

ROSH HA SHANAH FEATURE

IN HONOR OF ROSH HA SHANAH, JEWISH NEW YEAR OF 5729, THE LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE WILL PUBLISH A SERIES OF STORIES TO COMMEMORATE THE HOLIDAY WHICH FALLS ON THE FIRST TWO DAYS OF THE MONTH OF TISHRI, MON., SEPT. 23, AND TUES., SEPT. 24. ROSH HA SHANAH MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THE 10 DAYS OF REPENTANCE, AWE-INSPIRING DAYS, CULMINATING AT YOM KIPPUR, ON WED., OCT. 2.

No Common Farmer

By Jeffrey Schwartz

"Hey, friend, you want a ride?" I just couldn't believe my ears, certainly not on route 17k, a winding side road with a farm house every five miles or so. After several hours of hitching in the rain and being shaken by the proximity of the thunder and lightning, I was wet, nervous, and hungry, so these words came to me like a miracle. There was just one problem; the car was heading in the wrong direction.

"Look," the driver said, "come on in out of the rain, I just have to drop something off at my mother's farm down the road, and then I'll be going back."

With the rain soaking me to saturation, I couldn't hesitate. I opened the door and faced the driver. There before me sat a character who looked like he had just come down out of the Ozark hills. He was driving without shoes or socks. From under torn overalls his pajama tops stuck half out, exposing a Buddha-like pit - belly which shared the steering wheel with, oddly enough, a pair of delicately shaped hands.

I was afraid, to say the least, but I figured, "what can he do to me?" If he wants to rob me, I'll be more than happy to give him all my money -- that is, all seventy eight cents. So I took my place in the front seat, and we began to ride.

He began to talk. "I'll just drop in at my mom's place, and then I'll drive you on home. I was all set for bed," he said pointing to his pajamas, "when I remembered I had to go there. I'm on vacation now. I'm building a little place of my own up in the hills. Just a simple place to sit around thinking and relaxing while on vacation."

We pulled up behind a farm house where he got out of the car saying, "I'll be out in a second."

I sat there nervous, expecting a bunch of hillbillies with shot guns to come out and drag me into the barn, but in a few seconds my driver returned, and we started driving again.

He asked me where it was that I was going to, and I told him that I wanted to be in Monticello before midnight. "Monticello! Why that's over fifty miles from here." "I don't expect you to drive me there. Just take me as far as you are going, and then I'll get another lift from there."

"I'd invite you to spend the night at my place, but it hasn't even got a roof yet."

"That's all right, I want to be in Monticello by tonight. Thanks anyhow."

"You know," he said, "When I first offered you a lift I thought you lived around here. Where are you from?" "My folks live on Long Island, but I'm living in the city, where I'm going to college."

He asked me what school I went to. My mind told me there was no need to publicize my "Jewishness" to this stranger who, for all I knew, might be a very ardent anti-semitic. So instead of saying Yeshiva, I told him I went to Queens College.

"Very fine. And what are you studying?" he asked. "English literature," I replied, "mostly Shakespeare." To my amazement he then quoted Shakespeare, saying, "Let me bid you welcome, my Lord."

Laughing, I responded, "I thank you, I am not a man of many words, but I thank you." By then I realized that this was no common farmer. His speech and manners seemed to reflect a very intelligent man. By that time I also realized we had been riding for quite a time.

"Hey, I hope you're not going out of your way for me." "Only fifty miles each way." "I can't let you do that."

"What an I going to do," he retorted, "just put you back out in the rain? As I said, I'm on vacation now. I've got the time. Besides, I've been up in those hills alone for almost two weeks. I'm enjoying having some company, especially some one like you with whom I can chat intellectually."

Of course I realized I was much in debt to my companion, but I had no idea how to repay him. I asked him if I could buy him a drink when we got to Monticello.

"Thanks anyhow, but I never drink. Besides, one look at these clothes, and they'll put me in jail before I can say boo."

I was quite happy he had refused, because it dawned on me after I had made the offer that my seventy-eight cents wasn't about to pay for a drink.

As we continued riding, our conversation became more personal. He told me how his family had been the only Catholic family in an all Protestant town, and how because of this it had been so hard for them to get anywhere, and how his brother had even been converted. He told me how he had kept true to his religion even though it was difficult, and how he thought that was important for everybody. Then he asked if I was religious.

"Yes, sire, I am."

"And what religion do you practice, if I may ask?" I no longer felt any hesitation.

"I'm Jewish."

"So! You know, my mother has veterinarian students coming to the farm every summer, and a lot of them are Jewish, but none of them have been religious. But I'm glad you're religious, because that's important. I wish everyone were observant of his religious laws."

