



Live at 8:00 AM MST on [FreeAmerican.com](http://www.freeamerican.com) & [Blogtalkradio.com](http://www.blogtalkradio.com)

Free American hot line: 505-908-9498

REWARD!

\$100.00 IN CLAY'S BOOKS, FILMS AND PRODUCTS

To the person who provides me with the identity and source of the baseless, faceless, false rumor that I was trying to raise money for someone named Huevos, reportedly a snitch I have never met, don't know, and don't care to know. I have never tried to raise money for anyone but myself using the products and information on my website. Someone has used this flat out lie to try and turn the biker community against me. I want to know who and why! The whole story is on my sites and is up on <http://thunderriders.us> and will be submitted to Easyriders, Quick Throttle and other MC magazines. At this point the story only targets the stupid people like Marsha at M & M Saloon who had a member of the Loners kick me out of her bar. She refused to talk to me, hung up on me when I tried to set the record straight and would not allow me to defend myself and tell her the truth. She told my friend that Huevos snitched her husband out and was responsible for him going to prison. I do not know any of the people involved but a snitch can do no damage to an honest man! If you go to prison, it is generally because you have been doing something illegal.

I think this blurb from my new book, Mystery Babylon, and the information I put out on my radio shows about the lies our government and media have told us, is the real reason for these attacks which began with the publication of my book. The reward is also available to the rumor-mongers or their friends if they can provide any evidence that I ever tried to raise money for someone whose name I DO NOT KNOW!

9/11 and other lies exposed:

"Because I do not believe Arabs with box cutters is a viable explanation of the destruction of the World Trade Towers! Because I believe the bailout was merely lightly cloaked theft of trillions of dollars by the owners of the Federal Reserve. Because I know the government uses the illegality of drugs to fund their black ops and then uses them to turn Americans into criminals. That does not make me a "Conspiracy Theorist," it makes me an intelligent American Veteran with the brains to see lies and propaganda. It also makes me a target." As far as Conspiracy Theories are concerned I think George Bush the second has me beat all to hell. He wants you to believe that some Arabs in a cave in Afghanistan took over planes they could fly armed with box cutters and made the US Air Force Stand down!" It is easy to brush someone off, to call them names, Anti-Government, Conspiracy Theorist, Right Wing Extremist, Racist or Anti-Semite. This is done to prevent the truth from emerging and to silence anyone who dares to speak up. Without a counter to the lies and the propaganda, the enemy can turn a population into willing slaves or servants to the men with the money to buy and run giant companies."

<http://www.freeamerican.com/> or www.anglo-saxonisrael.com or www.skipbaker.com



I am Clay Douglas. I lead two lives. One is very public. I have published three magazines over the last 20 years, two motorcycle oriented, Rider Xchange in Miami and Arizona's Thunder Riders out of Phoenix. The Free American, a news magazine, has been in publication for 16 years. I own three websites and do a radio show daily on the Internet at <http://freeamerican.com>. I am the author of three books, producer of four films sold all over the US. I have spoken at conferences from California to Miami. This story was not written to toot my own horn but to make you aware that all of this information is on my websites, and unlike most webmasters, my photo AND my phone numbers are very visible making me one of the most accessible people on the Internet.

My other life is less complicated, more relaxing, and much less controversial than my public persona, . . . until now! I am a motorcyclist and have been riding on two wheels with a motor for fifty years. A Harley has been my choice for the last forty. My first club was the Ghost Riders out of Euless, Texas, who merged with the Bandidos after I left. I moved to Phoenix and became a member of the Dirty Dozen when it was just Mitch, Pappy, Mr. Clean, Wild Bill, Chuck Martin, Monkey and Kaboy. Bombo was voted in as the 13th member but I brought Ken in and introduced him to the club. This was all before they merged with the Hells Angels.

I have ridden to and written about Daytona, Key West, Laconia, Sturgis and the Love Ride in Glendale, California. I have ridden with Senators, Congressmen and the Presidents of a dozen clubs. My articles have been published by Easyriders, Motorcycle Industry in addition to the many I have written for my own. I have handled the PR for the reemerging Indian Motorcycles and helped pass the torch to Rey Sotello.

I came to Tucson a little over 6 months ago, almost retired, and outside of my morning radio show, tried to relax from the rigors of publishing. No wife, no employees, no deadlines and no pressure. . .Right. It was a nice dream while it lasted.

You see, I talk about the New World Order. I talk about Israelis and Palestinians. I talk about the Federal Reserve and the IRS. "Show Me the Law!" I helped start the Militia movement after the Waco massacre which ended when the Government or their lackeys blew up the Federal Building in OKC and tried to blame it on the Militia. I exposed CIA director George Bush's drug smuggling scheme, with his partners Manuel Noriega and Arkansas governor Bill Clinton, called Operation Watch Tower. That was the first time I was threatened by the CIA, My career spans pissing off FOUR Presidents now. Someone tried to kill me on May 20th 2004 after I exposed the Israeli Connection to 9-11.

