

Alfred Baber Fonds

Chemistry and Art
More Adventures of a Chemist Collector

Marvin Klitsner

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
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Subject: Re: Chapter II - Marvin
From: steven <sjklitsn@netvision.net.il>
Date: Thu, 19 Oct 2006 10:52:34 +0200
To: Alfred Bader Fine Arts <baderfa@execpc.com>

Dear Alfred,

I did not notice egregious errors of any sort but i do suggest that in introducing the eulogy that you make readers aware of the glossary for Hebrew terms at the end of the section and mention that the eulogy contains many hebrew terms as it was originally delivered in Jerusalem to a bilingual audience.

Alternatively, you certainly have my permission to use the glossary terms to translate all Hebrew terms into English - replacing all the Hebrew.

Of course, we are touched that you want this as part of the book.

Best regards,
steve

----- Original Message -----

From: Alfred Bader Fine Arts
To: steven
Sent: Thursday, October 12, 2006 8:23 PM
Subject: Re: Chapter II - Marvin

Dear Steve,

Trying again. Do not have pdf program.

Best regards to you and the entire family,
Ann

steven wrote:

Dear Alfred,

Hope you and Isabel and your children and grandchildren are all well and that it will be a sweet and peaceful year. I was not able to open the attachment; perhaps you can have it sent as a pdf?

Best regards,
steve

----- Original Message -----

From: Alfred Bader Fine Arts
To: Shmuel (Steve) Klitsner
Sent: Thursday, October 12, 2006 5:13 PM
Subject: Chapter II - Marvin

Dear Steven,

I am attaching the chapter on your father for my next book which will, I hope, come out in 2007. Please check that we have not made any spelling errors in your eulogy.

With best regards to you and all the family I remain

Yours sincerely,
Alfred



Chapter II
Marvin Klitsner

The greatest influence on my business and often on my personal life was Marvin Klitsner. Our truly treasured friendship developed over a period of almost half a century. Marvin and I met in 1954 through his daughters, first Francie and then Betsy, who were in my Sunday School class at Temple Emanu-El B'ne Jeshurun on the east side in Milwaukee. The following year, he and I were together at the Bnei [Bnai?] Brith retreat in August where we met Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, a charismatic teacher. He spoke about other people building "palaces in space" while Jews built a "palace in time" and called it the Sabbath. That meeting changed the Klitsners' lives. Marvin was eager to study more. Rabbi Heschel advised him that Rabbi David Shapiro was the best possible scholar in Milwaukee. Although both of our families already attended his synagogue [name?], we lived on the east side and had to drive there [where?]. Marvin and Jane decided they would sell their home and move nearer to Rabbi Shapiro, the synagogue, and his classes. Marvin so honored the Sabbath because he felt it was such an important holiday that it was distinguished above all others. He celebrated it inspirationally with his entire family every Sabbath—even on the day of his death.

Marvin was a partner in one of Milwaukee's largest and most prestigious law firms, respected nationally: Foley, Sammond and Lardner (now Foley & Lardner), and when he finally ended his practice in 1988, was Senior Partner there. When I became the sole owner of Aldrich in May 1955, he really began helping the company. He became a Director of Aldrich in 1961 and a member of the executive committee and, until our joint painful dismissal, was my trusted advisor and mentor at Aldrich and Sigma-Aldrich.

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X Congregation Anshe Sfara
XX are on the west side for Sabbath services

Thinking of what Foley & Lardner charges now for its legal services, I have to smile on reading in the first prospectus of Aldrich's common stock in December 1965, "The law firm of Foley, Sammond and Lardner, of which Marvin E. Klitsner is a partner, was paid \$750 during the last fiscal year." I am glad that, as a small thank you, I persuaded him to buy 30,000 shares of Aldrich, about 5 percent of the company, at \$1 a share. His advice was vital to the continued growth of the company.

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We worked together on so many other projects as well. He joined me on the Board of Directors of Rabbi Shapiro's synagogue and in the founding of the Hillel Academy, Milwaukee's only Jewish day school at the time. We started the Bader-Klitsner Foundation, which helped Jewish causes in Milwaukee and Israel, and B&K Enterprises, doing business as Alfred Bader Fine Arts, which is now owned 50 percent by my two sons and 50 percent by Marvin's 19 grandchildren. He had the great wisdom to have me give each of my sons' trusts 6.5 percent of Aldrich stock when that was worth very little. Our daily contact over more than thirty years continued after he retired from Foley & Lardner, and even after he and Jane moved to Israel in 1988.

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Marvin gave me the gift of his inspiring friendship, his omniscient expertise, and his support in decision-making. Marvin was my MENTOR, my most dear friend. He was so respected, so trustworthy, so sincere, and so honest that during Danny's and my divorce, he served as attorney for her as well as for me. He helped Danny write her will, leading to the Helen Bader Foundation, and similarly helped Isabel and me to write our wills, with the same aim. My greatest sorrow has been in death in 2001 and the deep loss that I feel in so many aspects of my life.

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How can I say thank you to such a man? Only by working hard for Alfred Bader Fine Arts, with half of its profits going to Marvin's grandchildren. For with his son, Steven, I can say that every significant action or decision of mine is consciously or subconsciously driven or measured by "What would Marvin say? What would he think? What would he do?" But I cannot be clearer than the eulogy given by Steven on August 12, 2001.

in Jerusalem

Steve's Hespel (Eulogy) for Dad

Abba, Saba, how can I begin to paint a portrait of your magnificent life? I can't. I already apologized to Mom, that neither I, nor anyone else, could do justice to the work of art that has been your life.

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PURE GOODNESS AND KINDNESS WRAPPED IN GREAT WISDOM.

EMANATING LOVE AND SURROUNDED BY LOVE.

All this accompanied by the power and determination to translate all that goodness and wisdom and love into *maasim tovim*, (acts of goodness), not just individual *maasim tovim*, but a well-woven tapestry, a life strategy to transform yours and Savta's lives, the lives of your children, and their children, your *kehilla* [a glossary of Hebrew terms used here can be found at the end of this chapter], and even *klal Yisrael*. You had such great dreams, such great plans, and you quietly and humbly set about realizing them, while attributing everything ultimately to Hashem, and to Savta.

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We love you, Mom. I won't even try to describe the great love story of your life together. Francie once confided to me that sometimes it was even embarrassing to witness the intimacy and love in the look of his eyes for you and in yours for him, and this, as an unwavering constant for more than fifty-two years.

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Many of your wonderful friends who are here, who love you so dearly, are relatively new friends, over the last decade since your aliya. They grew to love you, Dad, while mainly knowing you as a kind, intelligent, and giving friend, a quiet man in his retirement years, still making the most of each hour, of each day. But how can I convey to your friends the totality of your life as a tour de force, as a powerful influence on whole communities, and upon countless individuals?

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Dad, the end of your life was exquisite, as was your life, and your struggle to stay alive one more hour until Shabbat, and to share the same Yahrzeit as Rabbi Shapiro zt'l, whose life was so influential upon and influenced by yours. This somehow conformed to the same spiritual logic that guided your life. The story is an amazing one, almost impossible, yet entirely consistent with a divine *hashgacha* that defies rational explanation, but absolutely conforms to the metaphysical coherence of your life.

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Our father, Saba, was born in Augusta, Wisconsin, nearly eighty-three years ago to the only Jewish family in town. How does one begin life as a small town, a marginally

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affiliated Jew, and manage to come home to Torah, to come home to Yerushalayim, and to lead countless others on the journey?

It's as if you had an inborn homing device tuned to the frequency of truth, of *chesed*, of Torah, of Jerusalem, of Hashem.

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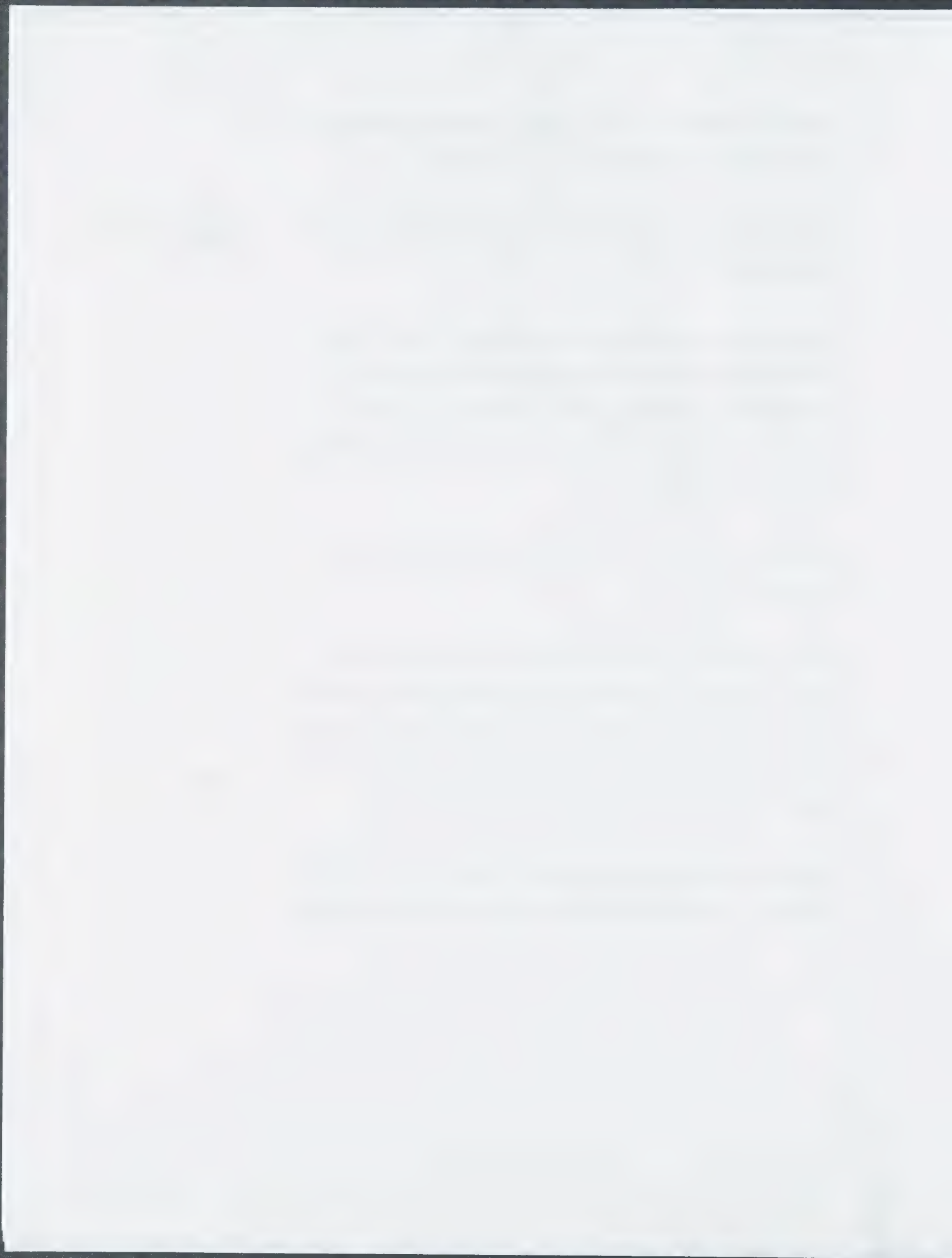
Saba grew up in the context of a typical middle-America life. The works. Including playing on the high school football team, working in his father's store, and selling encyclopedias to farmers off country roads. He made history at the University of Wisconsin. The last time anyone checked, he still had the record for achievement and honors at the law school there.

One of his professors once said, "If Marvin Klitsner told me the sun was rising in the west, I'd go look."

In the navy, in the Pacific, as an officer, he was one of the first to be trained in the new radar technology. I later understood that Dad was never afraid to learn anything new. In a major trial on behalf of a pharmaceutical company involving neo-natology, he became expert enough in the field to cross examine world-class medical experts. It's one of the things he loved about law—constant challenge and exposure to new worlds.

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You always told us, Dad, that the most important and best decision you ever made was marrying Mom. We agree. But in your own words, the event that changed the course of



our family history took place in August of 1955. Dad, allow me to quote from your letter to us that we received from Mom only last night.

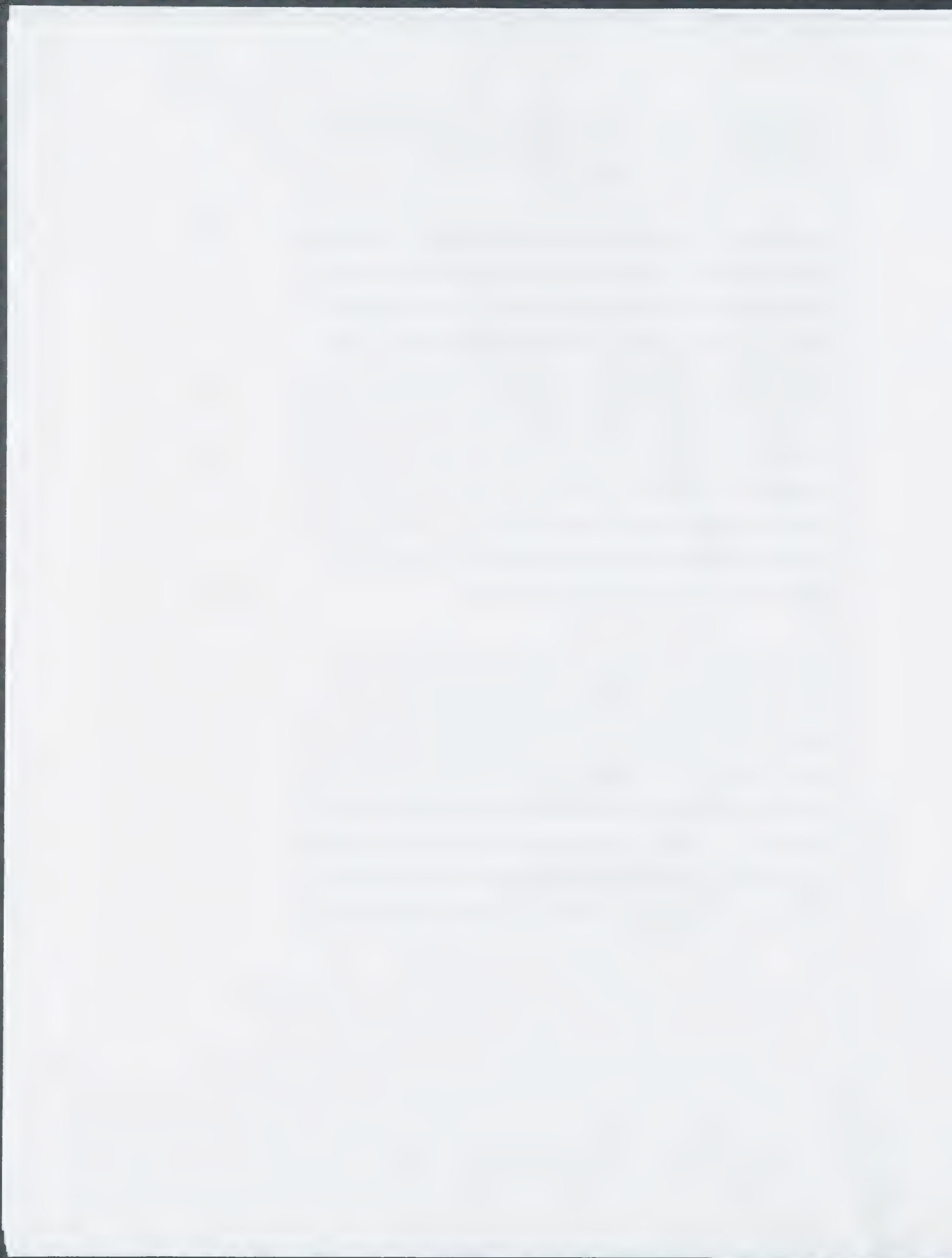
“It is interesting...to speculate about what would have happened had we at any fork in the road, taken another path...It is true that we were searching for something meaningful at the time of the Bnei Brith Institute in the summer of 1955. There we first met Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel...I had taken that midnight walk in the woods of northern Wisconsin with Rabbi Heschel on that *motzaei Shabbat* (while Jane, pregnant with Steve, took Francie and Betsy back to the cabin to put them to sleep); he had suggested that we take on one mitzvah until it became a part of our lives, and then add another, and another. There [had] been the feeling that I was seized by both shoulders and urged to sit at the feet of Milwaukee’s greatest treasure, Rabbi David Shapiro...[Without this there would never have been the] thought of becoming involved in building and sending Steve to a day school. That and more was attributable to Rabbi Shapiro.

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“There followed step by step, as suggested by Rabbi Heschel, the process of our becoming *dati*; to begin with, kashering the house, no longer going to the office on Shabbat, no longer eating out...the establishment of Hillel Academy and the decision a year later to send Steve there, the purchase by Grandma and Grandpa of the 55th Street house, and the establishment of our Shabbat home in their upstairs space, ceasing to use the telephone or car on Shabbat...In the midst of it all there was the process of limiting our social and family engagements to avoid conflict with *halacha*, and getting clients, courts, partners, and associates, as well as the school authorities, to understand that we



were unavailable for business or office matters from some hour on Friday until Saturday night, as well as on Yom Tov. All of that process occurred with the participation and encouragement of our children. Rabbi Shapiro never pushed, but was there to answer questions and to provide an inspiring example. We cannot recall any other examples or even company from our generation and social friends [in this journey].”

Very early on, Dad underlined a line from Heschel, saying that the infinite God is of such a nature that He is either of prime significance or of none. The road to *shmirat mitzvot* was clear to you, Dad. And it intimately involved the great inspiration of Rabbi David S. Shapiro. Dad, you were one of the only people in Milwaukee at the time capable of appreciating this saintly man of giant intellect and great humility. This is because you were cut from the same cloth. The love was mutual, and the influence which we speak of at every family *simcha* was also mutual. We always emphasized the rabbi's influence on you. But now, Dad, I can relate, but because of your modesty only a small part, of how you impacted upon his life and his ability to contribute to *klal Yisrael*. [is something missing from the original? This isn't a complete sentence]

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Career and professional decisions made together with Mom (everything was always together with Mom), such as not to accept a law professorship, or not to accept chief council of Wisconsin Telephone, or not to accept the presidency of Aldrich—each decision was guided by a value system that emphasized family, community, and the road already embarked upon towards *shmirat mitzvot*.

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I want to read to all of you one small section of Dad's letter to the three children, much of which reads like an ethical will. This may give you some small idea of the kind of thinking and values that he and Mom tried to teach us:

"Material things can be ugly or beautiful, depending on how they are acquired and how they are utilized; depending upon whether their acquisition becomes an end in and of itself, or a means of achieving worthwhile objectives... whether they are acquired and utilized ethically or by questionable means or with questionable objectives. One might even say that it is in connection with material matters that most ethical dilemmas present themselves. Whether one accepts a position for which he lacks qualifications, or enters into a transaction without full disclosure of all known relevant facts, or accepts a full day's pay for less than a full day's work, or undertakes to counsel someone without full preparation or ability to do so, or performs an act of kindness without disclosing a selfish motive, or engages in any act with his fellow man with less than complete integrity—all of these situations or temptations involve ethical or moral dilemmas which constantly put us to the test. And any deviation from total self-integrity, no matter how insignificant it seems at the time, can chip away at the soul. Thank *Hashem*, we do not have to talk to our children about outright dishonesty or about ethics as such; however, none of us are totally immune from the ever-present daily pitfalls unless we constantly keep on the alert for them."

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Clients knew that despite the most scrupulous legal and moral constraints of your counsel, Dad, that your genius, your incisive mind, your creative thinking, in short, your



wisdom, would lead them to the shores of success as well as to the moral high ground. So many wealthy clients attributed their success to you, Dad, and because of their love and admiration for you, they would also follow your advice and guidance to ever-greater and wisely chosen acts of philanthropy.

I know that one of your great feelings of accomplishment, Abba, came from suggesting, planning, and setting up the [Helen Bader Foundation](#), with all of the important work it does for thousands, in Milwaukee and here in Israel—for Alzheimer research and care, for Russian and Ethiopian *olim*, and for so many institutions of learning and *chesed*.

Dad, none of your values remained in the realm of the abstract or theoretical. Through your wisdom, your goodness, and the power of your God-given gifts, you always managed to translate these values into action:

- Your love of Zion became crucial help to the State of Israel, leading the middle-sized Jewish community of Milwaukee to what at the time, under your leadership, as president of the [Milwaukee Jewish Federation](#), led the world's communities in highest per-capita monetary contributions to Israel. The methods you devised with Mel Zaret in our den on Circle Drive, then became a model for other communities and federations. It was inevitable that your love of Zion would also translate into *aliya* for yourselves and for all of your children.
- Your dedication to Jewish education translated into creating the first Jewish day school in Milwaukee—you and Rabbi Shapiro. There was no Orthodox

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community to speak of, so you created American Jewish history by creating the first Jewish Federation-sponsored day school. Torah Umesora told you it couldn't be done. The school would not long remain Orthodox. But you knew better. It's still Federation sponsored forty years later, and it's still Orthodox. ✓ You were so certain that you were also willing to stake your own son's education on an experiment that others of less vision tried to discourage you from.

Thank you, Dad, for not listening to them.

- Your love and appreciation for Torah didn't remain in the realm of abstract emotion. It translated into the adoption of your soul-mate, Rabbi Shapiro, into seeing his books published, and in sponsoring other works of Torah including the important *commentary* on Exodus of Benno Jacob. It also led you to offer your skills and time in helping edit Rabbi Quint's many volumes of *The Restatement of Jewish Law*. And in your later years, after founding schools and sponsoring *yeshivot*, you finally joined one. Rabbi Quint, learning with you and your group of men in their sixties, seventies, and eighties, many, like Dad, learning Talmud seriously for the first time—it meant so much to him. Mom told us yesterday of how fond Dad was of quoting Rabbi Steinzaltz, who asked why Jews talk about 120 year life spans, and answered, "So that we will have the gumption to start new things in our seventies and eighties." ✓
- Dad, your *hakarot hatov*, your gratitude to *Hashem*, which was always on your lips and in your heart for all of these beautiful and healthy grandchildren and great-grandchildren, translated directly into your desire to help Udi found and

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develop Tsaad Kadima, a revolutionary system of care and advancement for children with CP.

Some people hold wonderful value systems; few make them a reality with such consistency and brilliance.

Dad, even more difficult than giving a hint of who you were for klal Yisrael, is to speak as a son, to speak on behalf of Francie and Betsy. Dad, everything we have and everything we are starts with you—you and Mom. You have been our loving Abba, whose hugs warmed us on cold Wisconsin mornings. “Dad is home from work!” And we would run to your arms, the highlight of our day. You are our compass, our counselor, our teacher, our moral guide. Every significant action or decision is consciously or subconsciously driven or measured by, “What would Dad say? What would he think? What would he do?”

Until now, we would come to you, and now we are bereft. Questions will arise—life questions, moral issues, the need for practical advice. Your *kol*, your voice, will be thunderously silent for us. But I believe we carry within us a *bat kol* from you. I think I know what the *midrash* was talking about when it described Yosef as always having *dmut d'yukno shel aviv lefanav*—a graphic image of his father’s presence before him. We will always have that to guide us. To paraphrase the poet, “You are our north, our south, our east, our west, our working week, our Shabbos rest.”

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I began by talking of pure goodness and kindness, wrapped in great wisdom, emanating love. Dad, I now have to speak about your endless capacity for love. I've spoken of your love for Mom, of your love for Torah and for *klal Yisrael*, but I must turn for a moment to the other great loves of your life. Your children; only three ✓ biologically, but you always said you had six children, including Denny, Mendel, and Judy. As son to father, I've chosen an almost humorous anecdote to reflect the extent of your devotion. Sending me to the fledgling day school you founded resulted in my being the only kid in the school from our side of town, with a rather lonely after-school social life. You and Mom tried to compensate by spending time with me in ways that included Mom pitching baseball to me in the back yard, and Dad shooting baskets with me in the driveway. Perhaps the most extreme act of devotion, Dad, was your joining a boy scout-like father and son organization called Indian Guides, where grown men and their sons sat on floors of various living rooms each week, exchanging platitudes of friendship ("Pals forever, dad—pals forever, son"), and building teepees and going camping. I knew it was ridiculous, you knew it was stupid—but nothing was beneath your dignity in your school of devoted parenting. You stayed because you wanted me to have friends. I stayed because I loved being with you. Later we would find our time more wisely spent learning together, but those hours as Big and Little Osceola are no less precious than our hours with *masechet Yoma*.

