

Levine Family of Waterville

Maine Jewish History Project

1-1-2011

Frieda Levine Miller Scrapbook

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Frieda Levine Miller
March 26, 1896 - August 24, 1990

FRIEDA MARGARET LEVINE MILLER

Born March 26, 1896 and died Aug 24, 1990

SARA MILLER ARNON ON NANA FRIEDA:

When I think of my Nana Frieda I remember how important it was to her to 'buy up' all the beer parlors in her neighborhood and close them down. I remember one on Toward Street that she tore down and then turned the land into a children's playground. She also bought the one directly across the street from the Ticonic Street house and tore it down, then donated the grassy land to the city to be used only as grass attached to the Fire Station---it's still there as grass!!! I remember many of these old spots from growing up in the Ticonic Street house for 9 years and living in that loud and wonderful extended family who enveloped my mother and I from day #1 with love and security. Nana felt if she could get rid of the drinking spots the men would be better to the women and children. She obviously made quite a presence in her neighborhood because I remember when we were sitting Shiva for her on Ticonic Street we found a drawer filled with hundreds of photos of young children that we did not recognize. Dot (her housekeeper) told us they were neighborhood children who would bring school photos and visit her. And, there were so many women who came to pay their respects and told us wonderful stories about how much she helped them. She actually understood their situations well because as a single divorced mother in 1930 there were no social supports available, but she had a family who opened their arms and their home to their daughter and sister with her two little children. She always knew how lucky she was to have the support of her family---unlike so many of the women that she rented to.

And now today, the Ticonic Street house has a new owner--Arthur Turmell--who grew up in the neighborhood, loved Nana, Ludy and Pacy, as well as Howard and Gisele---who continues to help the poor of the North End of Waterville through the Frieda/Ludy/Pacy/Howard/Gisele role model of caring about community.

This is what I learned from all of them, but especially my Nana Frieda.

JOSLYN ARNON ON GREAT GRANDMOTHER FREIDA AND THE BIG HOUSE:

Often times when the great-grandchildren visited Nana Frieda she would give each of us a few dollars and say "Don't spend it all in one place dahling".

What I remember most about going to "the Big House" was going to the attic with the women to look through boxes of old photos and other memories--old handbags and trinkets. (See Big House document for Wendy's description of the attic)

SARA LEE BLOOM ON AUNT FRIEDA, EVELYN, LUDY, PACY AND BIBBY AS TOLD TO ERIC BLOOM):

Sara Lee spent a lot of time in Waterville because she went there on all her school vacations. Her Dad Eddie would put her on a parlor car at North Station

in Boston, tip the porter to watch his baby until she arrived in Waterville. Glenyce would meet her at the station and when she was older someone from the store would pick her up and take her to the big house. She would help Aunt Frieda collect rents, get dynamite sandwiches (at the bar room across from the house) with Evelyn, wrap gifts at the store during the holiday season and spend time with Grandpa, the boys, Bibby, Glenyce, Gisele, & Howard. She felt close to all of them because they all made her feel so special. She would also spend time with the extended family like Aunt Frieda Libby & Uncle Mike Levine, Aunt Leah Rosenthal, cousins Merton, Irene, & Donna Levine, cousins Sherman and Audrey Saperstein, cousin Arlyne Rosenthal and be with Lillian Brisk. Did she have a good time!

SARA LEE BLOOM ON AUNT FRIEDA:

A memory: Many a night, when I would stay at the Big House and sit out on the front porch, with the family, and the drunks from the various bar rooms would walk by the house, they would yell: Friedaaaaaa, Friedaaaaaa, Friedaaaaaaa.....and they would all laugh!

JULIE MILLER SOROS ON NANA FRIEDA: When Nana Frieda was with my son, Joshua, her great-grandson, she would just stare at him. She seemed to love to watch him play with anything as if he could do no wrong. She once said that she loved watching children discover life.

ERIC BLOOM ON GREAT AUNT FRIEDA: I remember sitting in the den on Ticonic St, about 1989, and talking with Aunt Frieda about Filene's and my work. She took a genuine interest if I was happy or not and as I talked, she always looked me straight in the eyes. She never interrupted me; she really cared about what I had to say.

ERIC: Glenyce told my Mom that her Jewish name (Shana Gietel) was taken from Jack Miller's Grandmother. Glenyce once told us that Frieda invented her own middle name, "Margaret."

SARA LEE BLOOM ON AUNT FRIEDA (AS TOLD TO ERIC BLOOM):

All through my life, I spent a tremendous amount of time in Waterville and a lot of this time, when I was a child, was with my Aunt Frieda. I feel we had a close bond and I loved her very much. Every August 30, it was my Aunt Frieda's wish to purchase a birthday cake for my birthday. She would go to Harris' Bakery or in latter years Hillman's. My birthdays, at camp, were special to me because I always had a built in abundance of family and friends to share it with year after year. The day Aunt Frieda died was very close to my birthday and it turns out she had ordered a cake. When my birthday did arrive, Gisele picked up the cake. We celebrated, but it was not the same without Aunt

Frieda. Today, when we celebrate my birthday, we always talk about Aunt Frieda and how it was her wish to purchase my birthday cake.

SUSAN ALFOND ON AUNT FRIEDA:

Many of my early memories center around moments in the house: Aunt Frieda attended to the business of the house. It seemed that my Mother and I were there each week when someone would ring the bell to come and pay their rent. If tenants didn't pay, Frieda would go out in her housecoat and yell to them that they had to pay in full by next week.

ERIC ON GREAT AUNT FRIEDA: My mom remembers that Aunt Frieda would make mini danish pastries in metal ice trays. Does anybody have the recipe? Also, those rosebuds became a staple cookie in our home for Thanksgiving. We called them cousin Rose's Rosebuds. Sara Lee said: Along with cousin Rose, you had Aunts Freda Libby & Leah, & Cousin Ida who were all great bakers. SARA... Rosebud cookies---a family favorite---were always in supply at Aunt Rose Saperstein's. Everyone stopped in to say hello---and get the special treat!

JEREMY ARNON ON GREAT GRANDMOTHER FRIEDA:

A Glimpse into the Past

While I was nearly 15 years old when my Nana Frieda passed away (she was my great-grandmother), I can't say that I knew her extremely well. How could I? She was nearly 83 years old by the time I was born. Her incredible heredity enabled her, as well as Uncles Ludy & Pacy (my great-great uncles), to live well into their 90's at a time when the average lifespan was much less. What does a young boy say to a great-grandmother who is deaf, somewhat frail and of a much different generation?

I'll never forget the one day, however, when I was able to catch a glimpse, ever so slightly, into the Nana that I'd always heard my mom talk about. It's amazing what happens when the dynamics of a room change. And on one special day when I was probably about 12 years old, the dynamics at 33 Ticonic Street changed dramatically. That was because my brother Ben and I were left alone with my Nana Frieda for a couple hours with no one else around to guide the conversation or cover up any awkward silent moments.

Incredibly, there weren't many silent moments. It was as if my Nana had mustered up twenty years of energy and put it into this two hour period of time. Not only was she up and out of her seat, she was busy making us a snack and getting us a glass of juice. She found something to talk about and I think we watched a little more TV on that great big projector screen with the red, green and blue circles in the bottom front.

I remember thinking, if she was this cognizant at 95, I can't imagine how full of energy she was in her younger years when she was simply just a grandmother. It's amazing how the dynamics of a room change things, and on this day, it changed my perspective on who my Nana really was.

BEN ARNON'S REACTION TO JEREMY'S STORY:

I had completely forgotten about that until I read Jeremy's story. That was an incredible day! It was almost as if she'd been waiting for my mom and everyone else in the room to leave so she could hang out just with us. I think we may have watched *The Price is Right* with her. She was always very kind and caring.

