CHARLES GUY
PARSLOE 1900 – 1985

John Parsloe

PREFACE

Some time ago, I was asked by a member of The Wimbledon Society (as The John Evelyn Society has become) to be interviewed to give memories of my father who had previously been its Chairman. I suggested instead that I should write something about him. This at last I have done but like Topsy, the work has just kept growing.

Writing this account has stirred some uncomfortable memories but generally has been rewarding. The first part is largely based on my father's voluminous papers, many of which I had never read, having put them away in an old chest when he died. As he kept almost everything of significance and much that was not, I have learnt the detail of many matters which I previously knew only in outline, if at all. The second part is more personal and draws on my own memories and recollections. Much has come to mind which was buried quite deep in my memory.

I can only hope that the result is a reasonably rounded picture of my father.

My thanks are due to The Institute of Historical Research and to The Welding Institute for permission to include as appendices my father's RECOLLECTIONS OF THE INSTITUTE, 1922-43 from the Bulletin of Historical Research Vol. XLIV, November 1971, and Alan Deighton's MEMOIRS OF THE IHR HUTS from Past and Future 2003 (The Newsletter of the Friends of the Institute of Historical Research), my father's FIFTY YEARS OF THE WELDING INSTITUTE from Metal Construction and British Welding Journal, January 1973, the OBITUARY of my father by his assistant, Philip Boyd in Metal Construction (The Welding Institute Journal), Vol 17 No 5 1985, and the OBITUARY, probably also by Philip Boyd, in Welding in the World (Journal of the International Institute of Welding), Vol 23, No. 7/8, 1985.

John Parsloe
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ILLUSTRATIONS

CHARLES GUY PARSLOE

Charles Guy Parsloe was born on 5th November 1900. So he was a Victorian although he used to joke that the old queen gave up the struggle on hearing of his arrival.

Guy was the third and last child of Henry Edward Parsloe (Harry), 1859 - 1937, and Emma Jane *née* Gamlen, 1860-1913. He was born at 3 Ossian Road, Stroud Green, Hornsey, now N.4. and used to say that he was called and always known as Guy because of his father's warped sense of humour. Although the family left the house when he was one, he surprised them by recognising it on a later childhood visit.

My father claimed that he had been named Charles after his great uncle, Charles Henry Parsloe, in the hope that he would be flattered. In the event, when Charles Henry died in 1903, Guy's father, Harry, received a legacy of £100 while other nieces and nephews received £200! But this may have been because they had fallen on hard times. Tradition in the family also held that a very beautiful mid-eighteenth century bracket clock, made by William Smith of London, came from great uncle Charles. The clock was originally ebonized. It had a stand made for it by Guy's father, Harry, who also had the clock stripped and polished; it was one of the clocks stolen in 1976 from 1 Leopold Avenue, Wimbledon, where Guy and his wife were then living. Only the stand is left.

Guy had an elder sister, Emma Heath, (Emmie), 1885-1959, and a brother, William Henry (Bill), 1891-1918. So Guy was very much the baby of the family with his brother eight years older. He was not close to his sister but almost worshipped his elder brother. For my father, Bill had the kindest nature - using his weekly pocket money to purchase small toys and push them under the sheet hung over the door of his parents' bedroom where Guy, aged about three, was isolated with scarlet fever. Given to smoking a pipe, and to the calculated indolence of adolescence, he would reward his younger brother with pennies for holding his legs up when lounging in an armchair! Guy also recounted his father looking vainly for a missing brass knob from the top of his bed. Bill and Guy had taken it hoping to make a bomb by putting gunpowder in it. The gunpowder did not, however, explode but burnt brightly and melted the knob!

