

The Duck Book

BOB WHITE likes ducks, which is why he calls his magazine the *DUCK BOOK*. Every month the *DUCK BOOK* quacks and hisses against the CFR-Trilateralists-Who-Are-Running-the-Country, and every month thousands of subscribers sign on to help BOB WHITE get rid of the rascals.

DOWN IN COCOA, FLORIDA, NASA

ENGINEERS DRIVE PICKUP TRUCKS, NORTHERN tourists dine at Fat Boy's Bar-B-Q, and people raise cows and horses and chickens in their front yards. Bob White, who used to be the best airport runway cleaner in the United States of America, has fifty ducks roaming his back yard. The ducks hiss and bite instead of quack. So does Bob White.

If you were educated at some liberal university and read establishment newspapers, then you might consider Bob White's diatribes against the One-World-Socialist-Pansy-CFR-Trilateralists-Who-Gave-Away-Our-Canal to be mere quackery, the ravings of an unreconstructed Bircher. But if you knew what Bob White's been up to since August of 1980, you'd hear the hiss loud and clear. And feel the bite. Because down in Cocoa, Bob White has devised the scam of the century.

Bob White's scam is the biggest pyramid scheme the world has ever seen. He calls it the Ponzi Con, after the early-twentieth-century wizard who suckered thousands of dollars out of unsuspecting Bostonians, paying off interest to old contributors with the new ones' cash, until the marks got wise and the pyramid collapsed. Bob White is going to revive Ponzi's legacy. But his scam involves democracy, not dollars.

His idea is to get a few million Americans to pitch in ten bucks each for a lifetime subscription ("My life, not yours," says Bob White) to the *Duck Book*, which began as an airport trade magazine, and to use those ten-spots to finance the printing of even more *Duck Books*, eventually building a readership of twenty million people, who will get so damn mad about the crowd

by Randall Rothenberg

RANDALL ROTHENBERG, a New Jersey Monthly writer, lives in Brooklyn.





BOB WHITE calls himself an illiterate, wild-haired redneck radical. He insists that his health is bad and that his life expectancy is about five years. If that's the case, he's ending with a bang, not a whimper, and the Duck Book is his chief noisemaker.

that *still* controls Washington that they will form Duck Clubs in every city in the United States. Before the pyramid collapses, this latter-day Ponzi and his twenty million Ducks are going to clean that cabal that killed Kennedy and murdered John Paisley in Chesapeake Bay the hell out of the government.

And so, since August 1980, this fifty-five-year-old Texan-Ohioan-Californian-Floridian—who wears belted blue jump suits and once made a half-million dollars a year water blasting rubber off runways—has mailed more than *ten million* letters, brochures, and magazines in an attempt to expose the conspiratorial machinations of the Council on

Foreign Relations—more familiarly, the CFR—and the Trilateral Commission, while enticing the masses to take out ten-dollar lifetime subscriptions to the *Duck Book*. His life, not yours.

“I’m not in the best of health. I had what you call a colostomy, and the life expectancy for people like me with colostomies is under five years,” says Bob White. “I’ve already burned up a few of those. That’s why it’s a lifetime subscription for my life, not theirs.”

The *Duck Book* is a dumb name for a magazine, especially an airport magazine, and most especially an airport magazine that has nothing to do with airports and consists almost entirely of reprints of hard-money and right-wing newsletters, a veritable *Reader’s Digest* of survivalist publications. But Bob White likes ducks. That’s why, next to the newsletter reprints and the photos of his little daughter, Katie, and the charts showing how far the CFR and Trilateralists have infiltrated our media, military, and government, there are Daffy-esque and Donaldish cartoons of the critters. Like the live waddlers in his backyard, these comic ducks also hiss and bite instead of quack. “No more lily-livered giveaways like the Panama Canal,” they say, and “All I want for Christmas is Rocky’s ars.” Which fits in pretty well with Bob White’s own sentiments, which are spliced between the reprints, photos, charts, and cartoons—comments like “Stop Rockefeller’s peanut farmer puppet and his Marxist superbrain advisers before they turn our country into a complete socialist welfare state for their one world government crap” and “It might be interesting to note that every single Congressman who is a member of the insidious Trilateral Commission voted to give our canal away.... It doesn’t matter a tinker’s

