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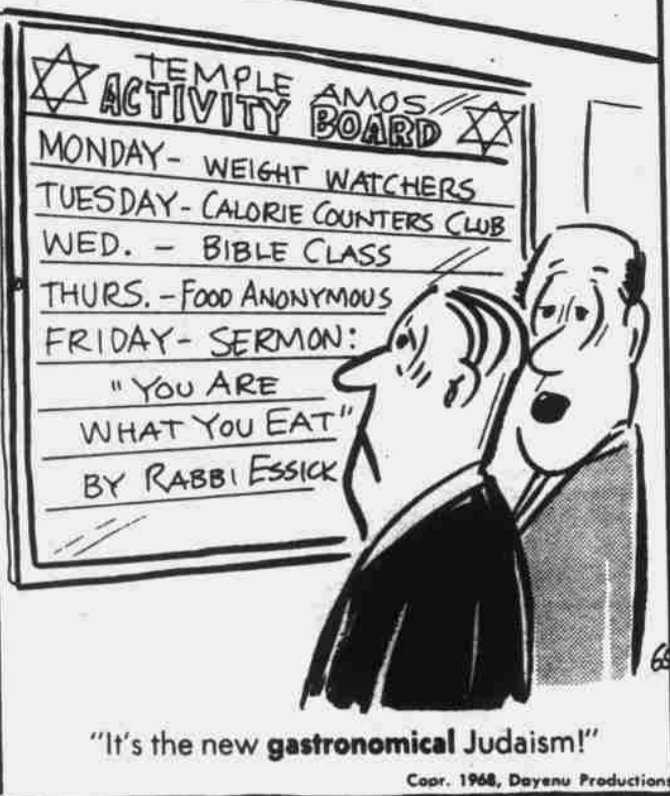
Published Every Friday in Las Vegas, Nevada
Price per copy 15¢ - Per year \$7 - 2 Years \$12
P.O. BOX 14096 LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 89114
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and occasional views by Jack Entratter.

2nd Class Mail, Las Vegas, Nev.

Member American Jewish Press Association
Member of Worldwide News Service
New in 5th Year of Continuous Weekly Publication
Serving the Jewish Community of State of Nevada.

DAYENU BY HENRY LEONARD



TELL TALES
(Continued from Page 1)

of mind. I distinctly remember how Professor Maloney and Professor O'Toole disagreed on a mortgage problem. I asked Professor Maloney what would happen if the question came up on the "yes" or "no" final.

He assured me that it would never happen. It did however and the answer that was accepted was Professor O'Toole's. This cost me the prize in the subject which went to a brilliant student now Federal Judge John Dooling for the Eastern District of New York.

Although nostalgia impells me to write this letter, I must say that I do not equate the mistake of Professor Finkelstein with that of Senator Kennedy. The former was a disagreement between two learned men; the latter was a grievous moral error. In my humble opinion there is a wide disparity between your examples. I realize that you are affectionately inclined toward the Kennedys, but I think respectfully that your logic has been impaired in this instance by the emotional aspect.

I hope to be in Las Vegas in October and will certainly look you up.

With kindest regards to you and yours, and again in appreciation of your timely educational and entertaining weekly, I remain,

Sincerely,
Julius
(Julius November)

There you have it.

We have a policy on the Israelite, not to reply to letters with views contrary to those expressed by us. We print the other side and let it go at that, on the theory we've had our say, the other party is entitled to his.

But we'll make this an exception to the rule, first, because we know that Julius would enjoy a good rebuttal, and secondly, because we've been holding a story in our mind for years, waiting for the proper time to tell it.

We hate to be put on the defensive, but we must take exception to the accusation that we equated the mistakes of Professor Finklestein and Sen. Kennedy. We did no such thing. We agree with November's humble opinion that there is a wide disparity between the examples. That is precisely why we prefaced the column with a lengthy discourse on the different levels and degrees of errors. Some are whoppers, we said, others like white little fibs. All are part of the scene of life and only circumstance determines the entanglement of personal involvement. As for judgement of our fellow man, all we can repeat is, let him who is without sin, cast the first stone.

Which brings us to the story that should prove a guide for all of us.

Many years ago a group of some eight or ten persons were seated in our living room. They had come to pay respects to our family sitting shiver (a Jewish ritual) for a dear departed parent. None of the visitors had ever met or known the others prior to meeting on this occasion. After the usual expressions of condolence, the conversation drifted to other channels. It was a time for reminiscing.

A burly gent was telling of some experiences, which were varied, unusual and exciting. This was not unusual, because he had been, many years previous, a gang lord of New York. In later years, he had reformed, somewhat, and was engaged in the insurance business. But on the side he kept his fingers in nefarious activity to the extent of being a "fixer" for others who preferred more than just legal counsel for criminal involvement.

The man was "Dopey" Benny Fein, who had acquired the nickname appendix, not for being a drug addict as many believed, but because of his unusual "talent" for "doping" a solution to mitigating circumstances.

As Benny unfurled one tale after another, of how he had achieved freedom for men who should have been behind bars, a wide-eyed young miss, gaped in astonishment.

We recall her name as Suzy, a schoolteacher friend and co-worker with our sister Ruth. Those were the days we recall, when teachers attended classes to teach, not defend themselves. They knew nothing about picketing, either.

Suzy, who had never been exposed to this type of character before, listened to Benny rattle on, until she couldn't contain herself any longer. "But Mr. Fein," she blurted out, "how could you possibly get satisfaction from keeping men out of jail who deserved to be in?"

"Its not just satisfaction, I get," Benny answered. "But doesn't your conscience bother you?" she interrupted.