At the age of 4, Guy lost the middle finger of his left hand through placing it in an old-fashioned washing machine mangle. His mother's 1905 diary records the accident happening on 11th April 1905, and the operation on Saturday April 15th when the finger was amputated. Guy described how for a week the finger

1. Guy aged two

was plunged into boiling water in the hope it would heal and that his mother had to leave the room, not bearing to watch. When he had the operation, he had to walk half a mile to the doctor's surgery and half a mile back after the operation. Afterwards Guy recalled standing at the top of the stairs at 55 Uplands Road, Hornsey and observing: "It's very odd that God should have given me a finger and then taken it away again".*

* A 1905 diary of his mother, Emma, records that, on Tuesday April 11th, 'Guy hurt his hand', on Saturday April 15th, 'Guy's hand operated upon', on Sunday April 16th that he was in bed and, on Saturday May 6th, 'Guy's hand released from bandage 3 weeks from the day of operation'. On the following Saturday, May 13th, she records: 'Guy & Billy saw Boo Peep's Picnic, gave them much pleasure.'

Guy's father, Harry, was a jeweller's salesman. He was apprenticed in Bath and worked in Liverpool before Guy was born. He then moved to London and worked for The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company until 1905. Next he joined Tiffany & Co and for many years was their chief salesman. In a good year he would earn £500, mostly on commission, but much less in the Great War, when he struggled and received money from Bill.

On 17th January 1906, Bill was admitted, aged 14, to the Stationers' School in Hornsey. Guy followed him almost two years later on 13th January 1909, at the age of eight., having previously been taught at home. Joining on 13th January 1909 in Form IVA (which must have been the junior school) Guy overlapped his elder brother for his first two years. It must have been there that he went to school with a coat his mother had made of various pieces of material. To his humiliation the other boys jeered about Joseph with the coat of many colours.

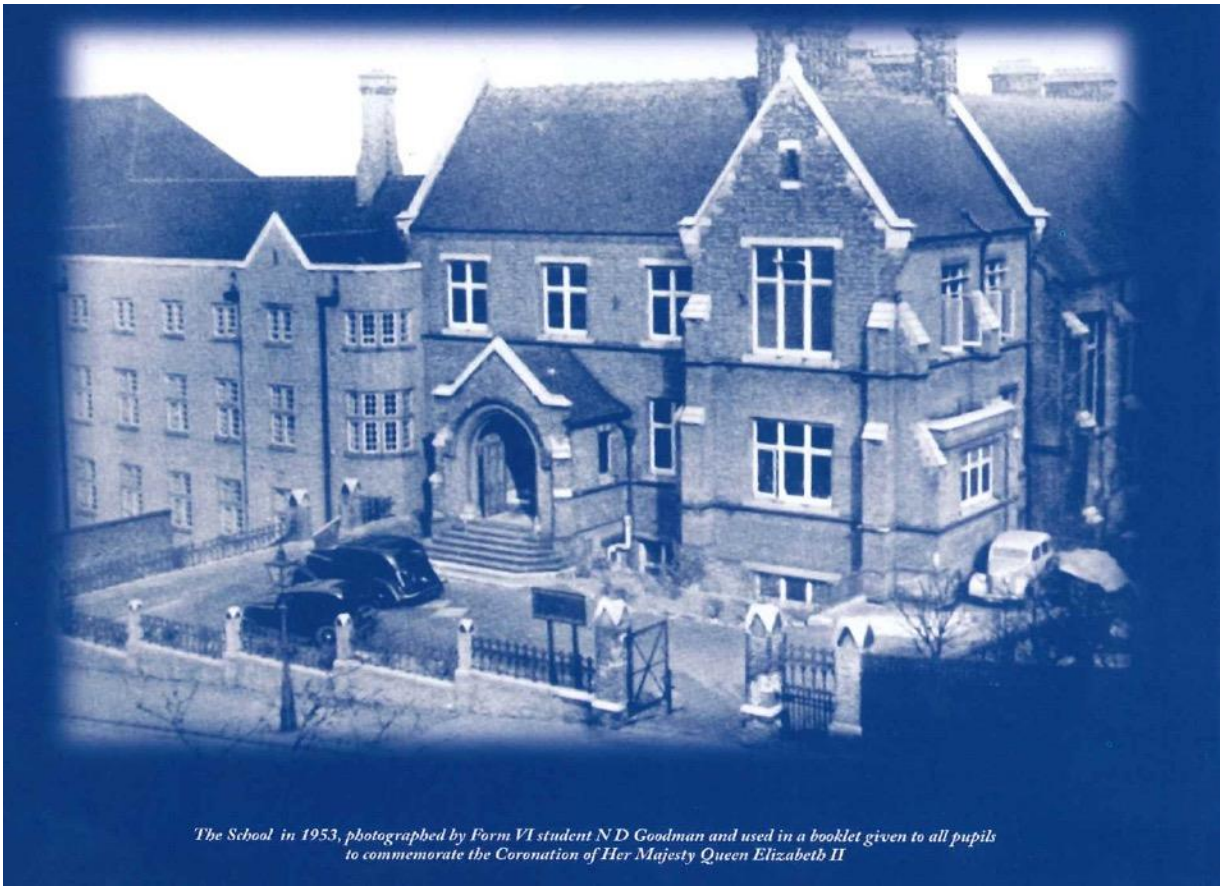
The Stationers' Company's school opened in 1861 at Bolt Court, Fleet Street in London. In 1895 it moved to 2a Mayfield Road, Hornsey as a grammar school for boys aged 8 to 16; in 1906 it accommodated 400 pupils. From 1909 it was managed by a committee, appointed by the Stationers' Company and the county and borough councils, which approved the opening of a preparatory department in 1913 and built extensions in 1912 and 1939. The School closed in 1983 and its records are preserved by the Stationers' Company.