“NOTE THAT EVERY single Congressman who is a member of the insidious Trilateral Commission voted to give our canal away,” writes editor Bob White.

damn who is running against each one, even if it’s the town drunk. Vote the drunk in, you can’t do any worse.” He can be mean, this man who lists himself on the *Duck Book*’s masthead as publisher. Also as editor in chief, managing editor, art director, international editor, circulation manager, advertising salesman, photographer, layout chief, and proofreader. He is an illiterate, wild-haired redneck radical—his words, not mine.

Beyond the hyperbole, there is a real Bob White. Born in Texas, he was raised in Ohio and educated in Catholic parochial schools there. After a stint in the European theater during World War II—and getting himself arrested for running pounds sterling into England—Bob White returned to the Midwest and established himself as a portrait and news photographer, adopting the name David Listz to attract business in a predominantly Jewish town; he also lived in Oklahoma for a while and once won recognition, he says, as one of the state’s top three award-winning news photographers. Moving to California, he became a painting contractor and, in scraping the paint off buildings, hit upon a method by which vulcanized rubber could be water blasted off airport runways, an activity that revolutionized the runway-cleaning business. (That little puff of smoke you see when an airplane wheel touches down means a bit of rubber is sticking to the pavement; too much of the stuff on a runway is dangerous.) Bob White and his young wife, Donna, converted a sixty-foot flatbed truck into a water blaster on wheels and took it around to airports in virtually every state in the union. At the same time that Bob White’s name was becoming synonymous with runway cleaning, he was gaining the na-

tional perspective that has come in so handy in editing and promoting the *Duck Book*. Like a politician, Bob White asks everyone he meets, “Where you from?” Invariably he has been there, and the small talk he engages in about the place is enough to convince an interlocutor that this guy really knows whereof he speaks.

It wasn’t until three years ago, after moving Donna and the flatbed to Florida to escape California’s high taxes, that the colon cancer was discovered. They didn’t give Bob White much time to live, so as he lay in the hospital he decided that, in the short span left to him, he ought to put his money where his sentiments

were. While politically Bob White can be confusing and contradictory—on abortion, for instance, he is pro-choice, and on press freedom he is strongly First Amendment—there is no question whatsoever in his mind that there is, and has been, a long-standing conspiracy to lead this country down the garden path to One-World Socialism. The disease festered in his body, and this knowledge, in his mind. After the operation he figured it was time to do something.

“I designed the pyramid scheme after I got out of the hospital,” confides Bob White. “I planned on using the aviation industry as my base, so I designed a comic-book airport magazine with lots of pictures of ducks. I didn’t get too political in that issue, only one page, ‘What Is the Trilateral Commission?’—just trying to wake a few people up. The next issue, I used three pages. Then the next issue I used thirty pages.

“My third issue, I put out the scam. I said, ‘Send me ten dollars and I’ll clean the whores out.’ I sat back and waited, and I didn’t get the ten dollars. Suddenly I said, ‘My God, could I have been so wrong?’”

It’s hard to believe that this man whose gravel voice exudes certainty and whose eyes grip like a steel vise could ever harbor any self-doubt. Especially when you know that he once wrecked his sailboat in a hurricane and survived a week marooned on a barren atoll, that he lived through time in a British prison, and that he has, apparently, beaten cancer. But he is, after all, just a lapsed Catholic, not the pope. “I was betting on the American people responding, and I realized that certain types are sheep, already living in a socialist state, and wouldn’t respond. That’s when I caught a plane to the Bahamas to talk to Harry Schultz. And I switched my base



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from aviation to hard-money advocates."

