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Editorial
Oh The Jewish Press

Philip Slomovitz, editor of the Detroit Jewish News, is a flamboyant figure in the world of English-Jewish journalism. He is daring, knowledgeable, often provocative and almost invariably constructive.

One need only thumb the pages of the Jewish News over the past 25 years, an occasion currently being observed by Detroit Jewry, to realize the immensity of the task he was facing when he started on the venture almost a quarter of a century ago, and the extent to which he met it by sheer will power, dedication and knowledge, both of his community and of the Jewish world generally.

If there is any verity to the truism that a newspaper is inseparable from its editor, Philip Slomovitz has demonstrated it beyond doubt. He has been an interpreter of the Jewish scene, an educator, but also a critic.

We recall his famous address at a conference of the American Jewish Press Association, when he bluntly told an astounded group of Jewish editors and publishers that he rejected the polemics of our so called national leaders, many of whom, he said, were resorting to sheer headline hunting in their lip service to culture while their constituents remained uninformed, and sans knowledge of Jewry's vital needs and aspirations. "It is only when the proper status is granted to the presently predominant press serving American Jewry, providing for a reaching out into every nook and corner of this great land, that we might see the emergence of a truly well-informed constituency," he told the publishers.

It is not giving away a secret when it is said that the English-Jewish press in America is grappling with serious problems only because the local communities do not recognize the impact of that press and as a potential in the forming of a climate for Jewish survival, Jewish ongoing and Jewish action.

It is our fervent hope that Mr. Slomovitz will continue to serve his community, his newspaper and Jewish causes for many more years, for he is one of the really distinguished figures in the world of English-Jewish journalism.

EXCLUSIVE
 By Trude B. Feldman
 NEW YORK (Phone): During an interview, prior to Tuesday evening's U.J.A. Israel Education Fund dinner honoring David Ben-Gurion's 80th birthday, the first Prime Minister of the Jewish State received congratulatory phone calls from former Presidents Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower. Las Vegas supporting the fund, which donated \$1,200,000 for a project in Ben-Gurion's name, include Jack Entratter and Jerry Mack.

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YOUR RENEWAL IS APPRECIATED

NEW D.A.
 (Continued from Page 1)
 are accomplished only by long, hard, earnest effort, Franklin has been spending 16 hours a day, Sundays included, since he took the oath on Jan. 2nd, to get his department functioning at the high level he demands. Already the criminal calendar is at the stage where a defendant is brought to trial within ten days of arraignment, subject, of course, to legal maneuvers of defense attorneys.

In a national climate bordering on hysteria with judges bending over backward to secure the rights of persons charged and even convicted of crimes, where confessed murderers are released on technicalities, our district attorney is right on top of every crime as soon as it is reported, making certain, doubly certain, there are no constitutional breaches that will mar the swift administration of due justice. A case in point was a recent homicide on the street, where the suspect, a woman walked into her home. Franklin, on the scene almost immediately, prevented lawmen from entering the home and making the arrest before a search warrant was obtained thus eliminating a possible dismissal on this count, or reversal of a conviction by a higher court. At Franklin's invitation Supreme Court Chief Justice Gordon Thompson conducted a forum for all law enforcement agencies of Clark County on the Constitutional rights of defendants. There is direct communication, 24 hours a day, between lawmen and the district attorney's office. While it is too early for record book statistics, Franklin has every reason to believe the crime rate is being reduced substantially.

Because 90 percent of the publicity and almost 100 percent of the causes for common gossip that emanates from the d.a.'s office is concerned with criminal activity, the public little realizes that the function of the department involves far more civil duties than those dealing with crime. The way Franklin puts it: "The district attorney has to be the conscience of the community." Every county bureau has instant access to the d.a. for immediate legal opinion on matters that range from innocuous petty matters to monumental decisions that could effect a course of procedure. Franklin is adamant in insisting every opinion rendered from his office be in writing after careful research. Not bad for an attorney who never attended a day in a law school.

George is the last person, admitted to the practice of law in Nevada, for whom special dispensation was made by appointment of a three-man board by the State Board of Bar Governors to determine if he had the proper qualifications to take the bar examinations. He never was awarded an LL.B. simply because he just could not

afford to attend college. What money he managed to scrape up in his younger years, went towards the purchase of law books, which he studied at home long and hard and religiously. Even while serving as pilot in the European Theatre during World War 2 (he was shot down three times), while others spent furloughs in well earned relaxation, George haunted courts and law libraries in London absorbing as much as possible on old English Common Law, which prevails here, where statutes and our own common law does not apply.

He will not admit it but the record books show that at the time George returned from active duty he was the most highly decorated Nevadan. Quite a hero, but he was never one to rest on his laurels. He was admitted to practice law in 1946.

Franklin is a native Nevadan, having been born 50 years ago in the boom mining town with the implausible name of Jarbidge, near the Idaho line. His dad, son of a sculptor, had migrated from England at 13, to be cowboy and miner. His mother was daughter of a pioneer newspaperman, who came west with former Gov. Key Pittman, to publish the Ferndale Enterprise with a portable press carried at mining boom camps all over the wild west and as far north as Nome, Alaska.

