

JACK TELL'S NEWSPAPER

LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE

OF NEVADA

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FORGIVE GERMAN??? (Continued from Page 1)

people did nothing. This complacency of every German, whether it be for physical, moral, or intellectual inability to cope with the decencies of modern nature, forfeited their rights to acceptance in the normal understanding of the human race. Physically, they look human. In many respects they have above normal intellect. They may abide by some code of moral law. But their philosophy of mankind is warped. This makes the difference. They are a blight on the face of the earth.

They are a menace to all others. Insane persons are put in the crazy house. Lepers are confined to colonies where they cannot spread contagion. It is not a question of forgiving these unfortunates any more than we should consider forgiving the Germans. Insanity, leprosy and German citizenship denote sickness. They are, in most respects, incurable diseases. Send teachers in to educate the present generation, the magazine-writing Rabbi suggests as a solution. This paper suggests sending in psychiatrists. They need doctors, not teachers.

Why blame the present generation, asks those who feel the Germans have suffered enough? Should the sins of the fathers be thrust on their children, others reason?

The present generation of Germans, we say, is no different from any other generation. A poll in Germany within the past few months was overwhelmingly in favor of terminating the statute of limitations on the demented German warlords accused of crimes. The wily German legislatures very cleverly extended the statute a token 55 months against the preference of the populace. This gives those lice a little more time before they can come out in the open as free men. The present German generation is ready to accept those despicable animals right now as normal decent citizens.

Many of these monsters are alive, living off the wealth they have plundered from innocent victims. Some of the fiends have the audacity to retain their own name in defiance of everything decent and honest. There's Walter Rauff, who conceived and operated the mobile gas chambers. His residence is Puerto Provenir, Chile. Gerhard Bohne, who advised on the murder program against crippled, elderly and undesirable persons, has assumed the name of Alfred Kurt Baudinger in Buenos Aires, where another filth has found haven, Eduard Roschmann, commander of the Jewish ghetto in Riga, Latvia. His alias is Friedrich Wegener. There are thousands of war criminals who are relatively safe in Argentina and Chile, who are waiting and eager to return to the "Fatherland" once the statute of limitations is to be an effective method of preventing any future arrests. Any normal human being wouldn't want those vermin back in their midst. Alive, no less? Why they shouldn't be permitted even to return dead, to contaminate the hallowed ground where they caused atrocity beyond redemption.

For those who are in favor of forgiving the Germans, we call their attention to the cover of Esquire magazine on the stands right now. There's a photo of Hitler's face, looking sad and wistful, captioned: "This month I'll be 76. Can I come home now?"

Jack Tell

— I FORGOT TO SEND MY SUBSCRIPTION IN TO —
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TO OUR KAY

K is for the kindness she stands for
 A is for beginning at the start
 Y means she is yours for any worthy cause
 And all together that adds up to heart.

It was all summed up in a note: Dear Kay- A little token of appreciation for being so patient with "us" actresses. (Signed) Joann Weiner, Marlene Kirshbaum, Ann Walker, Ann Ukeley, Marde Gutterman, Dot Tuchman, Estelle Haut, Etta Harmell, Ida Winnick and Helen Meltzer.

While on the subject, leave us not forget a line inadvertently omitted from last week's poem by Kay to Judge David Zenoff, to wit: Shlkey Touchin, the Goffsteins, the Benedicts, the Sperlings, Rabbi, Rita and Peg, wish what you wish.

There it's done and we're not sorry.
 If you don't understand it, ask Morry.

The Rebbetzen

By Sidney Peilte

"The regular Wednesday evening meeting of the Tuesday sewing circle will not be held this coming Thursday, as announced, but will be held instead on Friday, but in case of rain, it will be held on the following Monday." This imaginary announcement, from an imaginary pulpit, might have been made by some clergyman in the past.

Sewing circles are, in this modern day and age, all but extinct, and, leastwise in Judaism, Sisterhoods are their prototypes. Now, Sisterhoods, we all know, are just another of the reforms accomplished by Lydia Parkhurst and her ban of militant disciples late in the 19th and early parts of the 20th centuries. The emancipation of the womenfolk was not merely a political accomplishment - the ladies also came down from the balcony in shul, and were permitted to mingle and worship with the men. (Of course some sects of the extreme right in Judaism still practice segregation of the sexes, but it is safe to say, they think a Bikini is still an atoll in the Pacific, also.)

The central figure in these now defunct sewing bees was, of course, the clergyman's wife - in Judaism, the Rebbetzen, assuming that the Rebbetzen of those days was permitted outside her husband's clerical domain. But, though defunct the sewing bees be, the Rebbetzen is, today, a vibrant force in many a community. The presence of the Rebbetzen at a Sisterhood luncheon or other party is mandatory, and if, has vechallah, (by chance) she should have the talents of Deborah, of biblical fame, you can be sure that the most forceful voice heard will belong to her.

There are, to be sure, many Rebbetzins of a shy and retiring nature, prefer-

ring to bask in the reflected glory of their talented and learned husbands, but shining in their own right, at home as a wife and mother. You don't hear of many great Rebbetzins; those of any renown have achieved status by virtue of the accomplishments of their illustrious spouses. Paraphrasing a famous quotation, some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, but most of these worthy ladies have greatness bestowed upon them under the chuppah (wedding canopy).

