



## Chip on My Shoulder

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

*Las Vegas*

**M**y travels have taken me through much of the industrialized world. I have even visited parts of the Third World. For instance, I covered a presidential inauguration in Mexico City a few years back, and I live right across the river from Washington, D.C.—talk about Third World! Yet in all my travels I have never been to a more horrible city than this. Perhaps Chernobyl is a less healthy place than Las Vegas, and I suppose back in the days of Idi Amin there were cities in Uganda more horrible (if there are cities in Uganda), but this is the most horrible city I have ever been in.

I was invited here to speak, and soon I shall be invited to leave. I believe addicts belong in clinics where they can be treated. This whole city has been created for addicts to indulge their addiction. Of course, I speak of the gambling addict. There are addictions that are more ghastly and insalubrious, heroin and crack to name but two. Yet gambling is no mere recreation. It has always been considered a vice, and the desperation of the thousands of gamblers swarming these streets in casinos is a sobering reminder that until recently Americans tried to limit this vice.

Unaddicted Americans visiting Las Vegas for whatever reason will recognize that they are in a weird place the minute they step out of the jetway. It is then that the traveler hears the first ping of a ping-ping noise that is hard to escape in this dreadful city. This is the sound of

slot machines. They are there at the airport just as you deplane. A third of the unfortunates on my flight swarmed to these idiot contraptions first thing. They stand in fluorescent rows in all the hotels I have been in. The annoying ping-ping sounds from dawn until the far reaches of the night. The addicts drop coins into them and stare blankly into their windows.

With all the alarm about the health of the average American, I am surprised that neither consumerists nor environmentalists have sounded the alarm about gambling. Tobacco, alcohol, red meat, and chocolate may not be health foods; but I know that they are not as harmful as gambling. In the lobby of Caesar's Palace during one brisk five-minute reconnoiter, I saw not one healthy-looking American except for a few sober-faced dealers. I saw obesity that amazed,

haggard features that no jogger or vegetarian would claim as healthy, a woman on crutches, a woebegone man with an oxygen tank. All were intently feeding their slot machines or working the craps tables. There was a mother carrying a week-old baby through the field of slot machines. Wheelchairs were out in force. My deduction is that gambling does not comport with fitness.

Gambling, like pornography, is grim business. No addict I saw seemed to be amused or to be taking much pleasure while indulging his vice—and both sexes seemed to be beset by the bug. I suppose I can understand the grimness. All are losing money. Some are headed toward bankruptcy. Most have loved ones who are going to fare badly as a consequence of their profligacy. If gambling were a lucrative pastime, these tawdry casinos would not be so lavishly appointed and so numerous. They stand as testimonials to their clients' delusions. Here in the lap of the desert there is a huge and stupendously ugly riverboat casino. There is a Treasure Island monstrosity. There are evocations of the exotic Orient. Perhaps the gaudiest and most imbecilic is Caesar's Palace. It is meant to evoke thoughts of the Caesar who conquered Gaul. Its ornate columns and cheap statues would sicken Mussolini.

Like all vices, gambling preys on the weak. The hordes of people rolling dice, playing keno and blackjack, do not look like particularly self-reliant, dignified, or even prosperous people. Many look notably dissolute. After visiting this most horrible of American cities I am moved to wonder as to why mayors and state



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legislators throughout the country want to liberalize gambling. They see it as a means of increasing government revenue, but what about their concern about the citizenry? Given more opportunities to gamble, more foolish people will gamble, and who doubts that gambling is a passion that becomes more compulsive for people until bankruptcy cools them off?

As a libertarian conservative, I would

not think of shutting down the gambling dens of far-away Las Vegas. People should be free to realize their greatest potential as well as bring themselves to ruin. But elected officials need not expedite that ruin. State lotteries encourage a get-rich-quick mentality that corrupts a whole series of virtues necessary for a healthy democracy. Casino towns such as Las Vegas belong far out in the desert. □

Mena as "bull." That fantasy was discredited by *Time* magazine. In his October 7 press conference, he said he knew nothing about Mena. Now Patterson, speaking in sworn testimony before a court reporter, says that he and Clinton heard quite a lot about Mena. Together they heard troopers discussing "that there was [sic] large quantities of drugs being flown into Mena airport, large quantities of money, large quantities of guns, that there was an ongoing operation training foreign people in that area." Asked "Were any of these conversations in the presence of Governor Bill Clinton," Patterson replied: "Yes, sir."

Another deposition is equally damaging to Clinton. Bill Duncan, a former IRS investigator, Criminal Intelligence Division, and later a special investigator for the House subcommittee on crime, has rendered testimony in this case that confirms the outline of Reed's depiction of Mena. What is even more arresting, he testifies that while investigating Mena and an adjunct base at Nella, Arkansas, for the House subcommittee, "Jack Blum, who was chief counsel as I recall for the Senate foreign relations committee, at some time in the latter part of the investigation came down and told Russell Welch [a fellow investigator] and myself at Mena that Panamanian Defense Forces were being trained. . . . There were reports from other law enforcement personal [sic] . . . that had found large amounts of ammunition hulls, large caliber, fifty caliber and up stored in a remote shack not far from Nella airstrip." Blum told Duncan "it was sanctioned at high levels of the United States government."

