

Now in 5th Year of Continuous Weekly Publication
Serving the Jewish Community of State of Nevada.

LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE

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P.O. BOX 14096 LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 89114
Editor and Publisher Jack Tell
Business Manager Bea Tell, 870-1255
Vegas News Helene Stadler, 384-3685
Barney Glazer, Nathan Ziprin, Percy Villa,
a new strip column by Joe Stead, and occa-
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EDITORIAL

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in our mind as a cherished friend.

Kay said she had faith in our ability to put out an interesting and provocative newspaper, but she feared the pitfalls that had to be overcome. Four years ago, Las Vegas was commencing its worst economic recession of all time. Now, the area is just about starting to rise from the depths. Forty eight months ago the Jewish community was starting to split into factions. Under capable and strong leadership, it appears to be more solidified and compact than ever before. It was not only the general conditions at the time that disturbed Kay as she cautioned us in her encouragement to go ahead with our plans, Kay said if the venture flopped, it wouldn't matter so much. It would just be another of those "nothing ventured, nothing gained," projects. What did matter to Kay, was how a failure would effect this writer's disposition. That's why Kay will never cease being the No. 1 favorite of the Israelite.

The next step was to get the show on the road. We sent letters to everyone we knew in the Jewish community, in addition to most VIPs, prominent businessmen and others, stating that if they desired an English-Jewish newspaper, it would be necessary they support it by sending in promptly, subscriptions of six dollars for one year or ten dollars for two. The returns were phenomenal, beyond our wildest expectations. We had enough finances to pay for the preliminaries and get the first edition into print. We were through with fancy ideas, paper work and planning. Now we had to roll up our sleeves and get to work.

We never disputed that ads were the life blood of any publication, but our main interest was in editorial content and makeup. Get enough readers, we contended, keep them excited and interested, and the ads will beat a path to our pages. We believe we were then, and still are, on the right track.

The first edition, Vol. 1, No. 1, dated January 29, 1965, was dedicated to Temple Beth Shalom. All the pioneers of the Jewish Community and the important founders of the synagogue were respectfully chronicled and for the first time, the twelve past presidents of the Temple were pictured. Although not necessarily in order of their tenures, they were A. J. Shur, Nate Mack, Mike Gordon, Jake Kozloff, Harry Levy, Lloyd Katz, Mel Moss, Jack Entratter, Al Goot, Dave Zenoff, Harry Wallerstein and Jerry Mack.

Since then, Stan Irwin, Jack Entratter (serving his fifth term), Art Marshall and Dan Goldfarb (our current leader) have held office as president.

The story of Judaism in Vegas started back, about 1931, when a dedicated group called "Sons and Daughters of Israel," conducted services in private homes, determined to keep our religion alive in the desert. Then about 1943, a B'nai B'rith chapter organized High Holiday Services in the Rectory of a Catholic Church. The next year it was in the old Elks building, and then the first Temple at 13th and Carson Streets, now a Greek Orthodox Church. When space became limited Services were conducted at the Huntridge Theatre. The ever-growing Jewish Community, now conservatively estimated at about 7,000 families, finally found a haven at the present Jewish Community Center, a complex equal in stature, dignity and beauty, with any home of religion anywhere.

On sprawling, well-kept grounds, abundant in luxuriant foliage and path through grassy lawn, are our Sanctuary and social hall, Hebrew School, pre-school, Sunday school and the Danny Kolod Youth House, dedicated by the late Ruby and our dear Ester Kolod in memory of their son.

Then, of course, there were the advertisers, and as we flip the pages we find some who have been with us from the very beginning, the Sands Hotel, Mel Aire Bridal Shoppe and Pat's Chinese Kitchen.

Of the Sands' Jack Entratter, Carl Cohen, Charlie Kandell and the late Aaron Weisberg, what more can be

DAYENU BY HENRY LEONARD



"Thank you for the kind invitation to your husband's Testimonial Dinner, Mrs. Nussbaum, but . . . fortunately I'll be out of town that weekend."

said? They have been staunch supporters from the start, and to them and Aaron's memory, we are most grateful. To Aeron Scott, that bundle of perpetual enthusiasm, constantly spreading joy and encouragement, not only to the Israelite, but also to all who come in contact with her, especially the brides embarking on a new life of marriage, it is comforting to be listed among her friends. And then there's Pat Ginn. Pat is probably the hardest working, most understanding and keenest projecting young man in Las Vegas. Ever since arriving in San Francisco from Canton as an early teenager, Pat has strived to make himself worthy as a citizen of the land he adopted. We're proud to be a friend of Pat, who has always conducted himself with dignity and poise and his wife Candy, along with the new son, Pat Jr.

