More Adventures of a Chemist Callector

Aclp the Neediest and Ablest ...

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

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Chapter XVIII

Help the Neediest and Ablest: Promoting Communication Between People

We have been in a wonderful position to help people. Isabel and I don't need much for ourselves. Our good friend Marvin Klitsner arranged for my sons' trusts each to have 6.5 percent of Aldrich—Jong before Aldrich was worth much—and so both are well-to-do and know that Isabel and I have wills, also written by Marvin. These wills leave almost everything to a foundation, just as Danny did. My son Daniel, who administers this charity, the Helen Bader Foundation, will administer our foundation also, but why should we not help others in our lifetime? Help for others and pleasure for us. But giving money away is not all pleasure. In fact, it is the most difficult of my four jobs.

Luckily we have been helped by good and able people. Daniel has <u>seventeen</u>

<u>highly competent</u> people in the Helen Bader Foundation, and he himself is always willing to help us. He and <u>his wife</u>, Linda, often make suggestions, particularly for local causes.

Marvin Klitsner, of course, had guided us in everything, but sadly he died in Jerusalem in August 2001. His older daughter, Frances Wolff, has taken his place on the Board of the Helen Bader Foundation, and one of Marvin's <u>nineteen</u> grandchildren, Adina Shapiro, has also been most helpful to us. A remarkable young woman with a Hebrew University law degree, she was co-chair of MECA, the Middle East Children's Association. This tries to bring together Israeli and Palestinian teachers to discuss how best to teach children. Such meetings are very difficult to arrange during the mutual hatred engendered by the second Intifada (a Palestinian campaign aimed at ending the Israeli military occupation), but Adina and her able Palestinian co-chair, Dr. Abdullah

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Ghassan, have succeeded in arranging for several meetings, two at Herstmonceux Castle, which we have funded, and other larger meetings in Turkey. MECA has also been funded by the Konrad Adenauer Foundation and the U.S. and E.U. governments.

I have long wondered whether life in Israel would be safer and better if Arab

Israelis had been treated equally. Israel is a democracy, there are Arab members of the

Knesset, public signs are in Hebrew, English and Arabic. But educationally, in the
infrastructure of Arab towns and villages and socially, there has not been equality. Adina
agrees. So now we give her several hundred thousand dollars annually through the
Foundation for the Jewish Community, which she spends as she sees fit. I believe that
since we are dealing with Marvin's granddaughter, we need no accounting, but she has
told us that she has spent it on diverse projects, most recently on improving Israeli Arab
libraries. I have asked her to explain.

She writes: "One of Israel's greatest challenges as a Jewish Democratic State has been its treatment of its Arab citizens. Although many organizations, projects, and research have addressed this issue, the past few years of Intifada have also marked a significant decline in Jewish-Arab relationships within the State of Israel, indicating that strategic approaches were significantly needed. We chose to address this question by using two principles. First, private initiative with the Arab sector must replace the government agencies and should engage them in seeing their role as serving the Israeli population in its entirety. Second, the Jewish-Arab question cannot be addressed as an independent 'problem' but must find its way into the mainstream issues that the State must address. In keeping with these principles, we decided to address the field of the public libraries in Israel, which was in dire need of incentives to reach out to their

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communities. Encouraging the public libraries to take a community based approach was an optimal opportunity to look at all parts of the Israeli community with its many cultures, religions and political beliefs.

"With the help of the funds at my disposal, as well as some matching funds from our family in memory of my grandfather, we funded approximately thirty projects a year in public libraries throughout the country. The projects, which took place equally in Jewish and Arab libraries, reach out to the community in different ways such as programs for toddlers, single parents, and youth in distress, and documenting the oral history of communities. All of the librarians meet once a month in a joint forum where they discuss the professional challenges of their community-based programs as well as discussions about Jewish-Arab relationships in the country. The entire program has been done in partnership with the Ministry of Education and some local municipalities, leveraging the funds with matching governmental grants for the Arab sector that did not exist previously. The outcome of the first few years has led to the establishment of several Bedouin libraries in unrecognized villages as well as an Arab library in Haifa and in Mukeble, where no public libraries existed prior to this. Furthermore, contents have been brought into the libraries by the directors infusing some of their experiences with the different populations to their communities. The ultimate success of the programs, however, in my eyes has been that as different peripheral populations in Israel address the needs of their communities, they see professional cooperation with their Jewish or Arab colleagues as integral and complementary parts of their pursuits. This is a sound basis for not only paying lip service to concepts of equality and diversity but actually implementing it on the ground."

Daniel is on the Board of Trustees of the American Jewish Joint Distribution

Committee, "the Joint", a wonderful, almost century old organization that helps people in

need—and not only Jews—around the world. We have made good friends and been

helped enormously by Yechiel Bar Chaim, who operates from the Joint office in Paris.

Born in Washington, D.C., in 1945, Yechiel has degrees from Harvard, the Sorbonne, and the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. He served in the U.S. Army, last as captain in the NATO Military Headquarters in Belgium from 1969 to 1972. After his move to Israel in January 1974, he held several industrial and governmental jobs and served in the Reserves as a press liaison officer of the Israel Defense Forces. Since 1986 he has been working for the Joint and in 1989, came to Vienna to help the tens of thousands of Jews then leaving the Soviet Union for the West. Later that year, he was also made responsible for the JDC programs in what was then Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia and recently in Tunisia and Algeria as well. He and his family moved from Vienna to Paris in 1991.

What a background, but most important, he is such a caring, totally reliable man.

And, of course, many like-minded people really enjoy working with him. To me, the most outstanding of these is an American writer and humanist, Paul Polansky.

Originally from Mason City, Jowa, Polansky moved to Prague in 1990, where he became a Romany (gypsy) rights activist, documenting how the Nazis, with the help of some Czechs, treated the Roma. In 1999, he volunteered to live in Kosovo trying to help Roma threatened by the Albanian majority. He now calls Kosovo and Nis, in southern Serbia, his homes.