Many of the honors and privileges of which the Rebbetzen is beneficiary, come to her because of her husband's position. There is, however, another side to the coin. Like Sarah, long before her (Sarah was, by the way, undoubtedly the first Rebbetzen), our Rebbetzen of today must be prepared for moments of domestic crisis, like whipping up a quick feast for the unexpected visit of Temple V.I.P.s and other dignitaries, for instance. It is not all koved (honor), you see, even though the Rebbetzen of today has a decided edge over Sarah of olden times, what with well stocked freezers or the corner delicatessen at hand.

These honors and privileges which are hers by virtue of the marital status she enjoys do not come to her Uncompensated. Protocol dictates that when attending a luncheon or other affair, she must grace the head table, and there she must sit, a captive, listening attentively to all sorts of verbal assaults upon her sensibilities, when her personal preference might lie in other directions. Sometimes escape may be possible through the medium of the convenient headache, only to be frustrated by a good samaritan with an aspirin tablet. This is not to say that Rebbetzins do not enjoy attending these affairs; attendance is not a matter of choice.

Our present day Rebbetzen bears little resemblance to her shaitel-wearing (wig) progenitor. Today's Rebbetzen is young, gracious, vivacious and pretty and may or not be a scholar. When the rabbi is unavailable she'll not hesitate to paske sheiles (answer questions) with confidence, much to the satisfaction and greater or lesser knowledge of the questioner.

Temple Beth Sholom is lucky, indeed. In choosing Rabbi Aaron S. Gold as its spiritual leader (of whom it is justly proud), it also acquired a modern Rebbetzen who combines 20th century practices with traditional Judaic ones. Our Rebbetzen, Rita Gold, hits the spot, from every angle here in Las Vegas.

TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL



MEN'S CLUB

(Continued from Page 1)
 leadership between the de-throning of outgoing president and the incoming slave driver, Max. That was the last moment of ease for any of us, until at least, late November when \$75,000 will have been raised the congregation coffer to pay for six new, sorely needed Hebrew School classrooms. That's not counting a slight item of \$37,000 deficit in the Temple's operational fund, which most certainly will be erased, according to "Never Relax Max."

The Installation session, in one of the brand new banquet rooms of the Dunes Tower was attended by some 200 of the elite of Las Vegas Jewry. It was a happy event brought on by delightful emceeing of Stan Irwin at his best.

Dan Goldfarb, chairman of the affair, spared no time



GOLDFARB

or effort to arrange an occasion that will be long remembered by all who were present.

In addition to Goot taking over the gavel-wielding duties from George Katz, Mike Katz replaced Ivan Eisenberg as 1st vice president; Art Marshall took over Sam (Scotty) Ferer's duties as 2nd vice president; Martin Honig became keeper of the coin (treasurer) from Harry Herzog; Paul Eisenberg was installed in Gene Osheroff's spot as financial secretary and Joe Moss became our new corresponding secretary, where Mike Katz had been. Meanwhile Sid Peilte and Hall Tuckman held over as recording secretary and sergeant at arms, respectively.

The new trustees named were Harry Herzog, Irving Fields and Sam (Scotty) Ferer, while the board of directors for 1965 installed were Ivan Eisenberg, Gene Osheroff, All Goot, Harry Herst, Morry Roseman, Fred Ehrlich, Lou Lefkowitz Ben Marcus, Irving Waller and Jack Tell.

Surprise awards for service above and beyond the call of duty, made to Peilte and Herzog, met with un-



PEILTE

animous approval of all who were in attendance and who knew the superlative efforts extended by the recipients

on behalf of the Men's Club. But it was Goot who aroused us, excited us brow-beat us and has us muttering to ourselves for hours after the affair. Max wasted nary a syllable on any acknowledgement of appreciation for the office we had bestowed upon him. Nothing he said reflected the past. He looked us square in the eye, and matter-of-factly stated we're going after big money this year. We're going to think big, said Max.



GOOT

children squeezed into the present classrooms built to accommodate 240, had each of us raring to get started towards raising the money for the new rooms. Max's



HERZOG

talking ability was superceded only by his accomplishments before any of us had a chance to plead to do our part. He had us cringing like pikers when he informed about singlehandedly selling 242 tickets (at \$50 a pop) for the Lincoln Continental raffle to take place Nov. 14th. There are only 158 of the precious ducats left. That Max is leaving nothing for us. Its unfair. Its unpatriotic. Its un-American.

He had the nerve to get Maurice Friedman, Irving Divine and Murray Blatt to donate \$6500 each for single classrooms. Not only that, but it was Goot who got pledges of \$2500 and \$500 respectively from Milton Jaffe and Morry Kleinman.

Before Goot got through, every member of the Men's Club made it a personal issue to leave no stone unturned in an all out effort to reach the required fund-raising goal long before the deadline to show Max his services were no longer required and the recall petition could be signed to remove him from office.

Who needs a slave driver? Who needs a task master? We do, of course, because we know the sooner the job is done, the quicker we can relax and bask in the liesureness of the pleasures that go with being a proud member of Temple Beth Sholom's Men's Club.

What a beautiful satisfaction we all may look forward to, thanks, to Max.

*By the way,
 don't forget Oy Vey*