Your next great love, Saba, is as a Saba—and I can't just mention them as "the grandchildren and great-grandchildren," because for you, Saba and Savta, they aren't just a group or category. Each one is special to you. You know their idiosyncrasies,

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their special traits, and strengths. You delight in their successes and share in their struggles. Your love for the Wolff children: Ephraim and Tamar, Nomi and David, Yoni and Chagit, Michael and Tamar, Rachel and Miriam, Sara and Yael. And for the Shapiro children: Adina and Zvi, Dani and Yitzchak, Avi and Tamar. And for our children: Akiva and Noam, Nechama, Yisrael and Amitai. You and Mom love each one uniquely. The incredible *bar* and *bat mitzvah* trips you and they treasured as bonding time without the parents. To see you, Saba, with the great-grandchildren—Yishai, Chana, Re'ut, Shalom, Shira, Mordechai Aviad, and Hallel—was to see a man experiencing the paradise of the world to come.

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Your love and devotion for your parents, Grandpa Harry and Grandma Sara, extended to Mom's mother, whom you could never refer to as "mother-in-law," only as "Mother." You were always in her prayers, and she in yours. She is experiencing mourning now in Milwaukee, as are your loving siblings, Uncles Sid, Irv, and Stu, and Aunt Miriam on the West Coast.

Dad, you so loved Shabbat. Heschel's book, *The Sabbath*, inspired us, but it was the real experience of Shabbat that captivated you. So many people discovered Shabbat at our table, and those who thought they knew Shabbat experienced a new level of experience at your table.

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The last hours, Dad, surrounded by family, with Francie already traveling towards us and connected to you by telepathy and heartstrings—you waited till Shabbat. Just one

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more *Lechu neranena*, which we said together. Just one more *lecha dodi*, which we sang at your side. At the very end, you seemed to be gasping for just one more breath, and then another. I believe you did this in order to depart this world on your beloved Shabbos, as well as on the very *Yahrtzeit* of your beloved Rabbi Shapiro, twelve years ago to the day.

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You left us at the very moment we recited *shema Yisrael* with you, all of us together— in Mom's embrace. All your great loves— Mom, family, Rabbi Shapiro, Shabbos, Yerushalayim— all coming together in the final notes of a symphonic masterpiece that was your entire life. Did you merit this exquisite moment of departure because of all the *chesed*? All the *tzedaka*? All the love? Or because, old and frail, you flew across the world to bury your cousin Leajean and speak at her grave? Or because you once flew across the U.S. to bury a fellow Jew whom you had met only once in your office years before— a man without any family (a *met mitzvah*)? Or was it because you so graciously agreed and encouraged me to say *kaddish* for Judy's father?

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Dad, we tried our best. On Shabbat, David and his father, Eliezer Ansbacher, were your *shomrim* (guardians), insisting on dividing the twenty-one hours of Shabbat between them, *tzaddikim* accompanying a *tzaddik*. And from *motzaei* Shabbat, your grandchildren wanted to be your *shomrim*— how fitting, how beautiful.

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But if in your life and if in your afterlife, we have been remiss or negligent, or if there were times we showed less than the infinite respect and love we feel for you, please grant us forgiveness.

Finally, Dad, while God miraculously spared you most of the pain of cancer, you so deeply felt the pain of *am Yisrael* in these difficult times. Only hours before you left us, you were aware that Judy and I and Sara were in this very hall at the funeral of fifteen-year-old Malki Roth, the victim of savage terrorism. We know that now, as you approach the heavenly bench, the *kise hakavod*, the Divine throne, you will be the most effective defense attorney, defending *am Yisrael*, arguing passionately on behalf of your greatest desire and wish, peace for your nation, Israel.

May your soul be bound with the bonds of eternal life, and your memory a blessing.

Glossary of Hebrew Terms:

Abba - father

Aliya - (lit) ascent to Isreal, emigration

Am Yisrael - the nation of Israel or Jewish people

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Bat kol - an inner resonance, a voice's echo

Chesed - acts of loving kindness

Dati - religiously observant of the commandments of the Torah

Hashem - God

Hashgacha - divine providence

Hesped - eulogy

Kaddish - the prayer for the deceased

Kehilla - community

Klal Yisrael - the entire community of Israel, the world over

"Lecha dodi" - "Come, my beloved Sabbath queen," central hymn of the Friday evening Sabbath service

"Lechu neranena" - lit. "let us sing" - the first words of the Friday evening Sabbath service

Maasim tovim - good deeds

Masechet Yoma - a tractate of the Talmud

Met mitzvah - a dead person with no family to bury him

Midrash - ancient Bible commentary

Olim - immigrants to Israel

Saba - grandfather (Marvin)

Savta - grandmother (Jane)

Shabbat (Shabbos) - the Sabbath

Shmirat mitzvot - observance of Jewish law



Shomrim - lit. guardians, people who volunteer to remain vigilant near the body of the deceased (usually reciting psalms) until the burial

Simcha - joyous occasion

Torah Umesorah - the national organization of Jewish day schools

Tzaddik - righteous person (plural - tzaddikim)

Tzedaka - charity, philanthropy

Yahrtzeit - Yiddish for the anniversary of one's death (Dad's is the 22nd of the month Av)

Yerushalayim - Jerusalem

Yeshivot - Jewish institutions of higher learning, Talmudic academies

Yosef - the biblical figure Joseph, son of Jacob

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FURTHER ADVENTURES OF A CHEMIST COLLECTOR

fledgling day school you founded resulted in my being the only kid in the school from our side of town, with a rather lonely after-school social life. You and Mom tried to compensate by spending time with me in ways that included Mom pitching baseball to me in the back yard, and Dad shooting baskets with me in the driveway. Perhaps the most extreme act of devotion, Dad, was your joining a boy scout like father-and-son organization called Indian Guides, where grown men and their sons sat on floors of various living rooms each week, exchanging platitudes of friendship ('Pals forever, dad - pals forever, son'), and building teepees and going camping. I knew it was ridiculous, you knew it was stupid - but nothing was beneath your dignity in your school of devoted parenting. You stayed because you wanted me to have friends. I stayed because I loved being with you. Later we would find our time more wisely spent learning together, but those hours as Big and Little Osceola are no less precious than our hours with *masechet Yoma*.

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a Naomi

Hallel or Hillel?

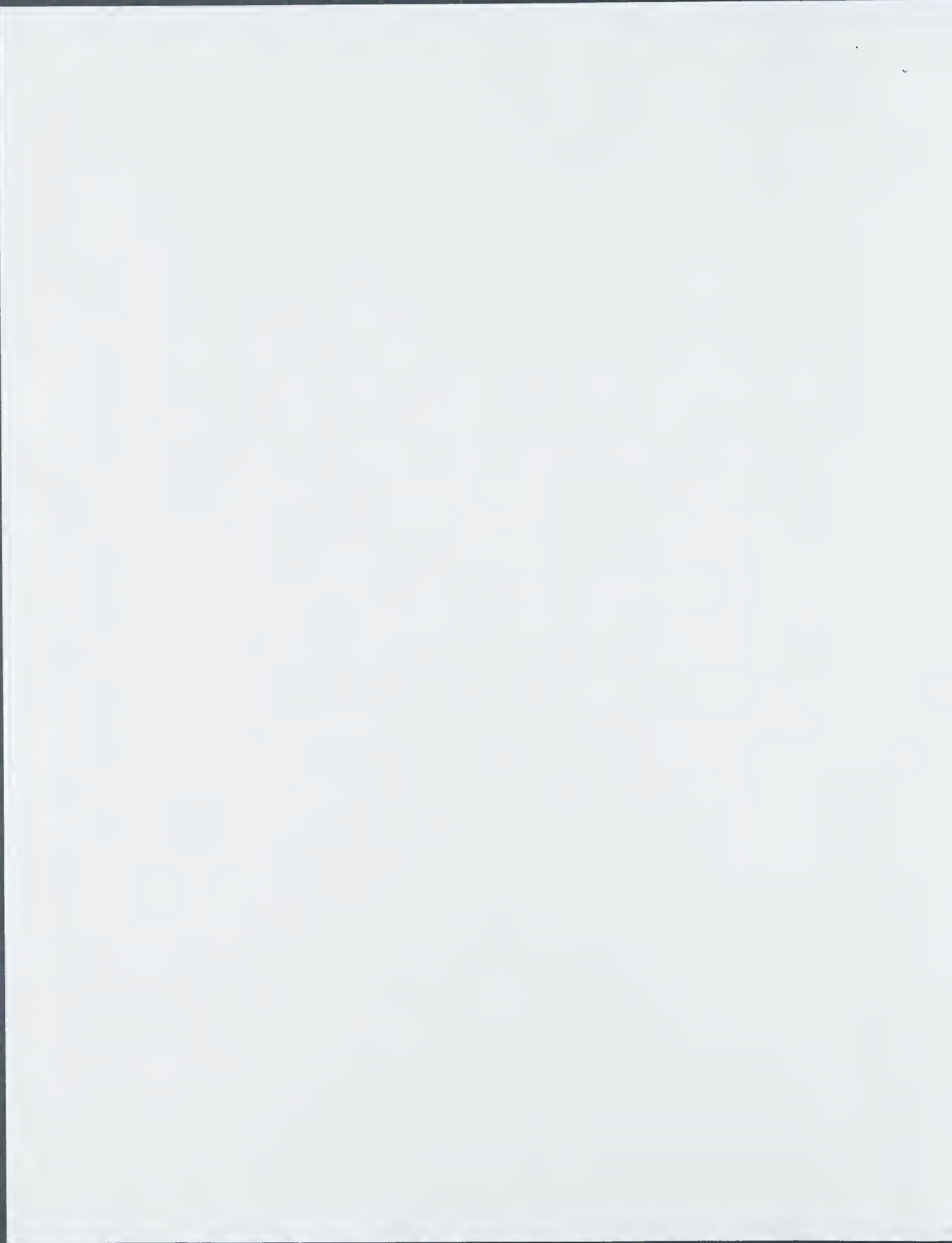
Your love and devotion for your parents, Grandpa Harry and Grandma Sara, extended to Mom's mother, whom you could never refer to as 'mother-in-law,' only as 'Mother.' You were always in her prayers, and she in yours. She is experiencing mourning now in

30

Mendel: please proofread names, in Stevie's obituary, for my next book Thanks

26/11/04

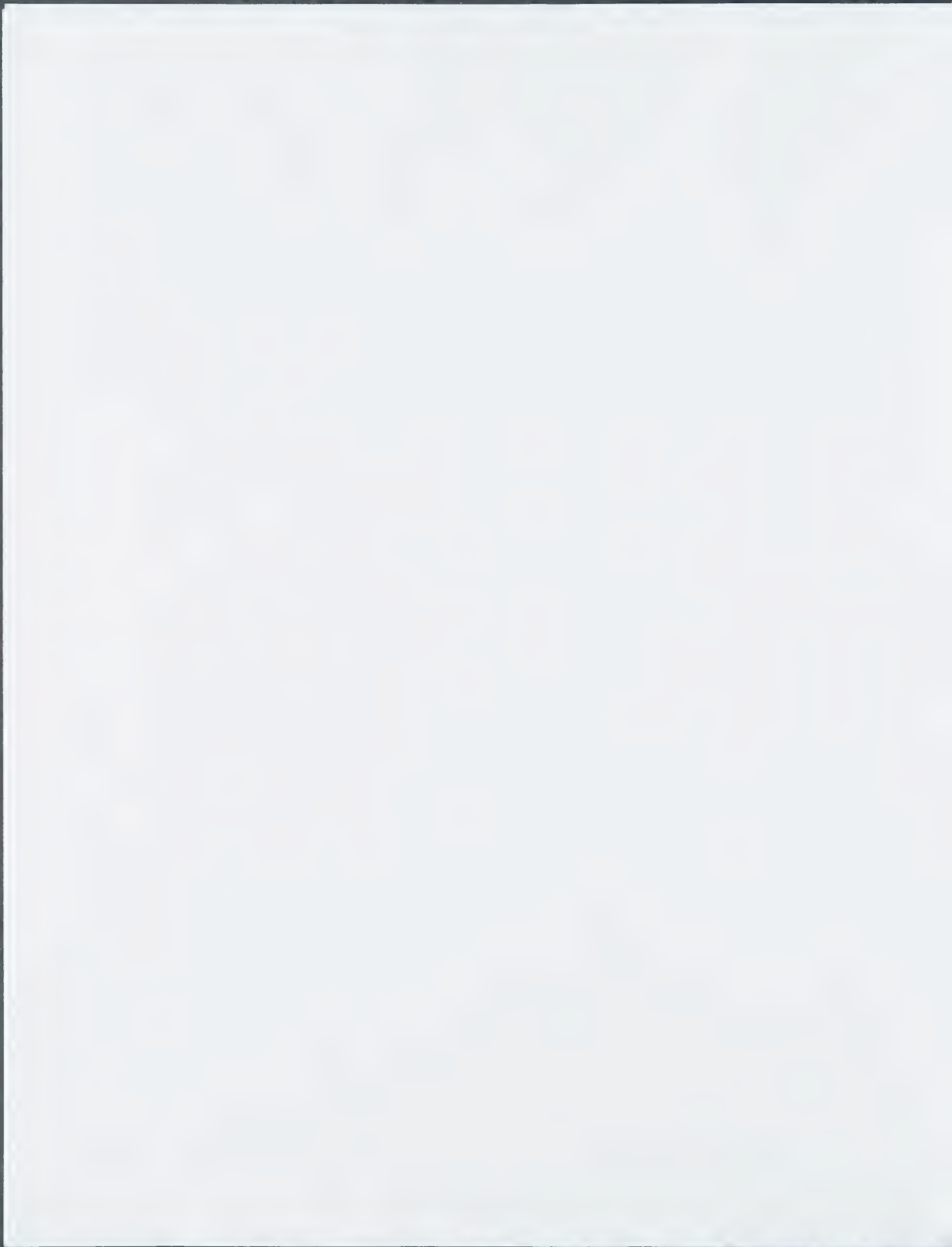
Adina



TRANSMISSION VERIFICATION REPORT

TIME : 03/25/2008 21:20

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Steve's Hespel (Eulogy) for Dad
24th of Av, 5761 (Aug. 12,2001)

Abba, Saba, how can I begin to paint a portrait of your magnificent life. I can't. I already apologized to Mom, that neither I, nor anyone else, could do justice to the work of art that has been your life.

PURE GOODNESS AND KINDNESS WRAPPED IN GREAT WISDOM.

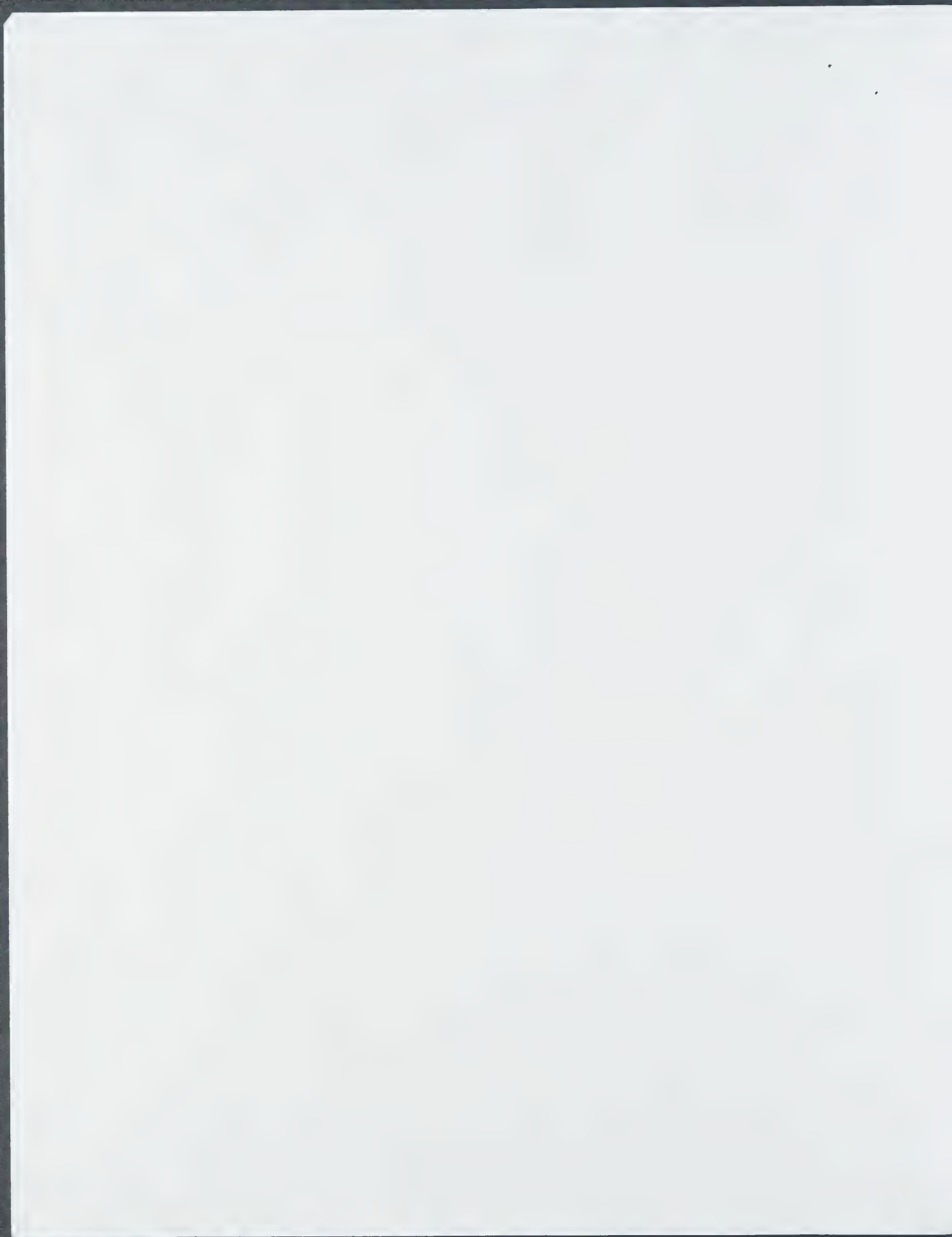
EMANATING LOVE AND SURROUNDED BY LOVE.

All this accompanied by the power and determination to translate all that goodness and wisdom and love into *maasim tovim*, (acts of goodness)-- not just individual *maasim tovim*, but a well-woven tapestry, a life strategy to transform yours and Savta's lives, the lives of your children, and their children, your *kehilla*, and even *klal Yisraël*. You had such great dreams, such great plans, and you quietly and humbly set about realizing them--while attributing everything ultimately to Hashem... and to Savta.

We love you, Mom. I won't even try to describe the great love story of your life together. Francie once confided to me that sometimes it was even embarrassing to witness the intimacy and love in the look of his eyes for you and in yours for him, and this, as an unwavering constant for more than 52 years.

Many of your wonderful friends who are here, who love you so dearly-- are relatively new friends-- over the last decade since your aliya. They grew to love you, Dad, while mainly knowing you as a kind, intelligent, and giving friend, a quiet man in his retirement years-- still making the most of each hour, of each day. But how can I convey to your friends the totality of your life as a tour de force, as a powerful influence on whole communities, and upon countless individuals?

Dad, the end of your life was exquisite, as was your life, and your struggle to stay alive one more hour until Shabbat, and to share the same Yahrzeit as Rabbi Shapiro zt"l, whose life was so influential upon and influenced by yours. This somehow conformed to the same spiritual logic that guided your life. The story is an amazing one, almost impossible, yet entirely consistent with a divine *hashgacha* that defies rational explanation, but absolutely conforms to the metaphysical coherence of your life.



Our father, Saba, was born in Augusta, Wisconsin nearly 83 years ago to the only Jewish family in town. How does one begin life as a small town, a marginally affiliated Jew, and manage to come home to Torah, to come home to Yerusalalayim, and to lead countless others on the journey?

It's as if you had an inborn homing device tuned to the frequency of truth, of chesed, of Torah, of Jerusalem, of Hashem.

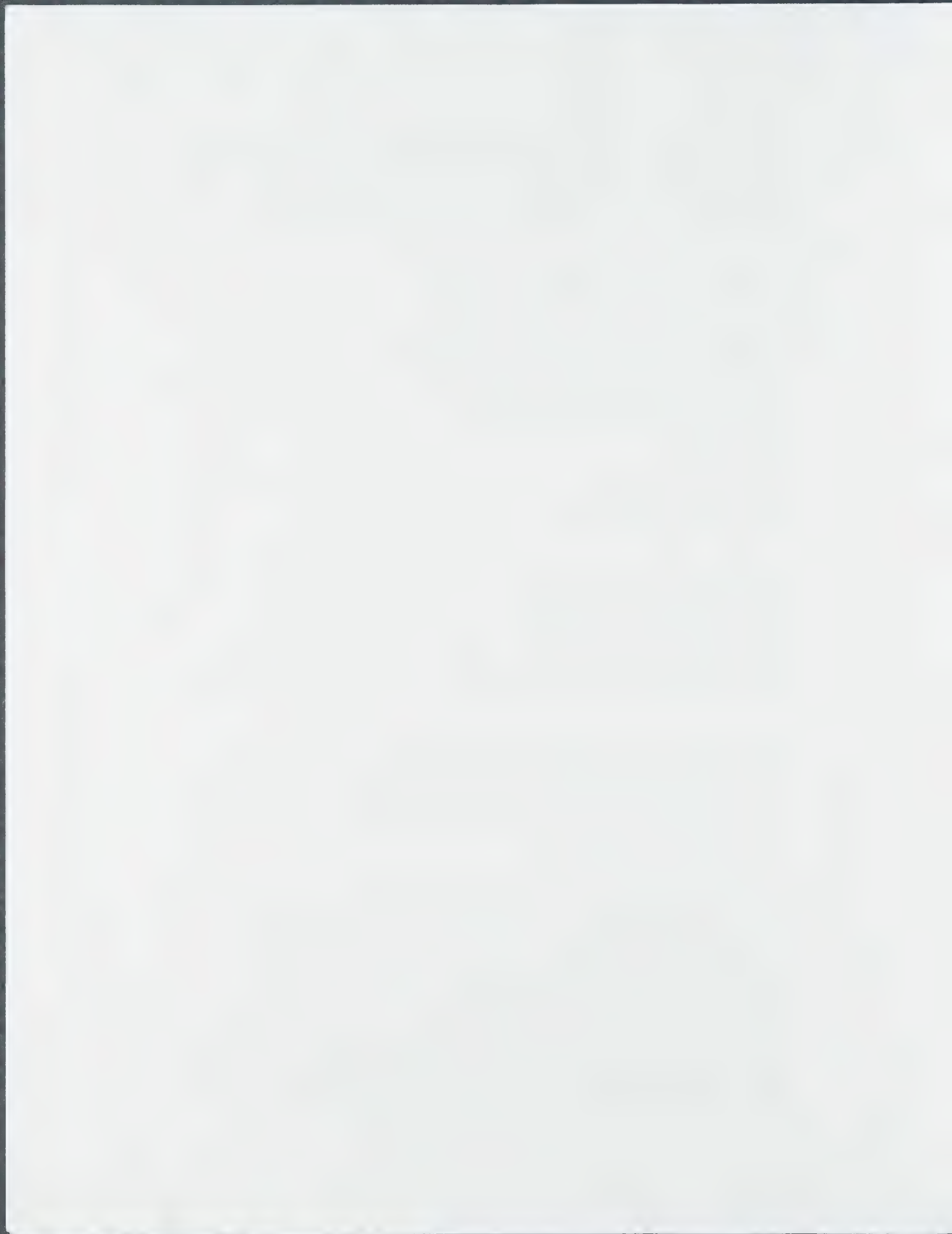
Saba grew up in the context of a typical middle-America life. The works. Including playing on the high school football team, working in his father's store, and selling encyclopedias to farmers off country roads. He made history at the University of Wisconsin. The last time anyone checked, he still had the record for achievement and honors at the law school there.

One of his professors once said, "If Marvin Klitsner told me the sun was rising in the west, I'd go look."

In the navy, in the Pacific, as an officer, he was one of the first to be trained in the new radar technology. I later understood that Dad was never afraid to learn anything new. In a major trial on behalf of a pharmaceutical company involving neo-natology, he became expert enough in the field to cross examine world-class medical experts. It's one of the things he loved about law- constant challenge and exposure to new worlds.

