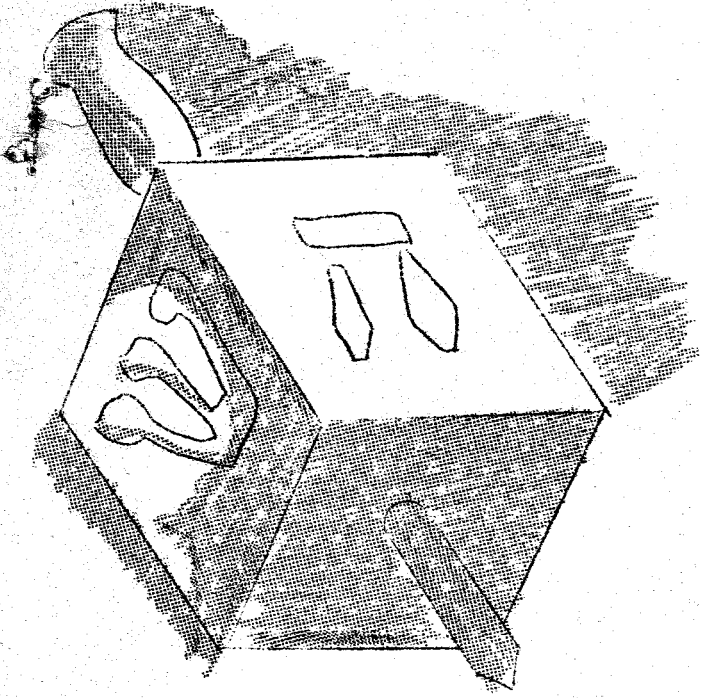


# CHANUKAH



*Goldfarb*  
GOLDFARB SOCIETY  
BULLETIN  
DECEMBER 1941

# A CHANUKAH MESSAGE

## CHANUKAH - THE STRUGGLE FOR LIGHT IN A DARK WORLD

The battle for liberty of conscience which is waged anew in every generation of Jewish history and which is especially mirrored today in many a country is zealously maintained through the celebration of the Feast of Lights. One moment of liberty is deserving of many days of illumination and joy. Hence the Chanukah lights are usually kindled after dark for thereby one is impressed with the ancient victory of Light over Darkness. When dusk falls and all about is gloomy, at the moment when the Winter solitude occurs and cold envelops the entire earth, the Chanukah light remains the symbol of the Jew, acting as the servant of Light. Even as Judah Maccabee, the present day Jew knows that though intolerance and persecution may seem to break his stamina, still he will vanquish. The seal of his faith cannot be broken as even the little cruse of oil found in the Temple.

In order to clearly visualize the story of Chanukah- the story of an unexpected reversal, the modern Jew still plays the ancient "Draidle". It shows that there will ultimately be a "turnover for Israel", when the wicked will fall into the hands of the righteous and the tiny glow of hope will become an eternal lamp of peace to cast its rays upon the entire world.

Like the Hasmonean of old, the Jew of today regards his Light as a perpetual lamp. He is ever ready to rededicate himself for the eternal battle of freedom. So closely is he attached to this, that he will never use his Light in a profane manner. The Jew's light- increasing every evening in its Menorah- must be visible to all as it is placed on the window sill. Let the entire world see it and understand its message. It is the sacred symbol of triumph over wickedness and Darkness. It is the symbol of Light of Peace and Hope for our own generation. It is a Light that has not failed, cannot fail and will not fail.

...Rabbi Sidney B. Hoenig



# A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT-ELECT

Cousins:

It is the custom, I believe, in every organization for a new president to send a message of greeting to all. Usually it is a meek, mild oration, full of long, high-sounding words, but withal, very banal and trite. Somehow I can't get myself to give you any such thing.

