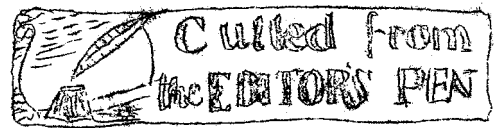


FAREWELL ISSUE

NEXT MEETING
SUNDAY
JUNE 19TH IN
STATEN
* ISLAND *

GOLDFARB
BULLETIN

Dear Cousins:



On Sunday afternoon, May First, we launched our first fund raising venture, scoring a social and financial success. Contrary to our fervent hopes the day dawned brilliantly clear and sunny. We awoke early, scanning the beautiful skies with anxiety and deep foreboding. The great out-doors beckoned too enticingly. We feared for the scores of prospective cocktail dancers who would yield to the temptation to golf, fish or motor instead. However, many of our faithful followers did follow us to the Don Pedro Room of the Towers Hotel and found themselves more than compensated.

The committee wishes to take this opportunity to thank you all- Seniors and Juniors- for the very splendid co-operation evinced. We are also deeply grateful to Belle, Lee and Sam Schechter and to Fred Kneitel for their efficiency and dependability in serving as our door committee. And to those of our patrons who, though unable to attend our dance in person, sent us checks for their tickets, we offer our sincere appreciation.

Here's to the future! Having proven to ourselves our powers and our capabilities, let's resolve to go on to bigger and better things.

THE COMMITTEE

Leah Goldfarb
Gertrude Goldfarb
Sophia G. Rhine

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STAGES OF OUR DANCE

- Hesitation
- Trepidation
- Concentration
- Cooperation
- Compensation
- Jubilation

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Until September

With this issue of the "Bulletin" we suspend publication until next September.

The "Bulletin" itself, we trust, has fulfilled our original intent by having served to create a feeling of unity and intimacy amongst our kinsmen and friends and by having paved the way for increased activity and progress in our organization. Deliberate effort has been made to arouse the interest of all the members of the Goldfarb Society, to encourage the growth of our present nucleus of workers, and to seek to enlist the support and sympathy of outsiders in our worthy endeavors.

We have tried our best and are grateful to all those individuals members and friends who have been helpful in revivifying our seemingly latent spirit of action and dormant interest in the welfare of the Goldfarb Society and who were so instrumental in having made the past season a most successful one.

At this time we wish to extend our sincere best wishes for a most healthful and delightful summer vacation. We look forward with great anticipation to the forthcoming season when we will once again renew our efforts with strength and vigor unabated.

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DON'T FORGET

TO RESERVE

SUNDAY, JUNE NINETEENTH FOR THE
GOLDFARB SOCIETY MEETING

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"FAIR TO MEDDLING"

The Dance on May first, "Towers" above all else in the Goldfarb mind...Success? - financially- yes, socially- yes....Quite an assortment of people...some of the hats looked like a preview of the Annual Flower Show...At the door, three "Queens of the May" (Belle and Lee Schechter and Sophia Rhine) collected tickets...inside I saw Murray Shapiro (Sid's brother) dancing with Belle Shapiro. As I watched, they danced three or four more; what was it- a Sid down strike? Hannah Schechter, contrary to her custom of coming after an affair is over, was at the dance before it was well under way...Three cheers for the Juniors, who had the initiative to start the dance, and the courage to see it through...Three cheers for the Seniors, who paid through the well-known Goldfarb nose, and put the dance over...Among those present were Jane Weiss and her fiance, who will mid-aisle it on August 14th.. Number One on the boy friend's Hit Parade is: "Bei Mir Bist Du Jane"... Unless proof is given to the contrary it will be this writer's honest opinion that the Kneitels have the best sense of humor in the Goldfarb clan, with Uncles Joe and Ben Goldfarb tying for second...Why must columnists be so confoundedly modest....So happy the Newark cousins attended the dance- hope they attend meetings 'n stuff in the future...Belated congrats to Mr. and Mrs. Wulwick upon the marriage of their son Philip of Los Angeles, Calif. to Miss Grunsky...Welcome home to the Rubinows who have just returned from a cruise to Bermuda...SWEEPSTAKES MAKES BUBBLES POP! It was Friday, the day when the "Irish Sweeps" winners were to be picked. Along Keap Street road a Western Union messenger, until he reached 188. Here he dismounted, and rang the middle bell marked "Spero". The Speros answered, and a moment later nervous fingers were fumbling at the familiar yellow envelope, while Billie mentally figured her income tax. But the telegram was not from Ireland; it was from Cleveland. The news was not of money; it was of something money cannot buy. Earl's brother Bubbles, and his wife Elissa became the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy!

...Fred E. Grantz

"THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE" OR "BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A FIN?"

This tail is of a fishing trip, and is as true as the fact that we did not catch anything, except the good-natured but stinging jibs of our older and wiser "I told you so's"; but I'll come to that later.