Harry Schultz is the doyen of the newsletter industry, an American whose stationery bears the letterhead "The Chevalier Harry D. Schultz, KHC," written in Italianate script, and mailing addresses in London, Bermuda, Amsterdam, Basel, Düsseldorf, and Toronto. He charges \$258, or £120 or DM567 or CHF520, for the monthly *International Harry Schultz Letter*, a cluttered compendium of metals-currencies-commodities-futures advice, "suppressed" antileftist news, and relatively moderate anti-CFR-Trilateralist harangues. Schultz's personal consultation fee is two thousand dollars an hour, but he has a "special quickie service" of two hundred dollars for five minutes. He lives outside the United States, evidently for tax reasons. So Bob White went to the Bahamas to see him.

"I flattered him, called him the financial genius of the world. And he is the most respected hard-money editor. I figured if I could get him on my staff, I'd get a lot more real quick." It worked. "Harry Schultz's backing enabled me to get more newsletter editors to back me and to tell their readers about me. Finally, I got one hundred and thirty of them who said, 'Send Bob White ten dollars.'"

That's 130 newsletter editors who all tell their readers to buy gold or silver or platinum now; 130 editors who believe the U.S. defense system is *purposely* second-rate; 130 editors who *know* that the CFR and Trilateral Commission have sent this country down the road to ruin. Their newsletters are characterized by high subscription rates and ominous variations on the Boy Scout motto, Be prepared. Dr. Gary North's *Remnant Review*, "explicitly Christian and pro-free-market in perspective"; Eric Bruns's *The Bruns Letter*, \$125 for twelve issues; Jim Sibbet's *Let's Talk... Silver and Gold*; James Corbett's *Censored*; Frank Daydash's *The American Patriot*; Gerald Unger's *Armed Citizens News*. These editors and their compatriots on the *Duck Book's* masthead are the survivalists, men whose livelihood depends on the promotion of an impending global disaster—world financial collapse, nuclear war, et cetera—and the selling of conflagration-proof investment schemes. The conspiracy scenario they have adopted bolsters their cases; it says, "No matter who is in office, the same clique is still firmly in control, and they have already decided that the crash is coming."

Bob White's genius was to recognize a massive, ready-made middle-American constituency in the aggregate readership of survivalist publications, a loose denomination just waiting to be consolidated into a political movement. And he knew that the way to accomplish this was not to "preach to the choir," as the John Birch Society, in his estimation, has done, but to offer people a real opportunity to apply the

boot to the coterie of corrupt conspirators. So to reach the masses and to get them to buy a ten-dollar ticket in the Democracy Lottery, Bob White asked his "contributing editors" to send him their newsletters and mailing lists; in return, he spreads their words (as well as his own) far beyond the range of an individual newsletter's circulation. "You've got to remember that *I'm* the one who makes these editors *really* famous," says Bob White, gesturing to the Christmas card-cum-photograph of Harry Schultz that he has taped to the wall above his desk. "I made more readers aware of Harry Schultz than anyone else did, because millions of people have seen his letters in my magazine."

The mutual back scratching between Bob White and the newsletter industry has paid off: thousands of people have been suckered into the Ponzi Con.

In August 1980, forty-five people sent in ten-spots for "my life not yours" subscriptions to the *Duck Book*. In October, another eleven hundred folks joined the parade, followed by five thousand in November and five thousand more in December. By the end of January, the number had more than doubled, with twelve thousand ten-dollar bills floating down to Cocoa. Then in February, another fifteen thousand bit the bait and joined the Ponzi Con. By June of this year, ninety thousand people had bought lifetime subscriptions. "I still think I can reach a million paid subscribers by December," says the perpetrator of the scam.