Circumstances and events in the world today have too much importance to us Jews to take solace and comfort in meaningless phrases. Our culture and traditions, even our very lives are threatened by the angry rise of Anti-Semitism - not only in Europe but even here in our own beloved America. False prophets of a new order, Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye and others of their ilk are rousing the rabble with their demagoguery, while we Jews sit idly by, smug and complacent in the hope that those freedoms guaranteed to all peoples, by our Constitution, are sufficient to protect us.

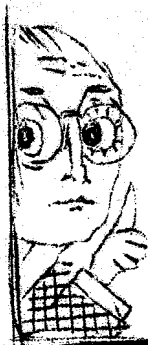
Cousins, it is only by unity and solidarity that we can fight the witchcraft of these demagogues. Individually we can do nothing, but united we cannot and will not fall victim to them. One faggot is easily broken, but a bundle of faggots bound closely together can never be torn apart and destroyed.

We of the Goldfarb Society are a bundle of faggots, bound together by ties of blood and united in a common cause, inspired by the noble purposes and ideals of the immortal Mima Malyeh.

Forward then, my cousins in unity - for in unity there is strength!

...Monty Alterman

.....  
**DON'T FORGET**



**BY  
THE  
WAY**

What: The Luncheon

When: This Sunday, December 14th, 1941  
at 1:30 P. M. sharp.

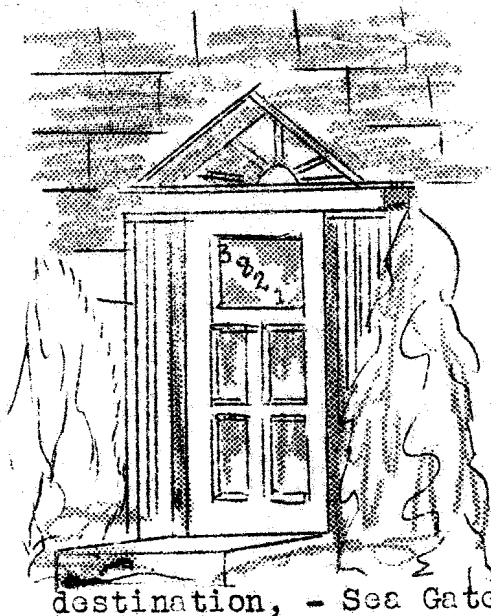
Where: Steinberg's Restaurant  
2270 Broadway, N. Y. C.  
(between 81st & 82nd Streets)

Why: Tribute to Outgoing Officers  
Installation of New Officers

Who: Y O U !

.....

## A NIGHT WITH THE GOLDFARBS



The long-awaited day had come at last for the Harry Kneitels of Flatbush. Yes, for on this day, November 16th, 1941, they were going to attend another of their family meetings, this time at the home of a close relative of theirs. From six o'clock to the time they left, all was hurry, scurry, although someone made the remark that we would probably be the first ones at the meeting if we got there at 9 o'clock. When my Uncle Ben came to our house that evening, we were all ready for a car ride through the wilds of Brooklyn, to our final destination, - Sea Gate.

The Kneitels of Sea Gate were once more playing host to a full house. Upon mounting the steps to the Kneitel's home, a few obliging relations stepped out of the house so as to give us a chance to get in and say "Sholom Aleichem" to some of the family. This usually puts a great strain upon a young cousin. He has to smile politely at the relatives who greet him as the Bar Mitzvah boy. He must be thoroughly acquainted with all the many branches of his large family and know all the names of the relatives.

The people then present feel that it's time for the meeting to begin. At this particular moment Cousin Joe Goldfarb puts on his alluring smile and stands near the door leading to the meeting room, to act as a decoy. Now all that Joe has to do is wait for one of the relatives, who, weakened by his smile, approaches him. He then grabs the victim and pushes him through the doorway into the meeting room. In this manner Joe and a few of his henchmen round up enough Goldfarbs to get a really good meeting started.