And Duncan has something else to add. After he left the House investigation, he was hired by the newly elected Arkansas attorney general to continue investigating Mena. Once there he put some 7,000 documents that he had gathered while investigating Mena and Nella in his computer. Only he had the pass code to access that information. Somehow someone broke his pass code. He fears that his documents have now been compromised. For the record he testified the other day "there was sensitive information in a portion of those documents." Duncan did not close down his investigation until 1992. This is not an "old Arkansas story." □

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## Moving on Mena

As I noted late last year, President Bill Clinton's rubicund good looks went ghostly during an October 7 press conference when a member of the Washington press corps mentioned the word "Mena." Mena is the site of an airport in rural southwest Arkansas. It has frequently been reported that during the 1980s the CIA covertly shipped supplies from Mena to Nicaragua's anti-Communist contras. It now appears that the planes returned, much to the embarrassment of American intelligence officials, with vast quantities of drugs secreted within them. A civil suit in federal court in Arkansas is now producing testimony that will explain Clinton's pale condition upon hearing Mena mentioned.

The lawsuit involves Terry Reed, a pilot who claims to have trained contra pilots in Arkansas. He charges that one Buddy Young, along with others, conspired to charge Reed with the alleged theft of his own aircraft, and a cover-up after he reported it stolen. According to the suit, Young was acting in his official capacity as an Arkansas state trooper assigned to security at the governor's mansion. His immediate superior was Governor Bill Clinton. The suit alleges that the conspiracy was designed to discredit Reed's allegations that drugs were being sent back to the United States with government knowledge and complicity. For years people have pooh-poohed the allegations contained in Reed's incondite book, *Compromised*. The book is admittedly so badly written that it could pass for

one of those mangled compositions turned out by university professors, but the testimony coming out of this case is fast confirming Reed's charges.

I have an especial interest in the testimony of one of the Arkansas troopers being deposed. He is trooper Larry Patterson, who testified in one of *The American Spectator's* troopergate stories. In March, Patterson testified that it was Young's threats against him that provoked him to go to the *Los Angeles Times* and *The American Spectator* with his reports on Clinton's unruly ways. According to Patterson, Young, while on the governor's staff, said, "If you know what's good for you, if you know what's good for your family, you will keep your mouth shut." Young made this threat on three occasions. Patterson warned him not to reiterate his threat. Then after Young's superior was elected president and Young had been appointed director of Federal Emergency Management in Denton, Texas, Young made yet another threat to Patterson. "That's when I called the people, and said hey, I'm ready to go forward." "The people," Patterson testifies, "were Bill Rempel with the *Los Angeles Times* and the little guy with *The American Spectator*." "The little guy" was David Brock, and they used to say the same thing about Napoleon Bonaparte.

From what I know about the story, this testimony rings true. So does much of the other testimony now being gathered, and it is very damaging to Clinton's decaying credibility. During the presidential campaign he dismissed

# Do You Make These Mistakes in Job Interviews?

BY GARY BENCIVENGA

NEW YORK—Do you know why you should *never* eat a spinach salad when you're being interviewed over lunch?

If you're a man, do you know why you should *never* wear a *gold bracelet* to a job interview?

If you're a woman, do you know the type of blouse that makes interviewers of both sexes label you as a loser?

Did you know that arriving *too early* for an interview irritates many executives as much as showing up late?

According to a fascinating new report, these are but a few examples of innocent but costly mistakes almost everyone makes when job-hunting.

But these are small potatoes compared to the most common and deadly mistake of all—*not knowing how to position yourself as the #1 candidate in an over-crowded field of applicants.*

Here's the big problem you face....

Competition for white-collar job openings has grown so fierce that a single help-wanted ad in a major newspaper can pull in 2,000 or more resumes. That's more than seven large mail sacks bulging with resumes—from a single ad.

How can you beat odds like that?

This is the key question addressed by a riveting report that's just been released, *Interviews That Win Jobs.*

Privately published and not available in bookstores, the report is based on extensive research with hiring executives, recruiters and other top experts on how to land lucrative job offers in today's tough white-collar job market.

The report even incorporates the results of video-taped studies, conducted through two-way mirrors, by placement services and universities. These studies have clearly identified what *the most successful* job candidates do differently than others to win many more job offers.

Of greatest value, the report reveals today's most powerful strategies for winning the job over hordes of other applicants, some of whom are bound to be better qualified than you.

Surprisingly, the report says that beating the odds can be much easier than you ever imagined *IF* you apply some simple rules of *effective self-marketing.* Indeed, since so few candidates are familiar with these strategies, they give you an enormous, almost unfair edge.

