

GOLDFARB
FAMILY
SOCIETY

CO
U
L
L
I
N

CHANUKAH
1944

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Dear Cousins:

To have been elevated to such an honorary place in your midst, has indeed afforded me great pleasure. I will extend every effort to merit the confidence and trust you have placed in me.

It is only fitting that a tribute, justifiably so, be paid to the outgoing officers of this organization, who have served so conscientiously and have given unstintingly of their time and energy. To them, I say, "Accept our heartfelt thanks for your loyalty and devotion". To our perennial secretary, Sophia Rhine, enough cannot ever be said in praise and appreciation of her untiring efforts, in behalf of our society.

Let us begin this new season by looking ahead, unifying our thoughts, and through a concerted effort make our organization a stronger and better one. There is so much that has to be done and so much that we, acting together, can do. The Goldfarb Society shall rightfully take its place in the sphere of charitable endeavors and earn for itself the respect and gratitude it so richly will merit.

Sincerely,

Sid
SIDNEY SHAPIRO

DON'T FORGET TO RESERVE

Saturday evening, Jan. 20th,

for our Card Party!

Bring your friends!

*

(Editor's note: As we went to press, we received the following V-mail letter from Lt. Arnold Kneitel, son of Mr. & Mrs. Harry Kenitel. We quote it now, for your enjoyment.)

November 26, 1944.

Dear Cousins:

I was in for quite a treat today at mail call when your package arrived. The package took a circuitous route until it arrived at my present base in a better than average condition despite its long trip. It was packed well and filled with the things one of men, namely me, can use over here. Yes, that Gefilte Fish was my first over here in these nine long mos.

But it isn't the material things that I found in the package that gave me the real pleasure out of its receipt. You notice above I made a statement saying that I should have known it was coming. I said it because I have known the Goldfarbs as a clan that doesn't forget one of itssons. Receiving the gift did not constitute the sole enjoyment I had from it. It was the knowledge that us men overseas are still very deeply remembered in the minds and hearts of the relatives who love us. While this is very important to the men back in the States it is even more important to those on the fighting fronts. I therefore want to thank you most heartedly for the package and its delicious contents.

What ever became of the Goldfarb Bulletin that was published periodically? Has it been disbanded for lack of staff or lack of subject matter? That little paper did quite a good deal in helping us who are away to keep up with the current affairs in the family. Its back to work for me now so I'll close by sending my love from the ETO.

Your cousin,
Arnold
ARNOLD

GOLDFARB BULLETIN published by the Goldfarb Family Society, Publication Office: 355 Troy Avenue, Brooklyn 13, N. Y. SLocum 6-1991.

Editor Sophia G. Rhine

Vol. VII No. 1
Monday, Dec. 11, 1944 25thKislev5705

SWEET FRUITS

We are happy to present to you, after a silence of almost two yrs. (time does fly, doesn't it?) the BULLETIN!

Sometimes news really doesn't travel fast, and what with one thing and another, our dear cousin, Lt. Arnold Kneitel, very innocently asks, "Whatever became of the Goldfarb Bulletin?" (see his column elsewhere in the Bulletin)

Our answer to Arnold is: "We (editorial "we") were on a maternity leave!

As we write this, the Bulletin is already, Boruch Hashem in its final stages, having already gone thru the usual routine of firstly, polite requests for contributions; then, gentle reminders that the deadline is about approaching; then a little buzz on the telephone; followed by an anonymous quiz card, plus another telephone call, this time a little more urgent (those in the know will recall all these familiar cajolings). These coaxings and chidings generally result in an avalanche of letters of apology, pleas for more time, or pleas for complete exoneration. If we are more fortunate, we receive Special Deliveries, Air Mails and even Long Distance calls, etc.

"Es kocht sich!" Something is happening! The Goldfarbs are waking up! By this time the editor is completely fagged out and ready to go to bed! Only by sheer luck will a divorce in the family be avoided! Mr. Editor claims that

Mrs. Editor is spending too many sleepless nights, pouring over "Goldfarbism", what with spending additional time between and during feedings, diaper changes, and morning and afternoon airings, etc.

