

Alfred Baber Fonds

Chemistry and Art
More Adventures of a Chemist Collector

Adventures II -
80th Birthday

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
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May 12th and 13th, 2004 were among the most memorable days of my life.

Sixty-four years earlier, on May 12, 1940, I had been picked up at the religious school of Middle Street Synagogue in Brighton to be interned for the next 16 months. At the time I did not realize that my months as a prisoner of war would give me a wonderful education and lead to my being admitted to Queen's University on November 15, 1941. My connection to Queen's has been close ever since, particularly for the last thirty years.

So it was that on this May 12th Isabel, Charles Munch and I joined Daniel to fly to Kingston. We were bringing the very fine Michael Sweerts *Self-Portrait* as my annual gift of a painting to Queen's.

Charles rented a car to drive to Ottawa to see the National Gallery because he had never been there before. Isabel went to Summerhill to unpack, and I spent an hour with David de Witt, the Bader Curator at the Agnes Etherington Art Centre discussing various paintings.

At noon we went to a luncheon at the new Chemistry building where Victor Snieckus, the Bader Chair for Organic Chemistry, presented me with a truly moving compilation of greetings from more than 50 chemist friends around the world. Many of these, in Canada, in the United States, in Britain, France and Switzerland, I had not heard from in years and these greetings brought back such happy memories of our visits to them in their laboratories.



Then, between 1:30 and 5:00, there was a chemistry symposium with two lectures, followed by a reception. The first lecture, by our old friend, the Nobel Laureate, Barry Sharpless, was a lighthearted review of his travels and of his great chemical discoveries. The second lecture, by one of my best chemist friends, Professor Gilbert Stork of Columbia University, dealt with his efforts over the years to look at various synthetic routes to morphine.

Eva Kushner had come in from Toronto to bring us greetings from President Paul Gooch of Victoria University. She and Isabel went to the Bader Gallery in the Art Centre and then on to Summerhill to catch up on news since Eva will be in Europe in June when we are in Toronto for Isabel's 55th reunion.

After the reception I went off to Summerhill, where we were staying, for a few minutes' rest while Isabel visited the costume store and the conservation department where Shielah Mackinnon is working on some of the Museum's costume collection. Before long she was back and waking me to say that some friends were waiting to talk to me before the Principal's dinner. To my amazement, there stood Volker Manuth, the previous Bader Chair in Northern Baroque Art now in Nijmegen, Holland, Axel Rüger, the Curator of the National Gallery in London, David de Witt and my two sons, to present me with a Festschrift entitled *Collected Opinions: Essays on Netherlandish Art* In Honour of Alfred Bader. Isabel and my sons had written the two Forewords. I could hardly walk downstairs for the dinner

because I was laughing so hard at what David and Daniel had written about me. "As soon as we could speak intelligently - maybe by age five - our conversations with our father went something like this:

- "You want to eat lunch. What for? We have to go look at that painting auction preview."
- "Don't take a taxi - take the Tube."

At the moment of presentation, I was too weary to realize fully what a wonderful gift this was. Twenty-one art historians had written important art historical essays, some dealing with paintings in my collection. One historian, Astrid Tümpel, had written two delightfully thought-provoking short stories. Charles Munch had drawn a sketch of me looking at a Rembrandt. The editors, Volker Manuth and Axel Rüger must have worked incredibly hard to put this together. And four of the writers, Bill Robinson, Arthur Wheelock, David de Witt and Martha Wolff had visited us recently without any hint. What a conspiracy! It took me many hours, some while I could not sleep, really to understand what I had been given.

Downstairs there was a fine buffet hosted by Principal and Mrs. William Leggett who had invited Rosetta Elkin from Montreal (who had just turned 90), and some of the many good friends we had made during our years at Queen's. The high point was the presentation of a plaque inscribed as follows:

Bader Lane

In Victoria's reign she was *Alice Street*, a gently curving passage through residential estates at Kingston's rough-hewn edge. While John Macdonald crafted a country and the town grew, more homes populated Alice's pastoral greens. So would the limestone halls of Queen's University, born years earlier by Royal Charter. Alice, appropriately, assumed the name of her academic neighbour. In time Queen's Crescent would accommodate Gray House, built at the dawn of the new century by a philosophy professor's nephew, and Ban Righ, cornerstone of a future women's residence, erected in 1923.

Seventeen years hence, propelled over an ocean by the winds of a European war, a young *Alfred Bader* found landfall and open arms at Queen's. Mentors and friends there offered a grounding in chemistry, history and humanity; the student, in turn, excelled. And so it began: a globally renowned career in chemistry, a passion for fine art and a borderless philanthropic quest to advance chemical knowledge and the preservation of beauty on canvas.

Life is a busy and unpredictable thoroughfare. Mind, toil and molecules spawn a fortune; art, and Isabel, inspire it. Queen's welcomes a youth; the adult enriches Queen's with Old Masters and its students with generations of opportunity.

TABLE 1

Table with multiple columns and rows of data, including numerical values and text descriptions. The text is extremely faint and illegible.

And today, as *Alfred Bader* enters his 80th year, Queen's honors its most generous benefactor by declaring that of May 8, 2004, Queen's Crescent, the street born as *Alice*, shall now be known as *Bader Lane*. "

The new Bader Lane is a street bounded on the south by Ban Righ Hall where, in my student days, girls were carefully protected from men, and on the north by the Agnes Etherington Art Centre.

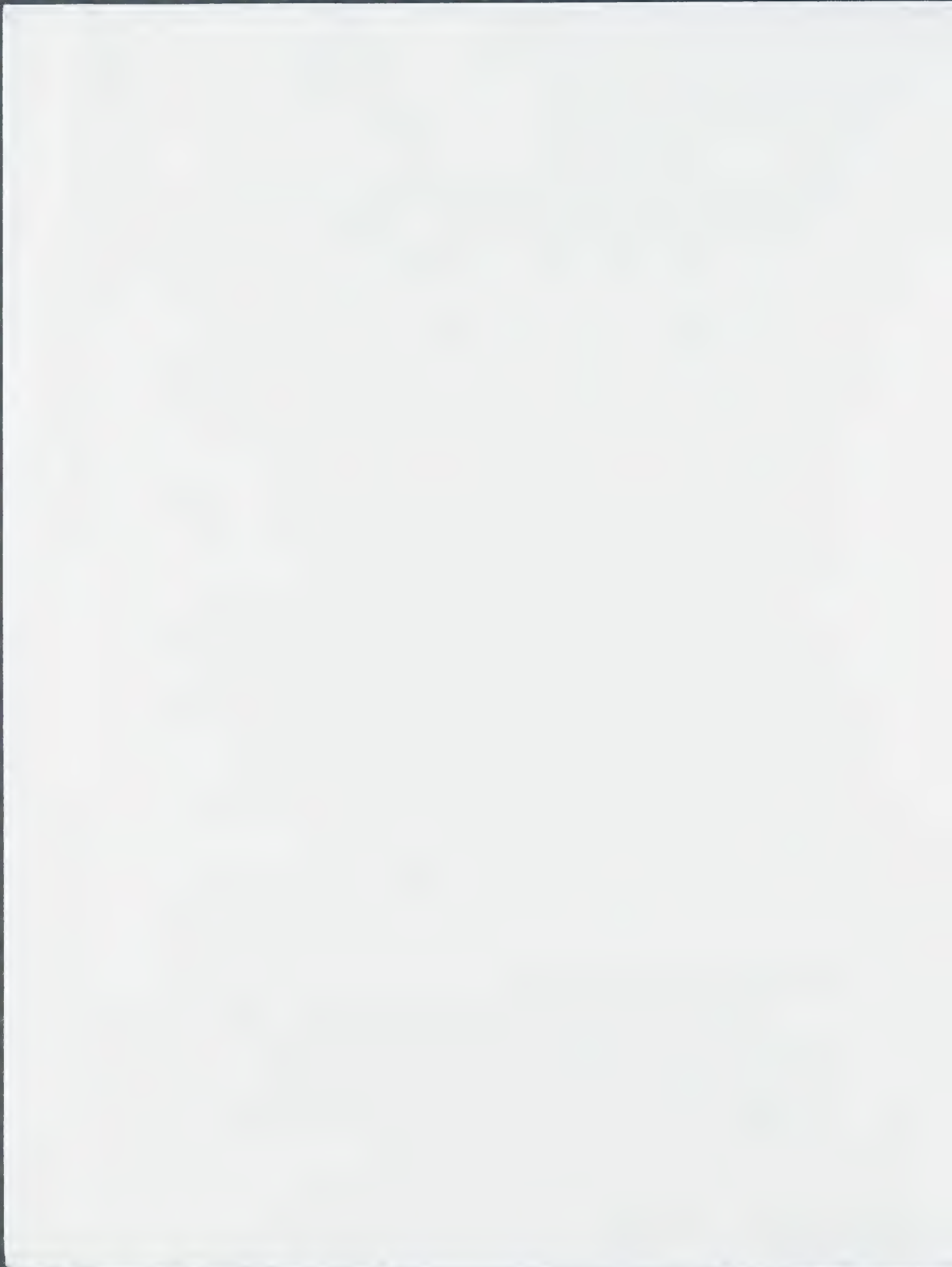
What a gift!

May 12, 1940 had been one of the unhappiest days of my life. May 12, 2004 was one of the happiest, but there was still more to come.

The next day the Art Department and the Agnes Etherington Art Centre held a joint celebration. David de Witt, Sebastian Schütze (the Bader Southern Baroque Chair) and Volker Manuth discussed two Dutch and one Italian painting in the Bader Gallery. At noon we enjoyed a delicious luncheon in Ban Righ with many of the students who had received our scholarships.

My talk at 3:00 about the history of Aldrich and Sigma-Aldrich was well attended and was followed by a public reception from 4:30-6:00, complete with a birthday cake and champagne.

Dinner in the evening was hosted by Mrs. Merle Koven, a member of the Queen's Board of Trustees, very active in the Kingston Jewish community. It was attended by Harvey Rosen, the Mayor of Kingston, and



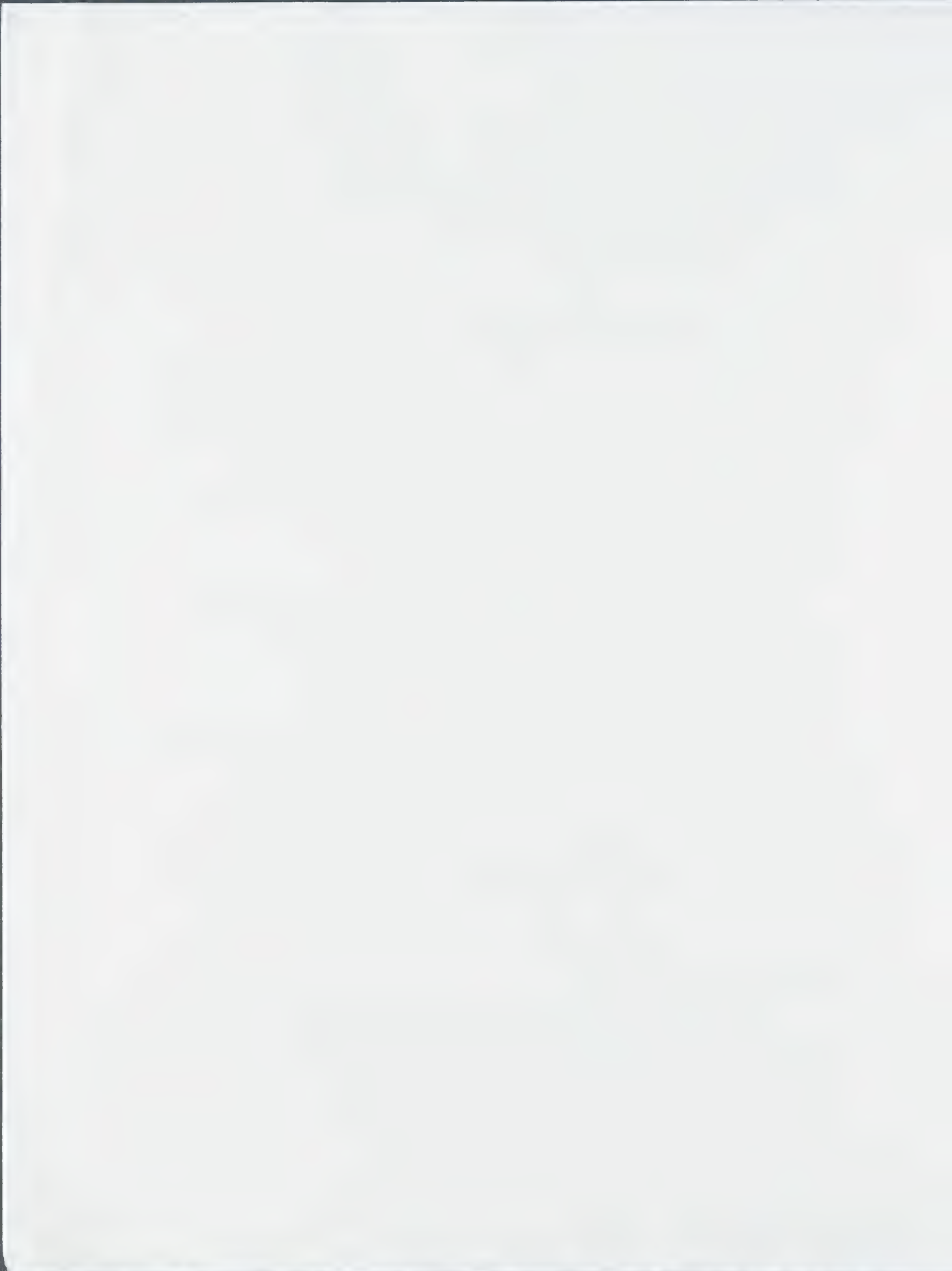
his wife and many others who have worked hard to establish the program of Jewish studies at Queen's. A long day of happy celebrations.

The next morning we met with Bob Silverman, Dean of Arts & Sciences, David Wardle of Chemistry and John Oglivie of Art History to discuss all sorts of financial matters relating to our gifts to their departments. One discussion centered on the endowment for the two Chairs, one in Northern and the other in Southern baroque art; the second discussion about the Bader Chair in organic chemistry; the third dealt with the declining deficit of the International Study Centre at Herstmonceux Castle which we had agreed to cover during five years.

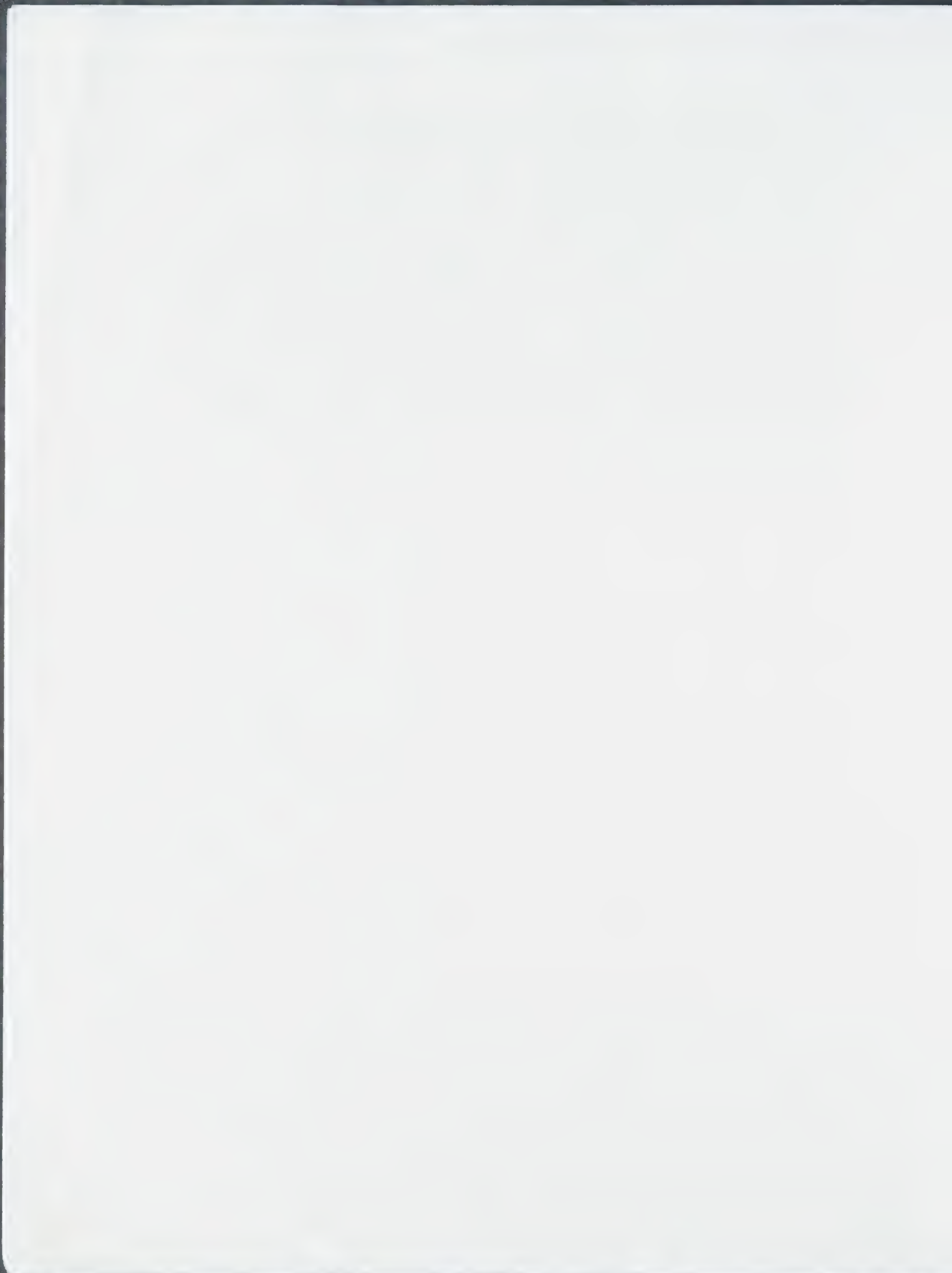
The last item of discussion was the question of whether we might be the lead donors of C \$7 million to build a music and drama center to be named after Isabel. Of course we agreed.

After a brief visit to Rabbi Daniel Elkin, Rosetta's son, we drove to the airport. Unfortunately, the plane developed mechanical problems, the replacement was caught in a thunderstorm, and two other replacements also could not make it until 11 PM, but fortunately we had no urgent plans back in Milwaukee, so we spent a leisurely afternoon and evening and caught a plane home the next morning.

These full and truly wonderful days, far more moving than we could have imagined, are now memories to be relived and savored at leisure.



Until Monday, March 22, when Ralph Emanuel and Yechiel Bar-Chaim arranged for a fine birthday luncheon in London, I had not thought much about my birthday. Why should an 80th birthday be so different from my 79th or 81st? But clearly it was, for London was followed by a birthday party in Milwaukee on April 28th, another at the home of Attorney Joseph and Audrey Bernstein on May 3rd, the two day celebration in Kingston and more parties to follow in Brno and Prague in June. I can say with King David: "my cup runneth over."

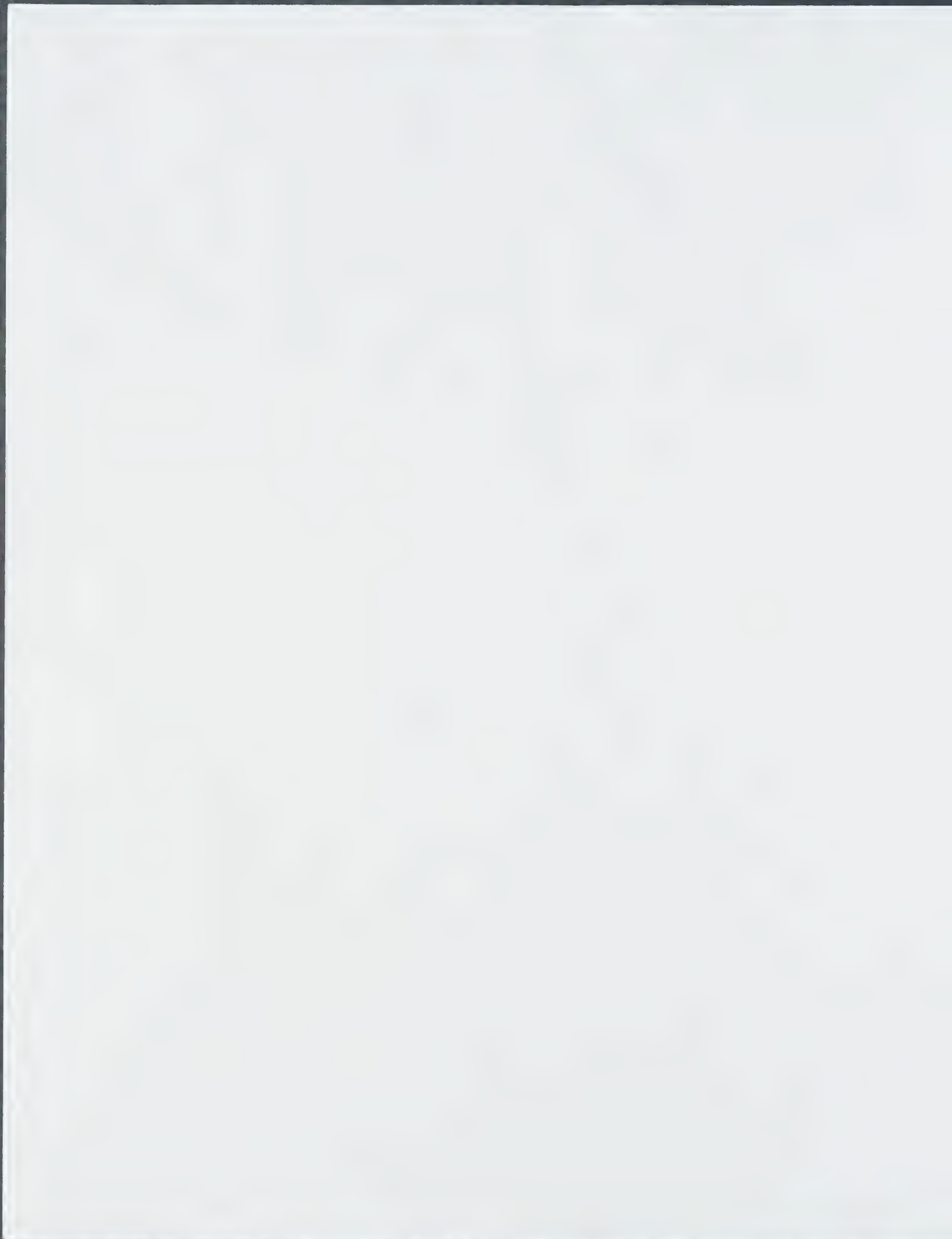


April 28, 2004 was a special day, my 80th birthday and as busy as could be. I knew that David would be coming in from Pennsylvania and Charles Munch from his home near Madison, so I wanted to get as much work done as possible before they arrived.

Despite many phone calls and e-mails which required my attention, I couldn't help thinking of April 28th in years past. I have often wondered what my parents' lives were like before I was born. Were they overjoyed at the prospect of a second child? Was my father concerned at this addition to his family. He was not a reliable provider, addicted to gambling; was he aware that his financial position was very precarious? Did Mama have any inkling of this? Were they delighted to have a son? Within two weeks my father was dead, the cause of death unclear, suicide or murder. I shall always wonder about this.

On what was to be my last birthday in Vienna, in 1938, my mother gave me a slip of paper, a promissory note for a trip up the Danube. I knew at the time that the intent was good but it would be impossible because we had no money, and life was so precarious because the Nazis had marched in the month before. I couldn't know that within seven months I would be leaving Vienna on the first Kindertransport.

By my 16th birthday, a Sunday in 1940, the war had begun. No one in Hove where I was living remembered that it was my birthday. It was a sad day, but on Monday a letter came from Muttli wishing me a very happy

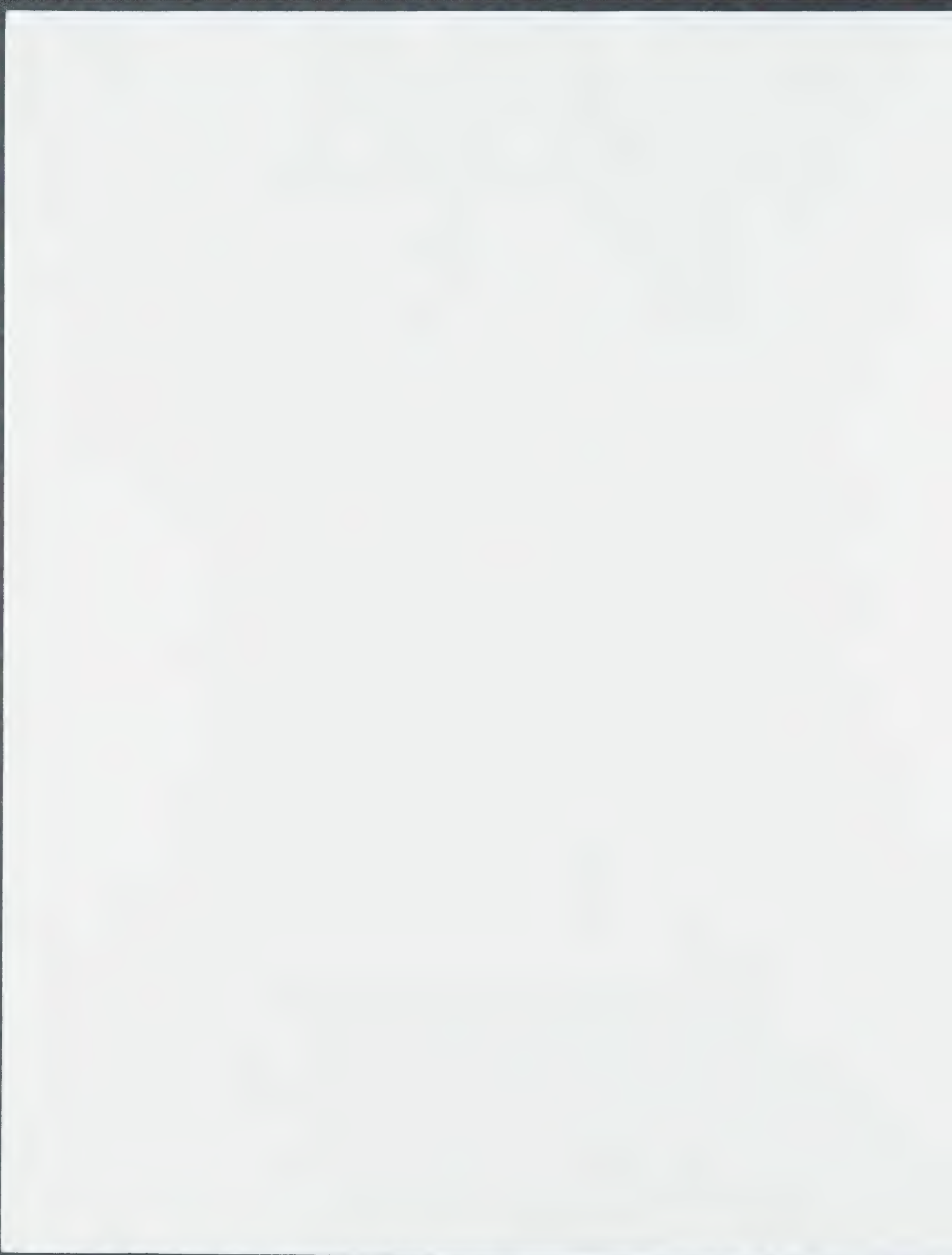


birthday, always concerned for me, always worrying about my health. I was so pleased to have her letter. Within days Holland and Belgium fell, Britain expected an invasion and within two weeks I was arrested as an enemy alien, interned, then shipped to Canada as a prisoner of war. My next birthday was spent in the internment camp. How long would I be kept there? That was the question we all asked ourselves, but at least we were safe from the Nazis, and by April of 1941 conditions were very much easier than on our arrival.

