

**JACK TELL NEWSPAPER**  
**LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE**  
 OF NEVADA  
 PHONE 870-1255  
 Published Every Friday in Las Vegas, Nevada  
 Price per copy 15c - Per year \$7 - 2 Years \$12  
 P.O. BOX 11096 LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 89114  
 Editor and Publisher: Jack Tell  
 Business Manager: Bea Tell, 870-1255  
 Vegas News: Helene Stadler, 384-3685  
 Jack Entratter, Trude Feldman, Barney Glazer,  
 Al Kirschner, and Jay Tell  
 2nd Class Mail, Las Vegas, Nev.  
 Member American Jewish Press Association  
 Member of Worldwide News Service  
 Now in 5th Year of Continuous Weekly Publication  
 Serving the Jewish Community of State of Nevada.

**DAYENU** BY HENRY LEONARD



**"After a two years absence, Mr. Levin, it's a real pleasure seeing you in shul this Shabbas morning. Are you running for councilman, again?"**

**TELL TALES**

*"One Man Plus The Truth Constitutes A Majority"*

BY JACK TELL



(Continued from Page 1)

about highlights in the past, comment on the news of the day and / or philosophize on anything from war to religion to divorce laws. While we take most opinions rendered with a grain of salt, and often wished we were sitting at the mike at the time to refute a statement being made with assertion, the topics and guests have enough universal appeal to keep us tuned on until time is called. Occasionally, we flip back to the late movie on Channel 8, TV, especially when Joe and his guests get on the old time musician and recording "Kick", which may be interesting to some, but not enough to hold us. But even then, a name will be dropped in the telling of an incident in the past, that causes us to perk our ears and bring fond memory to mind of a personal association with the party being spoken about over the radio.

It happened the other morning when Joe's guests included Maynard Slote, entertainment director of the Tropicana Hotel; Kirby Stone, entertainment director of the Bonanza; and Forrest Duke, columnist for the Review-Journal and correspondent for Variety. They spoke of one thing and another, which had us yawning for a while. We stayed with it for two reasons.

Forrest is a fine chronologist of the current scene in our city, as well as being a good friend of the Tells, especially his sympathetic, outspoken encouragement for our son Jay's Free Press, which most gloat over and enjoy privately, but fear to say so publically. Maynard, whom we've never met, recently was an unknowing host to us at his private booth for dinner and beautiful Folies Bergere show. We had joined the Morris Friedmans, who were Maynard's invited guests. Morris, an officer of a Los Angeles synagogue where Maynard's son is preparing for Bar Mitzvah, happens to be the dad of our darling daughter-in-law Rita, wife of our No. 1 son, Don. Enough for the reason we stayed tuned to the radio that morning.

The Joe spoke of an incident in Dublin, Ireland, when he got "stoned" with Ernie Anderson and had to call on Mayor Briscoe to get them out of jail. The Jewish mayor came to their aid because Joe, as Irish as they come, was doing some work for the United Jewish Appeal. This reminded us of two relationships we had experienced in the distant past.

On one occasion we were asked to do some publicity for the Passion Play in Weehawken, N.J. Bill Flynn, a co-worker at the New York Times, had introduced us to a fine young, Catholic Priest, who explained that the performances, given every ten years, attracted residents from Maine to Florida. We did a healthy job with the nationally syndicated columnists, and received warm commendation for our gratuitous service. Then we accepted an invitation to sit in on a dress rehearsal, of the religious drama, and for the first time became acquainted with what we have been publicizing. We didn't like what we saw, and called certain passages in a vital scene to the attention of the Priest. He agreed, and got some of the directors of the Church to alter the language, and moderate the extreme tone of the depiction of the Crucifixion.

The other occasion in our background was brought to mind by the mention of Ernie Anderson on the radio. Ernie had engaged us to do the newspaper promotion for the Boston Pops Orchestra at New York's Carnegie Hall. We found ourself in the paradox of not knowing one musical note from another, yet sitting on the edge of music critic's desks, espousing the virtues of a musical aggregation. We couldn't tell a trombone from a French horn, and Ernie knew it. But he was pleased with the clippings and promised us a bonus.

That's the way Joe's program hits us personally and we feel most listeners will gain some similar reaction, sooner or later.

The best time to become indoctrinated for new listeners, in our opinion, is the Monday night (early Tuesday morning) show, when Hank Henry is the featured guests. The discussion usually concerns show-business behind-the-scenes of bygone eras. It is bound to ring a bell with most adults, and Hank tells it like it was.

At one point, fingers were directed at Ralph Pearl's criticism of the current movie, "The Only Game in Town," now at the Fox Plaza. We enjoyed the film, starring Elizabeth Taylor and Warren Beatty, mainly because it's locale in Las Vegas. Like Ralph, we were disappointed by the quickie flashes of Hank, whose role was cut to an insulting minimum. Like any Hank Henry fan, who appreciates his raucous humor, we felt we were gyped.

Have a listen to Joe, and you'll see what we are talking about. You'll probably thank us for tipping you to a good deal.

**Mr. Agnew Rides Again**

It seems that a week cannot pass without the Vice-President of the United States making a boo-boo. A couple of weeks ago, on the golf course, Mr. Agnew hit one of the players on the head and it required stitches. In golf, such a player would be considered a duffer, but one does not call a Vice-President a duffer. At least not his face.

