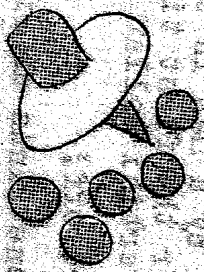
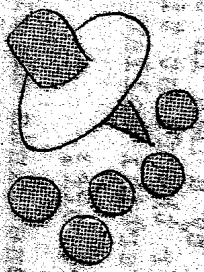


CHAMUKAH



GOLDFARB  
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# CHANUKAH REFLECTIONS

Once more do the little Chanukah lights bring us a cheering message of courage and hope.

Once again do the faint rays of the Chanukah lamp light up for us the dark corridors of our checkered past and afford us a glimpse into the broad and deep vistas of our people's history.

In the flickering and darting flames of the tiny Chanukah candles we see our immortal historic figures pass in review before our mind's eye. We see a long train of warriors and priests, heroes and scholars, simple folk and humble men and women, suffering and struggling, bleeding and dying so that they may preserve for posterity the eternal verities of our glorious heritage.

Like a galaxy of dazzling stars in a dark night do these heroes flash across our mental vision to illumine the darkness of our present era and to bring consolation and cheer to our sorely tried generation.

For in the hoary past as in our own generation the world was ruled by brute force. Then as today injustice and intolerance filled the hearts of men. Then as today jealousy and hatred, lust and cruelty strutted brazenly about, freely and unchecked. Then as today our people were facing the threat of extinction by overwhelming and merciless adversaries. Yet our fathers did not succumb to despair. But with hope, courage and faith they withstood every onslaught and faced every hardship until victory was theirs.

May the Chanukah lamp continue to shed its wonderful healing rays. May the warm glow of its tiny flames cheer and gladden the hearts of our people everywhere, and may this feast of dedication inspire us to rededicate ourselves to the noble principles and ideals for which Judaism stands.

A HAPPY CHANUKAH TO ALL.

---Israel Goldfarb

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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR SENIOR AND JUNIOR GOLDFARBS

We want to remind you once again that our next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Goldfarb, 160-16 33rd Avenue, Flushing, L. I. on Sunday evening, December 17, 1939 at 8 P. M. A very interesting and entertaining program has been arranged for both the Seniors and the Juniors. A most enjoyable evening, replete with laughs, is promised for all who attend. Some family movies will be shown. 'Movies' will also be taken of all those present at the meeting. Come and join the fun. Do not miss this meeting! Remember to reserve Sunday, December 17th, for the Goldfarbs!

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. Rhine Contributors.....Israel Goldfarb Shubert Spero

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CHAVER NACHMAN

The Goldfarb Society received a pre-Chanukah gift at its last meeting, in the form of a small, compact batch of tickets amounting to \$75.00, for Thursday evening, December 28th, at the National Theatre.

This very generous gesture was displayed by Mr. & Mrs. Moses H. Hoenig and Mr. & Mrs. Morris Kneitel. A sincere and hearty thanks to them in behalf of the Goldfarbs!

CONGRATULATIONS

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

- Israel Goldfarb Paul M. Goldfarb Aaron Grantz Arnold Kneitel Leo Rhine Sidney Shapiro Harry Weltz

DECEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

- Mr. & Mrs. Al Goldfarb Mr. & Mrs. Lester Rhine

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ATTENTION JUNIORS!

Last year slipped by without any definite accomplishment on the part of the Juniors, for the good of the organization. Please accept this as a personal neglect of duty on your part. Give it your earnest consideration between now and the next meeting and come to the meeting fully prepared to offer concrete plans for action!

\* \* \* \* \*

PLEASE CO-OPERATE!

We must admit that we had a very tough time getting the Bulletin to you this morning. We hope you enjoy it and ask you to please do your bit by sending in contributions in any form you may choose. We thank you in advance!

\* \* \* \* \*

Not only have our benefactors chosen an excellent way of helping our organization raise funds, but they have at the same time selected a play which will offer an evening of enlightenment.

"Chaver Nachman" is a dramatization of I. J. Singer's novel, "East of Eden". It is a drama of social significance, exquisitely played. It goes a long way to explain the Nazi-Soviet partnership. It should be seen by every Jew in quest of artistic engagement and intellectual enlightenment.

For those who are not so familiar with the Yiddish tongue, an English synopsis of each of the fifteen scenes is distributed.

In order to facilitate the fast-selling of these tickets, it was decided to sell them at half-price and pairs of tickets can be gotten for \$1.10, \$1.65 and \$2.20. You are urged to write or 'phone Earl Spero (188 Keap St., B'klyn. N.Y. Evergreen 7-1171) for your tickets.

In buying your tickets, you will not only be able to spend a most enjoyable evening, but you will at the same time be helping a most worthy cause. Have your friends join you! DO IT NOW!

\* \* \* \* \*

REMINDER

COME EARLY

TO THE MEETING ON THE 17TH!!!

