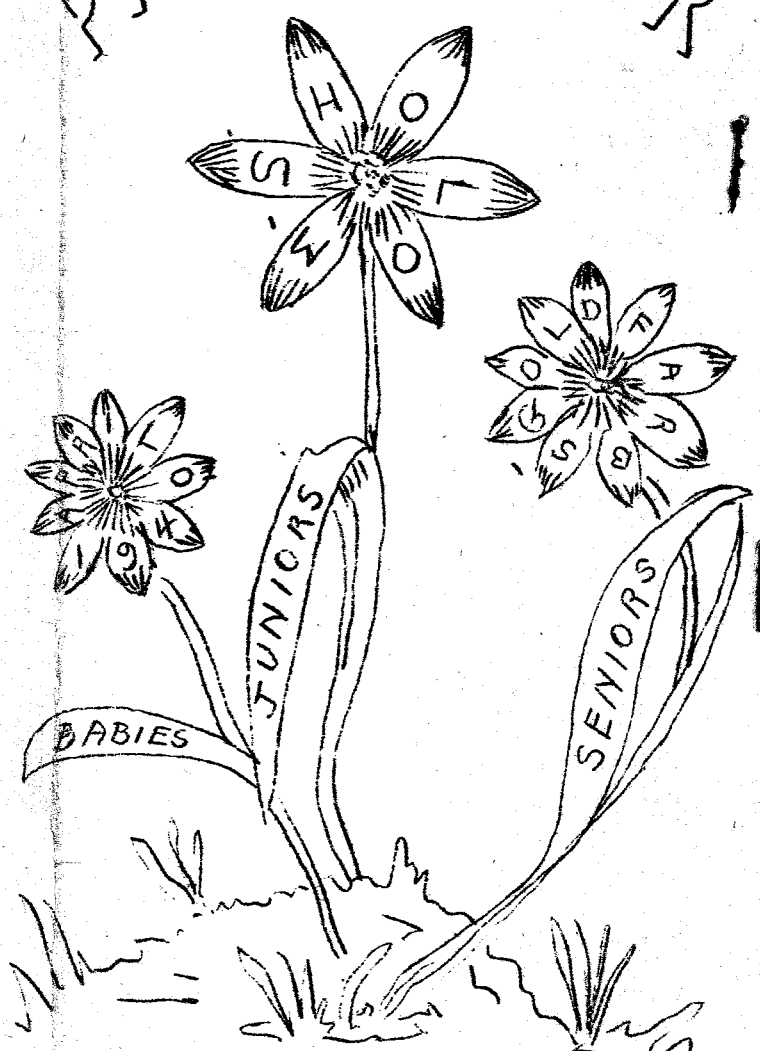


PASSOVER



BULLETIN

A PASSOVER MESSAGE

"For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;"

Yes, the winter is past, The long, cold, hard winter has gone,- the winter of struggle, of strife, and of bitterness, and the troubled world stands on the brink of a new spring. Once again Judaism is about to welcome the Passover Festival. But mingled with the sounds of the chirping of birds, and the reawakening of nature will be the whizzing of airplanes and the howling of bombs. Mingled with the joy of freedom will be the groans of slavery. Mingled with the strains of happiness will be the moans of despair, for the spring that is facing mankind may perhaps be the most dismal, the most bloody, the most unhappy in modern times.

And from the trembling lips of suffering Israel there arises a cry unto God in Heaven, "Dayenu! Oh, Lord, it would have been enough!" If the Nazi crime against Jewry had been continued in Germany without becoming more ruthlessly cruel and more widespread day by day, it would have been enough! If England had merely restricted immigration to Palestine without heartlessly curtailing the entire Jewish expansion program, it would have been enough! If mankind had merely suffered spiritually from the pangs of dissension and distrust without being cast into the depths of a bloody and costly war, it would have been enough!

es, God, verily, Dayenu! It would have been enough!

ny one of these afflictions would have been sufficient to try our souls and test our spirits, but under the combined load of all, the bent back of Jewry seems about to break. And then, the Passover comes, - the festival of a million treasured memories, the story of the transformation of a slave people into a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.

In Egypt, "עָבָדְנוּ לְפָרֹעַ בְּמִצְרַיִם" "We were slaves unto Pharaoh

But the Lord our God brought us out from there with a strong hand and with an outstretched arm". And the miracle of salvation once more unfolds before our eyes. Once more we see the slave people marching into freedom. We see the bent backs straightening, the bruised souls healing, the disillusioned eyes brightening. And we remember that bitter as is the lot of world Jewry today, the lot of our fathers was more bitter. Just as tortured Jewry today feels the lash, so did our fathers in Egypt.