Certainly my 17th birthday was a happier day than the lonely Sunday in England. I kept a diary in German of our lives in the camp and made the following notation for April 28th:

“28.4.41 Seventeen. When I compare my last birthday with this and consider what happened in this last year, I ask myself “was the last year a lost year or not?” Materially, certainly, mentally, certainly not. In free life I could never have had these experiences, and what is much more important, is not a true friend, a friend you can really trust worth much more than material gain? And now, should I pass the matriculation exam in June, I will certainly not look back to my sixteenth year as a wasted year.

It is customary on one's birthday to make resolutions, and some years I set goals which seemed hopeless from the start; this time, however, I know that I will reach my goal: I will try to

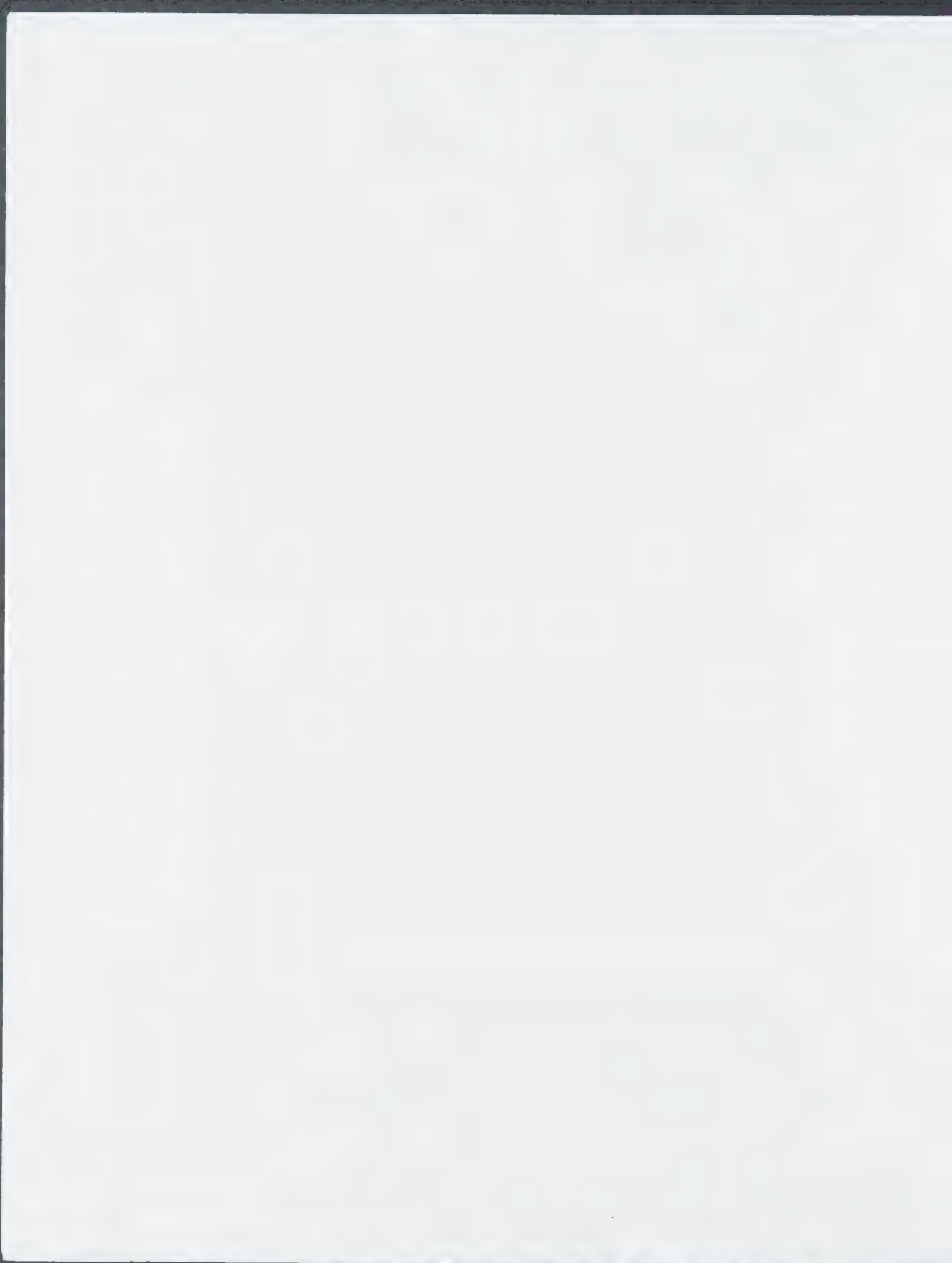


bring myself mentally, morally and physically to the level of Pong.

My birthday passed well. The weather was and still is beautiful, and many of my friends had given me small presents. Bobby, Max, Arno, Heinz, Walter and Bruno [the Canadian sergeant] were among the first - my box is full of oranges, apples, coconuts, chocolates and cookies! Rudi gave me an Agatha Christie, chocolates and cookies. My greatest pleasure came from Muttli's and Pong's letters received yesterday and Pong's book. The day is coming to an end, may my seventeenth year see the world at peace, and me in freedom, united with Muttli and Pong."

Heinrich (Pong) Wohlaüer, my best friend in camp, who had returned to England had written in English, ". . . and I shall think of the lone island in a river in Canada, where my friends are, and just are celebrating the birthday of one of them, the one whom I liked most of them. Alfred, become a good and honest man! There are so few about now and the world is in need of them!"

My hopes for freedom came true six months and four days later, so that on my 18th birthday I was a free man, although I had to report each week to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I had been taken



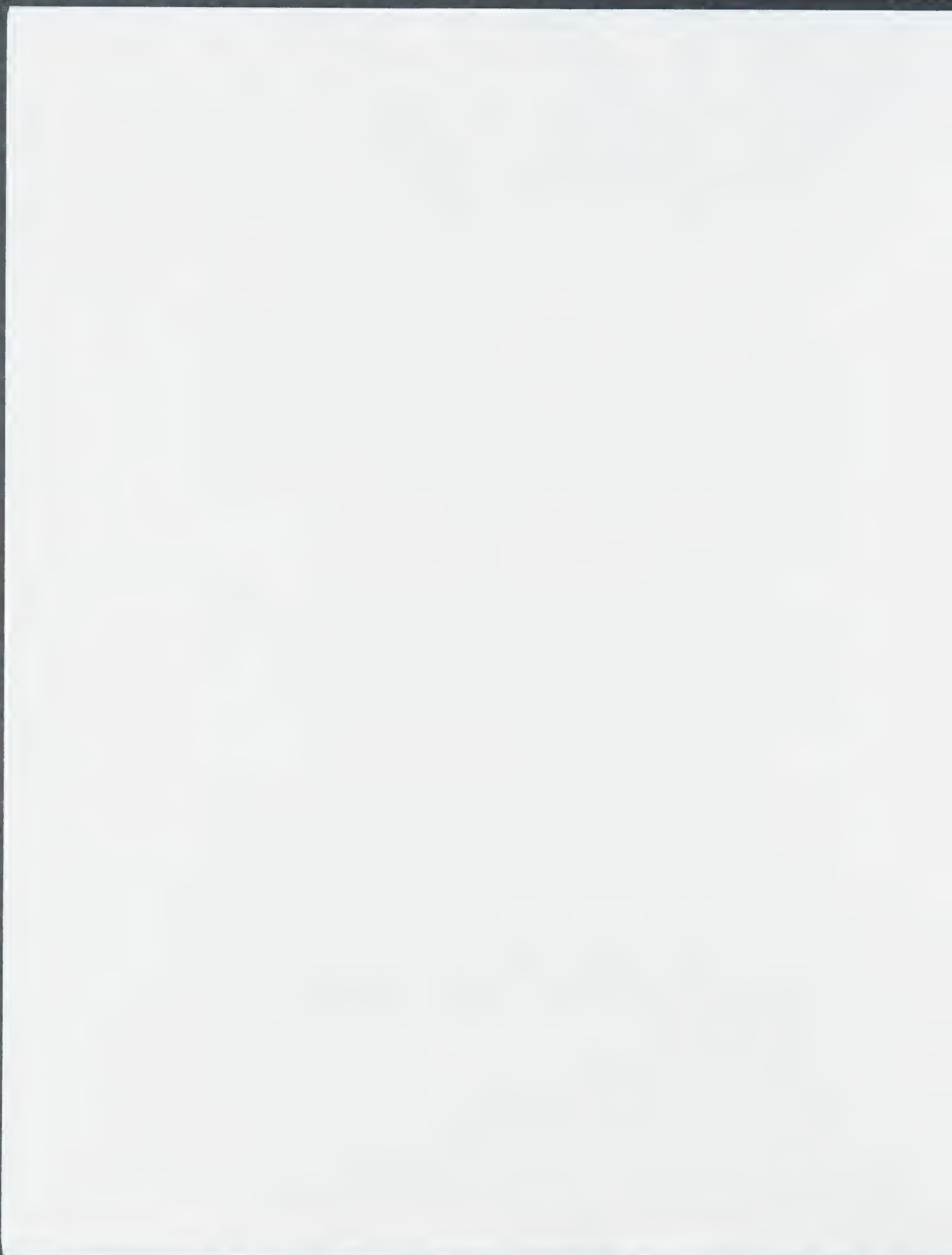
into the heart of the wonderful family of Martin Wolff in Montreal and I was enrolled in Queen's University where I had been welcomed and helped in every way. I was working hard and knew that my life lay before me.

So, for the next many years, birthdays are a blur until my 70th and 75th when we had wonderfully happy celebrations with family and friends, some of the best of whom are no longer with us. Marvin Klitsner has died since, as has Bill Schield, the best stockbroker I have ever known. He and his wife died in a tragic car accident while vacationing in Spain.

I am blessed to have reached my 80th birthday and to have so many friends who have sent greetings from around the world. Among the most memorable were an e-mail from Yechiel Bar-Chaim and a card from Margarete Harvey, David Harvey's wife.

Yechiel's e-mail read in part:

"Your generosity has changed the way I work and liberated certain instincts from within that perhaps were there before well-hidden and perhaps not. I can say that as a result in communities like Belgrade, Zagreb, and Sarajevo there are now Jewish activists involved in helping others - inside and outside the community - in ways we wouldn't have imagined just a few short years ago.



At least as important to me, however, have been the new friends and contacts to whom you have introduced me in London, Prague, and Brno. Looking forward to our dinners in Prague scheduled in June with some of the best of them."

When I got home from the gallery there was a beautiful orchid from Margarete Harvey and a card which read:

"Dear Alfred,

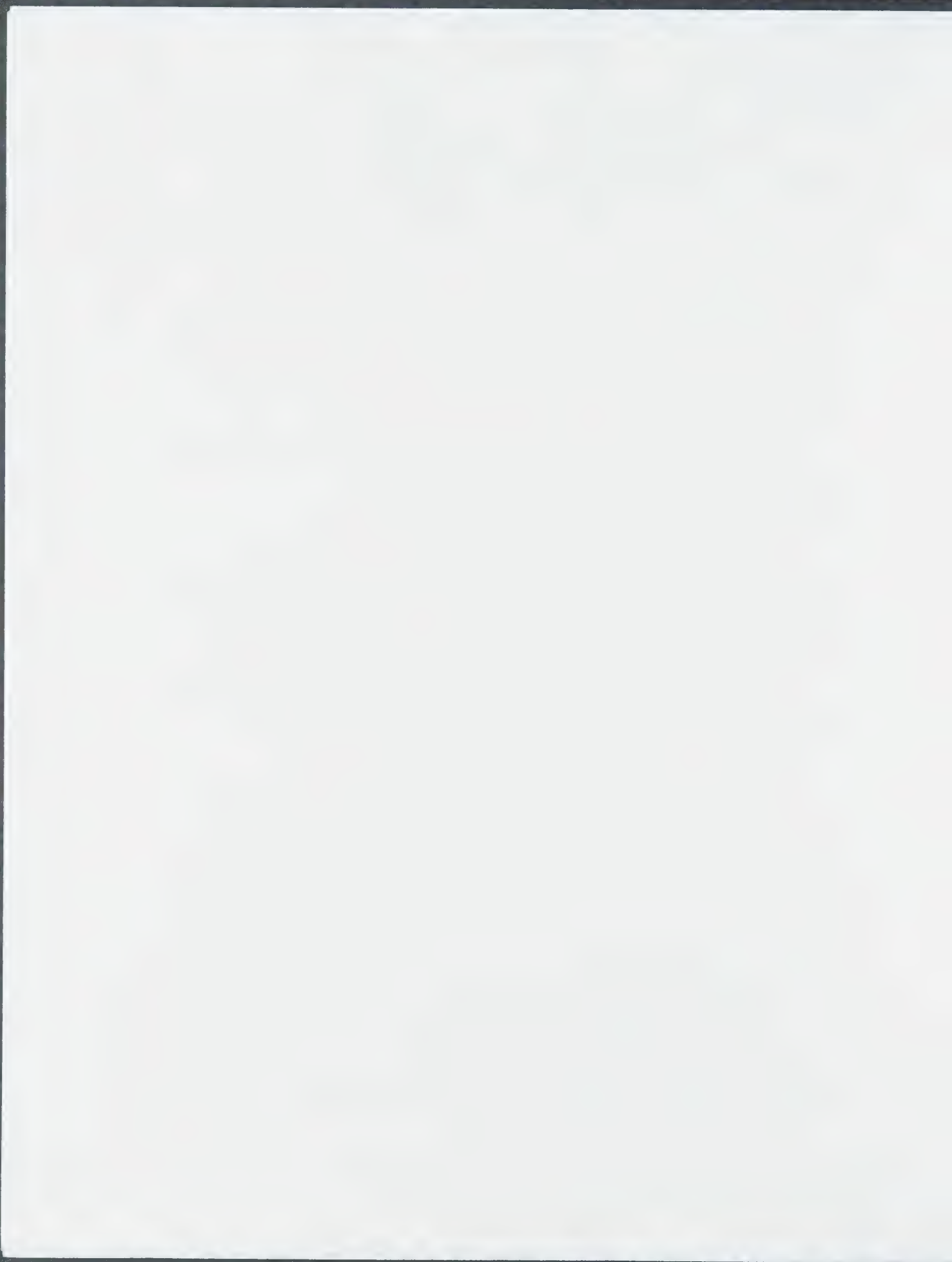
Congratulations on this very special day! I wish you - and Isabel of course - good health and many happy returns of the day.

While I am thinking of all your achievements, I want to thank you for having brought our entire family over the Atlantic to Milwaukee. You may have mixed feelings on that subject, but I for one am very grateful for it.

So thank you again and many successful years of hunting, finding and selling (and uniting) those extraordinary works of art that we all love.

Fondly, Margarete (and David)"

As I walked into the living room I saw that my good friend, Otto Naumann had filled our house with 80 tulips in 8 vases, an unforgettable sight! Charles Munch brought me a beautiful sketch painted by his partner, Jane, a sketch which will join the two which Charles and Jane gave me for my 70th and 75th birthdays. David and Daniel gave us a beautiful flat view television set for our living room which will allow us to see all sorts of programs much more clearly. Ann Zuehlke, my very helpful gallery manager,

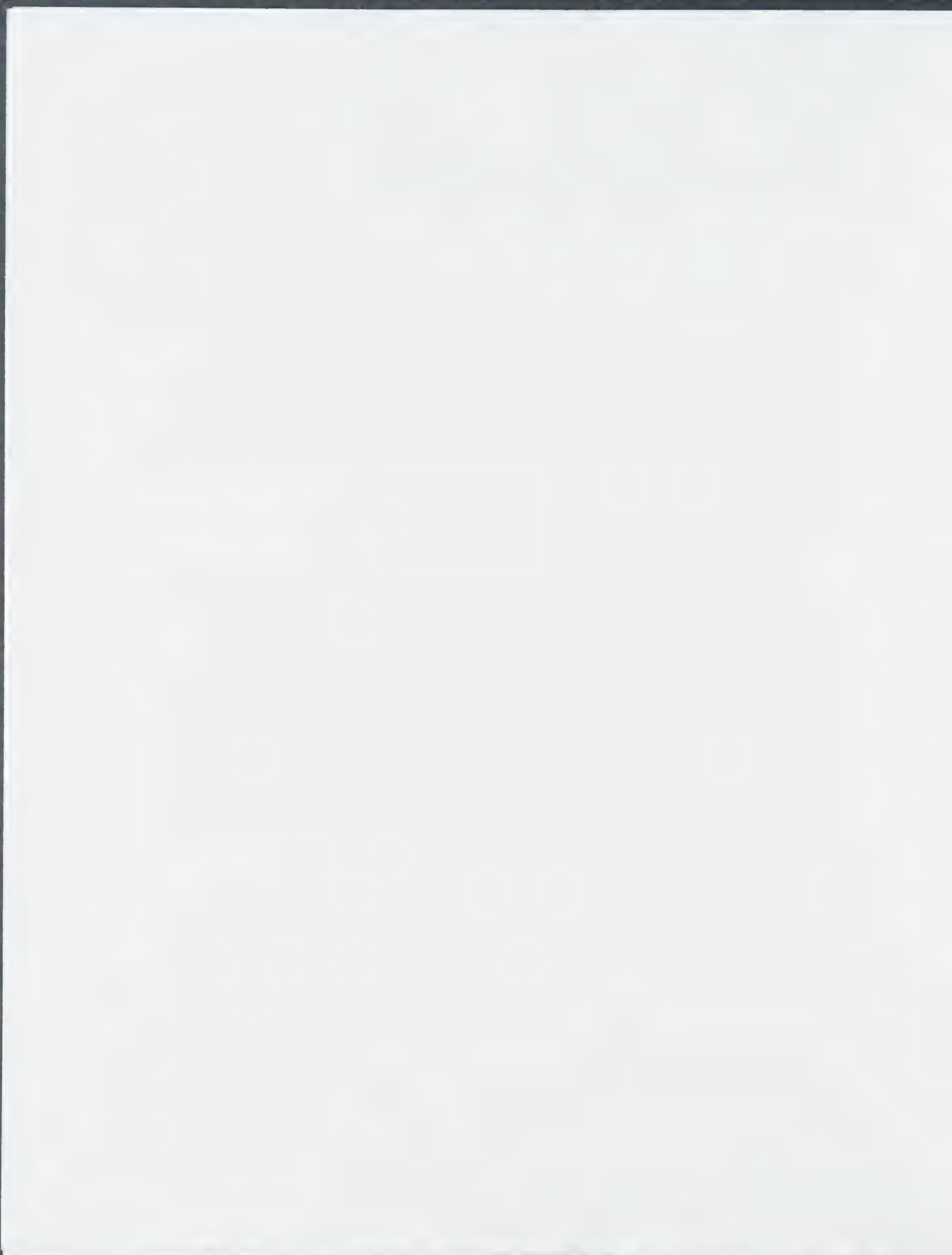


gave me a back massager to ease the occasional discomfort I get in my lower back and a large jar full of cookies to add to my weight.

Isabel and I had intended to have a quiet evening at home, but David would not hear of it, so he and Daniel had invited us instead for a quiet dinner in a secluded room at the University Club with Linda and her parents, our dear friend Lucy Cohn, Charles Munch, Ann Zuehlke and Michael Hatcher. It was so good to be with family and friends. By the time we came home shortly before 10 o'clock I was dead tired, happy with my first day as an octogenarian.

The celebrations have continued.

On Monday evening, May 3rd, there was another birthday dinner at the home of Joe and Audrey Bernstein at which Rabbi Israel Shmotkin and his family presented me with an extraordinary map portraying my journeys in life. The Bernsteins and Rabbi Mendel Shmotkin, a charismatic Lubavitch rabbi, have become our close friends in recent years, and Joe and I have been working together both charitably and in business. This was a very different and very special party.



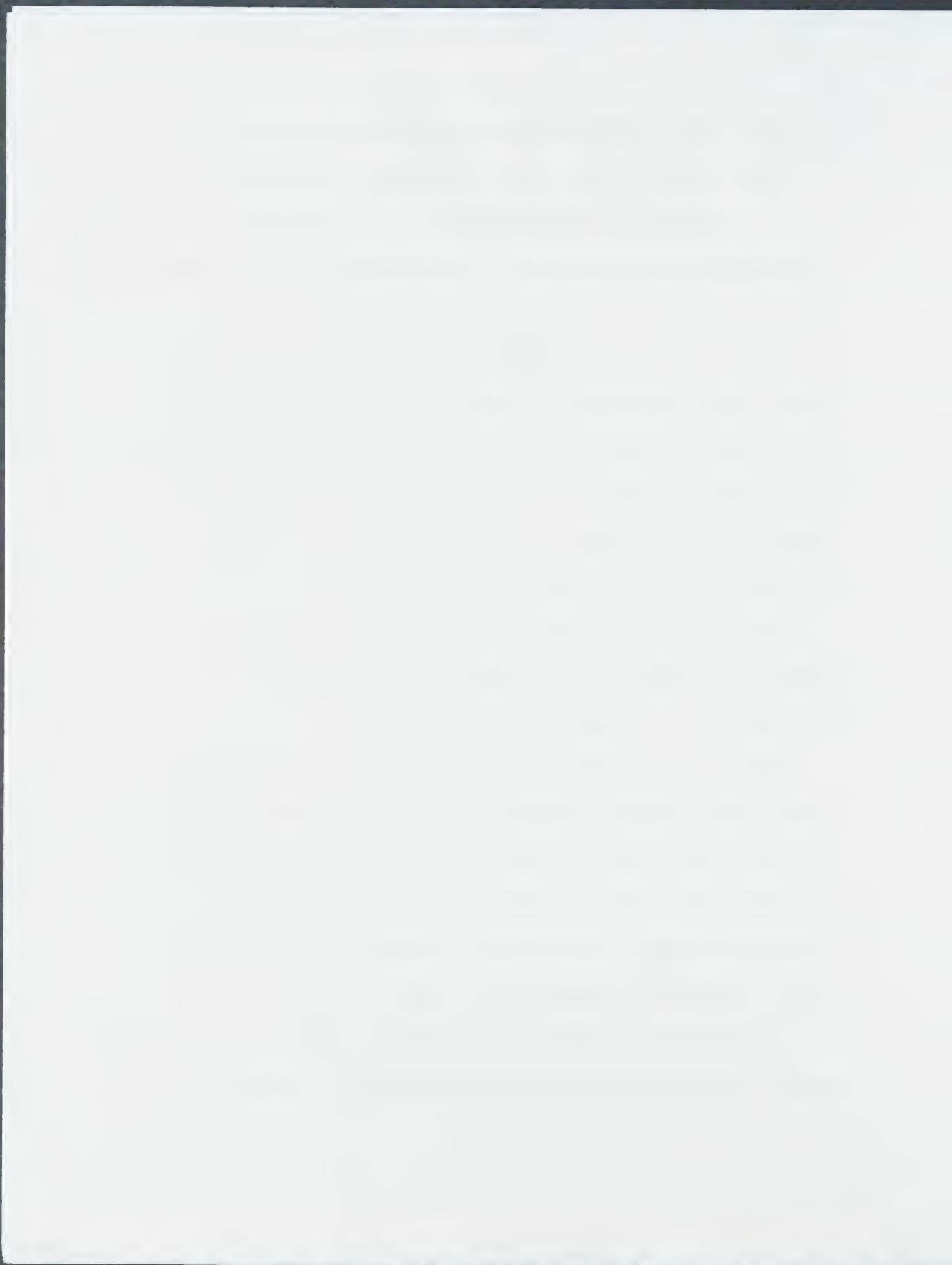
May 12th and 13th, 2004 were among the most memorable days of my life. Principal Leggett, the Art Centre, the Art History and Chemistry Departments had invited Isabel, Daniel and me to a gala celebration, continuing my 80th birthday festivities. Those who know me will understand why.

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So it was that on this May 12th Isabel, Charles Munch and I joined Daniel to fly to Kingston. We were bringing the very fine Michael Sweerts *Self-Portrait* as my annual gift of a painting to Queen's.

Although Charles and his partner Jane Furchgott have conserved the majority of the old master paintings we have given to the Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Charles had never been to Queen's before, but he had not been to Ottawa either, so he drove to the National Gallery there. Isabel went to Summerhill to unpack, and I spent an hour with David de Witt, the Bader Curator at the Agnes discussing various paintings.