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The Nis gypsies live under the worst living conditions anywhere in Europe. Some of their homes were built in an historic Jewish cemetery, while another part of the cemetery became their garbage dump and open-air latrines. It was Yechiel who told us about Polansky and his work with the Roma. The scenes he described were so dreadful that we immediately decided we would make a donation to fund an employment project that Yechiel and Paul hoped to set up. The idea was to employ the Roma living in one part of the cemetery to clean up the other part. These efforts with the Roma produced a remarkable clean-up of what had been a site of shame—and an opportunity for the workers to earn money, often for the first time in their lives. Yechiel described this so clearly when he nominated Paul for the John Humphrey Freedom Award:

"Paul put together teams of Roma workers from the cemetery settlement (called 'the Jewish village') to do the work. For better pay than they usually get, these Roma workers took out 220,000 wheelbarrows full of indescribable refuse over seven weeks' time. They spent eight hours a day in the sweltering heat, sometimes up to their chests manoeuvring heavy 17th century tombstones to get them out of the cesspools. Some of

From other historic cemeteries in the area, Serbs had taken tombstones as building materials, but, as Paul wrote in a 2005 book of poems titled *Sarah's People*:

them had never had a job for so long in their entire lives."

"rubbish had saved the tombstones
no Serb would have dug through
gypsy garbage
gypsy shit
to get a paving stone"

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Saving a cemetery is fine and easily publicized by television and reporters, but, as Paul tells in another poem:

"HOW LONG?

..... how long until the skinheads smash the tombstones?

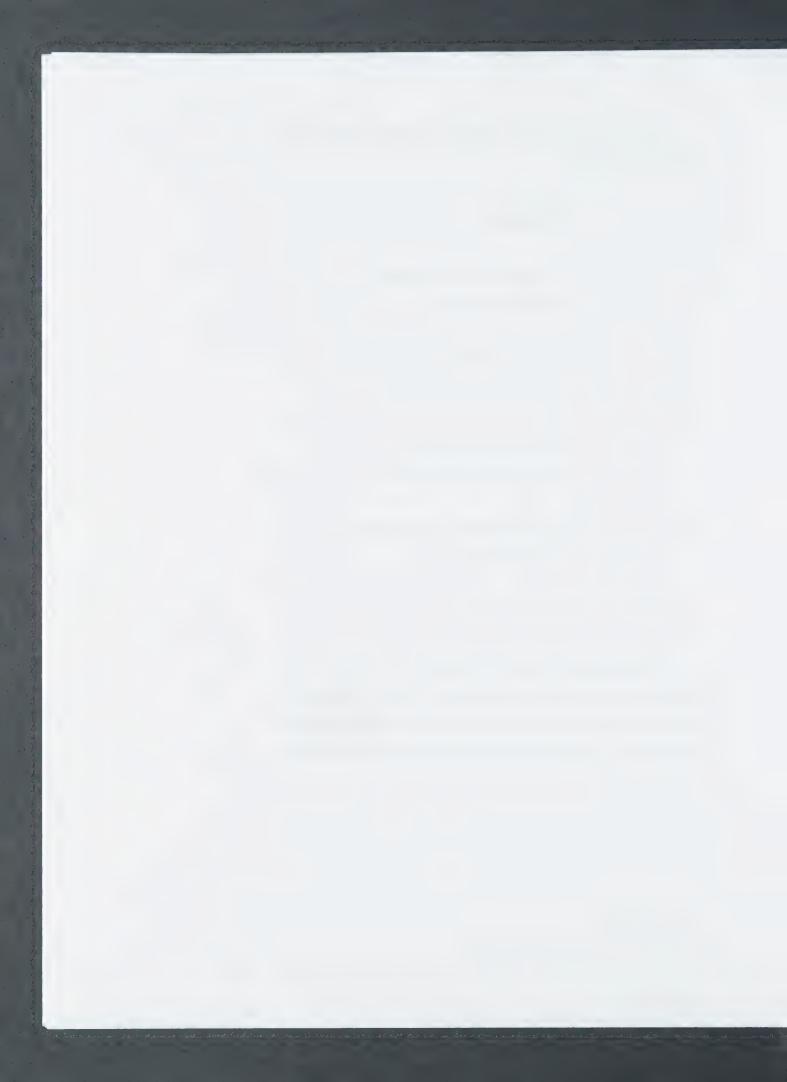
how long until the neo-Nazis spray-paint their swastikas on the tombstones?

how long until the Serbs pave their driveways with the tombstones?

wasn't it better for these Jewish graves
to be preserved

by gypsy garbage?"

More important than saving cemeteries is saving lives. Again to quote Yechiel from his John Humphrey Freedom Award nomination: "When the Albanian refugees came back to Kosovo, some of their extremists drove the Kosovar Roma out of their settlements and burned down their houses. Near Mitrovica the UN put the displaced



Roma in camps, 'temporary' ones that just happened to be located on land where the toxic wastes of nearby mines had been dumped. Paul warned the UN that the sites were dangerous, but to no avail. That was in 1999. Repeated appeals and alarming medical reports since then have never budged the authorities.