You always told us, Dad, that the most important and best decision you ever made was marrying Mom. We agree. But in your own words, the event that changed the course of our family history took place in August of 1955. Dad, allow me to quote from your letter to us that we received from Mom only last night.

"It is interesting...to speculate about what would have happened had we at any fork in the road, taken another path...It is true that we were searching for something meaningful at the time of the Bnei Brith Institute in the summer of 1955. There we first met Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel... I had taken that midnight walk in the woods of northern Wisconsin with Rabbi Heschel on that *motzaei Shabbat* (while Jane, pregnant with Steve, took Francie and Betsy back to the cabin to put them to sleep), he had suggested that we take on one mitzvah until it became a part of our lives, and then add another, and another. There [had] been the feeling that I was seized by both shoulders and urged to sit at the feet of



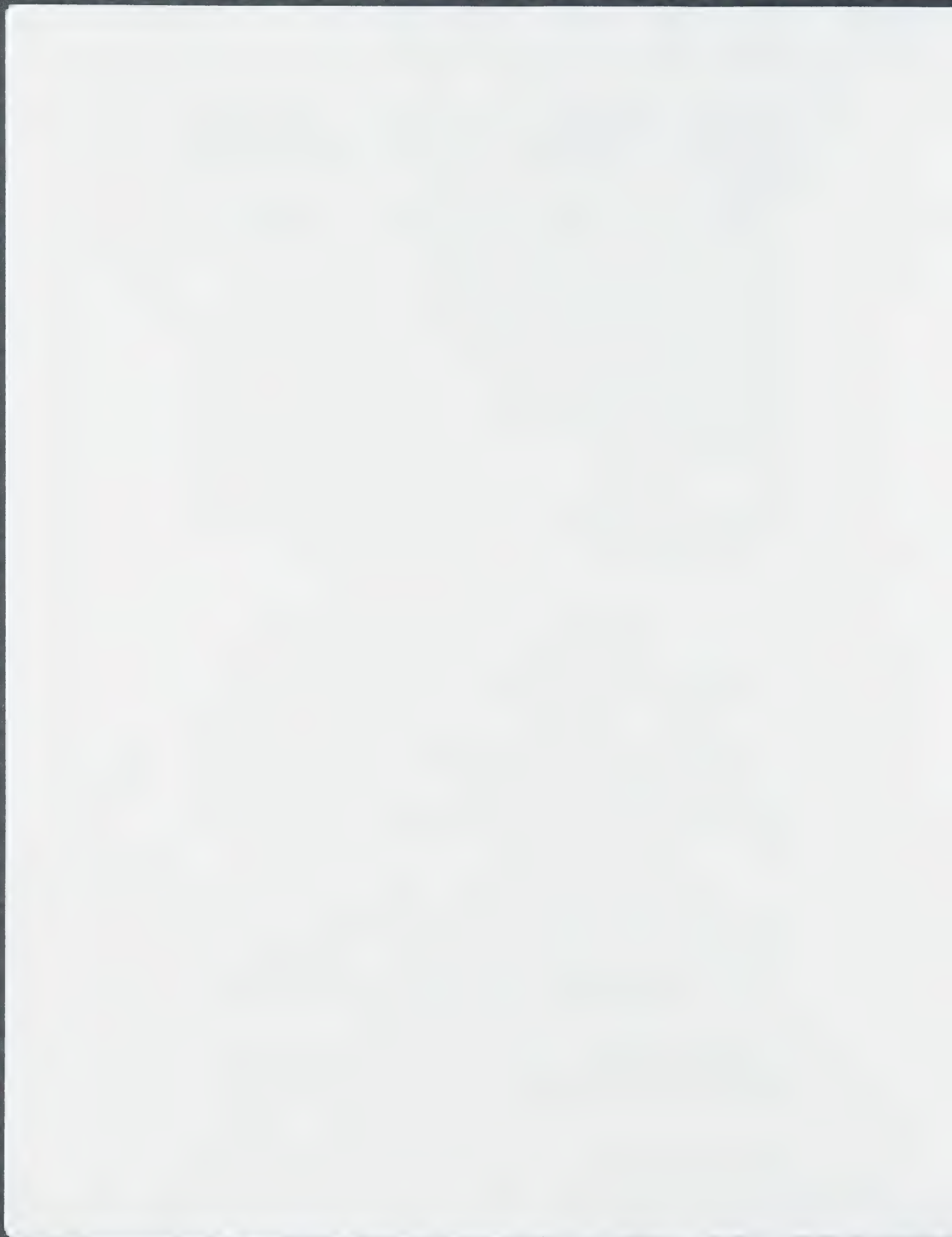
Milwaukee's greatest treasure, Rabbi David Shapiro... [Without this there would never have been the]thought of becoming involved in building and sending Steve to a Day School. That and more was attributable to Rabbi Shapiro.

"There followed, step by step, as suggested by Rabbi Heschel, the process of our becoming *dati*; to begin with, kashering the house, no longer going to the office on Shabbat, no longer eating out... the establishment of Hillel Academy and the decision a year later to send Steve there, the purchase by Grandma and Grandpa of the 55th Street house, and the establishment of our Shabbat home in their upstairs space, ceasing to use the telephone or car on Shabbat... In the midst of it all there was the process of limiting our social and family engagements to avoid conflict with *halacha*, and getting clients, courts, partners and associates, as well as the school authorities to understand that we were unavailable for business or office matters from some hour on Friday until Saturday night, as well as on Yom Tov. All of that process occurred with the participation and encouragement of our children. Rabbi Shapiro never pushed, but was there to answer questions and to provide an inspiring example. We cannot recall any other examples or even company from our generation and social friends [in this journey]."

Very early on, Dad underlined a line from Heschel, saying that the infinite God is of such a nature that He is either of prime significance or of none. The road to *shmirat mitzvot* was clear to you, Dad. And it intimately involved the great inspiration of Rabbi David S. Shapiro. Dad, you were one of the only people in Milwaukee at the time capable of appreciating this saintly man of giant intellect and great humility. This is because you were cut from the same cloth. The love was mutual, and the influence which we speak of at every family *simcha* was also mutual. We always emphasized the rabbi's influence on you. But now, Dad, I can relate, but because of your modesty only a small part, of how you impacted upon his life and his ability to contribute to *klal Yisrael*.

Career and professional decisions made together with Mom (everything was always together with Mom), such as not to accept a law professorship, or not to accept chief council of Wisconsin Telephone, or not accepting the presidency of Aldrich Corporation--each decision was guided by a value system that emphasized family, community-- and the road already embarked upon towards *shmirat mitzvot*.

I want to read to all of you one small section of Dad's letter to the three children, much of which reads like an ethical will. This may give you



some small idea of the kind of thinking and values that he and Mom tried to teach us:

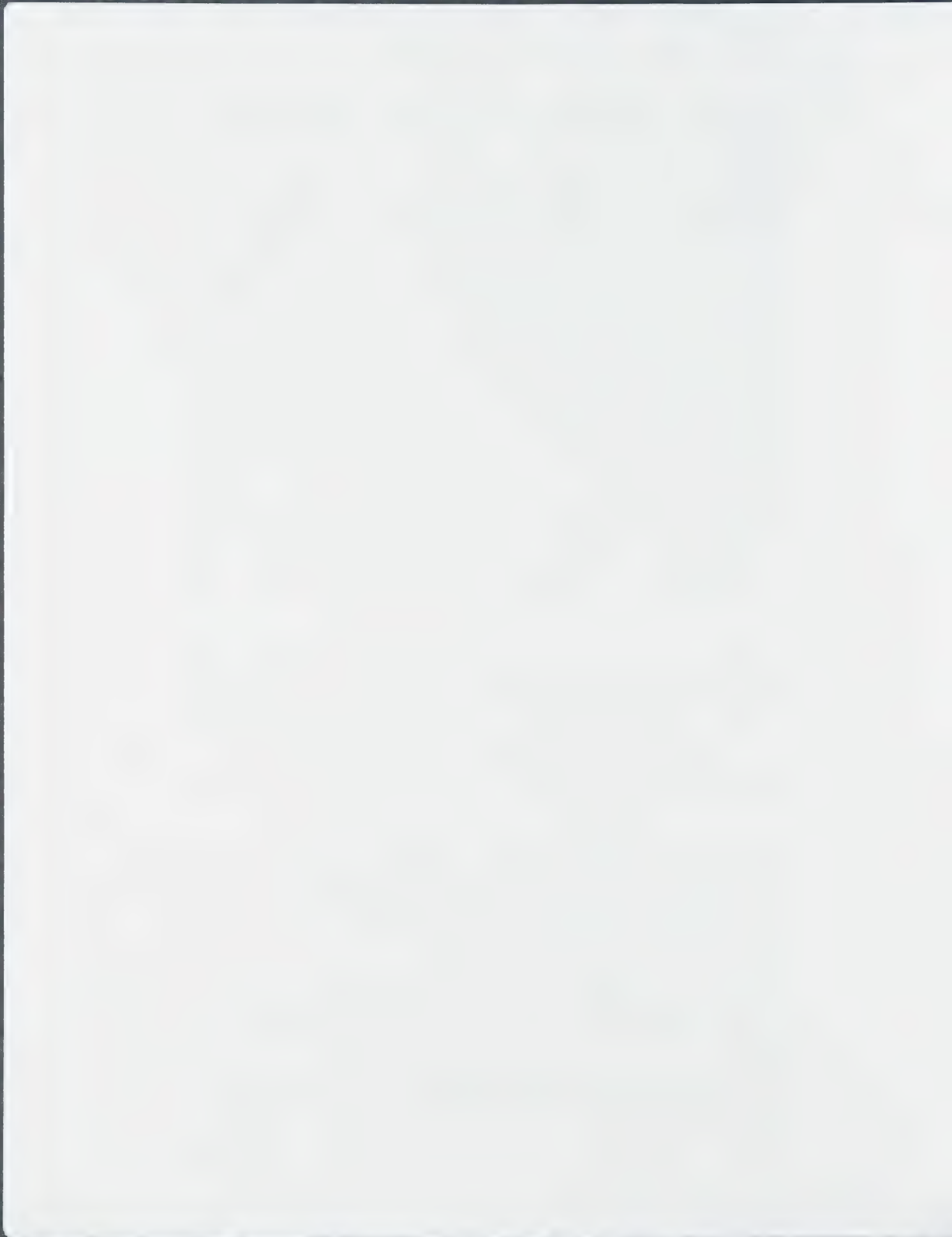
"Material things can be ugly or beautiful, depending on how they are acquired and how they are utilized; depending upon whether their acquisition becomes an end in and of itself, or a means of achieving worthwhile objectives...whether they are acquired and utilized ethically or by questionable means or with questionable objectives. One might even say that it is in connection with material matters that most ethical dilemmas present themselves. Whether one accepts a position for which he lacks qualifications, or enters into a transaction without full disclosure of all known relevant facts, or accepts a full day's pay for less than a full day's work, or undertakes to counsel someone without full preparation or ability to do so, or performs an act of kindness without disclosing a selfish motive, or engages in any act with his fellow man with less than complete integrity-- all of these situations or temptations involve ethical or moral dilemmas which constantly put us to the test. And any deviation from total self-integrity, no matter how insignificant it seems at the time, can chip away at the soul. Thank *Hashem*, we do not have to talk to our children about outright dishonesty or about ethics as such; however, none of us are totally immune from the ever-present daily pitfalls unless we constantly keep on the alert for them."

Clients knew that despite the most scrupulous legal and moral constraints of your counsel, Dad, that your genius, your incisive mind, your creative thinking, in short your wisdom, would lead them to the shores of success as well as to the moral high ground. So many wealthy clients attributed their success to you, Dad, and because of their love and admiration for you, they would also follow your advice and guidance to ever-greater and wisely chosen acts of philanthropy.

I know that one of your great feelings of accomplishment, Abba, came from suggesting, planning, and setting up the Bader Foundation, with all of the important work it does for thousands, in Milwaukee and here in Israel-- for Alzheimer research and care, for Russian and Ethiopian olim, and for so many institutions of learning and *chesed*.

Dad, none of your values remained in the realm of the abstract or theoretical. Through your wisdom, your goodness, and the power of your God-given gifts, you always managed to translate these values into action:

- Your love of Zion became crucial help to the State of Israel, leading the middle sized Jewish community of Milwaukee to what at

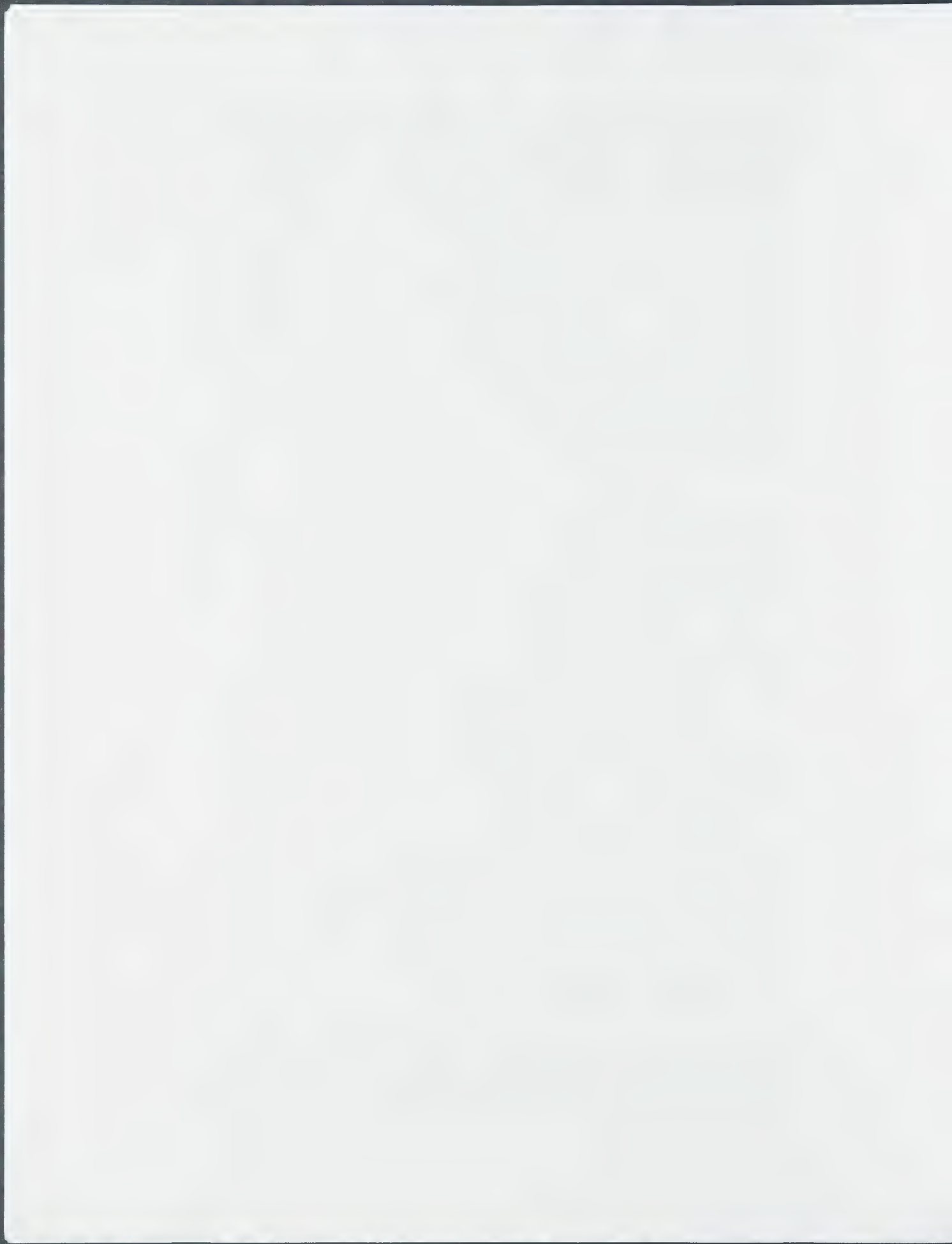


the time, under your leadership, as president of the Federation, led the world's communities in highest per-capita monetary contributions to Israel. The methods you devised with Mel Zaret in our den on Circle Drive then became a model for other communities and federations. It was inevitable that your love of Zion would also translate into *aliya* for yourselves and for all of your children.

- Your dedication to Jewish education translated into creating the first Jewish day school in Milwaukee- you and Rabbi Shapiro. There was no Orthodox community to speak of, so you created American Jewish history by creating the first Jewish federation sponsored day school. Torah Umesora told you it couldn't be done. The school would not long remain Orthodox. But you knew better. It's still federation sponsored 40 years later, and it's still Orthodox. You were so certain that you were also willing to stake your own son's education on an experiment that others of less vision tried to discourage you from. Thank you, Dad, for not listening to them.
- Your love and appreciation for Torah didn't remain in the realm of abstract emotion. It translated into the adoption of your soul-mate, Rabbi Shapiro, into seeing his books published, and in sponsoring other works of Torah including the important *commentary* on Exodus of Benno Yaacov. It also led you to offer your skills and time in helping edit Rabbi Quint's many volumes of The Restatement of Jewish Law. And in your later years, after founding schools and sponsoring yeshivot, you finally joined one. Rabbi Quint, learning with you and your group of men in their 60's, 70's and 80's, many like Dad- learning Talmud seriously for the first time-- it meant so much to him. Mom told us yesterday of how fond Dad was of quoting Rabbi Steinzaltz, who asked why Jews talk about 120 year life spans, and answered, "So that we will have the gumption to start new things in our 70's and 80's."
- Dad, your *hakarat hatov*, your gratitude to *Hashem*, which was always on your lips and in your heart for all of these beautiful and healthy grandchildren and great-grandchildren, translated directly into your desire to help Udi found and develop Tsaad Kadima, a revolutionary system of care and advancement for children with CP.

Some people hold wonderful value systems; few make them a reality with such consistency and brilliance.

Dad, even more difficult than giving a hint of who you were for klal Yisrael, is to speak as a son, to speak on behalf of Francie and Betsy. Dad, everything we have and everything we are starts with you-- you and Mom. You have been our loving Abba, whose hugs warmed us on cold

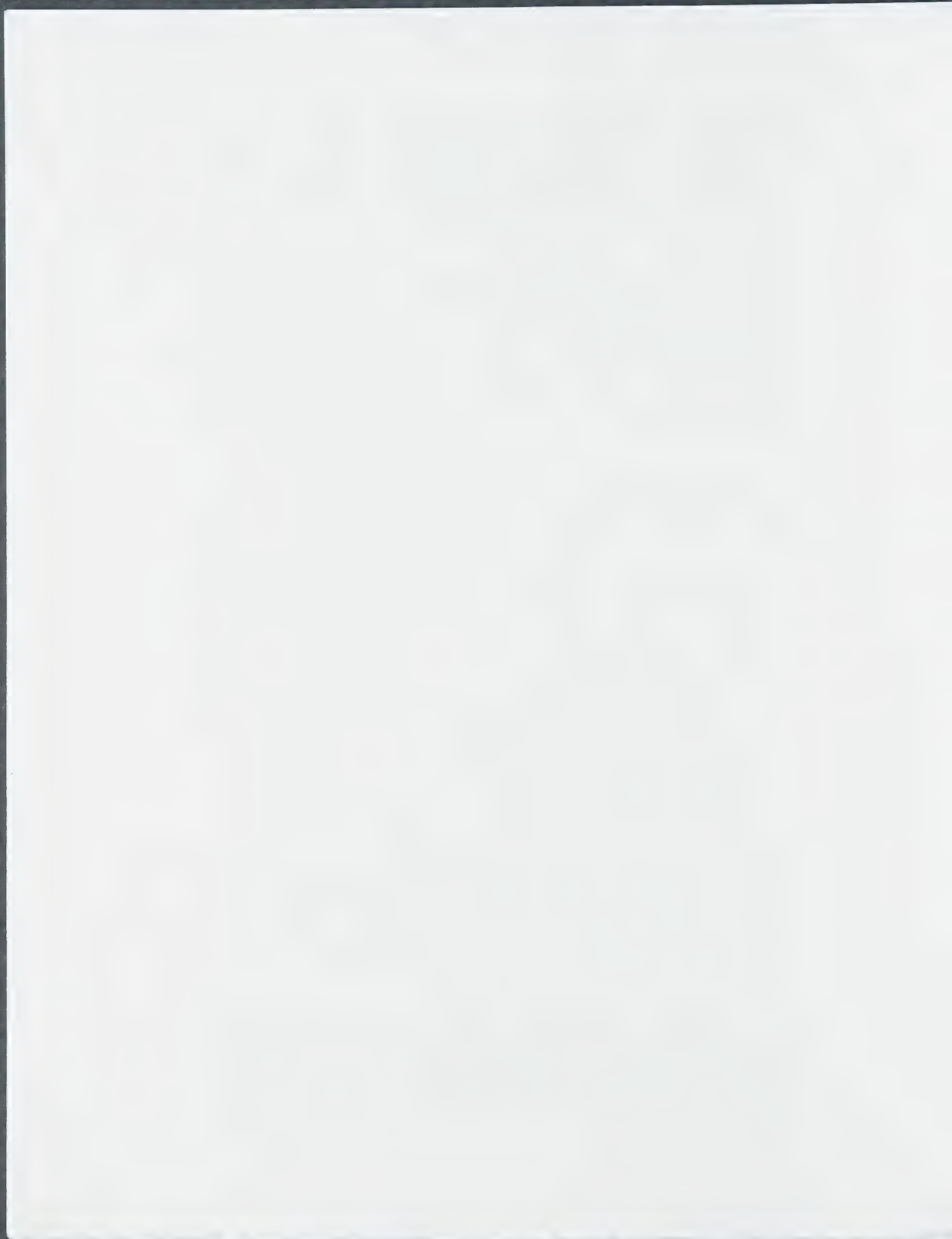


Wisconsin mornings. "Dad is home from work!" And we would run to your arms, the highlight of our day. You are our compass, our counselor, our teacher, our moral guide. Every significant action or decision is consciously or subconsciously driven or measured by, "what would Dad say? What would he think? What would he do?"

Until now, we would come to you and now we are bereft. Questions will arise-- life questions, moral issues, the need for practical advice. Your *kol*, your voice, will be thunderously silent for us. But I believe we carry within us a *bat kol* from you. I think I know what the midrash was talking about when it described Yosef as always having *dmot d'yukno shel aviv lefanav*-- a graphic image of his father's presence before him. We will always have that to guide us. To paraphrase the poet, "You are our north, our south, our east, our west, our working week, our Shabbos rest."

I began by talking of pure goodness and kindness, wrapped in great wisdom, emanating love. Dad, I now have to speak about your endless capacity for love. I've spoken of your love for Mom, of your love for Torah and for *klal Yisrael*, but I must turn for a moment to the other great loves of your life. Your children- only 3 biologically, but you always said you had 6 children, including Denny, Mendel and Judy. As son to father, I've chosen an almost humorous anecdote to reflect the extent of your devotion. Sending me to the fledgling day school you founded resulted in my being the only kid in the school from our side of town, with a rather lonely after-school social life. You and Mom tried to compensate by spending time with me in ways that included Mom pitching baseball to me in the back yard, and Dad shooting baskets with me in the driveway. Perhaps the most extreme act of devotion, Dad, was your joining a boy scout-like father and son organization called Indian Guides, where grown men and their sons sat on floors of various living rooms each week, exchanging platitudes of friendship ("Pals forever, dad-- pals forever, son"), and building teepees and going camping. I knew it was ridiculous, you knew it was stupid-- but nothing was beneath your dignity in your school of devoted parenting. You stayed because you wanted me to have friends. I stayed because I loved being with you. Later we would find our time more wisely spent learning together, but those hours, as Big and Little Osceola are no less precious than our hours with *masechet Yoma*.