However, everything comes to him who waits and our patience has been rewarded. We thank you!

* * * * *

OUR NEXT MEETING

The next regular meeting of the Goldfarb Family Society will be held on Saturday evening, December 23rd, 1944 at our regular meeting place.

Mr. & Mrs. Albert Goldfarb have graciously volunteered to act as host and hostess of the evening, in honor of the recent marriage of their daughter, Gertrude to Mr. Samuel Welkes.

We all anticipate a most pleasant evening and urge you to make every effort to join us in this "simcha".

* * * * *

OUR CARD PARTY

All arrangements have been completed for our forthcoming Card Party to be held at the JCH, on Saturday evening, January 20th.

Tickets are priced at the nominal sum of \$1.00 each. As you all know, the proceeds will go as our contribution towards the wonderful work which the Jewish Welfare Board is doing for our boys in the Service.

A pleasant atmosphere, congenial company and tasty refreshments spell the makings of a grand evening. Add your bit by bringing your friends and help us make it a financial success as well!

THE ETERNAL COMMEMORATION OF A STRUGGLE

.. Sidney B. Hoenig

The battle for liberty of conscience, one which is waged anew in every generation of Jewish history and which is even mirrored in our own day in many a dictatorial state, is zealously maintained by the traditional celebration of the Hasmonean feast on the 25th day of Kislev for a period of eight days.

A moment of liberty is deserving of days of illumination and joy. Judah had extinguished the scorching blaze of the Hellenizers, but had kindled anew the torch of Jewish hope for the generations which followed him.

The Chanukah lights are usually kindled immediately after dark. This is not merely because night has fallen. Rather is it to impress upon minds of all the ancient struggle of Light over Darkness. When dusk falls and all about is gloomy, when the days are short and darkness overcast, at the very moment when the Winter solstice occurs and cold envelops the creatures of the earth, a tiny ray of light and a minute spark of warmth is rekindled. The yearning in one's heart is not left barren. Every consecutive evening, the number of lights is increased and with it grows the Faith in Light.

Since time immemorial the Jew has been the Servant of Light and has maintained in the face of any overwhelming storm, his own Light of Liberty and Conscience. Like the Hasmonean of old, the Jew of today regards his light as a Perpetual Lamp. He is ever ready to rededicate himself at any moment's call for the eternal battle for freedom of worship. To the descendants of the prophets and sages of old, Education (Hinuch) and Dedication (Chanukah) spring from the same root and well of inspiration. By adhering unflinchingly to these both—his ideals, his tiny glow may become some day an eternal lamp to cast its rays upon the entire world.

So closely attached is the Jew to his Chanukah light that he never uses it in a profane manner or for ordinary work. It is sacred, for it is a symbol of The Light That Cannot Fail. Only to look upon this light is to recall the Maccabean struggle of 2,000 years ago. A glimpse at the candle light gives direction, courage and inspiration for the future.

With such lofty thoughts in his mind does the Jew kindle his Chanukah lamp. He places his Menorah on the window sill. Let it be seen by all! Let his love for light and liberty be visible! Let his Dedication to Divine Destiny be published abroad! In most cases his Menorah is placed on the left side of his door so that he who enters will walk between the Mezuzah on the right doorpost and the Chanukah light at his left hand. Thus does the descendant of the ancient Hasmoneans ever walk between Faith symbolized by the Mezuzah and Light of Peace revealed by his Lamp.

We are confident that "Ba yanin ha'hame, bazman haze—what occurred in those days will be repeated at this time." The light has not failed, cannot fail, and will not fail.

December 6th, 1944

Dear Cousins:

I don't know whether or not Sophia, when she asked me to write a message for this bulletin, expected a real rabbinical formal Chanukah-dik one. However, what Goldfarb (kein einhara) needs my preaching? So I shall make this instead a cousinly chat.