Take a deep breath. Kick back. Relax! Arizona has been home to me for many years. I restarted my Thunderriders .us website to promote the half dozen biker bars in Tucson and helped the Bashful Bandit and Performance Motorcycles promote a Sunday run a few months back. The Sunday runs were supposed to be every Sunday in September but that was a failure because Chris, the owner of Performance since her husband's death, failed to show up to open the shop at her first event. No one showed up at the second Sunday but the Bandit's Sunday program continues and rocks on Sundays with burgers at 3:00, bands at 5:00 and Karaoke at 9:00.

None of these projects were designed to raise money for me or anyone else besides Performance and the Bashful Bandit. I listed all of the biker friendly bars on the <http://thunderriders.us> website *without charge* and told them all to make a donation if they liked what I had done for them. Outside of the Bashful Bandit, no one did.

In this time period, I completed my latest book, "Mystery Babylon, the New World Order Unveiled" and got the first few issues printed while waiting for the ISBN numbers to get national distribution. I sold a few copies to individuals here in Tucson. One to Donny, a lifetime member of the Loners. He bought the book from me at M & M Saloon.

In addition to being controversial and targeted by big bucks organizations like SPLC (Southern Poverty Law Center) and the ADL (Anti-Defamation League) and now Homeland Security, I got a little local heat from a few of the bars because I am a little eccentric and like to ride with my two black and white Harley Riding Chihuahuas, Bandit and Packy who enjoy riding as much as I do.. The owners of Tommy's and the Branding Iron North barred me because of them. I have their IDs that conform to the law, the Americans with Disabilities Act, that identifies them as "Service Animals". None of your business what my disability is or what they do for me. It is not required that I answer any questions or even show their ID. Under the law, if I tell you they are service animals you, as a restaurant, Walmart or a bar owner, have to give us access just as you would a blind man and his seeing-eye dog. It is a misdemeanor offense to refuse me service but I have NEVER called the cops on any biker bar. Only once at a new restaurant were the cops called because the owner threatened to call them on me as I was leaving. No one went to jail.

Bandit has travelled with me across the country and eaten in the best restaurants. Cracker Barrel, Outback Steakhouse and Sullivan's here last night with no problems. But in Tucson, I am being denied access because of them? "Oh no!" the owners tell me, "We are not refusing you service because of them! We just don't like you and we have the right to deny service to ANYONE!".

That was OK by me at first. I am not an alcoholic. I don't need to drink in those bars, but now this "Kick Clay Out" has taken on another aspect and even my experience as an investigative reporter almost fails me.

Exodus 20: ¹⁶Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

I moved to Tucson a little over 7 months ago. I had sold advertising here, visited my cousins here over the years but had little or no contact with the clubs or individuals in Tucson. Thunder Riders was based in Phoenix. I have been to toy runs put on by the Angels, Loners and others. I have always supported and backed Arizona clubs.

A friend of mine from California and his new lady friend came to visit and she wanted to go to a biker bar. I took them to the Bandit. Richard stayed in his Lincoln making a phone call and Whitney and I walked into the bar. We were sitting at the bar talking. I made a mention about possibly suing a large company over interference with some of my businesses when a woman sitting next to me involved herself in our conversation by stating that maybe the people I was talking about were justified in whatever it was they had done to me.

Jannelle or Genelle was her name I learned later. I had seen her many times in the Bandit but had not talked with her, dated her or ever asked her out. I asked her what her problem was and she said something about Huevos. I told her I knew what huevos rancheros were. She talked with three guys at the end of the bar, one of them wearing a

Loners patch. She then walked outside and took down my friend's license number. Then she came in and loudly told us, "I hope you have a great fucking night!" She doubled up her fists and invited me to fight. Whitney stepped in between us and I told her to go away and leave us alone. Richard came in and got hassled by one of the guys at the end of the bar for bringing his coffee cup in with him. I took it from his hand, walked out and sat it on top of his car, came back in, finished our drinks and left.

At that time I had no idea what her problem was. I drove to California with Whitney to meet Richard, stopped off in Santa Monica to do a film clip for a producer friend, took Whitney back to Richard's in Nipomo. When I returned I signed up for the Loner's Big Dog Poker Run. At the second stop I learned that the anger and hostility towards me had spread. At the second stop the Loner wearing a Sgt. At Arms patch tore up my poker hand and told me to leave the bar and that this was a private party and I was not invited. The Loner who sold me the hand returned my entry fee but had no explanation or apologies.

Prov. 18: ⁸The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly.

To be fair to the Loners, Donny, a life member bought one of my books. I have never had a problem with the club or its members before. The same Sgt at Arms for the Tucson chapter, once again, threw me out of a pig roast put on by Marsha at M& M Saloon. This time he did it at her request.

This time I was able to find out why everyone was so hostile at me. Marsha told friends of mine what the situation was. Supposedly, I was trying to organize a run to raise money for a former Devil's Disciple who went by the nickname of Huevos. Evidently Huevos was a snitch responsible for putting the other M in M & M. Marsha's husband, in prison.