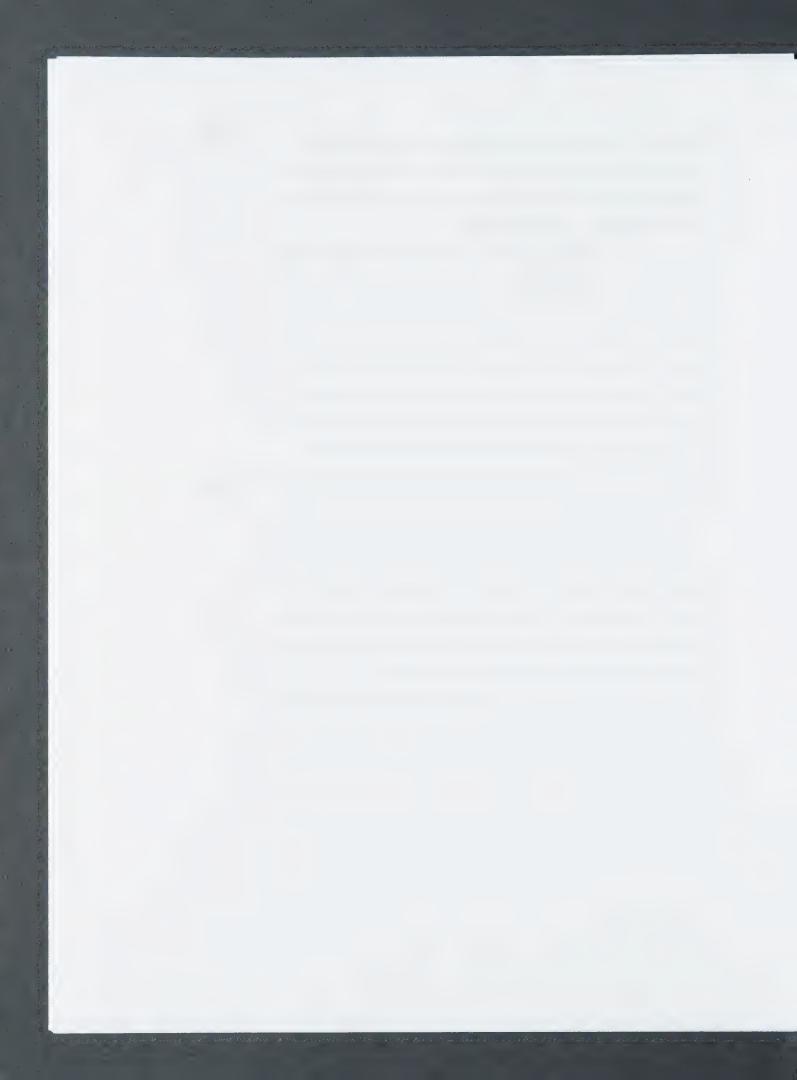
The camps are still there and now there is a generation of Roma children showing lead in the blood at unprecedented levels: above 65 mg/dl (About 10 mg/dl is considered safe). The affected children (and adults) are suffering irreparable brain damage. They stagger around disoriented, vomiting, some going in and out of coma. Paul is the one on the spot. The one taking a child in a coma to a hospital in Belgrade for treatment. (Actually he had to smuggle her in, because Roma kids don't have any identification papers). The one finding a new residence for the family so Nikolina doesn't go back to the camp when she's better. The one badgering the alphabet soup of international organizations that we trust to prevent these tragedies from happening, the ones who aren't supposed to let children get lead poisoning in their camps: UNMIK, UNHCR, WHO....

When no one stepped forward, Dr. Bader again agreed to make a grant. Now Paul has taken a new set of kids to the hospital in Mitrovica. Some of them are beyond saving, it appears. Paul will be finding ways to help the fathers become self-employed so they can move away from the camps. Now Paul has the International Committee of the Red Cross calling for their immediate evacuation and scurrying to find trailers (caravans) for the families Paul helps to escape these UN-sponsored death traps."

The world is truly blessed to have men like Yechiel Bar Chaim and Paul Polansky working together.

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Working with Yechiel and Paul was not our first involvement with the Roma. We first learned of their plight in Czechoslovakia years ago. We know that during the war , they had been treated almost as brutally by the Nazis as Jews were, but while Jews spoke up after the war and were compensated by Germany, the Roma had hardly anyone to speak up for them and even now have received little compensation. The Roma are disliked almost everywhere, because they try to live in their closed society. Some are thieves, and their children, often not speaking Czech, are put into schools for disadvantaged children. It is a vicious circle that can be broken only through education. We first became involved by funneling support through Charter 77 and now through to the Joint, with Nadace Via, an organization in Prague that supports Roma educational efforts.

Eventually I asked Yechiel what he thought of our collaboration, and his response almost overwhelmed me. He wrote

"How might one characterize the philanthropic giving you channel through the JOINT (and thus through me)?

"There is a saying attributed to the great teacher Hillel in the Talmudic Tractate,

Pirke Avot, (The Savings of the Fathers II: 6), which in English goes as follows: "In a

place where there are no men, strive to be a man."

"Now this phrase has two markedly different interpretations, both of which you seem to fulfill.

"It might be thought that virtuous behavior requires interaction with other, likeminded men. Yet here Hillel characteristically stresses the importance of individual independence. *One should be virtuous even in the absence of any partners or* Deleted: which

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observers. When it comes to supporting a soup kitchen for the poor in Novi Sad (Serbia) or vocational training for Roma refugees from Kosovo living near Skopje (Macedonia), I am well placed to assure you that when we began these projects no one anywhere in the vicinity had any idea who Alfred Bader was. And I presume that even now these places mean little to those who have known you for years.

"You yourself refused any sort of plaque or naming ceremony in these locations, saying justly, "My family has never had any connection to the Balkans." The most we have been able to do for you is to name as "Bader Vests," the sweaters made by paraplegic women in Sarajevo for individuals living in institutions or homebound elderly.

