

son Gary, a 23-year-old former Navy submarine navigator, added: "I believe they had my father killed to save Bill Clinton's political career."

Then there is the mysterious violent death of Herschel Friday. Friday was head of Arkansas' largest law firm, Eldredge & Clark, and was a member of Bill Clinton's presidential campaign finance committee, in a position, in other words, to know some important things about the financing of the 1992 Clinton campaign. On March 1, Herschel Friday, an experienced and "very excellent" pilot, was landing his private plane at his private airfield in Little Rock. It was drizzling, and the landing was at dusk, but both the plane's and the landing strip's lights were lit, and his son was guiding Friday toward the ground by radio. Then, suddenly, "something happened that got him disoriented and he dropped out of sight"; Friday's plane crashed and he was killed.

Another murderous plane crash—this time in fine weather—wiped out another potential Clintonian informant only two days later. Conservative journalist Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, Washington correspondent for the London *Sunday Telegraph*, had planned to fly to Little Rock to interview Ronald Rogers, a dentist from Royal, Arkansas, who was going to share "some knowledge of a sensitive nature" about personalities and transactions" in Clintonian Arkansas. On

March 4, Evans-Pritchard received a phone call from the man who had arranged the meeting. Skip the trip to Arkansas, said the contact, "they got him last night." "They got him" in a crash the night before of a twin-engine Cessna plane headed north from Dallas to Denver. At 10:30 P.M. on a clear night, the pilot of the plane reported "electrical trouble," and said that he planned to "refuel" in Lawton, Oklahoma. Yet the plane crashed, killing the pilot and three passengers, including Dr. Rogers, 45 miles south of Lawton, near Wichita Falls, Texas. Curiously, the plane had a full tank of gas, and the pilot seems to have been lost, a map and magnifying glass being found after the crash near the pilot's seat.

Wichita Falls TV reporter David Keating, who covered the crash, was mystified. "It's kind of strange. I don't know why they'd be this far off course. The plane took a complete nose dive. The front of the plane was totally demolished and the back was intact. The whole thing is weird."

Evans-Pritchard's conclusion: "It's a bit difficult for people to understand that this is going on in the borders of the U.S." The "this," he made clear, is a "serious shutting-up operation underway."

So, in addition to the financial cesspool being uncovered in Arkansas, how about a detailed, truly independent, heavily-financed, *criminal* investigation into various

acts of murder and violence associated with Larry Parks? Who (and What) Killed Herschel Friday? Who (and What) Killed Dr. Ronald Rogers? Who bludgeoned L.J. Davis? Let's clean out the cesspool, no matter *how high up* we have to go!

Impeach Clinton! ■

Some Reflections on the Olympics

by M.N.R.

I know that everyone has by now OD'd on the millions of words poured out on Tonya, Nancy, and the rest, but there are still aspects of the late Winter Olympics that have been largely overlooked.

1. It was a real pleasure to see the healthy, happy people of Norway enjoy their Olympics, and to see them zipping along the snow and ice of Lillehammer streets on their vertical sled contraptions (I think called "sparks") while all the tourists were slipping and sliding. It was a pleasure to see Norway come in 1-2-3 in skiing.

2. From the above it is obvious that I dissent from the American ultra-chauvinism that has always been endemic to TV coverage of the Olympics. If Americans are not competing in a sport it doesn't get covered at all, and when they do compete, some American coming in 32nd is closely followed

while the leaders get ignored.

One of the worst things about left-liberalism is its insistence on politicizing all of life, and the chauvinist hype is one aspect of the politicization. Sports are supposed to be individual, or team, efforts, and should have nothing to do with government or politics, and what used to be hailed as the "Olympic ideal" was set against such emphasis on the State. All of this has been long forgotten, the turning point coming with the disgraceful banning of South African athletes from the Olympics because of disagreement with that country's political system.

The feminist slogan, "the personal *is* the political," sums up much of what conservatives and libertarians should be dedicated to combat and crush. The counter to that is the reverse: "the political *is* the personal," and "conspiracy" analysis of the nefarious activities of power elites, right down to Watergate, is an expression of that counter-slogan.

3. There's almost a one-to-one correlation: every leftist pundit, every left-liberal sports writer (and they are legion) came down fervently in favor of Tonya Harding. It's almost like a test; virtually every despicable person I know turns out to be a Tonya fan. Interviewed on TV during the Olympics, the pompous quasi-nitwit Frank Rich, the latest entry in the horrible stable of *New York Times* op-ed writers, started to explain

why he was pro-Tonya. "It's a class thing," he said, referring to the famous Tonya-Nancy controversy. He started to explain that Tonya came from a poor background, when he suddenly caught himself, and was reduced to mumbling from then on, since he obviously realized that the Kerrigans were poor too.

