

JACK TELL'S NEWSPAPER

LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE

OF NEVADA

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 AND Barney Glazer in Hollywood, Harry Golden covering America, and more to come.

Editorial ISRAEL CAN'T MISS

It lasted less than a minute and a half on last Sunday's Ed Sullivan Show, and there were but four girls and four boys, eight in all, but the Israeli Ballet left its mark on America. Nations are composed of many things and many personalities, but there is a universal language, understood by all, respected, studied and desired by intelligent men of peace and advancement, down through the ages and for all future time to come. What we're talking about is culture.

When a new nation comes into being there are all sorts of problems that must necessarily have to be stilled by force before they allow the new nation to commence to build and thrive. This is a matter of fact in the history books.

When the Declaration of Independence declared the United States a free and sovereign nation, the British took objection, the Indians had their own point of view, the French refused to back up, etc. etc.

When England stepped away from India and the new state of Pakistan was created, literally thousands of lives were lost in the struggle to establish the separation. The new nations of Africa are in constant strife, going through the initial stages of establishing themselves as independent nations.

Israel is by no means out of the woods on that score, what with open threats of aggression by the Arab nations on all land sides and Arab sympathizers in all other countries of the world sniping at the brave, determined, little group in the Holy Land. The problems are many and varied, including internal differences of opinion.

But through all this extreme period of strife, the fact that Israel has time and desire to promulgate its own individual style of creative art, removes all question of doubt that the little nation is here to stay.

Through no other medium can Israel do more to establish a friendly and kindly understanding with others, than can be accomplished by good will ambassadors in the creative arts. One who appreciates the paintings of the old masters, will look for the distinctive characteristics of the art of a new nation to determine its personality and integrity. Any sculptures, music, writings or other creative undertakings are the liaison for contemporary and all future understanding of a people.

The ancient Greeks in the 4th Century B.C. would be a vague note in the history books if it weren't for Sophocles, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, etc. After Romulus founded Rome in 753 B.C., all the conquering of the civilized world at that time, would be just another ho-hum today, if it weren't for the burning of the city in the year 64, which led to the rebuilding of the region and the introduction of classic architecture, which is so alive today.

The eight young Israeli's on the TV show spoke more than thousands of volumes of puff propaganda. They danced, wildly, excitedly and distinctly individualistically. We are no authority on ballet and therefore cannot comment on the relative merits of the choreography. We know only that our attention was captured for every second.

Then the camera zoomed in for close-ups of each one's face.

What we saw created an effect comparable with the pride and glow that overcame us on reading Exodus.

One countenance after the other was a personification of life in all its fiery glory. Here was intellectual and emotional inspiration at its height. Gleaming eyes, determined chins, sparkling complexions, all interwoven into a delivery with a supernatural influence which qualifies men to communicate divine truth.

Have no fear about Israel, we're home.

JACK TELL

Ramah Is Calling

Camp Ramah is calling, via the Rabbi, for this is a project which is more than worthwhile. Some points that should prove of interest, and encouraging for everyone are the many facets that are offered.

At Camp Ramah, the children learn the meaning of a way of life as they experience the riches of their heritage. HEBREW becomes a living language when it is an expression of the life of one's own community.

RITUAL assumes a new dimension when it has a natural setting of beauty and dignity and is shared creatively with friends.

ETHICS takes on a new meaning when it revolves about the daily regimen of group living.

At Camp Ramah your children choose freely from a list of available activities. They learn new skills and through them gain added security in their own world. Listed are typical activities offered in a recent summer:

AQUATICS, Beginners, intermediate, advanced swimming, life saving, water safety aid program, boating and canoeing, water ballet.

ARTS AND CRAFTS, Painting, drawing, clay work, copper enameling, woodwork, mosaics, mobiles, basketry.

DANCE, Creative dancing, modern dancing, Israeli dancing, choreography.

DRAMATICS, Acting, scenery design and construction, costume design and making.

MUSIC, Choir, recorder, cantata, operetta.

SPORTS, Baseball, basketball, tennis, soccer, volleyball, track, horseshoes, archery.

