



Harry Golden's "Only In America"

BASEBALL AND FOOTBALL

It is sad to say goodbye to the baseball season. Mr. Koufax pitched every four days and it was a great comfort to realize on those days there was something worth reading in the papers. It was also exciting to read through the sports section to see if Mr. Willie Mays had hit another one. Mr. Mantle had a disappointing year but not even the great Babe Ruth went on forever and ever.

Baseball is essentially a sane man's game. A 40-year-old father can take his boy out on the lawn with a couple of worn gloves and a dented ball and still teach him a few pointers without being a professional.

You can tell a kid not to be afraid of the ball, the worst it will do will bloody his nose; you can tell him to keep his eye on it and to catch it with both hands.

Football is completely beyond me and I have given it every chance. It is a team game. The big hero may have been a big nobody if he wasn't lucky enough to have some other fellows obstructing or holding off the opposition.

There is none of the individual proving what he can do by himself at the bat or when he gets on base. Football is more in the European tradition of gymnastics where dozens of anonymous guys jump at the commands of "Hup, hup, hup!"

These thoughts came to me

when I watched a dozen men, the youngest of whom was about 40, playing football in the vacant lot across the street. Fat fellows were running out for a pass. They were stumbling over themselves in exhaustion.

There was a lady there and I heard her bawl, "I think you are all crazy," and one of the players cautioned her, "Don't move honey! You're the goal line." Then they all began making like Y.A. Tittle and Sonny Randle again and the fellow who kicked the ball kept yelling, "I'm Go Go Gogalak."

Can this be the American idea of fall leisure?

Even on television baseball is saner. The commercials don't interrupt the game. The Madison Avenue men gently display their shaving cream, cars, razor blades, and beer while the teams change sides. But in the televised football games, everybody stops while the set blares the virtue of razor blades, beer, cars, and shaving cream.

The climax of the football season is New Year's Day when the tube is filled for 12 hours with men running up and down the field. I asked my son once, who plants himself in front of the set at noon and stays there through most of the night, that if they substituted last year's Rose Bowl game for this year's would he know the difference?

"Not the way I drink," he



VAUGHN

Moon racing Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra move into the star slot of The Blue Room in Hotel Tropicana here Tuesday (Nov. 2) when he joins a new Galaxy '66 gathering that also stars Comedian Gene Baylos and features The Smart Set.

Even the betting on football is absurd. On the baseball game of the week, I bet \$5 with Johnny Chin, owner of the Oriental Restaurant faithfully.

"I 'home' this week, you away," says Johnny one week. The next week in reverse. I have the home team and he has the visitors. After seven years we're about even. But football baffles me. "I'll take City College," I say, but Johnny shakes his head.

"Why not?"
"Because they don't play anymore. I'll give you the Redskins and eight points."

"I don't understand the Redskins and eight points. I'll take Yale."

"I want three points," says Johnny.

"I think not, Johnny. We'll take the team with the YMCA instructor, you can have the one with the gray-haired tall guy."

Barney Glazer's Glazed Bits



Hollywood, Calif (TCNS)-A disturbed Hollywood Hotline presents a case in point for reader reaction. In their allotted time, many vaudevillians and radio comics have told thousands of Jewish jokes in the best dialect traditions of Lou Holtz and his ilk. Soon came the wave of resentment, washing away most Yiddish dialects from the stage, airwaves and motion picture screens. Some, like Myron Cohen's, still persist. Perhaps Myron's suave delivery and humble demeanor ease the hurt.

Many of the offended comics retaliated by accusing Jewry of losing its sense of humor. That was scarcely the truth. If a Jewish story is told with breeding and refinement, any mixed audience will accept it without offense. Myron Cohen obviously employs that inherent talent with his cryptic storytelling.

Crudity has no place in the telling of a Jewish joke. In the hands of the inefficient and inexperienced, whether written or spoken by Jew or Gentile, Jewish accents and their accompanying malapropisms become as insulting and offensive as Joe Miller's and Joe Goebbel's prototype of the Jew with derby, beard and hook nose.

Currently, a Jewish newspaper (name withheld) prominently features a staff-contributed column of potpourri including frequent Jewish jokes. Protesting concentrated usage of names like Goldberg, Levy and Shapiro, Hollywood Hotline pointed out that although these are time-honored family titles born by many respectable members of our community, they also happen to be samples of identifying names purposely employed with malevolence by the two offending Joes - Miller and Goebbels.

Hotline suggested spreading the wealth of Jewish humor among other deserving names. Facetiously, the editor's next Jewish joke centered about a "Mrs. Glazer." Touche! No argument there. But let's study the published joke:

"Make up mine bill, 'cause right now I'm checking out," Mrs. Glazer said to the clerk at a Catskill resort. "Is something wrong?" the perplexed clerk asked. "Plenty is wrong. The food here-it's like poison. And such small portions yet!"

By imputation by admission of the foregoing joke is typical of our rich heritage of Jewish humor, in a sense of our first and only line of defense. Seldom carefree, only occasionally gay, overwhelmingly social, self-critical, openly defiant of fate - this is the Jewish joke.

However, note carefully the crude presentation leading to the above joke's punchline. In sharp contrast, search our classics like "A Treasury of Yiddish Stories," edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg (Viking Press), 630 pages of pure delight without a single trace of "mine bill," "RIGHT NOW I'm checking out," "such small portions" or statements interspersed with the redundant "yet", modified, gratefully, from

the doubly emphatic "already yet, so quick so soon."

While it is true that the editor changed Ginsburg to Glazer, which removed the derby and possibly the beard, he managed to cling to the hook nose. The heavily accented Jewish joke does not identify the average Jew, no more than the overly generous proboscis singles out the Jew, note Danny Thomas and Jimmy Durante.

If most of us were to broadcast, few radio listeners could identify us as Jews from our speech. Our generation is far removed from the telltale accents and scrambled sentence structure of our ancestors who migrated here and lived in ghettos.

If Jews don't call a halt to this form of amateurish storytelling we may create for ourselves more Hamans than one Purim can possibly handle.

Contending that jargon like the above joke can be rephrased with pure English construction and without loss of the story's distinctive Yiddish note, Hollywood Hotline invites your assent or dissent.

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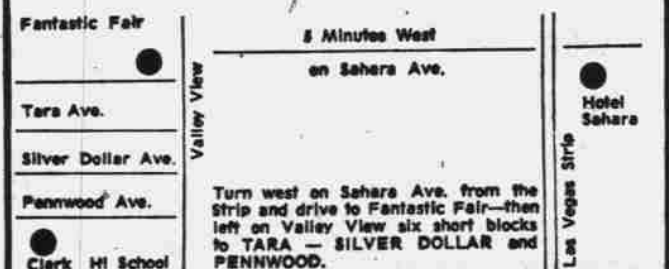
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