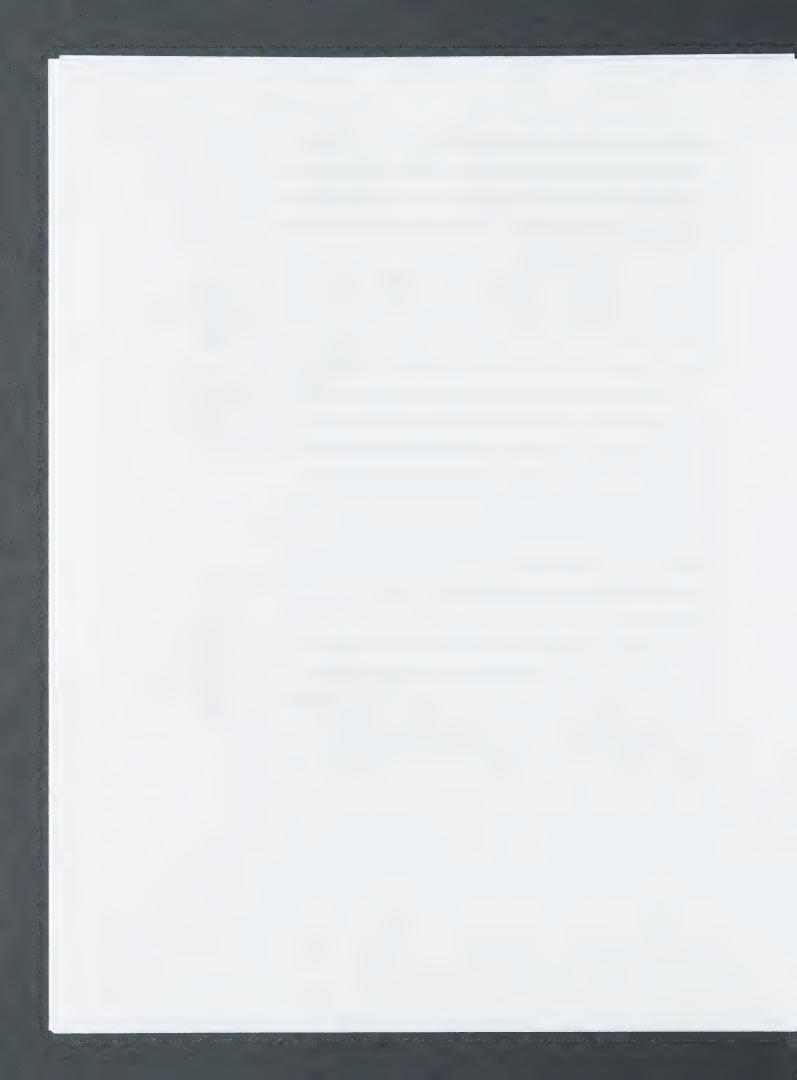
"The second interpretation—which I like better—has a 'High Noon' ring about it.

Where no one else will step forward, you do it. The first project we ever did together exemplifies this approach. When the Bosnian War ended, there were nearly 200 NGOs working in Sarajevo, all basically looking for ways to help the most deprived, the neediest victims of the conflict. Left out of these considerations, however, was the vital center, the capable young men and women whose potential was being ignored. You enabled us to introduce entrepreneurship training for these individuals, and based on the same rationale, our local partners built an important micro-lending operation to go with it that still thrives today.

"You have, I would say also introduced a so-called 'Bader Corollary' to Hillel's Talmudic dictum. Phrase it this way, 'Where there are men present, go elsewhere.' Thus, when other funders are already helping, your tendency has been to say, 'Count me out. I'll save my resources for those causes that others overlook.' Thus you were distinctly reluctant to assist after the catastrophic floods in the Czech Republic in 2002,

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precisely because everyone else was rushing to chip in. Only when I found an overlooked, nearly orphaned school in Prague which served the youngest mentally challenged children_most of them Roma_a school with a playground dangerously polluted by two meters of floodwaters, did you come forward. If I am not mistaken, a picture of a cheerfully costumed child taken during the festive re-opening of that playground should grace this book.

"In your philanthropy you take special pleasure, Alfred, it seems to me in recognizing merit that has been heretofore overlooked. Just like you like discovering masterpieces of art in unsuspected paintings. How else to understand your efforts to build up the reputation of that until now less_than_well-known nineteenth century Czech chemist, Josef Loschmidt, or your lonely efforts to support the Jewish School in Vienna in memory of its noble headmaster at the time of the Anschluss, or your re-establishment of the Ignaz Lieben Prize for scientific achievement in the former Habsburg Empire, a prize initially established by a prominent Jewish family in Vienna that also fell victim to Nazi depredations.

"By my reading, you like to combine a certain sense of righteous indignation (drawn perhaps from your faithful teaching over the years of the Hebrew prophets) with an unswerving respect for personal character (a trait in my experience which no one who had ever studied at Harvard can ever fully escape). Thus the sterling record of the British Quakers in saving Jewish children from the Nazis (including yourself) during World War II had endeared them to you forever.

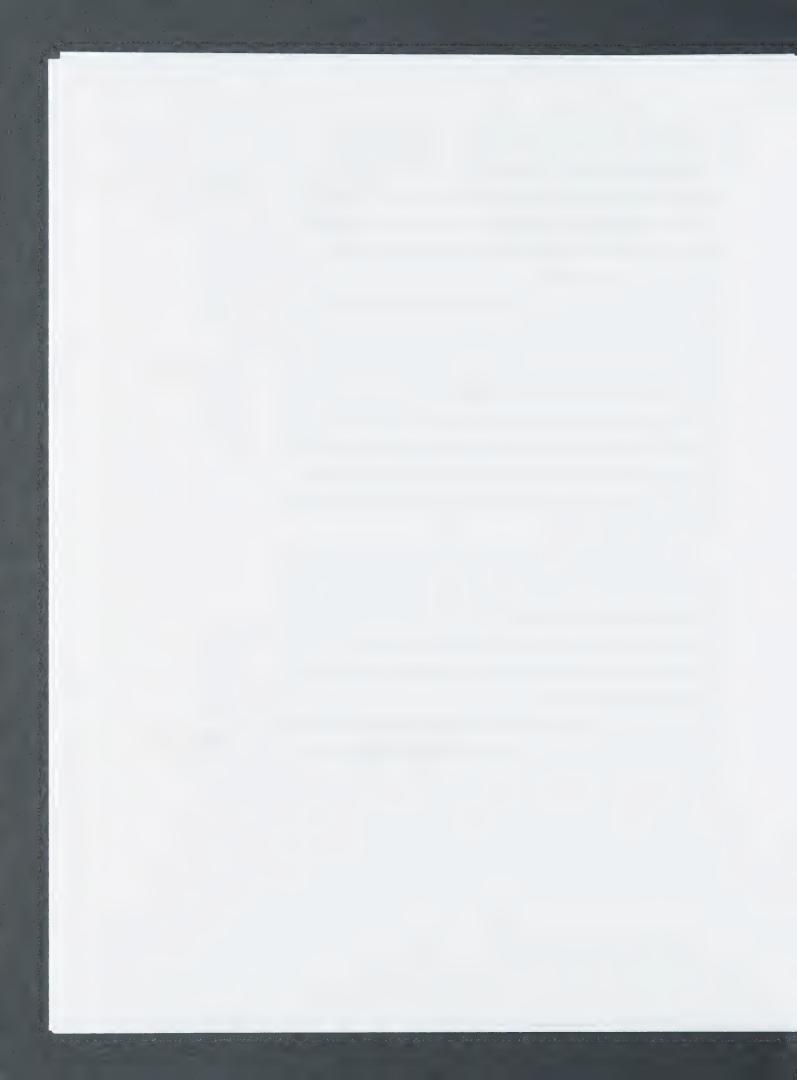
Of course, you would never describe your philanthropy in the terms I have used above. As you always like to tell me, 'J just like to help 'good people', Yet that

