

Bill's next spell of duty took him to South Africa protecting shipping around the Cape and socialising with the local beauties. From there he was posted to South East Asia where he saw service in the Maldives, the Seychelles and in Burma, where he was mentioned in despatches for bravery in action.

After demob in April 1945 he returned to Cambridge where he obtained an MA degree in Law. He took his articles in London before joining his father's law firm in Birmingham. On the death of his father, he went into partnership with David Cottrell, whom he met at Cambridge and who had also served with him on the *Arethusa*. He specialised in conveyancing and leases and later qualified as a Notary Public.

Bill had two sons, William and Miles, by his second wife whom he divorced. He married Jacqueline (Jackie) Jarratt in 1987. He died in the Countess-of-Chester hospital on 11 December 2007, after a long illness. He leaves behind six grandchildren and a step-son, Anthony.

Bill will be remembered by his many friends and family as a charismatic, fun-loving husband and father. Always ready to help others, he enjoyed meeting people from all backgrounds, races and religions. His interests included golf (he was a member of the Edgbaston Golf and Cricket Club for over seventy years, where for about twelve years he organised a twice-weekly bridge group). He supported Mosely Rugby club (where his younger brother, Barry, was a playing member for many years) and the MCC in London.

Bill was especially proud of his wartime service in the Royal Navy and his final request was for his ashes to be buried at sea – a task performed by his two sons.

Mrs Jacqueline Kentish

Mr William Murray (m. 1938)

William Patrick Murray was born in Bradford, Yorkshire on 23 April 1920 to Richard and Agnes. He read Natural Sciences at Christ's. He was commissioned as an RAF Lieutenant in 1940 and served in Scotland, Aden, East Africa and Libya. After demob in 1946 he completed his post-graduate studies in chemical-engineering at St Andrews and Trinity College Dublin and joined the nascent Irish Sugar Company in 1952. His parents were both Irish, and he himself subsequently became an Irish citizen. He joined the Irish Refining Co. in 1958 and retired to teach a chemical engineering course in 1972 until his death on 31 January 1988 in Cork, Ireland. He married Sheila Considine in 1951, and they had three children (son, Peter, barrister, daughters, Catherine, artist and film-maker, and Pauline).

Peter Murray

Professor Lucjan Lewitter (m. 1940, Life Fellow)

Prof. William Fitzgerald (Fellow 1990) delivered the following personal reminiscence at the service of remembrance for Prof. Lucjan Lewitter on 13 October 2007.

I feel very honoured to be able to speak about Lucjan and the friendship we shared for almost twenty years.

I first met Lucjan when I was invited to College for dinner, which was basically an interview to see whether I was suitable for a fellowship. I had pre-dinner drinks with the Master, Hans Kornberg, and we then went



Lucjan Lewitter.

down for dinner and there were many fellows dining. I was next to the Master and opposite Peter Rayner and Lucjan. To my right was a tall person I didn't yet know. I remember smiling at Lucjan across the table. The unknown person then said to me 'So what do you do?' It didn't take me too long to explain to Lucjan and the unknown person what my contribution to science and society was; I then made the mistake of asking the unknown person 'what he did'. Lucjan smiled and winked at me across the table. After being told by the unknown person, in no uncertain terms, that he was the former Master, Nobel prize winner in Chemistry, former President of the Royal Society and had received the OM and that he went to visit a certain house in London from time to time as a 'Working Peer'. . . I then realised the implication of that characteristically puckish but profoundly friendly wink! Lucjan then 'opened up' the conversation and helped to put me at my ease. The rest of the evening became a convivial affair of the kind I was to experience on so many other occasions in Lucjan's company.

Lucjan and I would often bump into each other in the University Library on Saturday mornings and we would arrange to meet for coffee in the tea room. Lucjan still worked in the library on Saturday mornings even into his eighties; I gave this up long ago!

One of Lucjan's extraordinary gifts was his ability to be gracious at high table to guests of every conceivable background and level of English fluency, including those who, for whatever reason, were less than fully briefed on such matters as our customary ways with claret, toasts and coffee. In the years after Jack Plumb's death, Lucjan was president (the old term for the senior fellow dining) most evenings. Always courteous, interested and invariably entertaining, he was a master of the art of that special kind of agreeable conversation that we all associate with College sociability at its best. One of our recent Distinguished Visiting Scholars, a colleague from California, commented that Lucjan was the archetypal 'old school' academic gentlemen; and our visitor very much valued the evenings we spent together in the SCR, by the fire, whilst Lucjan presided, telling stories about the College as he remembered it in former times and engaging in all sorts of academic discussion. Lucjan was always interested in finding out beforehand something about our high table guests, and he would use his 'pre Google' technology to identify their interests so the conversation could be off to a good start as the evening got underway. In later years, his hearing began to fail and the buzz of conversation in Hall was rather difficult for him. However, this never stopped him dining and engaging with guests and colleagues.