Benny hesitated before the reply: "Lady," he said, "suppose the party in trouble was you."

Think it over Julius,
"OY VEY-GAS"
(Continued from Page 1)

"Age of Kerkorian,"
Don't miss lovely, luscious Lanie -- who made LV sit up and take notice.

Landmark's Trini Lopez, direct from LA's P-J's, is

a solid LV success -- singing "For Once In My Life." "If I Had A Hammer", "Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying", and "Lemon Tree." Trini reminds us that his initial is a-top the hotel, and his restaurant chain is so

(Continued on Page 5)

Jews Stay Put

The Lubavitcher Rebbe recently exhorted Jews to remain in the communities in which they now live. He is not concerned with real estate values but with Jewish institutions. It is the feeling that, as Jews move elsewhere, their agencies and institutions are sold to other ethnic or business elements and they have to rebuild new institutions at enormous costs. Probably at the core of this thinking is the fear that these moves will end finally in the disintegration of these aspects of Jewish life.

A concomitant theory is that as the Blacks move into Jewish neighborhoods, the Jews move to other suburbia, creating fresh ghettos. Their children are exposed to the new currents of American life and that, while there is not necessarily a cause and effect, the incidence of inter-marriage is on the increase. It is simplistic to lay these causes and results at the door-steps of the Black people. What is more likely is that the mainstream of American life in general is upsetting patterns which had long been established.

It is therefore incumbent upon us to study the whole problem and come up, if not with the answer, with some new directions.

NEW YEAR FEATURE (Continued from Page 1) are gone.

It is more than the quiet of the usual Sabbath. To be sure, the buses don't run on the Sabbath and on other holidays. But there is a festive, holiday air-and sound - on the Sabbath and on the other festivals. On these days there are many cars on the street, as the non-observant take off for the beaches and the mountains, or to visit friends and family. The people are their usual voluble and volatile selves - perhaps more so because these sabbath and festival days mean release from the labors and tensions of weekday work.

On Rosh Hashana, on Yom Kippur, no cars move. The streets are full of people at the times of going to and coming from the synagogues. But it is a quiet coming and going. Perhaps it is the quiet of reflection - reflecting on the past year, on the loss of loved ones in action along the Suez Canal, in "incidents" along the borders with Jordan and Syria and Lebanon. Perhaps it is also reflection on the year that is beginning, the yearning for peace. For, despite the stubborn hostility of its neighbors, peace is the persistent hope and prayer of all Israel.

On these High Holy Days almost all Israelis go to Synagogue - the observant and the non-observant, the believers and the non-believers. There are only a few large synagogues in Jerusalem and they are packed with well-dressed, quietly worshipping Jews. The overall impression is not very different from that of a typical large congregation elsewhere in the western world.

The color and diversity is to be found in the hundreds of small synagogues that abound in Jerusalem. Small? They are no bigger than the living-room in a middle-class western home. Into these small, these tiny synagogues through the Jews from a hundred countries, each group giving to its place of worship the special flavor and color its origin - in dress, in language, in the manner of prayer, in the chanting of the service. They are the Bok-

Where Is God?

By RABBI SAMUEL SILVER

The idea of God makes skeptics say, "Aw!" The idea of God fills some people with awe. How to convey belief about God to youngsters is a most formidable task.

Every conscientious effort to work this feat deserves our gratitude.

The most recent attempt that I have seen is an attractive book entitled "God's Wonderful World: Debbie and Joey in God's world."

The work of a rabbi and his wife, the book gets right down on the juvenile level and takes the child's heart and hand and leads him to a sense of wonderment and understanding about the Power that transcends all earthly phenomena.

Author Rabbi Kipper has tried out his techniques at his Temple Judea in Coral Gables, Florida, and has successful results.

The book tells about Abraham's legendary quest for the secret of the universe. He thinks at first that the moon or the sun or the ocean is the force that directs the world, and discovers that each is dependent on some greater power. With art and heart Rabbi and Mrs. Kipper get into the mind of a youngster and makes him catch insights about the miracles of birth and growth.

A "case" for the existence of God is effectively made in this fascinating book put out by the same Sheingold Publishers who gave us the The New Jewish Encyclopedia for youngsters.

With space exploration making the awe greater than the "aw," the new volume is a welcome and poignant addition to wholesome books for the very young.

haran, Greek, Yemenite, Moroccan, Iraqi, Iranian, the variety of Chassidic congregations from the shtetlach of Eastern Europe, and many more.

These synagogues are tucked away in the most unlikely places, in tiny streets and passageways in the old part of West Jerusalem to which the Jews moved when they first left the Old City a hundred years ago. Even in the newer sections of Jerusalem, the little synagogues have the same modest, unobtrusive quality, the blending into their surroundings. They are identifiable as synagogues only when the worshippers come out and stand for a few moments to catch a bit of sun and air before returning to the day-long service, or when the sounds of the service reach the ear of the passerby.

It is at the Western Wall that you see the wonderful unity in all this diversity, especially just before Rosh Hashana and after the close of Yom Kippur. Here too each group clusters together according to national and ethnic origin. You can spot the Kurds and the Yemenites and the Chassidim from Eastern Europe, and the Moroccans and the Iraqis the Ashkenazim from Western Europe and the "Angol-Saxim," each small group worshipping according to its tradition and its custom. It is a kaleidoscope of color and movement and sound.

But soon you realize that, with all the difference, it is a whole. It is one people, Jerusalem, the city of peace, is united in its prayer of peace.

In the streets of Jerusalem, there is a special stillness. It is the end of the old year, the beginning of a new year.

Please God, a year that will bring peace....

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