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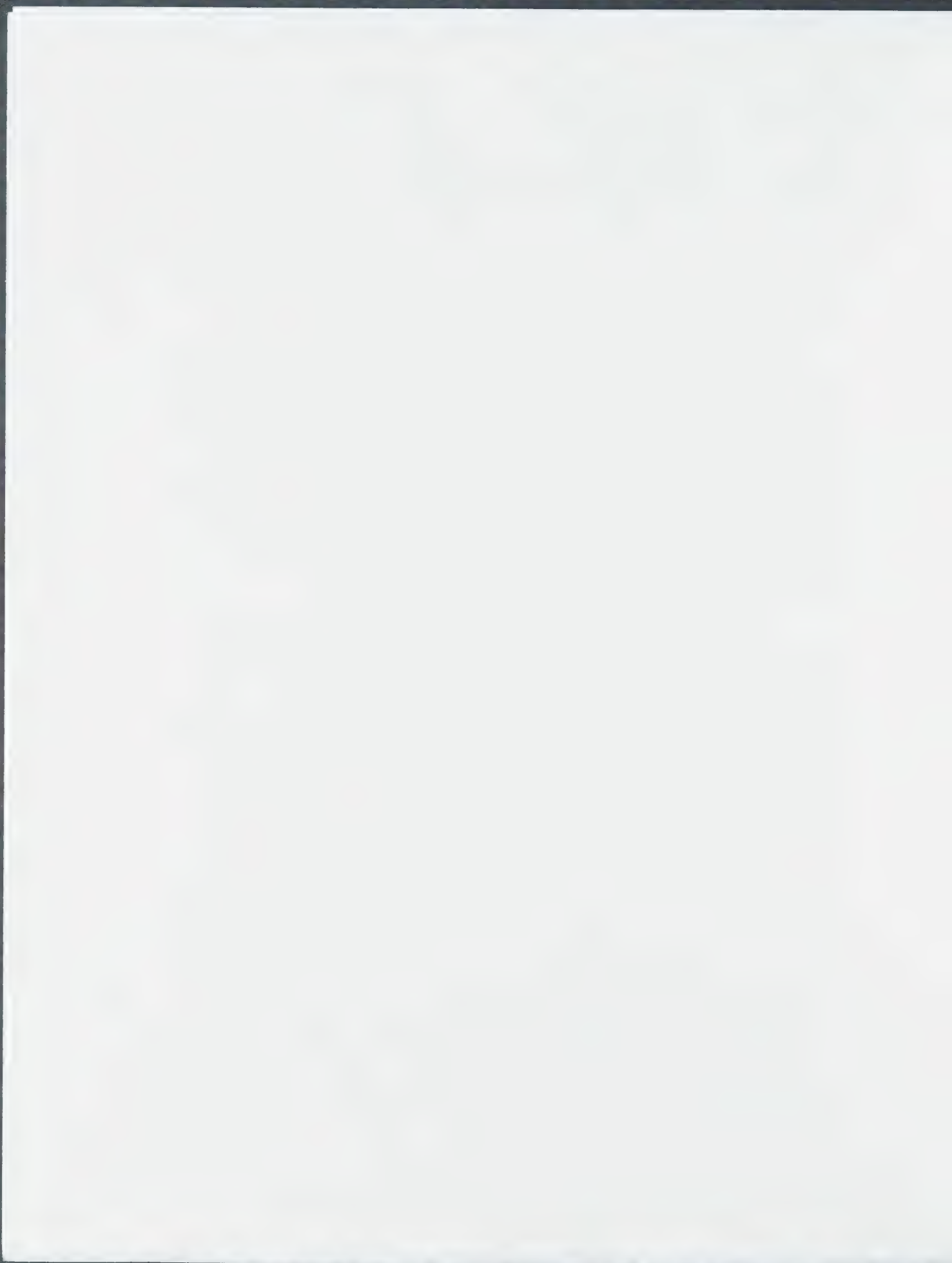


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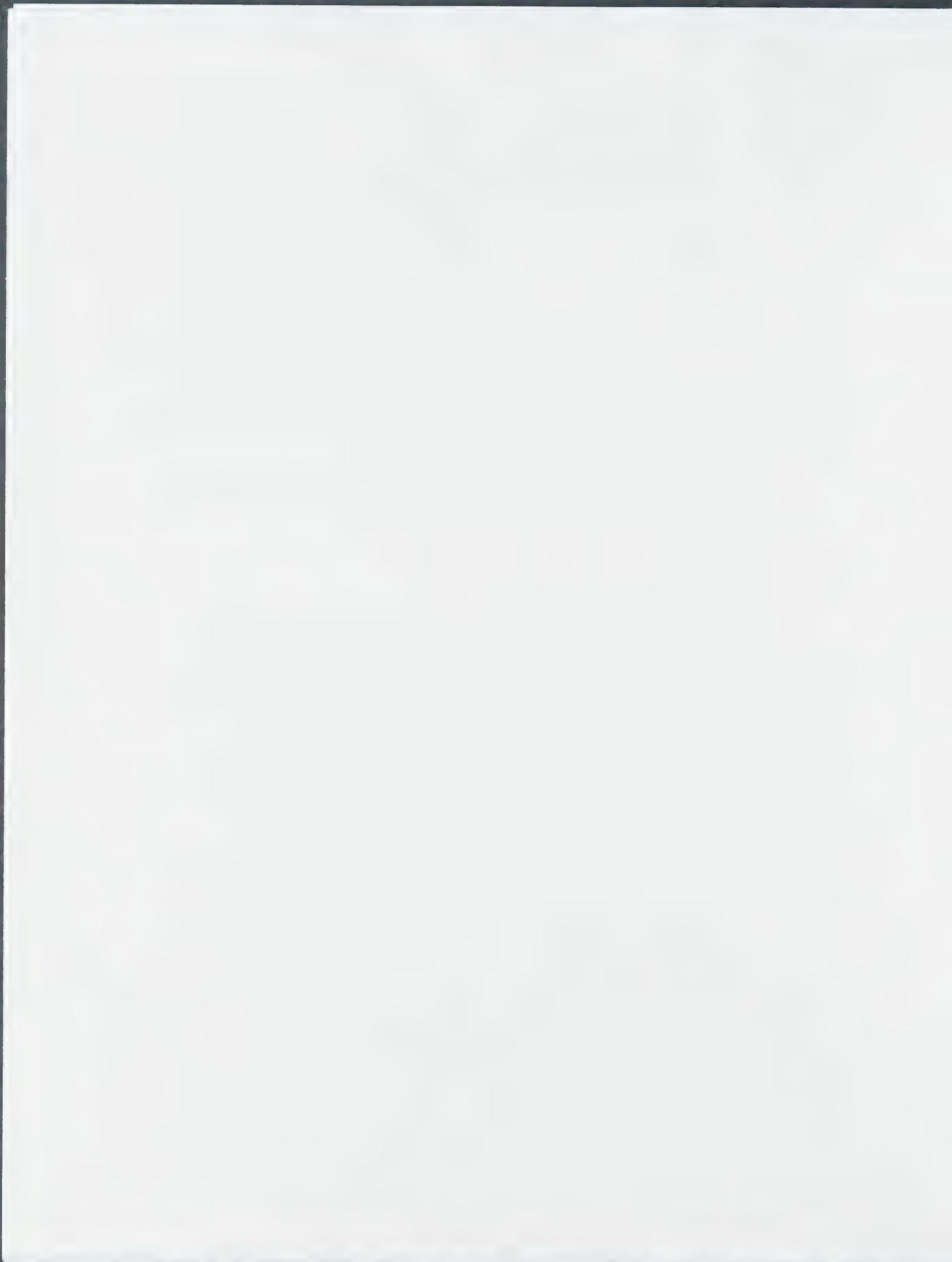
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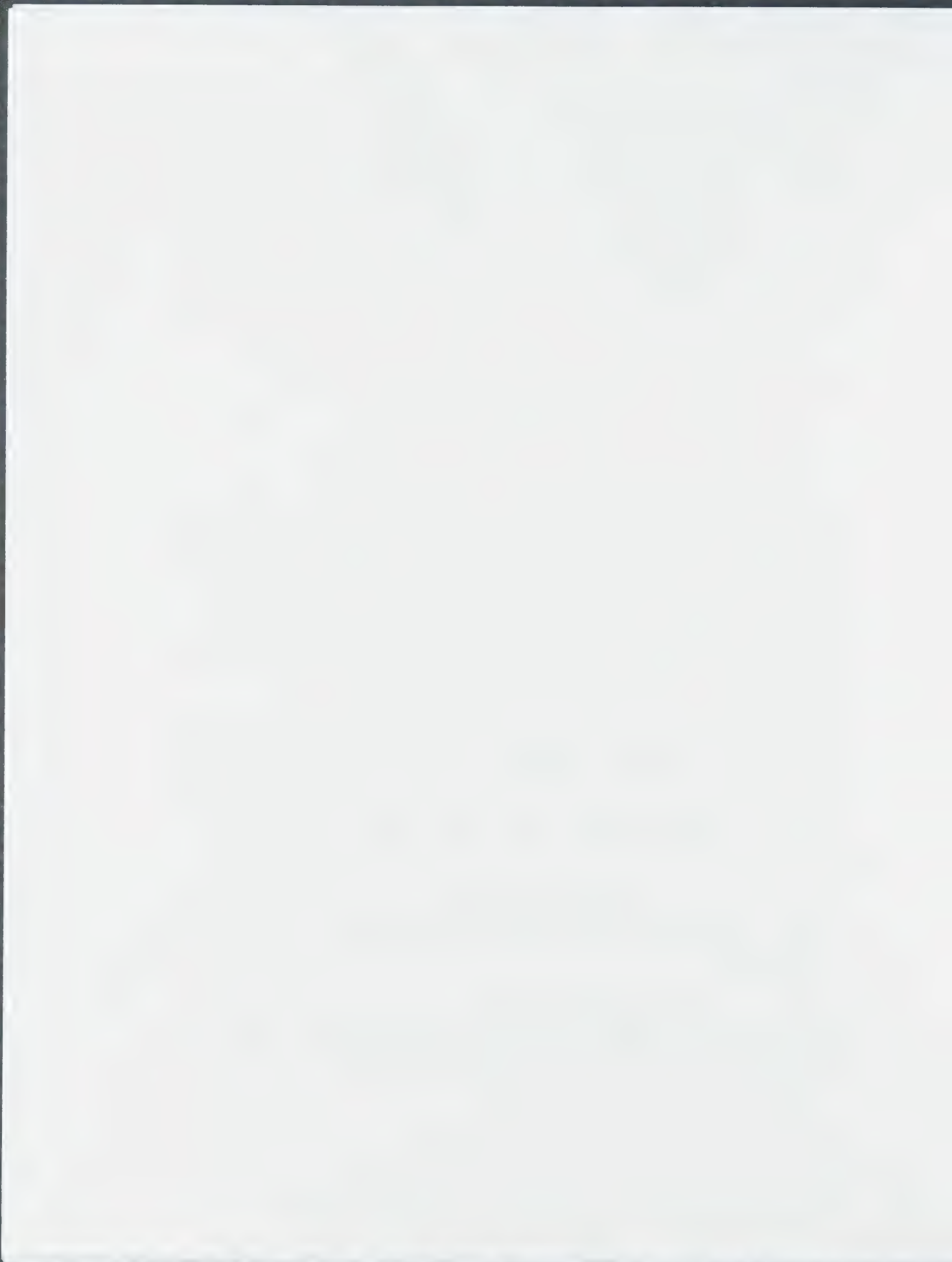
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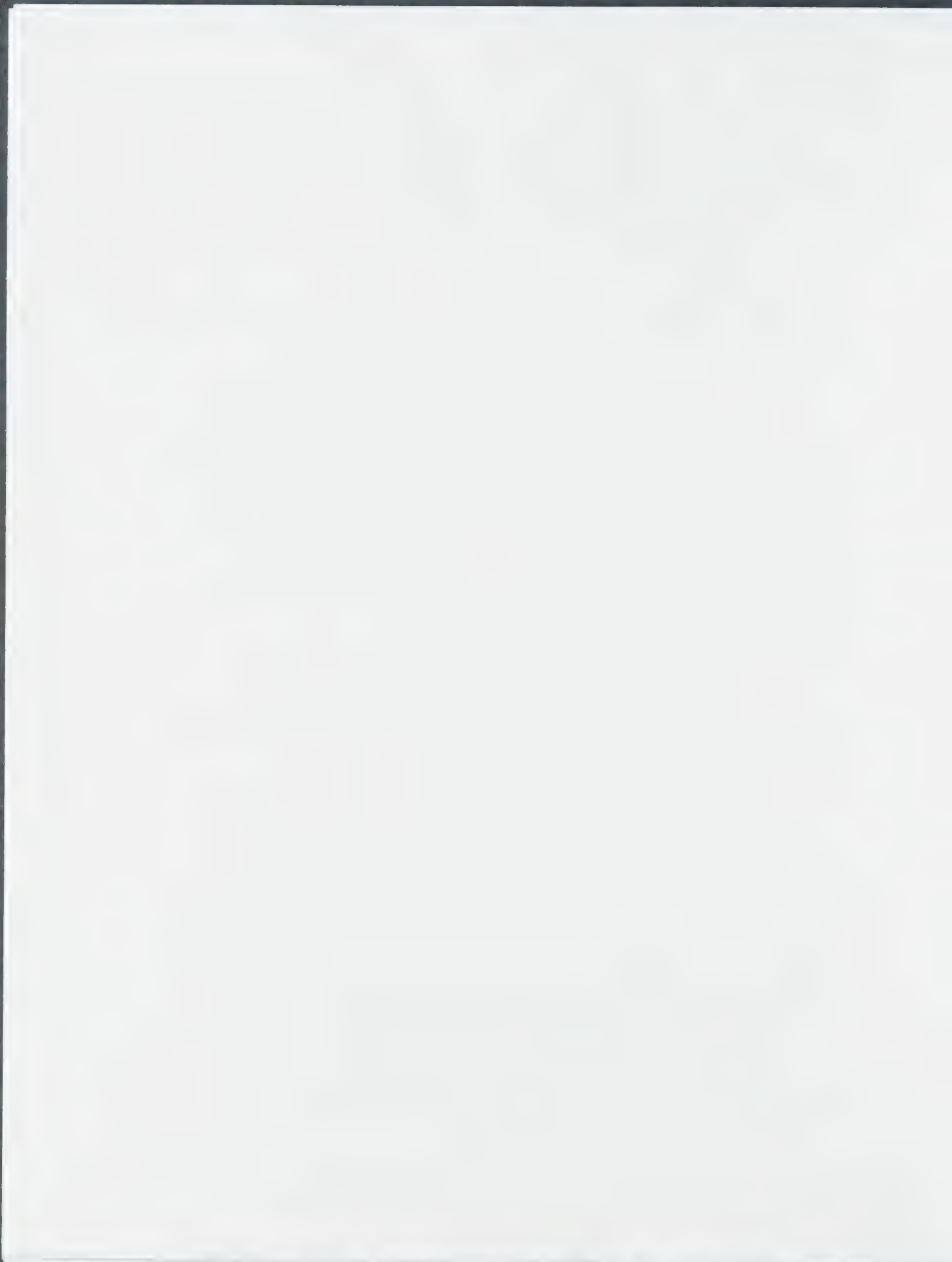
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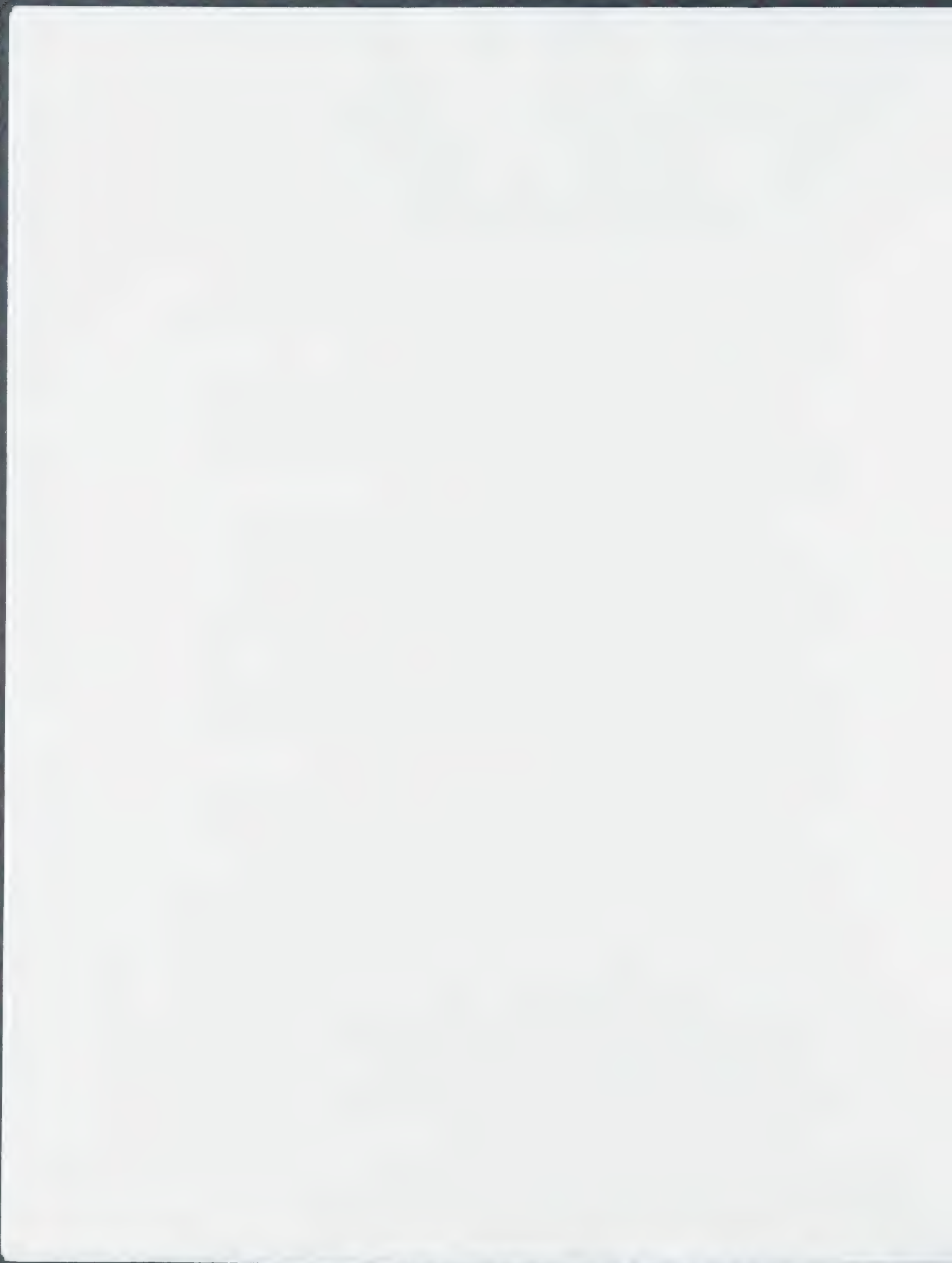
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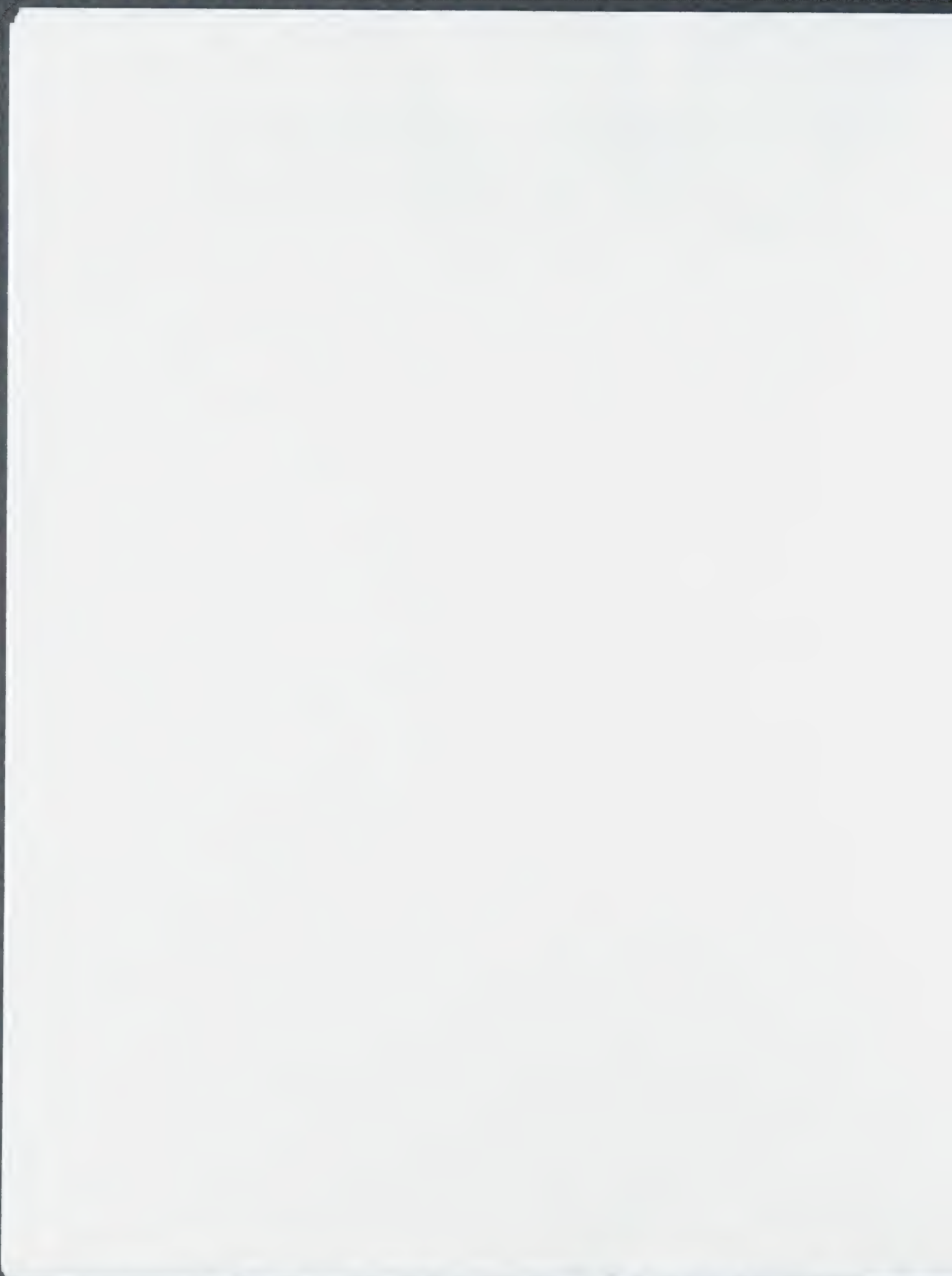
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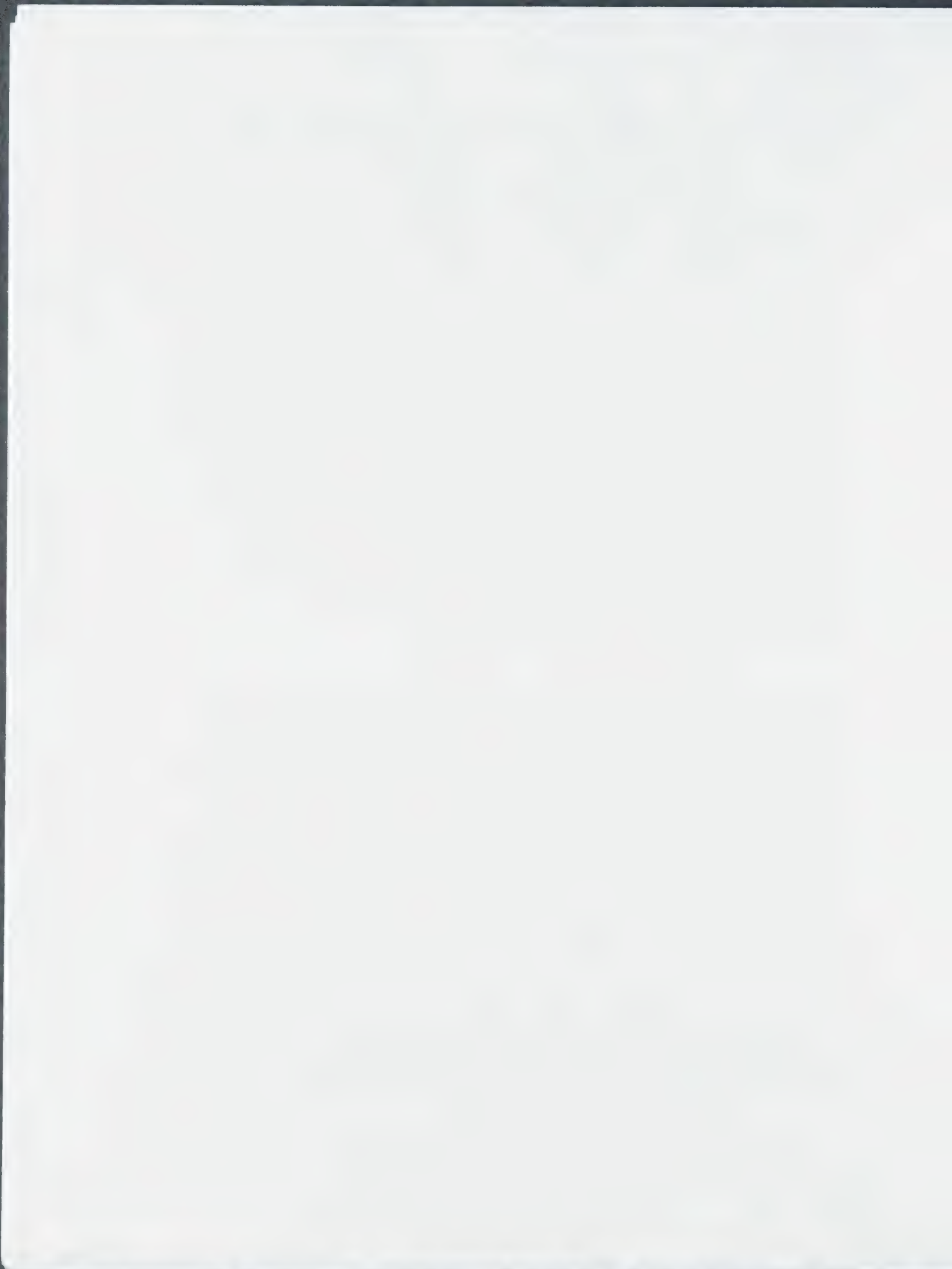


on May 3rd. Then followed the two day celebration in Kingston and more parties in Brno and Prague in June. I can say with King David: "my cup runneth over."



Dr. Jiri Damborsky, the Loschmidt Professor of Chemistry at the Masaryk University in Brno, and my good chemist friend, Professor Skursky, worked immensely hard to arrange for birthday celebrations on June 14th. Our old friend Vladimir Matous picked us up in Vienna to drive us to Brno where festivities began with a sumptuous lunch at Masaryk University attended by the university's rector, Jiri Zlatuska, Vice-rectors Eduard Schmidt and Jan Slovak, Dean Milan Gelnar, several professors including Professors Skursky and Damborsky, and Stanislav Juranek, the governor of Moravia who gave me a beautiful book on Moravia. Sadly, my Czech is non-existent and so I had to thank him in English. I enjoyed being able to tell him that my mother's relative Otto Count Serenyi, had also been the governor of Moravia, Landeshauptmann, from 1906 until 1918.

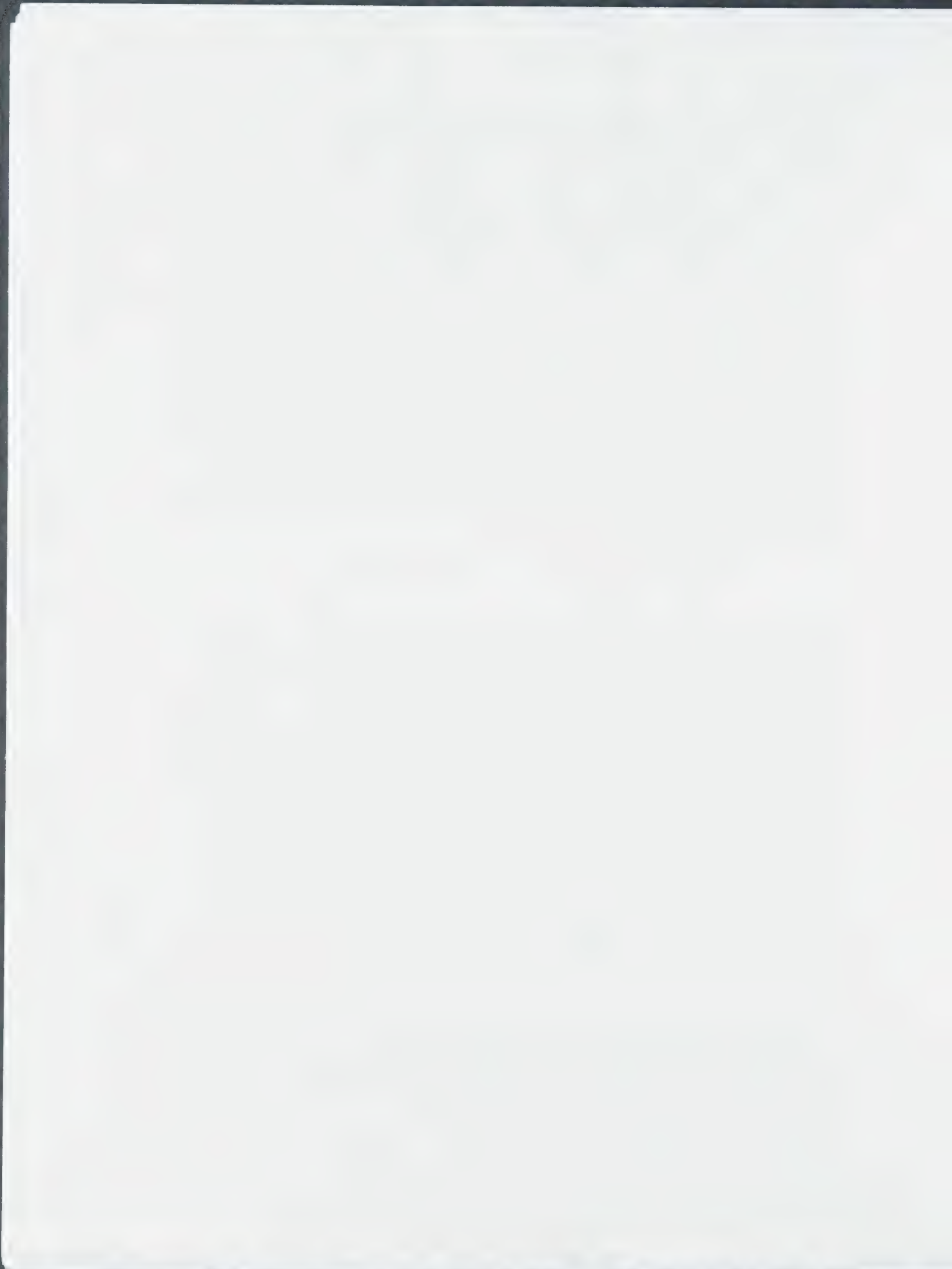
Lunch was followed by a symposium in the Museum of Applied Arts which began with my lecture on Joseph Loschmidt followed by presentations by six Alfred Bader Award holders working in the Czech Republic. It was a great pleasure to meet the young men, many for the first time, and to hear a little about their work. We were glad of a break with a cup of tea and too much to eat and the opportunity to talk to some of the many chemists and friends who had come for this event, but there was more to come. When we returned to the hall we were treated to a video conference with three Bader Fellows and Professor Henry Pinkham, Dean of Science at Columbia University. This



was the first just such hookup I had ever seen at a University and was a great success with us all. I was able to remind these three students that we had not established fellowships for Czech students to lure them to the west, but in the hope that they would return to the Czech Republic. This exciting episode was followed by brief talks by three other Fellows. Miloslav Nic who had received his Ph.D. in London and then taken a position at the Technical University in Prague. Kamil Paruch working at Schering-Plough, is planning to return, perhaps to the Masaryk University, and Zora Wörgötter who had received a Bader fellowship in art history and then became a curator at the Moravian Gallery in Brno.