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Worst times to schedule an interview. Your odds of getting hired are *very* low.

The 25 biggest interview *turnoffs.*

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There's more: How to get strangers inside the company to put in a good word for you....How to *dress* for interviews....The best way to establish rapport with your interviewer, and...How to avoid numerous little traps, sometimes placed in your path on purpose.

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For example, it reveals exactly how to respond to tough questions such as: "Why should I hire you?"  "Where can you use some improvement?"  "Aren't you overqualified?"  "Why have you been out of work so long?"  "Name two weak points of your previous boss." (Beware—a trap!)

"What would you do over in your life?"  "How do you feel about working nights and weekends?"... "Will you relocate or travel?" (Even if you won't, *DON'T* say no just yet!)

"How could you have done better in your last job?"  "How many hours a week do you normally work?"

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## Aid Affects Everyone

by Tom Bethell

**L**ouis Menand, who teaches English at the City University of New York (formerly City College), published an interesting defense of professionalism the other day. He worries that it is coming under increasing attack. My own suspicion is that the experts of our day have escaped lightly. Judging by their contributions to professional journals, for example, perhaps half the English professors at American universities can barely write an English sentence. But these articles, far from reflecting badly upon their professionalism, are thought to establish it. That is the world we live in. Menand decries the term-limits movement as an attack on professionalism in politics, so perhaps we should not take him too seriously.

It would be worth listing the many areas in which the experts have plainly gone off the rails. Education, for starters. The pros loved the idea that there was this separate branch of knowledge called education. Now they had their own sandbox where they could play about and claim immunity from the criticism of amateurs. Education has gone downhill ever since. (Would you want your child taught by a professional educator?) When buildings fall down, engineers look bad. There are fields in which the professional's competence is put to a real-world test. Often this is not so, however. Too many variables, and too much time, come between the advice and the outcome.

Experts know a lot about their subject. The trouble is, a lot of what they know is wrong. Take economists, for example. For fifty years there has been this field called "development economics," telling underdeveloped countries how to play catch up. What did the professionals advise? Central planning! That folly persisted for 25-30 years after

World War II. Looking back, the field is an embarrassment—but not of riches. The underdeveloped world, later called the Third World, became the plaything of development economists and other experts. To a considerable extent they all agreed with one another and got off scot-free as a result; went from strength to strength, were awarded World Bank sinecures, even won the odd Nobel Prize.

Planning's appeal was that it pretended to replace ideology with mathematics. No ideologues here! Just scientists with slide rules, trying to get their equations right. India's prime minister Nehru told a journalist in 1960:

Planning and development have become a sort of mathematical problem which may be worked out scientifically. . . . It is extraordinary how both Soviet and American experts agree on this. If a Russian planner comes here, studies our projects and advises us, it is really extraordinary how his conclusions are in agreement with those of, say, an American expert. . . . The moment the scientist or technologist comes to the scene, be he Russian or American, the conclusions are the same for the simple reason that planning and development today are almost a matter of mathematics.

Gunnar Myrdal, one of the great missionaries of planning (Nobel Prize in economics, 1974), exaggerated only slightly when he said in 1956 that "grand-scale national planning" was "unanimously endorsed by governments and experts in the advanced countries." Nehru exaggerated not at all when he said planning was thought to be "almost a matter of mathematics." There were models aplenty to prove it. As the years passed and little was produced in the way of housing and consumer durables, the equations became more and more complicated.

John Prior Lewis, who argued for

massive increases in foreign aid to pay for India's various five-year plans, noted in *Quiet Crisis in India* (1962) that those who deny the legitimacy of "centrally conceived and directed development" are "cast inescapably" as "crackpots." The economists' error was to believe that the "factors of production"—land (natural resources), labor, and capital—could be suspended in an institutional and legal vacuum and yet retain their essence and efficacy. They were simply . . . inputs! Mix the Naked Inputs in the right proportions and then be sure to count the "outputs" as they come rolling off the assembly line.

The sheer arduousness of production was not understood—especially not by the better sort hired by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations to pontificate upon economic development. *They* hadn't worked for their money. But to be productive, people have to expect reward for themselves and their families, and that means private property. In *The Political Economy of Growth* (1962), nonetheless, Prof. Paul Baran of Stanford wrote that "no planning worth the name is possible in a society in which the means of production remain under the control of private interests."

After World War II, American experts believed that countries were underdeveloped because they lacked capital. Land and labor they had aplenty. If savings could not be "forced," then capital could be shipped in the form of foreign aid. Governments would "invest" it, which meant it would be used productively. Factories would be built and out would come the outputs. P.T. Bauer of the London School of Economics, one of the few holdouts against the planning mania (he was made a life peer by Mrs. Thatcher in 1982), called this the Investment Fetish. Governments don't invest, they spend. We are only now

*Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent.*