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Yom Kippur

Its theme is repentance for sins of commission and omission.

On that day, we stand before the creator in humility, unfolding our weaknesses and sins and imploring the Almighty to forgive our transgressions, our misdeeds, our distorting of sacred purpose and our perverting of human values.

On this day the sinner comes before his master and pleads for cleansing in the faith that He who is above all of us will absolve us of our transgressions since forgiving is the highest attribute of the divine.

But our rabbis of ancient wisdom saw in the day transcending significance. The Lord might forgive us. But what of the sins we committed against man and which man alone can forgive? Obviously no man can live in peace with himself if he has not been forgiven by his fellow-man. We all have experienced moments when we are haunted by a hurt of indignity we may have hurled deliberately or unconsciously and there can be no redemption from that pit except in seeking and obtaining forgiveness.

And so it is that on Yom Kippur we come before those we may have insulted, humiliated, libeled and degraded and ask them to forgive us even as we beseech understanding from Him who alone can condone sinning against higher purpose.

We would be less than frank and human if we did not admit committing sins either against God or man. We hope to bring our case before the Almighty when we rise in supplication this Yom Kippur. As for our sins against man and the community, we are hopeful they too will be forgotten and forgiven by the aggrieved and the injured.

"Would You Believe?"

by Dr. Samuel Silver

No expression has become more popular in current parlance than the query, "Would you believe?"

The question is usually followed by something or other. On Yom Kippur it would suffice merely to repeat this phrase.

Would you believe?
Would you hold on to the beliefs of your forefathers? Our fathers believed that there was a Force and Source in the world making for a better society.

They asserted that the greatest miracle of all is man's ability to make a comeback from faults and errors. They affirmed that they had a mission to set an example of virtuous living for the rest of mankind.

They declared that the greatest act of courage is the humble admission of past follies.

They felt that the training of children should take priority over many other aims that lure us on.

They stated that the Torah was the best schorah, that is, that nothing is more valuable than adherence to and dissemination of, ethical precepts.

The High Holyday period is the time when we are asked to look our soul in the face, to accept the moment of truth, to judge ourselves candidly and valorously in the light of our own private understanding of the extent to which we have lived up to our potentials.

During the past year we have witnessed turmoil and tumult, war and strife in the Mideast, in the Midwest, all over the world. It is easy to adjudge others. Each of us has a view about Vietnam, about Nasser, about civil riots.

We don't know where the next problem will erupt.

They tell about the Detroitier who last June wrote his relatives in Israel: "If you want to stay there, all right, but send the children here, where they will be safe." Later on in the summer, the Detroitier got a message from his Israeli relatives: "If you want to stay there, all right, but send the children here where they will be safe."

Yes, external events magnetize our interests and require our aid.

But on Yom Kippur we get down to bedrock. We judge ourselves. We confront the ultimate interrogation: would you believe?

And if you do believe, what are you going to do about your beliefs? Or, as one person put it, "What on earth are you doing here?"

**Guest Columnist
Rabbi Mordecai Levy**

FROM Temple Beth Hillel
Mattapan, Mass.

"The Wall"

I stood this past summer before "The Wall". Was it how I had imagined (What may one expect from a wall?) Was it perhaps different (Are old ancient bricks 2,000 years old to appear different?) When did I first learn of The Wall's existence? (Are childhood impressions the same as the responses of a mature person?)

But there it was, as suddenly we turned down the path from Mt. Zion towards this City of David, near the site of Abraham's Mount Moriah. The Wall. Images appeared in my mind. Flashes of photos that I had seen as a youngster, perhaps in some encyclopedia, or history of Palestine. Stories that I had read in so many literatures about that mysterious Wall that still stood even though wars had surrounded it for so many years and countless centuries. I recalled even vividly the memories that others who had seen The Wall decades ago had transmitted to me.

But why should a wall stir up so many strange and mysterious memories. It is after all only brick, large oblong rows of brick with weeds protruding at different places; at other spots, scraps of paper. It is not a very pretentious wall. Architecturally, it does not demand such prominence. How easily it is dwarfed by more magnificent edifices nearby. But that wall, not too long, not so very high, draws one to it. Not necessarily an imperceptible drawing but lo - you are pulled with a force to lay your hands upon The Wall. One hears of it from miles away. But this Wall has a power that depends neither upon time nor space; not upon logic nor reason, not upon intellect nor emotion. It defies complete understanding.

It beckons one from out of centuries past; from the history of eons of time. It actually speaks to one (think of the tears that have watered that wall; consider the voices of prayer uttered there; remember the outpouring of the heart, the throb, the beat, all those sounds of human beings that have presented themselves at "The Wall"; how those people stood kneeled, rested, leaned, prostrate at the Wall.)

That Wall. Whose eyes saw it? The Crusaders. Yes, they rode by it astride their Machines of War. The Ottomans. They glanced at The Wall as they with weapons on their camels as they entered Jerusalem's gates. The Omayyids. They were near The Wall, as they erected their own Temple - Mosque - (what did they think as they laid the bricks to their house of worship, so close to The Wall) The Turks. How much like conquerors they appeared as they rode into the city, and at times, their eyes drawn to The Wall. The English. They too beheld the gates of this city of peace, torn by munitions of war, beleaguered by villification, by destructive elements of war's horrors. The Jordanians. Yes, they knew of The Wall 19 years ago as they willingly desecrated the area.

