

GOLDFARB
SOCIETY

H

EM

Y

U

O

J

H

BULLETIN
MAY 30, 1941

52

A SHEVUOTH MESSAGE

The season of mourning, the seven weeks of Sephira, will soon be at an end. The festival of Shevuoth will soon be upon us. In one sense, this joyous holy day is the most outstanding in the Jewish calendar, because it marks the giving of the Torah to the Jewish people. It marks the beginning of the Jew.

There is a very beautiful legend found in the Midrash that tells us that when the Jewish people stood at Mount Sinai, ready to receive the word of G-d, - at that very moment there came forth from heaven "Sefer V'sayof" - a book and a sword, - and a heavenly voice cried out "Choose! Choose one or the other. If you choose the book you must reject the sword, and life will be yours. If you choose the sword you must reject the book, and death must be yours!"

And our fathers rejected the sword and chose the book, and dating from that far distant holy moment, Israel has always been immortal and eternal.

If ever this beautiful legend served as an inspiration to the Jewish people, in our long and varied history, it must do so, today, more than ever before, when we are living in this Heartbreak House called the Modern World. It must serve to remind us that throughout Jewish history, in the struggle of the book, - representing all the ideals of goodness and truth and justice, against the sword, - with its evil and hatred and injustice, - the book has always triumphed. Justice and right have always prevailed because cause spirit can never be destroyed.

So, as we usher in the festival of Shevuoth, of Pentecost, let us once again reaffirm our faith in the life giving truths of our Torah. Let us once again reaffirm our faith in the invincibility of our cause, and may G-d grant that the word of the prophet be fulfilled and that the day may soon come when the sword will be shattered to bits, and the word of G-d will fill the earth as the waters will the sea.

... Rabbi Irving Lehrman



AN
OPEN
LETTER

May
Twenty-second
Nineteen Forty-one

FROM THE WIDE SPACES OF THE WEST
WHERE MEN ARE MEN AND RABBIS TOO

My dear Cousins:

With the trigger of an air mail postcard cocked at my head, I am writing my heart out in order to remain in the goodgraces of that little dictatress, Sophia Gerstein Rhine, who, if she doesn't watch out, will fast become the matriarch of the Goldfarb tribe. Do other contributors to this learned journal respond as nobly and as quickly as I to our editor's frantic calls for material that pepper the variegated envelopes, circulars, magazines, cards, bills, requests which daily overwhelm my desk?

If this appears in print, it will be because I waited for only the fourth appeal. Like all good members of my tribe, may they all live and we well, it takes sledge-hammer blows to get me moving - but once I start - no German Panzer tank (this is bad taste in a Jewish paper, isn't it?) can be more determined - so I'm off.

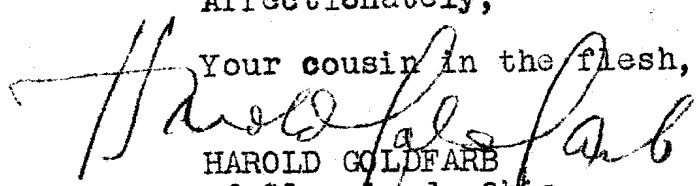
You may well ask: Determined? - to do what? Why - to fill up my quota of words and spread them across the alluring expanse of white paper at my disposal - without saying a blessed thing. Many of you might find this difficult to do. I, however, have spent years perfecting myself in this art - and in all modesty, I feel that at last I have become a master.

The proof of my assertion is that I have come to the end of my stint - and I defy any of you (however learned in Talmudic pilpulistics and in the art of finding meaning where there is none) who read this outpouring of my heart and mind and soul, to discover anything therein that makes sense.

This isn't light stuff really - it's all very profound. "Seek and ye shall find" - - - ha! ha!