Of course we all recognised that what gave his interactions with us in College those special qualities of humanity and generosity of spirit was the breadth of vision he had achieved through a lifetime of cultivated interest in that wider world of fine cities and urban landscapes that he knew so well. He was a true cosmopolitan, a European in the fullest and most benign sense, and he had a wonderful eye for beauty and art. Many of us cherish the postcards he sent us, always with a splendid image of something lovely and notable, and always – in blue fountain pen in that elegantly difficult, unmistakable handwriting – a few lines of pithy or affectionate comment, generated by something we'd been talking about, or a point of note about the news of the day.

Unsurprisingly, of course, the world of email and the internet remained largely unknown territory for Lucjan, though he had a mobile phone that sometimes worked! However, one evening after dinner we went back to my room, B3, which was also the room that Lucjan had for many years in the 1960s, and I showed him how to do web searches. He was a bit bemused at the idea of engaging in an act called googling, but took a certain cautious pleasure in tracking down some references for one of his on-

going research projects. We then took a virtual tour of the Vatican's art collection. That was a revelatory moment for both of us: not only for Lucjan, discovering in his eighties that there was an electronic universe where his love of wonderful pictures could find real sustenance, but for me as well, finding, as on so many other occasions, that Lucjan was always open to the new and the unexpected, to the possibility of connection with things and people from different worlds and contexts.

One thing not widely known in College is that both the Children's Christmas party and the Beaufort undergraduate dining club were Lucjan's innovations. Both are still going strong, and Lucjan always received an invitation to the Beaufort's dinner and up until a few years ago he would always attend the pre-dinner drinks. Something that *is* well known to many of us is the affectionate esteem in which he is held by his former Tutorial pupils and students in modern languages. He is widely remembered as a supportive and unflappable Tutor and Director of Studies, and an engaging and responsive supervisor. Lucjan was also present at every Governing Body meeting *and* every meeting of the Teaching Committee that I can remember; he retained a keen and appreciative interest in the performance of our undergraduates. He contributed regularly to Governing Body meetings and I always found his wise counsel apt and to the point.

He also took an active part in our annual interview process for students applying for the two undergraduate travel awards created with benefactions in honour of two of his former tutorial pupils, Tony Richardson and Norman Sosnow. He was always interested in the students' travel plans, and for those travelling on the continent he always had a spot-on suggestion of a wonderful landmark or monument to visit, based on his immense knowledge of the great European cities, and his passionate love of their architecture and artworks.

In 2005 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the College. Lucjan didn't want to be amongst the 'crowds' so I suggested that we might like to use my room, B3, so that we would have a good view of second court and the garden where the reception was to be held. Lucjan, together with Mike Edwardson, Jenny Morton and myself, spent the afternoon consuming champagne and strawberries whilst watching the activities taking place below us. It was a great afternoon and we were all thankful that we were in B3 rather than waiting in line below!

Lucjan was never pretentious. On one occasion Jack Plumb came back to College having been driven from London by his chauffeur in his new Jaguar. At dinner, Jack was complaining and announced that he just couldn't get rid of the smell of new leather! Everybody had to stop themselves from laughing. After a few moments, Lucjan said, in characteristic style, 'Whenever I buy a new car, I can never get rid of the smell of new plastic!' At which point the assembled Fellows went into hysterical laughter much to Jack's annoyance. Needless to say, Jack didn't stay for combination; Lucjan then presided in the SCR and, when everybody was seated, he said, 'We are such an austere group – our only pleasure is claret.' For all their sparring, Jack and Lucjan respected one another. Most evenings, towards the end of Jack's life, it would normally be Jack, Lucjan and myself combining after dinner – often though not always with a handful of the more robust of our other colleagues – and it was always worthwhile to have taken part in those exchanges.

I shall remember dearly Lucjan's graciousness, his old school values and his wit. We all profited from his example of profound learning worn lightly, and of dedication, without excess, to things that matter: the welfare of the young; the upholding of high academic standards; the preservation of heritage; and the pursuit of

balance and good sense in public life. We miss him greatly. We will remember him with appreciation, affection and gratitude for the many ways in which he enriched our lives.

Prof. W. J. Fitzgerald (Fellow 1990), Christ's College, October 2007

The second address was as follows:

Fifteen years ago, Lucjan gave a paper in Cambridge. His subject was the Polish Cause in nineteenth-century Britain. And he began with a poignant reflection of his own. 'At the end of the twentieth century,' he said, 'when the existence of Poland as an independent nation-state is at last assured, the perception of the Republic of Poland in Western Europe, though not without importance, is not a matter of life and death to its citizens. It was not so in the past.'

So long as the Poles were under Russian domination, they relied on Western images of their country as 'proof of their survival as a nation' and Lucjan presented his subject as an aspect of 'the history and condition of downtrodden communities'. It was a history he knew from personal experience.

