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Jewish Generation Gap

One of the most painful aspects of the generation gap between some Jewish parents and their teenage children is the indifference and even hostility of some of the young Jews toward Zionism and Israel. For American Jewish adults to whom Israel's case as a model democracy and a haven for the dispossessed has been and remains a self-demonstrating fact, it comes as a shock that Jewish members of leftist youth groups parrot Arab charges against Zionism and Israel as imperialist and even "genocidal."

Such youthful Jewish attitudes have in part been traced to a kind of knee-jerk reaction by youth generally against the "Establishment," a useful catch-all target for youthful anxieties about the problems of the rapidly-changing world in which they are growing up. But the tracing of a major source of the malaise does not ease the shock nor solve the problem -- with due acknowledgement of the fact that scores of anti-establishment Jewish activist groups vigorously support Israel's valid image as a center of freedom and combat such slurs, particularly on college campuses.

A concerted drive is planned on the issue by the Jewish Agency which has announced plans to send 200 emissaries this coming summer to Jewish camps in the United States to try to influence the "fence sitters" and those American Jewish young people who deny Jewish peoplehood "and the right of Israel to exist" according to Jewish Agency Chairman Aryeh Pincus. He indicated that the Agency hopes the emissaries will reach perhaps 50,000 Jewish summer campers. He noted also, in announcing the plan, that Zionist representatives are already active in 100 U.S. campuses and that their number may be increased to cover more universities with large Jewish student attendance.

The assignment is a tough one, if only for the fact that one element of new-leftism is a fanatical resistance to consideration of any ideas emanating from the "Establishment," no matter how valid. But the effort is urgently necessary, for it appears highly unlikely that this myopia will just wither away merely because it has no basis in reality.

Name of Game is Oil

BY Robert E. Segal

Israel's six-day pulverization of President Nasser's Russian-supplied war machine took place 2 1/2 years ago. But many have, alas, already forgotten Abba Eban's truthful and wistful comment of that time: "This is the first war in history in which the victors have sued for peace and the vanquished have called for unconditional surrender."

Since that time, Yasir Arafat, Arab cammando chieftain, and his expanding band of guerrillas have arisen to plague Israel with a new, insidious Pan-Arab striking power. These suicide squads are answerable to no Arab government apparently, yet the delight of all Arab Governments. It matters little to the guerrillas that the war



drums beating recently at Rabat have died out. Nor does it bother them that the refusal of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait to pour oil riches into the Arab machines of aggression brought on the collapse of this most recent Arab martial rally.

So as we move along in the third decade of Israel's quest for peace, we must remember that Israel is threatened constantly by new outlaws. In the face of such a menace and in light of the new pincher movement by four large powers, Israel needs understanding, moral support, and material backing as never before.

The Jews of the world, together with a small and commendable band of churchmen, historians with long memories, and plain Joes who grasp the meaning of Israel's struggle to survive and sympathize with that ordeal---only these appear now to stand with democracy's last hope in the Middle East.

Innocents here in the United States are having a hard time making a case for State Secretary Rogers and the new American prescription for calming the turmoil. At the outermost bounds, it can be said that Washington is trying to avoid the Armageddon inherent in the unleashing of a nuclear war between the USSR and the U.S. This naturally must remain our country's top priority. But moving in closer to present reality, it is obvious now that the Nixon Administration has decided to give more thought to oil diplomacy than tot the stern call for justice in the Middle East.

Ever since Governor William Scraton ran up on the flagpole to see who would salute that banner with the strange device, "Even-handedness," it has been clear that the United States is changing its traditional policy towards Israel. Some call the new phase appeasement. "No! No!" cries Secretary Rogers. But harsh facts puncture the denial.

An early tip-off was the Administration's negative reaction on Israel's modest request for desalinization programming (of great potential benefit to the U.S.). Then came the Oil Summit Conference in Washington, participated in by John J. McCloy, David Rockefeller, and President Eisenhower's Treasury Secretary, Robert E. Anderson.

A screaming Dec. 15 editorial in the "Oil & Gas Journal" offers additional evidence: "Oilmen returning from Arab lands report...anti-American feeling is escalating alarmingly...The U.S. is cutting its throat in the Mideast...Arabs are declining invitations from old American friends; they have withdrawn their own social hospitality...Our future standard of living may well be at stake. This nation...will one day need much more Middle East oil. The world's only really major surplus reserves lie in Arab countries."