While his brother Bill was good at sport but not particularly academic, Guy did very well at school. Letters survive from his mother when she was in the sanatorium at Ventnor suffering from tuberculosis.

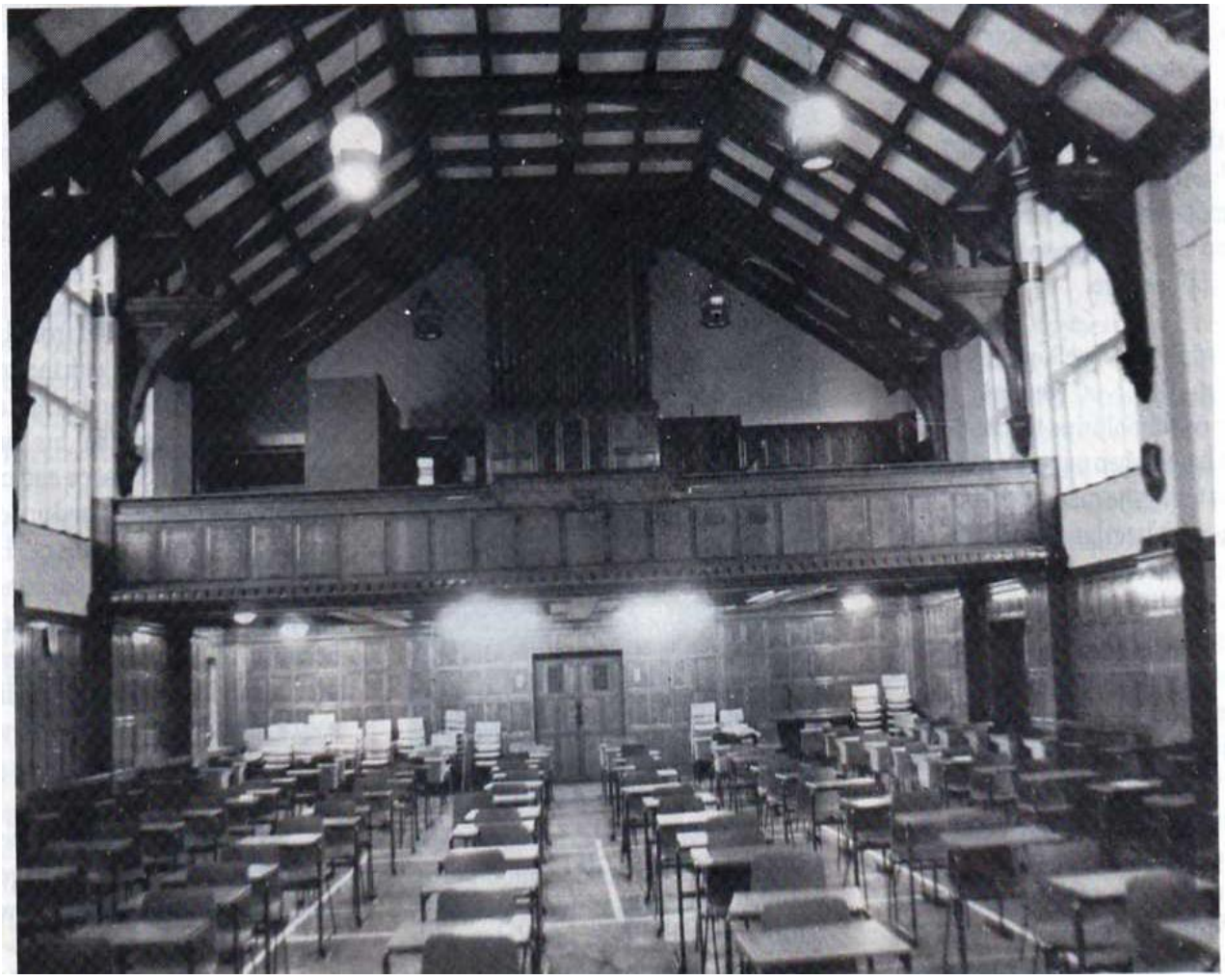
Mid September 1911:

