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## American Jewish Press

A quarter century has passed since English Jewish Newspapers banded together to create an Association to emphasize and advance this avenue of communication in America.

In so brief a time, what great strides have been made by the pioneer founders of this group, and what fabulous developments these newspapers regularly reflect on the local, regional, national and international level.

A Jewish State was created within this time and the intrepid citizenry repeatedly called upon not only to fight the battle for survival from within but from without, where enemies constantly sought their destruction.

In America, a Jewish sponsored university appeared and sprang into rapid maturity. New notables appeared on the national scenes and hewed out milestones of achievement. On the broad level, congregations skyrocketed in number and such a spate of new community buildings arose as to leave the imagination breathless.

Expansion, too, pursued and encouraged most of the national Jewish organizations and Jewry on the whole became more intently and more intensely Jewish. . .

A fine feeling of self-pride developed and grew in literary, musical and scientific arenas.

All of this and much more, the pages of our newspapers reflected. All of this and more, our papers helped foster and develop. It has become axiomatic that wherever there is a Jewish newspaper, there is a greater degree of religiosity, of communal responsibility, of understanding and solidarity.

So much in a quarter century . . . It is only the beginning. Ahead lie greater horizons of achievement for every one of our members. Through our national organization, we are pledged to push forward in progress, to bolster and inspire, to lead our readers into the new tomorrow.

American Jewish Press Association  
Adolph Rosenberg, President  
Atlanta, Georgia

ownership of a lost tallith, a prayer shawl to which two disputants made claim. The quarrel over ownership was quite intriguing to the boy, who could not however envisage the tearing of a tallith even if it meant reconciling two angry men. Of what avail is a tallith divided? Reb Velvel smiled at the question, but to this day I have not been able to determine whether in derision or in divination of promise in a pupil.

Then there is the memory of Mezhybsh, awe inspiring, strangely mysterious and eternally fresh. When the eight-year-old boy came there on a Sabbath when his uncle took a bride he had not yet heard of the wisdom and the piety of the Baal Shem Tov nor of the legend that Mezhybsh was his final resting place. Yet the imprint of town was so tremendous on him that he cherishes it to this very day. He has forgotten the festivity and has no recollection of the wedding, but always he has held on to the strangeness and mellowness and mysteriousness that was Mezhybsh on to Sabbath day. In later years, when I thought of the impact the town made on the young boy, it often occurred to me that it was that mystic experience, the proximity to the founder of hassidim, that is perhaps most responsible for the Jewish firmness that has ever been my cane and staff even on the uneven roads.

And there is the agonizing memory of a family that was consumed finally less by time than by the unmentionables, and of unknown graves and of echoes crying out for linking in strange steppes and lands.

And yet there were no foundations to the first decade. The roots were first planted in a new soil when on a furtive night a young mother gathered her three sons for reunion with her husband, the only one of his family who was magnetized by the magic and promise of the new land. Thus began a chapter whose writing commenced more that six decades ago, and whose tale, I pray, will be curtailed neither by time nor hand.

There is the temptation to begin counting the years from the time of our arrival. But the calendar will not have it nor the bones.

The immigrant family has now struck deep roots in the new soil. There are the children and the grandchildren and the brothers and the sisters and their children. And there is the child, my child, that is beyond the reach of this framework, and parents resting eternally while we relive the days they forged for us with hand and tears.

Rapidly the circle is closing, and this, their firstborn, is becoming the unbearded patriarch of the tribe, the elder more perhaps by virtue of years than by merit.

This in essence, my notebook tells me, was my diary theme on June 5, 1958. Now, ten years later, the tune is the same, except that the bones seem to be chanting ever more mournful dirges. The nights now are longer, the shadows shorter and the signposts on the road point to its end.

Watchman, who will unlock the theme for me in 1978? NEW YORK -- Thirty Jewish cadets will be commissioned as officers at graduation exercises on June 4 and June 5 at the five United States service academies, Rabbi Selwyn D. Ruslander, chairman of the National Jewish Welfare Board Commission on Jewish Chaplaincy, announced.

## TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth Constitutes A Majority"



BY JACK TELL

(Continued from Page 1)

pool for the unfortunate youngsters.

For the benefit of our large out-of-town readership, Sammy Cohen owns and operates the Santa Anita Race Book, probably the largest horse and sports emporium in the State of Nevada. Sammy, you may recall, signed a \$10,000 check after the Pennant for a \$100 bet made on the Boston Red Sox early in the Spring of last year's baseball season.

Because gambling is legal in Nevada, bookmakers are frowned upon in the other 49 states, but if any exception proves the rule about the adage of a player trusting his bookie far more than his corner grocer, Sammy is that exception. In a hard and cruel business, he is a soft and warm person. Now is appropriate as any time to relate a never-before-told-tale concerning our son Mike, who is 23, and probably the youngest, most successful producer of Rock 'N Roll shows on the West coast. Recently he grossed \$62,800 in one night to break every record at the Anaheim Convention Center. It wasn't always that lush for the kid.

When the Tells first arrived in Las Vegas seven years ago, our financial status was at its lowest ebb, having every cent we had accumulated tied up, and presumably lost in an unfortunate newspaper venture. We went to work as reporter for the Las Vegas Sun. Our oldest, Don, took a writing job with the Las Vegas Review Journal. His wife of six months, Rita, was reservation clerk at the Stardust. Jay became stamp editor of the Sun, doubling as bus boy at the Sands, while attending Nevada Southern. Mike, about to graduate from Las Vegas High, worked at the L. V. Chamber of Commerce. Our wife Bea, had the toughest job of all, keeping our morale high. We all were ambitious, but Mike was the first to step out of his class. He opened the first teenage night club in town, the Twin Lakes Twist. It was rough without finances, but he was adamant. That's when we first heard of Sammy Cohen.

