one I use to expose you spook types. What have you got against a motorcycle magazine?”

“You paint a rosy picture of riding motorcycles, you have a large readership and we don’t like that.

“Does the term, tough shit mean anything to you? Get out of my hospital!”

As they were walking out, I threw one last barb at them, my head was spinning. “Hey boys, thanks for the high but frankly, it weren’t nearly as good as that acid you brought us in the sixties.”

CIA? Motorcycle magazine? No ID? No mention of the Free American? Questions mounted but no answers were forthcoming. Who the hell were those guys? For all I know they could have been the Phoenix Gang Squad angry at my support of the clubs around the state. Especially considering my old club, the Dirty Dozen, were now the Hells Angels. The possibility existed that they were the Mossad angry of my characterization of 9-11 as an exaggerated case of “Jewish Lightning” or possibly their Civilian division here in the US, the ADL, who had already targeted and demonized me as “Armed and Dangerous”! Maybe they were still smarting from my call to them afterwards saying, “Hi guys. This is Clay Douglas. Just wanted to congratulate you assholes for finally getting something right! I am armed and if you mess with my country or my family I am definitely dangerous!”

The next day the seriousness of what was happening to me intensified. It came to me in the form of a slight woman in a brown suit.

By this time I had met most of the doctors and nurses on my floor. They were kind enough to share their coffee in the morning with me. I had been called on the carpet once accused of making rude comments to one of the nurses. I asked what I had said.

“You told one of the nurses she was beautiful.”

“That wasn’t rude. If I had told her she was a fat pig, that would have been rude.”

But I had never met the woman in the brown suit. She was not wearing a badge or name tag but she was carry a rather large syringe filled with a purple liquid and a 3 inch needle.

“Hi Mr. Douglas. I have to give you this injection.”

“Yeah? What is that?”

“Just a tranquilizer.”

Well, lady, I don’t feel like being tranquil today. I’ll pass.”

“You have to. You have to. I have to give this to you!” she said adamantly.

“No you don’t. I don’t know who you are. I don’t know what that is and I am not taking It.:

“I’m going to go get security and they are going to hold you down and I’m going to give you this shot.”

“Go get them, I told her. She did. She came back with four uniformed security guards for St. Joseph. I took them aside telling them, “There are a few things you need to know before we do this.” I got them away from her and addressed them as a group. “First of all, I am not taking that shot. Secondly when I was in Special Forces I didn’t learn how NOT to hurt anyone, so this is what is going to happen if you try to give me that shot.” I walked up to them one by one and looked each of them in the eyes. “You, I am going to take your throat out. You, I am going to break both of your legs. You, I am going to break both of your arms” The fourth was the smallest. “You, Shorty, I am going to smash both of your kneecaps but you may never walk again. You boys ready to dance? Come on.”

On March 20th I weighed 280 pounds. I had eaten nothing for three and a half months and barely topped two hundred pounds but I still stood 6’4”. I call that the best bluff I ever pulled in my life and it worked. Yeah, I lied. I volunteered for Special Forces but the Army tried to kill me before I got there with some kind of experimental vaccine and I came down with Spinal Meningitis. .

They declined the dance and I never saw the woman again. A week later, they decided to release me from the hospital with a three quarter million dollar bill which I guess the state of Arizona got stuck with.

I went home and figured out why the suits were upset with the motorcycle magazine. My sons had kept Thunder Riders going.

The Free American and my radio show on shortwave were gone. My motorcycle was gone and in a short three weeks my wife left for Tennessee and my sons went back to college in Colorado.

My wife had been told by the doctors to make arrangements for long term care and to get guardianship of me. My sons had been told not to let me drive or ride a motorcycle for a year.

They were told I might never be the same. It was a self fulfilling prophecy. When I learned of the moves that had been made to push me into an early retirement I was angry and hostile. After my wife went home to daddy, she wanted a six month separation. I gave her a divorce.

What had happened in that three and one half month hospital stay? Had the drugs induced dementia, paranoia? Had my wife of 24 years found someone new or fallen out of love with me? Why did my advertisers start dropping like flies after I got out? Why did every attempt to find help or assistance go awry? Had the accident addled my brain to the point where I could not function in society or the business world anymore? Or was something more sinister going on?

To this day my ex-wife and I cannot agree on exactly what happened. There is no way to reconcile the timeline of events. She thought that my memory of the encounter with the two men was just more hallucinations, like seeing smoke rolling across the floor of the hospital. I was so drugged that I have no memory of most of the events that they ascribed to me. I was in a special wing of St. Joseph for head injury patients and I was forced to sleep in a mesh bag because they said I was violent. I don't doubt that because many years ago I almost killed the first and only person to give me a Valium. One of my lawyers later told me he thought it was incredible that I was still walking and talking after being given the Halcyon and Haldol because he had handled so many cases of people absolutely destroyed by those drugs.

My ex-wife thought the doctors saved my life. I think they tried to kill me. What was the truth? Everything was so unreal to me. When I got out of the hospital the events kept coming.

You may remember the story of Casey Nethercott on Sixty Minutes. His ranch was taken from him by Morris Dees' Southern Poverty Law Center. He ran an operation called Ranch Rescue down in Douglas, Arizona. He had been charged a few years ago with pistol whipping two illegal aliens on a friend's ranch in Jim Hogg County, Texas. I helped him get out of jail and get his insulin. He was tried on the charge, came out with a hung jury and went free. Dees forced the Sheriff's Department there to retry him and while he was on trial in Texas Dees went to Douglas and sued him on behalf of the lying illegals and took his 70 acre ranch from him by default when he did not show up for the trial. The story on Sixty minutes outraged everyone who saw it across America and Casey got four or five years on the old charge in a Texas Penitentiary. What Sixty Minutes failed to tell you that before all of that happened he called me up and told me he wanted to help me get the Free American started again and he wanted to do a radio station there in Douglas to tell people about the problem with the illegals.