Your next great love, Saba, is as a Saba-- and I can't just mention them as "the grandchildren and great-grandchildren," because for you, Saba and Savta, they aren't just a group or category. Each one is special to you. You know their idiosyncrasies, their special traits, and strengths. You delight in their successes and share in their struggles. Your love for the



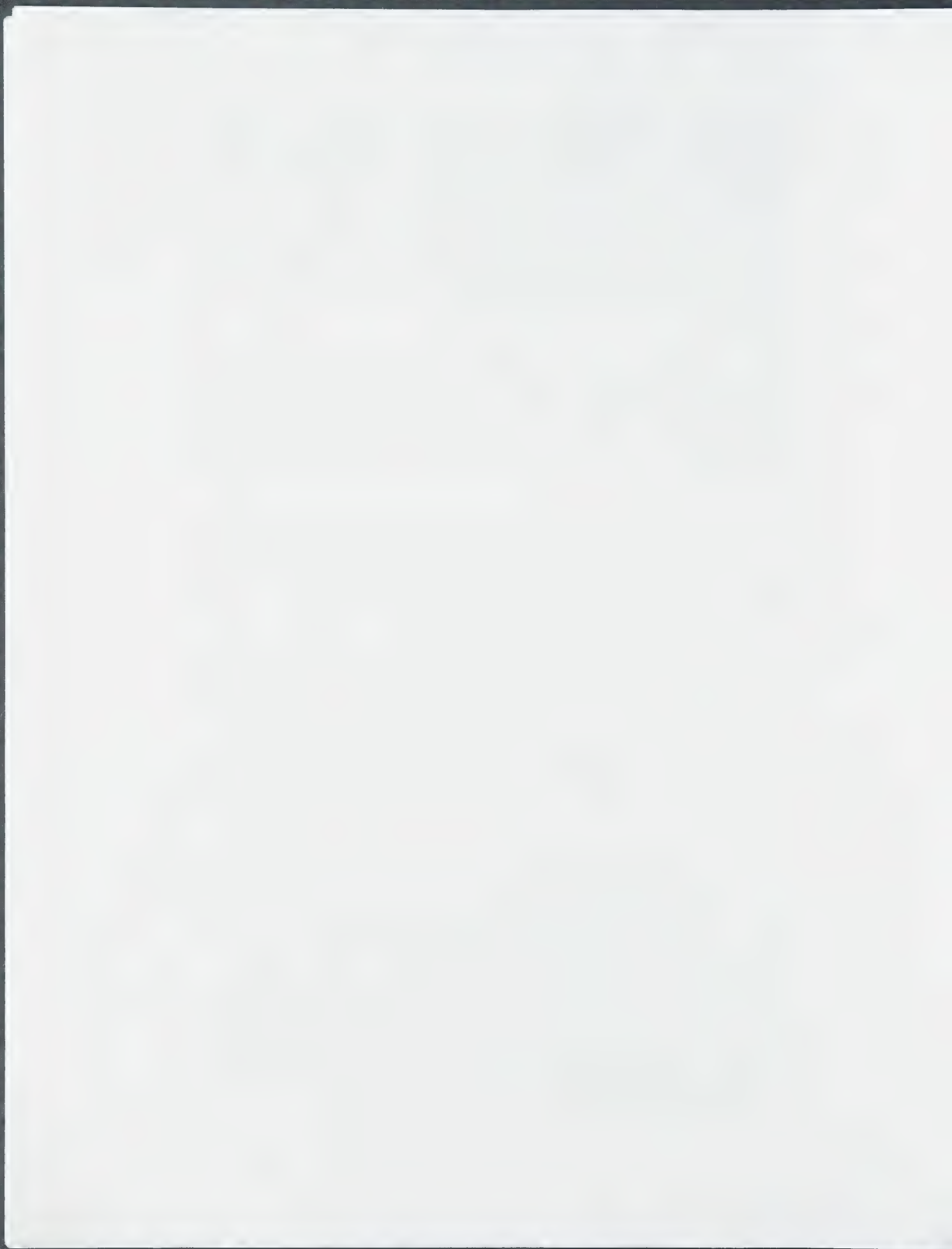
Wolff children: Ephraim and Tamar, Nomi and David, Yoni and Chagit, Michael and Tamar, Rachel and Miriam, Sara and Yael. And for the Shapiro children: Adina and Zvi, Dani and Yitzchak, Avi and Tamar. And for our children: Akiva and Noam, Nechama, Yisrael and Amitai. You and Mom love each one uniquely. The incredible *bar* and *bat mitzvah* trips you and they treasured as bonding time without the parents. To see you, Saba, with the great-grandchildren-- Yishai, Chana, Re'ut, Shalom, Shira, Mordechai Aviad, and Hallel-- was to see a man experiencing the paradise of the world to come.

Your love and devotion for your parents, Grandpa Harry and Grandma Sara, extended to Mom's mother, whom you could never refer to as "mother-in-law," only as "Mother." You were always in her prayers, and she in yours. She is experiencing mourning now in Milwaukee, as are your loving siblings, Uncles Sid, Irv, and Stu, and Aunt Miriam on the West Coast.

Dad, you so loved Shabbat. Heschel's book, The Sabbath, inspired us, but it was the real experience of Shabbat that captivated you. So many people discovered Shabbat at our table, and those who thought they knew Shabbat experienced a new level of experience at your table.

The last hours, Dad, surrounded by family, with Francie already travelling towards us and connected to you by telepathy and heartstrings-- you waited till Shabbat. Just one more *Lechu neranena*, which we said together. Just one more *lecha dodi*, which we sang at your side. At the very end, you seemed to be gasping for just one more breath, and then another. I believe you did this in order to depart this world on your beloved Shabbos, as well as on the very *yahrtzeit* of your beloved Rabbi Shapiro, twelve years ago to the day.

You left us at the very moment we recited *shema Yisrael* with you, all of us together-- in Mom's embrace. All your great loves-- Mom, family, Rabbi Shapiro, Shabbos, Yerushalayim-- all coming together in the final notes of a symphonic masterpiece that was your entire life. Did you merit this exquisite moment of departure because of all the *chesed*? All the *zedaka*? All the love? Or because, old and frail, you flew across the world to bury your cousin Leajeane and speak at her grave? Or because you once flew across the US to bury a fellow Jew whom you had met only once in your office years before-- a man without any family (a *met mitzvah*)? Or was it because you so graciously agreed and encouraged me to say *kaddish* for Judy's father?

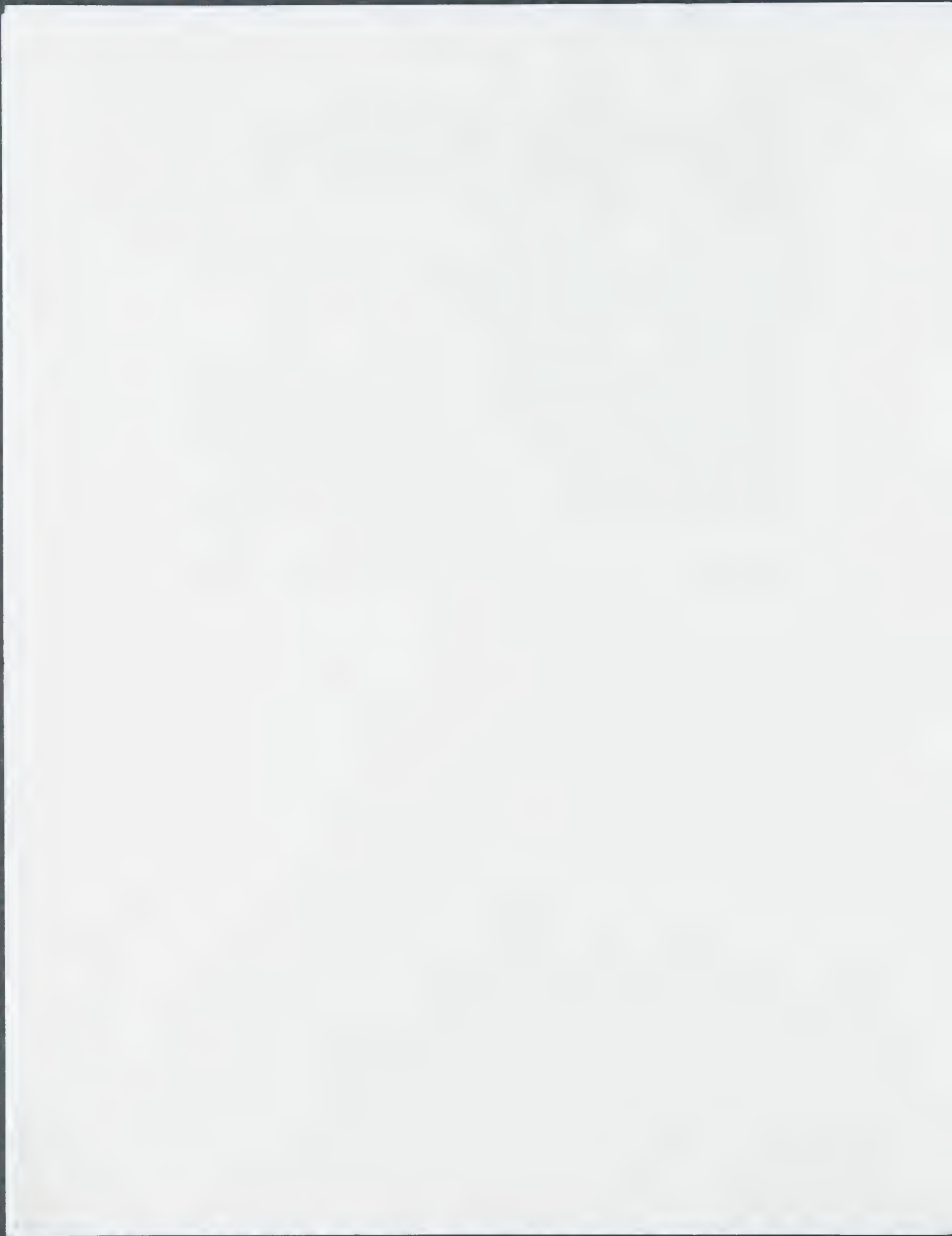


Dad, we tried our best. On Shabbat, David and his father, Eliezer Ansbacher, were your *shomrim* (guardians), insisting on dividing the 21 hours of Shabbat between them-- *tzaddikim* accompanying a *tzaddik*. And from *motzaei Shabbat*, your grandchildren wanted to be your *shomrim*-- how fitting, how beautiful.

But if in your life and if your afterlife, we have been remiss or negligent, or if there were times we showed less than the infinite respect and love we feel for you-- please grant us forgiveness.

Finally, Dad, while God miraculously spared you most of the pain of cancer, you so deeply felt the pain of *am Yisrael* in these difficult times. Only hours before you left us, you were aware that Judy and I and Sara were in this very hall at the funeral of 15-year-old Malki Roth, the victim of savage terrorism. We know that now, as you approach the heavenly bench, the *kise hakavod*, the Divine throne-- you will be the most effective defense attorney, defending *am Yisrael*, arguing passionately on behalf of your greatest desire and wish, peace for your nation, Israel.

May your soul be bound with the bonds of eternal life, and your memory a blessing.



Glossary of Hebrew terms:

Abba- father

Aliya- (lit) ascent to Israel, emigration

Am Yisrael- the nation of Israel or Jewish people

Bat kol- an inner resonance, a voice's echo

Chesed- acts of loving kindness

Dati- religiously observant of the commandments of the Torah

Hashem- God

Hashgacha- divine providence

Hesped- eulogy

Kaddish- the prayer for the deceased

Kehilla- community

Klal Yisrael- the entire community of Israel, the world over

"Lecha dodi"- "Come, my beloved Sabbath queen," central hymn of the Friday evening Sabbath service

"Lechu neranena"- lit. "let us sing"- the first words of the Friday evening Sabbath service

Maasim tovim- good deeds

Masechet Yoma- a tractate of the Talmud

Met mitzvah- a dead person with no family to bury him

Midrash- ancient Bible commentary

Olim- immigrants to Israel

Saba- grandfather (Marvin)

Savta- grandmother (Jane)

Shabbat (Shabbos)- the Sabbath

Shmirat mitzvot- observance of Jewish law

Shomrim- lit. guardians, people who volunteer to remain vigilant near the body of the deceased (usually reciting psalms) until the burial

Simcha- joyous occasion

Torah Umesorah- the national organization of Jewish day schools

Tzaddik- righteous person (plural- tzaddikim)

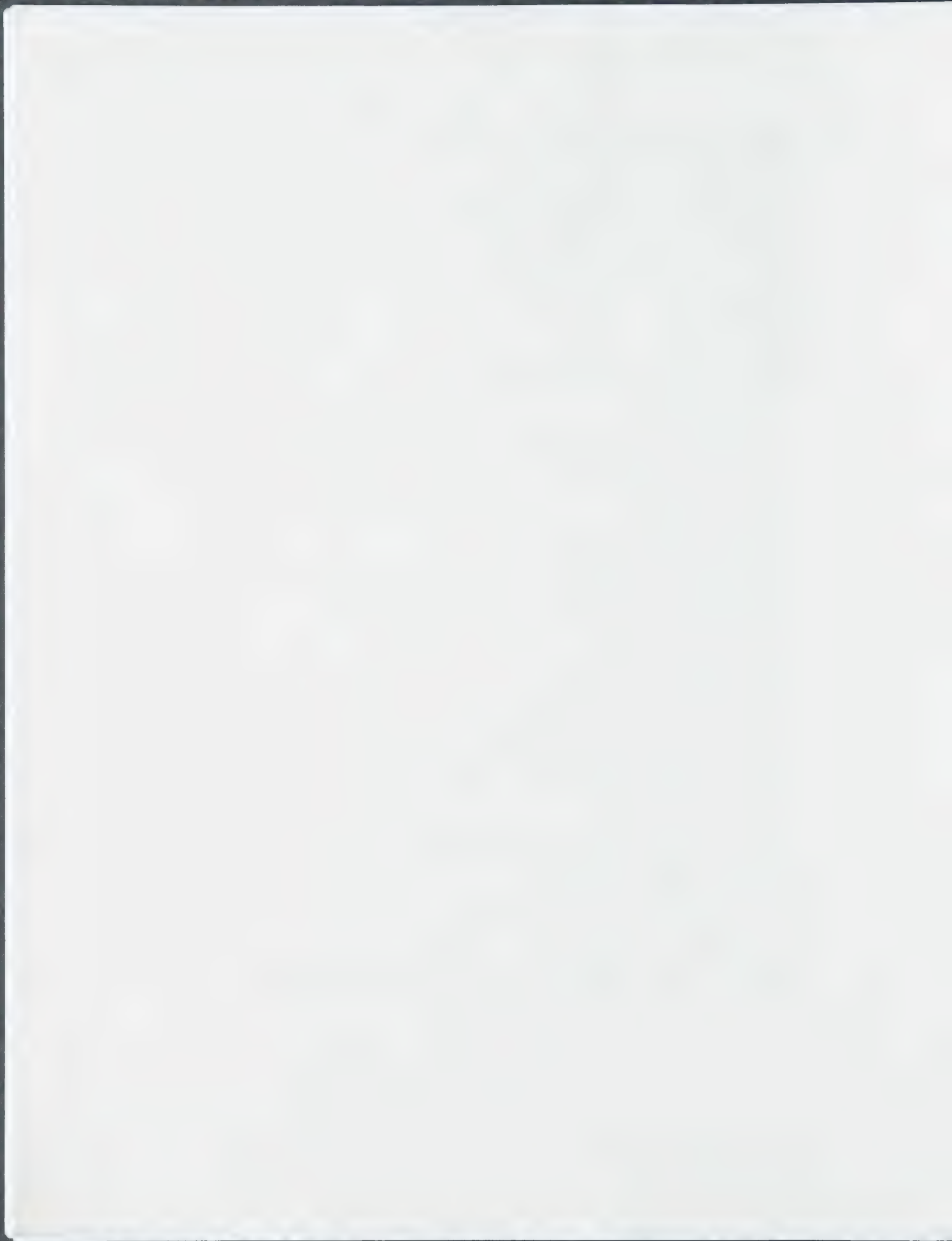
Tzedaka- charity, philanthropy

Yahrtzeit- Yiddish for the anniversary of one's death (Dad's is the 22nd of the month of Av)

Yerushalayim- Jerusalem

Yeshivot- Jewish institutions of higher learning, Talmudic academies

Yosef- the biblical figure Joseph, son of Jacob



Marvin Klitsner

Our deeply treasured friendship developed over a period of almost half a century. Undoubtedly Marvin Klitsner was the greatest influence on my business life and, often, on my personal life.

He and I met in 1954 when his daughters, first Francie and then Betsy, were in my Sunday school class at Temple Emanu-El in Milwaukee. We were together at the Bnei Brith Institute in August, 1955 where we met Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, a charismatic teacher who spoke about other people building palaces in space while some of us built a palace in time and called it the Sabbath. Marvin so honored the Sabbath for he felt it was such an exquisitely expressive and important holiday and that it was distinguished above all others. He celebrated it inspirationally with his entire family every Sabbath...even the day of his death. We both had belonged to Rabbi David Shapiro's Synagogue on Milwaukee's west side and the Klitsners soon sold their east side home to be near Rabbi Shapiro, his classes and shul.

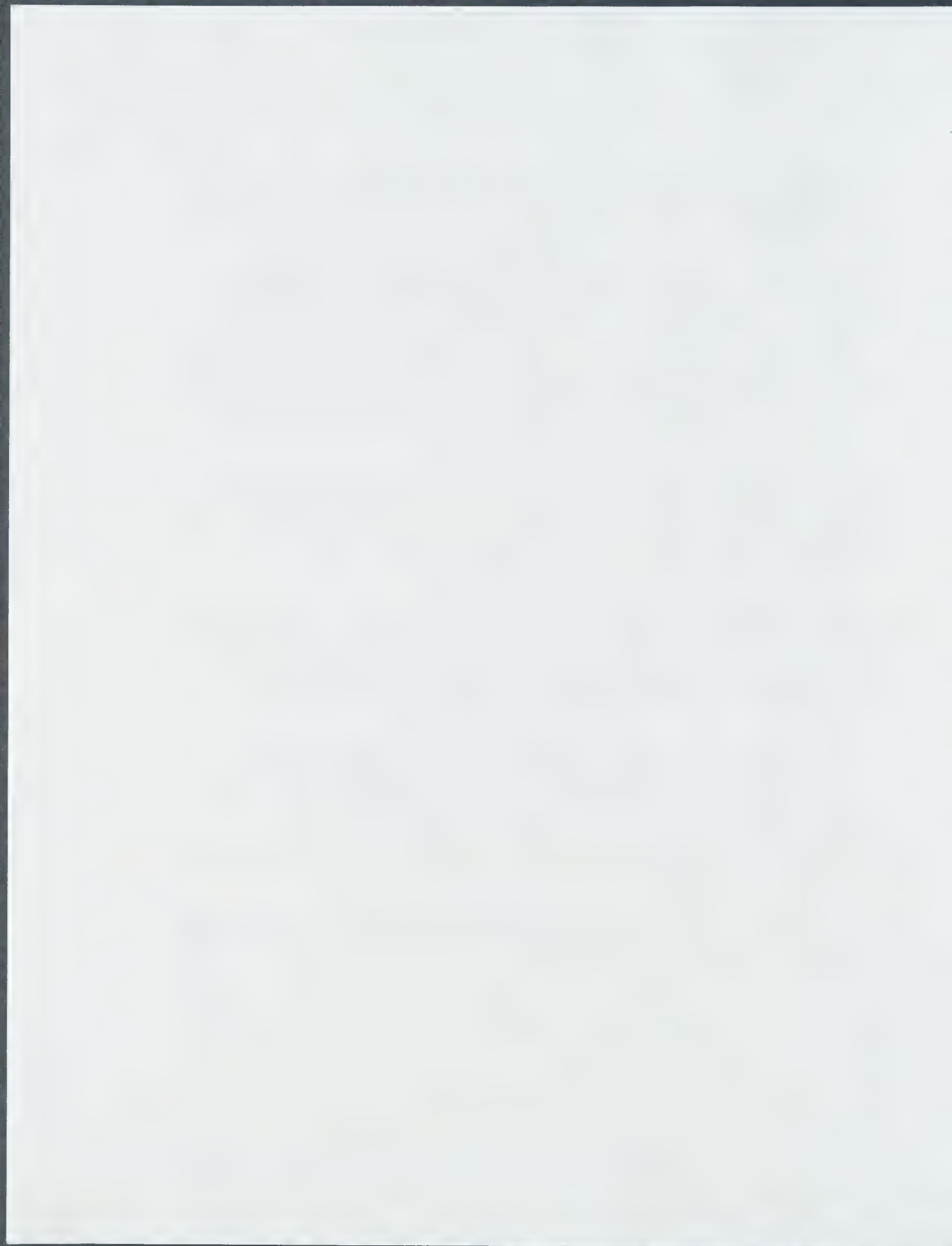
When I became the sole owner of Aldrich in May of 1955 Marvin really began helping the company and, until our joint painful dismissal (or---termination) he was my venerable (or esteemed) advisor and mentor. Marvin was a partner in one of Wisconsin's largest and most prestigious law firms respected nationally: Foley, Sammond and Lardner (now Foley and Lardner). Marvin ended his practice there as Senior Partner.

Marvin became a director of Aldrich and a member of its executive committee. As a small thank you, I persuaded him to buy 30,000 shares of Aldrich, about 5% of the company at \$1 a share. We started the Bader-Klitsner Foundation which helped Jewish causes in Milwaukee and Israel, and B & K Enterprises, now owned 50% by my two sons and 50% by Marvin's 19 grandchildren. Marvin joined me on the board of Rabbi Shapiro's Synagogue and in founding the Hillel Academy, Milwaukee's Jewish Day School.

He gave me the gift of his awesome friendship, his omniscient (knowledge of so much) expertise and support in decision making. Marvin was my MENTOR, my most dear friend. He was so respected—so trustworthy—so sincere and so honest that he served as my attorney for my late wife as well as for me, at the same time.

But I cannot be more commemorative than the eulogy given by his son Steve who delivered eloquently for his beloved father Marvin in August of 2001.

I relinquish, with Steve's permission, more of my sentiments for my great friend as I submit (or share) the most loving, memorializing, compassionate, sensitive and informative words honoring his beloved Abba (father), Marvin.



** That's why I'm writing this*
Dear

Marvin Klitsner

Truly
Our deeply treasured friendship developed over a period of almost half a century. Undoubtedly Marvin Klitsner was the greatest influence on my business life and, often, on my personal life.

He and I met in 1954 when his daughters, first Francie and then Betsy, were in my Sunday school class at Temple Emanu-El in Milwaukee. We were together at the Bnei Brith Institute in August, 1955 where we met Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, a charismatic teacher who spoke about other people building palaces in space while some of us built a palace in time and called it the Sabbath. Marvin so honored the Sabbath for he felt it was such an exquisitely expressive and important holiday and that it was distinguished above all others. He celebrated it inspirationally with his entire family every Sabbath...even the day of his death. We both had belonged to Rabbi David Shapiro's Synagogue on Milwaukee's west side and the Klitsners soon sold their east side home to be near Rabbi Shapiro, his classes and shul.