We recall the early days when we utilized cautious persuasion to encourage readers to subscribe. While we needed, desperately, the money, we refused to allow the fee to deprive even a single reader from receiving the paper. We published boldly: "Whether you subscribe or not, you will continue to receive this paper for some time, to bring the most and best news and features of Jewish interest to the widest latitude of readers." To our delight we received a \$10 check from "Vic" Dolinger of American Shoe Company in Reno, who said, "any man who has nerve enough to say, you will receive the Israelite whether you subscribe or not, should not be taken advantage of." That was four years ago.

The Israelite always has been, and still is, a one man (and woman) operation. We have neither partners nor financial backers. Contents are edited, and heads written by your's truly, who accepts full responsibility. We contribute also, our own views on related subjects.

About 30 months ago, we included among our readers, 2,000 Jewish leaders all over the world, courtesy of Hotel Sahara. To our knowledge the Israelite is the only publication so widely circulated. We now spend more than 12 hours each week in addressing and mailing.

Within the next few days, readers will receive notice of subscription renewal for 1969. We will be most appreciative for your prompt response in the self-addressed, no-stamp-necessary envelope.

We regret, sincerely, that due to the added printing and mailing (new zip codes, etc.) costs, we are compelled to increase the subscription fee a trifle. Therefore, if you desire uninterrupted, continuous delivery of your Israelite, please respond with your check or money order in the self-addressed envelope.

On second thought, any of you who cannot afford the \$7 for a full year, and who truly enjoy and desire to continue to receive the paper, may do so if they will drop a note explaining the circumstances (confidential, of course). You may use the no-stamp necessary envelope, also for this purpose.

Again, thank you, one and all, for making the Israelite possible.

**FOR WOMEN ONLY
"BREAST SELF-EXAMINATION" &
"TIME AND TWO WOMEN"**

To be shown at the Fox Theatre, East Charleston Boulevard, Saturday, January 25, 1969 at 9:30 A.M. Doors open at 9:00 A.M. Six Doctors present to answer all questions. Absolutely no admission.

Please help us educate our women and save lives.

TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth
Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL



JOHN RAITT

Broadway-bound "Many Happy Returns" will bring a full 14 weeks of many happy SRO performances to the Desert Inn showroom for its limited engagement in Las Vegas before offering the Gay White Way one of its most intelligent musicals since "Of Thee I Sing."

Blase first-nighters along the Vegas Strip, accustomed to having their entertainment fare midst tingling glasses and dropped silverware and hence more at home with spectaculars of scenery, effects, nudity, wing-to-wing choruses or \$50,000-a-week talents, accepted "Returns" with a kind of tongue-in-cheek attitude. But tourists who weigh their theatrical values, and sophisticated New York audiences that appreciate adroitness, will be overwhelmed by the clever dialogue for a unique plot, masterly cast and directed to perfection.

The smooth-flowing story of a financially-strapped play in rehearsal being rescued by the unlawful cashing of a mistakenly-drawn oversized tax refund check, is replete with quip after quip. Not a wasted line and hardly a lull for an hour and three quarters, the supplemental musical numbers, more worthy than tuneful, round out a compact package of delightful dulcet drama.

Producer Ray Golden showed plenty of gutsy imagination in bringing this high-level entertainment to the boards. He also wrote the book, along with Jack Marlowe. Here we sense an ability of putting one word after another with a talent for delivering rapid-fire hilarious lines without sacrificing plot continuity. As a literary construction, there are no wasted wordage in developing towards a climax. Instead, "Returns" has a continuous series of laugh-provokers, much like an O. Henry tale or, even more significant, reminiscent of the "Good News" and "Follow Thru" standout pattern of yesteryear.

With these commendable attributes as a foundation, the most outstanding contribution to the allover production, is the canny casting of the principle roles. There is no substitute for talent when lines are to be delivered. Here we have perfection.

John Raitt as the romantic producer of the show in rehearsal, and Paul Gilbert as his assistant providing comedy relief, are flawless in their parts. Linda Michele, lovely to look at and charming of voice, is the ingenue in the boy-meets-girl roles. Her companion, the inimitable Pat Carroll adds balancing contrast in voice, figure, age and looks to bring out an equilibrium that is not conflicting, without any loss of personality. These two portray government workers responsible for sending out the oversized tax refund check, John Carroll, a senator sympathizing with the plight of the producer who cashed the check, teams up with his namesake, Pat, in a highlight musical number, "Another Boy and Girl Thing."

But Victor Buono deserves a paragraph of his own. He pilfers the plot, steals the stardom and robs the roster. He's the heavy in a cast of heavyweights. He's the fly in the ointment, always attempting to upset the applecart. What he fails in the plot he succeeds in his characterization. Rotund, blustering Buono, despite portrayal of a harsh, mean and selfish governmental parasite, has little difficulty in establishing respect and esteem for his talent.

All in all, "Many Happy Returns" is all you can ask for in the theatre. We hope Frank Sennes, entertainment director of Desert Inn, who presented the show, has foresight in re-booking "Returns" for a return engagement, years from now after its successful engagement on Broadway.