The festivities continued in the International Hotel where the rector gave me a most surprising gift, the Imperial Order of the Iron Crown, III. Class, the very award that had been given to Joseph Loschmidt in Vienna at the time of his retirement. There was a delightful reception during which I had a chance to talk to many chemists and also to my distant cousin, Vera Bader Weber and her husband Peter, who had come from Kyjov, the home town of my grandfather. Isabel and I didn't feel we could eat a bite, but the caterers outdid themselves. We couldn't resist.

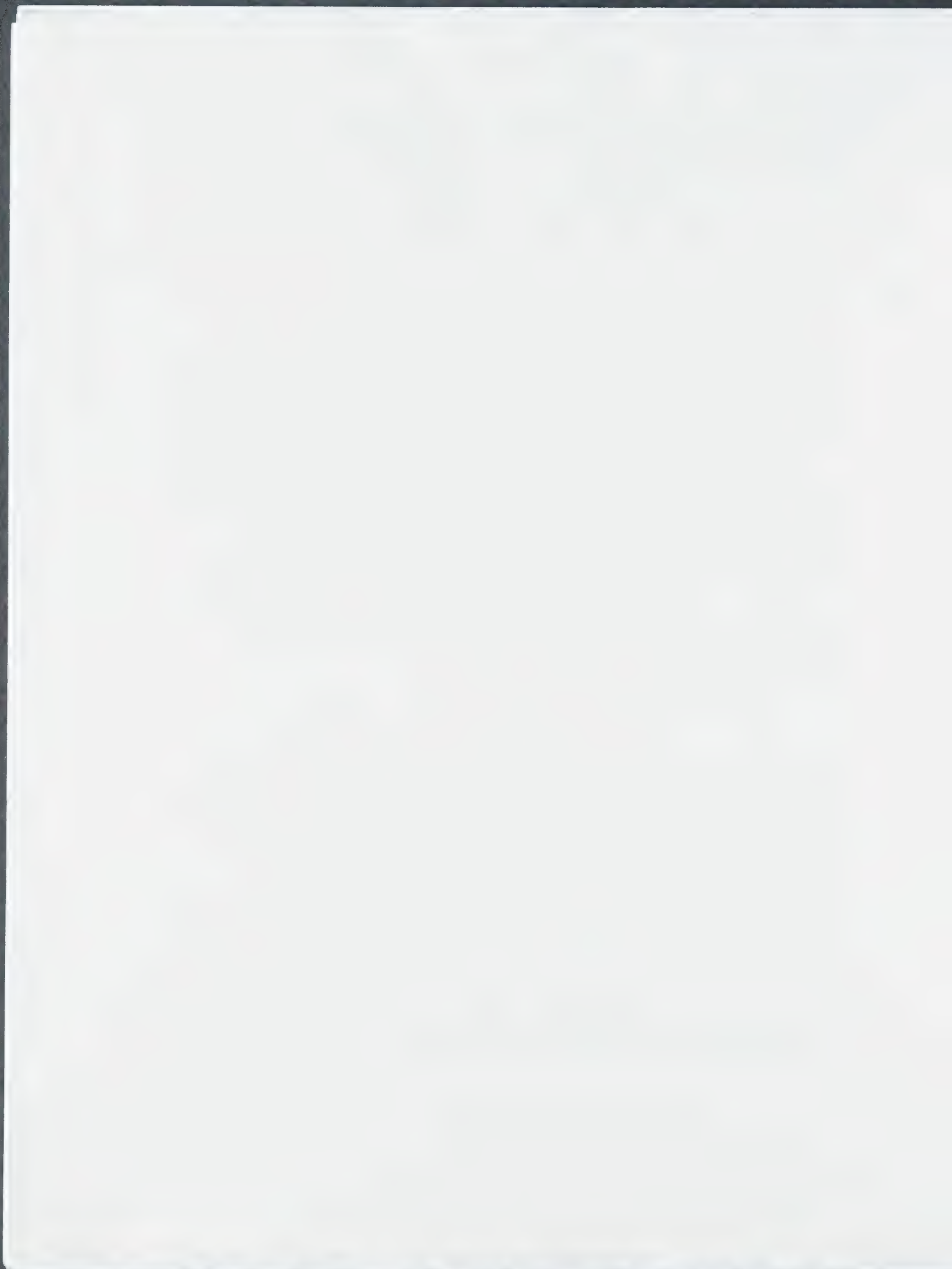
The day with chemists was wonderful but it was good that we were able to have a couple of hours quietly that evening at home with Martina and Jiri



Damborsky and their son David. We knew we would be fed much too much during these celebrations, and had asked Martina for just a simple soup which reminded me of Isabel's soups at home. We were able to end the day just chatting with Jiri and his family.

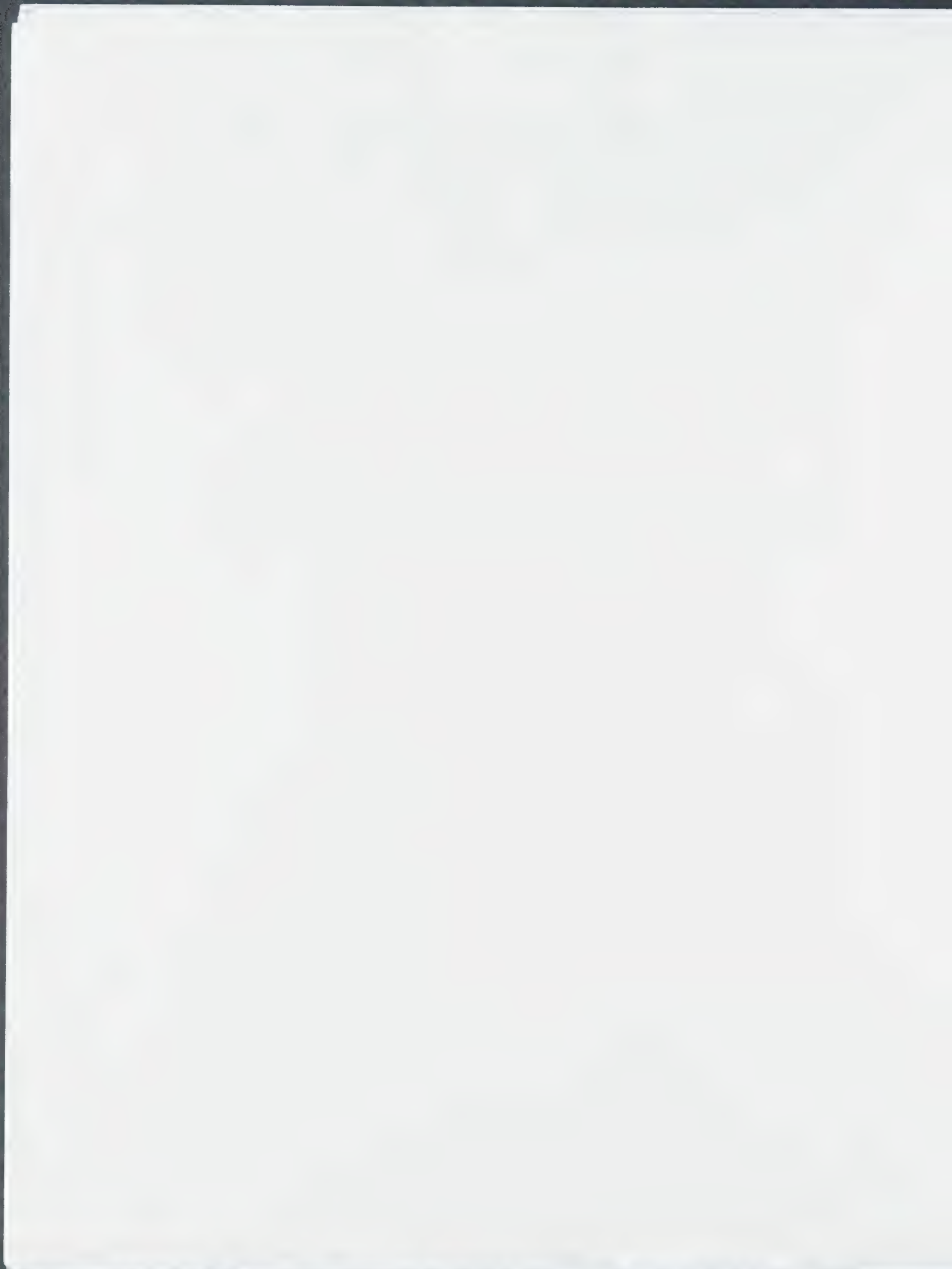
It took the Masaryk University a long time to find a suitable chemist for the Loschmidt chair, but I am so pleased in their appointment of Jiri Damborsky. He is a brilliant, hard working biochemist and such a fine human being. He has worked very hard to learn as much about Loschmidt as he can, studying material which he collecting during three days that he spent with us in Milwaukee. Much of this he has loaded onto a website (www.loschmidt.cz) which will make Loschmidt known not only in the Czech Republic but throughout the world.

The next morning I was interviewed by Czech Television and we then set out for Prague by way of Nelahozeves Castle where we spent an hour with Prince William Lobkowicz to discuss the possibility of a very able Czech art historian, Dr. Vladan Antonovič, working with some very important prints in the Lobkowicz collection. Vladan received two Bader fellowships and his Ph.D. from Innsbruck, but despite excellent work has found it very difficult to obtain a suitable position in the Czech Republic.



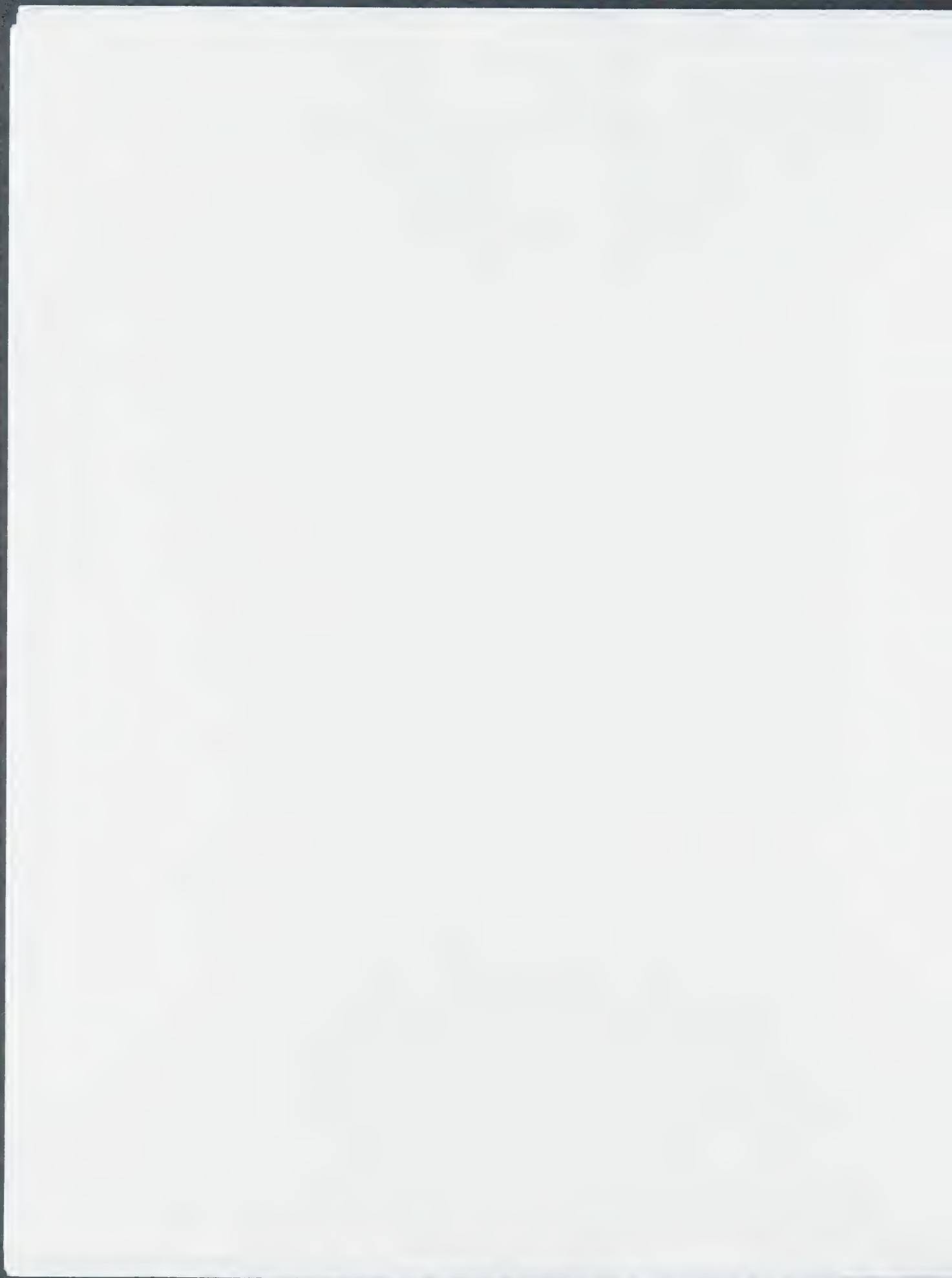
That Tuesday evening Yechiel Bar-Chaim had arranged another birthday celebration with people in Prague with whom I had worked to help Roma and others in need. And on Wednesday evening, yet another dinner, this with art historians. For more than ten years Milena Bartlova has worked diligently to choose Bader fellows, and many of these have done very well, both in their work and their publications, and we were happy to talk about these during dinner.

These three days in the Czech Republic showed us so clearly that we have been succeeding in our efforts to help Czech chemists and art historians.



The final celebrations for my 80th birthday took place in mid-March 2005. The whole year was one celebration after another, this one in San Diego. During two astounding days, chemistry students, chemist co-workers and academic friends took the opportunity at the American Chemical Society convention to remind me of some of the happiest times of my life. A symposium entitled Current Aspects in Synthetic Organic Chemistry had been organized in my honor by two of Herbert Brown's former students, P.V. (Chandran) Ramachandran, Professor at Purdue, and Clint Lane who had come from Purdue in 1972 to head the new Aldrich Boranes and retired as the president of Aldrich in 2002. Chandran and Clint represented my long years of close collaboration with Herb on borane chemistry. Herb and Sarah had planned to attend the symposium which had been specially arranged for Sunday afternoon and Monday morning so that they would not find it too tiring. How sad we were when we learned a few weeks earlier that Herb had died. We had so looked forward to sharing time together. Herb's contributions to chemistry have been enormous – a whole new field, hydroboration. The hundreds of young students attending the symposium lost the opportunity of seeing this outstanding Nobel Laureate, at 92 still intensely interested in scientific research and students.

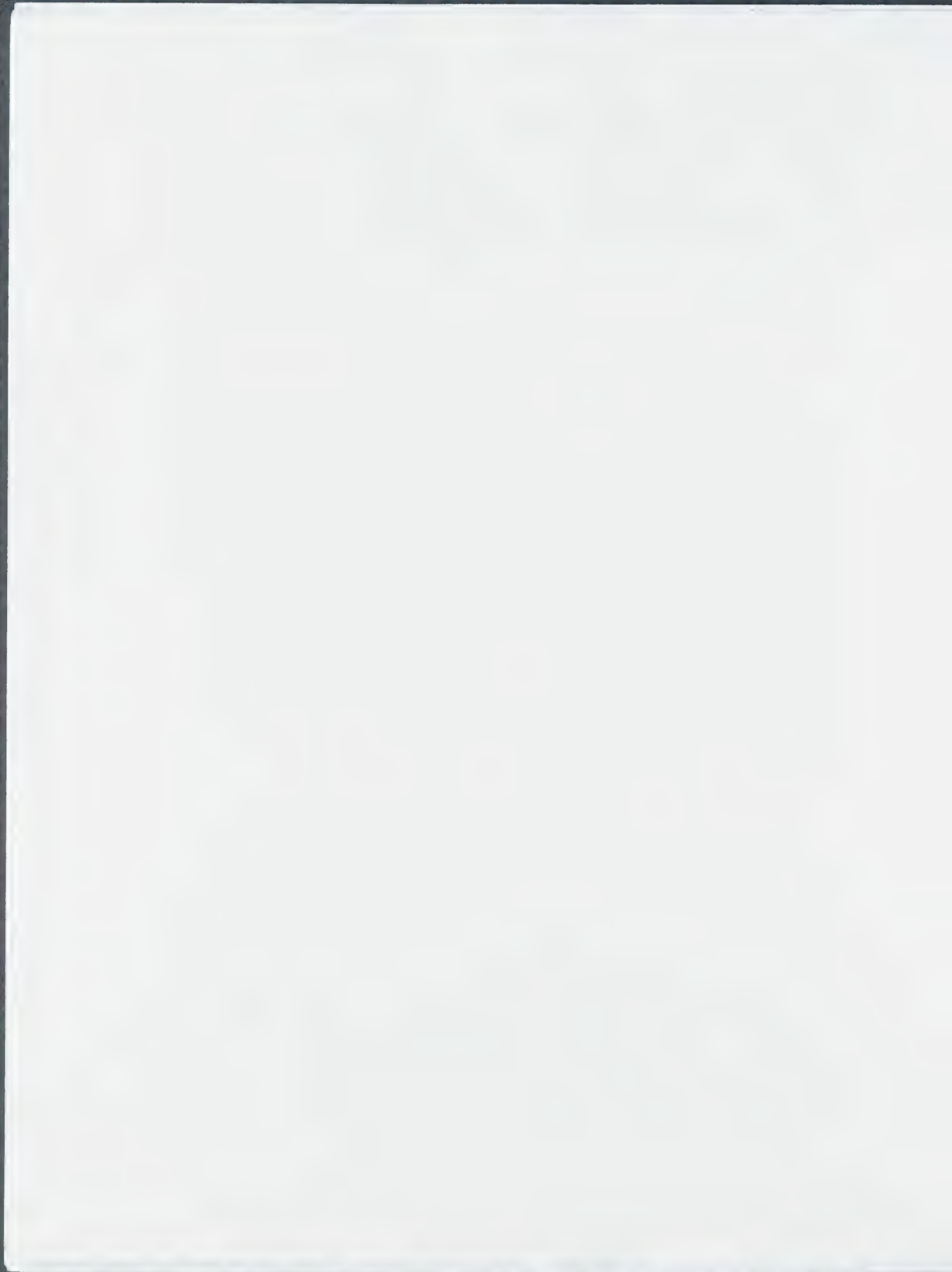
I was delighted to see that the symposium was sponsored by major chemical and pharmaceutical companies (see ^{Fig}) including, to my surprise, Sigma Aldrich. Eight brilliant chemists, long time friends gave riveting lectures, often referring briefly to connections Isabel and I had with them over the years. From the first, Ronald Breslow's lecture on biomimetic control in synthesis, to the last, Samuel Danishefsky's discussion of potential new cancer drugs, the audience – at times exceeding a thousand – was



listening to the research of truly great chemists. There was sometimes laughter, for instance when Barry Sharpless showed a picture of Isabel and me as an example of 'click' chemistry at work, and Victor Snieckus showed a delightfully doctored photo (^{Fig}) of a painting in which he had substituted me for Brande teaching Michael Faraday how to make Prussian Blue.

On the Sunday evening Isabel and I had the great pleasure of attending a Project SEED dinner chaired by James Burke, Chair of the American Chemical Society Board of Directors and Madelaine Jacobs, the American Chemical Society CEO. We have taken part in this outstanding ACS project to help young students pursue "college education in chemistry". A group of bright, happy, enthusiastic Bader scholars discussed the impact of the scholarships on their lives and presented us with a beautiful album with twelve moving letters describing their work. (^{Fig}) It was heartening to see how these students have used chemistry as a stepping stone to careers not only in chemistry but in dentistry, medicine, pharmacy, biology and pharmaceutical companies.

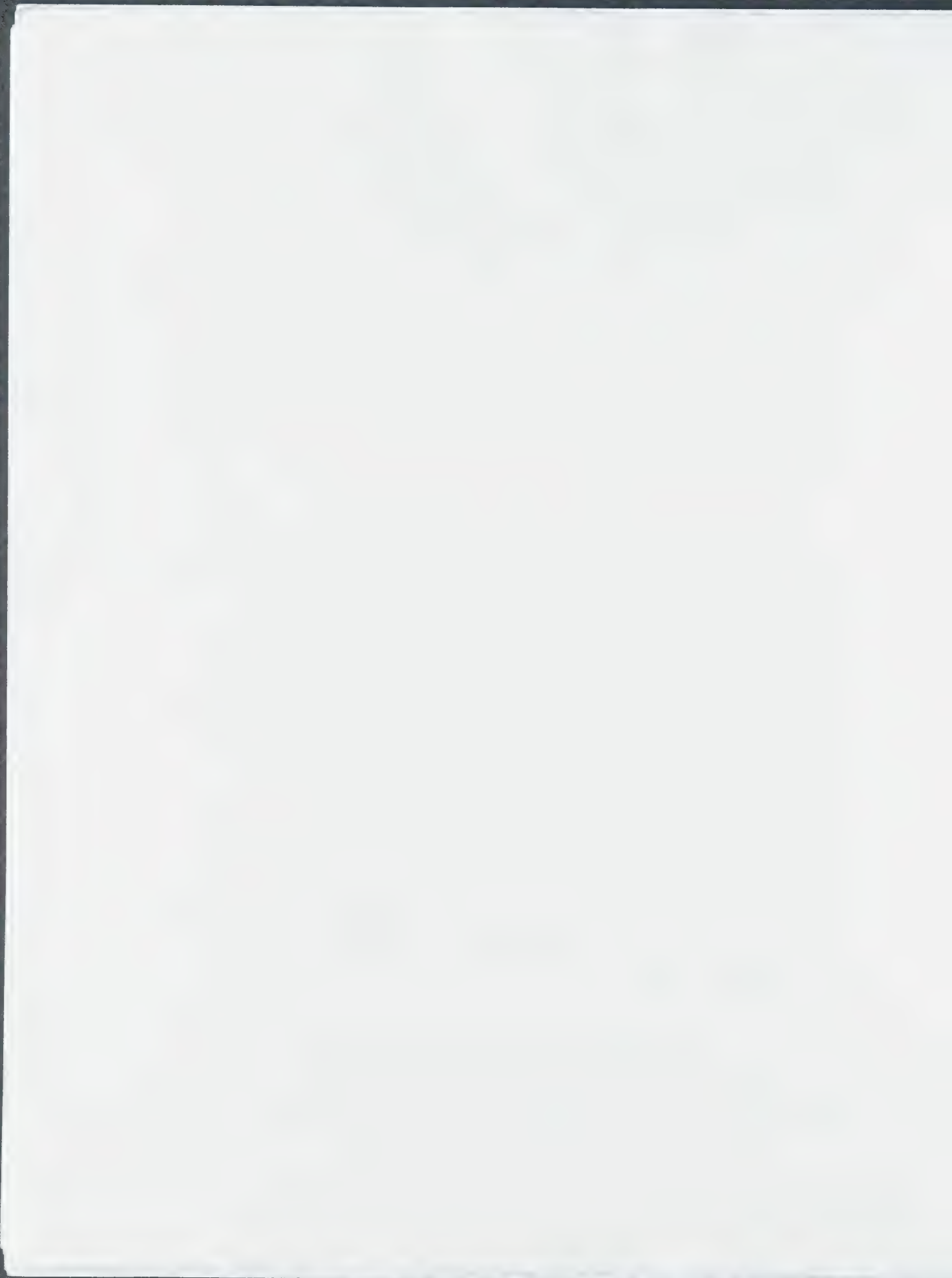
The following evening Stephen Quigley and I received the Henry Hill Awards given by the ACS for public service. From that event we went briefly to a reception hosted by Madelaine Jacobs, and then on to one of the most enjoyable dinners I have ever attended. It was hosted by Chandran Ramachandran and Clint Lane and attended by many old friends, among them Dr. Jai Nagarkatti (like Clint, a former president of Aldrich), now the Chief Operating Officer of Sigma-Aldrich in St. Louis; Clint, Ike Klundt and Harvey Hopps, able chemists formerly at Aldrich told all sorts of funny and



interesting stories about me accompanied by slides that really brought back memories and, almost, tears to my eyes. I had not expected to be asked to speak, but was happy to say how heartwarming it was to be with so many old friends. Although my expulsion thirteen years earlier was a very painful experience, I was able to assure them that I had become happier and wealthier. Happier because I have been able to choose the people with whom I work, and wealthier because although my first sale of Sigma-Aldrich call options was the excuse for my dismissal, I have since earned a good deal through further sales. All's well that ends well.

Our visits to some of the booths in the convention exhibition the next day was a trip down Memory Lane. So many familiar faces, but so many changes as chemical firms have merged and reformed over the years. On our last evening after a formal dinner I was able to present the Alfred Bader Award in Bioinorganic or Bioorganic Chemistry to Sir Alan Fersht, an old friend from Cambridge University. I was very pleased to see that one of my oldest chemist friends, Gilbert Stork, won The Herbert C. Brown Award for Creative Research in Synthetic Methods. Nor could I fail to be proud that this and three other awards came from Sigma-Aldrich. Who could have dreamt that the merger I worked so hard to achieve in 1975 would have resulted in a firm which gives more awards than any other to chemists through the ACS. The Aldrich motto has always been 'chemists helping chemists'.