Yes, they all saw This Wall.

But we, the Jewish people, were on the scene at every generation, at each century, every decade and each year. We saw. Our people saw. All the time we gave at it. The Hillels - they saw it; Akiba together with Meir; Yehuda Halevi (his spirit at least.) Maimonides (would that Rashi had so been privileged.) Herzl fulfilled a dream to behold those stones, earth and moss.

And then as That Wall saw the smoke of battle darken its mortar, our eyes beheld it no longer. Another people, they tried to claim it with bullets, with rubble, ash and new walls in front of it. It seemed to lapse into nothingness into the straits of the forgotten land.

Suddenly it grew alive again.

We returned. As a people, yes, as a world people. We stood in front of The Wall once more. A new generation prayed, and wept, cried and exalted for joy. The Wall felt the throng of thousands who now ran by their own power to The Wall. Heart and eye, mind and soul stood there at The Wall. A united people, a united Jerusalem, a reborn Wall.

They tell me now, as I no longer stand in front of the Wall, as I see it now in mind, not from other memories, or photos in books or stories in literature, but as I see it from my own soul, they tell me that The Wall might be expanded. New excavations around it will be dug and new parts of The Wall will miraculously appear. Somehow it won't be the same. This is The Wall. It alone is the miracle of miracles. It saw all those events of the past. Let it behold the glory of United Jerusalem, of a dedicated wholesome people.

THE WALL SHALL REMAIN!

OY VEY I FORGOT TO SEND MY SUBSCRIPTION IN TO
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TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth
Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL



(Continued from Page 1)
er a crumby reporter.

Now back to the current obscenity that appeared in the Los Angeles Times, "Gentleman" Joe Delaney wrote this excellent piece in The Sun:

Credit the usually staid and respectable LA Times with the most vicious, insidious hatchet job on our community to date. Everyone knew that Ed Reid was an unhappy man. He left here vowing vendetta. "The Green Felt Jungle" was obviously Ed Reid's revenge. Sandy Smith is just another journalistic gungel "for hire". The Chicago Sun-Times did not hustle us for ads when they ran Smith's series nor did Life Magazine when they ran their version of his rehash.

What makes the Sunday, Oct. 8, issue of West Magazine in the Los Angeles Times so reprehensible is that nine of the 21 pages or approximately 43 per cent of the space devoted to Las Vegas consists of paid ads, most in color, for our hotels, a motel, two airlines, a bus line and the Convention Center Authority! There are two by-lined articles. "Las Vegas, Our Home Town" is the first and the lesser of the two. "Bucking the Tiger in Vegas" has to be the most pernicious piece of vitriol yet written about us. The ads had to cost at least \$70,000 - for just one infamous issue! Whoever heard of a victim rewarding his assassins so handsomely?

Outspoken Paul Price followed the next day with a more forceful rendition:

Many of the citizens are incensed because the righteous and proper and very rich LA Times stabbed LV in the moralistic guts with a couple of poison pen articles in West magazine last Sunday.

The stories were full of inaccuracies - misstatements of fact that indicate the type of reporters sent into town for the slaughter job. There also were several indications of character assassination on the group level, such as referring to a Strip hotel dealer as a "serpent."

It was a hatchet job, no doubt about that.
So why is everybody blaming the Times, which is a power empire that would scare you if you lived in LA where almost every political boss and empire builder except Mayor Sam Yorty bows to the gods at First and Spring every morning.

The aforementioned citizens are incensed because the same issue was loaded with advertisements from the town's hotels and casinos and the Las Vegas Convention Authority.

Even Joe Delaney, a newcomer to the columnist racket, was caught off base yesterday when he referred to the "usually staid and respectable LA Times," Joe, you're showing stupidity. The Times is a money grabbing machine.

But if all these fancy hotels and casinos and the ridiculous Convention Authority want to support such attacks against our city, then why blame the Times for taking their money?

I will tell you one thing. We sure looked like Patsies that time around.

But it will happen again. Wait until the next time a Times display salesman comes around and says, "We're preparing a special section on Las Vegas."

The dopey press agents will clamber aboard for another suicide mission.

Why? Because most hotels and casino press agents in this town lack either the guts or the brains to say "No!" So I'm wrong. They just proved it, didn't they?

As usual, unfortunately, neither went far enough. Joe and Paul filled in on the generalities, which do not call for repetition here. Let's look at some of the specifics.

The alleged writers of the monstrosities were John Haase and William Murray, with James W. Toland listed as Director of Special Sections and Marshall Lumsden, editor of Worst Magazine. They all transgressed on the first tenet of honest journalism, by violating the confidence of trusting Las Vegans, who purchased space in the rag.

The next principal of writing they ignored was sending boys to do men's jobs. If you are going to knock, first make sure you have the capacity and background to report the facts, and the ability to clothe the venom with some degree of accuracy. Westbrook Pegler, the master of malice, no matter how you disagreed with his thoughts, at least knew how to put one word after another.

Take this Haase guy. He hesitated to call Las Vegas a city, even though it is listed as such in every gazetteer. He was "trying to prove that Las Vegas, after all, is just another little town, Hometown, U.S.A., just like Sonoma

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