Cousin Moe Hoenig then opened the rather quiet meeting. That is, quiet except for the spontaneous laughter every other minute. Suddenly, a stout racoon with a top hat, smoking a corn-cob pipe, appeared in the doorway and was greeted by shrieks of terror from the Goldfarbs. It was easy to notice its nationality, because it was wearing an Italian mustache. Earl Spero started after Freddy's army gun, so that he might engage in a little racoon hunting. It was a lucky thing that he didn't bag the animal and hang its head in his room, because the racoon turned out to be Mitchell Rubinow!

After assuring the Goldfarbs that all was in order, Moe Hoenig started the meeting again but this time the odor of "heisse hindik" drifted into the meeting room. One impatient relative moved that the meeting be adjourned, and he was greeted with numerous "ays". The members hastened upstairs and partook of the various delicacies so lavishly spread before them. Having satisfied their palates to the fullest, the final stages of the gathering were witnessed. Belle Spero took her favorite position behind the piano and started playing some Jewish numbers. While playing these songs, she was asked, much to her surprise, to play "The Boogely, Woogely Piggy". What did they want from poor Belle? Here she finished such a beautiful job of heckling at the meeting and they wanted her to play a song in honor of a "trefer chazer". There just ain't no justice!

(continued on next page)

## A NIGHT WITH THE GOLDFARBS

(continued from preceding page)

The hour was getting late and my parents decided that it was time for them to start saying good-bye, for three quarters of an hour, so I obliged by helping them with the job. Yes, I even said good-bye to the lady who was still surprised over the fact that I had grown since my Bar Mitzvah, which was five years ago. She told me if I keep growing at that rate, I will be a big boy one of these days. Well, I guess you have to take the bad with the good! Ah, me!

The trip home was uneventful, but my mind was filled with the happenings of the evening. It is too bad that these meetings are not of a more frequent nature. Those who have room for meetings should volunteer their home for future gatherings. I believe that it is not the material things that hold the Goldfarbs together in such a closely knit clan, but rather the joys they get in seeing and speaking to their relations these few times a year. Let us see each other more often this season!

...Arnold Kneitel



### FRIDAY NIGHT IN SEAGATE

Friday night means "Get Together" night in Seagate. Taking turns at various homes, the Kneitel Jrs., the Schechter Jrs., the Rhine Jrs., the Ebbins, and the Allerhands (close friends and neighbors of the Ebbins), all representing the Sea Gate clan of the Goldfarb Society, meet to partake of the delicious refreshments served by the charming hostesses, and to make merry in the true "Oneg Shabbat" spirit. These get-togethers are so important that if you can only get to them you do. If you can't walk you use a cane, and if a cane won't help you, you use a baby carriage.

Recently, Lester Rhine greeted his guests at the door-step. In welcoming Mac Ebbin, he noticed the twin's carriage parked in front of the house. "What?", he exclaimed, "you brought Eddy and Danny out at this hour of the night?" "Oh, no", came the prompt reply, "I had to get here somehow; I wasn't going to stay home and miss all the fun, so I had the boys wheel me over".

The fun and frivolity at the "Oneg Shabbat" well warranted all the trouble the boys went to, to get Mac to join them. Came the time to go home, Freddy Kneitel (who knows all the army tricks from his stay there) and Irving Allerhand got Mac into the carriage and once more gave him what is commonly known as a fast ride. By some miracle Mac got home without a broken leg. Only when they saw the police drive along the streets, did they become more reserved.

The "society" was honored by a visit from Maddy Grantz who came to stay with the Ebbins for the week-end. Missing were Hannah and Belle Schechter who had just returned from a visit to brother Private Sam, at Camp Lee, Virginia. Next week Mac won't have to take a ride (let's hope his leg will be better) as the meeting is at his home.

...Edna Rhine

THE DAY OF ETERNAL LIGHT

Thru the swirling mists of ages  
'Long the world's loftiest crest.  
Where a storm of evil rages  
Walks the Jew, the unwelcome guest.

