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TV & Militant Minority

Once again charges are being heard that television news crews are paying for staged demonstrations and that television newsmen are "playing up" minority militant factions to make news. Officials are charging that television and other newsmen are artificially building up miniscule discontented groups because such groups create news.

Only this time the charges are not being made in America. They are being made in Israel.

Officials charge that the emergence of the self-styled "Black Panthers," composed of 20 youngsters, mostly Sephardic, from the slums of Jerusalem, have been blown out of all proportion to their size and importance. The "Panthers" are supported by Matzpen, an extreme left group estimated by government spokesmen to have 100 members, which advocates the dismemberment of Israel and the establishment of a Maoist state.

In castigating television and other newsmen, Jerusalem's Mayor Teddy Kollek has informed Police and Israel Broadcasting Authority officials that he has signed statements that TV news teams were paying slum youths to stage "violent demonstrations" for the benefit of their cameras.

If the charges are proven, the newsmen involved will probably be disciplined.

But staged demonstrations or no, the existence of the "Black Panthers" and similar groups, however small, is a warning that the existence of poverty today can evoke violent responses and steps must be taken to eliminate those conditions which create violence.

Forward from Brussels

By ROBERT E. SEGAL

An institution that blew its cool and a great statesman succeeded in unifying the historic Brussels Conference on Soviet Jewry.

The institution was the Kremlin's slaphappy propaganda machine. The statesman was Ben Gurion.

Preparations for the Conference, bringing together determined Jews from 38 nations on rather short notice, threw the Russian masters of propaganda into such a tizzy that they put the Conference on the news map. And when Ben Gurion, 84, battling respiratory illness and rising from his sickbed to come marching in to the Palais des Congres, appeared to give benediction to the three days of intensive soul searching, the world Jewish community experienced a healing moment of reunion. The

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mud slingers and snide critics of the Conference, the little men who tried to win the headlines by divisive tactics were forgotten for one glorious hour; and Russia's 3-1/2 million Jews could know for certain that fellow Jews all over the globe had been re-enforced in their determination to achieve emigration for all desiring to leave Russia.

Pravda's attack on the Conference and the wire pulling by Moscow's publicity chess players were almost comic. First off, Russia accused the Jews of profaning Red Army Day (February 23) by planning an opposition rally on a day the Red Army regards its exclusive property. Actually, as speaker after speaker took pains to declare, the conferees did not have their axe out against the Russian system of doing business and conducting life. Rather people had come together to gain for Russian Jews the simple accomplishment of packing up and moving to Israel. Nobody was interested in saying anything nasty about the Red Army.

Rebuffed at that turn, the Russians then jumped on the Belgium authorities for allowing "the Zionists of the world" to assemble on Belgium soil. The fact that Brussels symbolized NATO added to that which the Soviets regarded as an affront. One version of the Belgian rejoinder to this kind of complaint was: "Belgium has always offered refuge to those who feel they are members of an oppressed minority. After all, Brussels, in its long history, has given haven to Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels; so why should Moscow complain about hospitality extended to the world's Jews?"

But the frightened Russians refused to desist. Especially when the Conference, in closing, dispatched a delegation of five to Geneva, where the United Nations Human Rights Commission was in session, did the Kremlin's people explode. Lord Barnet Janner of the United Kingdom, Benyamin Halevy of Israel, Claude Kelman of France, Dr. Ruben Merinfeld of Venezuela, and Lewis H. Weinstein of the United States, carried the Brussels Resolution to Geneva. And the more that Russian representatives in the Human Rights Commission grumbled about the United States they characterized as "a racist Babylon" and about Zionism ("an enemy of the Soviet people") the more effectively did Mrs. Rita E. Hauser, the United States delegate, succeed in impressing upon those assembled the importance of the Brussels meeting and resolution.

Indeed, perhaps the most solid conclusion of Brussels is that governmental and especially judicial processes may prove the final instrument for smashing Soviet intransigency insofar as gaining exit permits for Jews desiring to leave is concerned. It was indicated at the Conference that perhaps an innovation not unlike

TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL



(Continued from Page 1)

gloom and bewilderment. All that, and a face that would make a Gerber photo look like a monster in a horror film. That's Robyn. You don't believe it?

We were a little skeptical ourself, until we made the supreme test.

A great, great grandma, two aunts and an uncle, whose cumulative ages would run about 300 years, and who have been staunch and severe baby experts for more than ten generations, met Robyn for the first time. They all flipped.

Bessie Goldstein, our good wife's ma, with no less than four other great grandchildren, if you want to count Patty Duke's new born son (who we have yet to meet), took to Robyn like an art student regards the original Mona Lisa in Le Louvre.

Aunt Anna Ross kept calling Robyn a monkey, with the subtlety of describing someone as being dumb like a fox.

Aunt Ruth and Uncle Jules Elson, no strangers to par excellence in an offspring, with their own Margaret a natural beauty, married to a college professor and a professional concert pianist, to boot. Jules hated to give in, but we caught him clucking to Robyn every time he thought no one was looking. And he enjoyed every minute of it. As for Ruth, her letter said: "Jack, you are right when you rave about Robyn. She is an adorable baby and you have a lot of pleasure seeing her so often." An understatement, of course, but so is any other description of Robyn.

We see the tot every day and each visit is an epitomy of sublimity. When she sighs it is like a summer breeze whispering through a thousand trees. Her gurgle is a babbling brook. Her high-pitched laugh is a Brahms symphony. Her "ma ma" which you can hear with a little imagination, is a Viennese waltz. Her burp is a crescendo from Beethoven. When she buries her head in your chest, its like being overwhelmed by all the love in the world.

She cried only on two occasions, when a sudden turn of her head brought on an accidental slap in her face, and again when her waving arms of over-joyment in seeing us, caused a hard rap of her knuckles against the table top of her high chair. In each instance, our "Helloooo There," quickly dispersed the pain and a broad grin appeared where it did the most good.

Robyn is as much at home and no less personable in the Flamingo coffee shop or Food for Thought dining room, as she is in her crib, playpen or arms of a doting parent. What's more she makes everyone comfortable in her presence, whether it be a Negro waitress, a Chinese chef or a passerby in the next car. Robyn is most attentive to anyone who is speaking. Anyone who notices her is immediately acknowledged with a wide open grin and flailing of arms and legs denoting extreme happiness at the meeting. Anyone and everyone melts away at the first contact. That's Robyn.

Bonnie and Michele are each one in a million. At their present ages, they don't take a back seat to anyone. Wanna bet?

There may be one or more doubting readers, after all, blood is thicker, etc. But what's right is right. We'll match Robyn against any other six monther for more smiles per minute, more arm and leg waving of happiness, more attentiveness to strangers, more open mouths at feeding time, and more of a butterball in slumber than anyone around.

If we could bottle Robyn's pleasantness and give it out free to everyone, the world would be a better place.

That's how it seems to us.

the Nuremberg Court may have to be fashioned. Anyone privileged to participate in the proceedings at Brussels would have to conclude that if human ingenuity can devise a solution, such inventiveness will come from the spirit and determination manifest by the warm outpouring of Jewish spirit in the hospitable Belgium capital.