This past week, he was trotted out again. In a fund-raising function for Illinois Republicans, Mr. Agnew attacked the system whereby University quotas help minorities to receive education. In this area, the duffer is coached by the hidden pro. He doesn't hit anybody in the head, he goes for the jugular. However, somebody has given him alliteration and onomatopoeia to intellectualize his image. He is given quotable phrases which sock it to his audience. It is a carnival and while people go to pledge their faith to the party, they also watch the show. But nobody looks backstage to see what was there before the makeup was put on. Or to ask:

What are Mr. Agnew's credentials and expertise in academic areas? Or in the field of communications? Or even in philosophic approaches to politics? But his attack on "minorities" creates anxieties. What is a minority and how long is it before such an attitude is expressed in an attack on - a Jewish minority?

**Who Hobbles Peace Efforts**

By ROBERT E. SEGAL

Editorial writers far removed from the scene where President Nasser engages in such rhetoric as his boast to get the horizon alight with fire and his Israeli adversaries immersed in a sea of blood manage occasionally to compete with the Egyptian leader with their shocking statements. Thus a Christian Science Monitor editorial scribe, upset by the recent Jewish conference in Washington, declared that Israel's "clobbering of Egypt and Jordan over the past couple of weeks is the local counterpart of the Zionist Political campaign being mounted above all within the United States, to hobble if not wreck the United States initiative before it can even get off the ground."

Why the Monitor overlooks the true history of clobbering in the Middle East, beginning when Mother England decided to pull out in a hurry, leaving a well-supplied British-trained Arab military force free to clobber Jews with no homeland, is hard to understand. But the writer's assertion that American Jewish leaders desire to hobble Washington's role as a peacemaker is even more of a puzzle.

Looking down the gunbarrels provided the Arabs by huge Russian resources, deserted by England, and now helplessly watching an old friend, France, sell fifty, a hundred, perhaps two hundred supersonic Mirage jet fighter planes to Libya, the State of Israel very much needs the peacemaking and peacekeeping power of the United States.

But the question turns on how that potential is being used.

Beginning with State Secretary William Roger's Middle East policy pronouncements of early December, thousands of concerned Americans understandably got up tight over what appeared to be a sharp change in U.S. policy towards Israel. Washington seemed to be suggesting to the Soviet, England, and France that it might be a good idea to work out a new governing board for Jerusalem, that Israel should agree to give up territory acquired in the defensive rounds of 1967, and that repatriation of Arab refugees in Israel should be effected in a way of leaving Israel with little to say about such vital and sensitive matters.

Since the Rogers flurry, President Nixon has sent a message to the American Jewish Community, offering assurance that the United States will not be a party to the imposition of a peace settlement. Senator Gordon Allott of Colorado, supplementing the President's message and speaking as chairman of the Republican Policy Committee, has stated that he knew the President would do

"everything he can both economically and militarily to assure the security of Israel, short of supplying manpower in the area."

Yet doubts continue to nag. Despite every reassurance given, those who keep in sharp perspective the agonizing remembrance of the creation and up-building of the State of Israel, those who recall the Eisenhower-Dulles pledges of 13 years ago, those who regard with justified skepticism the tendency of big powers to move in and play the cards held by the small nations in a grueling contest for existence are not convinced nor likely soon to be.

Lately, we have heard a good deal of jocular talk about "laundry lists." Israel has such an inventory of needs; and it is not to be joked about. In Israel's desperate efforts to ferret out and destroy the concentrations of terrorists nesting places and Russian war trappings in the Middle East should result in grim renewal of a war in its third decade, Israel must be reassured and supplied.

On her list are (1) an end to predetermination by the Big Powers of Israel's future and just how Israel shall relate to her neighbors; (2) the supply of sufficient defensive equipment to keep Arab knives off her throat and Egyptian rockets out of her terrain; (3) a speedy and equitable implementation of the peace terms to which Israel has already agreed.

These needs are minimal. And the time is short.

**Edward Grusd**

By RABBI SAMUEL SILVER

Edward Grusd is a dynamic, bouyant person, but he has already retired.

For forty years, Mr. Grusd served you and me. He brought enlightenment to hundreds of thousands and wrote countless words of edifying analysis and uplifting admonition.

Mr. Grusd may not be known to you by name, because you may not read the small print in the splendid magazine he edited for four decades.

The National Jewish Monthly is the official organ of the B'nai B'rith, the gigantic fraternal organization which provides a common ground for Jews of many stripes who want to serve humanity and be part of a meaningful enterprise.

An editor must work hard. He must coax good writers to provide their literary offerings. He must dream up topics that will be of interest. He must subtly discourage nudniks. He must create a balance between articles of literary merit and items which "advertise" a staff and he must ever be on the alert for what is happening in the world.

Above all, an editor must know how to put into fresh and forceful phraseology the thoughts which come to him with regard to the scene around him.

Eddie Grusd was a superlative editor. The entire Jewish community benefitted from his insights and his observations. Thousands feasted on the literary and journalistic menus which he regularly provided in his fine magazine.

Mr. Grusd was the editor of the B'nai B'rith magazine from the time that that organization occupied a cubbyhole in Cincinnati, to the time it worked itself up to a suite in Washington, to the time it acquired glistening headquarters in the nation's capital.

Mr. Grusd worked closely with every B'nai B'rith president from the majestic Alfred M. Cohen to the current lay head of that organization: the lively and gifted Dr. William Wexler (recently named chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Jewish Organizations.)

Mr. Grusd worked hand-in-hand for many years with the famed Maurice Bisgayer, the professional head of the B'nai B'rith, and maintained equally good rapport (or should I say, "rappoport") with the present helmsman of B'nai B'rith, that fine rabbi turned administrator, Rabbi Jay Kaufman.

Mr. Grusd does not know what retire means. From his editorial chores he will now turn to more literary creativity, of that you can be sure.

Thank you, Ed Grusd, for what you did for us. Try to relax a bit, won't you?