JEREMY ARNON ON FRIEDA'S SON HOWARD, JEREMY'S GRANDFATHER:

Ode to the Grandest Grandfather Clock

Some people treasure a vintage Howard Miller grandfather clock as something special in their life. Well, I was fortunate to have something even better. An actual Grandfather named Howard Miller! We affectionately called him "Poppy" and he reveled in the role. In fact, everyone seemed to call him Poppy, from cousins to my mother-in-law. Even the father of my sister's college roommate would say it proudly, heavy Indian accent and all. Just as a beautiful grandfather clock has a way of captivating a room, so too did Poppy. With a smile that was contagious, he was at ease with adults and kids alike. He was always looking to make a joke and had a way of making laughter part of the fabric of his life. If you asked anyone for a phrase to describe him I think the unanimous answer would be jovial. And boy did he know how to make a young kid feel special. From driving the boat while sitting on his lap at around age 4, to making practically all of the Levine's Store employees go searching for the right pair of jeans for me, I always felt like he was giving me his full, undivided attention. In fact, I think everyone who crossed his path had that same feeling. From the college kid buying his first suit to the childhood friend/poker buddy of 80 years, everyone walked away with a smile and a laugh (maybe not the stock boy taking too long a break but most everyone). I was fortunate to have him at my wedding on June 11, 2005 and he helped make it one of my most special memories. At the age of 85 and having lost some of his memory as a side effect of a miracle drug, he was still his old self. Smiling for every picture, hugging every friend and relative, he even found time to get on the dance floor for one last special dance with my sister Joslyn. That grand old clock would stop ticking just over 3 months later. Like any glorious grandfather clock, though, the memories will keep ticking for a lifetime.

By Jeremy Arnon (One of the Five "Poppy Seeds")

BEN ARNON ON FRIEDA'S SON HOWARD "POPPY" MILLER:

I always felt very special to be Poppy's grandson. No offense to other grandfathers but I truly feel that I had the best grandfather ever. I really feel that he epitomized what a grandfather should be. He was one of the funniest people I've ever met. Everyone loved him. He made everyone feel great about themselves. And he truly cared about his family. The love he showed toward my grandmother is the model I aspire to as a man.

I remember losing my first tooth ever in Levine's store. Poppy got on the loud speaker and announced to the entire store that I'd lost my first tooth. Everyone congratulated me. I felt special.

I remember seeing him in the crowd as I ran onto the field at my high school's Thanksgiving Day football game. I felt special.

I remember him wanting to kill my dad when he thought my dad had lost my grandmother while on vacation in Spain. I don't think my dad felt special then - ha

Poppy would say things like "I don't like to work out. Working out is for the birds!"

I remember visiting Poppy in Florida as he was getting older and taking a walk on the beach in the morning. We talked about where to eat breakfast once we returned to his apartment. Then we went and ate breakfast. Poppy made all of the waiters and waitresses laugh. After our meal, we walked to the car. Once in the car, Poppy talked about where we would eat lunch later that day. Then, soon enough, we went and ate lunch. Poppy made all of the waiters and waitresses laugh. Then we walked to the car. Once in the car, Poppy talked about where we would eat dinner that evening. Then we relaxed for a bit, talked some more and next thing you knew, it was time for dinner. We went out to dinner where Poppy made all of the waiters and waitresses laugh. Once we finished dinner, we walked back to the car. We began driving home and Poppy asked what I wanted for breakfast in the morning. :)

Poppy loved Big G's in Maine. Big G's is legendary in our family because of Sunday morning trips there with Poppy. I like to eat healthy so I never really enjoyed the food all that much. What I enjoyed about going to Big G's was seeing Poppy happy and watching Poppy in action. When he was surrounded by his family, he was truly in action. He would make us all laugh and make sure everyone was happy. He loved Big G's because "they had huge portions and it was cheap!" Poppy would take orders the night before and if you woke up too late, you missed out on the fun!

JOSHUA SOROS ON FRIEDA'S SON HOWARD, JOSH'S POPPY: One interesting thing about Poppy was the way he expressed his love. He was always nudging, which is basically a form of management and funny commentary. He'd sit and observe whatever it was you were doing, and then he'd tell you why everything you were doing was just a little bit off, and how, in his opinion, you should be doing it. It took me a while to understand that Poppy's constant nudging was actually his way of saying he loved and cared about you.

SON-IN-LAW GENE COHEN ON FRIEDA'S SON HOWARD:

THE NEW SENIOR MOMENT

By Gene D. Cohen, MD, PhD

Something that really annoys me is when a narrow world view is considered accurate, especially when the particular world in question is aging, a realm I have studied for more than three decades. A classic example is the misinformed idea held by the general public and scientists alike for most of the 20th century—that we have all our brain cells by the age of 3, with no capacity to produce new ones thereafter.

From this misinformation, it was concluded that the stage for a gradual downward course was set early in the life cycle. We now know that this is false; we continue to have the capacity to produce new brain cells right to the end of life, a process known as neurogenesis. Moreover, brain scientists have found that neurogenesis in aging is associated with novelty and ingenuity.

Consider, too, the concept of the “senior moment.” When an older person experiences a “tip-of-the-tongue” phenomenon—having trouble finding the right word—to many shoot from the hip that he or she is having a senior moment, as if that handily captures the essence of aging. But what moment do adolescents have when arriving at the supermarket and realizing they forgot the shopping list their mother stressed that they remember to bring? Does the so-called senior moment really reflect the defining moment for a senior any more than forgetfulness should brand an absent-minded teenager?

In contrast, my research and clinical work with more than 3,500 individuals in the second half of life has identified not a characteristic moment that defines aging but a considerable interval of time where remarkable psychological growth and development occur. This sets the stage for what may be called the new senior moment, a time of life which many older individuals experience as their “moment,” a new period in their life where they shine or come into their own.

I describe it as the liberation phase. During this phase, positive events happen not despite aging but because of it. Along with the experience of years come agile thought forms, reflecting a mature psychological development prominent among those in their late 50s, 60s, and 70s. With age can come a feeling of inner freedom, self-confidence, and liberation from social constraints that allows for novel or bold behavior, and this lays the inner foundation for the new senior moment.

I’ve identified four psychological growth phases in the second half of life. They overlap one another, phasing in as we transition from one to the other. For example, in our mid-50s, we enter the liberation phase, which continues to be prominent throughout our 60s and as we move into our 70s. It is, in effect, characterized by friendly metaphorical inner voices saying to us, “If not now, when? Why not? What can they do to me?” These voices give us a new level of comfort, confidence, and courage to try different approaches in exploring new areas of endeavor, problem solving, and tapping into our limitless inventive potential. The liberation phase underlies what many researchers have called the growth of practical intelligence and pragmatic creativity with aging.

Consider the following real-life story: My in-laws, Howard and Gisele Miller, both in their 70s, were stuck. They had just emerged from the Washington, DC, subway system into a driving snowstorm. They were coming to our house for dinner and needed a cab since it was too far to walk. But it was rush hour, and no cabs stopped. Howard tried calling us, but both my wife, Wendy, and I were tied up in traffic and weren't home yet—this was the pre-cell phone era.

As his fingers began to turn numb, Howard noticed a pizza shop across the street. He and Gisele walked through the slush to it and ordered a large pizza for home delivery. When the cashier asked where to deliver it, Howard gave him our address, and added,

“Oh, there's one more thing.”

“What's that?” the cashier asked.

“We want you to deliver us with it,” Howard said.

And that's how they arrived, pizza in hand, for dinner that night. This favorite family story perfectly illustrates the sort of agile creativity that can accompany the aging mind. Would a younger person have thought of this solution? Possibly. But in my experience, this kind of out-of-the-box thinking is a learned trait that improves with age. Age allows our brains to accumulate a repertoire of strategies developed from a lifetime of experience, part of what other researchers have termed crystallized intelligence.

Obviously, Howard hadn't used that pizza routine before, but the accumulated experience of other successful strategies helped stimulate the thinking that produced his creative resolution. This was one of his new senior moments, occurring, again, not as a failing of aging, but a benefit of it.

A Glimpse into the Past

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By Jeremy Arnon
(One of the Five "Poppy Seeds")

CERTIFICATION OF VITAL RECORD

State of Maine

CERTIFIED ABSTRACT OF A CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

NAME OF DECEASED FRIEDA L MILLER
DATE OF DEATH AUGUST 24, 1930
PLACE OF DEATH WATERVILLE, ME

SOCIAL SECURITY NO. 006-24-3543 SEX FEMALE
DATE OF BIRTH MARCH 26, 1896 AGE 34 YEARS
PLACE OF BIRTH WATERVILLE, ME

NAME OF FATHER WILLIAM LEVINE
MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME SARAH LEVINE

CAUSE OF DEATH

CARDIO-RESPIRATORY ARREST
CORONARY ARTERY DISEASE
GENERALIZED ARTERIOSCLEROSIS

141202

I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT THE FOREGOING IS A TRUE ABSTRACT OF A CERTIFICATE
WHICH IS IN THE OFFICIAL CUSTODY OF THIS LOCALITY.