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seemingly straightforward ethical principle has proven to be one of our most challenging issues.

"Thanks to one of your grants, JDC-Israel was able to train Rom_Jiving under frightful conditions of poverty and multiple discrimination in East Jerusalem_to work as caterers or cleaning staff in hotels. But when these Roma insisted on being paid in black so as not to put their welfare benefits in jeopardy, you pulled the plug. My colleagues in Israel are still trying to figure out how to do it right.

"A special trip to Vienna—and from what I could tell your entire afternoon with Isabel—was upset when I informed you that I had used some of the funds you had put at my discretion to organize through the Jewish Community of Zagreb a summer camp on the Dalmatian Coast for young juvenile delinquents. But juvenile delinquents just didn't qualify as 'good people', Only when we were able to clarify much later that these youngsters were in reality only 'children at risk', who had good chances of not becoming juvenile delinquents if given the right care, could the argument be settled and the project carry on.

"More seriously, this debate between us has continued over your considerable philanthropic aid to projects in Serbia. Certainly before, but even after, Slobodan Milosevic was deposed as the leader of Serbia and Montenegro and put on trial in The Hague, you felt uncomfortable about such assistance. In making the case to you for putting mentally retarded adults to work producing furniture or providing a modern, sanitary kitchen for children from Kosovo still living in refugee camps years after the war ended, I have sometimes imagined the scene when Abraham had to argue with the Almighty on behalf of even the smallest number of virtuous residents in Sodom.

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"What a delight it is to be able to work with a man of such strong character and principles! In discussing which path to take in directing your gifts towards worthy goals, we have to wrestle over questions of morality and politics. I love it.

"At any given moment your thoughts and reactions seem to reach back in time.

They draw on your varied past, coursing over the so markedly different phases of your own life. They touch on fierce loyalties and acute sensitivities that sometimes I can only guess at. Vienna, England, the internment camp in Quebec, Queens University in Canada, Harvard, Milwaukee, Prague ... they all speak in many different voices through you and through your special generosity.

"Alfred, I feel I am especially privileged to work with you.

"The biggest challenge of course is that so much remains to be done and to be done well. Whenever I become especially overwhelmed by the opportunities you open up for me, it is another phrase from *Pirke Avot* to which I turn. This teaching is attributed to Rabbi Tarphon, and perhaps it can bring you comfort as well.

'It is not up to you to finish the work, but neither are you free to turn aside from it.',"

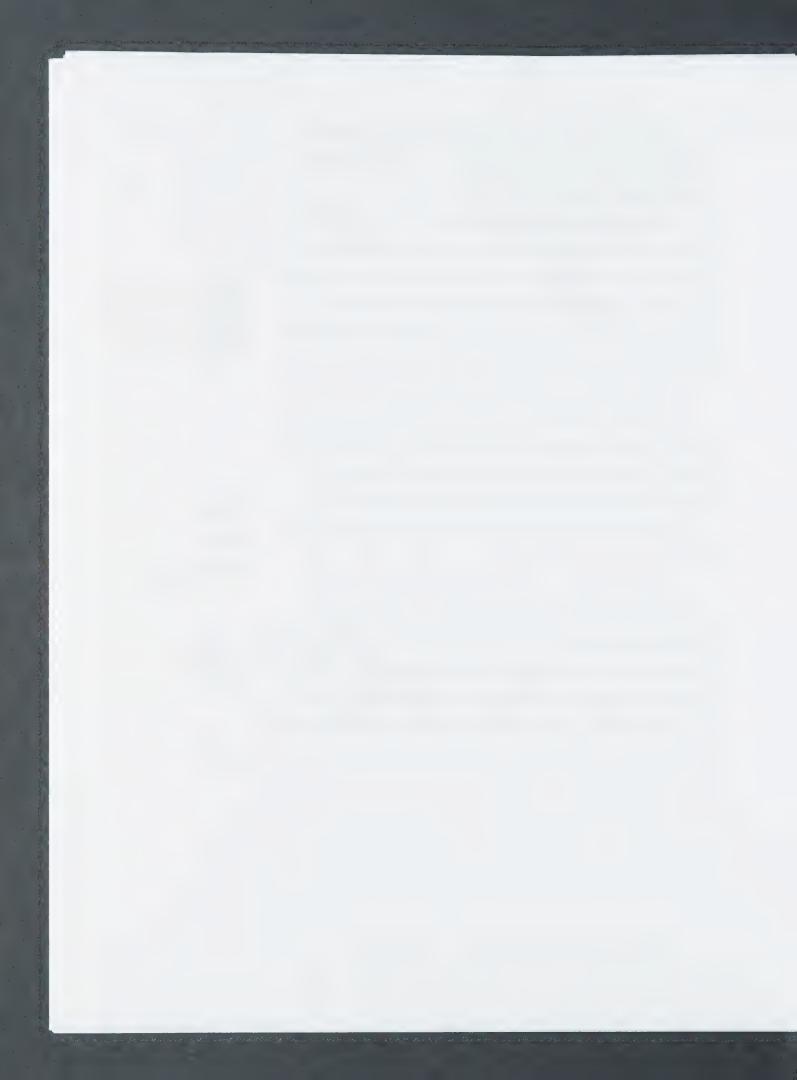
We first thought about helping in the Balkans when our old friend Jane
Whistler returned from Sarajevo in 1994. She had gone there with an organization called
"Through Heart to Peace, of the Dandelion Trust, Women Helping Women. She told us
about the great help being given by the small Jewish community led by Jacob Finci. The
old synagogue in Sarajevo was the only safe building in the city, and the community was