> I am glad you have had such a ripping holiday. There are a few things I want you to do for my sake - be a good boy at school. Do your very best. Father will have to mark your book - let it be a weekly pleasure to him. Come home to your meals at the proper time* - keep your clothes tidy and your things in the bedroom & den in order - remember it gives extra work when those things are left about. Go to Billy for advice in any difficulty - even if you have been naughty - & he will I know help you. Never be rude to Mrs Osborne if you have anything to complain of - your Father is the one to put things right - but do not be always worrying him with trifles, bear a little of his burden for Mother's sake.

* This could refer to the time when Guy came late from playing cricket in the park and was given eight strokes of the cane by his father as dinner was at 8 pm.



2 The Stationers' School from Mayfield Road in 1953



3. The Great Hall

14th October 1911:

> Thank you for your letter. I am so pleased you enjoy latin it is always better to begin learning difficult things while we are quite young. The arithmetic will come easy in time if as you say you 'make a fight for it'. I am glad you still find the Scout & B. O. P.* interesting. I feel sure the Scout movement is a very good one & perhaps soon Father will let you become one - only we should not like you to lose your interest in your School games.

Late 1911 or early 1912:

> I am glad you are beginning to feel proud of your school. As you say 'Stationers' Hall' is a very fine place & when you understand more about its history you will appreciate the fact that you are a 'Stationers' boy' and remember that there is honest pride - which is a very different thing to "Swank". You should be too proud to degrade your badge - never let people hear my little Stationers' boy use bad language - be too proud to lie - or cheat - never forget that though you are small you can uphold the honour of your School. I think it was very fine to have the prizes given by the Lord Mayor because you see he belongs to the Stationers' Company.

Alas while his mother always claimed to be getting better in her letters to Guy, it was not to be. She returned from Ventnor, but she did not recover and died at 86 Ridge Road, Hornsey on 25th January 1913. Guy recalled his desperate and unavailing prayers for her. It was always something he found too painful to talk about and it is noteworthy that there is no direct reference to his mother in any letter to him from Bill. Some things are too deep for words and this was the first great sadness of Guy's life.