DATE OF FILING AUGUST 27, 1930
DATE ISSUED AUGUST 31, 1930

MUNICIPAL CLERK

Rosella Janey, Deputy

This copy not valid unless prepared on engraved border displaying seal and signature of Registrar.



American Bank Note Company

ANY ALTERATION OR ERASURE VOIDS THIS CERTIFICATE



EULOGY OF FRIEDA MILLER BY RABBI RAYMOND KRINSKY
AT BETH ISRAEL ON 25 AUGUST 1990

This morning we say farewell to a most unusual person. Loving family mentor, competent business woman, respected neighborhood counsellor, active community leader, beloved and trusted friend – Frieda Miller was all these – and she was thorough, committed, persevering, and in charge of all she undertook.

She was first and foremost the matriarch of her extensive family. Frieda saw carefully to the needs of her children and her brothers and sisters. Howard and Glenyce will remember a loving mother who nurtured them through the years of their growing up and how she imbued in them the importance of education. Ludy and Pacy had always lived with her in the residence on Ticonic Street where they all were born. They will remember a loving sister who lavished her attention upon them driftily. Bibby and Betty will remember a loving sister who advised and guided them in their early years and provided meaningful direction to their lives. Sarah, Wendy and Judy Margie, Steven and Michael will remember a loving grandmother who doted on them with pride and joy, and upon the eight great-grandchildren she loved. She was a loving aunt and beloved mother-in-law. Indeed, it was her influence which so well knitted this family together over the years. The memory of her affection will surely maintain the integrity of this closeness in the years to come. And that memory will assure the legacy of her life as a living influence in the lives she touched so tenderly and lovingly.

Frieda lived all her life – from her birth to her passing – among the properties she administered and maintained on Ticonic Street. She was no absentee landlord and she was always on top of her responsibilities to her tenants. She helped her neighbors and counselled them often on the many problems confronting them. She kept the buildings and grounds in good repair and, over the years, improved the neighborhood by having unconstitutional enterprises removed from the area.

I remember visiting her one day when she wasn't feeling too well and was just getting over an illness. There she was instructing her maintenance man on some items that had to be attended to immediately. A prospective tenant called and she pleasantly explained the necessary procedures. Another tenant dropped by and received assurance on a problem she was encountering. One could not be but impressed by the confidence she manifested in her dealings and the professionalism of her approach to them.

Eulogy of Frieda Miller (continued)

Frieda was an active member of our Jewish community. For many years she promoted B'nai Brith and Hadassah. She initiated the ad book for these causes and aggressively sought out and secured donations through personal solicitations and the organization of events. Her establishment of the ways and means of developing these projects became the standard for those who subsequently received the mantle from her.

Frieda took pride in her work and her accomplishments validate that pride. She was filled with a lot of common sense. She had strong notions of the practical in life. She was fully alert to the end. And she never lost sight of the human element in her shrewd perceptions of all that surrounded her.

She was that rare woman of valor who is not easily found. The hearts of her dear ones could safely trust in her. She would do them only good all the days of her life. She stretched out her hands to all who needed her. Strength and dignity were her clothing and she laughed at the time to come. She opened her mouth with wisdom and the law of kindness was on her tongue. She looked well to the ways of her household and did not eat the bread of idleness. Her children rose up and called her blessed and all the members of her family extolled her. Many daughters have done valiantly. But you, Frieda, excelled them all. Grace is deceitful and beauty is vain. But a woman who fears the Lord shall be lauded. She was given the fruit of her hands and her works did praise her in the gates.

A TRIBUTE
published in the pages of
THE MORNING SENTINEL
WATERVILLE MAINE

AUG 26 1990

Memorial Obituary

Entered Into Eternal Rest
Friday, Aug. 24, 1990

Frieda L. Miller

Frieda L. Miller, 94, of 33 Ticonic St., died at a local hospital Friday morning.

She was born in Waterville on March 26, 1896, the daughter of William and Sarah (Levine) Levine.

She was educated in Waterville schools and had been a lifetime resident of Waterville.

She was a member of Beth Israel Congregation and had served as president of B'nai Brith. She was also a member of the Hadassah.

She was a member of the Waterville Women's Club and a former member of the Zonta Club.

Survivors include one son, Howard Miller of Waterville; one daughter, Glenyce Kaplan of Swampscott, Mass.; two brothers, Loudy and Pacy Levine of Waterville; two sisters, Dorothy Alfond of Waterville and Betty Kaplan of Brookline, Mass.; six grandchildren; eight great-grandchildren; several nieces and nephews.

A memorial service will be held 10:30 a.m. Sunday at Beth Israel Synagogue.

Burial will be at 1 p.m. at Mount Sinai Cemetery in Portland.

Memorial visiting will be observed at her home at 33 Ticonic St.

Arrangements are by Redington Funeral Home, Waterville.

MILLER, Frieda L. — In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to Beth Israel Synagogue, Waterville, Maine.

They are not lost who find
the light of sun and stars and God.

Rest In Peace



The Lord is my shepherd:
I shall not want. He maketh
me to lie down in green pas-
tures: he leadeth me beside the
still waters. He restoreth my
soul: he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his
name's sake. Yea, though I
walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will
fear no evil: for thou art
with me; thy rod and thy
staff they comfort me. Thou
preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine
enemies. Thou anointest my
head with oil: my cup runneth
over. Surely goodness and
mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life: and I
shall dwell in the house
of the Lord for ever.

Twenty-Third Psalm

A Permanent Record of the
Obituary and Funeral Details







SAM FREBLE
WATERVILLE, ME.

Sincerely yours













Alfred Bowen



GRADUATION EXERCISES

of the

Waterville Senior High School



CLASS MOTTO

Qui non proficit, deficit

CITY OPERA HOUSE, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1936
at 8 P. M.

PROGRAM

Processional Grand March—"Aida" *G. Verdi*
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
MR. HERMAN E. ROWE, Conductor

Chemistry and Life
RICHARD LINWOOD CHASSE

Violin Solo—"Der Sohn der Haide" *Keller Bela*
JOSPH SALIEM BARAKET

Side B

Trends in English Poetry
MARY LOUISE WHEELER

Address—
DR. J. PERIAM DANTON
Librarian at Colby College

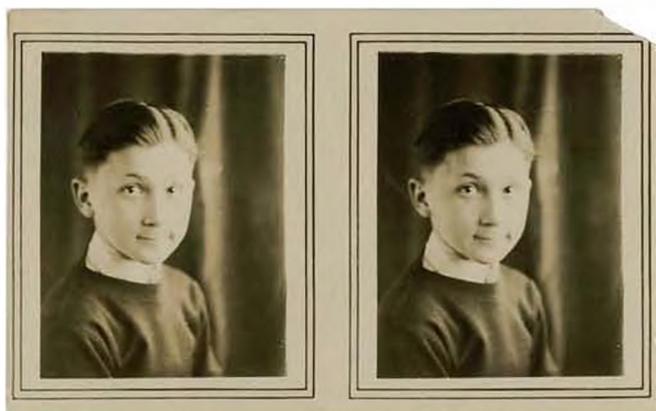
Presentation of Diplomas
PROF. ERNEST C. MARRINER
Chairman of the Board of Education