By the time I got the sketchy details the story had expanded to me calling the cops on someone at the Cow Pony, I had already asked the President of the Devils Diciples, Kenny Rogers, to look into the matter. Kenny and I met a few months ago at a run from the Bandit to a school for the blind over on Grant. My boys and I gave rides to half a dozen brave blind children whose screams of joy could be heard over the roar of my pipes as I gunned it up and down the parking lot. Kenny took pictures. We met at the Bandit and he talked about doing another run for them. I said I would love to do that again. That was the only person I ever talked with about any kind of run.

I do not hang out with any groups and rarely strike up a conversation with anyone in a bar. I support all clubs equally. If I plan a run or event, I contact every bar and all clubs, including ABATE. I make flyers and I put the information on my website. I do ask for and take donations through my website. I sell my books and films through a secure service on my website. The only person I raise money for is myself and the companies that support me and I advertise for them.

The reason I wrote this story and will be submitting it to most major motorcycle magazines is that the source of these vicious rumors HAS NOT BEEN found yet. Huevos, whoever that is, is someone I have never met and do not know! Someone who supposedly went to prison BEFORE I came to Tucson. Marsha's husband, who supposedly was sent to prison by the informer, Huevos, I never met either. But I must assume he was involved in something that was illegal and got a trail by a jury of his peers for whatever it was that he supposedly did.

Again, these things and people were gone before I ever got here. AS far as me calling the police on someone at the Stone Pony? Never happened, but the incident that sparked the rumor is worth explaining.

I walked into the Bandit one day on a weekend and there was a fight brewing between some people I knew and one guy, the one doing all of the yelling, I had never met. Seeing there was going to be trouble, I took the precaution of taking my boys pack off and letting a friend hold them. The argument rapidly escalated and the aggressive guy started throwing punches. He knocked down and broke the glasses of two regular patrons. Someone involved in the initial argument pulled a gun. The rest of us urged him to put it away and the one who was throwing the punches left. Things quickly returned to normal, No one was badly hurt. I never found out what the argument was about.

Shortly, I left and stopped by the Cow Pony. The combative punch thrower was in the parking lot and started trying to pick a fight with me because I had taken my dogs off at the Bandit. I ignored him and walked inside to tell the tiny bartender what had happened. The owner, Gee, was not there and I suggested the bartender might want to call the cops because of what I had just witnessed at the Bandit. Barb, at the Bandit, pulled out a baseball bat and slammed it on the bar to break up the earlier fight and I did not think the bartender at the Cow Pony would be capable of doing much if a fight broke out there. She chose to ask me to leave because I also had my knife in my boot. I left. Whether she called the police or said anything to the guy spoiling for a fight with everyone, I have no knowledge of and did not give it much thought afterwards. It was a non-incident that I now find myself having to defend myself against.

Psalm 27: ¹²Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

Within the biker community, we are not too concerned with people's religious or political views. Thanks largely to Hollywood and the main stream media, the impressions the public have of us is skewed. I approached a group of Blue Knights at a run one year. The Blue Knights are policemen that ride. "Excuse me guys," I said with my camera in my hand. "Why do you refer to your group as a club and call the Hells Angels a gang?"

They stuttered for a few seconds then responded, "We don't do anything illegal!"

"I am an investigative reporter and I see stories everyday about corrupt cops doing illegal things. I would say the percentage of criminals is about the same ratio in bikers as it is in Police forces, legislatures and lawyers." They didn't want to talk with me any longer.

In the patriot movement, people are more aware of the criminality of government while the biker community pays little attention to government at all. Now Bikers, patriots, honest law enforcement, veterans and little old ladies carrying signs at a tea party, are being demonized, EXACTLY as I have been for 20 years as a publisher/reporter. The methods being used against me are similar to what they do to activists/opposition. They considered us Rebels when we stood up against England. Today, we are termed Right Wing Extremists. This is possibly what is being pulled with me here in Tucson.

A baseless, faceless rumor has been spread against me to turn the biker community against me. Why? It could be one of the crazy ladies I have met and left started a rumor to try to get back at me. It could have been the guy that failed to pick a fight with me. Maybe someone overheard a conversation or saw me sell a book and came to false conclusions. Or maybe there is someone behind the scenes working for groups or politicians that I have exposed in dozens of ways through my shows and my magazines. Perhaps someone is afraid of a man that knows and has reached thousands of bikers, veterans, patriots and even unjustly accused ex-cons, who has worked on Presidential campaigns and has impeccable sources. After my accident I was approached by men claiming to be government agents. They were not concerned with the Free American but did not like me publishing Thunder Riders. That was 6 years ago. Are they still at it?

I would like to face my accusers. I want to know who started these rumors and why. I do not hold the biker community responsible for gossip or tale tales, but I do find it curious that I have passed out flyers with my show times, website and phone numbers, my numbers are on all of my websites, and not one person, club owner or patch holder has called me to get my side of the story. If you know who is responsible, I would like to hear from you.

Exodus 23 ¹Thou shalt not raise a false report: put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness.
Copyright 2010 Clayton R. Douglas