Affectionately,

Your cousin in the flesh,


HAROLD GOLDFARB
of Cleveland, Ohio

P. S.

I hope some of you are interested in my address; it's The Community Temple, 9801 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

"PICTURE OUR TWINS" OR "A DAY WITH THE CAMERA MAN"

It was a beautiful warm day in April. Much activity and bustle was going on in our household where the otherwise peaceful Sunday morning was unaccustomedly being disturbed by the feverish activity of our family's early rising. For this was a special day which was to be perpetuated for a lifetime. A wedding? No, - the photographers were coming!

Breakfast quickly disposed of, we all got into our "Shabbos Clothes". First the children anxiously scrubbed, polished and dressed, and cautioned repeatedly: "Danny, don't play on the floor, you'll crease your pants - shirt- or what-nots". "Here, Edward, look at these pictures and sit still". "Edward, don't fight with Danny!" Again and again they're cautioned while we finish dressing. All too soon, a ring- and enter the photographers, - two professional looking gentlemen loaded down with camera, films, floodlights, reflectors, briefcase, etc.

They are introduced to the children, who, seeing the mass of paraphenalia get cranky and tearful. Frantically faces are re-washed, hair re-brushed and children calmed. Meanwhile a discussion as to where to take the pictures - indoors or outdoors - with the back sunlit yard finally chosen as most suitable. Then lights, camera, and the show is on! Such tricks - such queer sounds and funny faces (in front - side and back of camera!)

Suddenly, a full grown portly man appears on a bicycle designed for a four year old. This is real "trick riding" but it is of no avail. The "birdies" and "cantors" and other less musical sources are heard from. Meanwhile position after position is tried and snapped. Hair is brushed and re-brushed, toys are given and exchanged. Promises of more and better things (to come) are made again and again for just "one more nice big smile". And finally, the film, photographers and parents, all being exhausted, a halt is called. Is it possible for any success from such difficult moments?

Then comes the next Sunday. The photographers are back to take pictures of a neighbor's family. We see our proofs and lo - several very good shots but only one of the children is at his best on any one picture!

Gallantly, our brave artists offer to take a few more pictures, and again feverishly we hurry the children into their clean clothes. This time they greet the photographers as old (and funny) friends. And once more, - to the backyard where drapes adjusted, we go through the routine of last week.

But this time, the proofs are "it". And so, once again we express our appreciation (and recommendations to all and sundry) to those patient and skillful artists - our cousins - the Zieglers.

. . . Sheila and Mack Ebbin

HOW THE JEWS WERE "PRESERVED"
O R
FROM ONE "JAM" INTO ANOTHER

This world in all its enormity
Presents many a mystery and riddle
But the biggest nonconformity
Is the little riddle of the "Yiddle".

Living for many centuries and years
Without a land or home,
They have outlived their many fears
From Germany to ancient Rome.

An example of their tenacity
Is, when they worked and slaved in
the slime
Under that wicked Pharoah's audacity
Who didn't even pay them overtime.

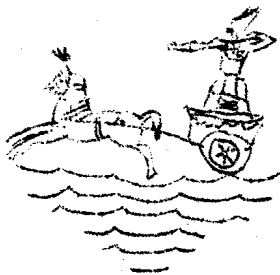
Not at all content with that
He threw the boys in the water
But that scheme fell pretty flat
When Moses was rescued by his daugh-
ter.

Pharoah's plans came to no avail
Because the Lord got pretty sore
And now they return Pharoah's mail,
Saying "Pharoah doesn't live here
any more."

Because when he chased the "Yiddles"
into the sea,
He was pretty well drowned in the
foam.
The reason why this happened to be
Was, 'cause he left his water-wings
at home.

Gathered on the opposite shore
The "Yiddles", from man to boy
At the prospect of not being chased
anymore,
Were singing the "שִׁיר" for joy.

You know! better than any sermon
Would be, if this informative "שִׁיר"
Were translated into German
And read to a certain little Feuhrer.



