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Is it Finally Over?

Two seemingly isolated events closed out the news of the week. One was the statement in Frankfurt, Germany, by the Attorney General, that the case of Martin Bohrmann, Hitler's Deputy, was closed. Another was the revelation by the syndicated columnist, Jack Anderson, that President Nixon and Vice-President Spiro Agnew congratulated Gen. Szebedinsky, a Pittsburgh editor of a Hungarian language newspaper at a dinner in his honor given by the Hungarian clergy of Pittsburgh. Szebedinsky's dubious credits include the publishing of the discredited "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" and another anti-semitic piece called "The Myth Of The Six Million."

The Frankfurt Attorney General's office stated it would open the Bohrmann case if new evidence came to light. This could mean that the Germans are not too certain Bohrmann is dead. But certainly the myth of Bohrmann lives on; it lives on in the flesh of Mr. Szebedinsky. Time has not completely outdistanced the remnants of the Nazi terror. It is just unfortunate that its spirit is commended, for whatever reason and excuse, by both the President of the United States and the Vice-President.

On reportorial questioning, the Vice-President's office said it would not withdraw the felicitations sent Szebedinsky because it was "routine" to send such to figures honored at dinners.

Routine?

How firm a Foundation?

By ROBERT E. SEGAL

Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty's emergence from Hungary after two decades of courageous dueling with that troubled land's communist regime occurs in the same season that the martyrdom of another Catholic leader, Father Makamyilian Kolbe, is in the news.

Father Kolbe's story is quickly told: a simple priest enduring the hell of Auschwitz 30 years ago, he prevailed upon the Nazi overlords of that camp to let him die in place of another prisoner. Father Kolbe, then only 47, was first starved, then put to death by poison at the hands of the Nazis. The prisoner who had been selected for that fate, Franciszek Gajowniczek, still lives and rejoices in the beautification of his saintly camp mate who laid down his life for Gajowniczek: "Father Kolbe in going to his death demonstrated to the guards that no matter how hard they tried, they would never kill the humandignity of man," he has said.

Cardinal Mindszenty, while not dying at the

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OFFICIAL EMBLEM OF THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE STATE OF ISRAEL DEPICTS MENORAH, "25" AND ISRAEL IN HEBREW. CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY YEAR WILL START IN SEPTEMBER, 1972. IT WAS DESIGNED BY STUDIO ROLI OF TEL AVIV.

sadistic whim of his tormenters, endured his share of deprivation, then found asylum for 15 years in the U.S. Embassy at Budapest. Now 79, he has given handsome proof of his undying love for his Church and his unyielding opposition to communism.

Following Hungary's release from grisly dominance by the Nazis, the new government there in 1946 conducted elections marked by a bitter struggle between the Church and Communist leaders. Referring to Cardinal Mindszenty (of German Swabian descent) as a "fanatical leader in that conflict," the American Jewish Yearbook for 1946-47 offered this insight:

"At a recent meeting of (a new Hungarian interfaith organization,) Cardinal Mindszenty is reported to have refused to issue any statement against anti-Semitism until all Jews withdrew from the political police and from the people's tribunals dealing with Nazi war criminals. This position taken by the head of the Catholic church in Hungary makes Jewry directly responsible in the eyes of non-Jews for the policies of the regime upon which neither the Jewish community nor its leader can exert any modifying influence. Hungary is thus far the only country in Eastern Europe which has meted out just punishment upon leaders of the Nazi conspiracy which brought forth Hungary's ruin and the death of 700,000 innocent Jews. It seems that as far as the head of the Catholic church in Hungary is concerned, the surviving Jews have to continue as hostages for those capital criminals against humanity who have not yet been called to account for their crimes."

In the name of the Hungarian prelate, now in the news in such heroic proportions, a Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation has been active in the United States for some years. That unit, prominently featured at Birch - favored God and Country rallies, has recommended such speakers as Edward Hunter and Dr. Fred C. Schwarz, whose methods of fighting Communism are viewed with deep skepticism by many for whom the Constitution rather than "The Martin Dies Story" is a reliable guide to enduring freedom.