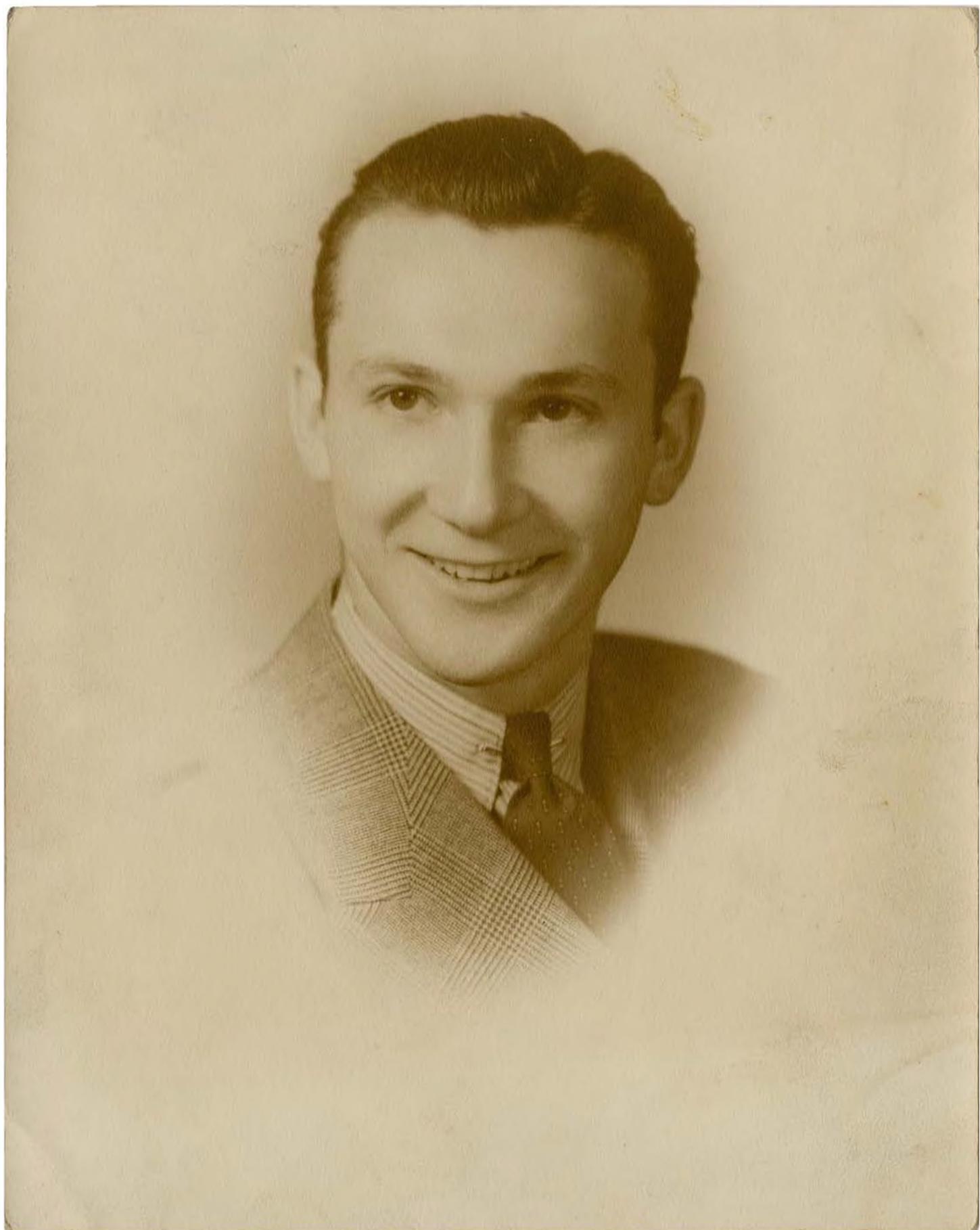
Trisgian March *F. H. Losey*
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

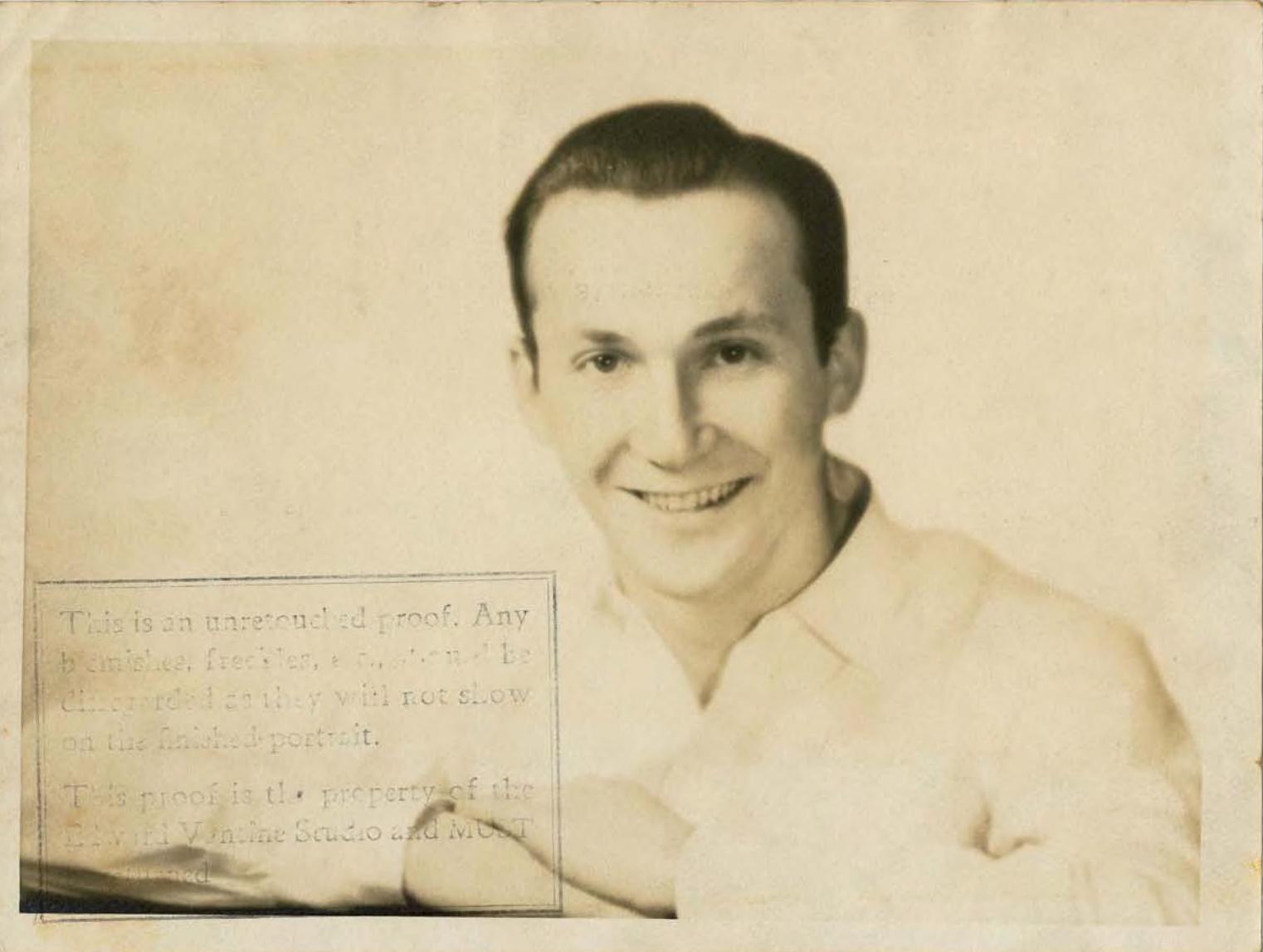
CLASS ROLL

Earl C. Adams
H. Clifton Alward
Brantford Aylward
Joseph Saliem Baraket
Marjorie Alice Berry
Desmond H. Bickford
Dorothy Evelyn Bickford
Perley A. Bisson
Eleanor Frances Blanchard
Gilbert James Bourgoin, Jr.
Raymond Bourgoin
Jean L. Bridges
Hubert Brooks
Helen Marie Bucknam
Laura Pauline Bureau
Charles Raymond Burke
Mary Alice Carey
William J. Chamberlain, Jr.
Richard Linwood Chasse
Fred C. Colby
Helen Margaret Colford
Dellora M. Cote
Francis D. Cote
Ruth Cote
Bessie Coventry
Richard Avery Craig
Romeo A. Cyr
Omer G. Daviau
Donald A. DeRocher
Patrick P. Desmond
Ruth Elizabeth Downing
Harriet Adelaid Dyer
Herbert Ralph Elkins
Robert Edmond Fecteau
Annie May Estelle Fenton
Ellen Maria Fitch
Joseph Donald Fortier
Raymond Archelas Fortin
Yvette Carmen Gilbert
Lorette Rose Giroux
Geraldine Meriam Goldberg
Walter Gerard Gosselin
Joseph Henry Guite
Grace Iona Gullifer
John Charles Gunning
Donald Joseph Gurney
Agnes Carolla Haglund
Benjamin Hains
Paul Emile Hallee
James Lewis Hancock
Virgil Everett Harding
Donald Jolicoeur Hart
Charles Herbert Henderson
Barbara Grace Holmes
Donna Elsie Horne
Geraldine Eleanor Hunter
James E. Illingworth, Jr.
Ethel Ida Ireland
Frederic John Kelso
Bernard Carol LaFlamme
Quentin Vernal LaFleur
Albert Lawrence LaMarre
Viola Mary Landry