THIS IS MY TEMPLE

"This is my temple. It is composed of people like me. We make it what it is. I want it to be a temple that is a lamp to the path of pilgrims, leading them to goodness, truth and beauty it will be, if I am.

It will be friendly, if I am. Its pews will be filled, if I help to fill them. It will do a great work, if I work. It will bring other people into its worship and fellowship, if I bring them.

It will be a temple of loyalty and love, of fearlessness and faith; and a temple with a noble spirit--if I, who make it what it is, am filled with these.

Therefore, with the help of God, I shall dedicate myself to the task of being all of these things that I want my temple to be."

SYNAGOGUE SKILLS, Cantillation of Torah and Haftorah, Hazzanut for Shabbos, weekdays and High Holy Days.

These are but a few of the various activities offered, which will enrich any child's life, and aid those who wish and are trying to teach the joy of Judaism to our children. The Rabbi has appealed for help in this direction, and anyone wishing to make this dream come true, need only contact the Temple where any information desired may be obtained.

Adult Education Courses Started

by Fred Weisman
 The new semester of Temple Beth Sholom's Adult Education Courses began Monday night, February 8th. Besides the many old students strolling through the Temple Halls awaiting the start of their classes, there were several new enrollees. Judging from the comments, those who have been attending are delighted with the knowledge they have acquired. The most frequent remark seems to be "You are never too old to learn."

A most interesting lecture was given by Dr. Walter Ackerman of the University of Judaism. He had a very fresh and stimulating approach to the dilemma of the adolescent of today and the problems of the Society in which he lives.

Many interesting programs are planned for the new semester. There will be several lecturers from the University of Judaism, a musical concert, and discussions lead by the Rabbi and local psychologists on marriage and family problems.

Mark your calendars now and set aside the 2nd and 4th Monday evenings of each month for this most worthwhile, cultural endeavor. If you are not enrolled in one of the Hebrew or Yiddish courses, you are still most welcome to attend the lectures, which begin at 9:00 P.M. If you are interested in enrolling in a course, there is still time to accommodate you. The Beginner's Hebrew Class is in need of a few more students in order to meet. Why not join it?

Monday night, February 22nd, Rabbi Gold will speak at 9:00 P.M. His topic will be; The Differences in Theology between Judaism and Christianity. This will be a continuation of his last lecture, which was very well received.

Local Young Cartoonist

Steven Hart was born in San Francisco, the son of Nat and Sylvia Hart, who

moved to Las Vegas in 1952. Steve started his schooling at Fifth St. Public School. At present he is a senior in Las Vegas High School. During his years at school he has always been active in sports, being a letterman in football, a member of The Thespians Club, a member of the Art Guild and also belonging to the National Association for Mental Health. He is also a representative on the Student Body Council. At school he has built the stage sets for all the plays.

But his main love is Art. For the past few years, he has worked on creating characters for his comic strips and his main ambition and objective is to have his comic strips appear in all the newspapers throughout the United States.

He was one of the first to be Bar-Mitzvah at Temple Beth Sholom and during his preparation for becoming a man was active in the Temple Choir, always taking part in singing at all the Sedar dinners, etc. He is a member of A.Z.A.

TELE TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL

NASTY US

This writer is becoming a pest and we're kind of proud of it.

Think of it. Here we are bothering people, being annoying, refusing to take no for an answer and we're perfectly calm and happy about the disruptions we are causing. Not only that, we know exactly what we are doing and have no compunctions about the outcome. Nasty us.

We were never like this before. We always respected the rights of others and were very careful about intruding on someone's privacy or using persuasion to change another's personality or habits. But something has happened to us during the past year and by degrees we have become more insistent, more demanding in our efforts when appealing for one purpose to other people's sense of reasoning.

We always shied away from those who tried to reform the world. You know the kind of patronizing do-gooders, who are always preaching about the curse of drink or the evils of smoking. The worst offenders are those who count the calories when you are eating.