The difference is not "class," and it is disingenuous for the Left to pretend otherwise. The difference is character, what the nineteenth century used to call the "deserving" versus the "undeserving" poor. The Kerrigans were poor but honest Boston Irish, the father working at three jobs to raise the money for Nancy's skating lessons. Tonya, on the other hand, is a true product of her rotten white-trash family. She is at one and the same time an inveterate thug and a whining victimologist—and come to think of it, these two spectacularly unattractive qualities often go together. (Leftists, of course, like to use pseudo-scientific psychobabble terms such as "dysfunctional" family, as if the problem were some sort of disease rather than a rotten moral character.)

Thuggish: apart from the Gilhooley charge of complicity in the kneecapping assault on Nancy; taking a baseball bat to another woman in a parking-lot dispute; snarling "I'll kick her butt" about Nancy Kerrigan, etc. Whining victimologist: the incredible shoelace caper at the Olympics, which was the *fourth* time in

recent years that Tonya started skating, did badly, and then went whining to the judges about her untied shoelace, her broken skate, and all the rest. How come that no one else in championship skating, has *ever* had an alleged problem with her skates or shoes in the middle of a competition? And why is it that *each* and *every* time the wimpy judges caved in? At the Olympics, the result was to ruin the performance of the poor Canadian skater who was scheduled to skate after Tonya and who was rushed prematurely onto the ice by the authorities.

I mean, *my* shoe laces are often untied, but I don't pretend to be a championship skater.

Leftist shrinks and pundits, when they got off the class kick, were more accurate in their description of the difference between Tonya and Nancy, although, of course, they came out on the wrong side. As one shrink put it: "It's like a Rohrschach test. The people who are pro-Nancy believe in 'playing by the rules.' [How square of them!] The pro-Tonya people identify with her resentments at the hard knocks of life."

There's an important corollary difference between the pro-Nancy and pro-Tonya forces. Leftists hate Nancy because her skating is elegant, her demeanor ladylike and Katherine Hepburn-ish. (The Hepburn illusion, I'm afraid, shattered whenever Nancy opened her mouth to speak.) Whereas Tonya didn't even try

for an illusion of ladylike. Even before the Tonya-Nancy incident, I always disliked Tonya's skating, which reflects her personality, heavy-footed, clumpy, thuggish. Figure skating is a blend of the athletic and the elegant. Harding was always more athletic than Kerrigan, but spectacularly *inelegant*. A couple of years ago, Tonya's athleticism began to slip, whereas Kerrigan's has been improving. Hence, the perceived need, at least among Tonya's "husband" and Gang-Who-Couldn't Hit Straight entourage for measures that, to say the least, don't play by the rules.

4. And speaking of rules, the entire Harding incident brings into stark relief the wimpiness, the cowardice of the Olympic and figure-skating authorities. Let Tonya flash a

couple of lawyers at the Olympic solons, and they crumpled immediately. The left-liberal doctrine, advanced at the time by no less than our beloved Slick Willie, speaking of course as an expert on ethics (and who, naturally, was pro-Tonya), was that Harding should be allowed to skate at the Olympics because she hadn't been "convicted of a crime." (And Slick Willie

hasn't been convicted yet either, right?) What is this nonsense about being convicted of a crime? What happened to the good old days when participation in an Olympic event was a privilege to be taken away from an athlete at the slightest hint of "unsportsmanlike conduct"? At the very least, Tonya's unsportsmanlike conduct was glaring and evident.

All this made me yearn for the good old days, the many

decades when Avery Brundage, a crusty Old Rightist, ruled the Olympics with an iron hand. One time, he tossed out Eleanor Holm from the Olympic swimming team because she dared to drink a glass of liquor! Also, Brundage was firm in upholding the "amateur ideal"; none of this Nike endorsement nonsense

for *his* Olympic athletes. I must confess that at the time, when I was growing up, I believed that Brundage was too autocratic and the amateur ideal too rigid. But look how the Olympics have degenerated since his demise! *Mea culpa*, Avery. And Avery, where are you now that we need you so desperately?

The best comment on all this came recently when I was

lamenting the situation to an old friend and said that I yearned for the days of Avery Brundage. "Yes," said my friend bitterly, "that was before athletes had 'rights.'"

5. Not that I was aggressively pro-Kerrigan. On opening her mouth, she turned out to be ungracious. Besides, she virtually never *smiled*; the figure skater should be joyous about her craft. And so I thought all's well that ended well when Tonya, despite favoritism from the judges, finished way behind, and Oksana Bayul, the Ukrainian charmer, won the gold. Oksana was the best athlete as well as the most elegant; despite Kerrigan's grouching, Oksana had the presence of mind to recover her failure to do a triple and insert it at the end of her program, something that Nancy had failed to do.

So the figure skating soap opera ended fittingly. Now, if we can only get rid of the international authorities and Bring Back Brundage, we should be able to sit through the next Olympics with some enthusiasm.

Clintonian Ugly

by M.N.R.

I have to face it: my loathing of the Clintons and their Administration is so intense that it has become absolute, unbounded, almost cosmic in its grandeur. As Clinton's fortunes have gone on a con-

All this made me yearn for the good old days when Avery Brundage ruled the Olympics with an iron hand.