Born in Cracow, he moved to Warsaw twelve years later. But in 1938, in the face of the Nazi menace, he was sent to Cambridge to begin a new life as a boarder at the Perse School, in straitened circumstances, and for some time uncertain of the fate of his parents, who were able to join him only later. Among the friends Lucjan made in those early years in England was his French teacher, Tom Wyatt, who later became a Fellow of Sidney. Tom died at the age of ninety-six three years ago. Listening to them teasing one another in retirement, it was sometimes hard to remember how difficult some of the memories of that period must have been. Lucjan rarely spoke of it. But towards the end of his life – when Poland finally came to him, as it has come to all of us, in the form of an influx of vibrant young people – he found obvious pleasure and perhaps a degree of reconciliation in animated conversations in his native language.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Lucjan's deep-seated patriotism is what it did *not* produce. It certainly did not produce a sentimentalised view of the Polish past. And it generated none of the hostility to Russia that seeps through the work of that other remarkable émigré Polish historian, Richard Pipes. Instead, Lucjan's scholarship was marked from the very beginning by the same dispassionate awareness of the realities of power that characterised his wry assessments of university politics.

He devoted his life to the study of the hundred years before Poland was wiped from the map of Europe by three partitions towards the end of the eighteenth century – *Eclipsis Poloniae*, to quote the title of the book which he had virtually completed at the time of his death. Poland, in his words, was then 'a primitive agrarian country ... untouched by the ferment of capitalism' – a 'static and backward society' dominated by selfish nobles who ensured that 'political disintegration' went 'hand in hand with intellectual stagnation'. Baroque culture in Poland was no more than an aesthetic facade 'behind which time stood still'. 'Learning was extinct', Lucjan argued, reserving his severest judgements for Jesuit scholasticism. In his view, Poland's eighteenth-century kings were little more than tributaries of the Russians, so that by the time Augustus III died in 1763, 'the partial dismemberment of Poland by Russia was, short of a miracle, a foregone conclusion'.

Lucjan's principal interest therefore lay in explaining Russia's 'skilful exploitation of Polish weakness'. The pivotal period was the reign of Peter the Great (r. 1682–1725) – the ruler who tried to drag Muscovy into the modern world at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Like most historians, Lucjan recognised Peter's gargantuan energy, his ruthless determination, and his intellectual curiosity (he delighted in the

verdict of the tsar's librarian, who reported in 1722 that 'The University Library at Oxford almost equals that at Cambridge'). Less conventionally, however, Lucjan stressed the limits to Peter's achievements. Russia may have been visibly 'transformed' by a tsar who imposed western dress and founded a new capital in his own image, but it was not yet fundamentally 'reformed' because Peter had exhausted his country's material and human resources by his relentless drive for change.

Lucjan saw this by viewing Peter through the eyes of a lowly-born critic, Ivan Pososhkov. Believing that 'a great part' of Poland's 'material weakness' derived from 'the absence of a constructive fiscal ... policy', Lucjan thought that its object 'should have been' to divert wealth from selfish private hands to the state. Pososhkov's *Book on Poverty and Wealth*, which Lucjan edited and translated into English with Alexis Vlasto in 1987, outlined just such a policy for Russia. Apparently devoted exclusively to economics, the book turned out 'on closer examination to be just as much concerned with ethics', embodying 'something like a prescription for the regulation of man's whole conduct'. As Lucjan said, it was a prescription 'calculated to satisfy the economic demands of the state without neglecting the needs of the community at large and of its individual members'. Although it is always hazardous to draw too close a connection between a scholar's work and his life, this was perhaps a prescription whose balance he admired in a wider sense.

In the course of his career, he acquired a dazzling range of expertise that scarcely anyone would now attempt, let alone master. He knew about everything from the interest rates charged by money lenders in Kievan Rus to the conventions of Baroque drama; from Orthodox regulations on fasting to the exchange rate of the riks-dollar in the Baltic trade. And all these technicalities were not only filtered into confident generalisations through elegant, sinuous prose, but also couched in a wider theoretical framework reflecting a lifelong engagement with two of the great systematisers in European thought: Max Weber on the 'spirit of capitalism' and Halford Mackinder on the Eurasian heartland.

Many might have been tempted to trumpet such achievements. But that was never Lucjan's way. Although he permitted himself some unobtrusive corrections to Christopher Hill's footnotes, only a careful examination of his own reveals the true depth of his learning. For behind that self-effacing exterior lay an unrivalled command of sources in many languages; behind the old-world charm lay a mind convinced of the virtues of capitalist modernity; and behind that cool, reflective mind lay the kind and generous man whom it was our pleasure to know.

Prof. Simon Dixon (Professor of Modern History, University of Leeds)

Mr Kenneth Bushell (m. 1942)

Kenneth Bushell sadly died on 16 January 2008, aged 83. Although he had suffered from cancer for some years, his health deteriorated rapidly over the New Year.

I first met Ken in 1938 at Gresham's School, Holt, where we shared a study, and we remained good friends for the next seventy years. We came up to Christ's in 1942 and both read Mechanical Sciences for two years for a wartime degree. Ken then joined the Royal Navy and, after a spell in a Scottish shipyard, was on his way as an Engineering Officer to the Pacific when the atom bombs were exploded. A year later he was demobilised and joined Revertex, a leading maker of latex-based chemicals, with rubber plantations in Malaya, whither Ken was sent. This was an exciting job due to the Communist insurgency and he travelled around with a gun on his lap. On