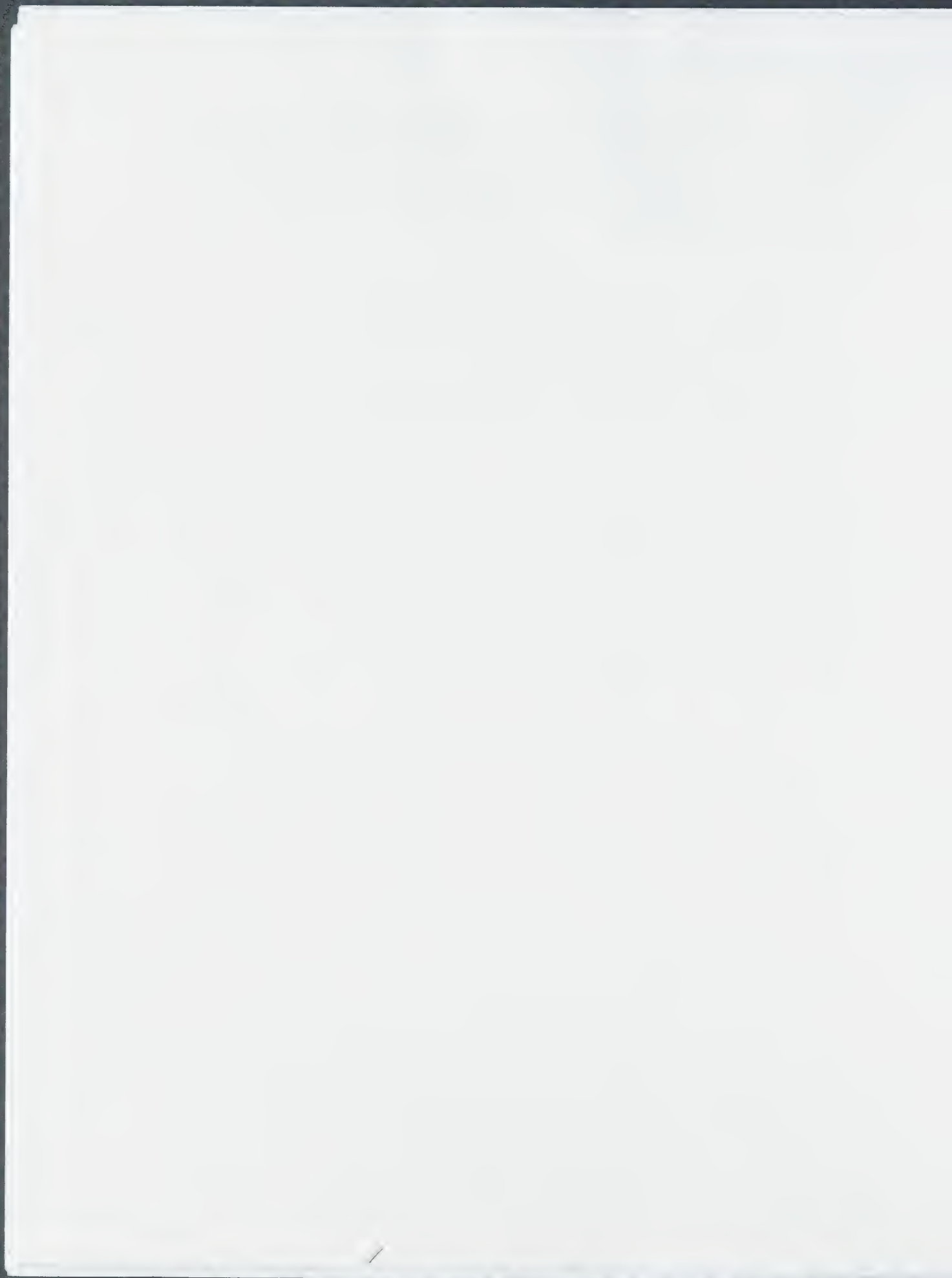
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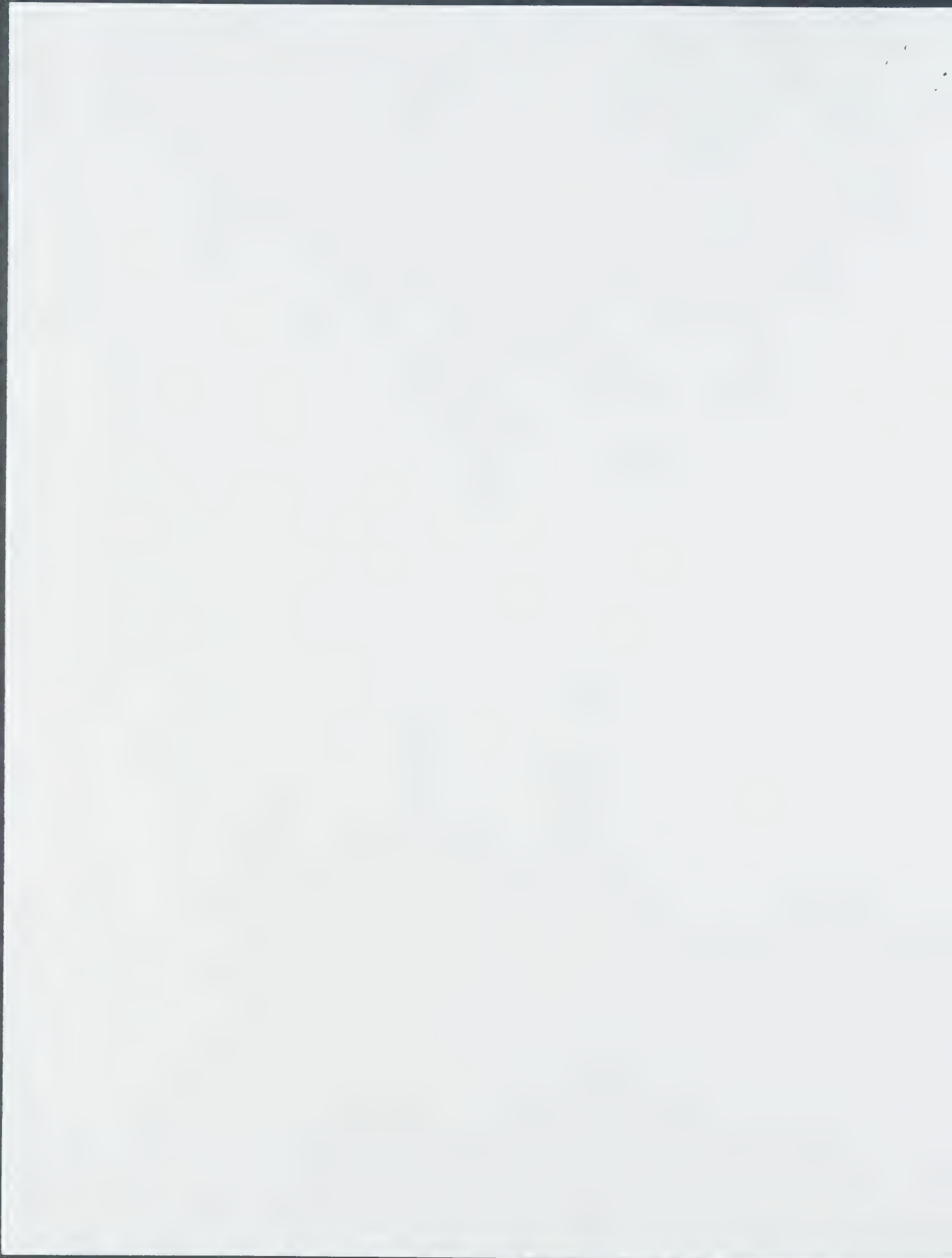
Our days at the conference had given us so many happy memories of work with chemists for half a century, but art, after all, was my first love, so before we left for the airport we visited the Timken Museum. When I introduced myself to John Petersen, the Director, he apologized that he had little time to talk because he had to rush off to a meeting at his bank to arrange for payment of £1 million for a beautiful painting by Van Dyck, a portrait of Mary Villiers, Lady Herbert of Shurland, which had once belonged to Charles I. I had bought this painting with Philip Mould in August of 2001 and he had sold it through Christie's to the Timken Museum. I don't recall anyone ever having to cut our meeting short to attend another for a better reason.

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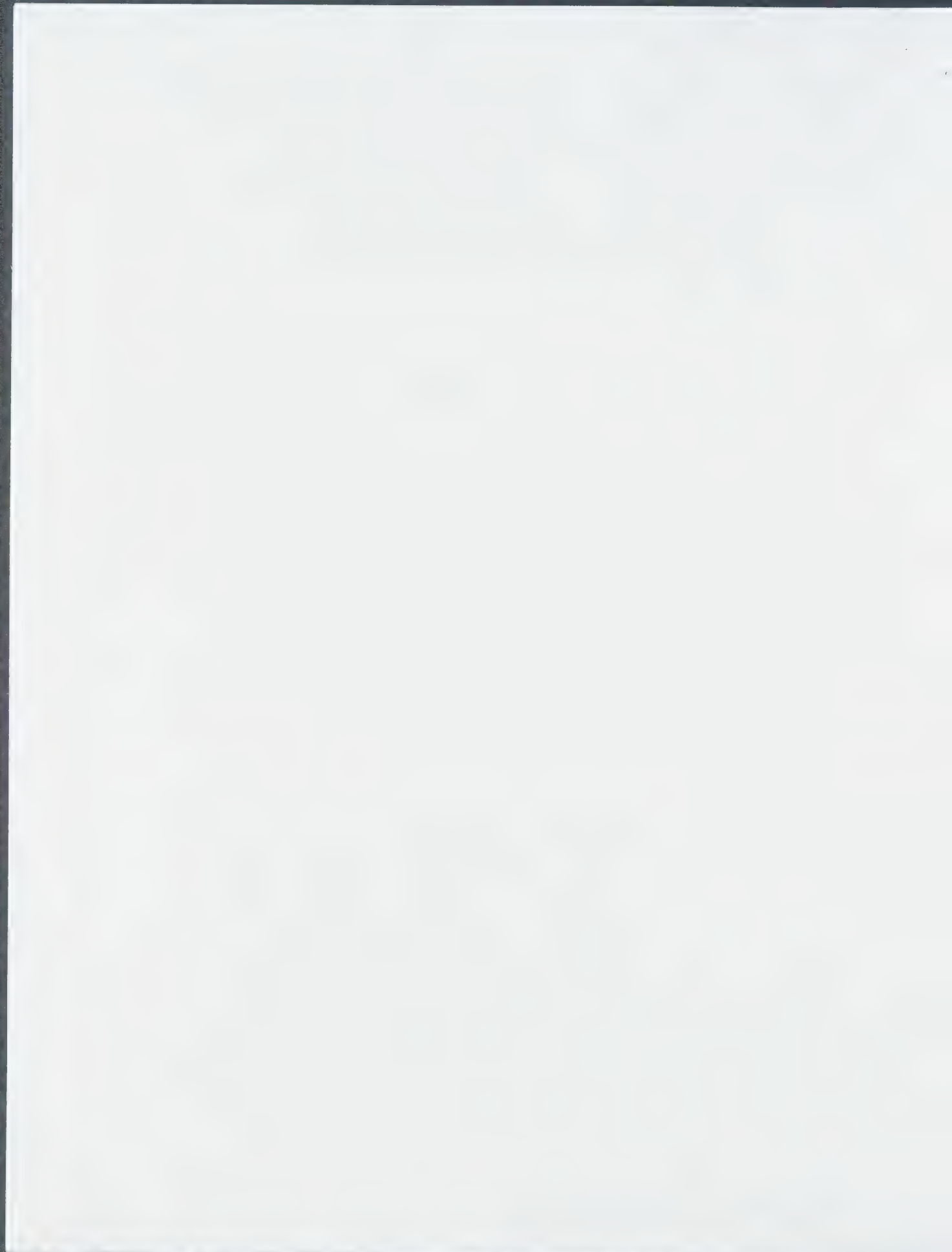
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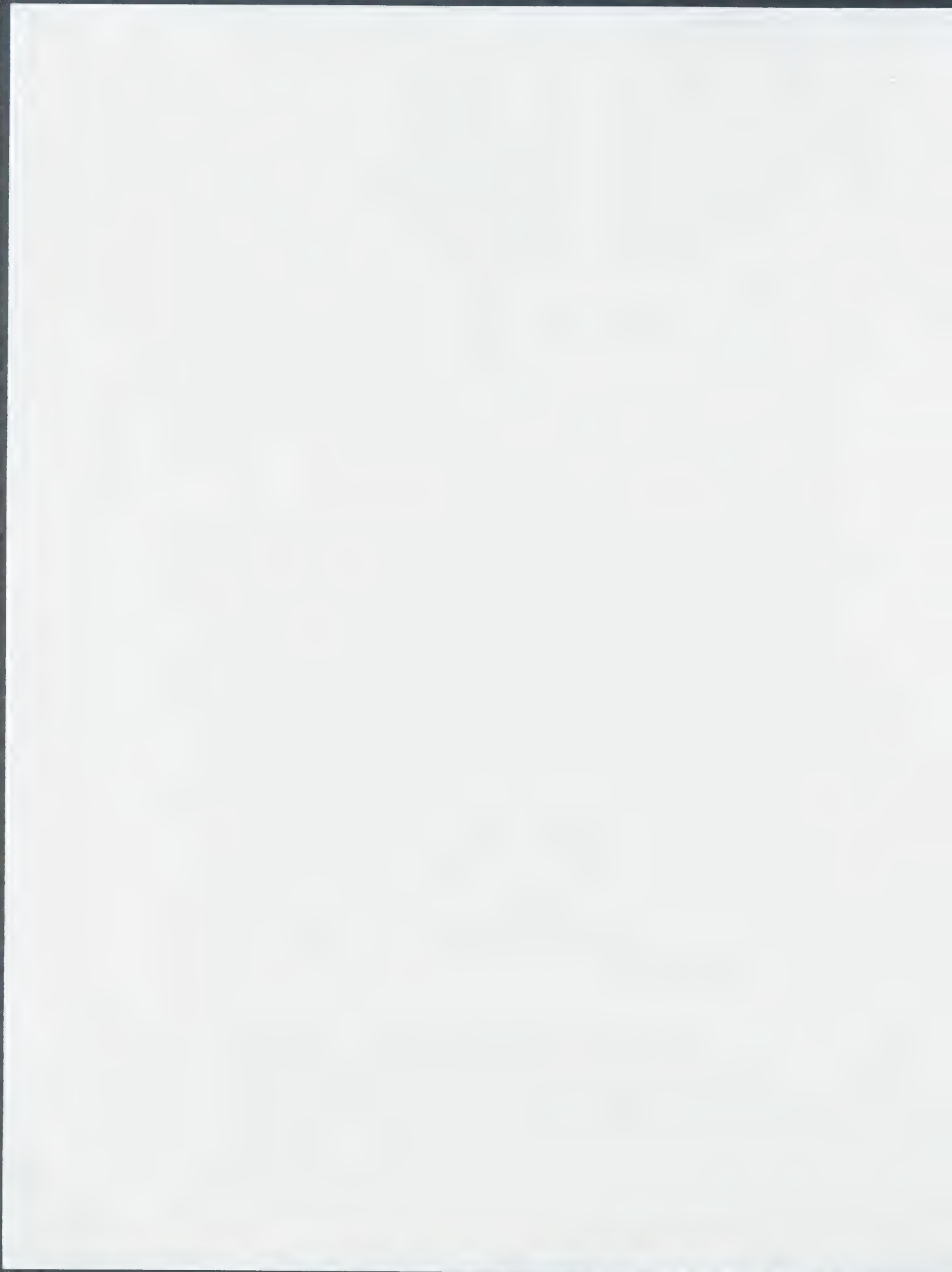
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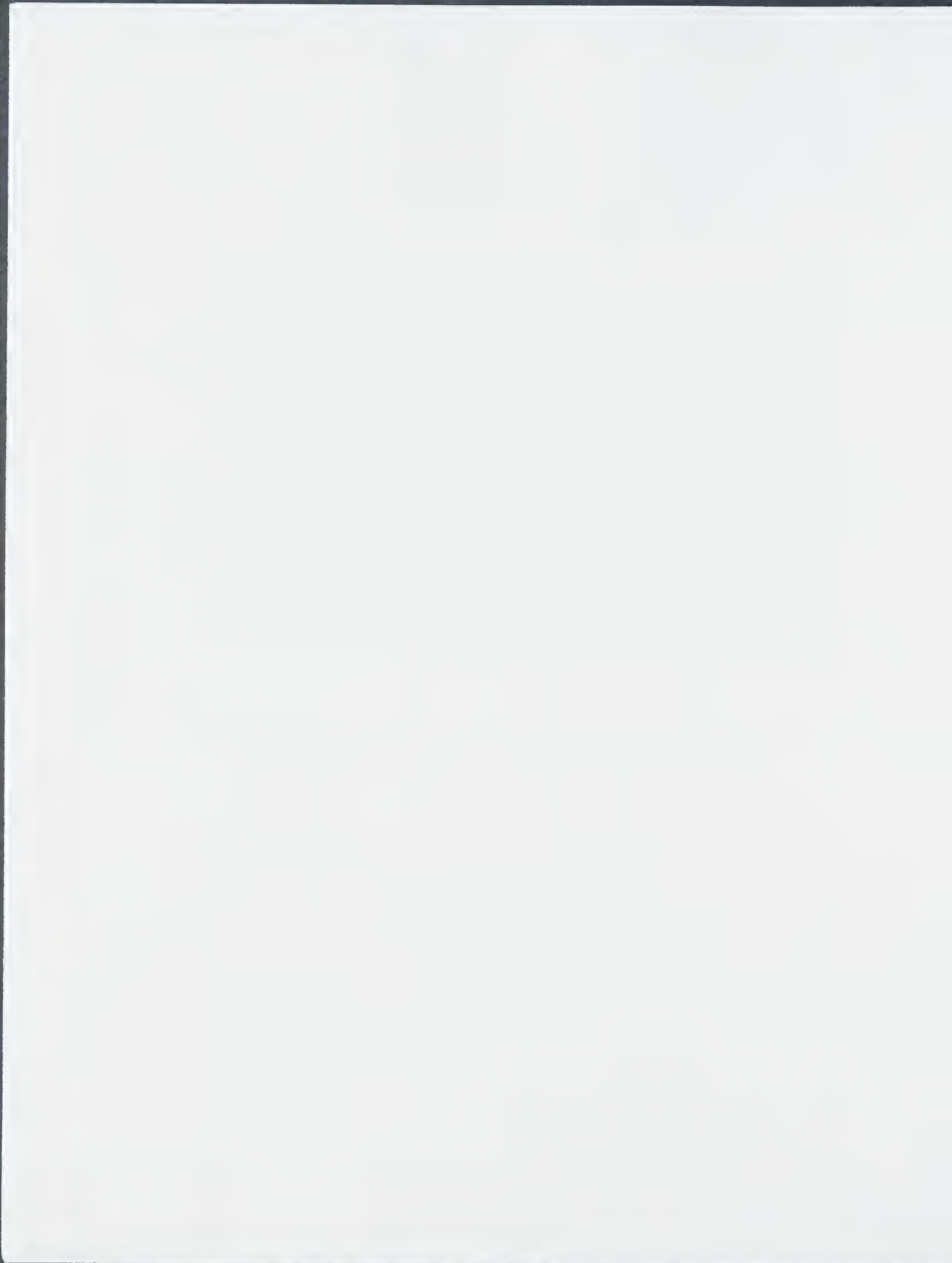
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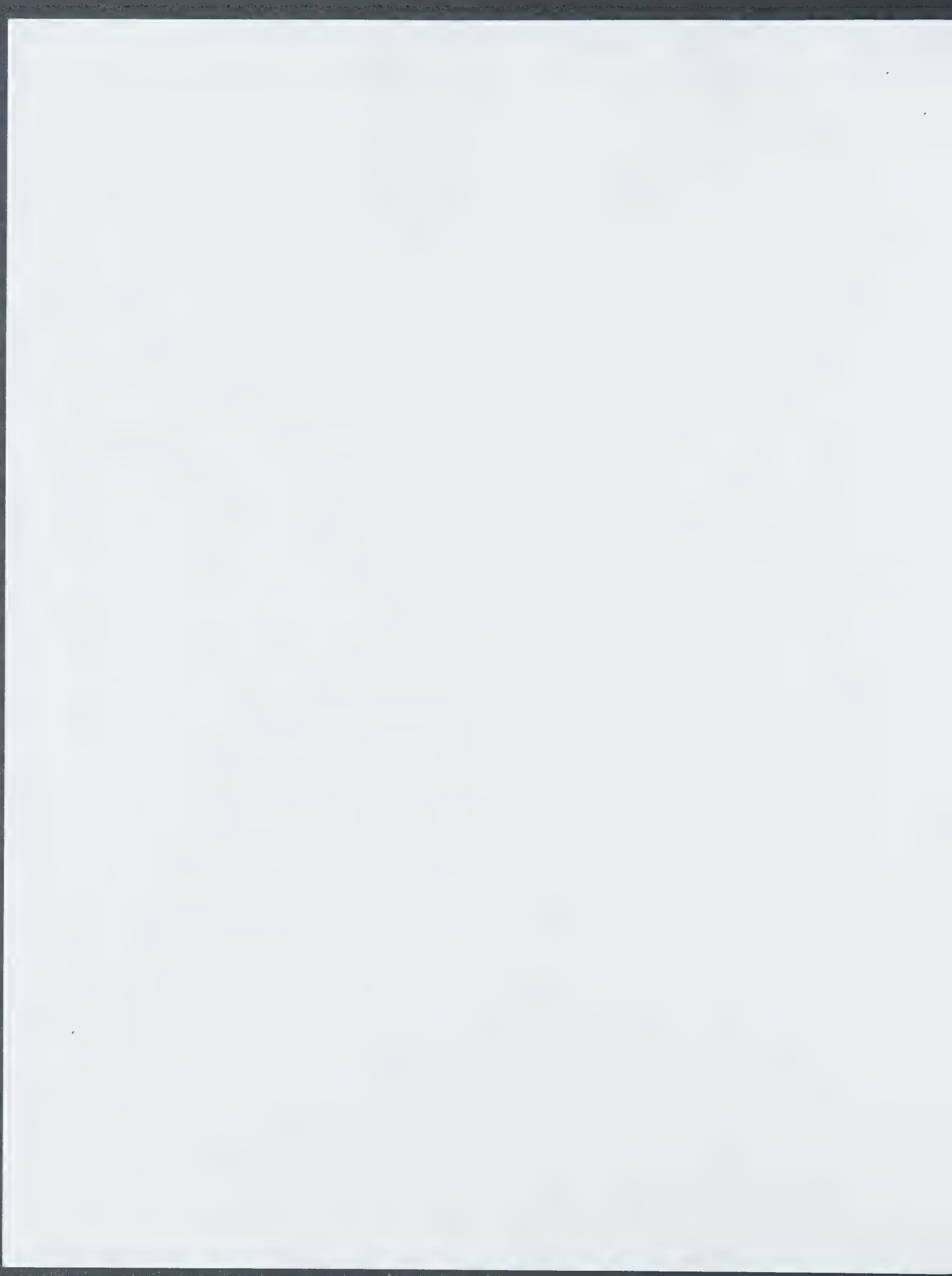


XIV Oct20 80th ILB

Until Monday, March 22, a month before my 80th birthday, when Ralph Emanuel and Yechiel Bar Heim arranged a surprise luncheon for me in London, I had not thought much about my coming birthday. Why should an 80th be any different from a 79th or an 81st? Yet if this carefully planned luncheon with friends was any foretaste of what was to follow, clearly my 80th birthday would indeed be very special. When April 28, 2004 did arrive I was as busy as could be because I knew that David would be coming in from Pennsylvania and Charles Munch from his home near Madison, so I wanted to get as much work done as possible before they arrived.

Despite many phone calls and e-mails that required my attention, I couldn't help thinking of April 28th in years past. I have often wondered what my parents' lives were like before I was born. Were they overjoyed at the prospect of a second child? Was my father concerned at this addition to his family? Addicted to gambling, he was not a reliable provider; was he aware that his financial position was very precarious? Did Mama have any inkling of this? Were they delighted to have a son? Within two weeks my father was dead, the cause of death unclear, suicide or murder. I shall always wonder about this.

In 1938, on what would be my last birthday in Vienna, my mother gave me a slip of paper, a promissory note for a trip up the Danube. I knew at the

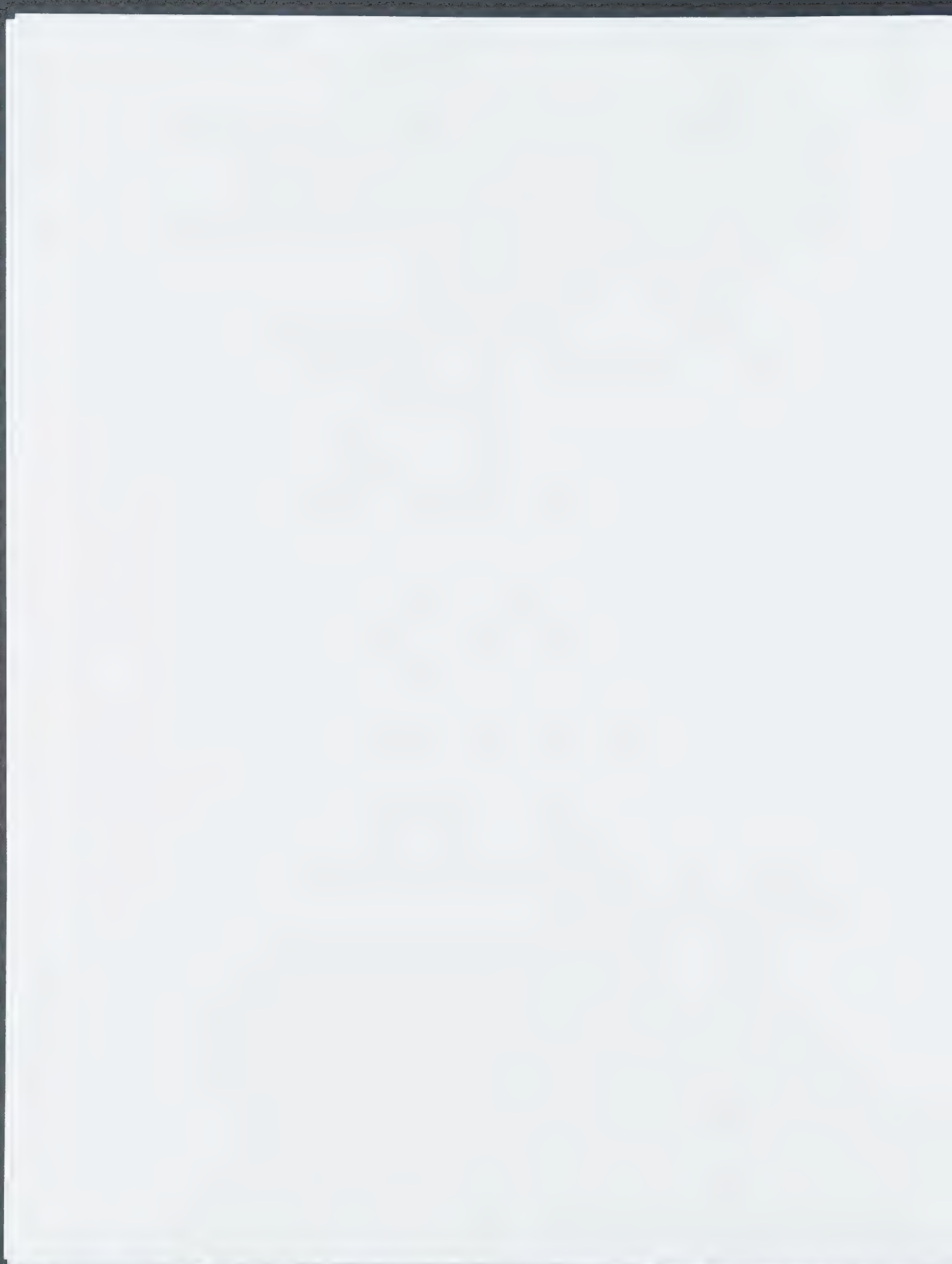


time that the intent was good, but it would be impossible because we had no money, and life was so precarious because the Nazis had marched in the month before. I couldn't know that within seven months I would be leaving Vienna on the first Kindertransport to England.

By my 16th birthday, a Sunday in 1940, the war had begun. No one in Hove where I was living remembered that it was my birthday. It was a sad day, but on Monday a letter came from Muttli wishing me a very happy birthday, always concerned for me, always worrying about my health. I was so pleased to have her letter. Within days Holland and Belgium fell, Britain expected an invasion and within two weeks I was arrested as an enemy alien, interned, and then shipped to Canada as a prisoner of war. My next birthday was spent in the internment camp. How long would I be kept there? That was the question we all asked ourselves, but at least we were safe from the Nazis, and by April of 1941 conditions were very much easier than on our arrival.

