

## Remarks to be delivered at the meeting

It is an undisputed fact that Wladek was a dedicated and very accomplished scientist. He was also a devoted husband and father, a generous mentor, a tenacious boat builder, a long distance runner, a sailor, a chess player ... and not bad at table tennis. He was good at many things and had many accomplishments that he could take pride in, but it was being Polish that gave him a special kind of pleasure. He traveled to Poland as often as possible, sought out Polish collaborators and zealously preserved his ability to speak the language.

Within the Nuclear Theory Division at Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory, Wladek established a "Polish Group" and he planned around and looked forward to meeting and collaborating with his Polish peers. Collaborators in this group varied with time but usually consisted of Wladek and one or two Polish visitors and, perhaps, a Polish student. I was once declared an "Honorary Pole" at a summer school in Mikolajki and, sometimes, I was included as a member of the "Polish Group". The work done with this group held a special place in Wladek's heart.

As his student and subsequent collaborator, I can directly attest to the brilliance and generosity of his mentoring. We were co-authors on many publications, very often the most significant works, ones that established new ideas. Often, in the beginning, Wladek had the ideas and I did the computing. From the start my name always appeared first no matter which of us had made the major contribution, just because that was the correct alphabetical order. As time progressed we became more equal partners. Very often, when we did not have visitors to distract us, Wladek and I would work together with a level of intimacy that I will always treasure. We could not only finish each other's sentences but we would often sit together at a desk working on a calculation on a single piece of paper, sometimes trading the only pencil back and forth between us. I was amused to discover, in later years, that some people otherwise familiar with our work, none the less, thought that Myers-Swiatecki was one person with a hyphenated name. A higher compliment I cannot imagine and as I have gone on to tutor promising students I try to pass on the integrity and generosity that I was privileged to have received from Wladek.

I am grateful that the organizers of this meeting saw fit to invite me to participate in this session in his honor. In Science we were as close as any two people can ever be. As I am sure is true for many other people in this room, I miss him very much. We are all better people and better scientists for having known him.

Remarks to be delivered at the dinner

Earlier, I spoke about Wladek's pride in being Polish. One aspect of that pride was his serious pursuit of the Polish language. It was not just any old Polish that Wladek spoke, but a very pure and refined somewhat old fashioned version of the language. Since I do not understand Polish I have to guess, or repeat what others have said to me. I can tell you that men listening to Wladek would stand straighter, speak more gravely and become more handsome. Women listening to him would smile, become more animated and sometimes blush.

Since he left Poland at an early age he didn't have the vocabulary for discussing physics in Polish. At some point he decided that he wanted to change that, and from then on he insisted on discussing his work in Polish when ever possible and pretty soon that part of the language also came under his command.

I have to admit that I would have dearly loved to be able to move people, as he did, simply by speaking. Friends of ours would sometimes take me aside and remark on how beautiful the language became when he spoke it. When openly praised Wladek would brush the comments aside, but closer study would reveal the little hint of a smile that he could not suppress that showed how pleased he was.

Speaking Polish gave him a lot of pleasure and it was a gift to the people around him who could appreciate it. Like a piece of classical music in the middle of the cacophony of everyday life.