The loss of his wife also had a devastating effect on Harry who became more morose and difficult. He moved house afterwards to 48 Oakfield Road, Stroud Green and then from 1916 to 1926 lived at 15 Drylands Road, Hornsey N8 with Guy. He also had financial difficulties in the War. This letter of 12th November 2014 to Guy from Bill, in Gibraltar, demonstrates Bill's concern for his father as he tried to smooth over a bad row between him and Guy:

> I've now got your letter & father's to compare. Of course it's very difficult for me to tell the true merits of the case from letters & there are two sides to every question. I've told Dad not to take you from the School if he can afford to keep you there; that's the real trouble kid for Dad is almost on the rocks having no business now, thanks to this cursed war. He's told me that if it were n't for my screw coming in he'd

* Boys Own Paper

be up the loop long ago. You need n't be ashamed of telling anyone that your Governor's hard up at a time like this, & no one will think any the worse of you for it, at least no one who matters, for people who think badly of others merely because they lack cash ain't worth a damn. Some of our fellows are in a terrible state over the news from home, securities that widowed mothers are living on gone to pot, fathers lost their jobs & God knows what other troubles.

Don't for goodness sake get the idea that what other people think of you matters, when it's a question of clothing. If you know your actions are O.K. it don't matter about clothes. The fact that you'd won prizes was enough for anyone at the Hall that day. What the deuce did the clothes matter.

I expect you're beginning to think now that you're rather a clever lad, because you've got to know the routine of school work. Never forget that any man, no matter how uneducated is certain to have a better judgement on most matters than yourself. Book learning means a lot in getting on in the world nowadays, & is most important, but never fancy that it can replace experience such as is gained by men like your Dad & Uncle Arthur.* I'm no bally chicken & I've knocked round a bit, but I've always found it wise to take the Guv's tips.

Don't be silly & sulky 'cos the Guv. let fly at you. Remember the trouble he's facing all the time & try to be his pal. Remember it ain't helping me any to know things are n't "All Well" at home. I know the Guv's horribly unjust & makes you feel develish† when he lets loose sometimes, but he recovers & you must regard those fits as fits & not as his sane actions. You know quite well he is n't really sane when he's like that. Let it be a lesson to you never to loose‡ your temper……

Just be a sensible lad, don't put on airs, don't get cocky. Try & get beefy, remember the best men don't all wear swanky clothes or even spell correctly. Cut the city clerk's ideals out of your head & put just a clean Englishman's in their place.

So long kid. Try & act as you know I want you to. I can't put it into writing very well, especially in a barrack room with a series of choruses coming out one after the other.

Harry continued working almost to the end of his life on 20th November 1937 at the age of 78. By this time, he was living at Sispara Gardens in Southfields with Guy and his wife Zirphie, who admitted he was not an easy guest. Guy always blamed himself for not realising how ill his father was at the end. Their relationship was not an easy one.

* Not a relation but Arthur Bishop who, with his wife Jennie, was a great family friend.
† *sic*
‡ *sic*

Not long after his mother's death, Bill became an officer of Customs and Excise and was sent to Scotland. Guy kept a series of his letters from Scotland, and, after the War started, from Gibraltar and the Western Front. They give some clues to Guy's life during the period.

May 1914, from Scotland:

> The epistle is a terrific affair to have to answer & I consider you're popping it on me a bit. Moreover you have the confounded cheek to say I write drivelling imbecility to you. What else do you imagine I'd write <u>to you</u> D'you fancy my buck that because you've been top of some obscure lower form in the lower school for about two minutes that I'm going to turn out a flow of my best and most polished prose, (imitated by many, approached by few & equalled by none) for your edification Know me bhoy, certainly knot. Your demand for news, also, is absolutely unreasonable. Do you imagine that I'm here as a reporter on my own bally actions? Gulor! your cheek is preposterous.
>
> Well my bucking lambkin, your chuckle headed brother has been exceedingly pleased with your school reports. Never before has a Parsloe disgraced himself by showing even the faintest sign of intelligence. Your honoured & revered pappa has been known to murmur on occasions that he was top of the school ever since he joined it, but he will always admit when pushed hard that he has not got a good memory, & one is almost compelled to believe that this is one of its lapses.*

