

Phone 870-1255

Published Every Friday in Las Vegas, Nevada Price per copy 15¢ - Per Year \$6 - 2 Years \$10

2nd Class Mail, Las Vegas, Nev. Member American Jewish Press Association

Sid Peilte, Percy Villa, Dayenu Cartoons.

Editorial Worldwide News Service

It is said of Purim that it is a prelude to Passover.

That it is, For when Purim comes around how far away can the winged holiday of freedom be?

Yet it is unfair to look upon the Purim holiday as a mere prelude to the Passover festival. Had there been on Purim, with the Hamans paying for their wickedness on the gallows, there might be no freedom observers, for freedom flourishes best in climates where there are no Hamans.

The sages of the Talmud understood this so well that they projected the promise that Purim will outlive all Jewish holidays, even unto the days after the coming of the Messiah.

Purim over the ages has always had relevance to the Jewish experience of the day, and it has contemporary meaning even in this age of reaching out to the moon.

The Bible and Israel

"David Ben Gurion," Dr. Joseph J. Schwartz aptly remarked, "gave us not only a country. He game us the Bible. There has never been a time when so many Jews have studied and appreciated the Bible." Next to Israel itself and religious motivation, Ben Gurion has no peer in giving impetus to Bible interest within and outside the Jewish periphery.

It can be rightly said of Ben Gurion that he brought the Bible back into the strong focus of Israel consciousness at a time when the religious hold over the world seems to be slipping fast. In fact, the Bible in Israel has become something more than a matter of the synagogue. It has become part of the living fabric of the country.

"Without the Bible," Ben Gurion said at the meeting, "the Jews would not have been able to survive." Zionism to Ben Gurion is not simply the addition of a new country, a new nationalism, but the creation of a new culture, a possibly great new spititual force, which may be more significant than simply the establishment of another embassy in the United Nations. The idea of course is not entirely new. Indeed, Herzl stated it as the beginning of his dream fulfulled. "Zionism," he said, "is a return to Judaism before it is a return to Zion."

As to the land, Ben Gurion's chief emphasis is of course on the development of the Negev. As Horace Greeley said, "Go West, young man," so Ben Gurion says "Go to the Negev, go south," The difference is that Greeley never heeded his own advice while Ben Gurion has, settling some fourteen years ago in the virtually umpeopled Sde Boker to show the way for others. It is thanks to him and such funds as are made available through Israel bonds that some 250,000 settlers have already established themselves in the Negev. Yes, the Biblical promise of the land blooming like a rose in on the path to fulfillment before our own eves.



Guest Columnist Rabbi Mordecai Levy

FROM Temple Beth Hillel

Mattapan, Mass.

The world is a babel of languages. Its voices are cross currents. Its words are strange and conflicting. Its tonality harsh and dissonant. A myriad of conflicts are generated by its high-pitch so as to make inaudible its ideas; or to low a pitch so as to drown itself out. The voice out there - in that world - is feedback that distorts the true sound. It may be turned on or off as the callous casual feelings of an interested or disinterested party may desire.

But the voice of the synagogue,

Listen carefully to its clarity. It speaks only one language - the language of truth and justice.

Its voice began as a stirring rhapsodic melody along the shores of Babylon. With tender care it soothed the aching people, torn, when the land was destroyed.

Centuries later that voice rang aloud - a clarion bell of hope now - not despair when in the synagogue it sang tenderly that the waste places of Israel would be built with earth from the voice of destruction.

That voice in the synagogue intoned = not credal chants - but the spirit of learning. The halls of learning through the ancient lands, Sura, Yavneh, Fustat, Grenada, Worms, Vilna, taught like professors the lessons

of life as expounded from wornout texts.

The voice from the crumbling papers and pages were alive once more as people made a chorus to resound in the halls of learning. We shall not die. We shall dedicate our lives to one purpose - to learn the truth of God to make this voice our voice and make his ideals manifest in life as our ideals.

That voice from the synagogue walls - a maturity that only wisdom allows - speaks with a softness for life; and a firmness for justice. It cried out not in resolute hatred when ascending from the burning stake, but for compassion that mankind be united as one with that voice from the synagogue, It cried out for justice when the flagellating pride drowned out all beauty and a nightmare that shrouded all humanity.

Yet that voice in the synagogue song is the synagogue's song sung only of hope, of redemption, of fulfillment, of justice and compassion. It traversed every country from Nazi Germany to the steps of Russia - always in exile; but always at home when the man in the synagogue practiced the melody of voices.

There is a voice that stirs the synagogue today.

It speaks with the inner heart of a people and with the inner spirit of every man.

B.B.Y.O.-A.Z.A.

by Mel Katz

Habia oido do nuestra baille este sabado a las siete y media en la noche? Estara mas grande y si venran ustedes se divertiran. Un billete es solamente cincuenta centos. Tendran lugar a la casa de joven detras de el templo de Judias.