"May I ask you something, sir?" I said boldly. "Sure."

"What do you do? I mean, when you're not on vacation?" "Oh," he replied quite calmly, "I'm a Catholic priest in Liberty, New York."

"My G-d". Not to be impolite, Father, but I never would have known by your clothes. And me offering to buy you a drink."

He laughed. "If I may confess to you, Father, I really don't go to Queens, I'm a student at Yeshiva College, where along with my secular studies I'm taking Jewish courses with the hope of becoming a Rabbi. I only said Queens because not everyone is as tolerant as you with regard to Jews."

"I understand," he said, "and I must say that I'm proud to meet a future Rabbi."

"We came into Monticello, and he pulled the car up in front of a gas station. As I was getting ready to leave him he said, "My name is Father William Jason. If you're ever in Liberty look my up."

"Well," he smiled, "as they say, 'Shalom Alechem'."

"Thank you, Father, and Shalom."

As he drove off I stood there staring at a man who had just gone one-hundred miles out of his way in the middle of the night for someone he had never met before. Then I walked back onto the road, put out my thumb, and waited for my next ride.

Legal Notices

IN THE EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF CLARK
No. A58007
LEONORA BASTUTA, Plaintiff
VS.
JUANITO BASTUTA, Defendant

SUMMONS
THE STATE OF NEVADA SENDS GREETINGS TO THE ABOVE-NAMED DEFENDANT.
You are hereby summoned and required to serve upon plaintiff's attorney ROBERT COHEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, whose address is 229 North 3rd Street Las Vegas, Nevada, an answer to the Complaint which is herewith served upon you within 20 days after service of this Summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service. If you fail to do so, judgment by default will be taken against you for the relief demanded in the Complaint.
This action is brought to recover a judgment dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and the plaintiff.

LORETTA BOWMAN, Clerk of Court
By MYRNA SHARR, Deputy Clerk
DATE: September 3, 1968
Published in the Las Vegas Israelite Sept. 13, 20, 27, Oct. 4, 11, 1968

Legal Notices

IN THE EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF CLARK
No. A57938
LLOYD G. CHRISTIE, Plaintiff
VS.
LYNDA R. CHRISTIE, Defendant

SUMMONS
THE STATE OF NEVADA SENDS GREETINGS TO THE ABOVE-NAMED DEFENDANT.
You are hereby summoned and required to serve upon EDWARD WEINSTEIN, ESQ., Plaintiff's attorney, whose address is 2315 Las Vegas Blvd. S., Las Vegas, Nevada, an answer to the Complaint which is herewith served upon you within 20 days after service of this Summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service. If you fail to do so, judgment by default will be taken against you for the relief demanded in the Complaint.
This action is brought to recover a judgment dissolving the bonds of matrimony presently existing between you and the Plaintiff.

LORETTA BOWMAN, Clerk of Court
By DOROTHEA RASQUI, Deputy Clerk
DATE: August 29, 1968
Published in Las Vegas Israelite Sept. 6, 13, 20, 27, Oct. 4, 1968

Legal Notices

IN THE EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF CLARK
No. A 57193
JUNE EASTWOOD McFADDEN, Plaintiff
DONALD CHARLES McFADDEN, Defendant

SUMMONS
THE STATE OF NEVADA SENDS GREETINGS TO THE ABOVE-NAMED DEFENDANT.
You are hereby summoned and required to serve upon plaintiff's attorney whose address is ROBERT COHEN, Attorney at Law 229 North 3rd Street Las Vegas Nevada, an answer to the Complaint which is herewith served upon you within 20 days after service of this Summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service. If you fail to do so, judgment by default will be taken against you for the relief demanded in the Complaint.
This action is brought to recover a judgment dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and the plaintiff.

LORETTA BOWMAN, Clerk of Court
By RUTH DOWE, Deputy Clerk
DATE: August 7, 1968
Published in Las Vegas Israelite Sept. 6, 13, 20, 27, Oct. 4, 1968

Legal Notices

IN THE EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF CLARK
No. A54075
In the matter of the estate of ROSE COWEN, deceased
NOTICE TO CREDITORS (Three Month Notice)

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified by the above entitled Court of 1968 as Administrator of the estate of ROSE COWEN, deceased.
All creditors having claims against said estate are required to file the same with the proper vouchers attached with the Clerk of the Court within three months after the first publication of this notice.
DATED: MAY 31, 1968

PHIL CUMMINGS
DOROTHEA RASQUI, being duly sworn, says that on the 31 day of May 1968, he posted one notice of which the above is a copy at the front door of the Court House of the County, in the City of Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31 day of May 1968
LORETTA BOWMAN, Clerk
By JOSEPHINE SIGANAW, Deputy Clerk

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