

LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE
OF NEVADA
Phone 870-1255

Published Every Friday in Las Vegas, Nevada
Price per copy 15¢ - Per Year \$6 - 2 Years \$10
P.O. Box 549, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89101

Editor and Publisher Jack Tell
Business Manager Bea Tell, 870-1255
Vegas News HELENE STADLER, 384-3685
and Barney Glazer, Harry Golden, Percy Villa

2nd Class Mail, Las Vegas, Nev.
Member American Jewish Press Association
Member of Worldwide News Service

Hadassaaaaaaah

The Hadassah national convention in Miami Beach, Florida, from September 17 through September 20, should be a festive occasion. It will be a time to celebrate the return of Hadassah Hospital stop Mt. Scopus to the organization after years during which time these installations have stood empty in the midst of hostile Arabs. It will be a time to celebrate the 55th anniversary of the founding of Hadassah.

These are two important milestones for Israel and for America. But what makes Hadassah unique is that it does not dwell on the past. Its eyes always are focused on the future--on the challenges that must be overcome to fortify Jewish life in America and advance the welfare and well-being of the people of Israel.

It is Hadassah's ability to meet these challenges that have enabled it to make historic contributions that benefit out people everywhere. One of its great accomplishments has been helping newly developing nations project themselves into the world of the sixties.

These achievements have been attained through Hadassah's comprehensive medical, scientific research, youth rehabilitation and vocational education in Israel, and American and Zionist Affairs, adult Jewish education and youth activities in the United States.

Under the dynamic leadership of Mrs. Mortimer Jacobson, national president of Hadassah, the organization can be counted upon to move ahead with renewed vigor and foresight. Now that Hadassah Hospital on Mt. Scopus is back in Hadassah's hands, we can expect exciting plans to be implemented, plans that will serve Arab, Jew and Christian alike. At the Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Center in Jerusalem's Judean Hills, the next few months will see the groundbreaking for a new Slegfried and Irma Ullmann Building for Cancer and Allied Diseases, which will house Hadassah's Moshe Sharett Institute of Oncology. This major step will put Hadassah in the forefront of the fight against cancer. In the United States, we can see Hadassah embarking upon stepped-up programs of adult Jewish education and youth activities.

Behind these programs are the 318,000 American Jewish women of Hadassah, who will be represented by 2,000 delegates--from all over the United States and Puerto Rico--at the forthcoming Miami Beach convention. We wish Hadassah continued success in all its undertakings.

The Age of Kaplan

By Dr. Samuel Silver

Rabbi Mordecai Kaplan is very much a man, but he is also a phenomenon.

Now an octogenarian, Dr. Kaplan is the most influential Jewish philosopher of this century.

The founder of the Jewish Center idea, he is the inventor of Reconstructionism.

When people hear of Reconstructionism for the first time, they wonder what it is.

Some think it's a Jewish denomination. Others think it's a modified traditionalism.

Dr. Kaplan taught theology and other subjects for a long time at the Jewish Theological Seminary, where Conservative Rabbis are trained, and in all those years he developed his idea.

He still expounds it, with vigor and with twinkling eyes and quivering beard. Every American should watch Dr. Kaplan in action. It's a thrill to hear this elderly man, with almost schoolboyish elan, analyze Jewish life, and with the vision of a prophet, polemicize with and pummel his opponents.

Oh yes, Reconstructionism. Dr. Kaplan says that Judaism is neither race, nation, religion or culture. It is an amalgam of them all plus language and common memories and common projects, like Zionism.

The proper term for Judaism, he says is a civilization. So says the Sage of our time, that delicious Dr. Kaplan, who has had such a profound influence on us that when the history of Jewish life is chronicled our era may well be referred to as the Age of Kaplan.

GRANDPARENTS
Strangest Creatures on Earth
BY JACK TELL

Brilliant, intelligent Kay Wallerstein, who usually shows good judgment and a keen sense of propriety in most matters, reverts into the role of the everyday grandmother when discussing her grandchildren.

She submits Lauren Wallerstein, 4, as the most sparkling, glittering, intellectually outstanding little miss in all creation. Says Kay, Lauren could talk fluently at the age of six months. How about that? Why only last week Lauren called and informed "gramma Kay" she would not be available when Kay returned to town.

One look at Lauren's photo and anyone can see an adorable child, so much so, in fact, Kay is already spending the \$25 bond which will be awarded to the youngster that gets the most comment.

Speaking of the prize-winner, it is possible you noted the photo run recently of Michele Tell.

And while we're on the subject of the other babies,



LAUREN, AGE 4

we here and now challenge every six months old to a hair-gripping contest with Michelle. On the guise of "making nice" Michele has only one ulterior motive -- to sink her claws into your hair. Can anyone top that?

By the way, Percy Villa took one look at Michele's picture in past week's edition and immediately made plans to visit his Jean-Marie in St. Louis. Talk about a green-eyed Grandpa.