Although the opening weekend was a huge success, thanks to Bobby Darin, who made a guest appearance to get the project off the ground, there was just not enough money to pay off all the initial expenses. Mike introduced himself to Sammy and explained his predicament. Sammy whipped out a \$100 bill to cover immediate needs and told Mike to come back the following week for another, and again on the third week. On the fourth week Mike showed up to tell Sammy no more money was necessary, all expenses were paid. That's Sammy Cohen.

Now to get back to Sammy's most recent endeavor, and the reason for this essay at this time.

Spring Mountain Yough Camp may very well be termed a model institution for the rehabilitation of incorrigible boys, aged 13 to 18. Less than 20 per cent of those who serve their time at Spring Mt., return to a corrective institution, a remarkable average when the par is closer to 85 per cent. The camp has facilities for some 50 youths. It is located in a picturesque setting, about 80 miles from Las Vegas in the Sierra Nevada Mts. It is well kept and competently supervised. For some unexplainable reason there never is enough money allocated for its proper maintenance. That's where Sammy entered the picture.

Last Sunday Sammy invited a select group of legislators, business men, newsmen and civic-minded citizens to take a bus trip to the camp to evaluate its facilities and determine its merit as a public institution. The purpose was to set the wheels in motion for action by the 1969 state legislature for additional funds. Seventeen responsible persons accepted Sammy's invitation. They were Supreme Court Justice David Zenoff, Dist. Judge Alvin Wartman, State Senators Mahlon Brown, Jim Slattery and Helen Herr, State Assemblymen Woodrow Wilson and Eileen Brookman, sports Editor Tom Diskin, columnist and commentator Joe Delaney, top Sun photographer Ken Jones, Frank Spezzano and Ray Wood of KORK Radio, ace publicity men Fred McKenna of the Stardust and Art Force of the Convention Center, Mike Corrigan of Equitable Life, Don Borax of the Desert Inn and Ned Sullivan of the Juvenile Department.

All were happy they made the trip. All were impressed. All promised to do something about it. Sen. Slattery, from far up in the northern part of the state, came away with the most pertinent comment.

"We save at least \$10,000 for every boy in the Spring Mt. Camp," he reasoned, "Compared to Elko (a similar type confinement), where more than 80 per cent of those who are released, return to a corrective institution, here is truly a haven for rehabilitation. When a boy goes back to society as an upright citizen, there's no telling how much its worth in cold cash to the public coffers."

We asked Sammy why the big interest in the future of boys, especially those who have strayed, Sammy's answer told the whole story of his character:

"But for the grace of God, one of the boys could have been my own."

## Shavuot

The Shavuot holiday is one of three Pilgrim Festivals mentioned in the Bible. The other two are Passover and Sukkos.

Originally nature festivals, these three holidays marked important milestones in the agricultural year. Passover was at first the plea to God to make the Spring harvest a good one; later it became the time to observe the deliverance from Egyptian slavery. Sukkos started as a time to mark the beginning of the autumn harvest and was later identified with the protection God granted the Israelites as, for forty years in the desert, they lived in tents.

Shavuot in Hebrew means Weeks, and is the festival which takes place seven weeks after Passover, the time of the Spring planting. Those 49 days are the length of time needed for the appearance of the first results of the planting. For this reason the holiday is also called the Festival of the First Fruits. In ancient times, stalks of grain were brought to the temple in Jerusalem and there thanks were offered up to God for His part in producing the food we eat. That is the origin of the idea of pilgrimages, of trips to a holy place. As indicated, these visits to the shrine also took place on Passover and Sukkos.

Because of the fifty-day period between the holidays, the climax of this span is called not only Shavuot but Pentecost.

That fifty-day stretch later took on new significance with respect to the happenings to the Israelites after the Exodus from Egypt. According to tradition, those seven weeks in the desert were used by Moses to provide moral training to the former slaves, and this course in ethics reached a "high point" fifty days after the Exodus on Mt. Sinai where the Ten Commandments were given. Shavuot, therefore, has come to be known as the Birthday of the Ten Commandments, and one of its Hebrew names in fact, is the Time of Giving of the Law.

## Seventy

by Nathan Ziprin

The calendar on my wall reminds me with brutal precision that seven decades now keep vigil over my path and that time is quickly nearing for the question "Watch man what of the night?"

Leaf falling is the sealing of ripeness, reminder of golden harvest and of oncoming cold. Seventy is a time for ingathering, assessment and thanksgiving. Also the telling age when years loom big and time ever so minute. And portent of the secret yet to be pierced.

My typewriter beats with understandable reluctance as these fingers pound out s-e-v-e-n-t-y. But without a trace of trepidation or lamentation.

There were the early years, when the world began and ended within the confines of the Ukrainian shtetl whose remembrance will not vanish only because I still nourish on that remote and mystic day when tender hands bore a tallith-wrapped three-year-old to cheder and beginnings.

Lingering also with feverish attachment is still another day, when Velvel the Melamed guided a six-year-old to Talmud with a pointer to the tune of a dispute over the

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