



ANN MARKS

I am Frances' sister, and I am the only one left who goes far enough back to recall episodes about our growing up years.

We shared a bedroom and double sized bed until I married Ira and followed him around the country during World War II.

I remember shlepping (pulling) our sled in the snow to the Long Island Railroad Station to meet our father's train, and he would pull us home.

I remember every Saturday morning our mother would pack up food for the day and take us on a bus, then the train, then the El to the Bronx, where our grandparents lived. She split a piece of Wrigley's

Spearmint gum for us to share and on the train we would sing the current songs of that era and enjoy the smiles from the adult commuters who sometimes clapped when we finished. At our grandparents' apartment, we children would go into the bedroom to play, sometimes kissing games.

As adult teenagers, I remember we joined the Junior League of the St. Alban's Jewish Center. We had to walk three miles to get there and sometimes we got a ride home from one of the members who had



a car. The Club put on a play called "College" and our brother Jessie was the director. We all had parts and one guy, named Sam Spool, had a huge crush on Fran, but he was short and she was tall, and to this day we keep in touch and he always asks about her.

Our family often had extra kids living with us to supplement our father's income. One of these was Jackie whose mother came every Friday night for dinner with her live-in lover to see her son. His name was Jack Baden. He would give us money to take Jackie to the Saturday matinee. The theater was about ½ mile from our house. This particular Saturday featured a Western. While watching the screen, one cowboy pulled a gun on another and the illusion was

that it was pointed directly at the audience. Frances screamed and ran out of the movie house. I ran after her but could not convince her it was not real and we had to go home.

What do I love about Frances?

EVERYTHING!

Well, I love the fact that she is caring and giving to the underprivileged, to the people that she cares about, her friends, relatives like me. I love the fact that she has the energy to get into all the community stuff. That's a lot of work and she

doesn't get personal gain from it, she thinks of the people around her and she is willing to give of her time and energies for that. I like that a lot, I think she's special for that.

Isn't that enough? That takes care of her whole being.



And the best thing I love about her is that she is my sister.