19th June 1914, being Bill's last letter from Scotland:

> Fortified by a pint of cider I now start to write to you. Of course I need fortifying to write to the bright & shining luminary of 4a. No doubt the bally scholard is criticising my writing & English & turning it into Latin verse as he reads it. The position of an elder brother under circumstances like this is indeed trying. Thanks to a prolonged course of training in the C&E. my efforts at English are mostly confined to filling up gaps in forms & signing my name, the last of which is my great forte. Still once upon a time I could turn out wonderful stuff in the way of essays, which neither I nor anyone else could understand - the true test of genius. Remember this when you feel that I am a painfully fatheaded personage compared with yourself. Well my buck

* Harry certainly won the Broderick Medal of The Bath Blue Coat School in 1872 and also a prize for an essay.

I hear that Father caught you in a very dramatic position with Miss Sayer in the scullery. Time I was home I fancy to instil a decent & misogynistic spirit into you.

Between 6th and 12th November 1916 from Gibraltar:

Devilish sorry to hear that you had no luck at the prize giving this year. You must have been very sick about it, but I guess you've got over it now & are bucking into things again. Personally my youth was soured by continually attending prize givings at which I expected nothing, & at which I was not disappointed.

After writing on 3rd May 1917 to try to cheer Guy up when he had a bout of pleurisy, from a later undated letter also from the Western Front, it appears Guy was finding domestic life trying:

Well well dear Old Brother Affair, how's things. Have you caused any tonsorial trifler to amputate your hirsute efflorescenses, or do you still wear your hair as disgustingly long as ever. How does the managing of the culinary & domestic affairs of the house suit you. Pretty rotten is n't it. I only had a few brief spells of it, & I never liked it, but you must have had a long lap of it. Never mind life is n't all greasy frying pans by any means, & may be that same flicker on your film of woman's part in the home will put you in your place some day. Not a durn thing matters, as long as it's done durned well. It's only dud work that's wasted work.

10th June 1918 from the Western Front:

You realise of course that it's very difficult for me to pour myself out on paper to you because I don't really know you, at least not enough to matter. How many years is it now since we cohabited, four I fancy. In four years you've almost certainly changed a lot & learnt a lot. You're 17 now & were 13 then. Hell of a time is n't it.

Guv tells me you had a heart attack the other Sunday. I had no idea you had attacks, just fancied that it was that general sort of weakness that one grows out of with the setting of one's bones. You'll just have to be durned careful of yourself if you've to enjoy life, decently. One can enjoy life & be careful & not a molly coddle y'know.

You must be a hell of a knut* at School now. What exam was it you were in for the other day. Guv. tells me things as tho' I knew all about the first part sometimes & I don't compris their importance exactly.

* Edwardian slang for an idle upper-class man-about-town

4. Junior Prefect, July 1917

5. Captain of the 2nd Eleven, 1918

And in the same letter Bill comments critically:

> Give my love to Miss Sayer. It's time I came back to put you & the Guv in your places & give her a bit of rest. How she gets on without matches in the grate & bottles of beer all over the drawing room I can't make out.

While Guy was no sportsman and took no interest in it in later life, he was captain of the third eleven cricket team in 1916 and of the second eleven team in 1917 and 1918. He took a full part in the life of the school, singing in the choir, acting (Brutus in Julius Caesar in 1917, Prospero in the Tempest in 1918) and became Company Sergeant Major of the Cadet Corps. There is a photograph of him with the masters and two other boys marked Jnr Prefect, July 1917. Presumably it was in that connection that Bill, in a letter of 11th June 1917, wrote: "Don't get too free with the corporal punishment stunt."

Guy won various school prizes and, in 1918, the University of London West School Scholarship in English and Literature with an annual value of £30. He also won 1st Prize in the Navy League Essay Competition 'open to all Secondary Schools in the British Isles' as his former head master put it. He continued in the late 20s contributing to the Debating Society (against nationalism and in favour of over 14 education) and as an Honorary Member and past president to the school's Macaulay Club which had lectures at Annual Reunions.

