

Sally

A Story About Power

by Richard Schuetz

Her name is not really Sally, but Sally will have to do for now. I first saw her giving a speech a number of years ago and what I first noticed about her was how smart she was. Incredibly smart, and unlike a man who would usually start by telling an audience how smart he was, Sally just let people figure it out, and it was not hard to figure out.

She also had great comportment, as the English would say, and just carried herself well. After her speech, I went to introduce myself to tell her what I thought of her comments and how impressed I was.

I became friends with Sally, and while I do not get to see her as much as I would like, we do cross paths at the shows, often visit by email, and occasionally speak on the phone. I also publish a bit, and nothing goes out without the Sally check. She works to ensure that my creativity is in the story and not in my use of grammar and punctuation. I think if Sally would disappear from my life I would quit writing all together.

Sally works in the industry and has wanted to move up in the world of gaming for some time. She saw Las Vegas as the center of the gaming universe, and through the years she had worked to network with people in Las Vegas to explore if there may be career opportunities for her. While the right fit had not yet presented itself, she continued to meet with people in pursuit of her goal.

I saw Sally in Las Vegas at the recent G2E, and we had the opportunity to catch up. Of course we talked about the tragic shooting that had just occurred, and how terribly sad and unexplainable that was. During our discussion I asked her if she had plans for dinner that evening and she told me that she was having dinner with an executive of a Las Vegas gaming company. She said she had visited with him in the past about exploring possible career opportunities, and he had acted interested in helping her.

That evening Sally was picked up by the individual in his luxury car and driven to one of Las Vegas' more renowned restaurants. At the table she talked about what she had been doing and hoped to accomplish in her career. And then the conversation shifted, and Sally discovered that this person was not someone interested in visiting with her about her career goals.



She ignored the comment as best she could, finished her meal, and returned to her hotel. She called me and wanted to talk, and I walked over to where she was staying. Sally was subdued as she told the story. She had trusted someone and that someone had disappointed her. It was obvious how surprised she was by the turn of events. Moreover, at times she even seemed to be trying to blame herself for what happened. I had no idea what to say or what to do. I told her it wasn't her fault and tried to hide the rage that was burning inside of me.

I have talked to Sally several times since then, and we do not talk about what happened that night. I have noticed a subtle change, and there seems to be sadness in the rude reminder that the rules for women are not always the same as they are for men.

There are a great many perks to being a casino executive, and destroying someone's trust should not be one of them. The person Sally went to dinner with took something from her, and it was not his right. It was an abuse of power, plain and simple, and that abuse of power hurt a friend of mine. ♣

Richard Schuetz started dealing blackjack for Bill Harrah 45 years ago, and has traveled the world as a casino executive, educator and regulator. He is sincerely appreciative of the help he received from his friends and colleagues throughout the gaming world in developing this article, understanding that any and all errors are his own.