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trying to help everyone it could. Jane wondered whether Isabel and I might be able to help in Bosnia, perhaps through Queen's University.

Following her suggestion, we learned that Queen's did indeed have a strong presence in Bosnia, through an organization with the cumbersome name International Centre for the Advancement of Community-Based Rehabilitation (ICACBR). Dr. Malcolm Peat, the director of the Queen's School of Rehabilitation Therapy, spent a long time in Sarajevo where help was indeed needed so badly. During a visit to Queen's in 1995, the dean of medicine at Sarajevo University reported that "in Sarajevo alone 12,000 citizens, including 2500 children, have been killed over the past three years. Our surgery has performed over two million operations to remove shrapnel!" We were very impressed by the work of Dr. Peat and Queen's students, so in 1995, we gave Queen's US \$500,000 to help Dr. Peat in his work with the traumatized in Bosnia.

One of our happiest days in Prague was Friday, June 13, 2003, described so clearly by Alan Levy in the *Prague Post* of June 25, 2003:

VITAL STATISTICS

Born April 28, 1924, in Vienna

Career Research chemist and group leader 1950–54 for Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he and his lawyer founded Aldrich Chemical Co., supplying research chemicals, 1955; president, 1955-81; chairman, 1981-91.

In 1981, Aldrich merged with biochemicals supplier Sigma of St. Louis; president, Sigma-Aldrich, 1975-80, chairman, 1980-91. Upon involuntary retirement,

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founded Bader Fine Afts Gallery, Milwaukee.

Author Adventures of a Chemist Collector, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 1995: out of print but can be ordered from amazon.com by ISBN 0-297-83461-4

Married Helen Ann "Danny" Daniels, 1952, divorced, 1981; two sons: David, Daniel; married Isabel Overton, 1982

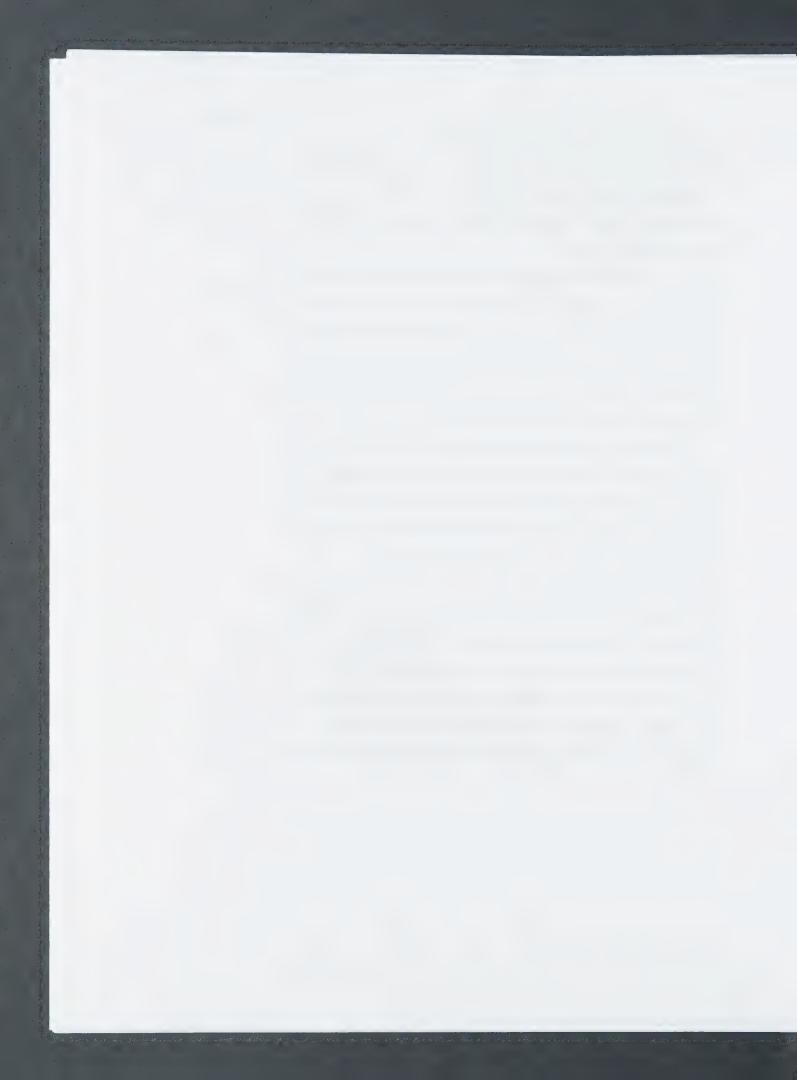
"When Alfred Bader was growing up in his native Vienna in the early 1930s, he used to spend summers visiting the family of his Jewish governess, Hilda Kozakova, in the south Moravian village of Miroslav, near the Austrian border. Hilda's brother Robert Herzog was a businessman traveling from village to village visiting butchers to buy the skins of slaughtered animals in order to sell leather to village shoemakers. The boy would tag along to help unload hides, salt them and store them in the family cellar.