Laugh all you want at Bob White, but every other month more than a million *Duck Books* find their way to subscribers and potential marks, at a total cost since August 1980 of more than \$2 million—half a million of it Bob White's money. Laugh at the three stacks, each one foot high, of paid advertisements piled on his desk. Laugh at the fact that George Bush was dogged throughout the 1980 primary campaign by accusatory questions about his membership in the Trilateral Commission and that some analysts attributed his stunning loss in the New Hampshire primary to fears about his association with the group. Laugh at the three thousand people who showed up on December 30, 1980, for the first meeting of the Los Angeles Duck Club. Then laugh at the nine hundred more who came to Hollywood, Florida, to hear Bob White speak at Ralph Goldman's third annual Investment Strategy Seminar at the Diplomat Hotel. Not only was he

AMERICANS HAVE ALWAYS searched for the devil, have always looked for an organizing influence behind events. The idea of randomness is just too frightening.

scheduled to speak, he was scheduled to appear on the very same dais with Henry Kissinger, the archconspirator, Mr. See Eff Are, David Rockefeller's henchman, Al Haig's puppeteer.

In return for Bob White's help in filling the place (with Ducks getting in at less than one third of the \$325 registration fee), Ralph Goldman had given him ten minutes to address the assemblage before Kissinger, the keynote speaker. "It's not gonna be any debate between Kissinger and me," he said beforehand. "I'm just gonna tell 'em that in 1982 we're gonna send all Rockefeller's pimps packin' like a bunch of egg-suckin' curs."

A *Duck Book* reader from Sun City, Arizona, writes: "Dear Bob: I have studied the problem of our traitor-infested government for a year. There had to be a reason I was so uninformed until I made a massive effort to find out. . . . The reason I was uninformed is that our press is totally controlled by the traitors in Washington through ownership of stock and board positions appointed by the Trilateralists on our major wire services and TV networks."

Americans have always searched for the devil, have always looked for an organizing influence behind events. The idea of randomness is just too frightening, certainly more so than the notion of even hidden control; after all, which scares you more—the Mafia or the street mugger? This continual search for the prime mover is what historian Richard Hofstadter called "the paranoid style in American politics," and it has been a staple of this country's mass psychology from before day one. When it became unfashionable to drive the devil out of raving women, as was done in

Salem, Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century, people looked for him in political guise, often with devastating consequences. In the 1790s, when New England fell prey to the fear that the fledgling republic had been secretly conquered by the Bavarian Illuminati, President John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington were all moved to comment publicly on the hysteria. The Know-Nothing party "exposed" the global Catholic conspiracy centered in Rome and in 1854 elected seven governors, five senators, and forty-three members of the House. The Populists, who gained quite a following one hundred years ago, pointed

out that the world was controlled by Jewish bankers in London who were manipulating midwestern farm prices for their own evil designs. In our century, the discovery of the devil has led to the Ku Klux Klan, the Palmer raids, and, of course, McCarthyism. Conspiriology—adherence to a global conspiracy theory—is as American as mom and apple pie.

Thus it should come as no surprise that lately the devil can be found commuting between 58 East Sixty-eighth Street and 345 East Forty-sixth Street in Manhattan. The former is the home of the sixty-year-old CFR, and the latter address belongs to the office of the Trilateral Commission. Together these organizations have become, in the eyes of contemporary conspiriologists, the nexus of the Grand Scheme to Rule the World.

The CFR is the country's most prestigious think tank, and while it is not the eastern establishment, it has, since the days of such charter members as Walter Lippmann and "Colonel" Edward House (Woodrow Wilson's Svengali), come to represent the establishment. This is true even though its two thousand members—some of the most distinguished politicians, scholars, military personnel, journalists, and economists in America—represent a wide range of views from Right to Left, hard line to moderate; the CFR's membership includes, for instance, William F. Buckley Jr. and Lane Kirkland, Bill Brock and Andrew Young, Alexander M. Haig Jr. and Morton Halperin.