Certainly my 17th birthday was a happier day than the lonely Sunday in England. I kept a diary in German of our lives in the camp and made the following notation for April 28th:

"28.4.41 Seventeen. When I compare my last birthday with this and consider what happened in this last year, I ask myself 'was the last year a lost year or not?' Materially, certainly, mentally, certainly not. In free life I could never have had these

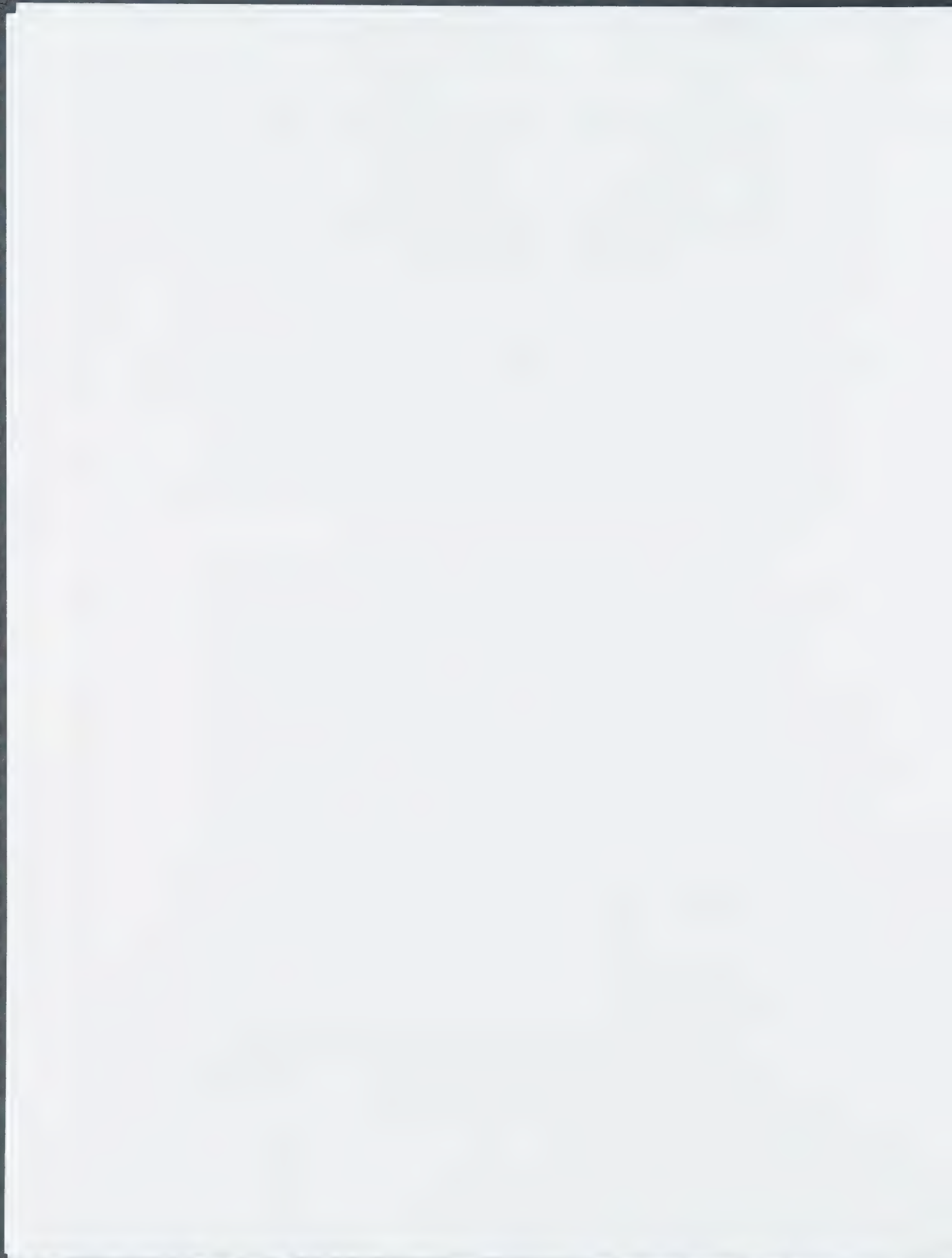


experiences, and what is much more important, is not a true friend, a friend you can really trust worth much more than material gain? And now, should I pass the matriculation exam in June, I will certainly not look back to my sixteenth year as a waste”

“It is customary on one’s birthday to make resolutions, and some years I set goals which seemed hopeless from the start; this time, however, I know that I will reach my goal: I will try to bring myself mentally, morally and physically to the level of Pong.

“My birthday passed well. The weather was and still is beautiful, and many of my friends had given me small presents. Bobby, Max, Arno, Heinz, Walter and Bruno [the Canadian sergeant] were among the first - my box is full of oranges, apples, coconuts, chocolates and cookies! Rudi gave me an Agatha Christie, chocolates and cookies. My greatest pleasure came from Muttli’s and Pong’s letters received yesterday and Pong’s book. The day is coming to an end, may my seventeenth year see the world at peace, and me in freedom, united with Muttli and Pong.”

Heinrich (Pong) Wohlaüer, my best friend in camp, who had returned to England had written in English, “. . . and I shall

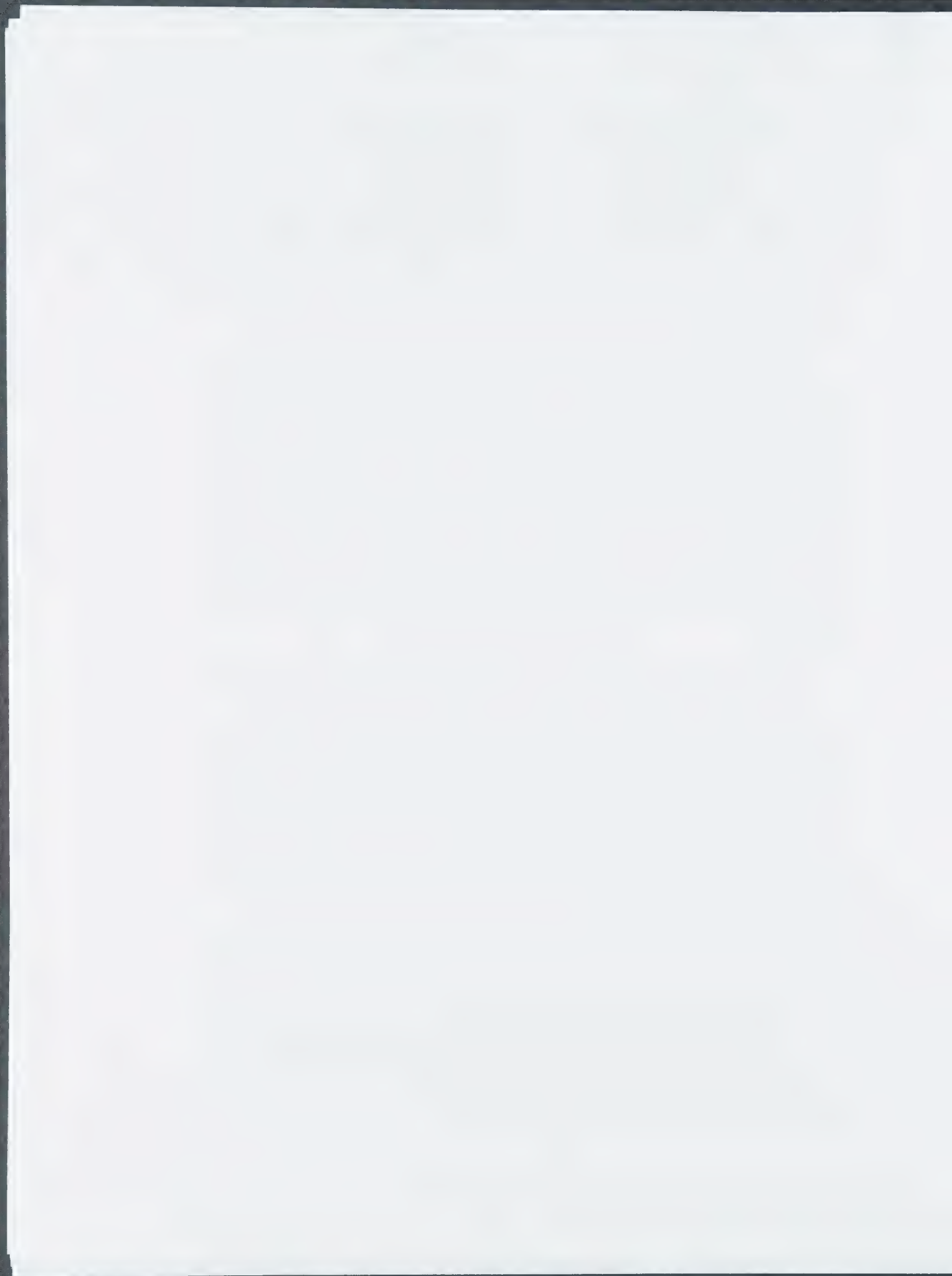


think of the lone island in a river in Canada, where my friends are, and just are celebrating the birthday of one of them, the one whom I liked most of them. Alfred, become a good and honest man! There are so few about now and the world is in need of them!"

My hopes for freedom came true six months and four days later, so that on my 18th birthday I was a free man, although I had to report each week to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I had been taken into the heart of the wonderful family of Martin Wolff in Montreal and I was enrolled in Queen's University where I had been welcomed and helped in every way. I was working hard and knew that my life lay before me.

So, for the next many years, birthdays are a blur until my 70th and 75th when we had wonderfully happy celebrations with family and friends, some of the best of whom are no longer with us. Marvin Klitsner has died since, as has Bill Schield, the best stockbroker I have ever known. He and his wife died in a tragic car accident while vacationing in Spain.

I am blessed to have reached my 80th birthday and to have so many friends who have sent greetings from around the world. Among the most memorable were an e-mail from Yechiel Bar-Chaim and a card from Margarete Harvey, David Harvey's wife.



Yechiel's e-mail read in part:

"Your generosity has changed the way I work and liberated certain instincts from within that perhaps were there before well-hidden and perhaps not. I can say that as a result in communities like Belgrade, Zagreb, and Sarajevo there are now Jewish activists involved in helping others - inside and outside the community - in ways we wouldn't have imagined just a few short years ago.

"At least as important to me, however, have been the new friends and contacts to whom you have introduced me in London, Prague, and Brno. Looking forward to our dinners in Prague scheduled in June with some of the best of them."

When I got home from the gallery there was a beautiful orchid from Margarete Harvey and a card which read:

"Dear Alfred,

"Congratulations on this very special day! I wish you - and Isabel of course - good health and many happy returns of the day.

"While I am thinking of all your achievements, I want to thank you for having brought our entire family over the Atlantic to Milwaukee. You may have mixed feelings on that subject, but I for one am very grateful for it.

"So thank you again and many successful years of hunting, finding and selling (and uniting) those extraordinary works of art that we all love.

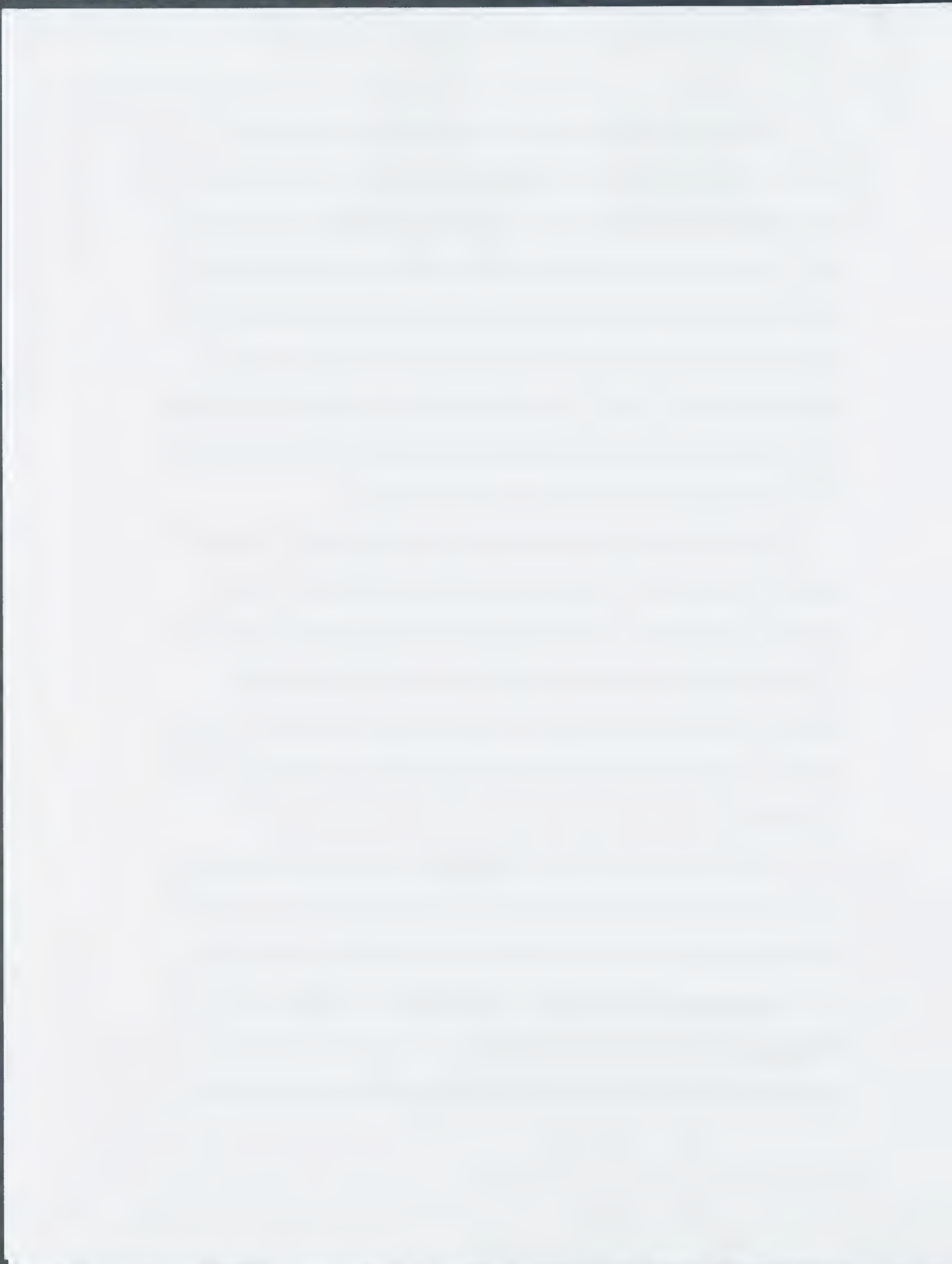
"Fondly, Margarete (and David)"



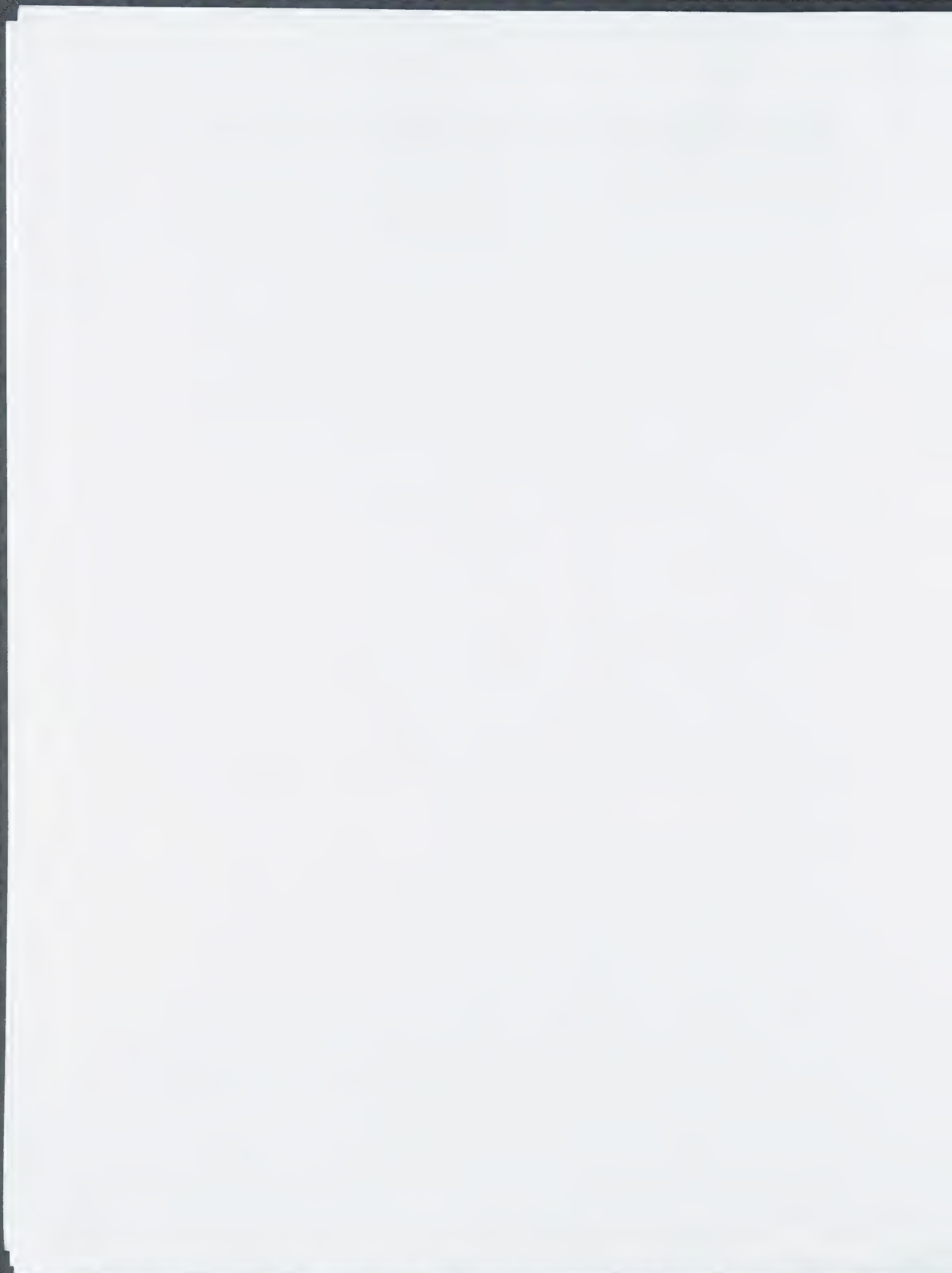
As I walked into the living room I saw that my good friend, Otto Naumann had filled our house with 80 tulips in 8 vases, an unforgettable sight! Charles Munch brought me a beautiful sketch painted by his partner, Jane, a sketch which will join the two which Charles and Jane gave me for my 70th and 75th birthdays. David and Daniel gave us a beautiful flat view television set for our living room which will allow us to see all sorts of programs much more clearly. Ann Zuehlke, my very helpful gallery manager, gave me a back massager to ease the occasional discomfort I get in my lower back and a large jar full of cookies to add to my weight.

Isabel and I had intended to have a quiet evening at home, but David would not hear of it, so he and Daniel had invited us instead for a quiet dinner in a secluded room at the University Club with Linda and her parents, our dear friend Lucy Cohn, Charles Munch, Ann Zuehlke and Michael Hatcher. It was so good to be with family and friends. By the time we came home shortly before 10 o'clock I was dead tired, happy with my first day as an octogenarian.

The celebrations continued. On Monday evening, May 3rd, there was another birthday dinner at the home of Joe and Audrey Bernstein at which Rabbi Israel Shmotkin and his family presented me with an extraordinary map portraying my journeys in life. The Bernsteins and Rabbi Mendel Shmotkin, a charismatic Lubavitch rabbi, have become our close friends in recent years, and Joe and I have been working together both charitably and



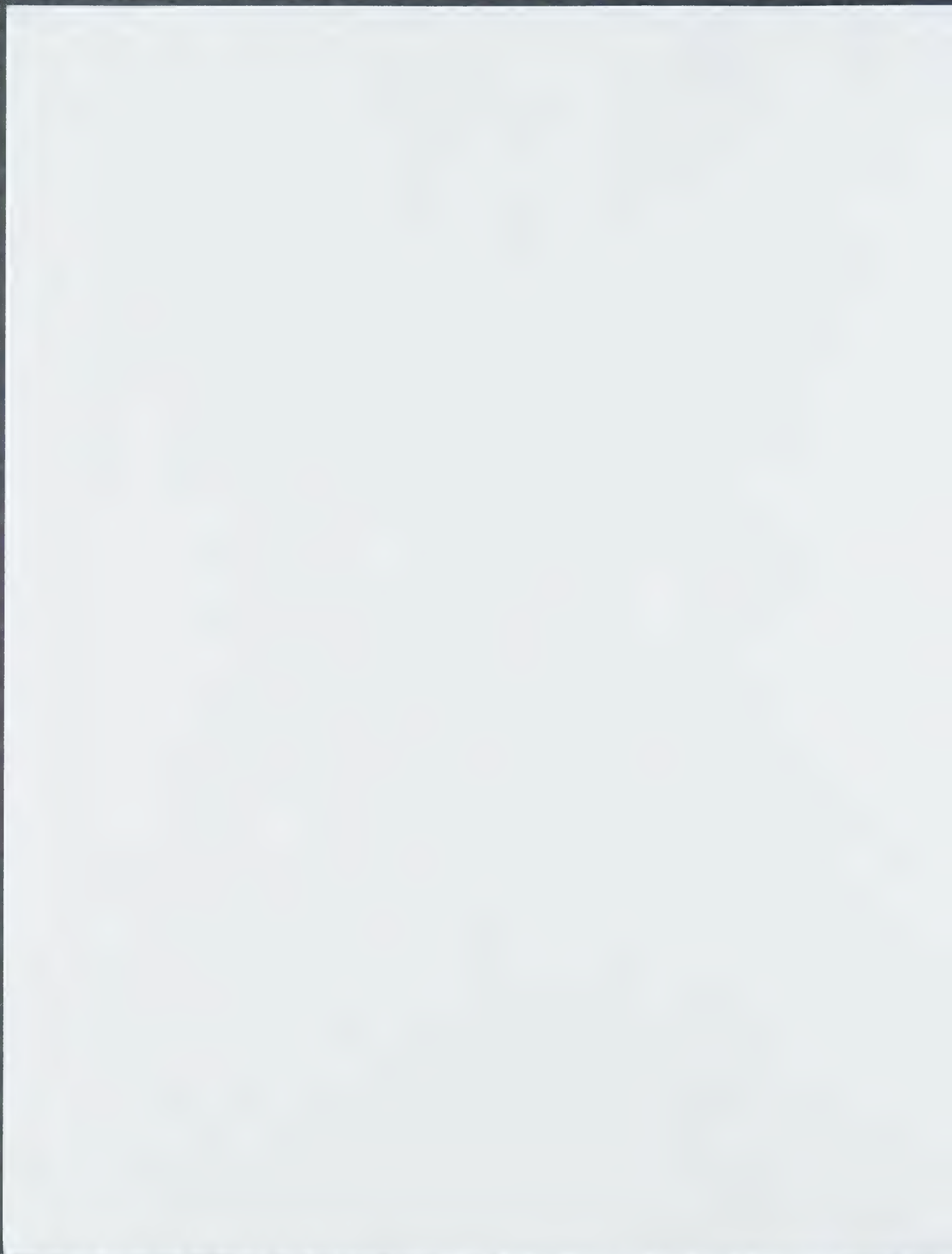
in business. This was a very different and very special party. Within a few days it would be May 12th



Sixty-four years earlier, May 12 1940, had been one of the unhappiest days of my life. I had been picked up at the religious school of Middle Street Synagogue in Brighton to be interned. I had no idea how long it would be before I was released and had no way of knowing that what became sixteen months as a prisoner of war would give me a wonderful education and lead to my being admitted to Queen's University on November 15, 1941. My connection to Queen's has been close ever since, particularly for the last thirty years.

May 12th and 13th, 2004 were to be among the most memorable days of my life. Principal Leggett, the Art Centre, the Art History and Chemistry Departments had invited us to a wonderful gala celebration, continuing my 80th birthday festivities. So on May 12 Isabel, Charles Munch and I joined Daniel to fly to Kingston. We were bringing the very fine Michael Sweerts *Self-Portrait* as my annual gift of a painting to Queen's. Although Charles and his partner Jane have conserved the majority of the old master paintings we have given to the Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Charles had never been to Queen's or Ottawa. He decided he had time to drive to Ottawa, visit the National Gallery and return to Kingston in time for the reception that evening. Isabel went to Summerhill to unpack, and I spent an hour with David de Witt discussing various paintings.

At noon we went to a luncheon in the new Chemistry building where Victor Snieckus, the Bader Chair for Organic Chemistry, presented me with a

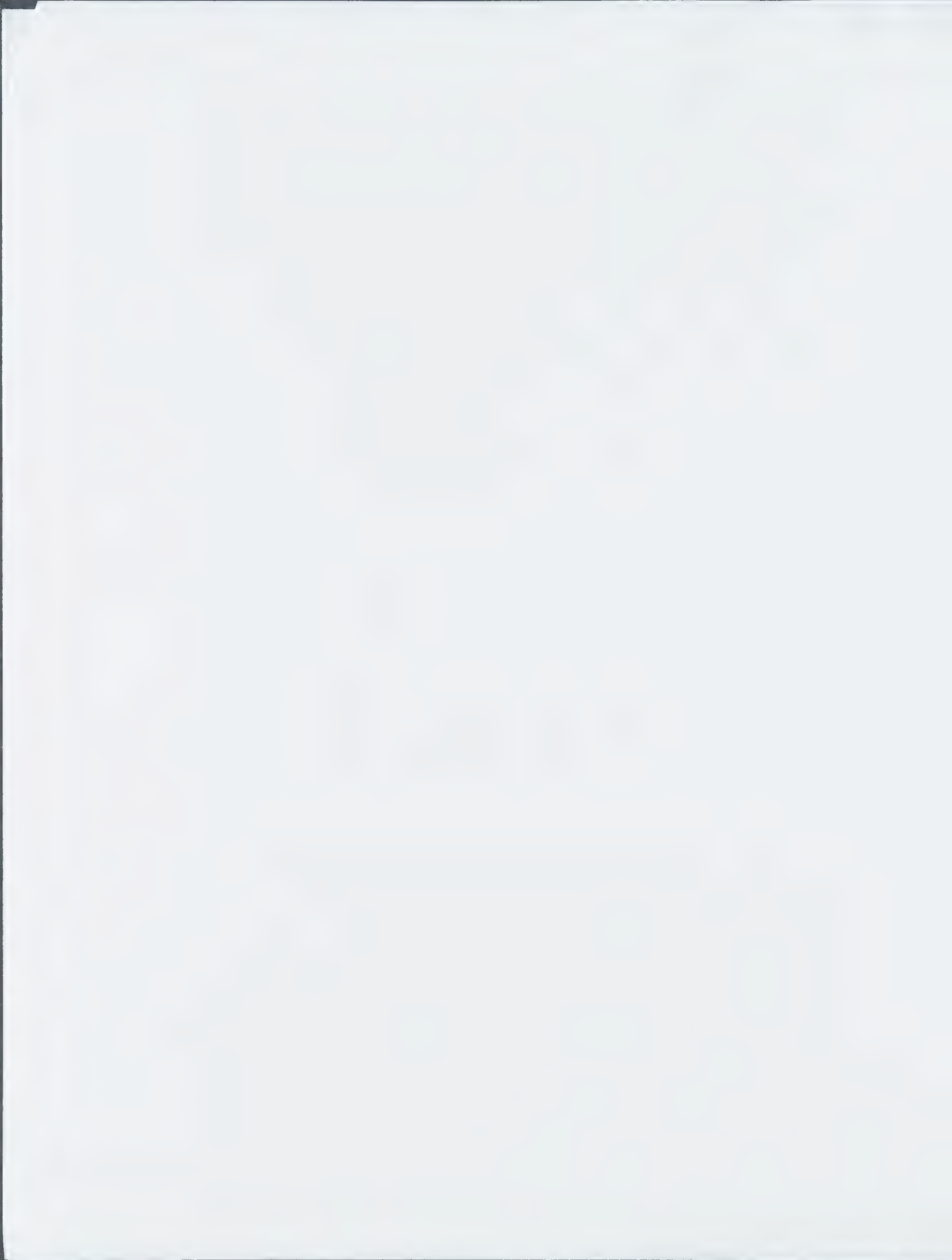


truly moving compilation of greetings from more than fifty chemist friends around the world. Many of these in Canada, the United States, Britain, France and Switzerland I had not heard from in years, and these greetings brought back such happy memories of our visits to them in their laboratories.

Victor had arranged a symposium with two very good friends as lecturers. Each of these chemists played a very important role in our work at Sigma Aldrich. The Nobel Laureate, Barry Sharpless, gave a lighthearted review of his travels and of his great chemical discoveries, and Professor Gilbert Stork, whom I have know since Harvard days, dealt with his efforts over the years to look at various synthetic routes to morphine.

Before the lectures were over Isabel was surprised but delighted to see Eva Kushner, former President of Victoria University who had come in to bring greetings from Toronto. She and Isabel went to the Art Center to see the exhibition in the Bader Gallery and then on to Summerhill to catch up on news since Eva would be in Europe in June when we planned to be in Toronto for Isabel's fifty-fifth reunion.

After the reception at the Chemistry Department, I went off to Summerhill for a few minutes' rest while Isabel visited the costume store and the conservation department where Sheilah Mackinnon was working on some of the Museum's costume collection. Before long she was back and waking me to say that some friends were waiting to talk to me before the Principal's dinner. In the group were Daniel and David, who had just arrived from



Pennsylvania, David de Witt and, to my amazement, Volker Manuth, the first Bader Chair in Northern Baroque Art, now Professor in Nijmegen, and one of his former students, Axel Rüger, Curator of the National Gallery in London. They presented me with a Festschrift entitled *Collected Opinions: Essays on Netherlandish Art In Honour of Alfred Bader*. I could hardly walk downstairs because I was laughing so hard at what Davis and Daniel had written in the Foreword. "As soon as we could speak intelligently - maybe by age five - our conversations with our father went something like this:

- "You want to eat lunch. What for? We have to go look at that painting auction preview."
- "Don't take a taxi - take the Tube."