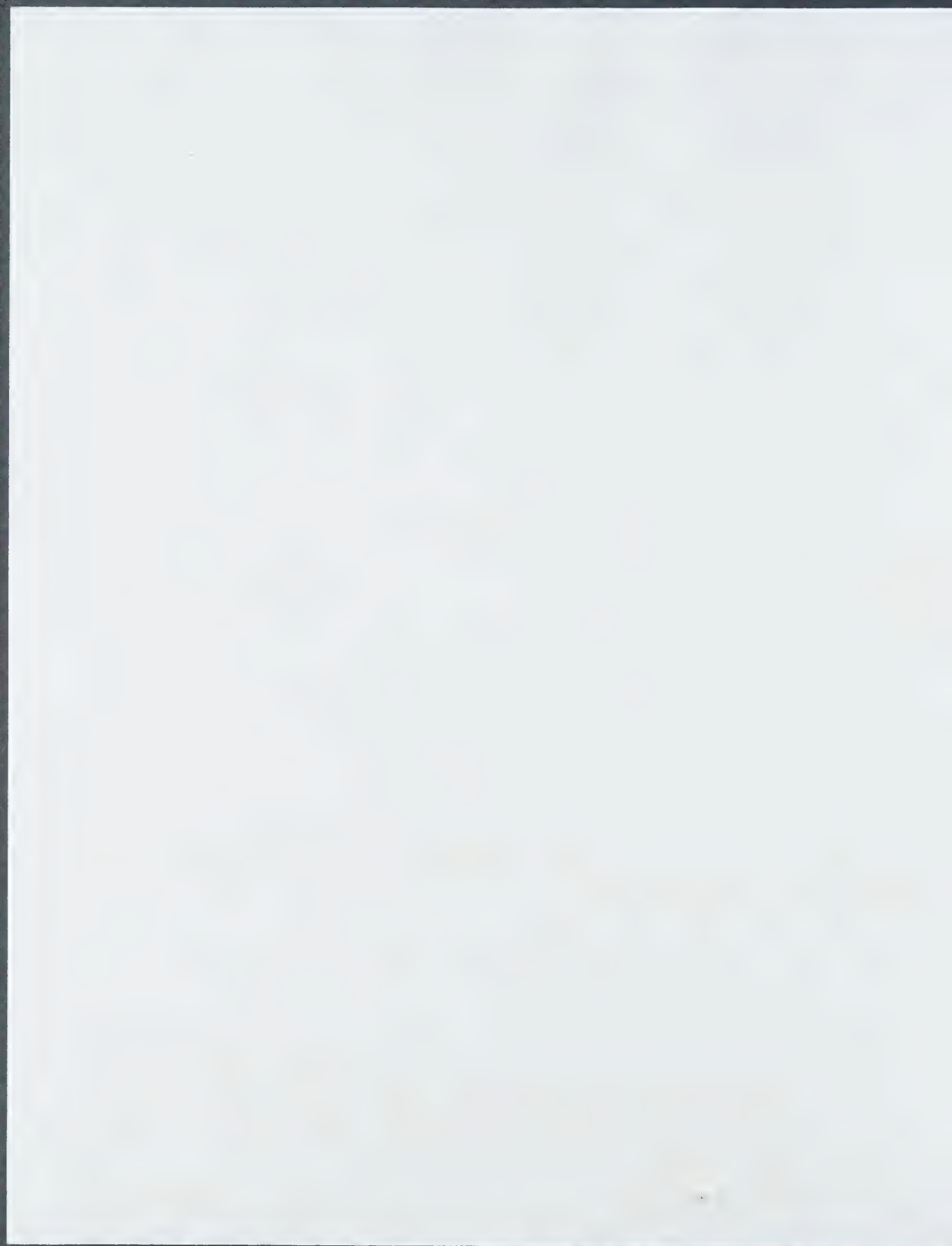
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He gave me the gift of his awesome friendship, his omniscient (knowledge of so much) expertise and support in decision making. Marvin was my MENTOR, my most dear friend. He was so respected—so trustworthy—so sincere and so honest that he served as my attorney for my late wife as well as for me, at the same time. *Without him in making any major decisions my thought would be "What would Marvin think, say or do?"*
But I cannot be more commemorative than the eulogy given by his son Steve who delivered eloquently for his beloved father Marvin in August of 2001.

I relinquish, with Steve's permission, more of my sentiments for my great friend as I submit (or share) the most loving, memorializing, compassionate, sensitive and informative words honoring his beloved Abba (father), Marvin.

++ If you young with the company, I'm sure you had the great wisdom to have me give each of my sons 1/5% of Aldrich stock, when that was worth very little.
(Att) How can I be more than the eulogy given by his son Steven in August of 2001

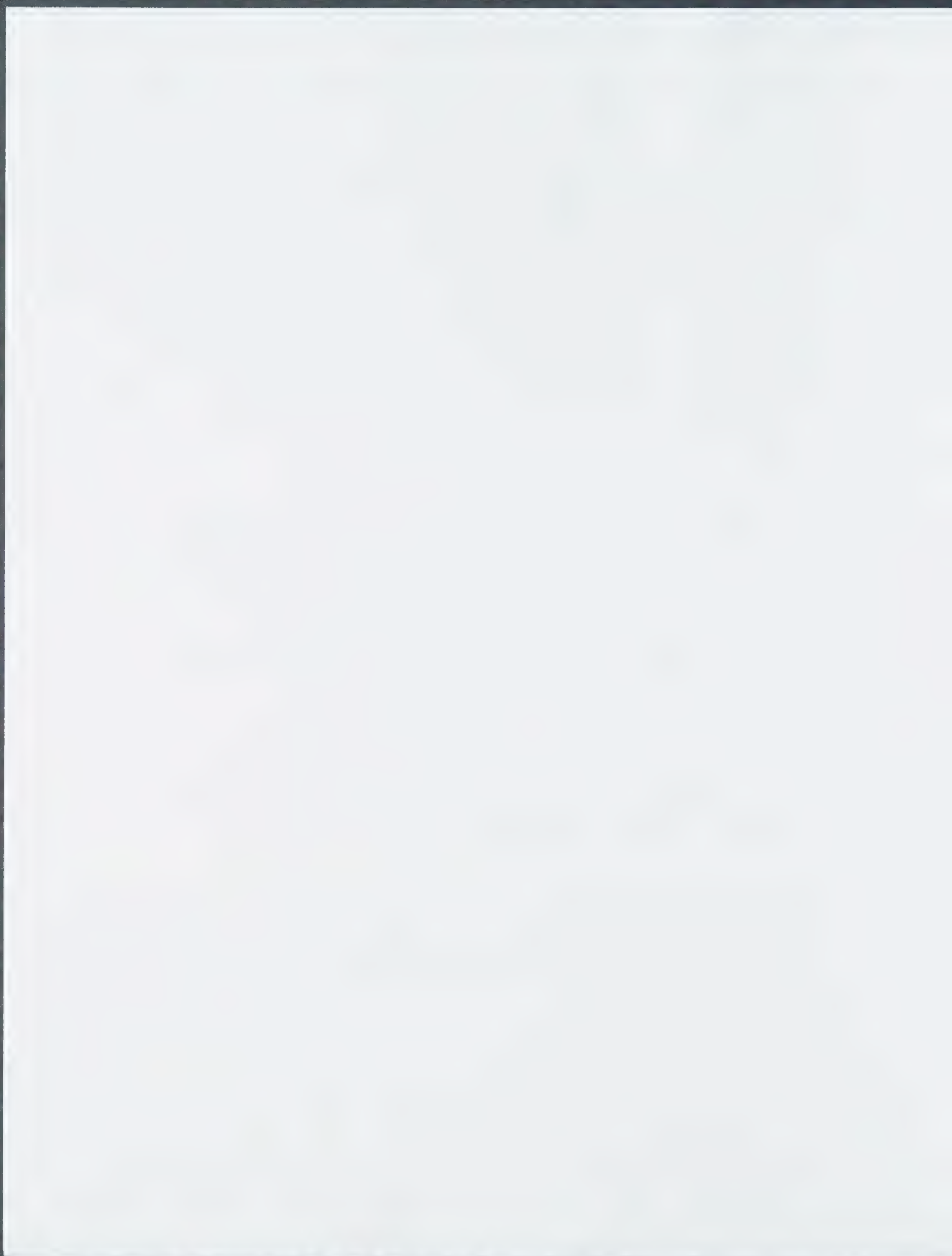


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Marvin had the great wisdom to have me give each of my son's trusts 6.5% of Aldrich stock. In my painful divorce in 1981, he represented both Danny and me and charged all of \$150 for out of pocket expenses. He helped Danny write her Will, leading to the Helen Bader Foundation, and similarly helped Isabel and me to write our Wills, with the same aim.

How can I say thank you to such a man? Only by working hard for Alfred Bader Fine Arts, with half of its profits going to Marvin's grandchildren.

And with Steven Klitsner I can say that every significant action or decision of mine is consciously or subconsciously driven or measured by "What would Marvin say? What would he think? What would he do?"



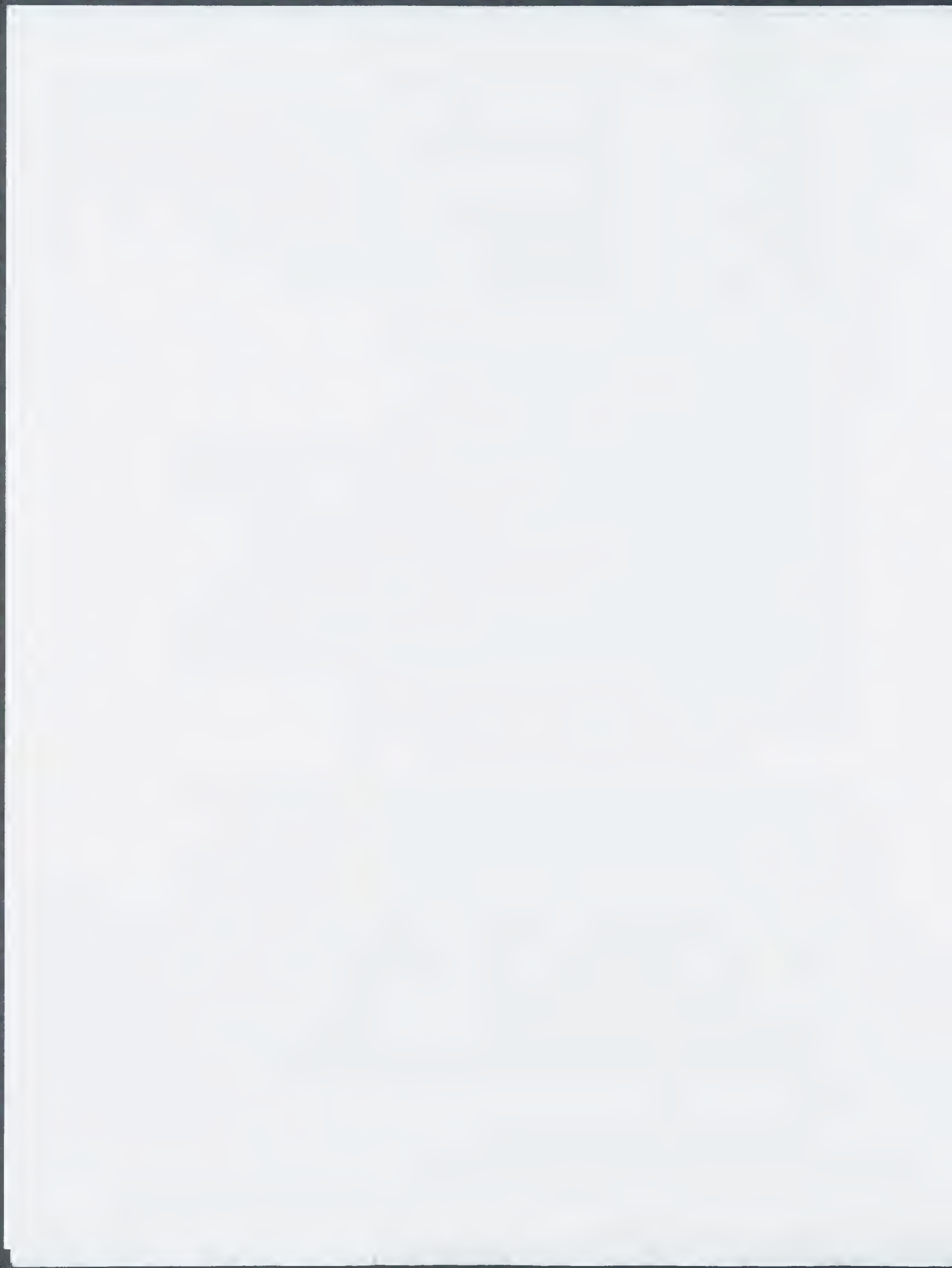
Marvin Klitsner

I have never had a friend as close, good and wise as Marvin Klitsner and I could not describe him better than his son Steven did in his eulogy in August 2001.

[E U L O G Y]

Marvin and I met in 1954 when his daughters, first Francie and then Betsy, were in my Sunday School class at Temple Emanu-El in Milwaukee. We were together at the Bnei Brith Institute in August 1955 where we met Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, a charismatic teacher who spoke about other people building palaces in space while we built a palace in time and called it the Sabbath. Marvin and I belonged to Rabbi David Shapiro's synagogue on Milwaukee's west side and the Klitsners soon sold their east side home to be near Rabbi Shapiro.

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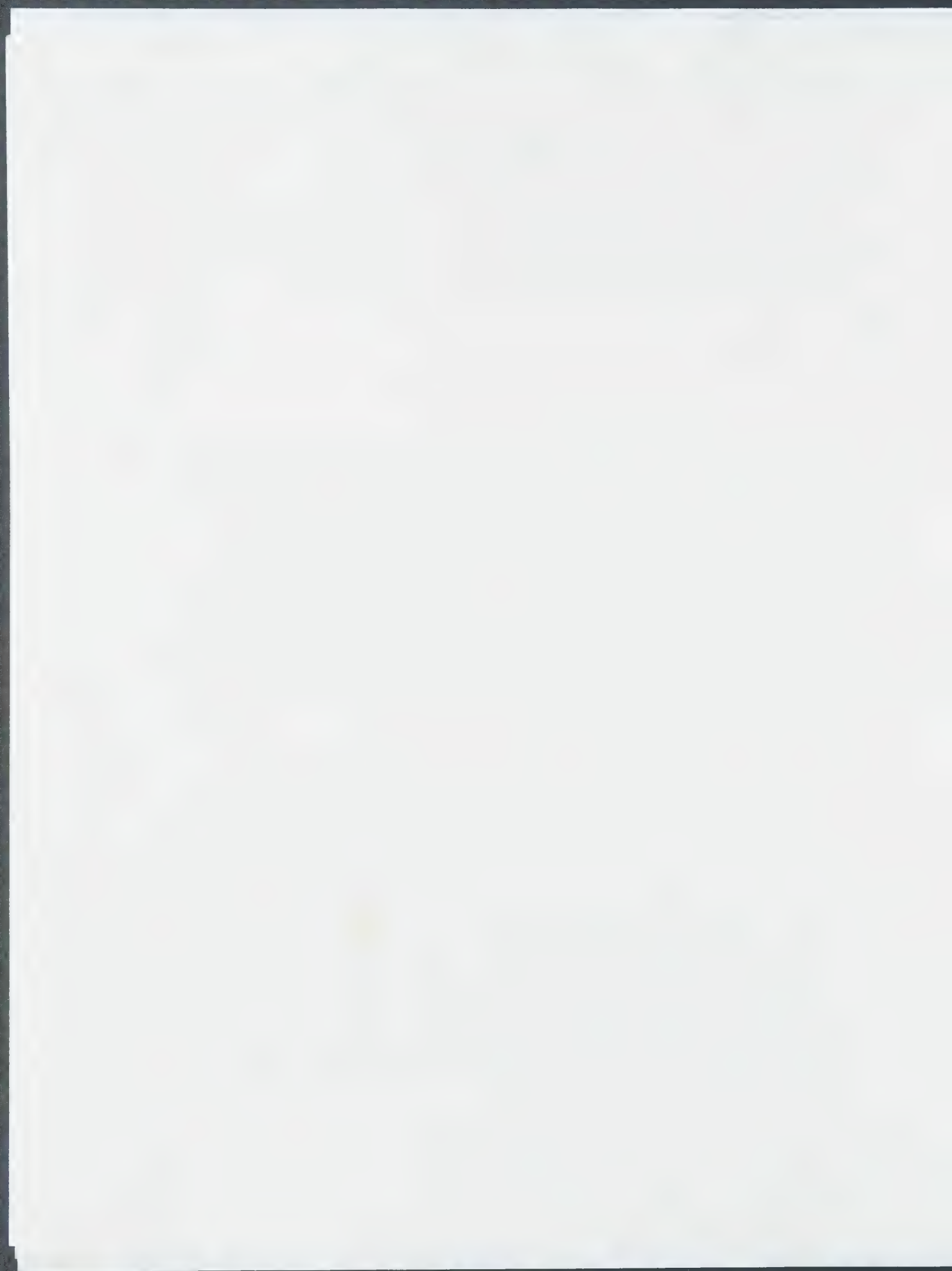
Marvin Klitsner

I have never had a friend as close, good and wise as Marvin Klitsner and I could not describe him better than his son Steven did in his eulogy in August 2001.

[E U L O G Y]

Marvin and I met in 1954 when his daughters, first Francie and then Betsy, were in my Sunday School class at Temple Emanu-El in Milwaukee. We were together at the Bnei Brith Institute in August 1955 where we met Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, a charismatic teacher who spoke about other people building palaces in space while we built a palace in time and called it the Sabbath. Marvin and I belonged to Rabbi David Shapiro's synagogue on Milwaukee's west side and the Klitsners soon sold their east side home to be near Rabbi Shapiro.

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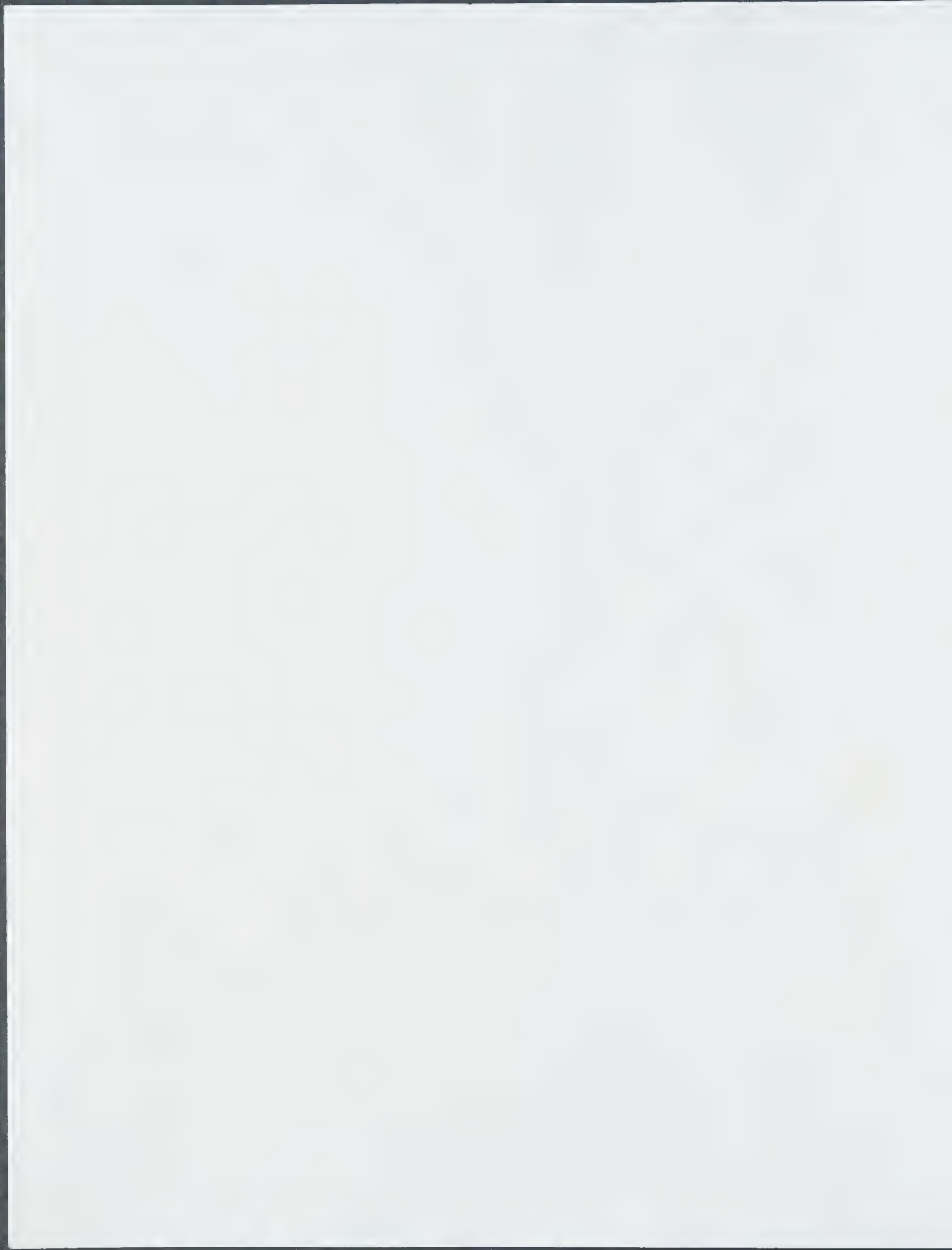


Marvin soon became a director of Aldrich and a member of its executive committee. As a small thank you, I persuaded Marvin to buy 30,000 shares of Aldrich, about 5% of the company, at \$1 a share. We started the Bader-Klitsner Foundation which helped Jewish causes in Milwaukee and Israel, and B&K Enterprises, now owned 50% by my two sons and 50% by Marvin's 19 grandchildren. B&K Enterprises owns Alfred Bader Fine Arts. Marvin joined me on the board of directors of Rabbi Shapiro's synagogue and in founding the Hillel Academy, Milwaukee's Jewish day school.

Marvin had the great wisdom to have me give each of my son's trusts 6.5% of Aldrich stock. In my painful divorce in 1981, he represented both Danny and me and charged all of \$150 for out of pocket expenses. He helped Danny write her Will, leading to the Helen Bader Foundation, and similarly helped Isabel and me to write our Wills, with the same aim.

How can I say thank you to such a man? Only by working hard for Alfred Bader Fine Arts, with half of its profits going to Marvin's grandchildren.

And with Steven Klitsner I can say that every significant action or decision of mine is consciously or subconsciously driven or measured by "What would Marvin say? What would he think? What would he do?"

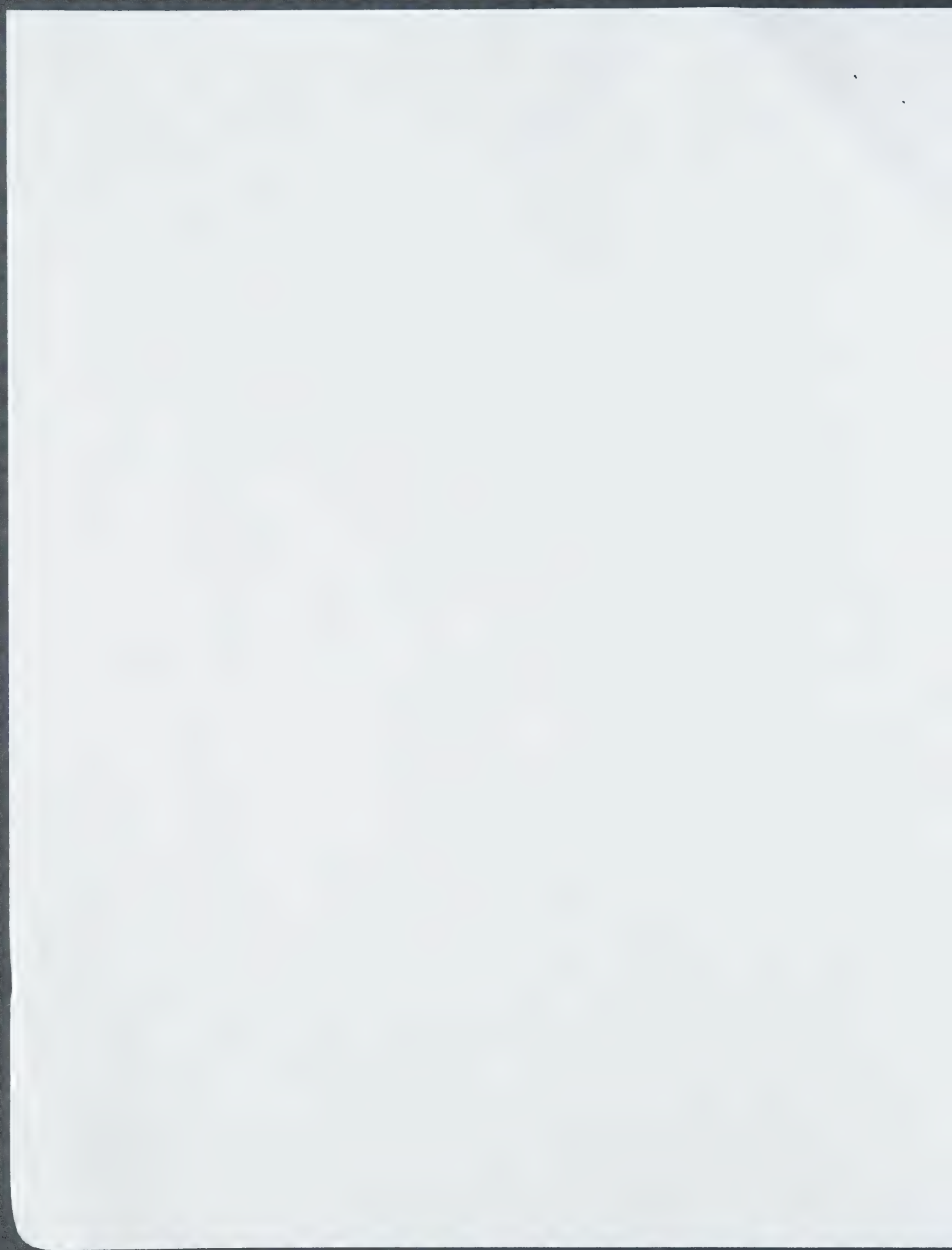


Marvin Klitsner

Our truly treasured friendship developed over a period of almost half a century. Marvin Klitsner was the greatest influence on my business life and often on my personal life.