A complete list of the members can be obtained merely by writing the CFR. It's no secret. Actually, nothing about the CFR is a secret, including the fact that they do not issue policy statements (let alone directives) and that there is no cohesive or coherent CFR "line." Anyone who

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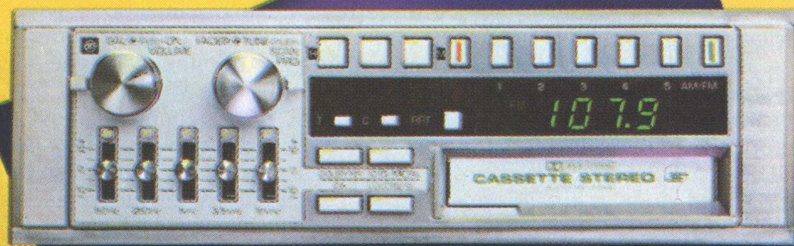
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cares to plow through the turgid prose of *Foreign Affairs*, the organization's blue-chip, \$3.75-an-issue, perfect-bound journal, can easily ascertain that. But needless to say, most conspiriologists do not read *Foreign Affairs*.

Nor do they read *Dialogue*, the equally dull publication of the Trilateral Commission, which is a smaller, superelitist, international version of the CFR. Founded in 1973 with initial funding from CFR chairman David Rockefeller and based upon Zbigniew Brzezinski's concept of Trilateralism—the unity of North America, Western Europe, and Japan—the Commission describes itself as a “discussion group” of “concerned citizens.” Since 1976, when Presidential candidate Jimmy Carter used his membership as proof of his expertise in foreign affairs and subsequently named more than a dozen fellow members to top administration posts, the Trilateral Commission has borne the overwhelming brunt of conspiracy theorists' suspicions.

“I guess it's inevitable,” sighs François Sauzey, the urbane, articulate editor of *Dialogue*. “Whenever you have a group as high level as this—the Commission is, after all, private, and its substantial work is not the kind of easy reading that gets immediate attention—the reaction is automatically negative.”

To counter the ever-increasing spate of conspiracy accusations, Sauzey and his colleagues have put together a booklet entitled *The Trilateral Commission: Questions and Answers*. Among the queries addressed directly (and answered with carefully reasoned, patient “noes”) are “Is the Trilateral Commission secret?” “Is the Commission trying to establish a world government?” and “Is the Commission a conspiracy to control the U.S. government?” The booklet and the Commission's reports are available free of charge (which is more than one can say of, for instance, *The Trilateral Observer*, a Phoenix-based conspiriological newsletter that costs seventy-five dollars for a year's subscription and consists mainly of slanted rewrites of Commission material).

But still the fingers point. “I've been on radio shows where people call in and ask questions that are absolutely *insane*,” says Sauzey. “It is strange. In my country, France, where the Commission is also very much attacked, there is not this bent on conspiracy. The standard attack there is that the Commission is an extension of the multinational corporations, seeking to make the world safe for capitalism. It doesn't have the same kind of emotion and suspicion you have here. Here, it's something almost *religious*.”

Apocalyptic religions, of course, have a way of attracting adherents. As a nation, we've become so accustomed to the notion of conspiracy—what with Watergate, the dozens of Kennedy-assassination

books, many of them best sellers, and revelations of CIA and FBI abuses of power—that our dulled sensibilities allow us to be dragged headfirst into a belief in the Grand Collusion. The unexpected wrinkle, at least in terms of historical precedent, is that conspiracy theories involving the CFR and the Trilateral Commission are drawing growing numbers of disciples from both the political Right and Left. Gary Allen's *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*, the Talmud of the John Birch Society, goes into quite a bit of CFR history, seeking to prove that "'Communism' is not run from Moscow or Peking, but is an arm of a bigger conspiracy run from New York,

London and Paris." There is precious little difference between this thesis and the contention of Carl Oglesby, an early president of the Students for a Democratic Society, whose 1976 book, *The Yankee and Cowboy War*, "proposes to show that Dallas and Watergate are intrinsically linked conspiracies in a hidden drama of coup and countercoup which represents the life of an inner oligarchic power sphere, an 'invisible government.'"