Watching Herzog, then a communist, sweet-talk his clients or bargain with a tanner from Mikulov "was the beginning of my business education," says Bader, now a 79-year-old multimillionaire philanthropist who gives away half of each year's income to good causes, many of them in the Czech Republic. He makes annual gifts of at least \$5 million (135 million Kc); this year's "will certainly exceed \$15 million."

There were weekend journeys to Prague, too, centered around the Old-New Synagogue and the Jewish Cemetery. Near there, a vendor sold drawings for 5 Czechoslovak crowns apiece. "Given the choice of spending 5 crowns on a drawing or on 10 ice-cream cones," Bader recalls, "I usually bought the drawings, many of which I still have."

This was the beginning of Alfred Bader's career as an art collector and dealer, whose milestones include buying a painting for \$55,000 in 1979—a study of Rembrandt's father that was originally disqualified as an authentic Rembrandt by experts

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in Amsterdam—and then proving it was a real Rembrandt. It was recently appraised at \$10 million when he gave it to his Canadian alma mater, Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario. Since he also founded and headed the Sigma-Aldrich global chemical conglomerate from 1955 to 1991, his candid memoir is appropriately titled *Adventures of a Chemist Collector* (see box for details).

Alfred Bader became a Nazi target at 13 when Hitler annexed Austria. But when the British government allocated 10,000 visas for Jewish children between 12 and 16, Bader was placed on the first *Kindertransport* train, which left Vienna Dec. 10, 1938.

Lodged with a Jewish family in Brighton, he enjoyed a good year in school. But when he turned 16 in the spring of 1940, he was interned as an "enemy alien" in a roundup of potential threats between ages 16 and 65. Thrown in with German prisoners-of-war and labeled a POW himself, the teenager was sent to prison camps on the Isle of Man and then in Canada, where a guard named Bruno, father of six, used to wake him every morning by "playing with my penis." Fortunately, the son of his British sponsors resided in Montreal and Bader was released to them after 15 months of internment.

Though he'd passed the matriculation exam for McGill University, he was rejected there and by the University of Toronto because their Jewish quotas were filled. Accepted by the applied-science faculty of Queen's University, the young man with a thick German accent proved a brilliant student who, in three successive years, was awarded bachelor's degrees in engineering chemistry (1945) and history (1946) and a master's in chemistry (1947). He is now Queen's University's most generous benefactor.

Young Bader's appetite for paint and chemicals was whetted by a summer job as a lab technician at a paint company in Montreal. Upon graduation, he went south of the



border on a fellowship in organic chemistry to Harvard, where he took another master's in 1949 and a doctorate in 1950. That year, he moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which is still his home city, to work as a research chemist for the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

A marriage deferred

During his 1949 Harvard summer vacation, Bader sailed from Quebec City to Liverpool for his first return visit to Europe. Two days before the ship docked, he met Isabel Overton, the daughter of a Protestant lay preacher from northern Ontario. After a week's courtship in London, he proposed marriage to her. She hesitated mostly because of their religious differences and his determination to raise any children as Jews, meaning that their mother would have to be Jewish or convert to Judaism.

Their courtship continued by correspondence after he returned to the States and she settled in England as a school teacher in Sussex. In her 80th letter to him (he kept them all), she wrote that she didn't think their marriage would work. On the rebound, he met Helen Ann Daniels, from a South Dakota religious background similar to Isabel's but willing to convert. They were married in Milwaukee by an Orthodox rabbi in 1952 and had two sons.

His heart, however, still belonged to Isabel and, in 1975 __, propelled by a recurrent dream in which her gaunt preacher father asked him why he wasn't with her __, he looked her up in Sussex. In 1981, "Danny" divorced him so he could marry Isabel.

A playground for outsiders

Partly because he has roots in southern Moravia, Bader endows prestigious annual

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prizes and a professorship in organic chemistry at Masaryk University in Brno. He also funds Bader Art History Fellowships for Czech scholars to do research, mostly abroad, and Bader Science Fellowships enabling four Czech students a year to do their doctoral work at the Imperial College in London and three U.S. Ivy League universities: Harvard, Columbia and Pennsylvania.

There is a non-elitist side to Bader's generosity, epitomized by his motto: "Save my money for somebody left out." In recent years, he and his wife have been active in humanitarian and educational aid programs for Roma (Gypsies).

One of the reasons they visited Prague in June is a case history in how philanthropy can prove profitable for everyone:

In Prague 8's flood-devastated Karlin sector, the Molakova street special school for 120 children classified as mentally or socially underdeveloped (90 percent of them Roma) was heavily damaged by last August's waters. City funds weren't readily forthcoming to repair the school. So the children were dispersed to study in special shifts elsewhere, if at all.

To encourage action, Bader pledged \$20,000 (now 540,000 Kc) toward repair of the school *if* City Hall would match that sum. Neither school director Jitka Vargova nor the municipal officials to whom she brought Bader's offer had ever heard of matching grants, so the bureaucrats threw up their hands and gave her the entire 5.5 million Kc needed to restore the school.

Pleased but embarrassed, Vargova offered the Baders their money back. No way!

Instead, they re-earmarked the money to dredge a sea of contaminated mud coating the school's garden. When work started, it was discovered that soil and plant contamination



was much less than feared. So the money was reassigned again — this time for architect Josef Smola to create a state-of-the-art playground in the school's garden.

Complete with slides, swings, climbing wall, gazebo and wicked-witch hut, the playground was opened on Friday the 13th by the roly-poly, cherubic philanthropist and his slender, elegant wife. During the speechmaking and after the ribbon-cutting, this loving and generous couple held hands, already enjoying their gift as much as the kids who couldn't and didn't wait to start using it."

[I think this is where the newspaper quote ends and Alfred's narrative resumes.]