There was the time we were sitting in Lindy's sipping a cup of coffee and munching on a soft roll with a dab of butter. We didn't have a worry in the world, minding our own business, when along came this chump. He really meant no harm, just probably wanted to pass a little time in friendly chatter. He joined our group and exchanged jack pots while nonchalantly reaching to mooch nibbles from one dish or the other. There was nothing wrong with that. It was par for the course among friends at Lindy's.

When he spotted my roll, or the portion that was left, he hesitated, to contemplate sampling the simple, ordinary baked biscuit. Then he reached over, picked up the piece and carefully broke off some of the crust, which he proceeded to smear with some of our butter. The biggest mistake we made was not getting up and leaving right at that moment.

After he had chewed and swallowed the mouthful, with a forkful of blintzes he'd glommed from another plate, he pointed a finger at us and said, "Don't eat the rest of that roll."

Now we don't mind taking friendly advice even from a casual acquaintance, but when he mooches part of our food and then tells us not to eat the rest that's carrying it a bit too far. Before our indignation could become anger, he explained, and demonstrated.

"Do you know what the soft, doughy part of a roll does to your stomach," he stated. "Here, let me show you," he said, as he reached over and picked up what was left on our plate. With a forefinger he routed out all the inside of the biscuit, packed it tight like a small snowball and then rolled it real hard between his palms. Then he bounced it on the table like a golf ball. Surprising enough it had plenty of rubbery spring to it, maybe 15 or 18 inches on the first rebound.

"See what we mean," he said and then got up and left. We never had cared much one way or the other about that chap, but after the roll incident we hated him for life. We always liked rolls and even didn't stop eating them to this day, but we never enjoyed them as much. That roll moocher meant well. He probably did us some good because we did curtail our roll appetite. But we still hated him.

Now we come to our own pestiferous actions. For more than 20 years our family lived a few doors from Temple Beth El in North Bergen, N.J. As each of our three boys became Bar Mitzvah, he became available for the nightly minion. On occasion all four of us left the dinner table to become part of the necessary ten men required for the solemn ritual. Then, and on very special occasions were the only times this writer found himself inside the Synagogue.

During the past year, as a writer of Anglo-Jewish news, Temple Beth Sholom became part of our beat. We started to attend Friday nights because we thought we had to. Then, as we explained on previous occasions, we found ourselves enjoying the "task" and still later we began to look forward to the few hours each week of meditation and contemplation in the delightful and peaceful sanctity of prayerful pondering.

The Services became a poetry we began to appreciate like someone who realizes the sublimation possible in viewing a piece of classic art in a museum.

The ever beautiful renditions of the Choir, the always rich chanting of Cantor Kohn and the constant superb sermons of Rabbi Aaron S. Gold became gilt each Shabbos to the beautiful lily of the traditional rituals.

We became obsessed with the pleasurable gratification available every Friday evening. How could any Jew in the area not take advantage of the great comfort attainable merely by being present? We couldn't contain ourself. We had to share our new-found source of exhilaration with others.

In our daily rounds, when conversing with prospective advertisers, we never missed an opportunity to convince a former congregationist to attend the following Friday Services. There were all kinds of excuses. They worked late. They used to attend but were slighted by someone on an occasion and never came back. The didn't want to become involved in Temple politics, etc. etc. But we wouldn't take no for an answer. We implored, we pleaded.

It's different now we reasoned. Forget the past. Take our word for it, "you'll never regret coming back just once more." Some were convinced. Not one who poked their nose in was sorry. Each thanked us in turn and became regular, or at least more regular congregationists.

Convincing newcomers in the area was easier. Some had long forgotten their obligations as a Jew. We explained our Services here in Las Vegas were different and beyond anything they had previously experienced. If this was not enough, the clincher was that we'd introduce them to the Rabbi and other influential citizens who could possibly make their paths in daily business a bit easier. This logic got to many and they came to profit materially, but stayed and returned for Spiritual enlightenment.

Then we suddenly discovered something else that had been going on since practically the beginning of modern time. It was very gratifying and most refreshing here in Las Vegas.

(Continued on Page 5)

CHINA JOE BY STEVE HART

