

I must have been feeling unloved by the Las Vegas casinos. In addition to getting the small room facing the parking garage, I paid full price at the restaurants. My cathartic moment came as I lay in my room at 8:30 p.m. — don't judge, I live on the East Coast — watching reruns of "Seinfeld." Maybe it was me imagining the facility manager of the casino sitting in some control room reminiscent of a scene from "Ocean's Eleven" or simply knowing that Las Vegas is pretty smart about who the high rollers are; but suffice it to say, they knew me better than I knew myself. They have algorithms upon algorithms examining those customers who will extricate themselves from the "Seinfeld" marathon to the roulette wheel. More importantly, they read the data.

Sitting on the flight home counting winnings (or at least counting the unspent dollars), I opened my laptop to search for a much-needed new vehicle. No sooner did I enter my phone number to access pricing in my area did my phone begin to ring at 35,000 feet. Apparently, clicking the "Don't Contact Me" button means "Call Me Immediately." In the span of 15 minutes, I had 15 missed calls from dealers in my area who had offers on the exact model of vehicle I was looking at. Much to my chagrin, those calls persisted for about two weeks. Every so often, I get a text or email for good measure. In the span of 24 hours, I was not only reminded of the power of data but, more

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