



# QUOTH THE MAVEN

BY BEVERLY KING POLLOCK

## Nice to have Kids Home

The past weekend had to be particularly special. Because it was the last time all our children would be home together as a single family for Thanksgiving. For our older daughter's getting married in a couple months.

Right off on Wednesday we started with the crucial decision making. Not on the menu; that's the same and everybody's favorite each year. The big problem was that both our son and daughter were arriving in the city at the same time. By plane and by car. And we couldn't be at home and at the airport at the same time.

We knew the minute our daughter stepped out of the car, she'd be right away talking to her younger sister, brother and "You-know-who" all at the same time. So my husband and I decided to pick up our older son at the airport.

For we knew the minute we got that boy, er, man into our car, he'd be our captive for 35 minutes until we got home.

Our son was a cooperative captive. He talked about his new life as a teacher for the disadvantaged. And we talked a little too. The hardest part for me was trying not to pinch his cheek.

The minute we got home my son first said "Hello" to everybody and second said "Goodbye, I'm leaving."

My newly arrived daughter said, "You-know-who" and I are leaving too. We gotta

# Movie Time

BY MIKE TELL

Sunday Bloody Sunday

I would like to introduce a new column in the Las Vegas Israelite. Every week I will pick the movie of the week playing locally in our city. It is not picked necessarily as the best flick in town, just the one I happened to see. This week Lloyd Katz invited me to see "Sunday

Bloody Sunday" at the Guild Theatre.

If you wanted to know the busy gossip on the telephone in England, the bi-sexual life of a Jewish English doctor, a bi-sexual artist inventor, a little girl's dog getting run over, a Bar-Mitzvah, and flashes of a doctor at work combined with a family of confused sensual love; you can't miss Sunday Bloody Sunday...

## ISRAELITE ADS PAY

meet some friends in 15 minutes."

My younger daughter said she sure was glad she had stayed home so she could be with her big brother and sister. And my husband said how nice it was to have the kids home again.

That night I found myself staying awake until I heard both the door close and the car pull into the garage. And when both children came in about the same time, I thought I would get up and talk to them.

But before I got to the kitchen I heard my son say to my daughter, "I want to talk to you." So I decided just to mention where the chopped liver was stashed away in the refrigerator.

I made a point of announcing I was going to bed right away and my daughter asked how could I be tired. "Did you stay up all night for an exam too?"

Perish forbid I should announce I was being a martyr. For I do relish the time I spend with the kids. But I feel it is equally important for them to remain close to each other. And sometimes they can do it best by sharing their bubbeh meices without me.

The next day I got up early to cook and my husband got up early to talk to the children who managed to sleep through the morning. "Sure is nice to have the kids home," my husband said and played with the dog.

Then he and the dog raced through the house barking and the children came alive and so did we.

Modestly I admit the Thanksgiving meal was my best. For a change the white meat from the turkey wasn't dry; my stuffing was superb, the chopped liver smashing -- did the pilgrims have chopped liver? -- and my lemon chiffon pie a michayeh. We invited no one outside our family group and we laughed and told old family stories and laughed some more.

When dinner was over, I assumed my usual position in front of the kitchen sink. "Here let me do the dishes," my daughter said. "I feel guilty."

I continued washing. And my daughter said, "You'd better let me do 'em now because in 10 seconds I won't feel guilty anymore."

Later our children's friends dropped over and kissed hello and started playing party games. Since no one made noises or cleared throats to my husband and me, we stayed and played the games too.

Then it was late and the guests had to leave and everybody said how nice it was to talk and Thanksgiving was over.

I finished washing the dishes myself.

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