He would learn that his work so
brutal
In trying to kill a "Yiddle"
Is as useless and as futile
As Jack Benny's playing the
fiddle.

For long after this obnoxious
pest
Will have been captured by the
British
The "Yiddles" on their "day of
rest"
Will still be making "Kiddush".

...Shubert Spero

PUNGENT REMARKS

First thought of a newborn col-
umnist: "Why did I ever tell Soph-
ia I would substitute for Freddie
Grantz; here it is almost time for
the Bulletin to go to press and I
can't think of a thing to write"...

(Two aspirins and a nap later)...
A little birdie just whispered the
glad tidings of Cousin Al Grantz'
forthcoming wedding (June 15th) to
Ruth Sandhaus. I guess he heard
about Arnold Kneitel and Gladys
Goldfarb who will precede them to
wedded bliss on June 8th. To all
of them and their beloved parents
we wish happiness and lots of
"nachas"...

"Yoo Hoo Freddie Grantz! Your
ever loving cousin Freddie Kneitel
was so lonesome without you, that
he joined the army (by request)"..
Hey cousins, get a load of Mitchel
(Gone With the Wind) Rubinow's new
Cadillac. It's got hot and cold
running water 'n everything...the
only thing missing is a kitchen-
ette...

S.O.S.! Material wanted for our
proposed Goldfarb Choral Group...
necessary qualifications: Males
who can really sing; deep bosomed
females, with or without a voice,
who can heave. Apply to Cousin
Joseph S. Goldfarb, chairman of
the Heaving Committee...

(continued on next page)

PUNGENT REMARKS CONTINUED

ב י ו ל י ז

קול ששון וקול שמחה
קול דתן וקול בנת

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Kraus on the Bar Mitzvah of their son, double congrats to Joe and Roslyn, firstly on the birth of their son, and secondly upon their forthcoming first wedding anniversary...and speaking of wedding anniversaries, June is the month for: Dorothy and Leo Rhine, Belle and Sidney Schapiro and Sophia and Romley Rhine...our heartiest felicitations to you....Congrats to Nora Ziegler, daughter of David Ziegler, on her recently announced betrothal. Birthday greetings to Tuly Schechter, Lester, Romley, Edna and Bella Rhine (wow!) D. Bernard Hoenig and Belle Schechter.

Seen at the Brooklyn Jewish Center, last Shabbos, the newly wedded Sam Wulwicks...our congratulations, even though a bit belated....Flash! Earl Spero just never forgets the Goldfarbs...the following wire was received at the last meeting, from Earl, who was in Cleveland at the time: "Sorry can't serve you tea tonight... Shubert take over...I nominate my Belle president...she is boss.... STOP...."

Dear Cousins: If you've got any news, stories, announcements, etc. send them in to us and we will print it...after all, our flat feet can't get around everywhere and our huge auricular organs(ears to you) don't hear everything.... Hey Freddie: "Is the army as hard as writing a column? No? Then move over pal, here I come, if my wife will let me"....

...Monty Alterman

DON'T FORGET TO WRITE TO BOTH OUR FREDDIES...THEIR ADDRESSES ARE:
Private Fred Kneitel
Bat. "B"- 35 Field Artillery
Camp Blanding, Florida
Private Fred E. Grantz
Hd. Det. -55th Med. Bn.
Ft. Sam Houston, Texas

The Goldfarb Society welcomes this opportunity of extending a hearty Mazel Tov to our cousins who will be married shortly:

KNEITEL-GOLDFARB

Gladys Goldfarb, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Louis Goldfarb, of Flushing, L. I., will be married to Arnold Kneitel, son of Mr. & Mrs. Morris Kneitel, of Sea Gate, N. Y. Harbor on Sunday, June 8th, 1941.

The ceremony will take place at the bride's home 160-16 33rd Ave. Flushing, L. I. at 12 o'clock and will be performed by Rabbi Israel Goldfarb and Rev. David Schechter.