Msgr. R. G. Peters of Illinois, writing of approaches such as that used by the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation several years ago declared he feared the dynamite "that lies in a negative anti-communism" and added: "Deliberately to arouse people to a fever point with any kind of anti-communism is about as dangerous as rousing them to racial prejudice."

To learn how best to fight hunger, poverty, bigotry, slum blight and other social ills conducive to the spread of communism, one needs, alas, to go to some source other than the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation.

TELLING IT LIKE IT IS
 (Continued from Page 1)

looked completely twisted out of shape. He told Rita that TOTO was still alive but it didn't look good at all. Rita wiped the tears from her eyes and found the fortitude to check TOTO out. She saw exactly what Mike had described. A very quiet and twisted pup with some saliva dribbling from her mouth. Then Rita took command. She placed TOTO in her little box and covered her with one of our best blankets. Next she ran to the telephone and called an emergency mobile pet clinic. The driver of the mobile clinic told her it would take about 45 minutes to arrive at our house and that he didn't have any x-ray equipment on board. But he recommended a nearby veterinarian. With his office closed Rita reached him at home. His name is Eugene L. Kirshbaum, DVM and he operates Angel Nevada Pet Clinic at 1064 East Sahara Ave. Mr. Kirshbaum was given a ten word version of the story and he quickly agreed to meet Rita and TOTO at his clinic immediately. Rita rushed TOTO in. Mr. Kirshbaum put TOTO on a table and began his examination. The diagnosis was told in record time. TOTO had suffered a fractured pelvis bone and would most likely survive if treated in a hospital for about ten days. Rita inquired about the expense and then asked if she couldn't administer the extra loving care herself. The veterinarian agreed to send TOTO home but only under the most rigid conditions of care. Should any internal bleeding occur the first night he was to be summoned immediately.

I arrived home and was greeted with the news that our pup was smacked by an automobile and was barely alive. Some neighborhood kids broke the scoop to me in unison. Then I saw my daughters Bonnie and Michele. Bonnie, the oldest at eight, was visibly upset as she described what happened. Michele, only four who lets everything roll from her back like a turtle, told me that TOTO might die and we had to get another dog. Rita was absolutely a wreck. There she was carefully stroking TOTO as she peered at her gums for signs of internal bleeding. I looked at the pup and was convinced she wouldn't live through the night. Her body was bent out of shape and she was both shivering and gasping. I took the children aside and assured them if anything happened to TOTO we would get another puppy.

Rita stayed with TOTO all night. When it was time for bed she carried the dog to our room and placed her right by her side. When morning came she thought of no one but TOTO. And this lasted for ten days. TOTO's wishes were supreme. She had to be hand fed, bathed, taken out to the back lawn for potty and carried back inside. No one was permitted to make her nervous. Rita ruled with an iron thumb. Nobody was left with TOTO without knowing the rules. TOTO was pampered and loved, cuddled and fed, examined and nursed. Rita gave our dog the devotion of a Florence Nightengale. And it paid off. For now, ten days later, TOTO is up and around. Her fractured pelvis is almost completely healed. She eats heartedly and is as alert as ever. She does favor three legs and walks with a slight limp. She does shiver once and awhile now and might let out with a slight yelp when she is in pain. But the worst is behind and she will become perfectly normal.

The only one who is a total loss is me. During this ten day vigil, I lost about seven pounds from lack of eating and sleeping. I saw very little affection and unless I helped carry out some of the chores in aiding TOTO's recuperation, my own wife wouldn't speak to me. Each night the talk centered around TOTO and her condition. If TOTO didn't make potty that night I was to blame. If TOTO yelped I was found guilty of petting her too hard. As each day passed I was starting to wonder if my wife was going nuts. All this care for a mere pup we had only known for a few months. Now as TOTO scampers around the house kissing everybody as usual, I realize what a responsibility it is having a dog. You keep him for better or worse just like a wife. If the pooch is smart that's fine. If the canine is a dumb as a fruitcake, that's your tough luck. You take in a dog as you take in any member of your family. The good times are fun and the hardships are shared! Our TOTO is well now and my wife Rita proved to everyone who knows her that she is capable of kindness, wisdom and motherhood, something that I have known all along.