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Amer. College in Jerusalem

Near Denmark Square in Jerusalem's Bet Hakerem suburb, a new college opened its doors this past month. It bears the name The American College in Jerusalem. This new institution has been established to provide a new dimension in American higher education and is unique in that it is the first non-sectarian college in Israel that will offer English speaking students an opportunity to pursue a four year liberal arts college program leading toward a B.A. or B.S. degree with English as the language of instruction. In its catalogue it states, "The American College seeks to strengthen the understanding and appreciation of the classical and modern culture of Israel in the English-speaking world." Although instruction will be in English, students will be required to study Hebrew and take basic courses dealing with Israel's history and culture.

The American College is the brainchild of its first president, Dr. Norman Greenwald, formerly of the political science faculties of The College of the City of New York and Brandeis University. While at Brandeis he was director of the Hiatt Institute in Israel and as a result of this experience saw the urgent need for an institution such as The American College. He noticed that many of the students who came under the aegis of Brandeis wanted to continue their studies in Israel. However, the need to adjust to the Israeli university system plus the necessity of a thorough understanding of Hebrew discouraged most of them. Dr. Greenwald has been working toward fulfilling this need for the five years and The American College is the result.

The initial student body consists of sixty students, the majority being from the U.S. It also includes six students from East Jerusalem and Ramallah and the children of the Burmese and Philippine Ambassadors to Israel. There are 22 members on the faculty and counseling staff who come from the American and Israeli academic communities. Professor Sol Liptzin, former Professor of Comparative Literature at the College of the City of New York, is supervising the Division of Humanities; DR. Samuel Hendel, Professor of Political Science at the College of the City of New York is visiting supervisor of Social Sciences; Alex Maimon, former Head of Production of the Israel Motion Picture Studios and lecturer in drama at Tel Aviv University, heads the Division of Fine Arts.

Rabbi Leonard J. Goldstein of New London, Connecticut, is chairman of the College Council. He is establishing a National Sponsors Committee to foster widespread support for the college from every area in the American and Canadian communities. The American office of the college is at 1 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Mr. Morris Saperstein, Director of Admissions, announced that applications are now being accepted for the spring term which begins Feb. 17th. There will also be summer courses given during July and August.

NEW YORK (WSN) - Agudath Israel of America (Orthodox), dismayed by the relaxed standards of modest dress, has launched a drive to "raise moral levels" among Jewish girls.

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YOUR RENEWAL IS APPRECIATED

TV - "The Idiot's Box"

By Robert E. Segal

Television continues to be regarded by many as "the idiot's box," before which hundreds of good hours are squandered, but the medium now also assumes a make-or-break role in the current American effort to wipe out racism and reduce violence.

The Kerner Commission's incisive references to the news media's role are another important factor in the quest for progress. Said the Kerner report: "Important segments of the media failed to report adequately on the causes and consequences of civil disorders and on the underlying problems of race relations. They have not communicated to the majority of their audience - which is white - a sense of degradation, misery and hopelessness of life in the ghetto."

As if in response to Kerner Commission recommendations, the communications media, especially television, is belatedly moving to make up for past deficiencies and opportunities lost. Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, through a program coordinated by its news Center for Urban Minority Affairs and with the support of people prominent in television, has inaugurated a program in which blacks will be trained for careers in radio and television. New York City and State human relations agencies have moved in on television, advertising agencies, in an effort to end discriminatory practices and open job opportunities. Talented actors, long barred or cast in stereotyped roles, are speaking up and making headway. Even soap operas and such widely popular programs as "Peyton Place" are going along with the conclusion that black is beautiful.

Perhaps more significant is the new promise of hope emanating from the Federal Communications Commission. Under a new FCC policy, effective July 5, broadcasters engaging in racial discrimination will no longer be able to get their licenses renewed. This policy carries with it a new rule under which broadcasters henceforth must file with renewal applications a statement showing what they are doing to promote minority group employment and programming. Following the example of commissions against discrimination, the FCC has ordered broadcasters to post notices in their stations, pledging non-discrimination policies.

Central to this stirring of conscience in the radio and television industry is the scandal of the renewal of the license of WLBT, a Jackson, Miss., TV Station. Despite this station's heartless treatment of blacks and news about blacks, the FCC continues to permit it to operate. The United Churches of Christ, having spent countless man hours and hundreds of dollars to correct this abuse, is appealing the FCC ruling to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. The Mississippi station is vulnerable for a number of documented reasons, one of which is its bland and arrogant assumption that blacks, comprising 47% of Jackson's population, are not worth serving.

To the credit of two FCC commissioners, Kenneth Cox and Nicholas Johnson, they have filed a minority report opposing renewal of WLBT's license, in which they suggest that perhaps the only recourse left to those offended by WLBT's intransigence is to enter the studio late some night and steal the license off the wall.

The audio-visual media are powerfully placed to score against racism and close out on violence. They can begin, as some stations have, by cutting way down on violence as a way of life (and death) on the air and in the picture boxes. They can go on to give appropriate news coverage to the black community, to integrate black activities into programming, to recruit more blacks as employees and managers, make sound judgements in riot reporting, and build effective relationships with all concerned about the urban crisis.