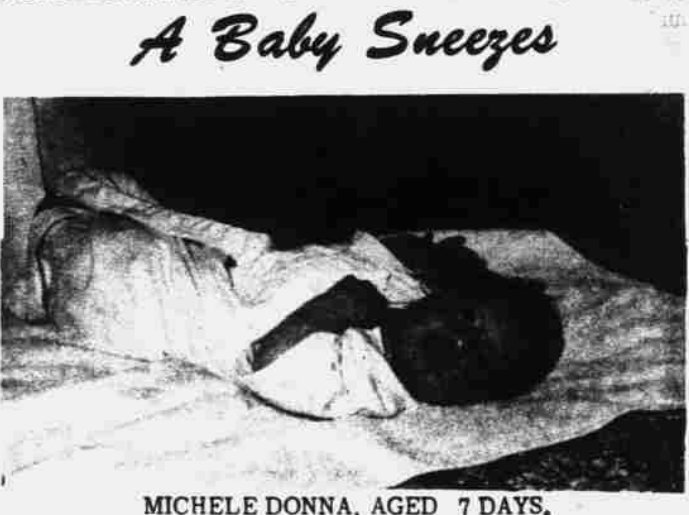
While serving as chairman of the Board of County Commissioners in 1948, George met a pretty young woman from Boston, who was struggling valiantly to operate the first children's nursery in Las Vegas. The acquaintance blossomed into romance and he and Grace were married fifteen years ago. The union has been a most compatible one to this day.

After serving as a member of Nevada State Welfare Board, George was elected to the state assembly in 1957. Then followed ten years of retirement from public life. His successful campaign in the recent election was unique in the sense that George relied heavily on numerous TV spot appearances, live. In the waning weeks of the campaign, he was in a constant hustle back and forth to the three stations for five minute impromptu chats on matters of the moment, always refreshing, always with dignity.

Franklin is the first Republican in modern times to achieve the office of district attorney in a county with more than 75 percent of the voters registered Democrat. Once elected, politics played no part in his operation of the department. Several of his deputies and other employees are holdovers from his predecessor, and others are among those who sought the office in the Democratic primaries. Ability is what counts with him, and he's about to prove it by going before the Board of Commissioners with a request to raise the salaries of his deputies, rather than add new ones to his staff.

What a man.

TELL TALES
*"One Man Plus The Truth
 Constitutes A Majority"*
 BY JACK TELL

MICHELE DONNA, AGED 7 DAYS.

What's a sneeze? There's a spasmodic expiration of breath through the nose. Someone says Gazunte heit, and that's it. It's nothing.

All of us have probably seen and heard millions of sneezes through the years. There's the sleazy sneeze, the whiney sneeze, the fog horn sneeze and the showery sneeze, to name a few. They come, they go, without commotion, and certainly nothing to get excited about.

Medics say a sneeze is the end result of a stimulus from the nervous system, where any irritation of the nose causes a contraction of the muscles of expiration. Sounds complicated but it's so prevalent, none of us give it a second thought. The stimulus may be inflammation due to infection as in the case of the common cold, or to irritants, the symptom for hay fever, or the presence of foreign bodies, like snuff.

We never paid much attention to a sneeze, whether it came from a ninety year old, a schoolboy or the biggest star on Broadway. Once when the most notorious hard boy around, sneezed at the next table in Lindy's, and a companion next to him said Gazunte heit, we saw a puzzled look on the hood's face. He grabbed the companion by the tie and demanded an apology. We reached over and cleared the matter up by explaining the companion meant Saluta.

Now we've been in some tough spots during the Roaring Twenties, the Dirty Thirties and the Sporty Forties. After witnessing the battle of 54th Street and the row between the Hudson Dusters and the Duffy Hill spoilers, we'd thought we'd had our fill. Then came the Waxey Gordon-Dutch Schultz tiff and the antics of Murder Inc. All this took place practically under our nose, and nary a scratch or an emotion interrupted our trend. We were stoic.

The years, we'd spent four or five nights a week answering police calls with Walter Winchell. Many a time we arrived at the scene of mayhem minutes before the first patrol car. Like the lunatic at 42nd and Eighth, who'd shot three, including two foot policemen, and was racing wildly in our direction, a gun in either hand. We were scared, of course, but not stunned. We've seen men under railroad cars, portions of human bodies at assorted sites and nude persons dangling from upper stories. Nothing phased us.

So all in all, we believed truly, we were immune to physical emotion. Then last weekend we heard a baby sneeze.

It wasn't just any baby. It was the tiniest tot we'd ever held in our arms. It was our new granddaughter. We were just gaping at the most beautiful face in the world, when suddenly the nose snivled, the eyes opened into huge moons, the ears stiffened, a tiny hand clutched one of our fingers and the infant sneezed.

Do you remember the tidal wave of 1946 that started in the Aleutians, wiped out a portion of the Hawaiian Islands and caused havoc in Chile? That was a wave from a boat in a bathtub compared to the sneeze of our twelve-day-old infant. In 1900, winds of more than 100 miles an hour and freezing temperature brought 15 feet of water above sea level to inundate Galveston. That was a warm summer breeze when weighed with the effect caused by the sternutation (look that up) of Michele Donna Tell.

Did you ever go limp with infatuation? Did you ever feel like putty in the hands of a beautiful doll? Have you ever been engulfed by a sensation of weightlessness, where you were floating around the room? We mean after smoking nothing stronger than a Filterella cigar? Now you get the point.

Anthony can have his Cleopatra, Napoleon his Josephine and even Omar Khayyam was nothing under his bough with Thou.

Give us Malka Dovi Bas Dov Ben Yonkov, otherwise known as Michele. She's the ultimate.