Robert Cyde Larracev
Geraldine Juliette LeGendre
Aurore Grace Lemieux
Leo Fernand Lemieux
Eugene Joseph Letalien
James Joseph McClay, Jr.
Robert Aime Maheu
Horace G. Marcoux
Norman Lyle Mathews, Jr.
Emilienne Bertha Mathieu
John L. Mathieu, Jr.
Raymond Louis Michaud
Vallier Marcel Michaud
Howard Avery Miller
Barbara Nadine Mitchell
Ruth Winifred Moore
Frederick George Nash
Gwendolyn Meredith Nason
Elias George Neseralla
Constance Marie O'Donnell
Mildred Elizabeth Perkins
Ina Esther Pihlgren
Helen Yvonne Pilon
Dorothy Mary Prosser
Geraldine Mary Quirion
Lawrence F. Rancourt
Leo Francis Rancourt
Wilfred Rancourt
Katheryn Ellen Reny
Lucille Marie Reynolds
Frederick Harold Rines
Ruth Elizabeth Rowell
Clotilde A. Saliem
Ira Albert Salley
Frances Lenora Sawyer
Hollis William Seames
Agnes Mary Sirois
Rachel Abbott Small
Arthur Eastman Smart
Esther Marguerite Soule
Pauline L. Sterling
Mary Celia Striebel
Rene Joseph Theriault
Lola Helen Thissell
Alleen Thompson
Maxine Leone Thompson
Helen Eunice Tracey
Bernadine Marion Tracy
Lawrence Justin Trainor
Norman C. Tremblay
Reginald Tremblay
Ernest Franklin Upton, Jr.
Richard H. Veinot
Walter William Webb
John Norris Webber, III
Geraldine Estelle Wells
Mary Louise Wheeler
Irene Emelia Willett
Alice Mary Williams
Malcolm E. Williams
Bertha Viola Wilson
Frederic Grindle Winters
Gordon Wolman
Virgil Charles York







This is an unretouched proof. Any blemishes, freckles, etc., will be eliminated so they will not show on the finished portrait.

This proof is the property of the
Elviro Valentine Studio and MUST
be returned

A black and white studio portrait of a young man with dark hair, styled back. He is wearing a light-colored suit jacket over a white shirt and a dark tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. A rectangular card is held in front of him, partially obscuring his chest. The card contains two pieces of text.

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copy will be sent to you if you
desire it. Please keep it
on the left side of it.

This is the property of
Theodore H. Heslop and will
be returned



ORDNANCE TRAINING CENTER, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.—Among the thousands of men recently inducted into the service of the United States and assigned to the Ordnance department are two men from Waterville, Me.

They are Leo Barron of 5 Center street and Howard A. Miller of 33 Ticonic street.

The training center is charged with the mission of supplying the entire Army with trained Ordnance personnel.

Soldiers selected for the Ordnance department may consider themselves particularly fortunate in view of the fact that it is one of the most technical branches of the Army. Here men are taught maintenance in the field of all the fighting tools of the using troops.

Supply and maintenance from the pistol and revolver to the tremendous coast defense weapons, tanks of all types, ammunition for all weapons, bombs and other armament for the air forces and the numerous other fighting vehicles.

New soldiers, upon arrival at Aberdeen, are quickly formed into training companies where they must go through the school-of-the-soldier period. For four weeks they are taught the fundamentals every soldier must know . . . defensive and offensive protection, chemical warfare, sanitation, discipline and many kindred subjects.

In the technical training section



Friday
Tuesday 29, 1945

Dear Sara Lee,

Do not be angry with me because I do not write very often. I like to receive your letters and would like to answer every one of them, but I just do not seem to be able to find the time.

I hope that you, Tema and all the family are fine. I speak to Asell on the telephone every day and she and Sara Belyth are both fine. I am sending you a little picture of your new cousin, and as soon as I have more pictures, I shall try to send you some.

My mother wrote that both you and Tema were sick. I am glad that you are both better now. You are both probably so grown up now that I shall not even know you when I

return.

2

I am still in Casablanca with no hopes of going home and not much more hope of getting transferred back to Oran. This is a very nice city — if you like it — but I sure wish those I were in America already with Osie & little Sara. I know that you will love them as I am sure that Osie will love you.

Give my love to all, be a good girl and write again.

Cord,
Howard

Cpl. Howard
31099485
180 Det NASC
APO 600 - USA Army



MISS SARA LEE KAPLAN
70 WINCHESTER ST.
BROOKLINE,
MASS.

normandy

Property of

Frieda L. Miller, 10th
154 Main Street: 25 Maple St.
Frieda L. Miller, May 30, 1973
Frieda L. Miller, June 14, 1973
Frieda L. Miller, June 14, 1973
26 Allen St.

179 College Ave.

6 Edward St.

36 Feronic St. Purchased from ~~Boothby & Bartlett~~ on 1/30/73
to David P. Sanderhoff, Esq., 1/30/73
16th St. 1st Sth. Bond for Sale
~~Boothby & Bartlett~~
ida deeded 5 Caldon St to Howard Miller, April 6, 1973
and Nancy Miller, May 30, 1973

Parties Property of
Sold. Frieda L. Miller.

Sold to Edward St. Bond for Sale to Ronald Queen
Aug 1, 1973 to Oct 1, 1973
179 College Ave. ~~house to Joseph H. Shandoroff~~
~~Sept 22, 1973~~
~~for \$14,500~~
Cancelled by 1st Notice Nov 4, 1973

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SOCIAL EVENTS

Glenyce S. Miller Recent Bride Of Leonard Kaplan In Brookline

Mrs. Frieda Levine Miller of 31 Ticonic Street announces the marriage of her daughter, Glenyce Sybil, to Leonard D. Kaplan, son of Mrs. Morris Kaplan and the late Mr. Kaplan of Brookline, Mass.

The ceremony was performed at the Kellith-Israel Temple, Brookline, Mass., at 11 a. m. Tuesday, June 17, with Rabbi Louis Epstein officiating.

The bride was given in marriage by her uncle, Rudy Levine of this city. She was attended by Miss Temma Kaplan of Brookline, as maid of honor. The bridegroom's brother-in-law, Pierce Fleishman of Syra-

cuse, N. Y., served as his best man. The wedding luncheon was served at the Hotel Somerset in Boston, with only members of the immediate families in attendance.

Mrs. Kaplan was graduated from Waterville High School and from Colby College in 1946, where she was prominent in dramatics and public speaking.

Mr. Kaplan was graduated from Mitchell Military Academy in Billerica, Mass., and from Babson Institute, Babson Park, Mass. He is president and treasurer of the Prime Tanning Company at Berwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Kaplan are spending the summer at Poland Spring.



MRS. LEONARD D. KAPLAN
(Glenyce S. Miller)











alan mills

















Photo
M. H. Johnson



apple

*Mr. and Mrs. Howard Miller
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter*

