

Tidbits and Outrages

How Soon They Forget

Two political scientists recently surveyed the staffs of United States senators to find out if those who had been undergraduate political science majors are more likely than those less fortunate 1) to recognize the applications of political science to their Senate jobs, 2) to have greater professional and social contact with political scientists, and 3) to read political science books and journals. Their findings: "The data collected failed to confirm any of these hypotheses."

Plus an Exciting New Column, Self-ish

Conde Nast's new magazine, *Self*, promises "fascinating how-to articles" on Self-care, Self-assertion, Self-expression, Self-awareness, Self-expansion and Self-esteem.

Quote of the Month Dept.

Buster Daniels, the assessor of Newton County, Texas, as reported in *The Texas Observer*: "The timber companies own 85 per cent of the land in this county. They tell us what they're going to pay."

The High Cost of Saving Tax Money

The Federal Disaster Assistance Administration sent out a press release recently that began, "Tax dollars can be saved at all levels of government." It was sent by Western Union Mailgram. The *Wisconsin State Journal* treated and found out that the release had been sent to 200 papers at a cost of \$13.45 each. All to say, "Tax dollars can be saved."

What's the Score?

Harper's Bazaar offers this inspirational counsel to its readers in the current issue: "Money is the scoreboard in the game of working and the person who accumulates the most dollar points is considered a valuable star."

Flag Day Follies

June 14 is Flag Day, and while that may not mean much to most of us, it is a very special day for Rep. Ted Risenhoover. A recent editorial in *The Washington Post* explained why:

"The Risenhoover campaign committee has bought television time to air . . . a half-hour version of the official Air Force film of this year's Flag Day observance in the House. As edited by Rep. Risenhoover at his own expense (a modest \$650, compared with the \$5,000-or-so the Air Force spent to produce the film), this epic documentary includes an inspirational address by evangelist Oral Roberts, whose headquarters is in Tulsa. [Risenhoover is from Oklahoma.] But the dramatic climax is a reading of "I Am an American" by the chairman of the House Flag Day Committee backed up by the Air Force's Singing Sergeants and band. Do we have to tell you who is this year's chairman of the House Flag Day Committee?"

After wondering how it came to pass that the Air Force had filmed this minor House event, the *Post* continued:

"When you poke into that, you learn that it was not a one-time favor to a two-term congressman. Instead, it has become routine over the years for the services to supply a band and a camera crew for the House's annual Flag Day show. The Air Force simply got the call this year.

"Does this mean there's an intense nationwide demand for—and use of—Flag Day movies as inspirational programs? . . . Well, not exactly. The film is quietly handed over to the Flag Day chairman, and his office distributes it. Mr. Risenhoover thinks highly of this service; he shared last year's movie—in which he was shown making a patriotic speech—with some 200 groups in his district. Apparently no one else used it."

The Executive Protection Racket

by Howie Kurtz

The light blue squad cars, looking like regular police patrols to the uninitiated, are a familiar sight in certain parts of northwest Washington. On one corner, two uniformed officers are sitting double-parked outside the all-night "7-11" grocery on Connecticut Avenue, sipping coffee and chatting about the high cost of living. Up the street a bit, a lone officer is shooting the breeze with two diplomatic-looking gentlemen in front of the Lithuanian embassy on 16th Street. And a few blocks away, another patrol car is cruising ever so slowly up the steep hills of Massachusetts Avenue, past the glittering facades of foreign chanceries, its occupants looking vaguely bored.

A closer look reveals that these are not District of Columbia policemen, but part of an obscure yet growing federal force called the Executive Protective Service. The name evokes the presidential guard duty of the Secret Service, of which this outfit is a part, but its beat is the posh residential area which stretches about three miles north and west of the White House. You won't see these officers near the burnt-out buildings and abandoned lots of Shaw, an inner-city corridor still scarred from the 1968 riots, and you won't see them in the slums of Anacostia or southeast Washington. For the official mission of these 900 officers of the Executive Protective Service is to guard not just the White House, but the foreign embassies and ambassadors' residences that are scattered throughout one of the

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city's most affluent neighborhoods.

The inescapable irony is that the nation's taxpayers, many of whom live in high-crime areas without adequate police protection, are paying over \$17 million a year to support a special police force in the one area of the nation's capital that needs it the least. And the program has grown, in typical Washington fashion, without so much as a sideways glance from the legislators who approve the money. "There hasn't been any controversy whatsoever about the organization in the four years that I've been here," says the staff man on the Senate subcommittee that routinely rubber-stamps the EPS budget. "Most members feel it's a job that has to be done," says his counterpart on the House side. The only hint of dispute, predictably, is whether the State Department should take over the force from the Treasury Department, which runs the Secret Service.

The federal government somehow got by with only 250 White House policemen from the days of Warren Harding until 1970, when President Nixon decided to create a more imperial force to look after both his family and the foreign chanceries. There had been a couple of embarrassing incidents in the papers—one ambassador was robbed, another envoy's wife was mugged—and Nixon convinced Congress it was time to extend his law-and-order campaign to the diplomatic community. Six hundred new policemen were added to the force, and at the next White House state dinner, some of them were dressed up in ridiculous-looking chocolate