"But the Lord our God brought them out of there with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm."

Pharaoh enslaved the ancient Israelites. God and Moses brought freedom.

Hitler enslaved modern Jewry. God will bring freedom.

We greet the festival of Passover with hope and with faith, hope for the future,- faith in the strength of our people, and in the mercy and lovingkindness of our God.

"For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
And the time of singing is come."

.., Rabbi Irving Lehrman

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE!

A Testimonial Dinner was given in honor of Rabbi and Mrs. Israel Goldfarb on Sunday, March 3rd, to mark the 35th Anniversary of their association with Congregation Beith Israel Anshei Emes, Brooklyn's oldest synagogue.

The assemblage included not only their congregants, but a host of friends and a good representation from the Goldfarb Family Society who "quelled" at Cousin Israel's beautiful and moving response to the warm tributes that were paid to his qualities of leadership, his important contributions to the field of Jewish music, and his unique gift for spiritual guidance. Many a tear was wiped furtively away as he spoke of the indelible imprint made by the teachings of his father, Feter N' Daniel Dovid, and his dear departed mother, Mima Malya, to whom he attributed an influence that had inspired not only his feeling for the ministry, but one that had shaped his entire attitude toward life.

Cousins Fannie and Israel were each presented a beautiful gift in appreciation of the service they had rendered the community. How widely their influence had made itself felt was attested by the impressive array of dignitaries who graced the occasion and by the scores of congratulatory messages that poured in all evening. The entire proceedings were permeated with a warmth that gave eloquent evidence of the esteem and devotion that our Cousins had won for themselves.

On behalf of the Goldfarb Family Society we should like to bespeak for them many, many more years of happy companionship and fruitful labors together in their chosen field!



RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS OR

LIFE AT 789 ST. MARKS AVENUE, BKLYN.

The "789" omelette unscrambles itself long enough to show us its component parts on a typical Friday night:

The eggs (and all good ones, too!) comprising the omelette: the Jaspans: Uncle Isaac, Aunt Esther, Joe, Ruth and Norman in 19F; the Michelmans: Abe, Hannah, Henry David (Butch to you) and Muriel in 21F; the Altermans- Monty and Leah in 22F.

Comes Friday night and everyone is "shabbos dick" and hungry!

The Jaspans are the first to finish dinner followed by the Altermans and the Michelmans respectively. Into the Alterman apartment march, without ringing of course, two or three Jaspans, to inquire what the dessert is. Finding it not to their liking they, including Monty and Leah, proceed to find out what the Michelmans are using for dessert and community "benching". Led by Abe's beautiful baritone we do all right for ourselves. Then, a walk, but not without a loud and prolonged protest from Monty, whose feet hurt and whose stomach is full. But he is out-voted and overpowered. So it's up to Eastern Parkway with the boys and "handsome" Abe is in his glory. He can window-shop for bargains. He can smell a bargain in soap, corn flakes or razor blades 3 blocks before he comes to it.

Home at last to another light "smack" at the Jaspans. And do we do justice to "arbos", beer, pie, cake, cookies and tea! Uncle Isaac presides at one end of the table, Aunt Esther at the other end, - and between an assortment of nephews, nieces, sons and daughters. And are they proud and happy! The conversation is fast, light, snappy, covering a wide range of topics from Norman's appendix to Muriel's last feeding. So it goes on into the
(continued on next page)

night until it's "Good Shabbos" and each family homeward plods its weary way, across the hall,- and so to bed!

P.S. Flash! With so much marital bliss being flaunted before his soulful eyes, Joe Jaspán has decided not to be left out in the cold, so he went and done it- his engagement to Rosalyn Richman has just been announced- Mazel Tov! Joe has already started to serenade on his piccolo, the occupants of Apt. 20F in the hope that they will move so that he can move in, just to be near his mother - the sissy! So far, the only threat to move has come from the Michelmans and the Altermans.

...Monty Alterman

* * * * *

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE GOLDFARBS

Dear Cousins:

Socially, the Goldfarb Jrs. have lagged far behind in comparison to the splendid organization and excellent zeal shown by their elders. Personally, i am not in favor of combined meetings,- East and West, young and old, find too little in common to mingle often in social intercourse on a harmonic basis. I heartily favor a combined meeting of Seniors and Juniors in a large enough auditorium suitable to the occasion, at least twice a year.

With the whole-hearted cooperation and flaming enthusiasm of its younger element solidly behind it, the Goldfarb Society will inevitably grow in leaps and bounds. Our parents (God bless and preserve them) are doing their parts - and nobly so! Now it is up to the Juniors to bestir themselves, to take more interest! With the formation of their own governing body (not under the benign influence of a common president) the general interest of the younger element must needs rise.