Casey had started a militia there and they were stopping illegals and turning their drugs over to the Sheriff's office. There had been some tense moments between the Border Patrol and the Sheriff's deputies where Casey and his men had backed up the Sheriff's deputies with a fifty caliber they had mounted on a jeep.

I thanked him while we chatted. He had phoned me on my AT&T phone that I still had. "But Casey, it is expensive to publish a magazine."

"Clay, I have a million and a half in one account. Money is not an issue."

"Buy me breakfast Casey. I'll be down in the morning."

I left Phoenix around midnight. I made it to Douglas before 9:00 the next morning. I went to the Sheriff's department to find out the location of his ranch but they would not give me the information and Casey was not answering his phone. Finally I stopped a postman.

"Yeah, Casey's ranch is just around that corner, but you won't be able to see him."

"Why not, I have an appointment with him?"

"He is surrounded by Border Patrol Agents. I don't think they will let you in."

He was right. When I questioned the agents at his gate, they would not tell me anything but referred me to two local reporters on the scene.

The reporters told me last night Casey and his friend, Tiny, whom they referred to as his bodyguard, were coming out of Safeway when a man came running up to them with a gun drawn. They said Casey and his "bodyguard" shot the guy who turned out to be with the FBI and his fellow agents shot them.

It was almost a month later when I finally got to see Casey, who wasn't in jail and had only been slightly wounded. Tiny had survived also but had left the state. I related the story I had been given.

"Didn't happen that way, Clay. We were coming out of Safeway with your breakfast. We didn't have a gun. The cameras on the parking lot of Safeway backed us up. They just opened up on us. I dove behind a car and was only wounded."

When I asked if he still wanted to do the magazine, his answer was yes, after I get back from Texas." He related the story to me you heard on Sixty Minutes but he never came back.

It was then I realized that the AT&T cell phone I had been using for years was being tapped. Then my accident and the visits I had in the hospital began to make sense to me.

It was still hard for me to believe that I, an old biker, publisher and talk show host could be such a threat to the government that they would try to kill me. If that were true, I would have thought they would be a little more efficient at doing that. Then who?

I made a connection with a publicly traded Motorcycle rental chain. I worked a deal out, with a contract, to combine efforts with them. I had a signed contract and money in the bank. I was in the process of changing my address to theirs. Finally I would get a regular office, a secretary and the financial backing I needed to do Thunder Riders right. They were willing to produce the Free American too. They put a press release out on a Wall Street news wire that they had purchased Arizona's premier motorcycle magazine and related properties and that Clayton Douglas would stay on as publisher. That was on a Friday. Monday I walked into my new office only to see the CEO, the man I had made the deal with, sitting behind his desk, pale and shaking.

"Clay, I can't go through with this deal.

"Why" I asked.

"The stockholders are threatening to impeach me if I do. Impeach me and kick me out of my own company"

I later learned that every stockholder had been contacted and told that I was a right wing, racist, Anti-Semite. They weren't concerned with Thunder Riders but the press release on Wall Street mentioned "Other Properties" along with my name.

“You’ve seen copies of the Free American and Thunder Riders. Find one issue, one article that is racist or Anti-Semitic!

“I can’t do that Clay. I have never had to deal with something like this.”

“That’s all right I will let you out of the deal. I don’t want a chicken shit partner like you.”

These attacks on me, the disruption of my family and the possible use of doctors to facilitate my demise is standard practice against anyone who wishes or tries to reveal the secret control of the Banksters throughout history. Honest Presidents who defy the Banksters are routinely killed. Senators like Huey Long, Charles Lindberg or high level officials like James Forrestal were facilitated by doctors. When the events related here failed to kill me or end the publishing of the Free American, they attempted to break me or incarcerate me using women and scammers as told in the next installment, They operated from an FBI Free Zone overseas and sent me over 1 million dollars in hot or forged checks and money orders. The question will arise, “what is wrong with American women and why are American men so gullible. The next installment; “Women, SCAMMERS, or Intelligence Operations!”

“what is wrong with American women and why are American men so gullible. The next installment; “Women, SCAMMERS, or Intelligence Operations!”

[General Bobby Farrell’s Endorsement of Clay Douglas](#)

Except: **Clay Douglas remains. Fully understanding the consequences of the unspeakable atrocities directed against him; fully understanding the consequences of Marxism, Communism, Fascism and False Democracy directed against all other individuals like him. And fully understanding the consequences of all such damnations upon future generations to the ultimate destruction of mankind and the entire planet unless he be counted among those who call those treasons into full account. Clay Douglas remains a pillar of testimony against the socialists, the Marxists, the fascists, the communists, the vile, the profane, the corrupt and the cowards who dare not stand with him against their own manipulated destruction.**

Read more, and media-boycotted solutions to national and world problems available at <http://freeamerican.com> until the controlling socialists, including those on government payroll, shut it down. Read it while you can, and always remember the name of Clay Douglas, one of the few, one of the proud, one of the brave, a Free American.

Clay Douglas remains. A Free American, calling for True Patriots like himself to stand and be counted while standing is still almost legal.