CONTACT EARL SPERO FOR HALF RATE TICKETS FOR "CHAVER NACHMAN", DEC. 28TH

"PUN--GENT" REMARKS

The cake from the Schechter meeting has hardly settled, when an announcement of the next Goldfarb meeting arrives. This is on December 17th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Goldfarb in Flushing. Forget international affairs and attend. Remember that the "World's Fair" at Flushing, and I'll give a "Whalin" to the guy who says it isn't.

On the subject of meetings, I saw a letter from our cousin, Al Schechter, who is working in Florida. The following excerpt probably hits the spot better than anything I could write: "Did you like the sumptuous repast served up by the Schechter family at the inaugural Goldfarb meeting of the 1939 season? It must've been super-sumptuous with the famous Mother Schechter baked food- with the rare old family silver dazzling the eye- with the doubly famous Papa Schechter aged-in-wood, sweet or sour, red or white, port wine, -with the sparkling personalities of the numerous members of that fine old family to enliven proceedings- indeed it must have been a meeting to top all previous meetings"----and I write a column!

POLITICAL: The attempt on Hitler's life shows that Germany has not gone entirely "Nutsy".....Poker is quite the fashion in Italy nowadays; the "Deuce" is wild.....The Soviet dictator will have to go. The people there have been "Rushin" since birth, and they can't get used to "Stallin" now.....When the day of reckoning comes, Hitler will give a "Czech account" to the Lord.....American department stores should feature a "Dollar Day" sale, in honor of the Premier of France.

LOCAL: Heavy Artillery...Sammy Schechter has bought a half interest in a \$15.00 ford. When he starts it up, you'd swear Sea Gate was having troop manoeuvres.

INFANT TREE: There are several new additions to the family tree... a girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Abe Michelman, a girl to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jacobs, a boy to Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Lauer (formerly Rose Hoenig) and a girl to Rabbi and Mrs. Cohen (nee Hannah Hoenig)... Good luck, and may all your "berths" be "uppers" in the ladder of success. Mazel Tov to Miss Leah Goldfarb on her engagement to Monty Alterman....Don't tell a soul, but I thought Hannah Schechter looked quite lovely at the meeting.

FLASH!! At the next meeting in Flushing, and every meeting thereafter, moving pictures will be taken of Goldfarbian antics. The film will then be developed and shown at following meetings....Keep an eye on your chorus-pondent "Oomph" Grantz.....alias

---Fred E. Grantz

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THE PROGRAM FOR THE FORTHCOMING MEETING IS A LONG ONE- PLEASE COME EARLY!

## ON VISITING RELATIVES

Right at the outset I'd like to make this clear, relatives are all right. I have nothing against them. I merely intend to set down a picture, although a trifle hazy, of what runs through my altogether too imaginative mind when I think of visiting one of them.

At my house, which is a seething ferment of chaos and pandemonium, my sister is donning her chapeau, whose shape and form could have only been created by a man in the last throes of dementia. My father, on his knees for the first time since he proposed to my mother, is looking for the proverbial collar button.

At last we're off!

The next scene finds us ringing the doorbell of my Aunt Penelope's home. The door swings open, and framed in the doorway is the buxom figure of my aunt. The expressions on her physiognomy are as follows: At first she has a bored air as if she is going to shoo away another bill collector, which slowly changes into a dismayed look as she recognizes us. But soon her florid countenance is wreathed in smiles as she beckons us in. Following the preliminaries of the usual meaningless salutation we are ushered into the living room where half of my aunt's brood, she has ten children, are sprawled in communistic informality. As we entered they raised an awful clamour, which reminded me of African natives yelling for Backshush. But soon order was restored by Aunt Penelope by a few well directed cuffs. She then served cookies similar in taste to damp cardboard with a dash of sugar and coconuts.

My aunt went out of the room but soon reappeared with a carriage in which was her latest addition. My parents, sister and aunt grouped around the carriage. My mother made clucking sounds while my sister was uttering noises not unlike a cockroach calling to its young.

Suddenly the mater exclaimed, "He is the image of Shubie!"

"Yes", cried my sister.

"Ofcourse", cried my aunt.

With curiosity gnawing at my vitals, I raised myself on my toes and peered over my father's shoulder. With one accord, my eyes glazed, my mouth sagged open and my nostrils dilated. Weakly I raised my left hand to my head while my right grasped the back of a chair. I sat down heavily. They---said---it---looks---like me---. That---thing---looks like me. With a hand shaking with what made St. Vitus dance look like a waltz, I gingerly touched my nose, mouth, chin. That---baby---looks ---like me.

The walls seemed to close in on me, closer, closer---I stood up, my head swam, my body swayed, my only thought was to escape. I espied a door which was slightly open. With a shriek, which Robinson Crusoe must have uttered when he saw the footprint in the sand, I leaped through the door, down the hall, jumped five steps and leaped the gate. In the middle of the block I collided with a man, who later called the weather bureau and reported a tornado in the vicinity, got up and resumed running at a speed which Glenn Cunningham might have envied. And if I seem to---be---panting---you-see---I've---just---stopped---running.

---Shubert Spero

(Any relation to any personal incidents or events is purely coincidental)