Our Brother
Jeff
You should, first of all, know more about Jeff and the kind of kid he was – which had a direct bearing on the kind of young adult he turned out to be.

- Elaine Holstein, Jeff Miller's mother

Adapted from Elaine Holstein's autobiography and Russ Miller's reflections.
Jeff and I grew up in the Bronx, NY.
When not in school, life in the Bronx was all about playing stickball and hanging out on the front steps of our apartment house. Those were great times!

Back then, Jeff and I were as close as any brothers could be.”

— Russ Miller,
Jeff’s older brother

[Jeff] played hockey, was a delivery boy for Newsday, did well academically, and agonized over his height. He had lots of friends but bemoaned the fact that most girls saw him as a friend.”

— Mom
“In the mid-sixties, I was in high school and Jeff was in middle school.

By 1964, I was off to college, Michigan State, while Jeff attended high school. This geographical reality prevented that daily relationship. But Jeff still looked at me as his role model, at least that's what he told me.”

– Russ

JEFF -
GOOD LUCK DRIVING, AND KEEP COMING TO THOSE "HEYSSED GAMES" SEE YOU IN DRAMA NEXT YEAR.

John

Jeff

Have fun
The summer isn't
worth any more
cats, but have too good
a time, you might forget
me.

me
In 1966, Jeff came out to Michigan and stayed at my fraternity house for a week.

Vietnam was a world away and not yet relevant to either of our lives. Jeff loved the life I was living and aspired to follow in my footsteps. Consequently, he applied to MSU, was accepted and entered the Freshman Class in the Fall of ’67. He even joined my fraternity.

We both attended MSU until I graduated in December ’68. But even before that, things became complicated. Our three-year difference in age became more significant. The war was heating up and Jeff had become extremely passionate in his views about it. At the same time, I was thinking about starting a career.”

- Russ
I expected *my* son to be against the war
- most of the kids and adults I knew were against the war ... I don't think I knew one person who felt differently.

— Mom

Regarding the war,

Jeff threatened to move to Canada while I naively believed most of what our government was preaching. I would go if drafted.

As I look back, 1969 was pivotal. Michigan State and our fraternity stood for everything Jeff now rejected. He had friends at Kent State, friends from Plainview, and he would drive down to visit them regularly. By January, 1970, he transferred to Kent.

— Russ
During Jeff’s first years in college, campus anti-war protests increased dramatically and Jeff, who had been initially critical of his friends who he said were ‘hippies,’ was increasingly embracing the hippie lifestyle.

— Mom

By the Spring of 1970, we had migrated to opposite ends of the Vietnam spectrum.

I lobbied that moving to Canada could potentially destroy his life. He saw no other option. I was still insulated from the war due to my employment in the medical device industry.

Would he have actually headed north? I’ll never know.

— Russ

Dear Jeff,

Our English class will never be the same. Perhaps we shall meet again in the great state of Michigan soon enough.

Carrie
WHERE DOES IT END?

The strife and fighting continue into the night. Mechanical birds sound of death as they buzz overhead, spitting fire into the doomed towns where the women and children run and hide in the bushes and ask why -- why are we not left to live our own lives?

In the pastures converted into battlefields the small metal pellets speed through the air, pausing occasionally to claim another victim. A teenager from a small Ohio farm clutches his side in pain, and as he feels his life ebbing away, he too asks why -- why is he dying here, thousands of miles from home, giving his life for those who did not even ask his help?

The War Without a Purpose marches on relentlessly, not stopping to mourn for its dead, content to wait for its end. But all the frightened parents who still have their sons fear that the end is not in sight.

Jeff Miller
February 14, 1966