Sara

to

Doctor Dan Arnon

*Sunday, the seventh of November
at twelve o'clock noon*

Nineteen hundred and seventy-one

Beth Israel Synagogue

Waterville, Maine



APR • 59



• APR • 59





















APR • 59





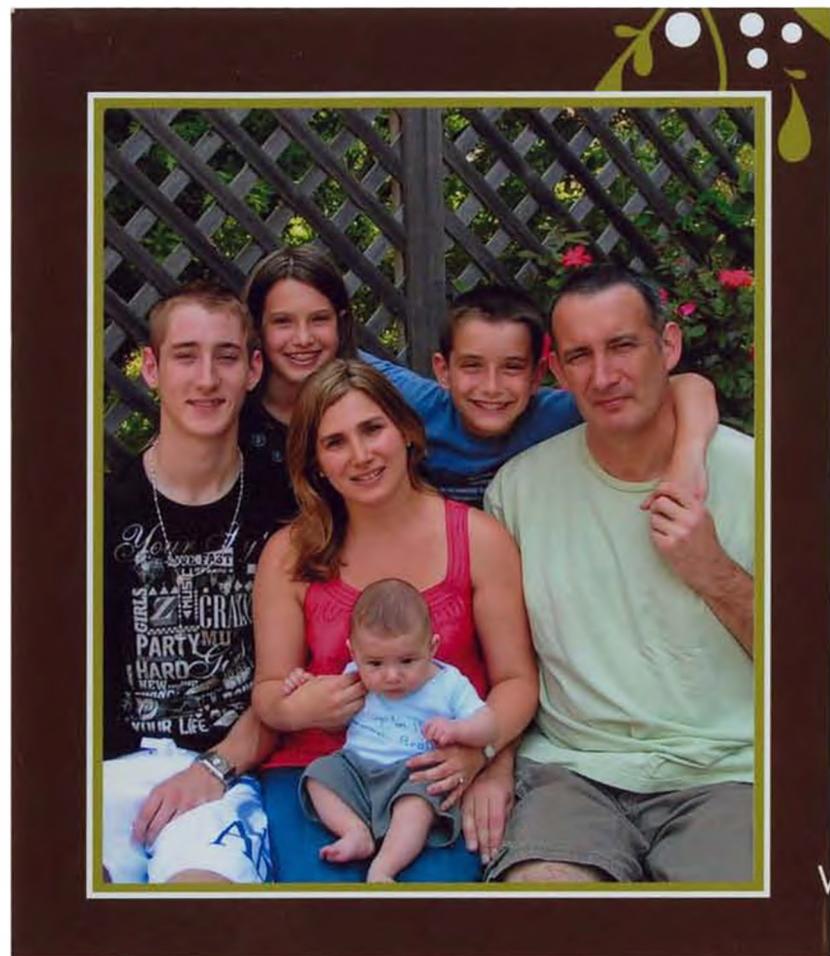










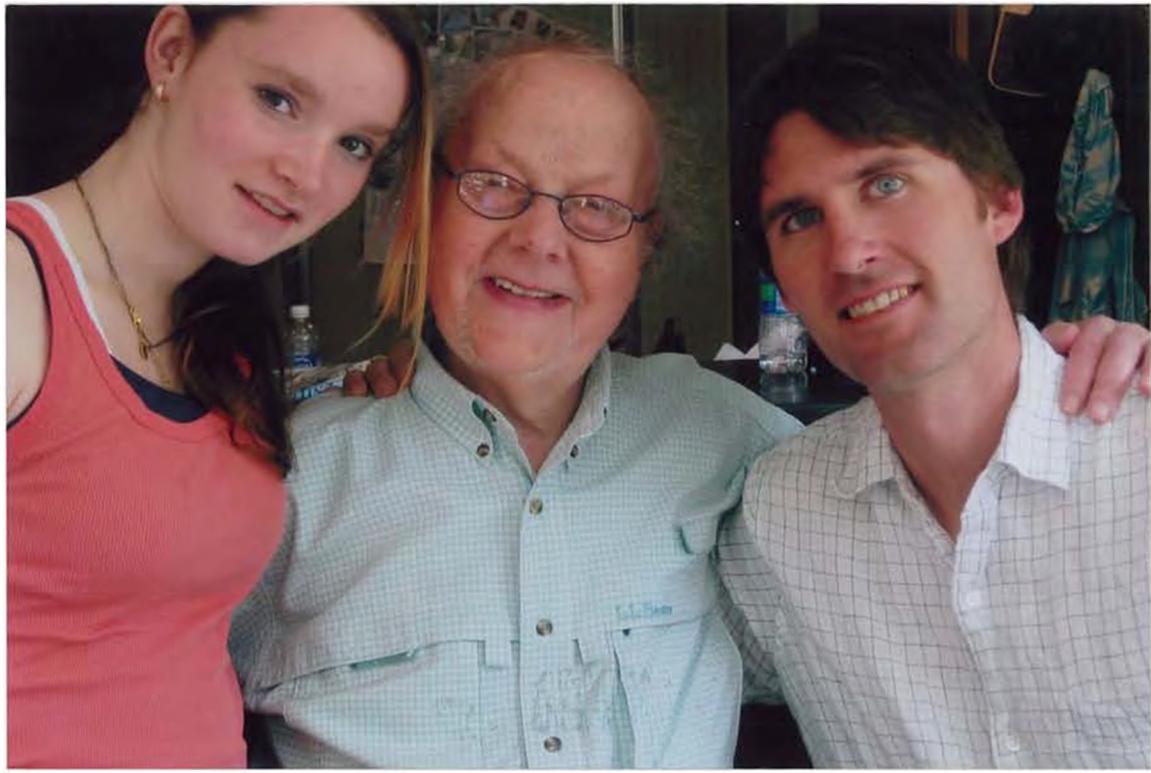




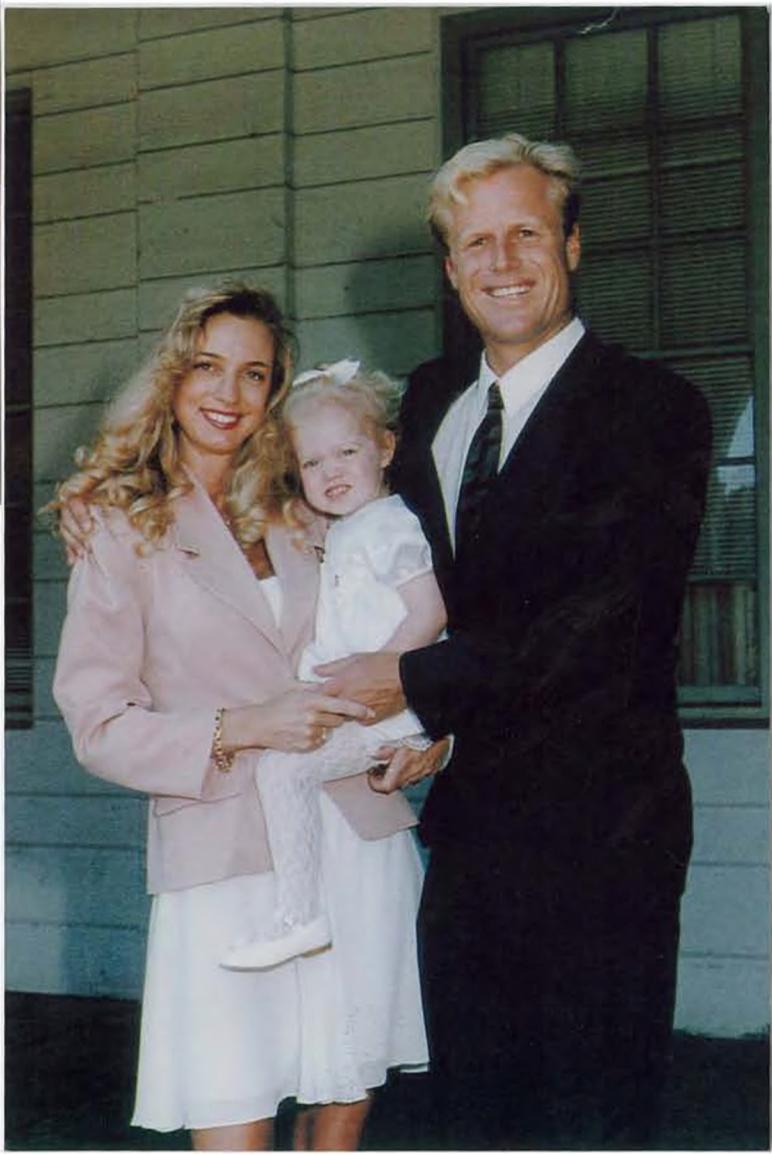
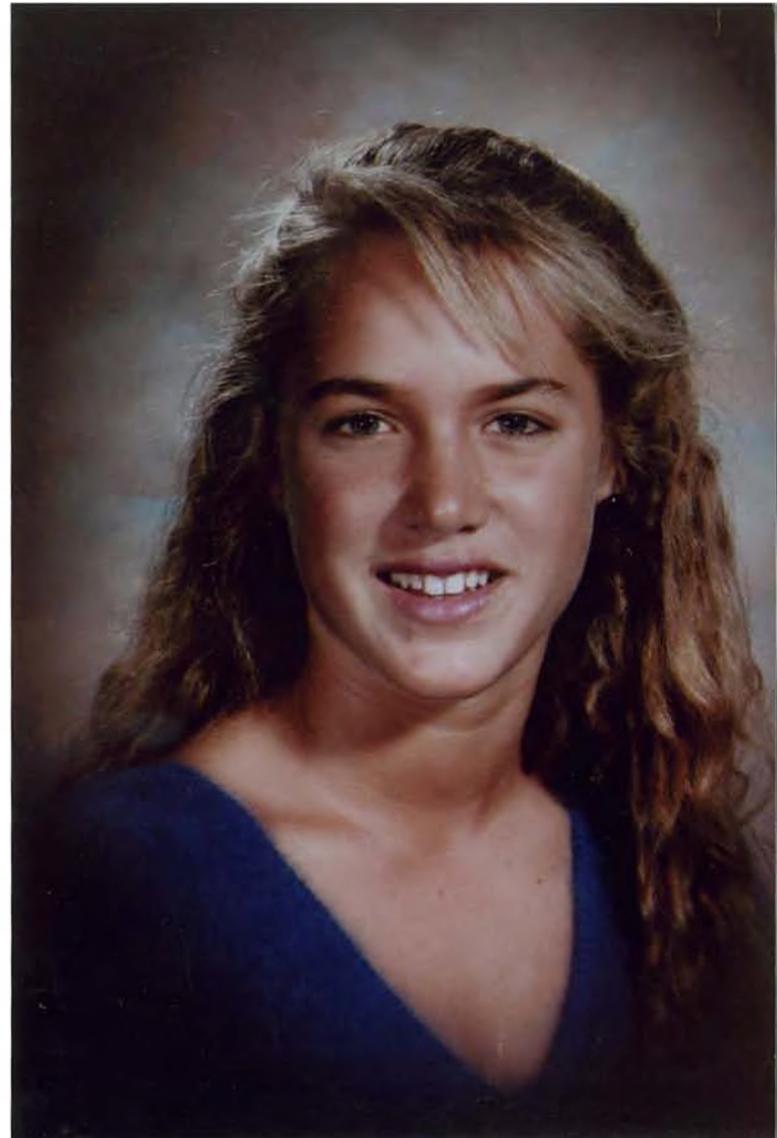