LETTERS

Dear Percy:

Thank you for sending me the copy of the Las Vegas Israelite. It didn't take much perusal to find the picture of you and Jean-Marie. You appear to be a very happy and proud grandfather.

This is quite an idea that Jack Tell has of giving grandparents an opportunity to show off their off-spring. Of course you have an unusual grandchild. Who doesn't?

Best wishes,
Sincerely yours,
William M. Seabron
Assistant to the Secretary,
U.S. Dept of Agriculture,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Friends:

Just want to tell you how proud we are of your Son Mike. He is a wonderful Boy and will go far.

I know you are proud of

such loveable Grandchildren we hope they will go up as nice and smart as their Daddy.

We like -your son very much. Tell him the Diamond Tooth Miller's say hello and wish him all the luck in the world.

Best Wishes
Dean and Pearl Miller

Dear Mr. Tell:

I have seen the editorial in your September 1st issue on "The Bishop Sheen" and enjoyed it, as well as appreciating your generous reference to me. I have taken the liberty of sending it to the Bishop.

With all good wishes,
Cordially,
Rabbi Phillip S. Bernstein
(Rochester, N.Y.)

ISRAELITE ADS PAY

B'NAI B'RITH GIRLS

by Lorrie Shapiro

The Las Vegas B'nai B'rith Girls held Life Ceremonies recently. In BBG, when a member reaches college age, she must leave the order. Some special members are honored with an honorary lifetime membership in the chapter. This year, Paula Armet, Marylin Tobman, Debbie Brookman and Ruth Pearson were so honored.

The ceremonies were chaired by Candy Margulies. The girls gave goodbye speeches and were awarded with Books of Life and a lifetime membership card. All in all, this event was beautiful and inspiring.

The girls held an executive board meeting to discuss plans for the next six months. Some events to watch for are: A weekend Judaism Institute, a Creativity Day, Crazy Olympics, United Nations Day, Alumni Night, MIT Initiation, guest speakers, dances and parties. The B'nai B'rith Girls are going to be really busy doing all sorts of things this autumn and winter. JOIN NOW! Our meetings are held every Wednesday night at 7:30 in the Danny Kolod Youth House behind Temple Beth Shalom.

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

That Certain Al



AL

If you wait long enough for what you are certain will come about, it most surely will happen. It never fails. Not if you have faith.

We'll skip the chronological order and rush to inform the world that the miracle of show business of all time funneled into two performances Tuesday night when the understudy took over the role created by Walter Slezak in "That Certain Girl" at the Thunderbird.

When the curtain went up hardly anyone had ever heard of Al Stevens. When it came down he was the talk of Las Vegas.

Slezak never got the ovations accorded Stevens. If Phil Foster, who inherited the role, does half as well it will be the height of Phil's career.

The understudy who waited night after night, week after week, month after month, finally got his opportunity. Al had warmth: "You never heard of blintzes?" He had depth: "I bet she makes gefilte fish with lobster." He had pathos: "I wish I could annul your Bar Mitzvah." He had compassion: "Mama, this girl has brains." He gave the dialogue a dimension of sincerity.

When he spoke: "There's an Arab in the woodpile," the reaction was spontaneous and total.

During the fleeting instants of the standing ovation, an era of the past flashed through this writer's mind.

We remember first meeting Al at Mrs. Howie's restaurant on Sixth Ave. in New York City. Mrs. Howie, an old friend, whose late husband had been the first partner of Leo Lindy, brought Al over to our table and said: "I want you to meet a very funny guy." She was sooo right. In a short time we were addicted to Al's brand of comedy. To us, Al's expressions were the ultimate in humor. A regard, born out of respect, developed into a friendship. Sometime during the wee hours, each early a.m., we'd call Al and ask him to say something funny before we closed our eyes for the night. It was a tonic.

In those days Al worked, what is known as "Club Dates."

Al attended every one of our three sons' Bar Mitzvahs, which were affairs that lasted from Saturday noon until Monday morning to accommodate, the assorted shifts of guests who paid their respects from the newspapers boys, to the Broadway mob, the lawyers and politicians, a few of the hard boys, characters, the publicity agents, and assorted hangers-on.

When the Tells left New York for Nevada about seven years ago, we lost all track of Al until he turned up three months ago as understudy for Slezak. Needless to say we were in the T-Bird no less than three nights each week to cut up jack-pots (Broadwayese for conversation) with Al.

Slezak, who was entitled to one night off every two weeks, never relinquished the part. Consequently Al didn't get his chance until Slezak's contract ran out and there was a hiatus of a day before Phil Foster took over.

After hearing all this a reader may assume we were prejudiced in favor of Al. Of course we were, and still are. But all the hopes we had for his success, would be just that, hopes, were it not for the jam-packed houses that howled at his lines, raved at his portrayal and screamed themselves hoarse at the conclusion.

Al Stevens, remember the name, is on his way. Nothing can stop him now.