He and I met in 1954 when his daughters, first Francie and then Betsy, were in my Sunday School class at Temple Emanu-El in Milwaukee. We were together at the Bnei Brith Institute in August 1955 where we met Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, a charismatic teacher who spoke about other people building palaces in space while we built a palace in time and called it the Sabbath. That meeting changed the Klitsners' lives. Marvin so honored the Sabbath for he felt it was such an important holiday and that it was distinguished above all others. He celebrated it inspirationally with his entire family every Sabbath...even the day of his death. We both had belonged to Rabbi David Shapiro's synagogue on Milwaukee's west side and the Klitsners soon sold their east side home to be near Rabbi Shapiro, his classes and synagogue.

When I became the sole owner of Aldrich in May 1955 Marvin really began helping the company and, until our joint painful dismissal, he was my venerable advisor and mentor at Aldrich and Sigma-Aldrich. Marvin was a partner in one of Milwaukee's largest and most prestigious law firms respected nationally: Foley, Sammond and Lardner (now Foley and Lardner). Marvin ended his practice there as Senior Partner. Thinking of what Foley & Lardner charges now for its legal services, I have to smile reading in the first prospectus of Aldrich's common stock in December 1965, "The law firm of Foley,

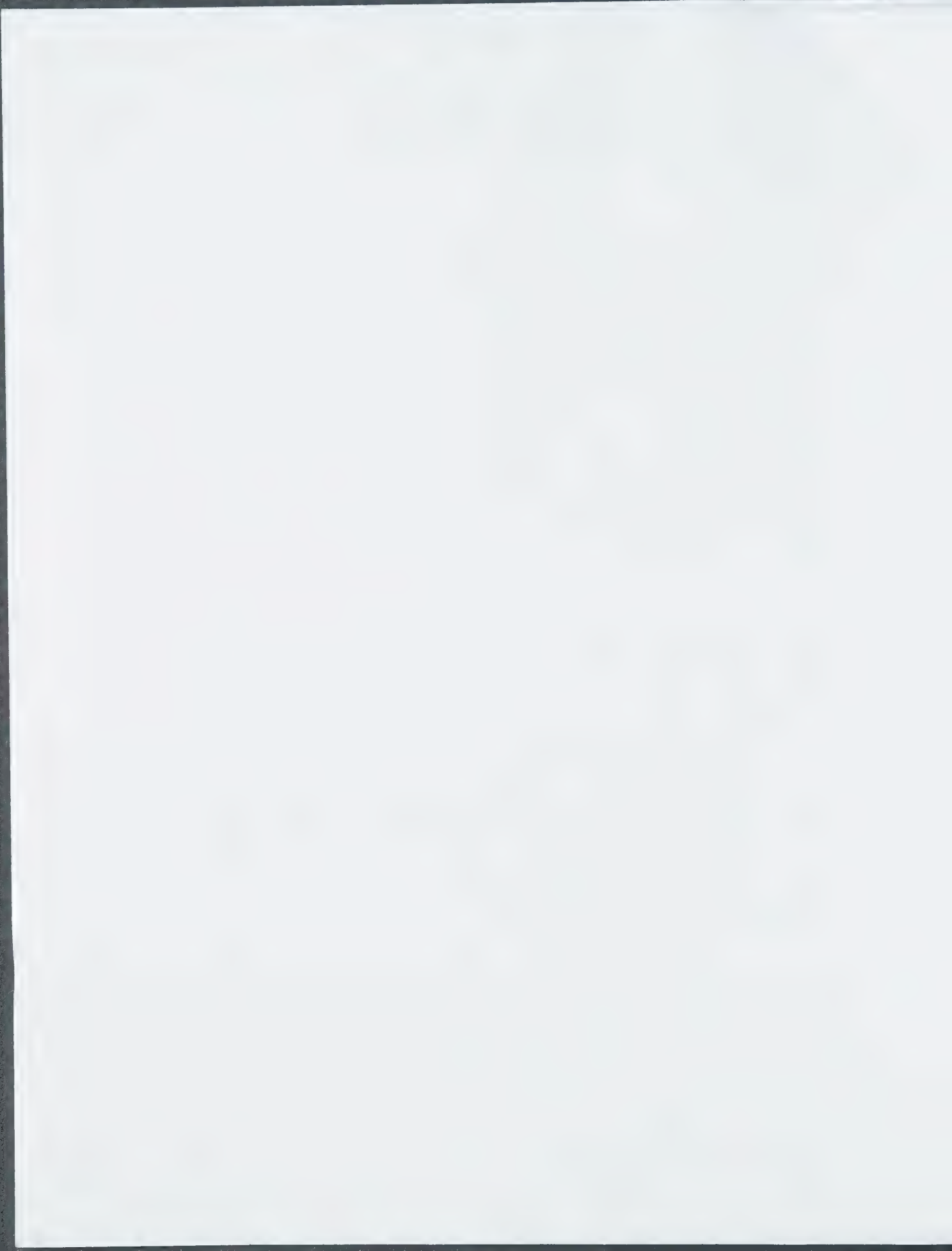


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He gave me the gift of his inspiring friendship, his omniscient expertise and support in decision making. Marvin was my MENTOR, my most dear friend. He was so respected - so trustworthy - so sincere and so honest that he served as attorney for my late wife as well as for me, at the same time. He helped Danny write her Will, leading to the Helen Bader Foundation, and similarly helped Isabel and me to write our Wills, with the same aim. And he had the great wisdom to have me give each of my sons' trusts 6.5% of Aldrich stock, when that was worth very little.

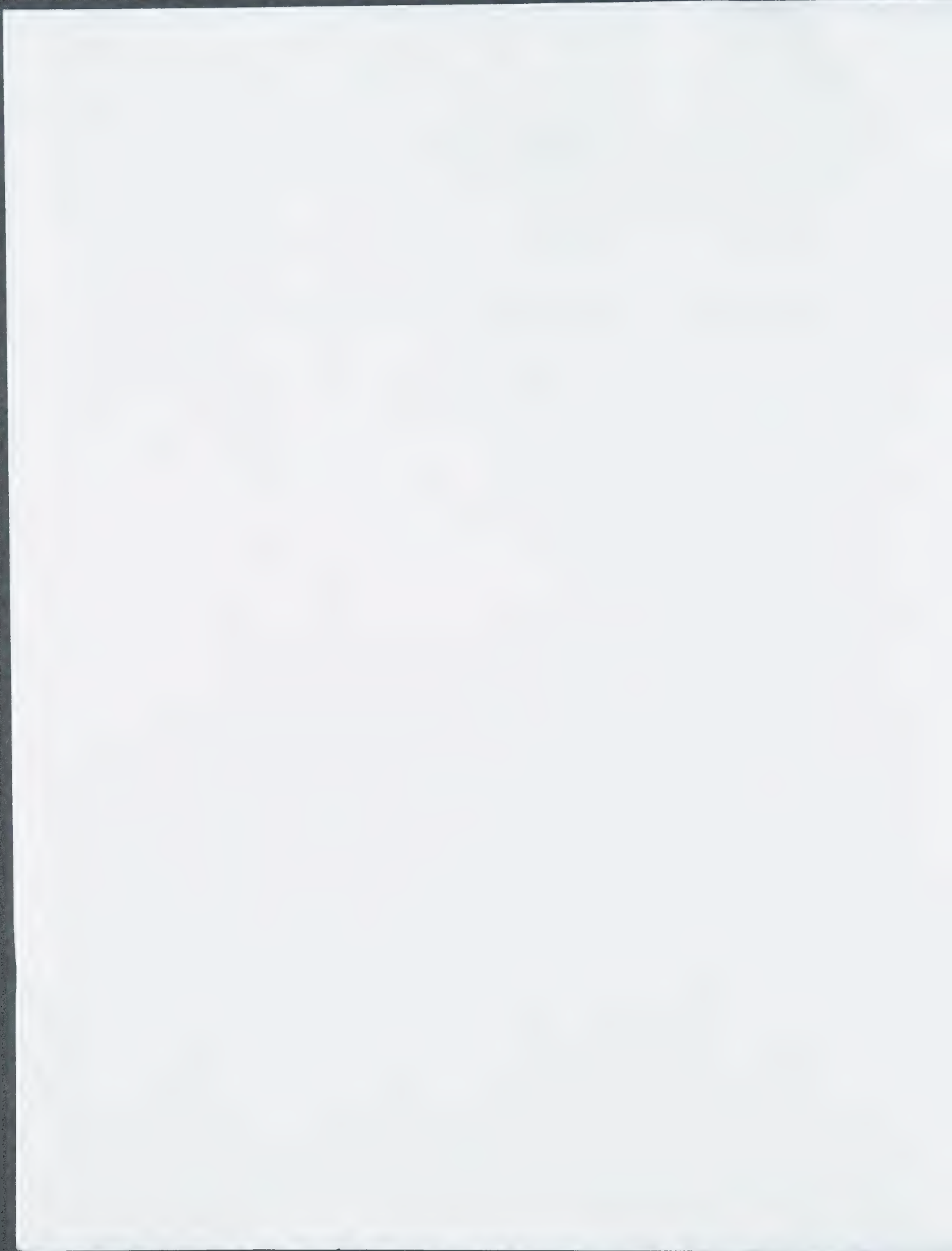
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And with Steven Klitsner I can say that every significant action or decision of mine is consciously or subconsciously driven or measured by "What would Marvin say? What would he think? What would he do?"

But I cannot be clearer than the eulogy given by his son Steven in August of 2001.

-- insert eulogy --



THE BEST LAWYER I EVER KNEW
A Tribute To Marvin E. Klitsner
by John S. Skilton*

Marvin practiced law as I imagine a Rabbi would practice law: with absolute honesty; with compassion; with attention to detail; and in strict compliance with the law. But as his young associate -- I experienced his religiosity in ways that displayed not only his commitment as a matter of faith, but as a matter of practice. You see, it was true that Marv practiced the law and his faith simultaneously--with the practice of one, on occasion interfering with the practice of the other--or, better put, on occasion somewhat "inconveniencing" the practice of the other.

No matter where, no matter what, no matter how seemingly important, Marv would be home by sunset on Friday night--and he would be incommunicado until sunset on Saturday--no ifs, ands, or buts. Now this was not a particular problem for his young associate--for 8 months of the year. But Milwaukee has a long winter, and courts do not "close by sundown". Rather, cases in trial often run late in the day--particularly on Fridays when the Court is pressing lawyers to finish. Fortunately for me, by the time I arrived at Foley, Marv was so highly respected by all the judges that they invariably honored his request, usually humbly made. I can remember that this did not happen on one occasion because of the particular circumstance--and of necessity I grew up a little faster on that day.

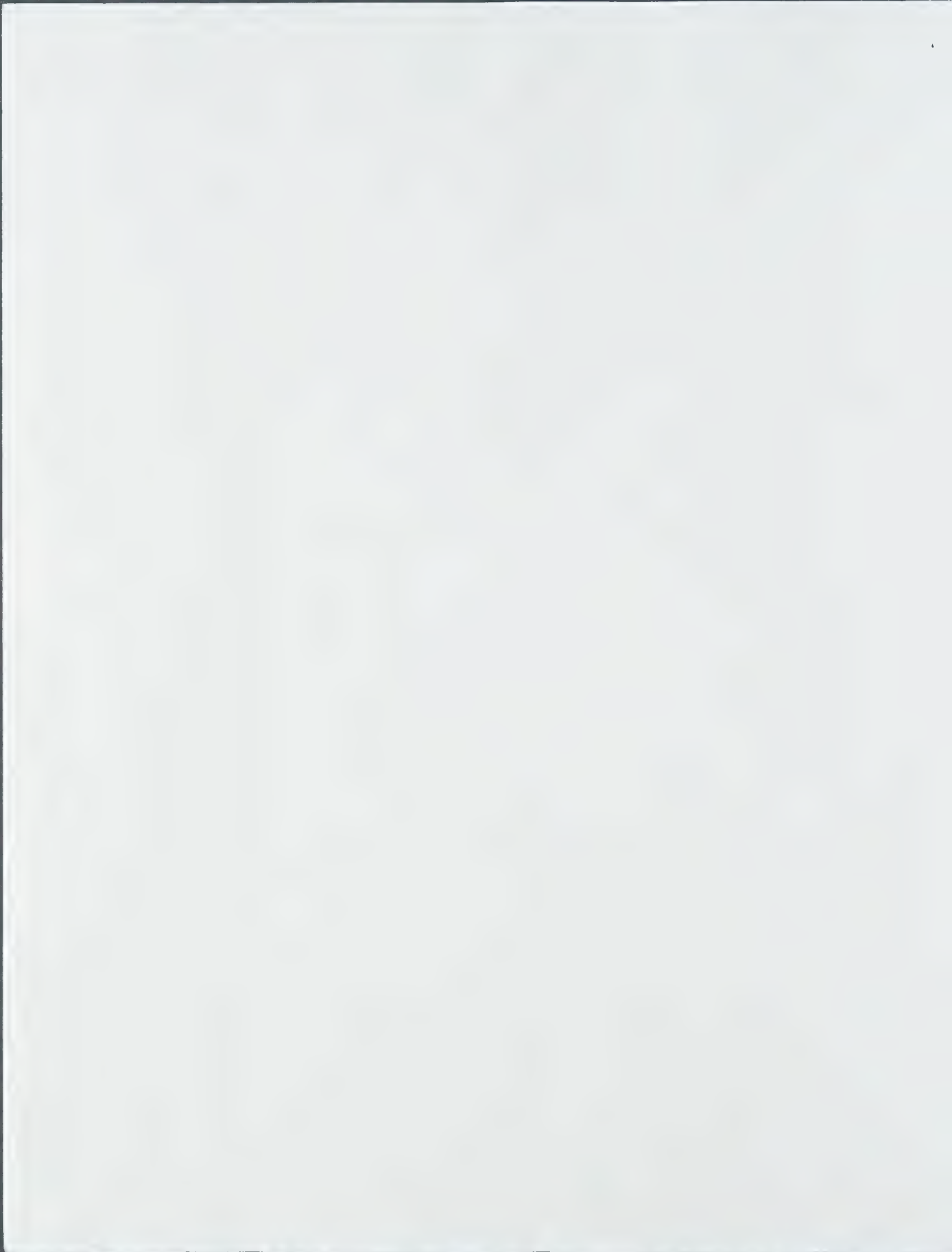
During periods of intense activity--and it seemed we had many--I would work all Saturday and then hook up with Marv first thing Sunday Morning. On one Sunday, before critiquing my work, he gently chided me: "John, he said; you should either start practicing your religion, or convert". I think he had a point. But to borrow a phrase, I knew Marv Klitsner, and you sir are no Marv Klitsner. (Most of us had to work a lot harder than Marv.)

Marv was the most controlled person I have ever known. For as many long hours that we spent together, I do not believe that I ever saw him get mad. (His way of expressing disappointment was far more effective: he would give you "the look".) This control translated into how he conducted himself in trial: totally unflappable; able to absorb and then immediately deflect or return the punch. He had already thought it through. His voice was deep, and strong, and forceful, but not loud--it seems you were always straining to hear him--but that was his way of communicating. He did not engage in melodrama. He persuaded with reason. His technique was to put the problem simply; clearly; unemotionally. The jury was told a story; challenged to listen and then test the story against the evidence. The jury was asked to solve the puzzle--with Marv's assistance. He usually won. That was because he was the most credible person in the courtroom.

Even when provoked, I never saw him lose his composure or get personal--he never, ever, attacked opposing counsel (although sometimes they would have had it coming). Moreover, whether they deserved it or not, he always treated witnesses with respect (recognizing, perhaps the enormous power he held over them when they took the stand). An actual story makes the point well. The first case Marv

* These remarks were prepared for delivery by Stan Jaspan, in his discretion, at a service in Israel to honor Marv's life. Jane had lamented to Stan that none of his friends in Israel knew anything about Marv's life as a trial lawyer. Stan asked if I would help. This tribute was written late at night and sent by e-mail. It has been edited to correct obvious errors.

¹ Marv seemingly violated the cardinal rule of cross examination ("never ask a question that you don't know the answer to") on a regular basis. But I soon learned that his version of the rule was as follows: "Never ask a question the answer to which you do not know how to deal and turn to your advantage."



tried after his heart attack² was one involving a claim that a brain-injured child had suffered his injury as a result of being inoculated with a vaccine manufactured by our client. The case was being pressed by his mother--who, quite understandably, had lost all perspective in her quest to find the reason for her child's condition and to save her child. In discovery, we had been presented with a baby book, which had allegedly been kept contemporaneously by the mother. Only thing was, however, that in the course of our investigation, we had been able to determine that the entries--which purported to show a normal development until the child received his first shot--had in fact not been made until several years later.

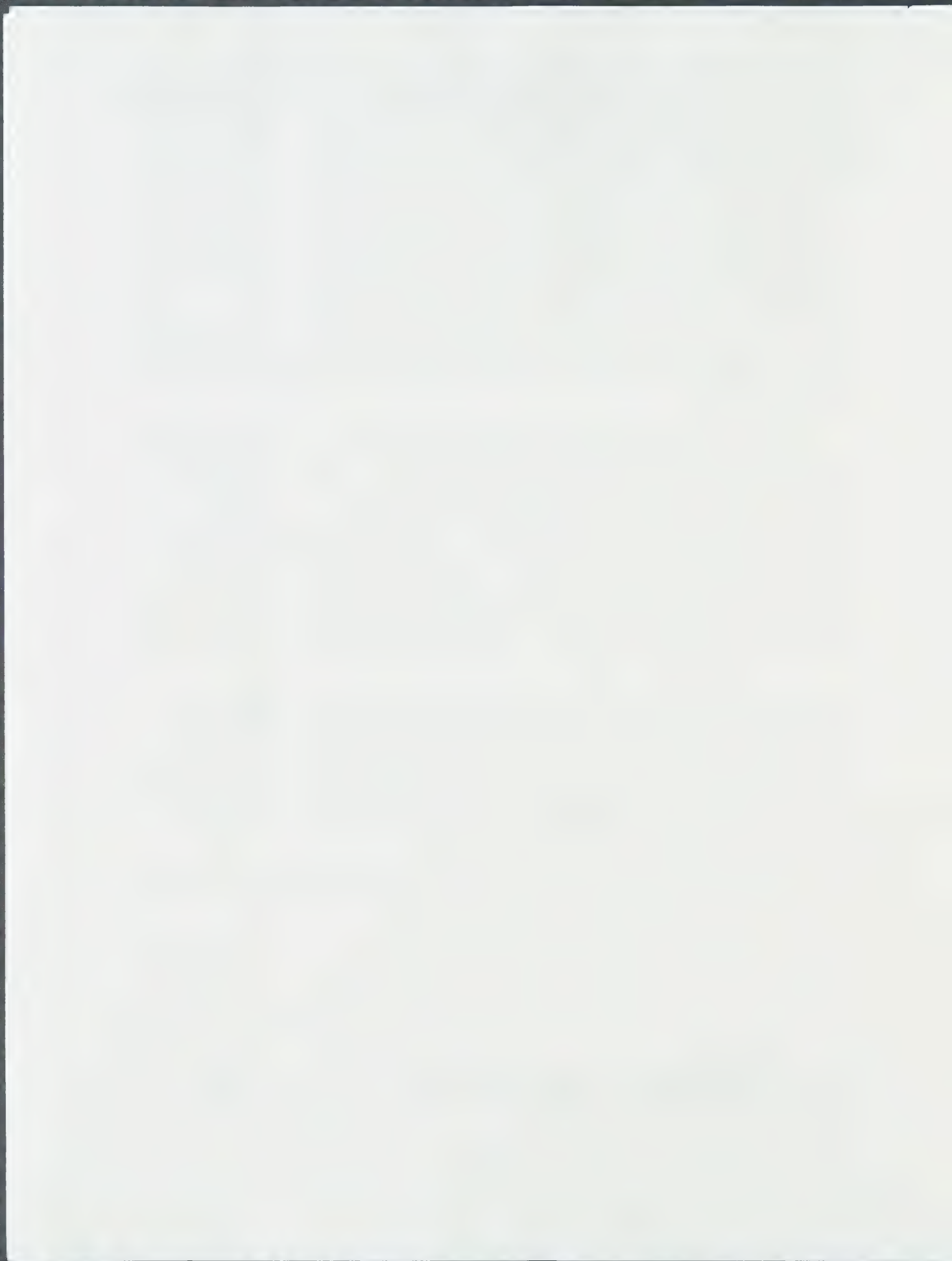
What to do? Most lawyers I know would have waited for the woman to take the stand then attack her for attempting to perpetrate a fraud . . . but not Marv. I believe to this day that he rejected this tactic not only because there was a risk of backfire (not discernible by most in the heat of battle) but because he could empathize with the awful human situation that this poor woman found herself in. In a word, he showed mercy. But I don't want to leave you with the impression that Marv "went easy" on the claim. No way. Instead he took it out on the plaintiff's lawyer, by doing things prior to trial to suggest that he knew there was something wrong with the book. The lawyer figured it out himself: at trial, the woman did not testify about the book or the "normal childhood"; Marv barely cross examined her, and our client won (as it ought to have).

Maybe I remember this case best as it was our last together. (Marv and I tried five cases together--actually that is an overstatement--I carried his bags in four prior cases.) But another example taken from that same case, helps to tell you the kind of trial lawyer Marv was. This case took three weeks to try. The key cross-examination was that of the treating physician, who had sided with the mother (for mixed reasons). In deposition, the doctor had been more than willing to stretch, or simply disregard, the truth. In trial, we were working late into the night to prepare the doctor's cross examination. ("John, we may not try as many cases as our opposition, but we can always outwork them".) Probably we were in the middle of peanut butter crackers--they usually came out about 11:00. We had completed preparing a line of questions (which, the next day, was to ultimately devastate the doctor on the stand) which demonstrated that the doctor had repeatedly lied--when Marv turned to me, and said, calmly and without raising his voice: "And that's when I get mad". (I think the next day after the cross, he gave the doctor "the look".)

Good trial lawyers are separated from the pack by their ability to cross examine. At this, Marv was the best--to watch him--well, it seemed too easy. He was "The Natural". But he also had the personal touch; the ability to strike a theme; the ability to communicate and persuade--not by yelling; not by sarcasm; not by bullying; and not by being mean, but by what he asked -- or didn't ask -- by intonation -- by look. He persuaded with reason and logic--his point was that his client was right, and you know something, his client was right because that's the way Marv shaped and tried the case. I believe he was a genius--but he would have told you otherwise. He would of said that he was just a combination of his two brothers--one an actor and one a shoe salesman.

I miss Marvin Klitsner. But I will never forget him. You see, he was the greatest lawyer I have ever known.

² Which my daybook dates as late afternoon, January 16, 1974. I was able to find this date quickly because as a consequence I was asked to argue the Master Lock case in Wisconsin Supreme Court two weeks later.



MARVIN KLITSNER

I have never had a friend as deep,
good and wise as Marvin Klitsner and I cannot
not describe him better than how his son spoke
and in his eulogy in August 2001.

[EULOGY

We met in 1954 when his daughter,
first fiancee and then Betty were in my Sunday
school class at Temple Emanuel - E. in Milwaukee.
We were together at the Bnei B'rith Institute
in ^{August} 1955 when we met Rabb Abraham Joshua
Finkel, a charismatic teacher who spoke
about other people building synagogues in spaces
which we built a palace in trees and carried
it to the pulpit. Marvin and I belonged to
Rabbi David Shapiro's synagogue in Milwaukee
west side and the Klitsners soon paid the
east side house to be near Rabb Shapiro.