Rent by eternal strife  
Scarred by mortal thunder  
Yet with a divine hold on life,  
That naught can tear asunder.

Through wrong, the world now dark-  
ens  
In a shroud of sinful night.  
Yet his ear forever hearkens  
To the day of Eternal Light.

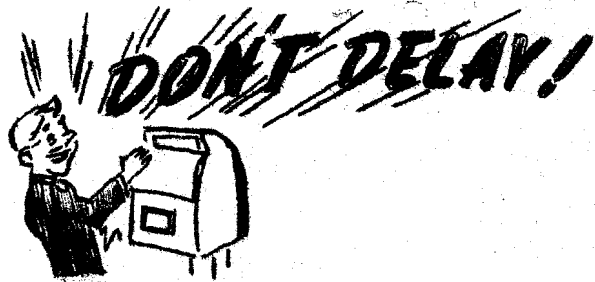
When the fingers of Truth shall  
probe  
The hearts of men, to make known  
That clothed in Justice, as a  
robe  
The Lord doth mount His throne.

...Shubert Spero

WELCOME NEWCOMERS!

From Europe arrived one day before  
Yom Kippur, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin  
Goldfarb, parents of Jack and Erwin  
Goldfarb and Frances Krauss. They  
are first cousins to the late Mina  
Malyah. They would like to thank  
all members of the Goldfarb Society  
for keeping this name alive and es-  
pecially thank cousins Jacob and  
Bessie Goldfarb for helping to  
bring them over. They left Germany  
in December 1938 and after almost  
three years of travelling thru Ita-  
ly, France, Spain and Portugal, ar-  
rived in this blessed land. They  
will not only be useful and good  
members of the Goldfarb Society,  
but also loyal and faithful citi-  
zens of our good United States.

...Erwin Goldfarb



SEND A LINE TO OUR COUSINS IN CAMP:

Private Sam Schechter  
Co. L, 10 Q.M.Reg.  
Camp Lee, Virginia  
T-751

Private Herbert Wilkenfeld  
Troop C- 101st Cavalry  
Fort Devens, Mass.

B-L-A-C-K-O-U-T

Down south for months I tarried,  
Now what's my column worth?  
I don't know who's been married,  
Or who is giving birth.

In the army as a fighter,  
I learned "Right Flank", "Left  
Flank", "Halt".  
But now that I'm a writer,  
I'll never earn my salt.

Since Monty took my place, I bet  
Your funnybone's enlarged;  
I realize that I'm all "VET"  
Now that I am discharged.

...Fred E. Grantz

DECEMBER ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS

- Mr. & Mrs. Monty Alterman
- Mr. & Mrs. Albert Goldfarb
- Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Goldfarb
- Mr. & Mrs. Irving Goldstone
- Mr. & Mrs. Abe Michelman
- Mr. & Mrs. Henry Rhine
- Mr. & Mrs. Lester Rhine

May you celebrate many  
more happy anniversaries!



# Have You Heard?

To our returning warriors:

We love thee much and love thee well  
So welcome home to Fred Kneitel.  
The best of luck to Freddy Grantz,  
Back again in civilian pants.