Hoping to hear your varied opinions to this suggestion through the medium of the Goldfarb Bulletin I remain,

Sincerely,
Cousin Al Schechter

* * * * *

Life begins at 21F as the son and heir, very sociable and conversational, queries the whys and wherefores of this best of all possible worlds. What matter that there are none to comprehend and solve a young man's perplexities? He pauses now and then to listen for the Alterman's alarm clock. Perhaps that will induce a general awakening on the sixth floor.

Hark! Activity stirs at 22F. The Altermans, aided (?) and assisted (??) by their new and muchly-admired electrical equipment are busily preparing a business couple's light breakfast. Whiz! Whiz! Buzz! Buzz! blaes the electric mix-master as it squirts fresh orange juice up into the new bride's anxious and anguished eyes. Buzz! Buzz! Siz! goes the shiny toaster as it disdainfully tosses up two slices of "chaloh" strongly maintaining its hold on the bumpy outer edges and burning them to an unpalatable carbon as though in haughty protest at being asked to harbor something so unsightly and unshapely.

Ban! Smash! goest the insecurely anchored glass top of the percolator as once again it drops out of the cover, this time smashing to smithereens, to the tune of the bride's mumbled mutterings!

Time marches on. Breakfast, consisting of two measures of orange juice (an equal amount having been distributed on the numerous gadgets and their environs in the course of preparation) two rolls gypped from the grocery bag in front of 19F, the Jaspans apartment, (in fervent gratitude that they are later risers) and coffee served in a good old reliable "fendel" disposed of, the young wife bids her spouse a hurried and absent-minded farewell.

...Leah G. Alterman

* * * * *

Editor's note: The sixth floor of # 789 St. Marks Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, marks the heavenly abode of three families of the Goldfarb Society, namely, the Jaspans, the Michelmans and the Altermans.

THE GOLDFARB BULLETIN is issued from time to time, by the Goldfarb Society. Publication Office: 66 East 111th Street. Editor..... Sophia G. Rhine Associates... Fred E. Grantz Abraham I. Spero

THE PURIM SUDAH

Purim night found Clinton Street overcrowded with cars. The Goldfarb family was hurrying to find place to park, to rush into the Purim Sudah at Uncle Israel's. Included in this rush was Sam Schechter with his recently bought automobile.

VOL. III NO. II
New York, Friday, April 19th, 1940

CONGRATULATIONS

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

Vivian Brandwein
Emanuel Ebbin
Florence Nancy Goldfarb
Hannah Kneitel
Molly Kneitel
Stuart Saul Weltz

Grandpa, his usual sweet self, assisted the Uncles in their customary singing. Little David Lehrman was on hand to uphold the tradition of "no age limit" on Purim. His mother, Belle even permitted him to have a drink- of whiskey- and his cowboy outfit was very attractive too.

MAY BIRTHDAYS

Lena Grantz
Sophia G. Rhine
Hannah Schechter
Shy Schechter
Belle Shapiro

After partaking of the delicious cakes, strudel, nuent, homintashin, macaroons and other delicacies prepared by the Aunts, and, by the way Machitenista Spero didn't forget us this year as usual with her Cleveland cake, the younger set went upstairs for entertainment.

* * * * *

A SPEEDY RECOVERY

Our heartiest wishes for a speedy recovery are extended to Cousin Lena Grantz. May G-d grant her a 'R'fuah Sh'laimoh' and may she be spared unto us for many, many years.

Uncle Earl did very well as master of ceremonies. He managed to call on representatives from every part of town. Aunt Billie and Uncle Sol at the piano, our own Deanna Durbin (Joy Goldfarb) the Schechter quartet harmonizing, made the evening's program an enjoyable one, replete with home talent.

We were happy to learn that Cousin Cella Drazin (nee Hoenig) from Baltimore, Md. is convalescing from her recent serious operation. Our very best wishes for a complete and speedy recovery.

We missed however, Aunt Lena and Uncle Aaron who were celebrating Purim in the circle of their own immediate family. We were thrilled to learn that Hansa and Irving had pleasantly surprised them on Purim day by flying in from California.

* * * * *

CONDOLENCE

We extend our sincere sympathy to Harry Weltz, upon the loss of his father, this week. May G-d grant him the balm of His healing comfort and may he know of no more sorrow.

May we all spend joyous Purim days together, for many, many long years to come.

....Edna Rhine

* * * * *

NEXT MEETING

Junior and Senior Goldfarbs are asked to reserve Sunday, May 5th, for the next meeting of the Goldfarb Society at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kaiser. Another reminder will be sent out a week prior to the meeting. Don't forget the date!

* * * * *