When I became the full owner of Aldrich
in May 1955 Marvin really began helping the
company and, till our joint expulsion from Signe-
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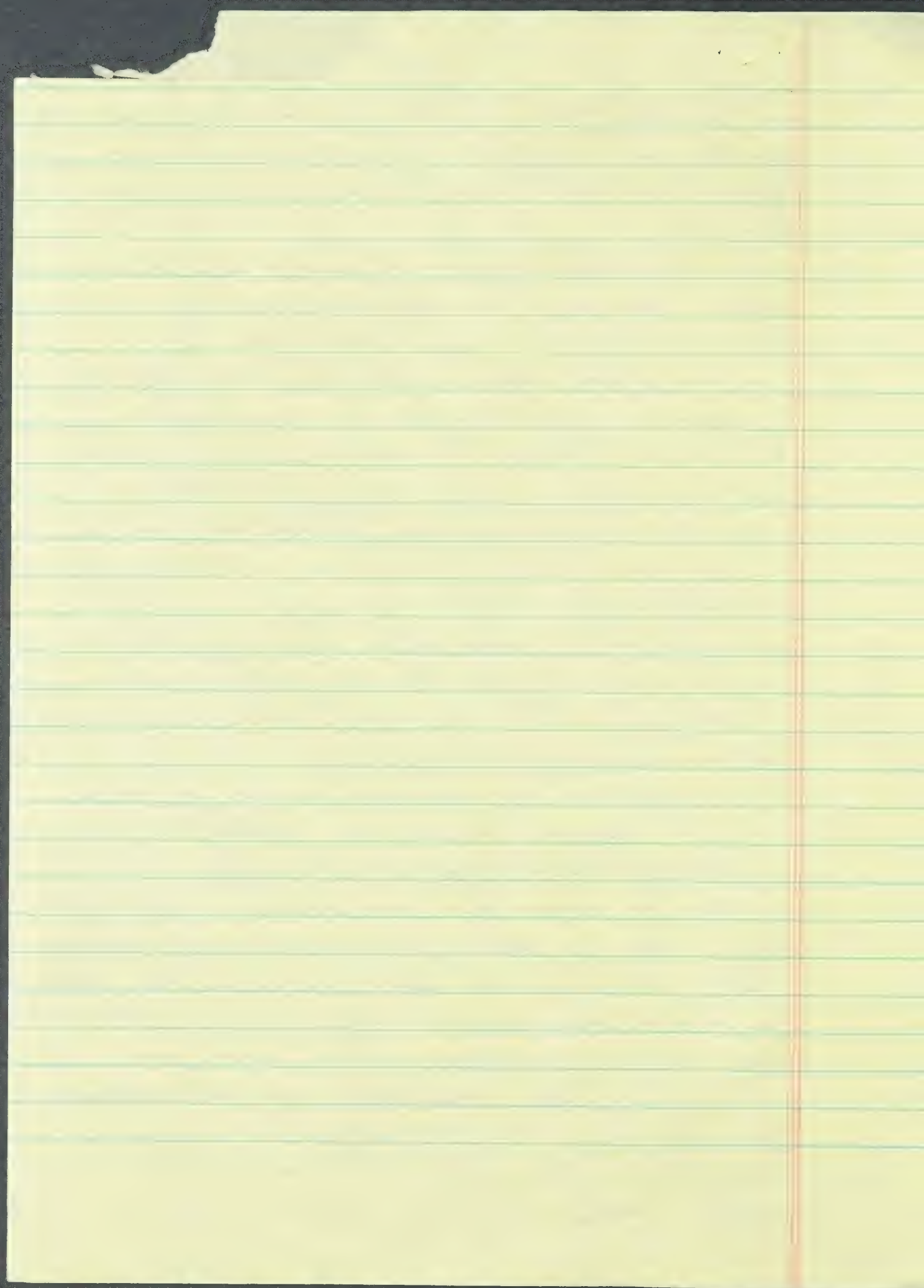
27 500

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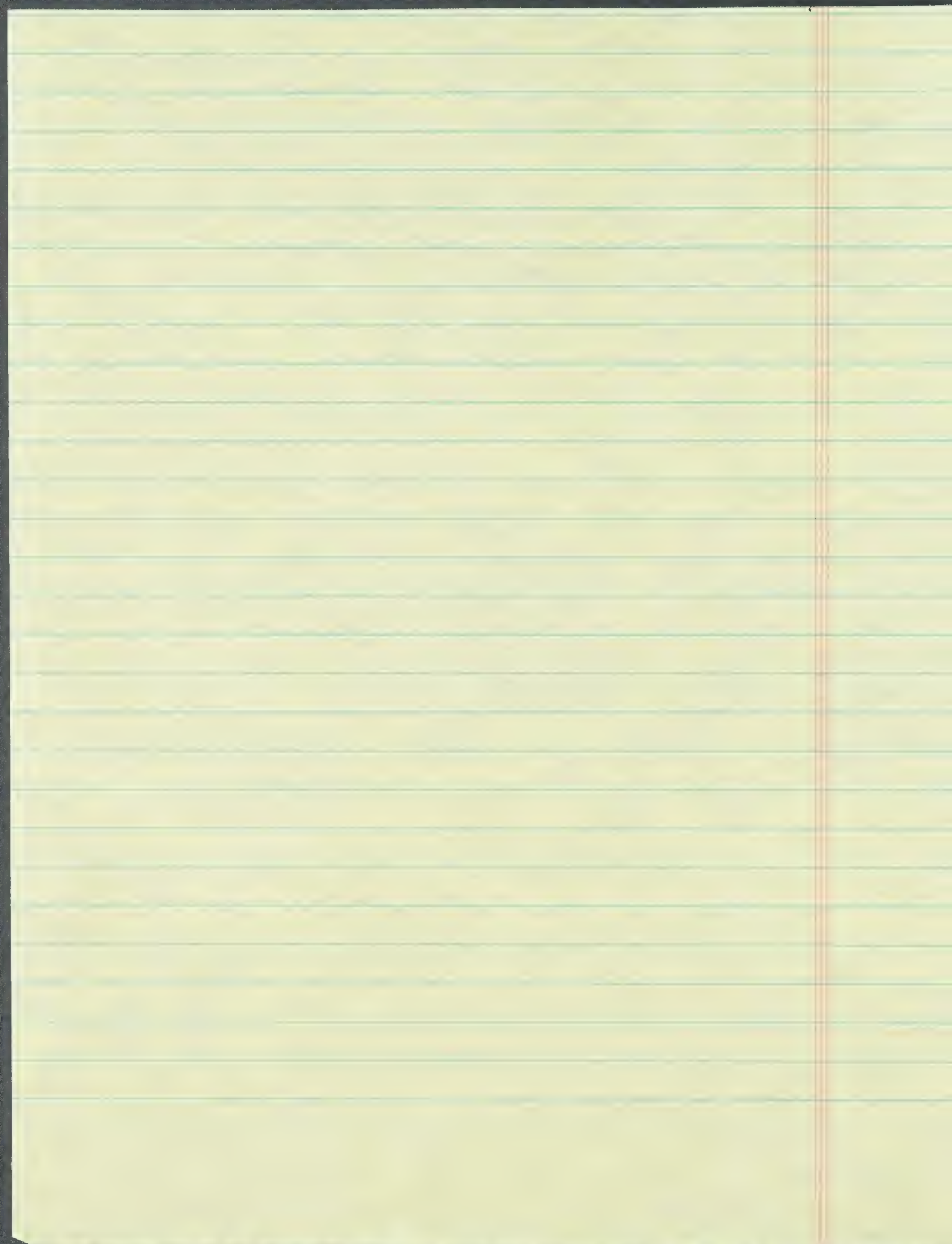
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Marvin had the great wisdom to know we give my estate of my two trusts to 5% of Aldrich stock, and in my painful divorce in 1941, he represented ^{both} Harry and me and charged all of \$150 for all of legal expenses. He helped Harry write her will, leading to the Kertman Family Foundation, and particularly ~~in~~ helping Isabel and me writing our wills, with a small sum.

How can I pay thanks you to ~~the~~ such a man? Only by working hard for Alfred Rader Fine Arts with half of its profits going to Marvin's grand children.



And with Steven Klitsner I can say that
every significant action or decision ~~is~~ of mine
is consciously or subconsciously driven or
measured by "what would Martin say?"
What would he ~~say~~ think? What would he do?



Re: Marvin

Subject: Re: Marvin

From: steven <sjklitsn@netvision.net.il>

Date: Tue, 10 Jan 2006 11:04:06 +0200

To: Alfred Bader Fine Arts <baderfa@execpc.com>

Alfred,

I'm very touched by your including the chapter about Dad, and gratified I could help provide some of the words. Your minor changes are of course welcome and appropriate.

(Two years ago, one of my star pupils was a great-granddaughter of Benno Jacob and i was proud to show her the volume on Shemot that you and Dad helped publish. I quote him often in my teaching.)

----- Original Message -----

From: Alfred Bader Fine Arts

To: Shmuel (Steve) Klitsner

Sent: Tuesday, January 10, 2006 10:41 PM

Subject: Marvin

Dear Steve,

As you know, I am working on another autobiography which will probably be called *More Adventures of a Chemist Collector*.

In this I plan to have a chapter on your father using your wonderful eulogy in its entirety but leaving out the glossary of Hebrew terms.

I would like to make two minor changes:

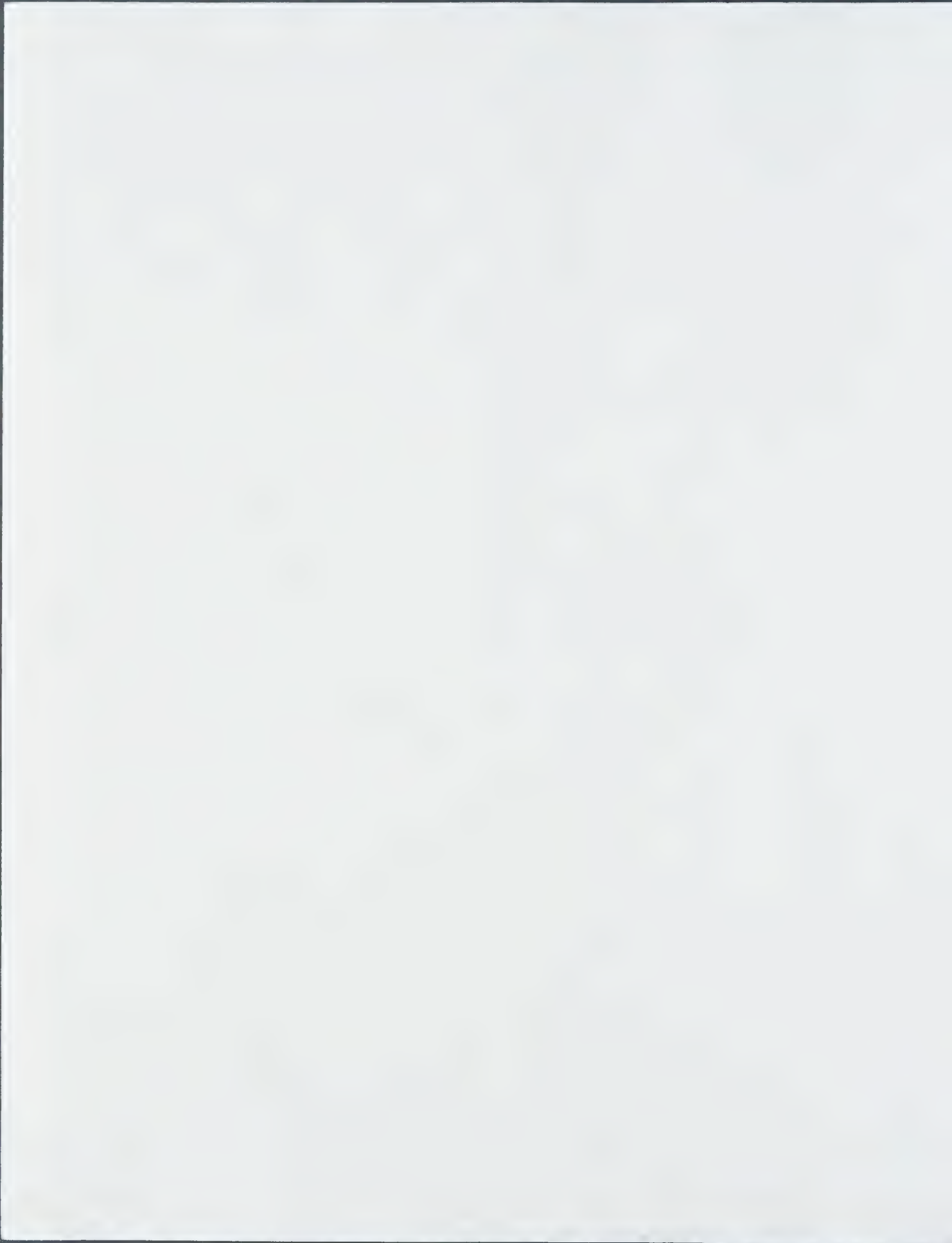
1. Not accepting the presidency of Aldrich, leaving out the word "corporation"; and
2. Giving the spelling of Benno Yaacov as Rabbi Jacob used it in Germany and England.

Please look over what I have written which, of course, is strengthened so wonderfully well by your words.

With fond regards to you and the family I remain

Yours sincerely,
Alfred

This message scanned for viruses by [CoreComm](#)



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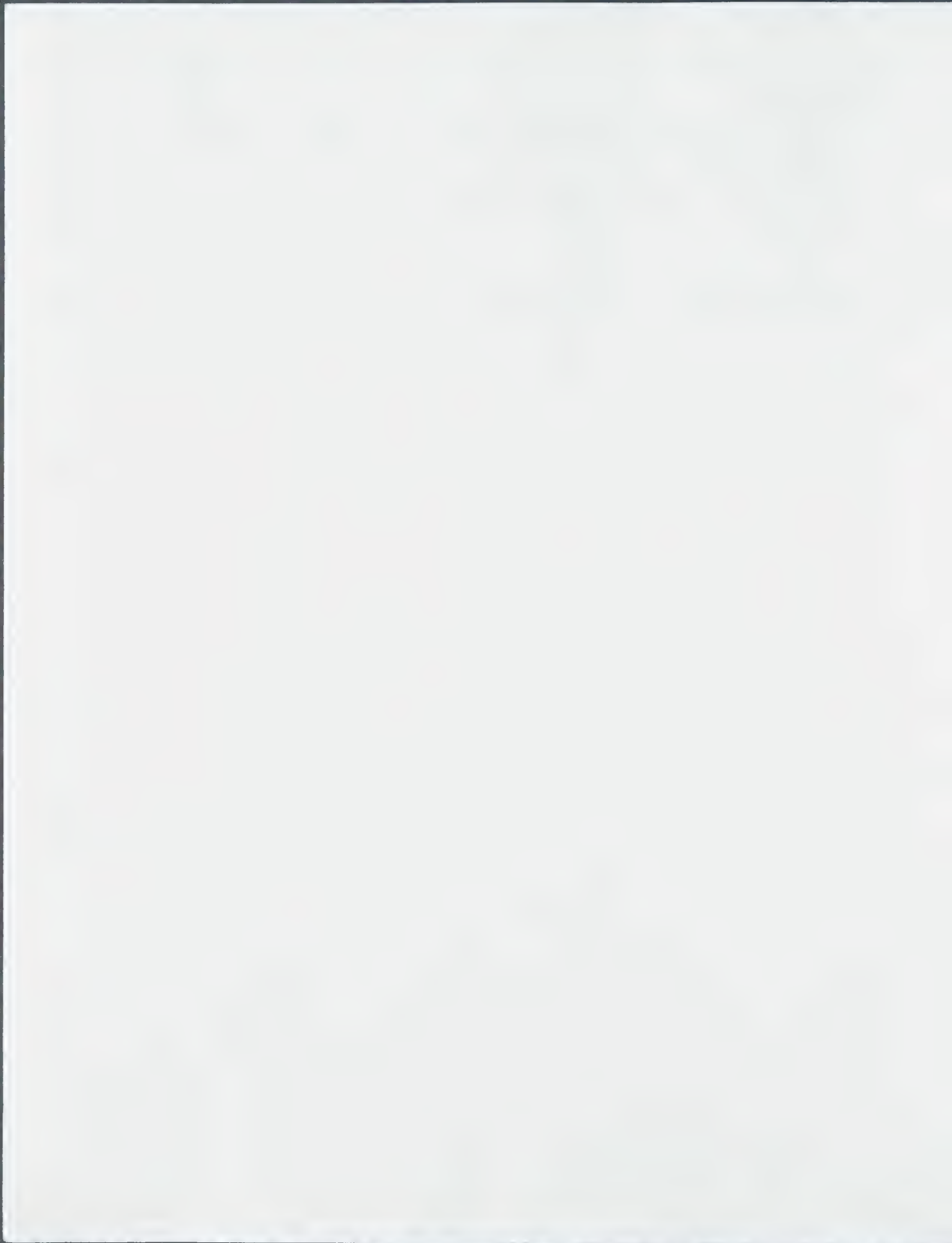
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Yours sincerely,
Alfred



ALFRED
KLITSNERS - SGT
HARRNESS

FROM THE EDITOR

SBA Presidents

In my continuing quest to document as much Law School history as I can, I was surprised recently to learn that no authoritative list of presidents of the Student Bar Association seems to exist. I was also surprised to learn that the Student Bar does not seem to have existed prior to 1938. How did all those student-faculty mixers get organized during the Roaring Twenties? Who organized the food drives during the Depression? Who came complaining to Dean Richards when there wasn't enough coal for the stove in the lecture hall?

In case you are curious, I graduated in 1972 and no, I can't remember who the SBA president was for my own class. Rather than blaming it on a "senior moment," I contend that there was just too much going on around here that year—things like Watergate, a war in Southeast Asia, and exams!

Using a variety of resources at hand, and with the valuable assistance of Mary Beth Shiel, Lubing, Law School registrar, we have put together the following incomplete list of SBA presidents. Perhaps you can correct an entry or two; someone else surely can fill in a blank here or there. I look forward to hearing from you on this as well:

- 2003-4 Mike Hall
- 2002-3 Candace White Haverson
- 2001-2 Candace White Haver on
- 2000-1 Richard Holland
- 1999-0 Tonya Wilkes
- 1998-9 Alison Spakowitz
- 1997-8 Laura Halfery
- 1996-7 Chris Jackson
- 1995-6 Greg Davis
- 1994-5 Reed Peterson
- 1993-4 Oscar Herasme
- 1992-3 Terrance Thomas
- 1991-2 Waverly Booth
- 1990-1 Pierre Abarca
- 1989-0 Stan Stallworth
- 1988-9 Ted Tremande
- 1987-8 Mary Sue Padmevor

- 1986-7 Wilena Taylor
- 1985-6 Sean Duffy
- 1984-5 Manny Rogaa
- 1983-4 Christina Mondragon
- 1982-3 Mark Borns
- 1981-2 Eric Christensen
- 1980-1 Jim Goodman
- 1979-0 Cindra Carson
- 1978-9 Terry Mead

- 1976-7 Mark Bradiev
- 1970-1 Tom Donohue
- 1969-0 Patricia Nelson Celloton
- 1968-9 Jim Miles
- 1967-8 Chuck Pallina
- 1966-7 Bill Merr
- 1965-6 Bob Mcberly
- 1964-5 George Whyte
- 1962-3 Jim Huber
- 1961-2 Dick Meyer
- 1957-8 Bob Aberg
- 1952-3 Norm Fans
- 1951-2 Don Haberman

The Man with The Highest Grade Point

Our Law School officially does not maintain class ranking. Perhaps this is why the topic of who had the highest average is so popular when classmates gather. After twenty-seven years of working with our alumni, I have heard hundreds of names mentioned—and more, if you count those mentioned for the bottom of the class!

Some years ago I began collecting the names of persons mentioned having outstanding academic records. When possible, I checked their record cards and began to compile a list of truly



Marvin A. Klitsner '42 was famed for his intelligence. Even the notoriously beritling Professor Herbie Page once said to Klitsner, "If you told me the sun rose in the west, I would get up to check!"

remarkable law students. But one name stood clearly above all his fellow graduates. Almost one full grade point above his closest competitor, I think I have found the graduate with the highest grade point average in our law school.

One caveat, however: The earliest student records from our school, from 1869 to 1904, were kept at the offices of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, in the state capitol. You have to remember that the earliest classes were given in a room in the capitol building, and the justices of our court were frequently involved in instruction, even in the 1970s. When the capitol building burned in February 1904, these early records were lost.

Records from 1904-63 and 1946-63 are available.



FROM THE EDITOR

microfiche and are sometimes very difficult to read. Nevertheless, I have a "top twenty" list of grade point averages comprising graduates from 1970 to 1989. From time to time, a new name is added and someone drops off. But, for at least a decade, one name has remained at the top of the list.

Marvin A. Lutzner was born in a small northern Wisconsin town in 1913. While he was in high school, his family moved to Lancaster, where they ran a department store. After graduating from high school in Lancaster, Mary attended nearby Platteville State Teachers College for three years before transferring to UW-Madison, where he graduated in 1940 after completing his first year at our Law School. Many UW-Madison undergraduate students took advantage of the rules that allowed them to finish their undergraduate degrees with the first year of law study. In his senior year, Mary was editor-in-chief of the *Law Review*.

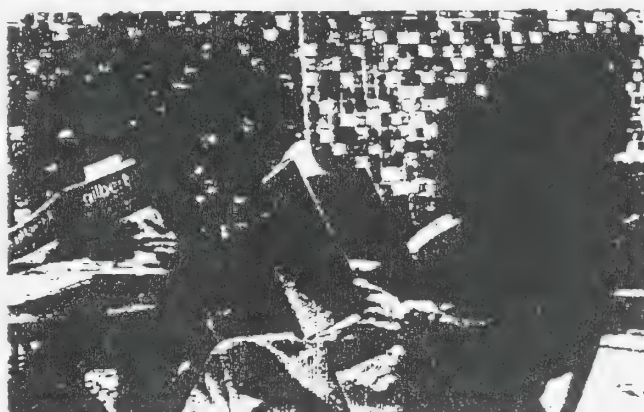
After graduating from Law School in June 1942, Mary enrolled in the navy. On the day he arrived in his posting, Bill Geostner, who had been a star behind Mary and who had been teaching a course, was leaving. Bill's superior wanted to know who would replace him. Bill told them, "I know business, just get here, but hand him the book and he can teach it."

After the service, Mary joined the Milwaukee firm that today is now Lutzner and began a varied career trying cases and advising clients. Eventually he retired and moved to Wisconsin, where he died in 2001 at the age of eighty-two.

Mary's lowest grade in Law School was a 92 in Tax. He had one 91 and eight 98s. But his highest grade came in second-semester Torts, taught by Professor Richard Campbell.