Through the Joint, we have also helped the ablest in art history and chemistry in the Czech Republic. After some initial difficulties, both proceed relatively straightforwardly. Two awards go to young Czech chemists, one in organic chemistry and one in bioorganic/bioinorganic chemistry, chosen by the Czech Chemical Society. Three awards for students in baroque art are chosen with the help of an old friend, Milena Bartlova, and in June of 2003, there was a tenzyear celebration in Prague, organized by Yechiel, with some thirty art historians who had received the Bader awards. We were very pleased to see that students who ten years ago were much more confined in their areas of interest have now branched out confidently after study outside the Czech Republic. Some have found positions abroad, but many have returned, enriching Czech art history.

Our most ambitious and difficult effort was to establish a chair in chemistry at the Masaryk University in Brno. To be called the Josef Loschmidt chair, after one of the ablest Bohemian-born chemists of the nineteenth, century, it was the first chair in chemistry funded in the Czech Republic by an outsider. The only difficulty we foresaw

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at the beginning was that the academics in Brno insisted that the salary offered be very low, initially \$20,000, so that the Loschmidt professor would not be paid more than they were. This would mean that few who had studied outside the Czech Republic would be interested to apply because they could earn far more elsewhere. Far greater difficulties followed.

The simple contract (appendix A) which Dean Jan Slovak, Isabel, and I signed in August 2001 established a Josef Loschmidt professorship in physical organic chemistry, this position to be an addition to the existing faculty of the department. The University did indeed have great difficulty in attracting a suitable candidate, partly because of the low salary and partly because many able Czech chemists prefer to work in Prague, where they can be in close contact with the country's Jeading chemists. Eventually, a very able young biochemist, Dr. Jiri Damborsky, applied. He had worked at the Masaryk University for five years after receiving his Ph.D. there and had won the Bader Award in bioorganic chemistry in 2003. Our belief that he was an excellent choice has been borne out by the fine scientific work he does and also by his efforts to make Josef Loschmidt's chemistry known. As he came from within the university, we expected his department to find a junior to replace him. This has still not happened, probably for the same reasons that made finding the chemist for the Loschmidt chair so difficult.

But a much larger problem arose. Professor Damborsky received ample funding for his research, particularly from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute and the Czech Ministry of Education. With seven Ph.D. students and several assistants and post-docs, he produced world-class biochemical research. But the Masaryk University was building a new chemistry building, to be completed in 2005, and the department was unwilling to

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give him sufficient laboratories in the new building! Clearly, nasty politics were involved. Dean Slovak, who had signed our contract, was really sympathetic, and so was his successor, Dean Milan Gelnar. But at least one senior professor created such opposition that Professor Damborsky seriously considered accepting a position in Prague. It had not occurred to us to put into the contract that the Loschmidt professor should be provided with adequate laboratories. We have been staggered by all this, since he is clearly an excellent research professor, and his care for his students is admirable.

To force him to leave would, of course, end the Loschmidt Chair, as the
University would have broken its contract. Perhaps we should have taken legal counsel
before establishing the chair, but donors seldom question the good faith of the recipients.
At first we only questioned the wisdom of the low salary, which was easily raised. We
did not foresee that some of the key players would be so jealous of Professor
Damborsky's successes.

We visited the Masaryk University in June 2005 and spoke strongly with the key players. Luckily, that helped, and Professor Damborsky is now really happy in his new laboratories.

One of our ongoing gifts that brings us a lot of pleasure is to Project SEED of the American Chemical Society, about which I wrote in some detail in my first Adventures..., (pp. 263-266). Project SEED provides economically disadvantaged high school students with opportunities to conduct mentored research in academic, industry, or government laboratories during the summer. The original program was for one summer. Because we believed that it would be a great advantage to offering these students a second summer's research, we helped start the SEED II program, and have recently given funds that the

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ACS has matched for about <u>twenty</u> college scholarships to support former Project SEED students who are accepted at universities. We have been so happy to see how well many of these students are doing, most in chemistry and chemical engineering, but some also in other disciplines, medicine and dentistry for instance.

In Milwaukee, we have been really impressed by the many educational efforts of Chabad, the Lubavitch organization. Two of my grandsons, Carlos and Alex, have gone to their nursery school. Chabad now directs the Hillel Academy, one of the local Jewish day schools, and one of the rabbis, Mendel Shmotkin, has become our good personal friend. We have been able to help to get them completely out of their debt, and Rabbi Shmotkin has guided us to help elsewhere, for instance the Chabad orphanage in Dnepopetrovsk.

Establishing bursaries for able students who need some financial help seemed eminently sensible to Isabel and me, because both of us benefited from scholarships and bursaries when we were students. Isabel established the first such bursaries at Victoria University in Toronto where she graduated in 1949. Bursaries at University College in London, Edinburgh University, and the University of Glasgow followed. Victoria and Edinburgh have been clear and punctual in their reporting to us, and it gives us such pleasure to see how well some of the students have done. At University College, the funds for the bursaries were mixed up with the funds for an annual prize I had given earlier, but that has now been straightened out. With Glasgow, we have had the surprising problem that time and again, we do not receive its promised annual reports about the students receiving the awards.

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We have often said that of my four jobs, three are easy; the fourth, giving money away sensibly, is the most difficult. [Alfred: Sorry to make you write a bit more for this chapter, but I don't think you've given enough examples of problematic financial (most of the chapter is about the successes); I'd like to see two or three more.]

Helping the ablest is *relatively simple*. Bursaries, scholarships, and fellowships help the ablest and most, though not all, are easily monitored. But how to help the neediest? Again, in Milwaukee, it is relatively simple, particularly with the advice of my son Daniel and the Helen Bader Foundation. But in the world, in Africa and Asia? In the Balkans, we have the help of Yechiel and Paul Polansky, and there even fifty or one hundred thousand dollars help. But in Africa, our gifts would be drops in a bucket, and we feel so helpless.

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