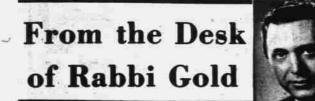
July 30, 1965



The article printed below came to my attention. I am happy to share it with you.

Man's achievements in the control of the forces of nature have been tremendous in the last few centuries. In every domain of the physical world we have made almost incredible progress, Now, as never before, we look upon a world over which we exercise control.

In speaking of this matter with a group of people recently, I heard a man speak with pride of our mastery of the universe. Surely this is something of which to be proud. The speaker, however, like many others, failed to understand that this alone is not the whole of life, Holding the forces of nature in our hands is not an automatic assurance that thereby we will attain happiness. It should be understood that often we are better off not by mastering forces but rather through being mastered by them. Some of the greatest contributions to human welfare have been made by those who were not masters but slaves to a great ideal.

You need but look at a great musician, an artist or a scientist. Of such people it can be said not that they mastered their branch of learning but rather that it mastered them. Upon the altar of their great interest, they are willing to sacrifice comforts, tranquility, often even life

itself.

A person like Toscanini can be more truly said to have been mastered by music than to have mastered it. He was its slave. The same thing applies to an artist like Van Gogh, and it is also the test of a truly religious person. To be a servant of a great ideal is no disgrace. Standing before the Ark on the Sabbath, the Jew says: "I am the servant of the Holy One, Blessed be He." To be so carried away by a great emotion as to completely lose oneself in it, is to attain happiness. One may like to swim and master the waves yet it is a delight sometimes to yield oneself to the water and to allow it

Life without enthusiasm is pale and dull. But what do we mean by enthusiasm. The work in its original Greek meaning denotes, "being possessed by God," i.e., being mastered by godliness.

to carry you.

We often hear people asy to one who is eager about a project, "Don't go over-board." But if you're in a boat you will not be able to swim if you don't go overboard. A rational understanding of the forces of life may give us mastery but a sensitive appreciation of them will impress us with life's mystery.

It is not always good to be a master. It often helps to be a servant.



suffer the fate of Pompey, excavators of a later millenium would know that our country was influenced by Judaism.

How would they know? They would tell from the names of Americans.

Although the English language is derived from Latin, through its offsprings French and Spanish, and from German, many American names are taken directly from Hebrew

As a result, may people talk Hebrew without knowing

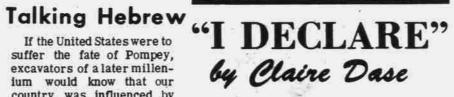
If you have a friend David, when you address him you are saying a Hebrew word. It means Beloved.

When his mother called Benjamin Franklin she was talking Hebrew. As almost everyone knows Ben is the Hebrew word for "son of." Benjamin means sone of the right hand.

Indeed, you are being Hebraic when you mention the little town of Bethlehem, either the one in the Holy Land or in Pennsylvania, For beth means house of, and lehen is the Hebrew word for bread, as you also know if you've ever said the blessing before eating.

You're talking Hebrew when you say Ruth or Daniel or Samuel or Michael or Gabriel or Judity, etc.

So if those future archeologists were digging up the ruins of 20th century United States and weren't sure whether our nation was a spiritual descendant of the ancient Israelites, they would get affirmative answer their they uncovered the whne names of our last three presidents.



We wish Larry Harmell in Sacramento, California, all the best in his new posi- and 1967 will se those who tion at the Riviers

A delightful luncheon was held at the home of Pat Friedkin recently in honor of Muriel Melkin, mother of Mickey O'Riner. The table was set with "Guess who fits the tag" name places, and there were many for whom it took a little time. In the midst of the festivities, hubby "Dick" Friedkin of Food Fair, came in to say Hi, and to greet the family pet Susie, pride that the local chapter

The B'nai Brith convention long planned, arrived and came off successful. It was the largest and best to date. My hat off to the Dunes hotel, and it's staff for being so very co-operative. Much was decided, and even more from all of us. was learnt by those who attended the workshops and business sessions. The in- lte a good friend after his stallation of the women's officers was a delight and joy to all who were there. Much affection and good wishes go to Chick Roudberg, Presi-dent for the coming year, and to her entire board. To Judge Lenore D. Underwood, who did the installing, may she have a happy 75th birthday in December, and many more years to follow. To Margerette Roudibeaux, the secretary, and to Hannah Rome, you were a credit and joy to the complete organization. To the outgoing Sylvia Hersch, as a councillor you will still be an example to all who follow, and one feels sure that you will be going on to even bigger things. The following con-



can attend in Hawaii. To our own local Eileen Brookman, you did a wonderful job, and the local chapter, president Toby Artman and her girls were a shining example of hospitality and warmth to all whowere here. This organization is one of the oldest and most respected in the entire world for it's service to all of humanity in every channel. It deserves every support in what ever it does. It is with received two awards for a 15% increase in membership, and collecting 49 new

Jean Sherwin in hospital Mt. Sinaai having surgery on her leg. A speedy get well

members this past year.

Get well wishes to Sid Peibout with the knife. Much

love to you.

Saw Ida Schwartz mother of the Schwartz Bros. boys at the banquet for B'nai Brith just recently, sitting with her Aunt Minnie, Would like to see you both more often.

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The U.SY, on wheels was in town Thursday night, 46 youngsters and four chaperones were on the bus. Although very tired after arriving two hours late, they cleaned their plates of chicken, prepared by the Dvoraks, and it looked as if they could have eaten the bones, so much the better. (One youngster remarked they were getting Tuna til it came out of their ears ... well done Las Vegas, you broke the monotony). They danced wildly until curfew time in the Social hall at Temple Beth Sholom to the beat(??) of the Savages after, and the rafters literally rang. Thanks must be given to Danny Goldfarb and the entire committee that took care of these children and housed them overnight .. One regret, would have liked to have seen them remain over for a Friday night service.