At the moment of presentation, I was too weary to realize fully what a wonderful gift this was. Twenty-one art historians had written important art historical essays, some dealing with paintings in our collection. One historian, Astrid Tümpel, had written two delightfully thought-provoking short stories. Charles Munch had drawn a sketch of me looking at a Rembrandt. The editors, Volker and Axel must have worked incredibly hard to put this together. And four of the writers, Bill Robinson, Arthur Wheelock, David de Witt and Martha Wolff had visited us recently without any hint. What a conspiracy! It took me many hours, some while I could not sleep, to understand fully what I had been given.



Downstairs there was a fine buffet hosted by Bill and Clare Leggett. There, from Montreal, was my "sister" Rosetta Elkin who had just turned 90. She takes every opportunity to see us when we come to Queen's, and she looked just wonderful. The room was full of friends we have made during our years at Queen's. Completely unexpected was the presentation of a plaque inscribed as follows:

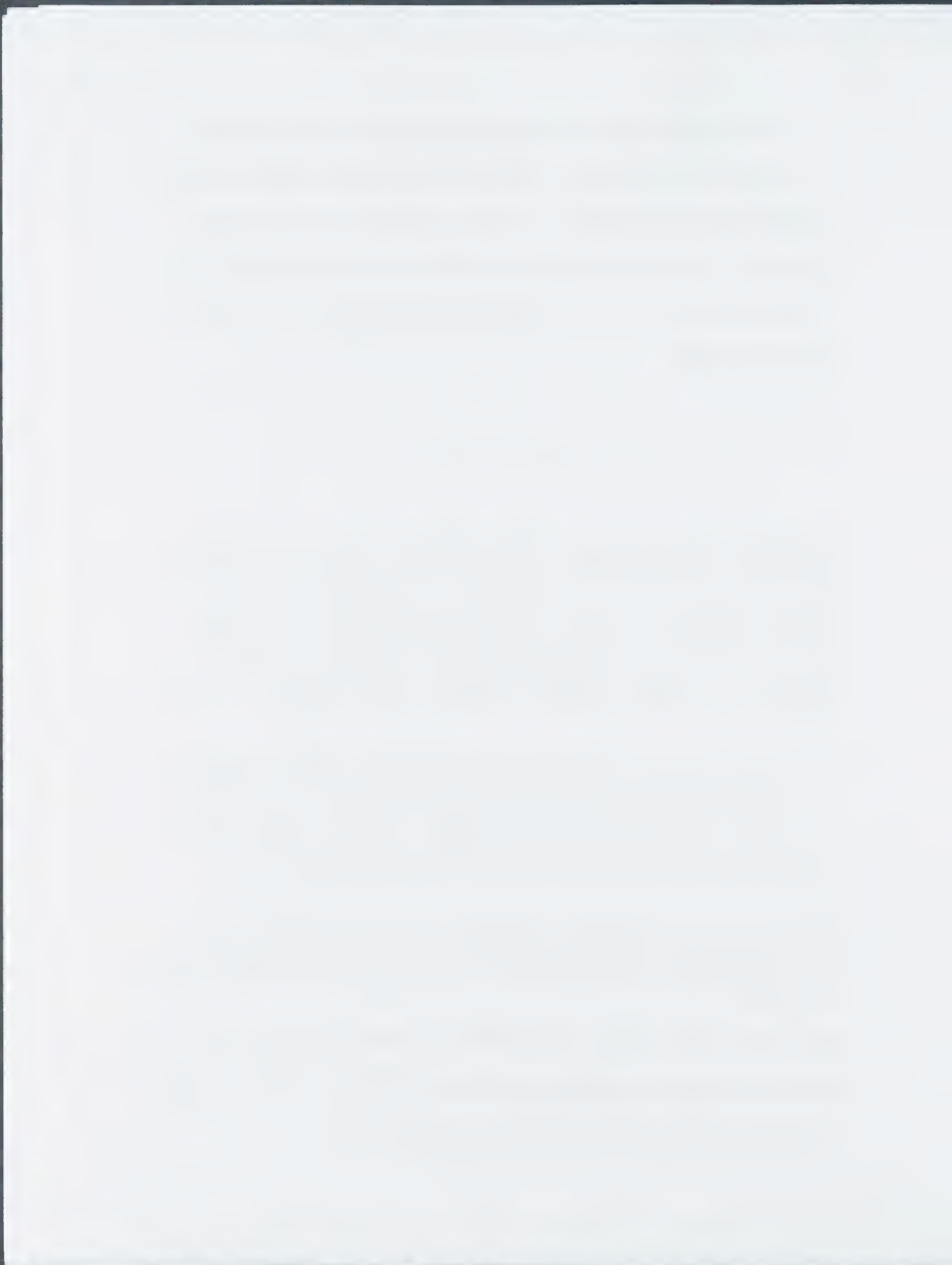
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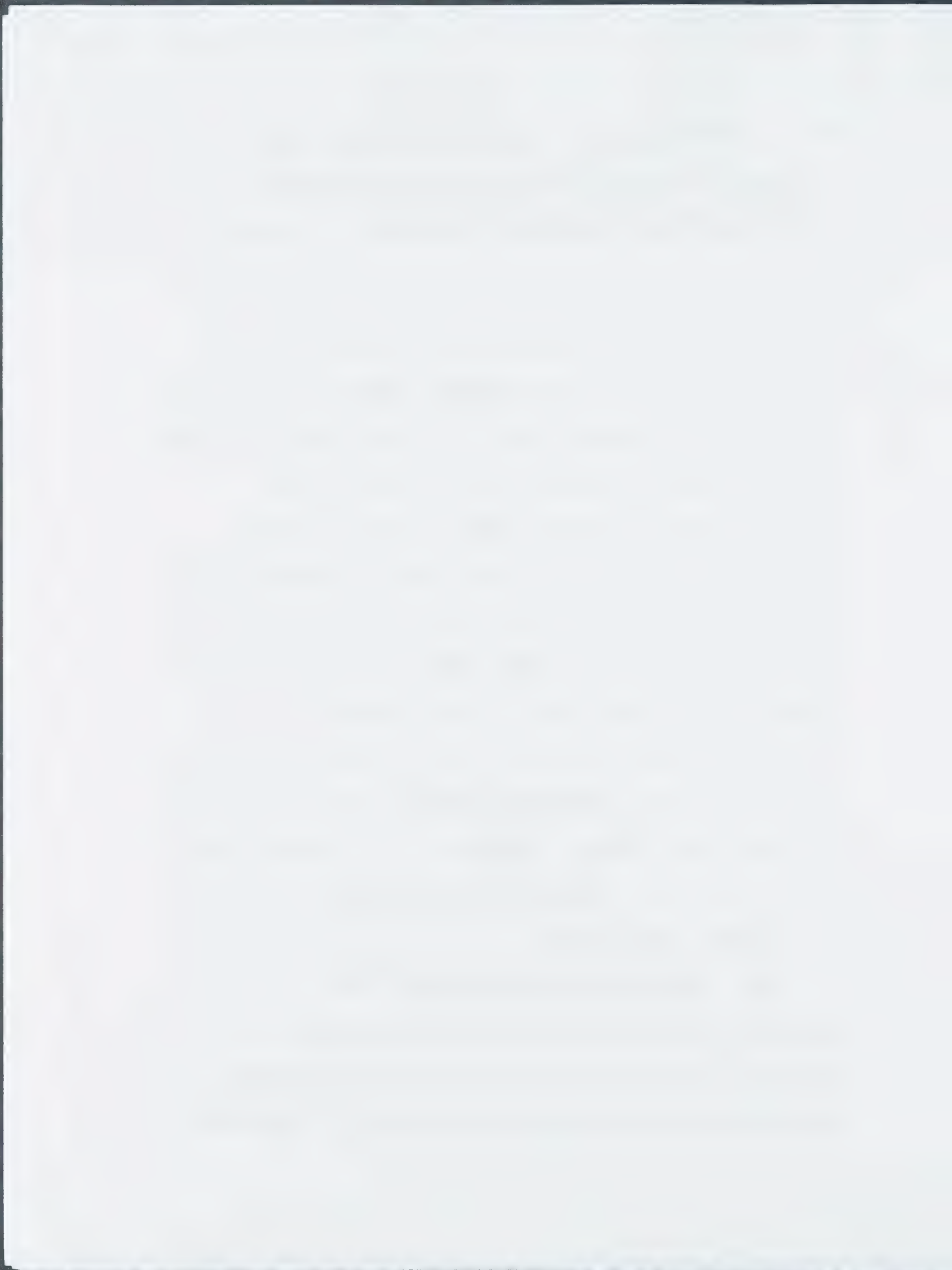


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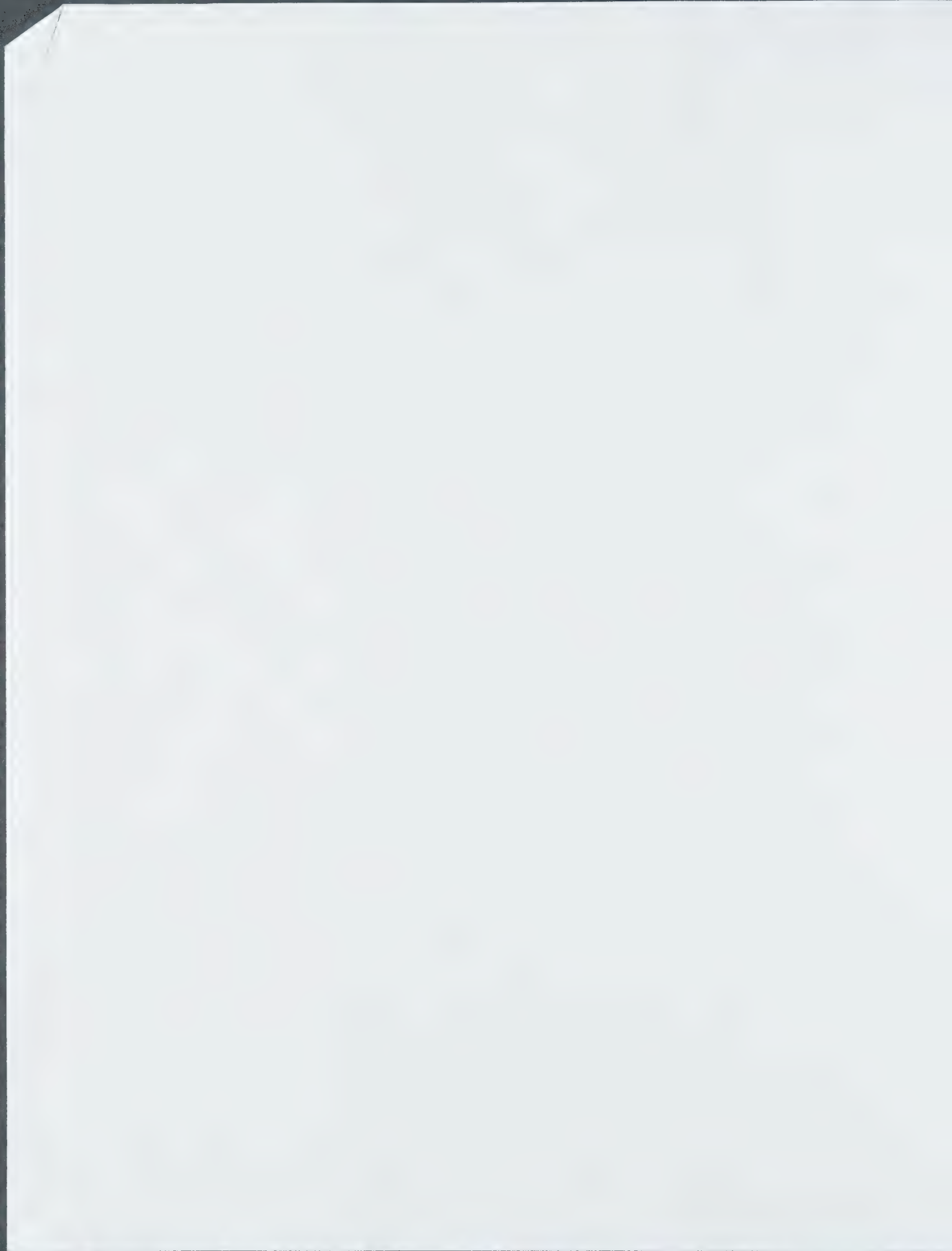
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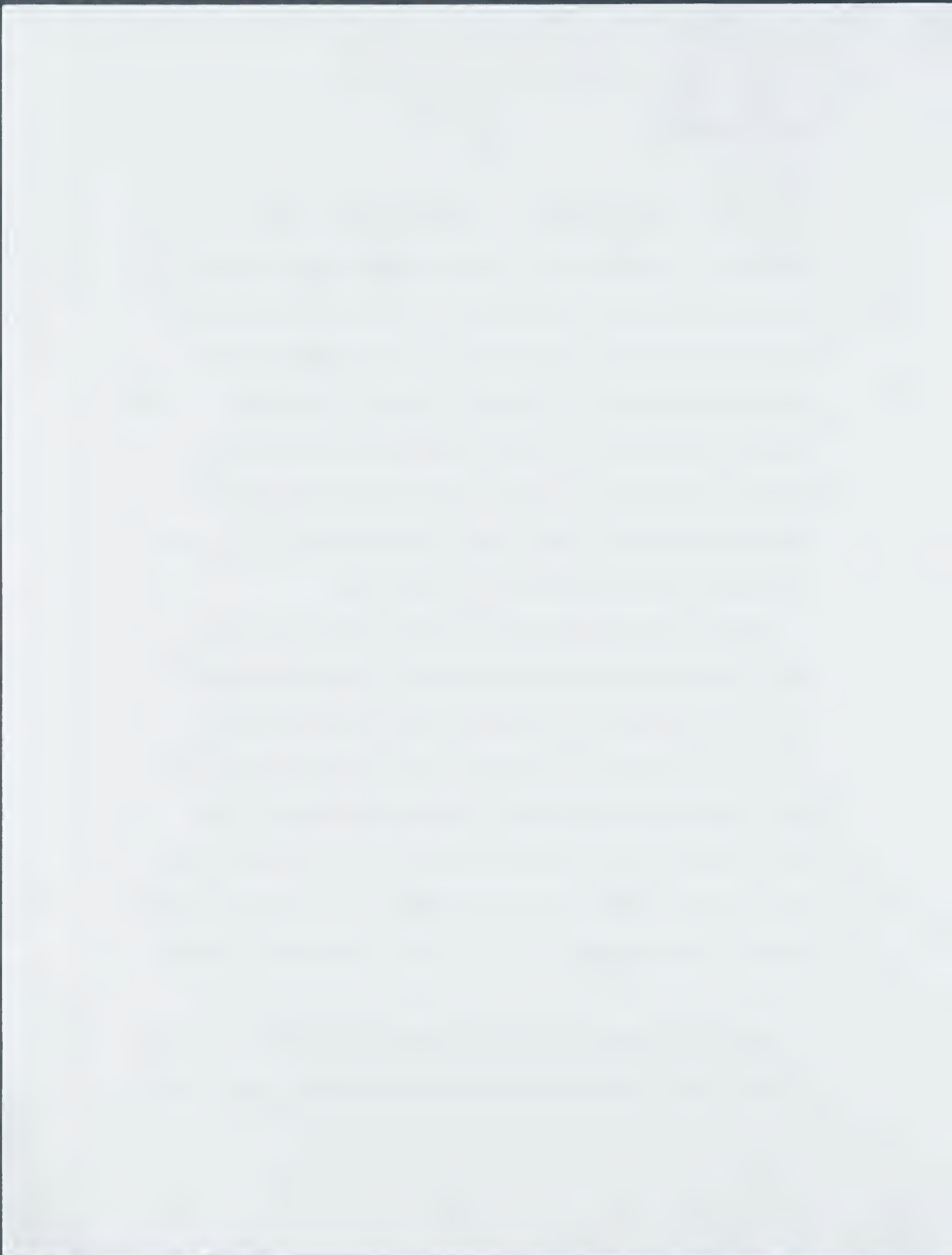


XIV Oct20 80th ILB

Until Monday, March 22, a month before my 80th birthday, when Ralph Emanuel and Yechiel Bar Heim arranged a surprise luncheon for me in London, I had not thought much about my coming birthday. Why should an 80th be any different from a 79th or an 81st? Yet if this carefully planned luncheon with friends was any foretaste of what was to follow, clearly my 80th birthday would indeed be very special. When April 28, 2004 did arrive I was as busy as could be because I knew that David would be coming in from Pennsylvania and Charles Munch from his home near Madison, so I wanted to get as much work done as possible before they arrived.

Despite many phone calls and e-mails that required my attention, I couldn't help thinking of April 28th in years past. I have often wondered what my parents' lives were like before I was born. Were they overjoyed at the prospect of a second child? Was my father concerned at this addition to his family? Addicted to gambling, he was not a reliable provider; was he aware that his financial position was very precarious? Did Mama have any inkling of this? Were they delighted to have a son? Within two weeks my father was dead, the cause of death unclear, suicide or murder. I shall always wonder about this.

In 1938, on what would be my last birthday in Vienna, my mother gave me a slip of paper, a promissory note for a trip up the Danube. I knew at the

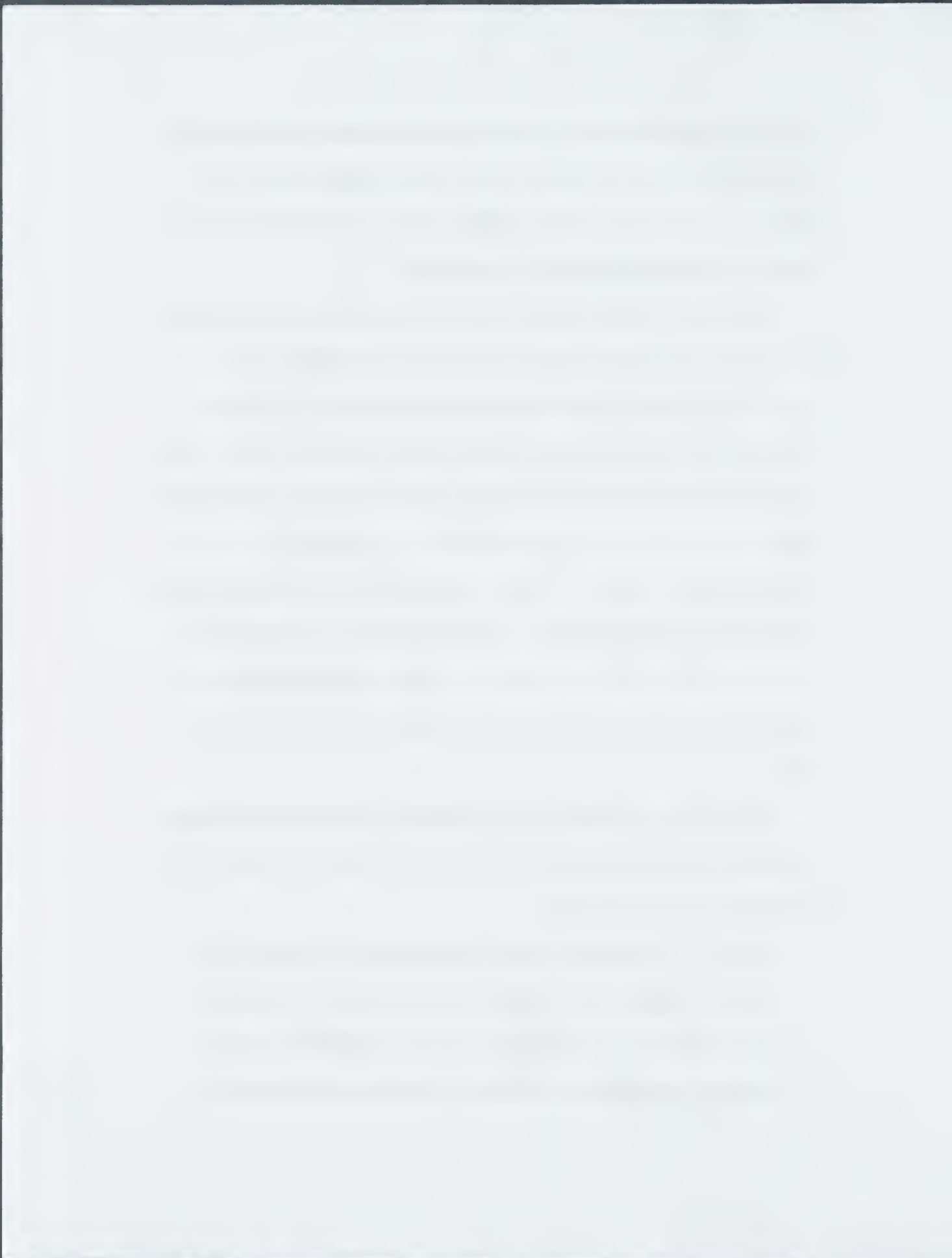


time that the intent was good, but it would be impossible because we had no money, and life was so precarious because the Nazis had marched in the month before. I couldn't know that within seven months I would be leaving Vienna on the first Kindertransport to England.

By my 16th birthday, a Sunday in 1940, the war had begun. No one in Hove where I was living remembered that it was my birthday. It was a sad day, but on Monday a letter came from Muttli wishing me a very happy birthday, always concerned for me, always worrying about my health. I was so pleased to have her letter. Within days Holland and Belgium fell, Britain expected an invasion and within two weeks I was arrested as an enemy alien, interned, and then shipped to Canada as a prisoner of war. My next birthday was spent in the internment camp. How long would I be kept there? That was the question we all asked ourselves, but at least we were safe from the Nazis, and by April of 1941 conditions were very much easier than on our arrival.

Certainly my 17th birthday was a happier day than the lonely Sunday in England. I kept a diary in German of our lives in the camp and made the following notation for April 28th:

"28.4.41 Seventeen. When I compare my last birthday with this and consider what happened in this last year, I ask myself 'was the last year a lost year or not?' Materially, certainly, mentally, certainly not. In free life I could never have had these



experiences, and what is much more important, is not a true friend, a friend you can really trust worth much more than material gain? And now, should I pass the matriculation exam in June, I will certainly not look back to my sixteenth year as a waste”

“It is customary on one’s birthday to make resolutions, and some years I set goals which seemed hopeless from the start; this time, however, I know that I will reach my goal: I will try to bring myself mentally, morally and physically to the level of Pong.

“My birthday passed well. The weather was and still is beautiful, and many of my friends had given me small presents. Bobby, Max, Arno, Heinz, Walter and Bruno [the Canadian sergeant] were among the first - my box is full of oranges, apples, coconuts, chocolates and cookies! Rudi gave me an Agatha Christie, chocolates and cookies. My greatest pleasure came from Muttli’s and Pong’s letters received yesterday and Pong’s book. The day is coming to an end, may my seventeenth year see the world at peace, and me in freedom, united with Muttli and Pong.”

Heinrich (Pong) Wohlaüer, my best friend in camp, who had returned to England had written in English, “. . . and I shall

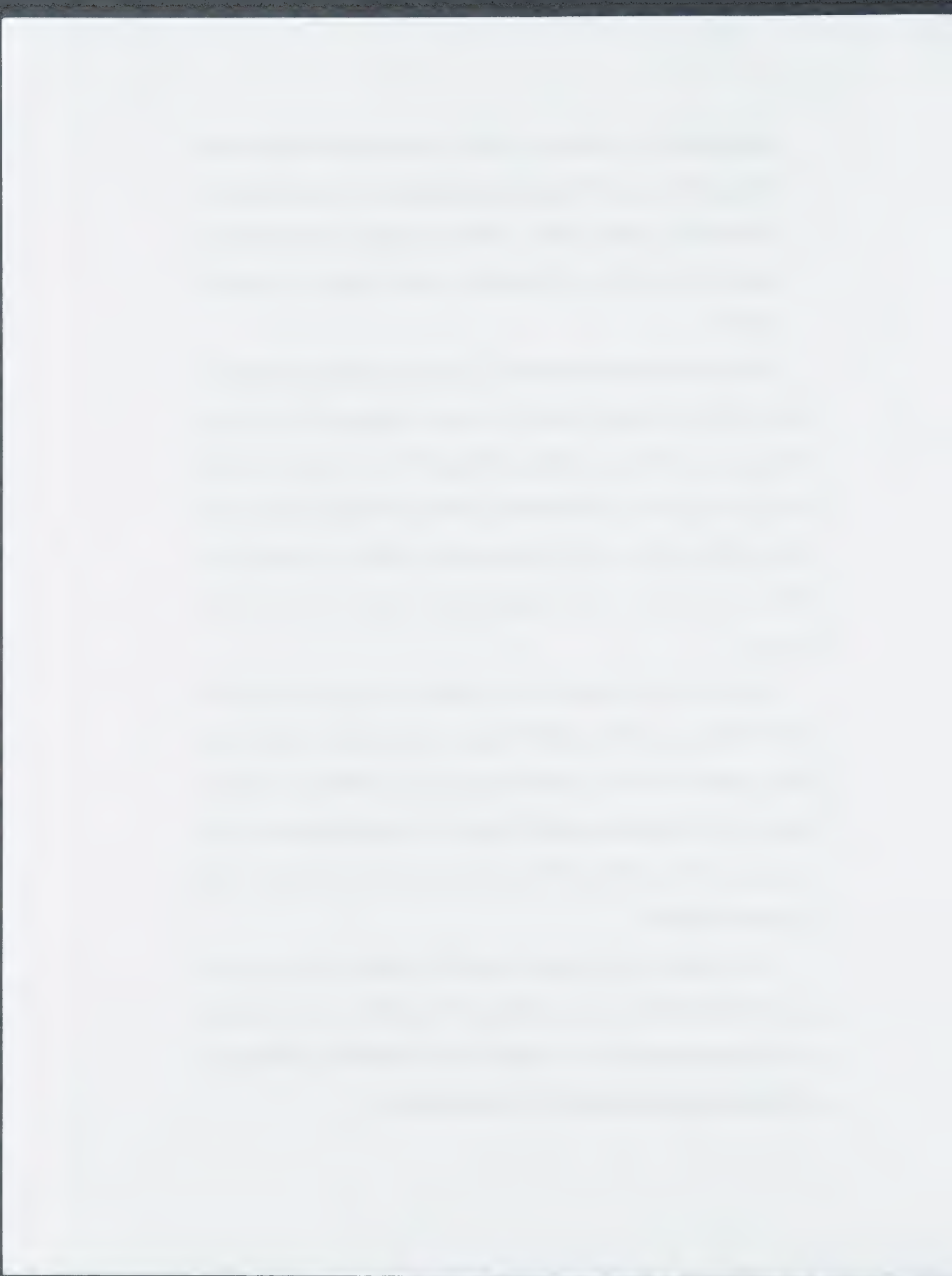
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think of the lone island in a river in Canada, where my friends are, and just are celebrating the birthday of one of them, the one whom I liked most of them. Alfred, become a good and honest man! There are so few about now and the world is in need of them!"

My hopes for freedom came true six months and four days later, so that on my 18th birthday I was a free man, although I had to report each week to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. I had been taken into the heart of the wonderful family of Martin Wolff in Montreal and I was enrolled in Queen's University where I had been welcomed and helped in every way. I was working hard and knew that my life lay before me.

So, for the next many years, birthdays are a blur until my 70th and 75th when we had wonderfully happy celebrations with family and friends, some of the best of whom are no longer with us. Marvin Klitsner has died since, as has Bill Schield, the best stockbroker I have ever known. He and his wife died in a tragic car accident while vacationing in Spain.

I am blessed to have reached my 80th birthday and to have so many friends who have sent greetings from around the world. Among the most memorable were an e-mail from Yechiel Bar-Chaim and a card from Margarete Harvey, David Harvey's wife.