We are happy to be able to say Mazel-tov to Dr. and Mrs. A. I. Grantz and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Kneitel, both couples having embarked upon the sea of matrimony last June; also to Leo Goldfarb, son of Benjamin Goldfarb and the late Annie Goldfarb, upon his recent marriage to "Finny" Bick; to Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Leuer (nee Rose Hoenig) upon the birth of a son (what is this, a gossip column?)...I'm sure I speak for all in wishing a speedy recovery to Lena Grantz and to Harry Weltz, from their recent illnesses....Howard Kaiser, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Erwich, is rapidly becoming a rival to the foremost radio commentators and lecturers. He broadcasts every Thursday night at 10:45 to 11 P. M. over the Brown network. Howard, a student at Brown University, in a discussion on Judaism, took the side of Orthodoxy as against Reformism, at the Brown Interfaith Christian Association. And here's something that makes us proud of our Juniors,- Vivian Brandwein was elected president of the General Organization at Eastern District High School, the only girl ever to be elected president in the fifty years existence of the school and as if that were not enough, she was installed as a member of Arista, the scholastic honor society (wait, don't go away, there's more)..in addition she was elected the most popular girl in the school of about 25,000- well, 15,000. You still doubt it? All right, but this is my final figure,- 2,500. Now Juniors there's a mark to shoot at. Let's hear from you. Sol Goldfarb, ("greener"Shimoin Eliezer's son) is quite a versatile and socially minded young chap- besides being the air raid captain in his district, he is actively and busily engaged in collecting toys for underprivileged children for the coming holidays. The following rhyme won Shubert Spero \$25.00 as first prize in PM's Rhyme Contest: "Oh to be in England, Now that Spring is here", To Browning was a poem, To Hitler a career. May this mark the beginning of a poetic career for you, Shubert!...The Albert Goldfarbs have left the sticks of Staten Island and returned to civilization...welcome to mid-manhattan and good luck to you in your new apartment...Don't forget to come early to our Luncheon this Sunday afternoon! We'll be seein' you...

...Monty Alterman



## CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR RECENT BIRTHDAYS

- Monty Alterman
- Muriel Goldfarb
- Rea Goldfarb
- Fred Kneitel
- Muriel Michelman
- Mitchell J. Rubinow

## DECEMBER BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO:

- Israel Goldfarb
- Paul M. Goldfarb
- Aaron Grantz
- Arnold Kneitel
- (son of Mr.&Mrs. Harry K.)
- Leo Rhine
- Sidney Schapiro
- Harry Weltz



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Abraham I. Rhine

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Friday, December 12, 1941  
Kislev 22, 5701

WE SALUTE!



At this time we think it fitting and proper to gratefully acknowledge the very beautiful spirit of helpfulness as manifested by our outgoing president, Moses H. Hoen-

ig and our outgoing vice-president, Bessie Goldfarb. We salute them for their earnest efforts in behalf of the Goldfarb Society. Welcome to our president-elect, Monty Alterman and our Vice-president-elect, Frances Kaiser; to our re-elected Secretary, Sophia Rhine, Financial Secretary, Maddie Grantz and Treasurer, Louis Goldfarb. We wish them luck in their endeavors in behalf of the Goldfarb Society. May they go from strength to strength!

\* \* \*

WE SINCERELY THANK YOU!

We want to take this opportunity of extending a hearty thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Louis Goldfarb and to Mr. & Mrs. Morris Kneitel for their gracious hospitality extended to the Goldfarb Society at our last meeting. Every little detail of the meeting will long linger in our memory. We sincerely appreciate your very beautiful spirit of co-operation. Thanks again.

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## AN OPEN LETTER

December 4th, 1941  
1836 Arch Street  
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Goldfarbs:

I have just received a request from cousin Sophia Rhine for "something for the Bulletin". I wish I had the courage to say "no" (again) but when I think of the time and energy she devotes to our organization, the "no" turns to a reluctant "yes".

Why the reluctance? Well frankly, after a four year coast-to-coast correspondence, I am completely "written out". However this does give me an opportunity to say "hello" to everybody, to tell you that we are well and hope you all are too.

This was a banner year for visitors from home. Belle and Sid were here in July, and brother Fred spent a month with us in September. Can you imagine what a thrill it was having some of our family visiting us? We do wish New York was not quite so far away and they could visit with us much more often.

In between trips to New York and Los Angeles, we live a quiet, peaceful, suburban life. When the famous California sun is shining this is a delightful place to live in.

Here's hoping that we always hear the happiest tidings from each other. Best wishes and kindest regards to each and every one of you, from

*Hansa & Irving Goldstone*