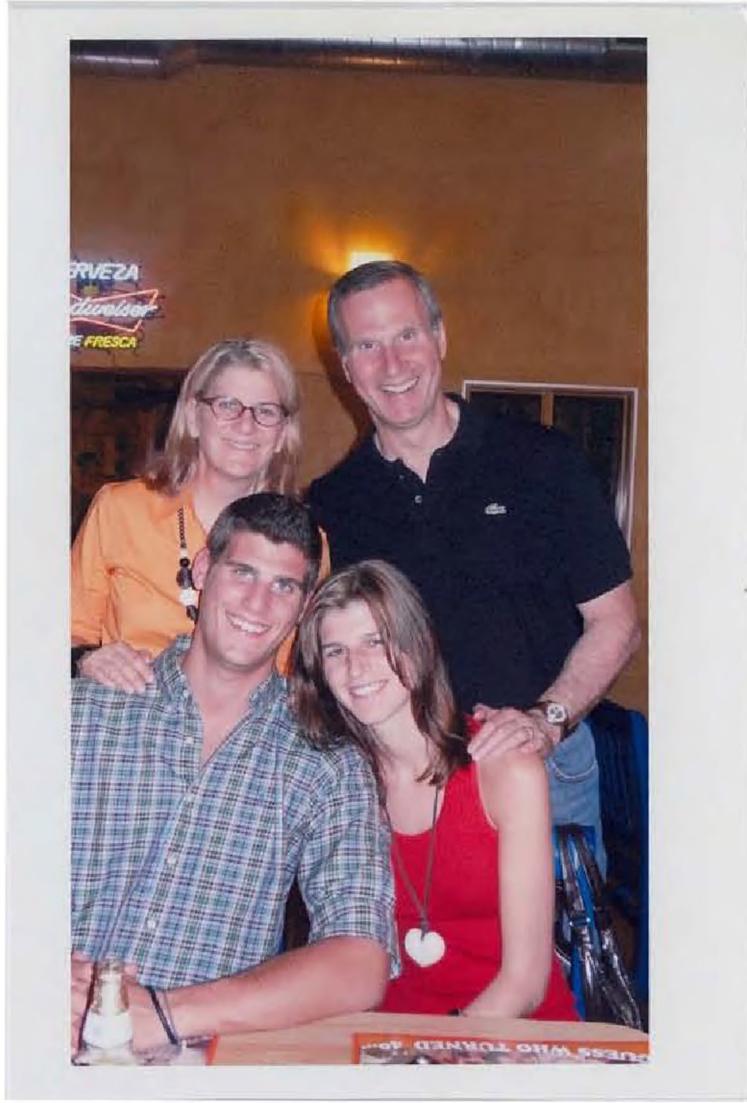
















Howard A. Miller

1920-2005

written by Howard Miller

Howard A. Miller, age 85, a lifelong Waterville resident, died September 17th, 2005, at the Hospital he knew as Thayer.

He was born in Waterville on January 25th, 1920, son of Frieda Levine Miller and grandson of William and Sarah Levine. He graduated from Waterville High and Colby College. At Colby, he was a member of Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity and he was active in Public Speaking.

He served in the U.S. Army from 1942 until 1945, spending more than three years in North Africa. In Oran, Algeria, he met and married Gisele Baroukel, who pre-deceased him in December 1997 after 54 years of marriage. On his return from World War II, he entered his family's business, Levine's Store in Waterville, with his grandfather, William Levine, and his two uncles "Ludy" and "Pacy" Levine. After his uncles pre-deceased him in 1996 and 1997, he retired and closed his business which had been in constant operation since 1891.

He was a member of the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Elks Club, the Lions Club, of which he was a former King Lion, the Colby Alumni Association and the Beth Israel Congregation. In addition, he served on the Depositors Trust Bank Board, the Waterville Board of Education, the Chamber of Commerce, and was an active member of the former Businessmen's Association of Waterville.

His primary love was to be with and to travel with his family—his children and his grandchildren. After retiring in 1997, he spent his winters in Florida where he was always visited by his children, his grandchildren, and his friends. He was also very grateful for the companionship he shared with Mrs. Jean Powers during these last few years.

Survivors include his three daughters and son in laws: Sara Arnon of White Plains, NY, Drs. Wendy and Gene Cohen of Kensington, MD, Julie and Michael Soros of Soquel, CA; his grandchildren: Joslyn Arnon, Benjamin Arnon, Jeremy and Casandra Arnon, Joshua Soros and Eliana Miller-Cohen. He leaves his sister and brother-in-law, Glenyce and Leonard Kaplan and their three children: Marjorie, Steven and Michael and their children. Survivors also include his Aunt "Bibby" Alfond, with whom he was raised like sister and brother, her husband Harold Alfond and their children, plus many cousins who all called him Uncle Howard.

A Celebration of Life Service will be held at Beth Israel Synagogue at 11:30 a.m. on Monday. Interment in Portland will follow.

The family will be observing a period of mourning at his home in Waterville. Visitation will be Tuesday and Wednesday from 6-8 p.m.

In lieu of flowers, those who wish may make donations in his name to Colby College for the Gisele Miller Fund, to Beth Israel Synagogue or the Boys' and Girls' Club of Waterville.

Arrangements under the direction of Redington Funeral Home, 5 Park Street, Waterville.

SPEECH FOR POPPY (9/18/05)

Ben Arnon

I have so many incredible memories of my grandfather, Poppy. I'm honored to share a couple that mean a lot to me.

Poppy will forever be one of the funniest and wittiest people I will ever know. His mind was always so quick and brilliant. I knew from a very early age how lucky I was to have Poppy as my grandfather. He was the best. It was always a joy to be with him and I loved to simply hang out with him and watch him in action.

Poppy could hold court in a room full of people in such an incredibly graceful manner. He was never pretentious - never seeking attention. Rather, his brilliantly funny personality was a tremendous comfort to everyone who ever met him. He was a tremendous source of strength for me and he inspired me every time I was with him. Poppy always was and always will be my hero.

I remember when I was about five years old losing my first tooth in Levine's store. It was one of those loose teeth that had been dangling on a string for days and I couldn't wait for it to fall out. I hid in the corner of the store playing with the tooth and, finally, it fell out. I was frightened because at this point I was all alone and I really had not expected it to fall out. One of Poppy's great employees in the store found me and brought me to Poppy's attention immediately. Poppy announced over the intercom that his grandson had just lost his first tooth. I felt so special and I remember thinking how lucky I was to be his grandson.

SPEECH FOR POPPY (9/18/05)

Poppy not only made me feel special. I think he made just about everyone he encountered feel that way. His warmth and friendliness was so evident from the moment anyone met him. He made people feel good about themselves. His smile could brighten up anyone's day.