Even though so many hundreds of miles separate us, we want you to know that we are still members of the Goldfarb family, and out of sight is definitely not out of mind.

This Miami of ours is really a wonderful place and we feel singularly fortunate in having been blessed with the privilege of making it our home. It boasts all the romantic glamour of the tropics -- heavenly blue skies, waving palms, glorious sunshine (plus the Miami moon, of course!), combined with a population which is a cross section of the entire country and which makes us very cosmopolitan indeed.

But if you have visions of the Lehrmans lolling idly in the tropical sands and enjoying the beauties of the ocean, forget them fast. My life here is one continuous round of rush, rush, rush. As a matter of fact one can always distinguish the tourist with his gorgeous tan from the native who is pale and wan. In that respect, I am afraid we are definitely natives.

Actually, we wouldn't ~~be~~ age with any one for all the world. As a matter of fact we have more of our relatives in our home more often here than we ever did when we lived in Montclair, just 30 minutes from Times Square. Within a comparatively short time we had the pleasure of being hosts to Thelma, Mitchell and Sara Rubinow (Jamaica), Hansa and Irving Goldstone (California), and Gertrude and Samuel Welkes (Manhattan) and the new season is just about getting started.

And if ever an organization reflected the lushness of the tropics our Center does. It paints the most glowing picture of American Jewry anyone could want to see. We have three large minyanim daily, overflowing attendances Saturday mornings, standing room only Friday evenings and a religious school of over 400 children. Miami is definitely a growing community with a good solid baalbatish foundation of fine people who live here and make their homes here on a year round basis. The tourists represent the icing, and a very pretty pink one it is, too.

But enough of this chatter. Bella joins me in sending best wishes to all of you. May the spirit of Chanukah inspire us with courage and renewed faith in the victory of right and the speedy attainment of peace and happiness for all mankind.

Cordially,

IRVING LEHRMAN

P.S.

If my words make Miami sound very enticing-- please remember there's a war on, and absolutely no apartments to be had!

Dear Boys:

You must all know by now that your cousin Gertrude Goldfarb is married and that your new cousin is Sam Welkes and a very nice guy! I've been asked to write you all about the wedding. I'm going to do my very best.

In the first place, the wedding was held on Sunday, October 29th, 1944 at the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue. (That's because of the Sephardic influence in our family. Victory felt that since he was the only Sephardi in the Goldfarb family, he'd do his very best, at least to contaminate some of its other members.) Well, he succeeded alright. The wedding was strictly Sephardic, with Dr. D. de Sola Pool performing and Victor Tarry as best man (just to see that things went smoothly- although he was far from smooth himself. We've been told that of the whole procession, Victor was the only nervous looking one.) You see, he didn't know if the Goldfarbs would take this sitting down, but I can assure you we did him proud. Why, even Uncle Joe refrained from taking out his black mustache even once!

After the best man walked in, the groom walked down the aisle with his father and sister and looked very handsome. Then came a little bridesmaid all in pink and then I came. They tell me I walked in looking very proud. Well, if you'd ever been a Matron of Honor and had to walk down an aisle that seemed at least a mile long and all alone, and had to worry about not tripping on a long gown,- you'd be afraid to look anyone in the eye too. Then came the bride who was really lovely in her beautiful chiffon and lace gown and her lovely veil, and she was led down the aisle by two very charming people, who fitted the occasion beautifully. Aunt Martha looked adorable in her long gown and matching feathered hat and Uncle Al in his cut-away and top hat. I was afraid that at any moment, Father (Uncle Al) would break away and start to dance a waltz with Mother (Aunt Martha) They did it on several occasions during the rehearsals. Finally we all gathered together under the Chupah and our family was beautifully married. The glass was broken and we all marched out to the tunes of "Hallelujah" sung by the Synagogue Choir.

A reception followed the ceremony and everybody came over to congratulate us. There were so many cousins at the wedding that we almost felt that you boys were with us too. We promise you that at the next wedding (Harold's) you will definitely all be there.