CARDINAL BEA
(Continued from Page 1)

delible hallmarks of his character.

"In March 1963, Cardinal Bea met with a group of leading Jewish scholars at the American Jewish Committee offices in New York to engage in an extended dialogue on the issues of Catholic-Jewish relations that were then being considered by the Vatican Council. Out of that intense experience, Jewish leadership was deeply impressed by the Cardinal's sincerity and friendship, his keen sensitivity to and appreciation of Judaism as a living faith and the spiritual vitality of the Jewish people, and his firm commitment to uproot the ancient theological roots of anti-

Semitism:

"In the tradition of Judaism, Cardinal Bea is regarded as one of the truly righteous men among the peoples of the earth who is assured a blessed portion in the world to come. May his memory be an inspiration for all future generations who seek to build a more humane world based on mutual trust and understanding."

Founded in 1906, the American Jewish Committee is this country's pioneer human relations organization. It combats bigotry, protects the civil and religious rights of Jews at home and abroad, and seeks improved human relations for all men everywhere.

ISRAELITE ADS PAY

TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth
Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL



(Continued from Page 1)

they'd throw a table cloth over your back and serve two customers. When Max sees us these days he brags to others he knew this writer when we were in knee pants - and he wouldn't be lying. But this is the story of the other restaurant, so let's get on.

Six or eight of us would be sitting at a large, round table. We never ordered. We ate whatever was prepared that day, like dropping in for pot luck dinner. We helped ourselves to soup from a large bowl. Bread, in fat slices, and butter, were plentiful. The entrees and numerous side delicacies came out on large platters, where arms reach and deftness with a fork counted. A kind, little, very concerned woman hovered over us, replenishing dishes, pouring coffee and always urging us to eat a little more. When we handed over the 85 cents, which included the tip, she was sure to ask if we enjoyed the food and would we please come again.

We thought she was old in those days, but we couldn't have been right, because we also knew her years later when she really was old. We'll not make this gastronomic piece, astronomic, so we'll get on to the point.

Somewhere along the line, out of work performers got wind of the private home that was a restaurant with big servings at small cost. It got so we had to let the little lady know in advance, we were coming, or we had to wait before being served. Even after the bit players got parts they continued to eat in the little house. First there was one, then another, then about a half dozen little tables popped up, always occupied, especially between shows on matinee days. Even after the bit players were being featured and still later when some became stars, they kept popping up at the little house off Eighth.

Broadway legend has the late band leader Paul Whiteman discovering the little woman and financing her into opening a small store across the street so she could run a restaurant that looked like a restaurant. It had to be small, Whiteman insisted, to keep the flavor of the home cooking, and only regulars were to be served. Some case!

The regulars were multiplying by the week, and before any of us realized, we found ourselves waiting on the sidewalk, while cabbies, stenos, and crumby newspapermen, who knew enough to get there before the matinee shows broke, were sopping up tasty morsels at ridiculous prices.

So, out of necessity, like Topsy, the restaurant grew, and grew, and grew. First the house next door, then the next and at last count, five buildings were converted into a huge eating place, with second and third floors being utilized, and even back yards for open air dining, weather permitting. We forgot to mention the wine cellars converted into private dining halls for large groups.

Anyone from New York knows by now what and who we're talking about. The kind, little lady was Mama Leone. When we left NYC some eight years ago, Leone's had the reputation of being the largest restaurant in the world, serving more than 2,000 deluxe dinners daily. And the lines still form out on the street waiting for tables, especially on matinee days.

We have our own little hideaway, here in Las Vegas, where the lines haven't started forming yet, but the food is old style, home flavored like Mama Leone's, the atmosphere is like dining on the Piazza, the prices are comparable and the host is like a page out of the old Italy.

Carlo Bombara, looking back at eighty, makes you feel like a guest in his home. He's a small man with sparkling eyes, bouncing from table to table, to be certain each one is at ease and wanting for nothing. He tastes each dish before serving, making sure it is seasoned just right. His home-made, dry wine, which never saw a manufacturer's label, glides down your throat with a glow your stomach will appreciate.

There's an added touch, Carlo, a former Metropolitan Opera performer, sits down at his little piano and belts out Rigoletto, The Barber of Seville, and others, like you never heard before. He never leaves the patrons, except when called by his darling wife, Anna, who supervises the cooking of foods he prepares.

We had the pleasure of visiting with them on their 42nd anniversary, last Tuesday. They're a devoted, darling, adorable couple.

You'll love them, the place and especially the food. Do yourself a big favor and hurry there before it catches on, and we find ourselves in line waiting for a table. Before going, its out on East Charleston, past Boulder, past Lake Mead Blvd., and right up against Sunset Mt., be sure to call. All foods are prepared especially for you and reservations are a must. The number is 737-9923.

After you've been there, don't tell anyone else about it. Let's keep it our own secret for a while at least. Otherwise, you know where we'll be, in line waiting for a table.