(Have you heard about our dance this Saturday at 7:30 p.m.? It will be the greatest and if you come you will have a great time. A ticket is only 50 cents. It will take place at the Youth House behind the Temple.)

Two weeks ago we held an Advisors Day, honoring our advisor, Mr. David Gordon, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Brown. There were twenty alephs in attendance along with Mr. Gordon's family. After lunch the chapter presented Mr.

Habia oido do nuestra Gordon with a plaque for his tille este sabado a las support of our chapter.

On Sunday, April 2, from 8:00 in the morning until 4:00 at the Youth House parking lot we are holding a carwash. We will wash both the inside and outside of your car for only a dollar. So remember not to have your car washed until April 2, 1967.

Conclave, April 21, 22, 23, is coming along great and our Regional Director Paul Klein from Phoenix and our District Director Hal Mondschein from Los Angeles are coming in this weekend to approve the final plans for Conclave,

Este termina otro articulo de AZA, y no se olviden la baille este sabado con musica por El Palabra,

(This ends another AZA article, and don't forget the dance this Saturday with music by The Words.)

GIRLS WANTED

The Las Vegas AZA will hold a dance at the Danny Kolod Youth House this Saturday night from 7:30 until 11:00. The dance, scheduled for the night of Purim, promises plenty of surprises. Music will be by "The Words" a big small-name band and admission is only 50¢ with all the refreshments you can eat.

So come this Saturday night March 25th to a dance which you will not forget

TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL



Best Story Ever 7old

Our reading habits have changed.

They've changed before, but our current addiction is most unusual, and may be a sign of our age. We are at present absorbed in a book that we dread finishing. We "jolive" every chapter and limit ourself to one or two paragraphs at a sitting, no matter how interesting the particular portion, or how fascinated our reaction.

As we analyze what we are doing, we can't help but compare it to the various phazes and cycles of reading we've been through in a lifetime. It all started, of course, with the Horatio Alber, Frank Merriwell, Nick Carter paperbacks, just as, probably, most of you have been through in the early years. Then came the Rover Boys, Zane Gray Westerns, followed by the Sherlock Holmes and detective yarns, the gangster books, science-fiction and sports.

After that, came the romance novels, especially the ones involving historical personalities of the past. Then we recall the era of biographies of everyday names like William Fox and F. W. Woolworth. There was a time we were enraptured by stories of the Vikings and Norsemen.

After a while we had developed a pattern of reading what we liked in one sitting. Believe it or not, we went through "Gone With the Wind," and "Exodus" without putting either one down. As a matter of fact, we re-read "Exodus" a day or two later. We didn't like it as much the second time around.

For one who had read himself to sleep nightly, for as many years as he can remember, we developed a new pattern. It emerged, when, after being esconsed in bed, we'd found the book in our hands was nothing but trash, or at least not what we had pre-supposed could capture our fancy. After being caught once or twice in just such a situation, we went back to our bookshelf and selected a book we'd enjoyed once, for re-reading. Then we chanced upon "The Complete Works of O. Henry." That did it for most other books for a period of perhaps ten years or more. It was a fixture next to our bed, alongside the ashtray and the lamp.

We honestly believe we'd read every one of O. Henry's short stories more than 10,000 times. Even more fascinating was our reaction to every one of the classic yarns, because no matter how many times we'd read the same tale, it seemed we learned something new from rereading it.

When we started on the English-Jewish news reporting kick, not too many years ago, we found our background on Jewish history was sorely lacking. Oh, we had the normal, superficial knowledge of Purim and Passover and Yom Kippur and the others, from our Hebrew School days, most of which we had not absorbed at the time and consequently could not remember beyond the highlights. So during the past few years, most of our extra-curricular reading has been on Judaism. After going through a half dozen or more books on the subject, which we perused more as texts than as interesting reading, we chanced upon "God, Jews and History."

This had to be the ultimate, we believed, and re-read it three times, until it was relinquished to our sons in Los Angeles with the promise it would be returned. While waiting for "God, Jews and History," to come back to Las Vegas, we received a package, about a year ago, from Harry Brandwein, a dear and devoted friend and former co-worker, still employed at the New York Times. The package contained two books, discarded from the library of newspaper. It should be explained the information department of the world's foremost paper, included a most extensive research library occupying nearly an entire floor. At that, space is limited, so periodically books are removed. The procedure, rather than junk the volumes, is to spread them out to be selected and taken away by members of the Times' staff.

To this day we haven't looked at the title of one of the books we received from Harry. We don't even know where we pigeon-holed it. As for the other tome, we keep marveling at how we could have lived all these years without knowing about it.

This is the book we cherish as the absolute best reading we have ever held in our hands. That's why we grudgingly dole out but a few sentences at a time to ourself. Where will we go, what will we do when we finish this precious masterpiece? We cannot conceive of it being topped, and unlike O. Henry, we fear a second reading could never come up to the wonderment and excitement, and enchantment of our first meeting.

When determining a view, we realize it's the perspective that counts. Like Einstein said: "All things are

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