Yechiel's e-mail read in part:

"Your generosity has changed the way I work and liberated certain instincts from within that perhaps were there before well-hidden and perhaps not. I can say that as a result in communities like Belgrade, Zagreb, and Sarajevo there are now Jewish activists involved in helping others - inside and outside the community - in ways we wouldn't have imagined just a few short years ago.

"At least as important to me, however, have been the new friends and contacts to whom you have introduced me in London, Prague, and Brno. Looking forward to our dinners in Prague scheduled in June with some of the best of them."

When I got home from the gallery there was a beautiful orchid from Margarete Harvey and a card which read:

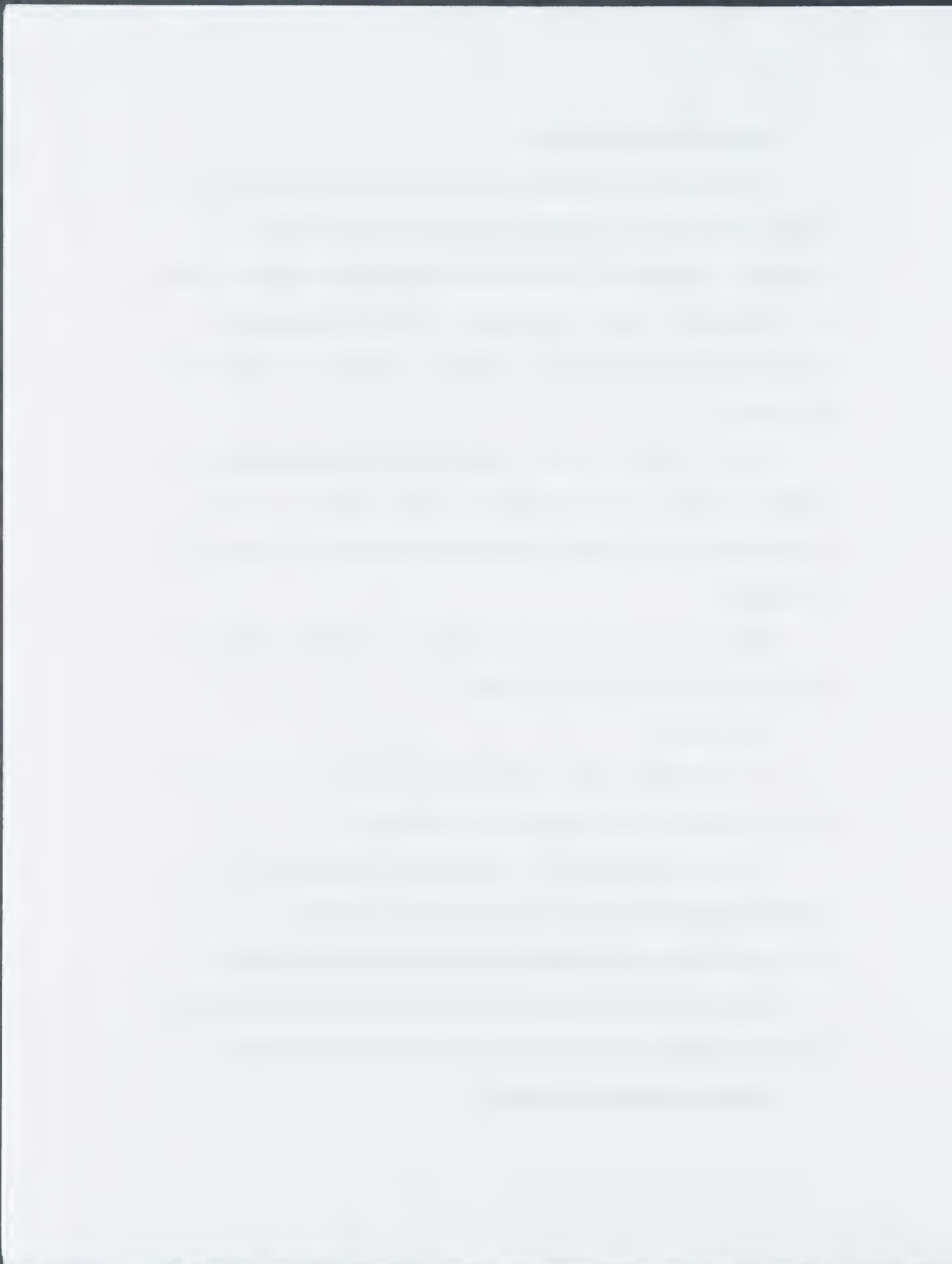
"Dear Alfred,

"Congratulations on this very special day! I wish you - and Isabel of course - good health and many happy returns of the day.

"While I am thinking of all your achievements, I want to thank you for having brought our entire family over the Atlantic to Milwaukee. You may have mixed feelings on that subject, but I for one am very grateful for it.

"So thank you again and many successful years of hunting, finding and selling (and uniting) those extraordinary works of art that we all love.

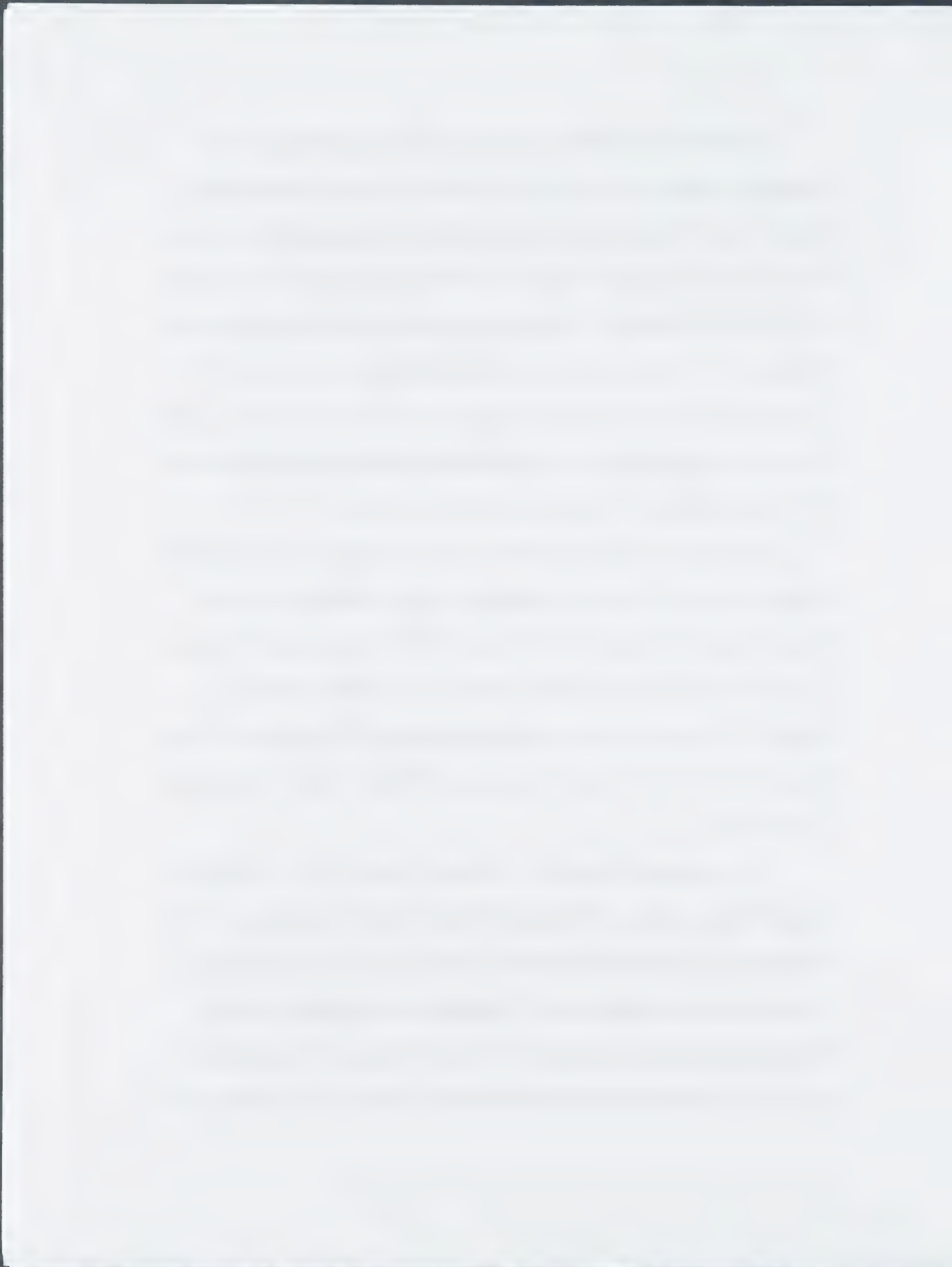
"Fondly, Margarete (and David)"



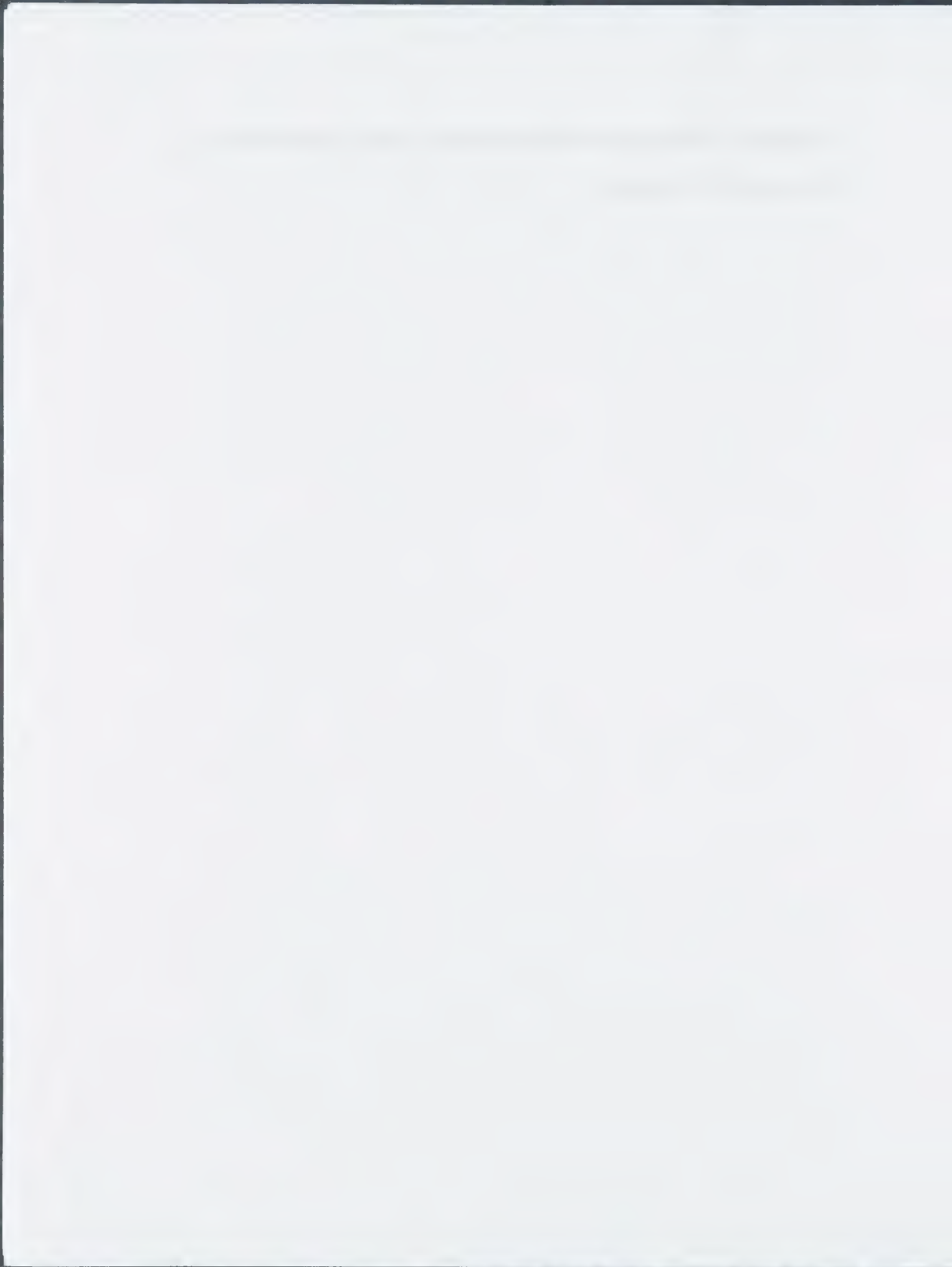
As I walked into the living room I saw that my good friend, Otto Naumann had filled our house with 80 tulips in 8 vases, an unforgettable sight! Charles Munch brought me a beautiful sketch painted by his partner, Jane, a sketch which will join the two which Charles and Jane gave me for my 70th and 75th birthdays. David and Daniel gave us a beautiful flat view television set for our living room which will allow us to see all sorts of programs much more clearly. Ann Zuehlke, my very helpful gallery manager, gave me a back massager to ease the occasional discomfort I get in my lower back and a large jar full of cookies to add to my weight.

Isabel and I had intended to have a quiet evening at home, but David would not hear of it, so he and Daniel had invited us instead for a quiet dinner in a secluded room at the University Club with Linda and her parents, our dear friend Lucy Cohn, Charles Munch, Ann Zuehlke and Michael Hatcher. It was so good to be with family and friends. By the time we came home shortly before 10 o'clock I was dead tired, happy with my first day as an octogenarian.

The celebrations continued. On Monday evening, May 3rd, there was another birthday dinner at the home of Joe and Audrey Bernstein at which Rabbi Israel Shmotkin and his family presented me with an extraordinary map portraying my journeys in life. The Bernsteins and Rabbi Mendel Shmotkin, a charismatic Lubavitch rabbi, have become our close friends in recent years, and Joe and I have been working together both charitably and



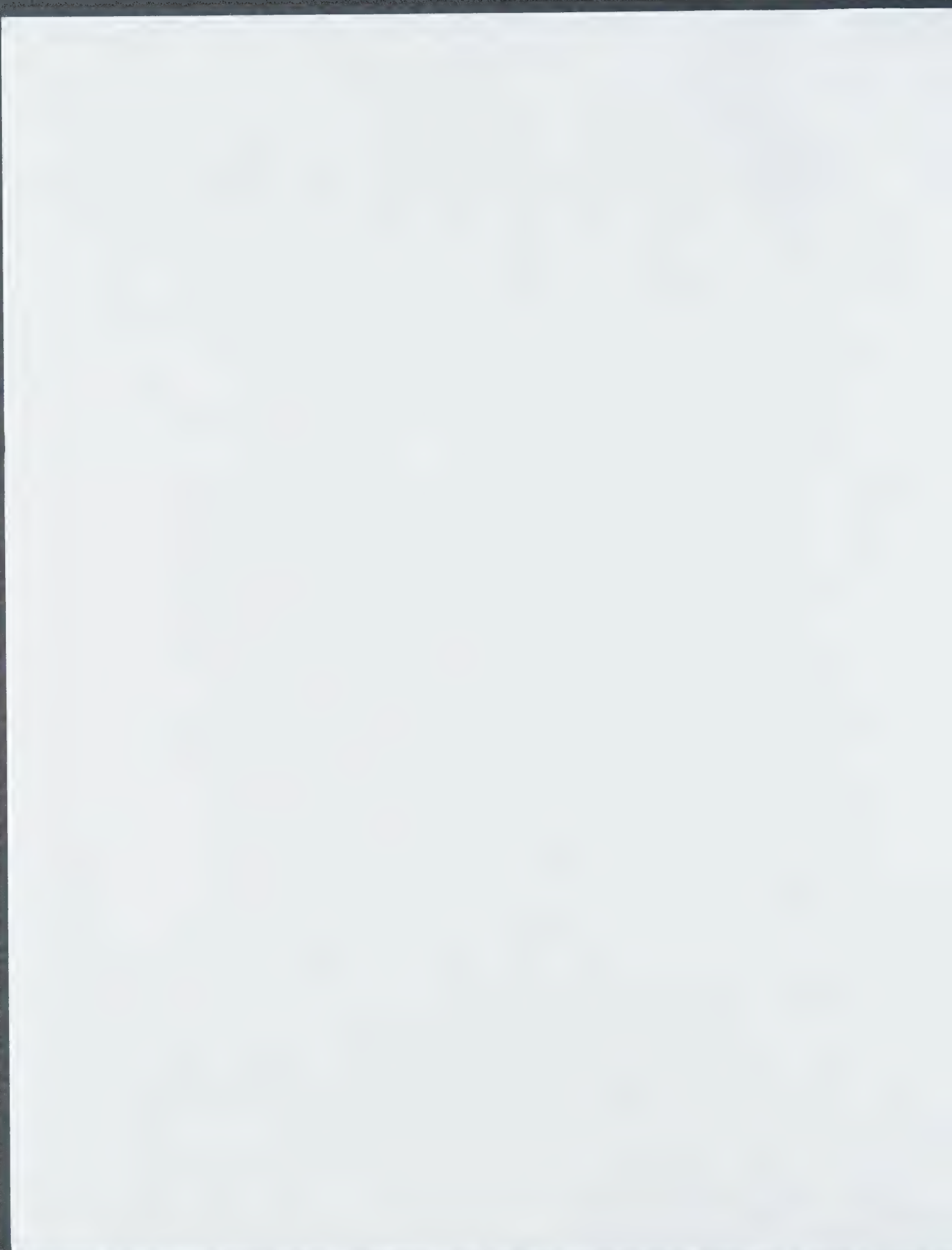
in business. This was a very different and very special party. Within a few days it would be May 12th



Sixty-four years earlier, May 12 1940, had been one of the unhappiest days of my life. I had been picked up at the religious school of Middle Street Synagogue in Brighton to be interned. I had no idea how long it would be before I was released and had no way of knowing that what became sixteen months as a prisoner of war would give me a wonderful education and lead to my being admitted to Queen's University on November 15, 1941. My connection to Queen's has been close ever since, particularly for the last thirty years.

May 12th and 13th, 2004 were to be among the most memorable days of my life. Principal Leggett, the Art Centre, the Art History and Chemistry Departments had invited us to a wonderful gala celebration, continuing my 80th birthday festivities. So on May 12 Isabel, Charles Munch and I joined Daniel to fly to Kingston. We were bringing the very fine Michael Sweerts *Self-Portrait* as my annual gift of a painting to Queen's. Although Charles and his partner Jane have conserved the majority of the old master paintings we have given to the Agnes Etherington Art Centre, Charles had never been to Queen's or Ottawa. He decided he had time to drive to Ottawa, visit the National Gallery and return to Kingston in time for the reception that evening. Isabel went to Summerhill to unpack, and I spent an hour with David de Witt discussing various paintings.

At noon we went to a luncheon in the new Chemistry building where Victor Snieckus, the Bader Chair for Organic Chemistry, presented me with a

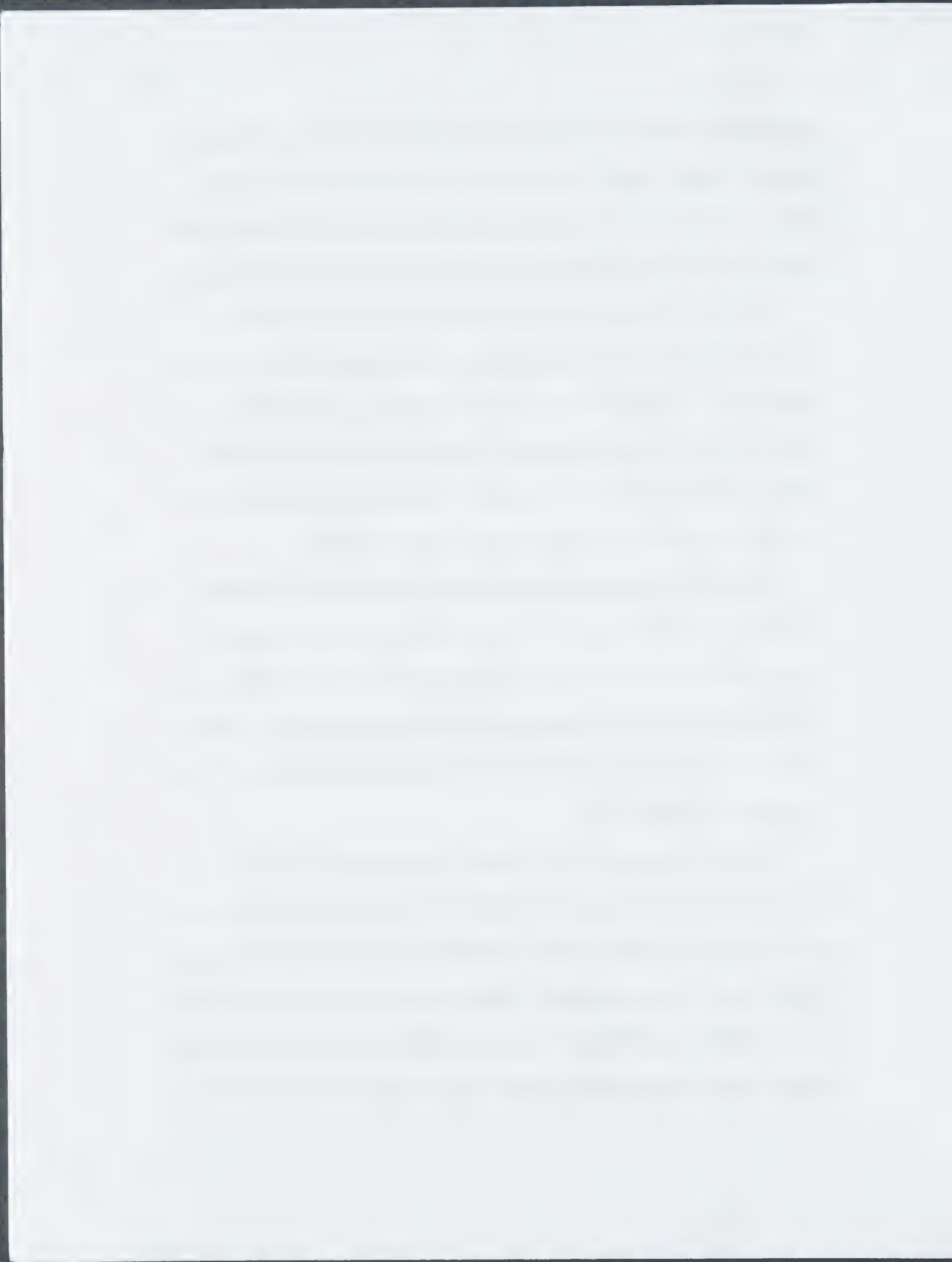


truly moving compilation of greetings from more than fifty chemist friends around the world. Many of these in Canada, the United States, Britain, France and Switzerland I had not heard from in years, and these greetings brought back such happy memories of our visits to them in their laboratories.

Victor had arranged a symposium with two very good friends as lecturers. Each of these chemists played a very important role in our work at Sigma Aldrich. The Nobel Laureate, Barry Sharpless, gave a lighthearted review of his travels and of his great chemical discoveries, and Professor Gilbert Stork, whom I have know since Harvard days, dealt with his efforts over the years to look at various synthetic routes to morphine.

Before the lectures were over Isabel was surprised but delighted to see Eva Kushner, former President of Victoria University who had come in to bring greetings from Toronto. She and Isabel went to the Art Center to see the exhibition in the Bader Gallery and then on to Summerhill to catch up on news since Eva would be in Europe in June when we planned to be in Toronto for Isabel's fifty-fifth reunion.

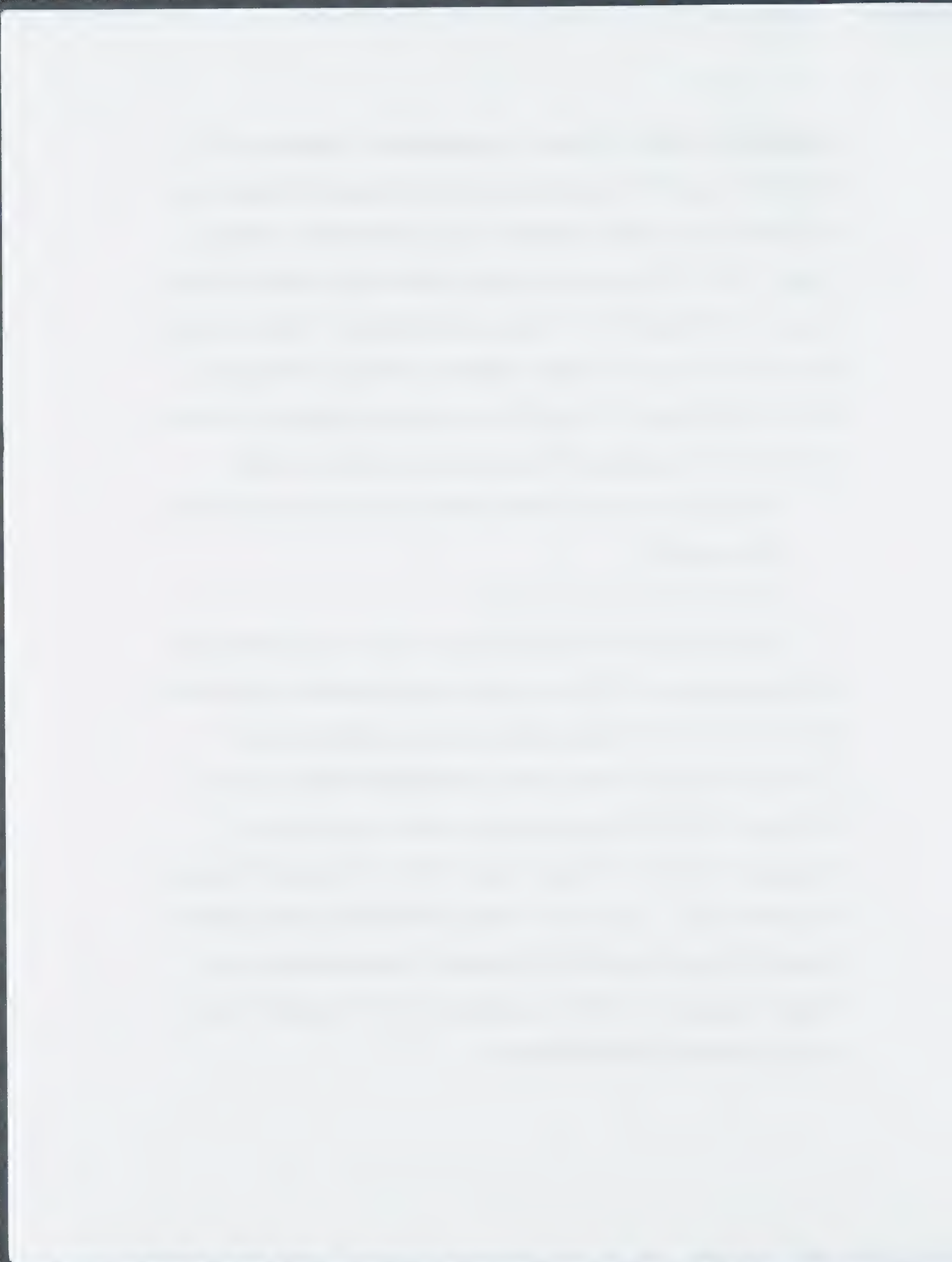
After the reception at the Chemistry Department, I went off to Summerhill for a few minutes' rest while Isabel visited the costume store and the conservation department where Sheilah Mackinnon was working on some of the Museum's costume collection. Before long she was back and waking me to say that some friends were waiting to talk to me before the Principal's dinner. In the group were Daniel and David, who had just arrived from



Pennsylvania, David de Witt and, to my amazement, Volker Manuth, the first Bader Chair in Northern Baroque Art, now Professor in Nijmegen, and one of his former students, Axel Rüger, Curator of the National Gallery in London. They presented me with a Festschrift entitled *Collected Opinions: Essays on Netherlandish Art In Honour of Alfred Bader*. I could hardly walk downstairs because I was laughing so hard at what Davis and Daniel had written in the Foreword. "As soon as we could speak intelligently - maybe by age five - our conversations with our father went something like this:

- "You want to eat lunch. What for? We have to go look at that painting auction preview."
- "Don't take a taxi - take the Tube."

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DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE
OFFICE OF THE DEPARTMENT CHAIR

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