From such cries of panic on the part of the poverty-stricken oilmen to the newest proposals of Secretary Rogers is not a huge jump. Need the world wonder, tyat a dazed Golda Meir was impelled to cry out: "There is a lot a big power can do to a little power, but that doesn't make it right...They want to take us back to the geography of 1967...and the demography of 1947."

In April, 1969, a group of 68 U.S. Senators and 279 members of the House of Representatives called upon their government to stand firm in refusing to substitute any Middle East proposal for the imperative of face-to-face negotiations between Arabs and Israelis.

That is still America's roadsign to wisdom, to peace, and to justice in the Middle East.

TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL



(Continued from Page 1)

I humanitarian in our community. Let's start with Sammy. The Youth Camp was set up as a haven for youngsters who had gone astray of the law, and who deserved a chance at rehabilitation prior to being confined to a prison where there could come in contact with hardened criminals. They'd go in as promiscuous boys, and come out as God knows what. We all are aware of this circumstance of our society, but Sammy is doing something about it. Since the beginning Sammy has made the Youth Camp his pet project. From steaks to swimming pool, the boys know somebody cares, and it makes a difference. The percentage who come out and return to productive, active interest in our community is among the highest in the country. We have more boys, recovering from a mistake who are decent, honest citizens, than anywhere else in the world -- thanks to Sammy.

Some months ago the camp was washed away and the boys scattered to other detention places throughout the state. Government agencies showed a lack of desire or were without funds to restore the camp, so Sammy rolled up his sleeves and went to work. For the first time, he started a fund-raising drive among fellow-businessmen. The response was totally inadequate. One Strip Casino, which handles millions of dollars, donated "Five Lousy Dollars," and others said flatly, "No Dice". A less-determined man would become bitter, but not Sammy. In the vernacular of his trade, you can bet that Sammy will bring about the return of the Spring Mountain Youth Camp, and cash in on your wager.

To start the ball rolling the Las Vegas Israelite will pledge a donation every week in the year 1970 for this great and noble cause. We will become actively engaged in any and all projects that will further Sammy's effort. And finally, we urgently request all our readers to give every consideration and support to this facet of our youth problem which is so important to the future and prosperity of each and every one of us.

Turning to Dr. Shelksohn, we find a man whose indefatiguing concern, coupled with horse-sense talent, makes him a man among a million. His patients are mainly poor, but his attention to their needs makes them rich in their respect for him.

We are fully aware of ethics that prevent doctors from blowing their own horn in public, but we're doing it, not him, and so ethics-shmethics, we're going to tell our readers what we know about good Doc Shelksohn.

He came here from Ely, where he'd been practicing for about 20 years. The first we'd heard of Dr. Shelksohn was when Dr. Bernstein, who's pushing eighty himself, introduced us with: "I wish I knew as much about medicine as he does". No higher praise could come from a fellow physician.

As the years went by, from time to time we'd recommend Dr. Shelksohn to someone in distress. He never let us down. On one occasion a performer, visiting from Germany, was stricken on the eve of attending an awards banquet at which she was to be honored. Dr. Shelksohn made a house call, after he'd gone to bed, and the patient was sufficiently recovered to appear on the dais.

A prominent attorney, an acknowledged hypochondriac, who'd visited doctors all over the world, came out of Dr. Shelksohn's office with the comment: "Best doctor I ever saw".

When one of the most prominent real estate men in Las Vegas complained to us about a severe ache in his back, and asked if he could lie flat on our rug in our office for relief, we bundled him in our car and brought him to Dr. Shelksohn. Fifteen minutes later the man walked out of the doctor's office, stating he never felt better.

Recently, we chanced upon the secretary at our printer's moaning and groaning over her desk. "My back," she complained, "its killing me". Off we drove to Dr. Shelksohn's and she came out like she was ready to skip rope.

About a month ago this writer suffered severe pain in what could politely be called the lower spine. We neglected it for about a week, hoping it would go away. We were just too busy to be bothered. But when we got to the stage where we couldn't move we got ourself over to Doc. Shelksohn. The immediate result was amazing.

That man not only knows intimately, every muscle in your body, he also knows where each starts and the direction it takes. His soft knowing touch, which even our own hands would bring on agonizing pain, brought about instant relief.

It was almost a pleasure to have borne the pain, to be soothed by his practiced fingers.

What more can we say, and be proud to have said it?

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