The Invisible Government is the title of a right-wing, anti-CFR classic sitting on a shelf in Tony Dunn's CFR office, next to two copies of *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*. Taped to Dunn's door is a poster printed by the Fund to Restore an Educated Electorate, in Waco, Texas, which among other things lists the CFR and Trilateralist affiliations of thirty-nine U.S. senators and congressmen who voted to return the Panama Canal to Panamanian authority. THEIR MAIL RAN 90% AGAINST GIVING AWAY OUR CANAL IN PANAMA! reads the poster. WHY DID THEY GIVE IT AWAY? WAS IT BECAUSE THEY SERVE THE INTERNATIONAL BANKERS, NOT THE PEOPLE WHO ELECTED THEM TO OFFICE?

"I think it's fair to say that while the accusations are hardly fresh, clearly the volume has increased in recent years," says Dunn, who is director of special projects for the CFR and keeper of the wryly named "Council publicity" file (it contains more "publicity" clipped from the pages of publications like the Liberty Lobby's anti-Semitic *Spotlight* than from *The New York Times*). "The vast majority of the literature is just rehashed stuff, diatribes that appeared many years ago that have been warmed over and regurgitated," Dunn explains. "But in terms of the volume and scope of the propaganda against the Council, this is a new phenomenon. We now

FOR THE FIRST time, citizens of all hues along the political spectrum are blaming the *same* Americans for the *same* wicked deeds toward the *same* nefarious ends.

receive flyers that have been put under the windshield wipers of cars in church parking lots. And there has been a decided increase in the letters to the editors of newspapers, and talk show hosts who inquire of the Council, saying calls frequently come in to them."

There is a revolution brewing in this country that readers of establishment newspapers recognize only vaguely, if at all. For the first time in our history, citizens of all hues along the political spectrum are blaming the *same* Americans for the *same* wicked deeds toward the *same* nefarious ends. And rather than sitting back and ignoring it, the conspiriologists are taking arms against the perceived conspiracy, actively opposing it in hopes of ending it. Former Silent Majoritarians are no longer willing to wait for the country's descent into the One-World Social Order, the *Novus Ordo Seclorum* of International Communist Capitalism. "This is what I want to tell 'em," spits Bob White. "I'm gonna tell 'em what Dr. Ivan Browning said, and I quote: 'The American WASP is the most dangerous animal who ever walked the face of the earth.' We are the animals of the human race. And they can't take away our guns, and they can't make us drive fifty-five miles an hour!"

At CFR headquarters in New York, Dunn surveys the latest batch of Council publicity and sighs, "I hope it's peaked."

In Cocoa, Florida, there is a printer whose warehouselike office is stacked end-to-end, top-to-bottom, with *Duck Books* in various stages of production. Twelve boxes, each containing thirty-six thousand sheets of twenty-three by thirty-four, forty-five-pound offset paper, stand ready for the next pressrun. The *Duck Book's* main printer is fifty miles away in Kissimmee. (Has Tony Dunn ever seen

the movie *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*?)

A reader from Waterford, Wisconsin, writes: "Dear Bob: We have a big gas-guzzling Lincoln Continental, a big gas-guzzling Ford LTD wagon, and a gas-guzzling Pontiac Catalina. I love to pull alongside a socialist 35 MPG and leave my engine running for venting my frustration at what is happening."

On his way to the Investment Strategy Seminar and Henry Kissinger, Bob White said goodbye to his wife, Donna, and baby daughter, Katie, climbed into his Mercedes wagon, and did seventy miles an hour all the way from Cocoa to Hollywood, Florida.

"I practiced my speech in Los Angeles last week, at the Duck Club meeting there," Bob White said. "Shit—I got a standing ovation!"

