

Established in 1965 by Jack Tell

LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE
 (USPS) (305-220) of Nevada
 "One Man Plus The Truth" "Constitutes A Majority"

The Only English-Jewish Newspaper in Nevada
 P.O. Box 14096 Las Vegas, Nevada 89114
 Published Bi-Weekly in Las Vegas, Nevada
 Price per copy 15¢ - Per year \$7 - 2 years \$12
 PHONE 702/876-1255

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 PUBLICATION NUMBER 305220
 2nd Class Postage Paid in Las Vegas, Nevada
 4167 Tara, Las Vegas, Nevada 89102

POSTMASTER, send change of address orders to
 P.O. Box 14096, Las Vegas, Nev. 89114
 Member of World-Union Press
 Member of American Jewish Press Association
 Member of Worldwide News Service
 Now in 17th Year of Continuous Publication
 Serving the Jewish Community of State of Nevada



Labor Day 1981

BY RABBI MARC H. TANENBAUM

Labor Day marks the inexorable end of summer vacation, but it is also the occasion for facing the human problems of working people who confront the anxieties of inflation and unemployment.

Jewish tradition identifies very strongly with the laborer, whom it regards as a co-partner with God in the work of creation. Judaism therefore would support the need to face realistically basic issues and to look creatively for imaginative solutions to our problems, not only for the welfare of labor, but as well for the well-being of America.

With all the badmouthing flung at America these days in anti-capitalistic polemics from Communist and some Third World nations, it is of more than passing interest to observe that America, with all its admitted failings is still the most productive nation in the world. The proletariat Utopia called the Soviet Union ironically comes repeatedly to America for millions of tons of wheat, corn and soybeans in order to feed the Soviet and East European masses.

Obviously the United States is doing something right. At the core of the right-doing, I submit is the freedom of the working people whose dignity, status and rights are a bedrock feature of American democracy which the brave people of Poland are now seeking to realize. There is obvious and compelling need to meet the pressing unemployment and poverty needs of millions of Americans, but Labor Day reminds us that a democratic society can and must meet those needs without compromising human dignity and freedom.

Behind The Scenes

At The United Nations

By David Horowitz

A World-Union Press Feature

UN Presidency

UNITED NATIONS (WUP) -- The presidency of the General Assembly, rotating regionally on an annual basis, this year goes to Asia and there appear to be four states aspiring for the post: Bangladesh, Iraq, Singapore and Syria. Interestingly, Iraq has won the support of Saudi Arabia while Syria is backed by the Soviet Union, Bangladesh, while friendly with the USSR, is pro-Western, and Singapore is in a similar position. Tommy Koh, Singapore's Ambassador, in the view of this writer, would make a good president. The one drawback lies in the fact that he is currently president of the Law of the Sea Conference, a post that takes much of his time away. However, he is well qualified for the presidency of the 36th session.

Abdul Halim Khaddam is the Syrian candidate

and Ismat Kattani is Iraq's choice for the post. A former Under-Secretary-General here at the UN, he now served in Baghdad's Foreign Ministry.

Ambassador Khwaja Mohammed Kaiser represents Bangladesh, one of the poorest countries in the world. It is the consensus of the press here that Kaiser stands a good chance of emerging a victor in the race for the presidency of the 36th session opening next Tuesday, September 15.

What we have, then, if four Third World candidates and, if Tommy Koh doesn't make it, the Soviet and pro-Arab blocs will have a champion of theirs presiding over their deliberations and Israel's delegation will have a real battle on its hands. As in previous years, the UN agenda is spotted with a number of items offering Israel's perennial enemies ample ammunition with which to spew their poisonous venom.

A preview of what we may expect from the 36th session has been given us by Prof. Michael Curtis who teaches Political Science at Rutgers University. In an exposition appearing in a recent issue of the Middle East Review, which is published by the American Academic Association for Peace in the Middle East Prof. Curtis presents this picture:

"The unending torrent of hundreds of anti-Israeli resolutions in the Security Council and the General Assembly has provided the occasion for the verbal onslaughts on Israel that have become a predictable part of the life of the UN. On December 14, 1980, the General Assembly, for the fourth time in three years -- and expect it this year also -- called for the stoppage of trade with Israel unless it withdrew from occupied Arab lands. The only encouragement Israel could draw from this particular resolution is that only 98 countries voted for it, while 16 voted against and 32 abstained.

King of One Liners



HENNY YOUNGMAN

...Man of Many Talents.

I'M NOT OVERWEIGHT, I'M JUST SIX INCHES TOO SHORT.

TELL TALES

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clear air, and a priceless relaxed pace. Guadalajara, the pearl of Mexico, probably is the largest city in the world without a hint of heavy industry. No giant factories or billowing smokestacks. Only blue skies, clean streets, friendly people, museums, art galleries, "delicious" food and drink, and a vibrant economy. Above all, a romantic mood symbolized by alluring mountains and lakes, enhanced with troupes of Mariachi trumpet players serenading the senoritas.

After six weeks it became evident the L.A. Tells had more than a vacation, but not nearly enough time to get a meaningful "feel" for living there.

So, we kissed Alice's relatives goodbye, returned their graciously loaned car, gave up our furnished apartment, folded our street map, and reverted from "residents" back to tourists, flying to Mazatlan en route to our Southern California home and hamper.

"Spare no expense," we told ourselves, on this last fling. We were determined to "cap" an exciting but exhausting summer with three glorious days of pampering. The Mazatlan Camino Real Hotel has a reputation as a foremost sportfishing resort in North America.

Friday and Saturday went smoothly enough, complete with a Vegas-style extravaganza ("Fiesta Mexicana") which rivals the Lido de Paris. Informality and relaxation, seductive cuisine and music, pool and ocean swimming, and storybook ocean sunsets.

Sunday we saved for deer-sea fishing. Private charter, the works. Sunrise to 3 p.m. with ample time to make our 6:45 flight to L.A.

By 10:30 a.m. we caught a 25-pound Dorado (Dolphin), a delicacy. Our "captain," who later admitted being drunk, and his inexperienced 2-man "crew" could not re-start the motor.

Seven hours of drifting later -- with no radio, no lights (so an after-dark search would be useless), no flares, no horn and no real tools -- we and our children were in serious trouble.

"At least we'll all go together," Alice whispered.

We counted life jackets -- only five for the seven lives aboard. Quietly, we searched below and found an old knife. Without telling Alice, we hid it just in case it became them or us.

A 360-degree view of endless Pacific. Alone and scared, but together.

Then a serious situation worsened to a desperate plight. In attempts to repair the engine, the "captain" broke the fuel line, which sprayed diesel fuel all over the engine and deck! One spark and the boat could be blown out of the water. Or catch fire. No extinguisher, natch.

Kids vomiting we could handle, but how do you

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