It was in the wee hours of a morning that I, Fred Grantz, tapped noiselessly on the door of the Rhine home in Sea Gate. This was the day Rumley and I had chosen for my first deep-sea fishing venture. I say my first venture, because Rum had been out before. I carried the proverbial hook, line and sinker; also two or three onion sacks to put the fish into (sweet innocence!) I tapped again, this tap softer than the first, so that it was barely audible. Suddenly from within came a tremendous "SH" that must have awakened everyone on the block. A moment later the door opened, and out came a huge, bulky object, a small part of which was Rumley. After commenting on the weather and its effect on fishing, we were off. To what extent I did not realize until too late. We had quite a ride on the car and train, and it was here that it was light enough for me to take my first look at Rumley's tackle. He had an assortment of hooks that would shame Isaac Walton. There were sinkers of varied shapes and weights, enough line to reach twice to the pavement from the top of the Empire State Building, a knife to clean the fish, mercurochrome and bandage, and a hundred other things; all wrapped neatly in about half-dozen potato and onion sacks, assorted.

The sun rose as we boarded the boat. There was only one man on board, so we took the best positions at the back of the boat, and got all ready for the fishing. After a reasonable amount of time, the boat was well-filled, and we started. We rode for quite a long time, as we had to reach the fishing grounds. As I mentioned before, this was my first ocean voyage, and I felt swell. Rum and I braced ourselves and drank in deep draughts of the tangy sea air, as the boat put on full speed ahead for the place where the fish were reported to be gathered.

When we had covered about three quarters of the distance, an alert observer, or indeed anyone who isn't totally blind, could have noticed a decided change in me. Where before I had faced the wind, I now had my back to it; instead of the military erectness of a half-hour previous, I was spread-eagled on the back rail of the boat, with my head dangling above the water so I would not dirty the deck. Gone were the brightness of eye, the steadiness of hand, the sparkling humor. In its place, a wild, despairing look, an aguelike shivering, a miserable attempt at levity when the heart was heavy. I was now sprawled on the deck, with Rumley hovering over me. He told me to lie still, to let nature take its course. On her own initiative, however, nature had already taken every course I had eaten for the past two days. He tried to console me by saying that the water was rougher than it had been for weeks, and that even the experienced passengers might get seasick. I did not appreciate the full meaning of this prophecy until about five minutes later, when I had to move over to make room for Rumley. He had done a remarkable imitation of me on the rail, and had finally joined me on the deck. My one and only consolation during all these years is that Rumley's condition was quite as pitiable as mine.

Now we were at the fishing grounds. Needless to say, Rum and I did not have our minds on fishing by this time. Although our lines were in the water, they were unbaited most of the time, and I doubt if we could have pulled a fish even if we did hook one. In all fairness to ourselves, however, I wish to state that there were less fish caught and more fishermen seasick on that trip than on any trip for weeks previous.

The trip back to the pier was uneventful. We lay on the deck more dead than alive, and more seasick than dead. The noxious fumes of a ham sandwich, wafted from the fore part of the boat, assailed our nostrils. Some time later we tied up at the pier we had started from. With knees that were so wobbly they certainly couldn't have supported us if we hadn't lost so much weight on the trip, Rum and I stumbled off the boat. We both offered a short silent prayer of thanks, for Death had taken a holiday. We staggered into an ice-cream parlor, more to sit down than because of a desire for anything; but Rum ordered something, and I delved into the subtle mysteriousness of a chocolate malted, over which I solemnly vowed never to repeat the experience. With new strength we wended our way homeward, only after I had dissuaded Rum from buying fish en route. At home we were kidded mercilessly by our respective families, salt was sprinkled on our wounds by the Kneitels, and we were generally hounded from pillar to post. We made feeble retorts, and the thing wore off gradually; but I still have such an aversion to the High C's that I get seasick listening to an opera singer, or even when I eat a naval orange. When we started on our fishing trip, I envied the life of a sailor, but that trip knocked the tar out of me. And out of Rumley too, I think.

...Fred E. Grantz

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OUR LAST MEETING

The last official meeting of the Goldfarb Society was held at the home of our President and Mrs. Moses H. Hoenig, in March.

We want to take this means of extending our heartfelt thanks to our host and hostess for their very generous gesture in throwing their home open to us and for their beautiful spirit of hospitality.

At this time, we want to extend also our best wishes to their sons D. Bernard and Israel, for a very speedy recovery from their tonsillectomies.

OUR NEXT MEETING

The closing meeting of the season of the Goldfarb Society, will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Goldfarb, 212 Herberton Ave., Port Richmond, S. I., on Sunday evening, June 19th, at 7 o'clock.

A very pleasant and entertaining evening is in store for all. Please reserve Sunday, June 19th, for the Goldfarbs!

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JUNE BIRTHDAYS

- Abraham I. Rhine
 - Bella Rhine
 - Edna Rhine
 - Lester Rhine
 - D. Bernard Hoenig
 - Israel Hoenig
 - Belle Schechter
 - Tully Schechter
- JUNE ANNIVERSARIES

- Mr. & Mrs. Aaron Grantz
- Mr. & Mrs. Abraham I. Rhine
- Mr. & Mrs. Leo Rhine
- Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Shapiro

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- Earl H. Spero
- Abraham I. Rhine