After the reception, our Aunts and Uncles who had been invited to a dinner at home that same night, attended the evening services at the Synagogue. Victor claims to have made a few more converts on that occasion.

Now, on to the Dinner at home. There were sixty people seated at tables of four, with the bride and groom, their parents, and Dr. & Mrs. Pool at a larger table. It was all very lovely- the Goldfarbs played and sang and impressed no end both Dr. & Mrs. Pool and a few gentile business associates of your new cousin, Sam. Uncle Israel was our M.C. and did a beautiful job. The speeches were short and sweet; pictures were taken, and after the tables were removed, we all made merry. Ofcourse we missed Harold no end as I know he missed being with us. And when he comes home together with all of you, we will have many, many occasions to celebrate Simchas. I hope that day will be very soon, and until then, I am

Most affectionately,
Your cousin.

Pearl Harbor Day
December 7th, 1944

Dear Boys:

Thanks for the mail you have been sending us. We have enjoyed reading it and while we cannot answer your letters individually, we do hope that the Bulletin will keep you in touch with all your relatives and give you a glimpse of the life we hope you will soon come back to.

This should still be news to you: Tully Schechter was married during the past summer, while here on a furlough from Alaska, to a very charming girl, Sonia, by name. To top this, Tully was discharged from the army, only this past month...welcome home, Tully, and good luck to the both of you. Pvt. Al Schechter was in town last month, too. Brother Sam is now in France. Pfc. Fred Kneitel is back in the States, after having seen action in Ital, and is now stationed in Ft. Monmouth, N. J. His wife, Ruth, is keeping the home fires burning, not very far from camp. Blossom Kneitel was engaged to Staff Sergeant Goldwyn Eisenberg, now stationed in Burma. Pvt. Fred E. Grantz, of "Guadalcanal Diary" is engaged to Shirley Lapp of Minneapolis. Vivian Brandwein was engaged to S 1/C Louis Shleifer. Hazel Tov to all of you!

Chaplain Capt. Harold Goldfarb is doing excellent work in Italy, while Capt. Al Grantz, is stationed somewhere in Normandy, "with a "1000 bed hospital, of both American and prisoner patients, functioning under tents"....Joseph Goldfarb was promoted to 1st Lieut. and is stationed at the Army Air Field in Richmond, Va... Cpl. Sholom Wilkenfeld is stationed at an Air Base in England, assigned to the Eighth Air Force. Pvt. Leonard Wulwick is in the Quartermasters, somewhere in England "and my duties now are guarding German prisoners of war"...Cpl. Ira Tilzer (Gloria Goldfarb's husband) has just reached New Guinea...Howard Kaiser is an Apprentice Seaman, taking up courses at the New York Medical College, and cousin, Lt. Billy Kaiser is a First Pilot on a Flying Fortress and is wearing a Presidential Citation...recently lost an engine in Austria and came back on three! Alvin Goldfarb (son of Mr. & Mrs. Ben Goldfarb) has just reached France! Good luck and godspeed to all our boys, wherever they may be!

Three new boys have been added to the Goldfarb Clan...Kenneth came in June, to the home of Dr. & Mrs. Henry Desatnek (nee Vivian Goldfarb); Joel came to the Al Grantz's in August, and Nathaniel came to the Monty Altermans in November. Boruch Ha-beim! Bouquets to the newly elected officers of the Goldfarb Society:- Belle and Sidney Shapiro, Harry Weltz, Joseph Goldfarb and Sophia G. Rhine. Good luck to Sheila and Mac Ebbin and their twin sons, Eddy and Danny, in their new home! Hansa & Irving Goldstone have opened their own Department Store in Berkeley, Calif., called "VanityFair", that's where the smart set do their shopping! Good luck to you!

Please keep us informed of your correct address and your whereabouts. We hope we have given you a brief review of the Goldfarb doings.

Cordially,

HERMIA SPERO