Bob White doesn't have time for reading anymore, not with new newsletters floating into his office each week, their editors begging to be included in the *Duck Book*. Far cry from the way it used to be, when he says he even got to peek at *Foreign Affairs* and the Trilateral Commission's publications. "I've known what's going on for twenty years about the CFR and especially about the Fabians in England. Kissinger—I've known about him a long time. I thought everyone knew, figured it was common knowledge. But not everybody reads. These people have been around controlling everybody for years. I just didn't do anything about it—figured I'd get killed if I tried to stop 'em anyway."

Bob White's thin lips curl up at both ends; it's as close as he ever gets to a smile. "Now I figure I've got nothing to lose. They can't kill me; I'm gonna die anyway. So I'm gonna give 'em a run for their money, for the pure hell of it."

The subject of death gives him slight pause; he reflects that "a very high-ranking general predicted to me that Ronald Reagan will be killed within a year. This general, who's known George Bush for years, says that Bush wants to be President so bad he'll do *anything*."

What would Bob White do if *he* were President? He narrows his eyes till they're like a pair of bullets and replies, "If I were Ronald Reagan, I'd go on national television. I would tell the people the truth. I'd say, 'Folks, I'm gonna lock the doors of the White House. George Bush is not gonna be able to enter. Haig and Weinberger will not enter. Nobody will come into the White House except my military police. I

am gonna fire the Secret Service. I have hand-picked myself a dozen military police officers; they will guard me... and if I die, you will know that they have killed me.'"

(When the President was shot three weeks later, one short day after the plenary conference of the Trilateral Commission began in Washington, Bob White did not blame *them*. "That was just a psychotic kid. Nobody in their right mind would've used that kind of gun," he said. But what of John Hinckley's brother's relationship with George Bush's son? "They wouldn't have given Hinckley that kind of gun to use. I know, 'cause that's my field.")

The man in the blue jump suit arrived at the fancy Diplomat Hotel at two-thirty P.M.; a pair of Ralph Goldman's female employees helped him unload several boxes of *Duck Books* from the back of the station wagon. Immediately, he was besieged by admirers who shook his hand and introduced themselves: "Hi, Bob. I'm a Duck."

"Stick around for Saturday night," Bob White told the Ducks. "There'll be some fireworks."

He set himself up at a table outside the hotel's conference room, a large cartoon of a you-know-what identifying the occupant. For two days Bob White passed out buttons heralding the new Fort Lauderdale Duck Club, as subscribers and the curious stopped by to exchange a few words.

Hyatt Field, a serious thirty-year-old Miller High Life distributor from Wilson, North Carolina, told of his discovery of the *Duck Book*: "A friend of mine and I were in the office one day discussing the world situation. He called me a few days later and asked if I had ever heard of a man named Robert White."

Field, who had read *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* and Hal Lindsey's *The 1980s: Countdown to Armageddon*, perused the *Duck Book* and was "fantastically impressed. I immediately sent Bob White ten dollars. In fact, I sent him more." In fact, Field sent Bob White five hundred dollars more and received two thousand *Duck Books* to pass out to friends, family, and associates. Hyatt Field is a young man who understands the pyramid scheme.

"The general picture is very disturbing to me," he said. "Take Brzezinski's own book. I mean, how in the world a man with beliefs praising Marxism can have reached such a power position in this country is astonishing!"

Field was thinking of *Between Two Ages*,

WHITE GAVE A preview
of the confrontation:
"Those liberals will
realize that the Ducks
have arrived.... If I was
Henry Kissinger, I'd
be wetting my pants."

the tome written by Brzezinski in 1970, in which the theory of Trilateralism was first spelled out. "Marxism supplied the best available insight into contemporary reality," the future National Security Adviser wrote, among other things. Field hadn't read the book, only excerpts from it in the *Duck Book*. "I've never read any of the publications of the CFR or the Trilateral Commission. I wouldn't know how to get ahold of them."