The bride is a graduate of Brooklyn Law School. The couple will reside at 35-16 76th St., Jackson Heights, L.I.

GRANTZ-SANDHAUS

Ruth Sandhaus, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Max Sandhaus of Cleveland, O., will be married to Dr. A. Irwin Grantz, son of Mr. & Mrs. Aaron Grantz, on Sunday, June 15th, 1941.

The ceremony will take place at Congregation Sons of Israel, 155 Elliot Avenue, Yonkers, New York, at 4 o'clock and will be performed by Rabbi Israel Goldfarb and Rabbi Morris Sandhaus, brother of the bride and spiritual leader of the congregation

The groom attended Cornell University and was graduated from Tufts College Medical School, in Boston. He is at present connected with the Post Graduate and French Hospitals in New York, and is a Captain in the Reserve Officers Medical Corps.

The couple will reside in the Shore Road section of Brooklyn, New York.

* * *
* *
*

THE GOLDFARB BULLETIN is issued from time to time, by the Goldfarb Society. Publication Office: 66 East 111th St. N.Y.C.

Editor Sophia G. Rhine
Associates . . . Earl H. Spero
Abraham I. Rhine
Monty Alterman

Vol. IV No. II
Friday, May 30, 1941-Sivan 4, 5700

THE GOLDFARB CHORAL GROUP

The Steering Committee of the Goldfarb Society adopted at its last meeting a proposal for the inauguration of a new type of activity to be undertaken within our organization. This activity will be the formation of a Choral Group, to consist of those of us and our friends who enjoy singing and who find that there is much more satisfaction to be derived out of singing actively than out of being entertained passively by the singing of others.

The proposed group will be open to all who are interested and with the wealth of musical enthusiasm that exists in the family, there ought to be no difficulty in developing a well-rounded ensemble. It should be borne in mind however, that our principal aim will be, not so much the rendition of concert performances, as it will be the fostering of a spirit of comradeship and genuine enjoyment such as can be achieved only thru an activity of this sort.

The plans are at present still in a tentative stage. Meetings will start after the summer and will be held once a month or oftener, as best suits the convenience of the group. The songs to be included in our repertory will be selected in accordance with the preference of the majority. Joseph S. Goldfarb has been appointed as director of the group.

A group such as this one promises to have great possibilities, and these possibilities are limited only by the degree of interest and co-operation that its members bring to it. Let us try to make it a flourishing and successful venture!

* We extend our sincere wishes to *
* all for a very pleasant summer, *
* and wish to remind you that if *
* you are having a good time dur- *
* ing the summer and are doing *
* something interesting or excit- *
* ing, - write the editors! Let's *
* have an "Open Letter" issue of *
* the Bulletin sometime in August! *

IN MEMORIAM

At a meeting of the Goldfarb Society held on Sunday evening, May 4, 1941 at the Young Israel, 563 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., the following resolution was adopted:

With deep sorrow and with heart-rending anguish do we, the members of the Goldfarb Society record the irreparable loss we have suffered in the demise of our dear relative, MRS. ANNIE GOLDFARB

At all times, even long before the formation of our Family Circle have we been drawn to her by her warm and lovely smile. She has always revealed to us a true and noble heart and an excellent hospitable character. Quiet, unassuming, but yet stern in her superb Jewish roots, she has gone thru her years of life with unsurpassed devotion to her family. To the very last, did she accept the dictates of the Almighty that have been decreed upon her. In joy and in tragedy, in happiness and misfortune, she has always been a stalwart matriarch, caring for all those close to her.

A deep gash has been rent in our family line, with her death, but with the knowledge that she deserved eternal remembrance, we of the Goldfarb Society resolve to hold in perfect endearment, her memory. May her soul be bound up in the bond of life. May all our sorrow and tragedy be removed from our midst.

We pray that the Almighty shall give only happiness, peace and good health to the Goldfarb Family and all Israel in the days to come...