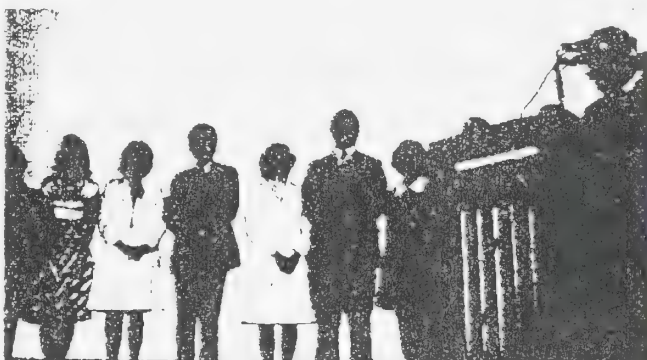
As last DeWitt '42, Mary's

Mystery Photo

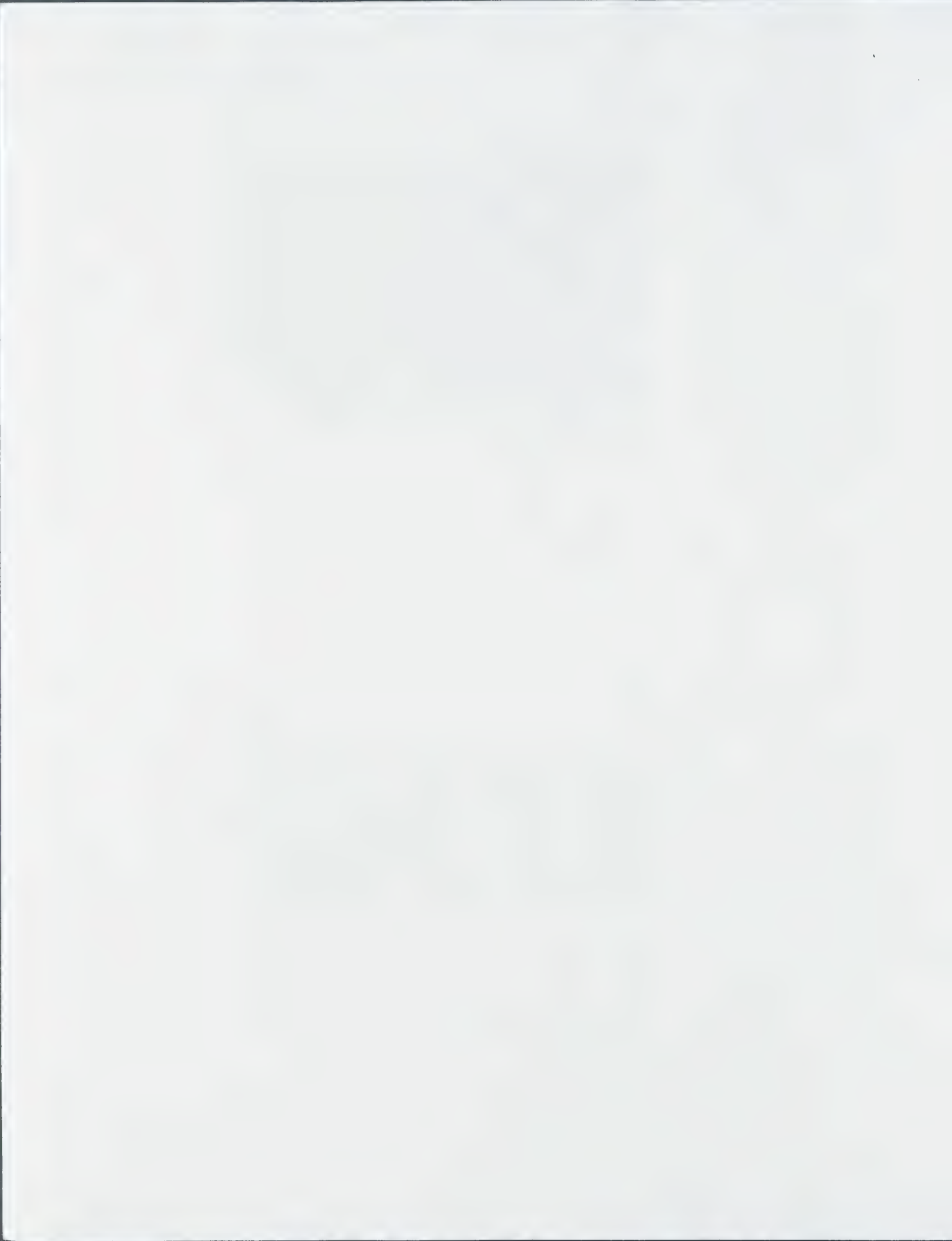


For this issue I have chosen what may have been a staged photo. Surely three students would not have gathered in the old (pre-1993) courtyard to review their Gilbert's outlines! Not that using Gilbert's is rare, but each of these three students has a Gilbert's for a different subject. Who are these folks, and why are they trying to relate estate tax, income tax, and torts?

Please contact Editor Ed Reisner, reisner@wise.edu or (608) 262-8554, if you have information (or even guesses) about the Mystery Photo.



Five alumni provided information on the last Mystery Photo: **Chuck Hinners '73, Dave Nelson '77, Lisa Smith '77, Nancy Splain '77, and Arthur Thexton '77.** Nancy could actually give first-hand information since she was one of those pictured with George Young in the spring of 1977. Sharp-eyed Dave Nelson points out that Nancy scored an "unprecedented *Gargoyles* perfect!" by appearing in three different photos in the same issue (The bill is in the mail, Nancy.) Alumni identified include, from left, Nick Lenello, Kirby Knutson, Jean Hanson, three as-yet-unnamed individuals, and Nancy Splain.



FROM THE EDITOR

lifelong friend, remembers it, Professor Campbell explained, "I never thought I'd give a student a grade of 100. But Marv answered every question correctly and put in a couple things that I had to check to see if he was correct. He was. I didn't see how I could give him less than 100!" He graduated Order of the Coif and with high honors. His cumulative GPA was 3.670 (the highest GPA I have been able to locate).

Academic achievement was not the end of Marv's distinction, however. When Tim Frautschi '63 joined the Foley firm, it was organized in teams—the litigation team, the estates team, etc. Except for the team that Tim joined—the Klitsner Team. The Klitsner Team was organized around those clients loyal to Marv. While he often tried difficult cases, he also advised small-business clients, did estate planning, and served his community.

Marv clearly had an ability in the courtroom that was beyond that of mere mortal lawyers. He was particularly adept at cross-examination. John Skilton '69, recruited for the Klitsner Team when he graduated, related the old adage that you never ask a question on cross that you don't already know the answer to. Marv didn't observe that rule, although his judgment stopped him from asking questions he knew would damage no case.

"He did ask high-risk questions," John remembers. "It wasn't necessarily that he knew what the answer was going to be. But he knew that he could deal with whatever answer was given and deal with it in a way to turn it against his opponent if necessary. He had thought through each alternative answer prior to walking into that courtroom!"

But it was not only in the courtroom that Marv's brilliance was demonstrated. He used his total charm to assist in settling disputes before they could reach court. Marv could go into a conference with both sides to a dispute armed with a number of solutions of his own design. If, however, the parties could not accept his solutions, Marv would abandon them and strive to create new approaches, often based on the suggestions of the parties themselves.

Jack DeWitt said, "Marv saw things differently than most of us. We saw a problem and a solution, maybe two or three solutions. But Marv was going to see four or five!" A Madison businessman who engaged Marv in a difficult negotiation observed, "This guy is so smart it almost scares me!"

Such a reputation might suggest an individual who was not likable. All the evidence, however, suggests that Marv was not only admired for his abilities, but also well liked by his acquaintances, colleagues, clients, and friends.

Jack DeWitt remembers that Marv was a guard on his high school football team, and they played together on an intermural basketball team that Marv had named the "Five Furious Fighting Flat Feet."

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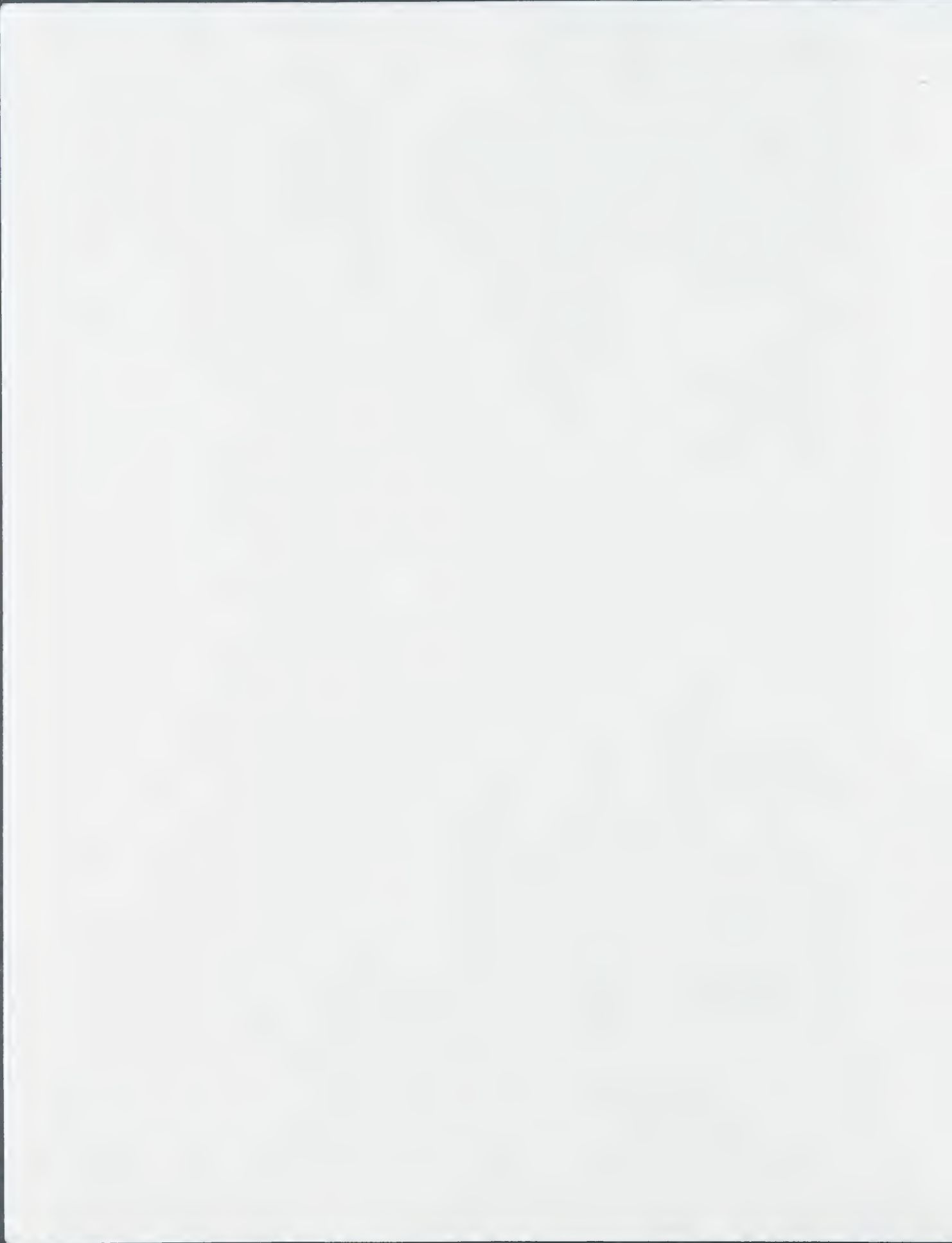
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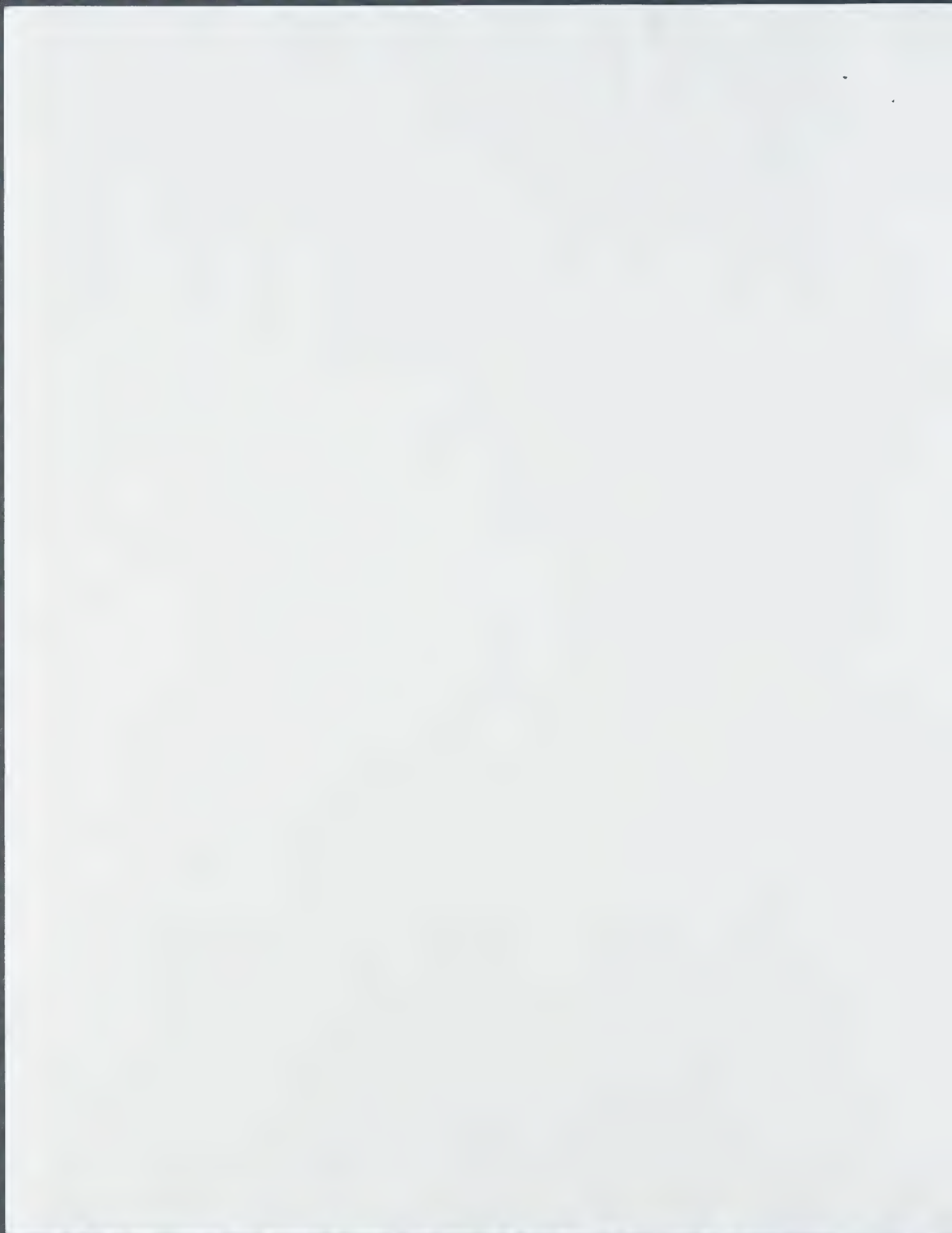


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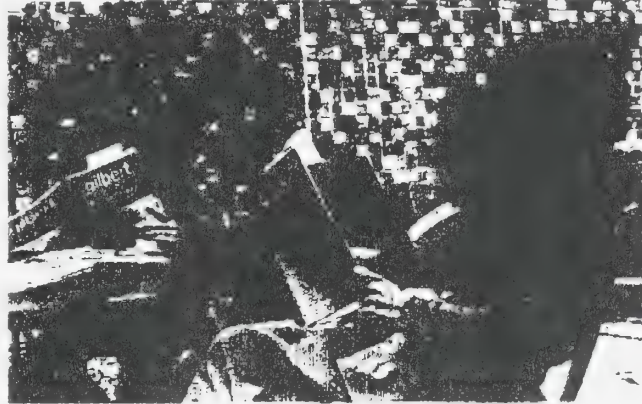
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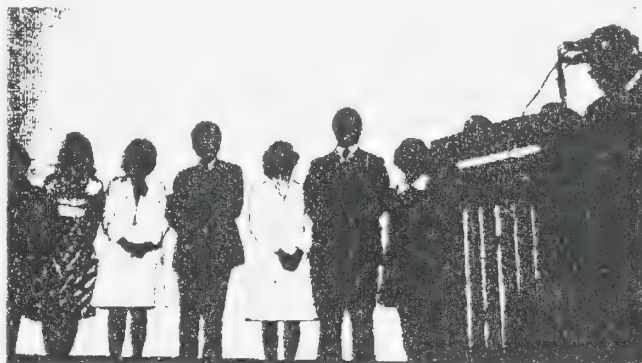
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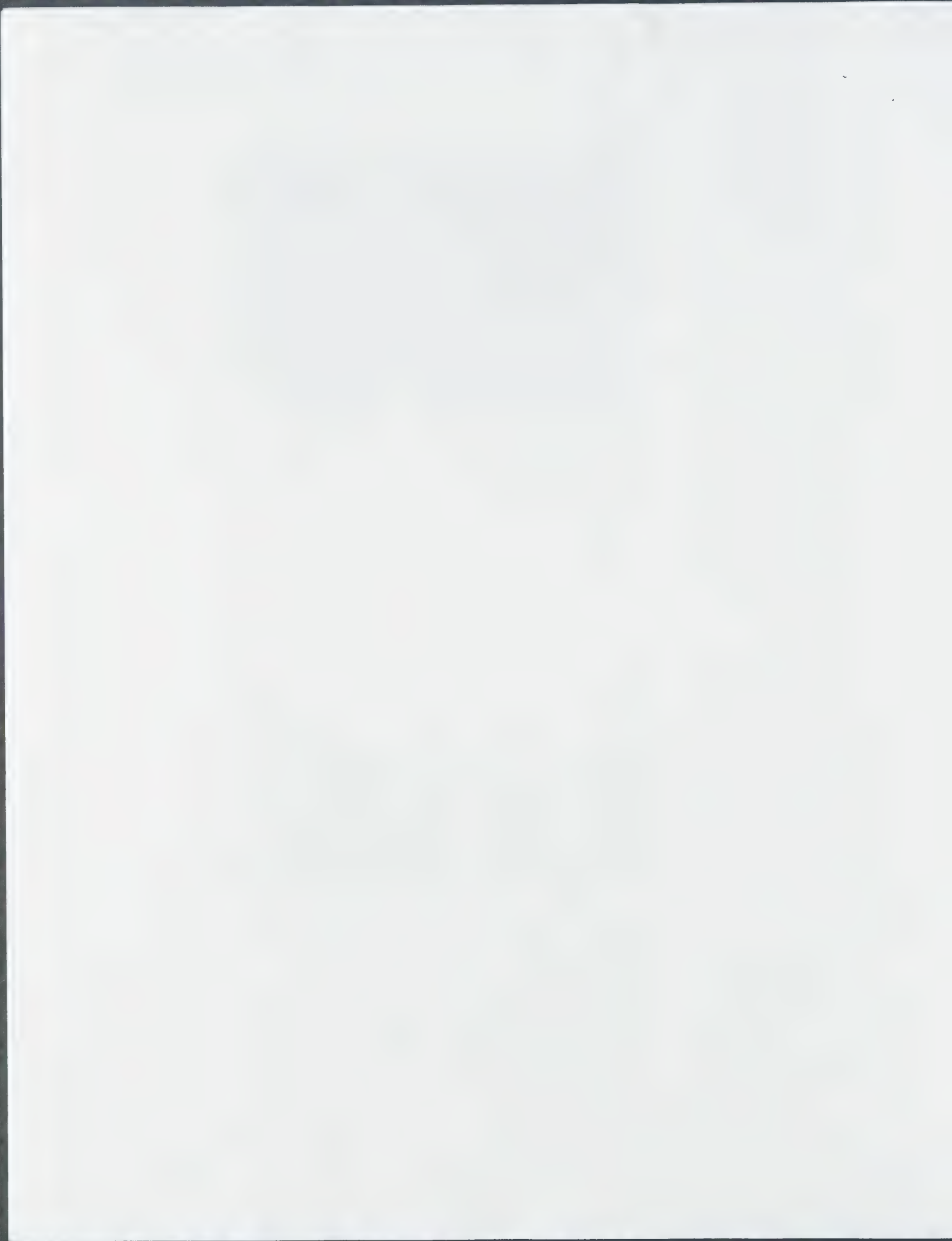


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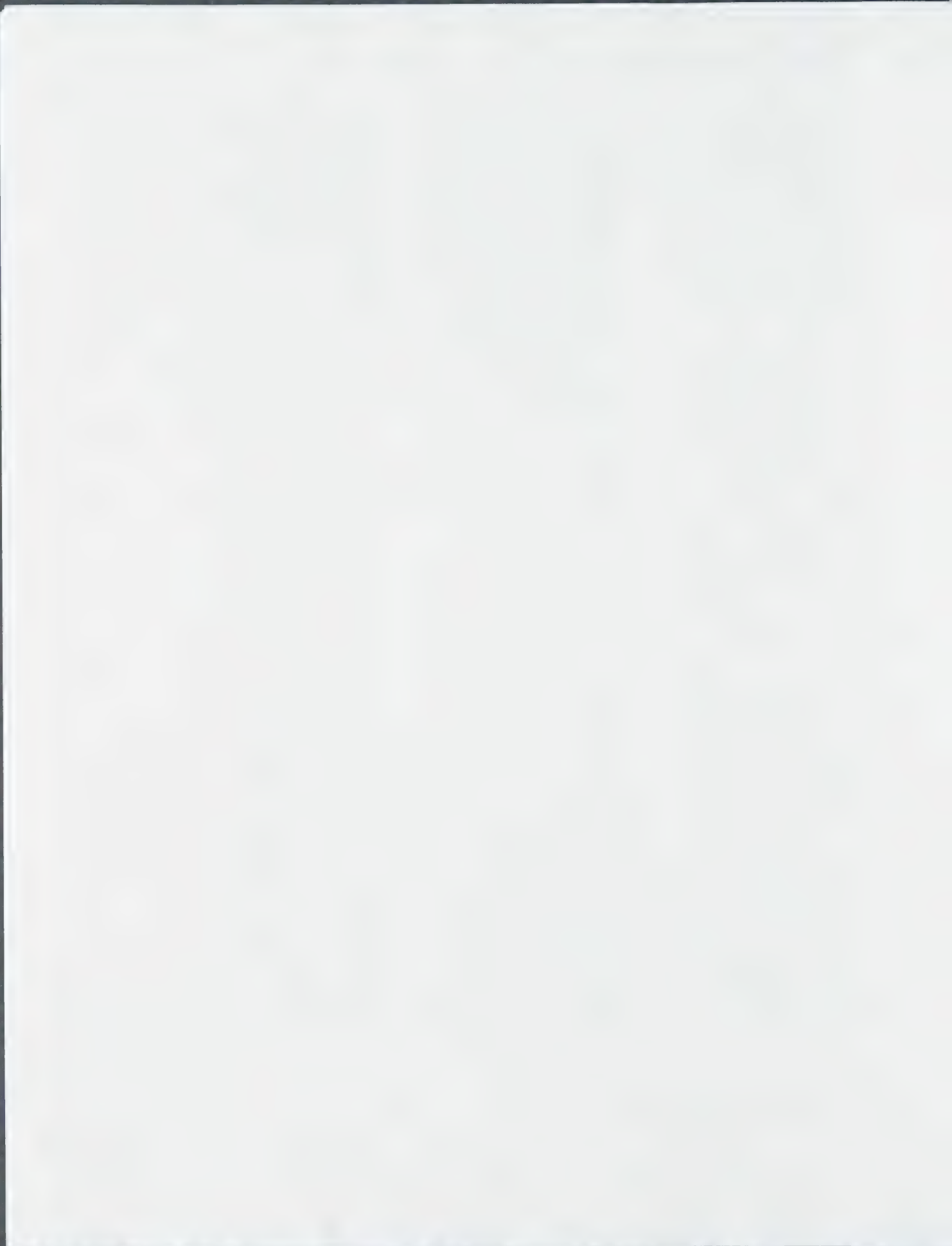
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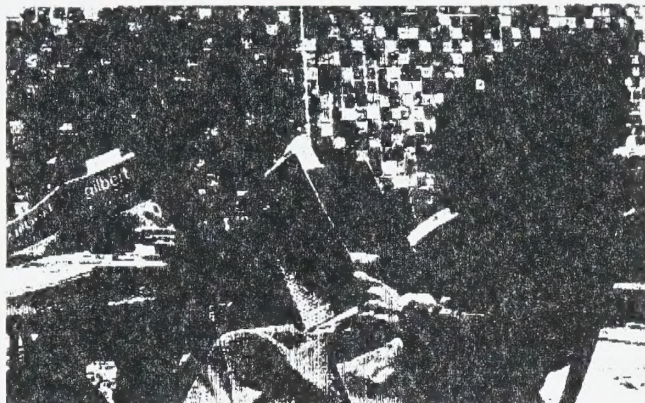
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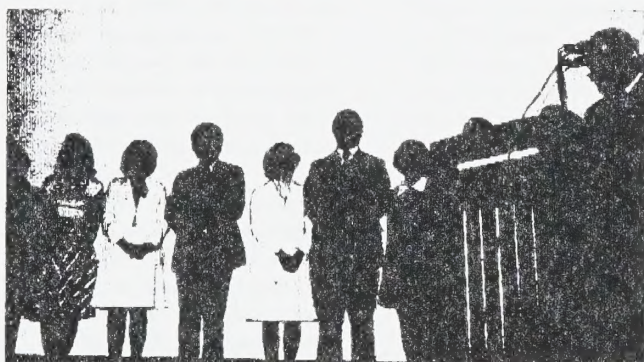
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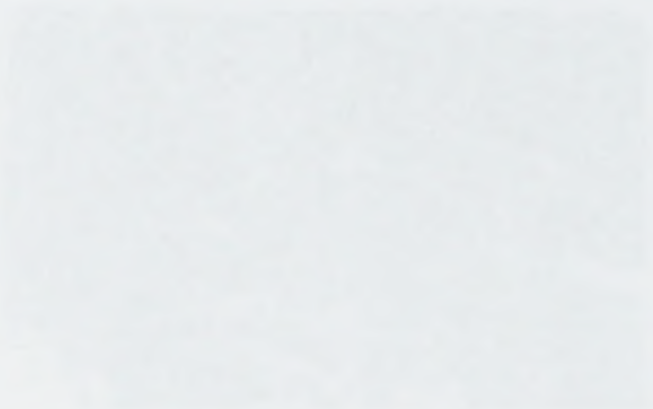


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