Meanwhile, Bob White was giving previews of the impending confrontation with Kissinger: "Right now, one hundred and seventy-five of my wealthy redneck crackers have registered, and when I get up on the platform, they're gonna introduce me as the Duck Club man. And I'm gonna say, 'Folks, I'm not a speaker, and I'm not the long-winded type. Everything I gotta say I can say in two minutes flat. First, I'd like all you Duck lovers in the audience to raise your hands to show these high rollers how many of you speak American.'"

"I don't know what'll happen, but if these people do what they did in California—shit, they stood up and cheered!"

"And I'm gonna say, 'For all you non-Duck lovers out there, you might like to know that each of these rednecks is a coordinator for Duck Clubs in their own cities. And they're not alone; there's another hundred thousand out there.' Which is true. We've already booked the biggest hotels in Phoenix and San Diego for our meetings. Over two thousand people have already confirmed a seat for the Phoenix meeting, which is true."

And Bob White would tell them to read the article entitled "The Same Crowd Still Controls Our Country" and the other article by General George Keegan in which he says that the greatest nation in the world

has virtually been disarmed by some intellectual bastards who think One-World Government is the answer for America. And he would tell 'em that we won't take this socialist crap like the Limeys and the Swedes, just like we won't drive fifty-five miles an hour and we won't give up our guns.

"Those eastern liberals there will realize that the Ducks have arrived after that," concluded Bob White with determination. "If I was Henry Kissinger, I'd be wetting my pants."

Henry Kissinger did not wet his pants or even turn red from embarrassment. Because at the Diplomat Hotel in Hollywood, Florida, Bob White did not get

to confront him. Some weirdo had spread the word that the Ducks had gotten into the Investment Strategy Seminar for one hundred dollars, and Ralph Goldman's full-price attendees were incensed. So to placate them, Goldman asked Bob White if he wouldn't mind speaking earlier in the day, say about three P.M.

Bob White did speak, and though the response from the audience was polite, if not enthusiastic, well, it just wasn't the same as being there with Kissinger.

Kissinger, for his part, disarmed the crowd that night and announced at the end of his speech that he'd even take questions from the audience. All those Ducks out there would still have a chance to show up the old conspirator!

The first question was about the future of Iranian-American relations.

The second question was about the future of Soviet-American relations.

The third question was about the future of Polish-American relations.

Bob White, out of his belted blue jump suit and incongruously dressed in a navy blazer, gray slacks, blue button-down shirt, and rep tie, ambled up to one of his Ducks and with a sideward glance handed him a note. "Ask him *this*," he hissed.

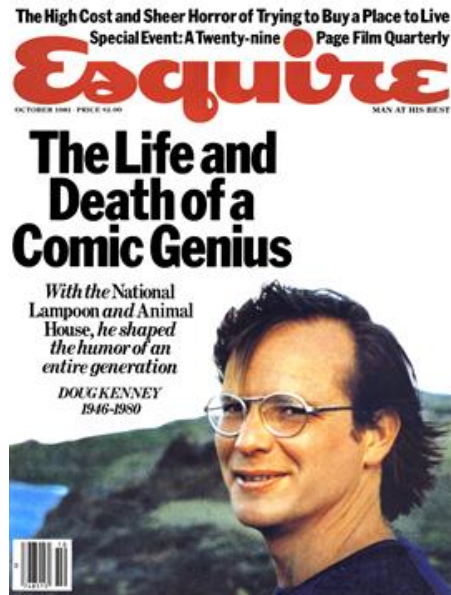
The note read: "Why was John Paisley killed in Chesapeake Bay?"

Bob White doesn't really want an answer. He *knows* why John Paisley was killed and who killed him. And he knows who killed John Kennedy and who stalled the B-1 bomber and who gave away *our* canal and who's trying to take away our guns and make us drive fifty-five miles an hour. And Bob White'll get that story out to twenty million people and drive that crowd from power if it's the last thing he does in his life.

And yours. ☺

THE DUCK BOOK

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