

To the Ephron family;

To the Frankel family;

#### INFORMATION ABOUT FRANK EPHRON

Frank Ephron was born in Roundout, New York, on August 20, 1898.

When you travel by boat on the Hudson River north from Manhattan for eighty-eight miles, Roundout is where you get off. Then you go uphill until you get to Kingston -- which, at the time of Frank's birth, was countryside and it was beautiful.

I was four years old then, and our sister, Sarah, was almost two. I have no idea how old our parents were, but they were immigrants from Russia and my best figure is that our pop, Chaim Chaikel, was in his forties at that time. He was born in Russia, in Namdur, in the province of Grodno.

Our mother, Chaieh Leah, was also in her forties at the time of Frank's birth. She was from Konotop in the province of Chernigov, Russia. Jews then called people from this area "Litvaks" (Lithuanians).

Pop's father (Frank's grandfather) had been a grain and cattle merchant. He was a stern and much feared man and he died in Jerusalem, proudly, of his own choice.

Mom's parents were buried in Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Along with mom, along with pop.

Our family name was Ephron.

Both our parents, although from the old country, had met in America and strange as it may seem pop had married mom in New York City.

They lived in Kingston, New York, though, at the time of Frank's birth. It was there in fact that all three of us children were born. We are registered somewhere in the town records under unusual spellings of our last name -- as was the custom in those days when immigrant Jews had their names translated into English by people who didn't speak any Yiddish at all.

Frank was the youngest of us, the baby of the family. Our lovely sister, Sarah, was the middle child. I was the oldest. Sarah died in 1928 (or 1929) of pneumonia and left three small children: Ida, Libby, and Alice, who was only a baby at the time. Sarah's married name was Blechman. Her loss was devastating to us.

Baby brother, Frank, was always the darling of the family. They called him "roly poly" and he was never without many friends. Frank was kindly, friendly, and unusually well read. He always bought or borrowed books. He could always discuss them intelligently. He always kept reading more. He never went to college but he was literate, intelligent, and knowledgeable. And above all, Frank had a delightful sense of humor. He was fun to be with.

tanheimer) He was also hard working and sometimes was even exploitable in his work by greedy bosses. He first worked in the millinery business for our cousin, Sadie, and then for many years as a salesman in our cousin Abe Frankel's Army & Navy store. He sold men's haberdashery day in and day out. After this, still as a salesman, he worked for his friend, Jack Lantzman, and there he stayed, faithful to Jack and the shop, until the day he retired.

Frank divorced his first wife, Fanny, because of emotional problems, for which they could find no solution. But this marriage gave him his daughter, Sally, who was the apple of his eye for the remainder of his life -- his only child, his pride.

Later he married Henny, with whom he lived in a flat in Brooklyn, until she died in 1980. He was badly shaken by her death and too old to properly maintain his own home, so with his daughter's help, he entered a boarding home in Pittsburgh. There he died in his sleep, peacefully, on March 1st, 1987. He was eighty-eight years old. He was always a nice guy, a good person, a generous man -- one who would lend a helping hand to those he cared for with no hesitation and under any circumstances. We miss him.

There is so much to remember, so much to say, about "little brother," Frank Ephron. I recall with pleasure the unusual, scribbly, yet colorful letters he used to write: always humorous, always thoughtful, always sincere -- dear "Bramkie."\* Peace and respect to his memory,

"Big brother Shlame"

Harmon S. Ephron

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\*Frank's given name was Abraham in Hebrew. Pop's way of addressing his baby son was to call him Avrehemkie, which I as a child shortened to Bramkie. The family accepted my interpretation of Abraham to Bramkie. Brother Frank and other relatives decided that Bramkie could be Bramk and that was close enough to an Americanization where Bramk began to be called Frank. Thus, a saga of how the Hebrew of Abraham became Americanized into the name Frank. In Hebrew, Abraham would be written from right to left:

אברהם