Every time I was with Poppy, and whenever I spoke to him on the phone, a great feeling of joy overcame me. I realized years ago that underlying my joy was a tremendous sense of pride. I have always been proud to be Howard Miller's grandson. In fact, it makes me proud to say that here today.

I will never forget how comforting it was for me to see Poppy after my dad passed away four years ago. I went to the airport with my Aunt Julie to pick him up. When he walked off the plane and we greeted him, he hugged me and I felt an amazing sense of strength. His love and concern was just what I needed at that difficult moment.

What I will remember most about Poppy is probably what many of us will remember most about him – his remarkable, everlasting love for my grandmother, Nanny. I knew at a very early age that their love was extremely rare and special. Their love has provided me with a wonderful example of what true love is, what it means, and what it has the potential to look like. Poppy has provided me with a model of how I plan to be one day as a father and grandfather.

I think most of us would agree that it was finally Poppy's time to be with Nanny again. He had an incredible marriage for many years. Then he was forced to find his own way for a little while. Fortunately, Jean Powers entered his life for

SPEECH FOR POPPY (9/18/05)

his final years and provided a friendship and companionship that was desperately needed by both Poppy and Jean, and also by our family. For this, we are eternally grateful to Jean.

But now the time has come for Poppy to rejoin Nanny. It is difficult to imagine life without Poppy, but I am extremely comforted by the thought that he has reconnected with Nanny – the woman who became the very essence of his life and who brought complete meaning to his world.

I feel fortunate to have so many extraordinary memories of Nanny and Poppy and I wish them the best on their future journey. I don't know what form their journey takes from here but I do know in my heart that they are together.

Howard Miller: A Eulogy for my Grandfather

By Joshua Soros

Throughout my life, I learned many things from Poppy. Poppy taught me how to put on a tie, how to drive a boat, how to play poker, how to bargain, and how to arm wrestle. But if there is one thing that we can all learn from Poppy, it is simply how to love.

Poppy lived his life for love—love for his wife, love for his elders, and love for us, his family and his friends. And in return he asked us for nothing but our unremitting love for him.

As I was growing up, Poppy was never easy on me. "Help your mother carry the groceries," he would order, "and stop picking your feet!" At times I thought that he must not like me, but over time I learned that his regular criticisms were his own way of expressing his affection for us. I now know that he gave us those commands not because he didn't like us, but, on the contrary, because he loved us so much that he wanted us all to be the best. And besides, after all, what else would a retired store owner do with so much free time!

Yesterday, my Aunt Wendy said that Poppy became much more relaxed in his later years because his life truly was complete. Well, I thought about that for a while, and I could not agree more with her. Poppy lived the most fulfilling life of anyone I have ever known. Besides running the most successful clothing store in Maine, he created an incredible family, a family that is tied together with unbreakable bonds.

Yet Poppy did much more than just that, and until yesterday I never even realized it. Poppy wasn't just my Poppy, or even just my cousins' Poppy. Poppy wasn't just my mom's father, or even just her and her sisters' father. After sitting at his house yesterday listening to the phone's incessant ring, I realized that Poppy was something special to many, many people. Whether a friend, an Uncle, a father, or a Poppy, he was a mentor; he was someone to give us strength, guidance, and to make us feel great about who we are.

And fortunately, even in death, he will continue to do that for us, because although he may be gone physically, our memories of him and the lessons he passed down to us will never disappear. So, if we ever think Poppy is not here, he is. His presence and his very essence lie inside each and every one of us forever. Thank you.

HOWARD MILLER

What a wonderful, wonderful experience it is to have the opportunity of having somebody very special be in your life.

Howard Miller has been that very special person for me and for so many others. People have admired Howard and people have loved him. And I have both—admired and loved him. He has been like a father to me. For Wendy, Eliana, and me, Howard was extraordinarily special in that it was he who found our lovely daughter Eliana and in effect brought her to us. As a result, Wendy and I *Knighted* him the *Supreme GrandFinder!*

For me Howard has personified quality in so many ways:

- He has personified quality in the depth of love and devotion for his family—his wife, his three daughters, his grandchildren, his sister, his uncles, his aunts, his dear significant others—for his whole extended family;
- He has personified quality in his relationships with so many people he had known, worked with, helped, and simply interacted with;
- He has personified quality throughout the whole of his work career, going back to age 11 when he started working at the great Levine's clothing store
- He has personified quality in the fabulous clothes he sold at Levine's—and *that's how I met Howard, in Levine's, acquiring new clothes.*

It was about 12 years ago, shortly after I met Wendy. Wendy brought me to Levine's to meet her father and her legendary great uncles—and to get some new clothes. I immediately got a terrific reception from the legendary Levines, who seemed to me like the admirals, and by Howard who was clearly the Captain of the ship. Howard had a cloth measuring tape around him neck, and he ever so cleverly camouflaged his careful scrutiny of me—by sizing me up as a person in the guise of sizing me up for clothes. I got what was happening; I admired his skill in simultaneously sizing me up at two different levels; I instantly liked the man, very much.

And the suit he was sizing me up for fit perfectly as did my new relationship with Howard, his daughter Wendy, and his family. In fact the suit I got still fits great, and I'm wearing it today.

Howard had a delightful presence, with a range of engaging signature behaviors—*like the way he would respond when he called you on the phone:* After you said hello, you would hear Howard's national news anchorman voice reply, "*GOOD EVENING*".

I will always remember Howard as an endearing *character—clever, resourceful, funny, mischievous, and a bit of a bad boy*. In looking for a memorable story to start Chapter One of a new book I have coming out in January, on the Mature Mind, the example par excellence that was at the top of my list was one about Howard Miller—the *ultimate resourceful elder*.

Here's the story. It took place more than a decade ago, when Howard was in his 70s. He and Gisele were visiting Wendy in Washington, DC, and they wanted to go to the National Gallery of Art. They were not sure when they would finish, so insisted on taking a taxi home. When they completed their afternoon with great art, they left the Gallery only to be greeted by a completely unexpected snowstorm. Now, when it snows in DC, cab drivers instantly disappear, and the scant number of taxis remaining usually are already occupied.

Where there was typically a lineup of cabs to hail outside the gallery, none could be found. And Howard had neglected to take Wendy's work number so he couldn't call her. But he noticed a Metro stop where you could catch a subway train, and he and Gisele took the subway to as close as they could get to Wendy's house. When they left the station, it was still snowing, and still no cabs, and still too far to walk.

Howard, however, noticed across the street the steamy windows of a Domino's Pizza Parlor. He and Gisele crossed the slushy road, entered the

parlor, went up to the counter, and Howard ordered a large cheese pizza for delivery. He was asked where to have it delivered, and he gave Wendy's address.

Howard then said, "Oh, there's one more thing."

What's that? the pizza guy asked, to which Howard without missing a beat replied, "*I would like you to deliver us with the pizza.*"

And that's how Wendy saw them arrive at her place, with the Pizza guy, Gisele, and Howard leaving the Pizza van together, and with Howard carrying a large cheese pizza.

That was classic Howard Miller!

For me, losing Howard is losing a *second* father. But I am comforted by an eloquent line from the 19th Century Scottish poet, Thomas Campbell, who so beautifully wrote: "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Howard will forever live in my heart—as I suspect is the case with so many of you here.

I'll miss you Howard—very much. Goodbye and Au Revoir.



"six women" and the fact that the last of "The Boys" are now gone. Waterville will never be the same.)

Eulogy by Bill Alfond, Howard Miller's Nephew:

It is a sad day indeed to be standing before you talking about Uncle Howard yet it is a day to celebrate a remarkable life and a remarkable man. He was a man of men. A man with a heart of gold and compassion. We sometimes talk about our glass being half empty, Uncle Howard's was full. It was never empty. He had everything, 6 women who idealized him!. A wonderful adoring wife, Gisele, for more than 50 years, three amazing daughters, Sara. Wendy and Julie, his sister Glenyce and his Aunt Bibby, my mother who cherished him and he loved these women more than anything .

Yet there was a man's part of Uncle Howard. The comradeship he manifested between himself and where he came from-Waterville, where he grew up, Colby-where he went to school and Levine's store- where he spent his entire professional life. As children and then as adults we loved coming back to Waterville to just go see the boys and hear their stories and Uncle Howard's jokes. He had a joke for everything. He had a way of making the living of life into a joke for all to enjoy. He was one of the boys and today we say goodbye to the last boy.

Frieda Levine Miller's Legacy:

- Eliana Frey Miller-Cohen, great granddaughter of Frieda Levine Miller