Guy was a pipe smoker throughout his life. A heavy hexagonal lead tobacco jar, much repaired, which Bill called *The Temple of Pales** is still in the family. *Pales* appears to have been the god of tobacco and Bill and his friends created a brotherhood and pretend religion around it. There survives a book in which Bill wrote various pieces, playlets, parodies, verse, and short stories, with some correspondence inserted. The cover of the book is entitled "Ye Drivvle Booke of Ye Brothers Beer" and inside Bill sometimes signs himself 'Bumptious Brother Beer'. It appears Guy was admitted at some time as Bill calls him 'Old Brother Affair' in three letters in 1917. He also referred to *Pales* in earlier letters. On 19th January 1914, Bill wrote from Scotland to Guy:

> "Of course you miss the supreme deity (or had I better say deities and include myself) Pales. He is stuck on the corner of my mantleshelf here."

and from Gibralter on 31st October 1914:

> "The cult of Pales is a remarkably cheap beznai† out here. 8½d for a ¼lb tin of Capstan full & all the best cigarettes at 10 a 1d. Good cigars 1d each."

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* In ancient Roman religion, **Pales** was a deity of shepherds, flocks and livestock. Regarded as male by some sources and female by others.

† *sic*

Guy was thought in his youth to have a weak heart and used to carry a small silver flask with brandy in it. Apart from the reference to a heart attack in Bill's 1918 letter, (and pleurisy in a letter the year before), Guy's health appears generally to have been good and he never had heart problems in later life. He was passed not fit for active service in 1918 but he always said this was because the war was coming to an end and the authorities no longer wished to recruit soldiers. He may though have felt guilty.

The death of Guy's mother was not the last tragedy. On 8th December 1918, Bill was killed by machine gun fire near Maubeuge in Northern France.* He had been in the War from the start and been commissioned and two days later married. The news of his death reached the family after Armistice Day which my father had spent just feeling thankful that "Bill had come through it all". Guy never ceased mourning him.

On leaving school Guy went to University College, London where he read history from 1918 -1921 under the great Professor Albert Pollard. He graduated with a first class degree and was informed confidentially that he was 'the first among all the students in the whole University in history". His special subject was London and local history. He continued acting, playing Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet. He also acted for his local dramatic society, the Hornsey Players, for a number of years.

Among his friends at University College was Gavin Brown. Guy sat all one day with him in the Common Room with a charity challenge to the other students to name an English poet they could not quote from. He said that if stumped they made something up. Gavin remained a friend for years and was to thank Zirphie, Guy's future wife, for "Many happy hours behind the spoon." Another friend was Esmond de Beer, a great bear of a man from the diamond family. Guy somewhat waspishly claimed that he came to University College to cover up a bad Oxford degree. Many years later Esmond published the definitive edition of John Evelyn's diaries. Then there was Vincent Lloyd Jones who became a High Court Judge as Sir (Harry) Vincent Lloyd Jones and in contrast to Esmond de Beer went from University College to Oxford.†

It was probably partly at this time that Guy acquired his extraordinary ability to quote innumerable lengthy poems and nonsense rhymes and to sing many of the songs from Gilbert and Sullivan - skills that were much in demand for his children, particularly when trapped in the rain in a beach tent on a Seaview holiday in the Isle of Wight. A great favourite was the Chancellor's song from Iolanthe, known to his children

* Captain William Henry Parsloe, MC and Bar. *See "* In Memoriam William Henry Parsloe 1891-1918" by this writer.

† When considering becoming a barrister, I was introduced to him by Guy at the Reform Club. After dinner sitting in the balcony at the top of the stairs, I was given a tumbler full of whisky. Driving my father home, I stalled the car in the middle of the crossroads in Parliament Square. Both my father and I laughed uproariously as the traffic whizzed by on all sides.

as the nightmare song. Even near the end of his life he could still sing this and quote endlessly. He had a good baritone voice and at this time was often invited to dinner by older and grander people to sing for his supper.

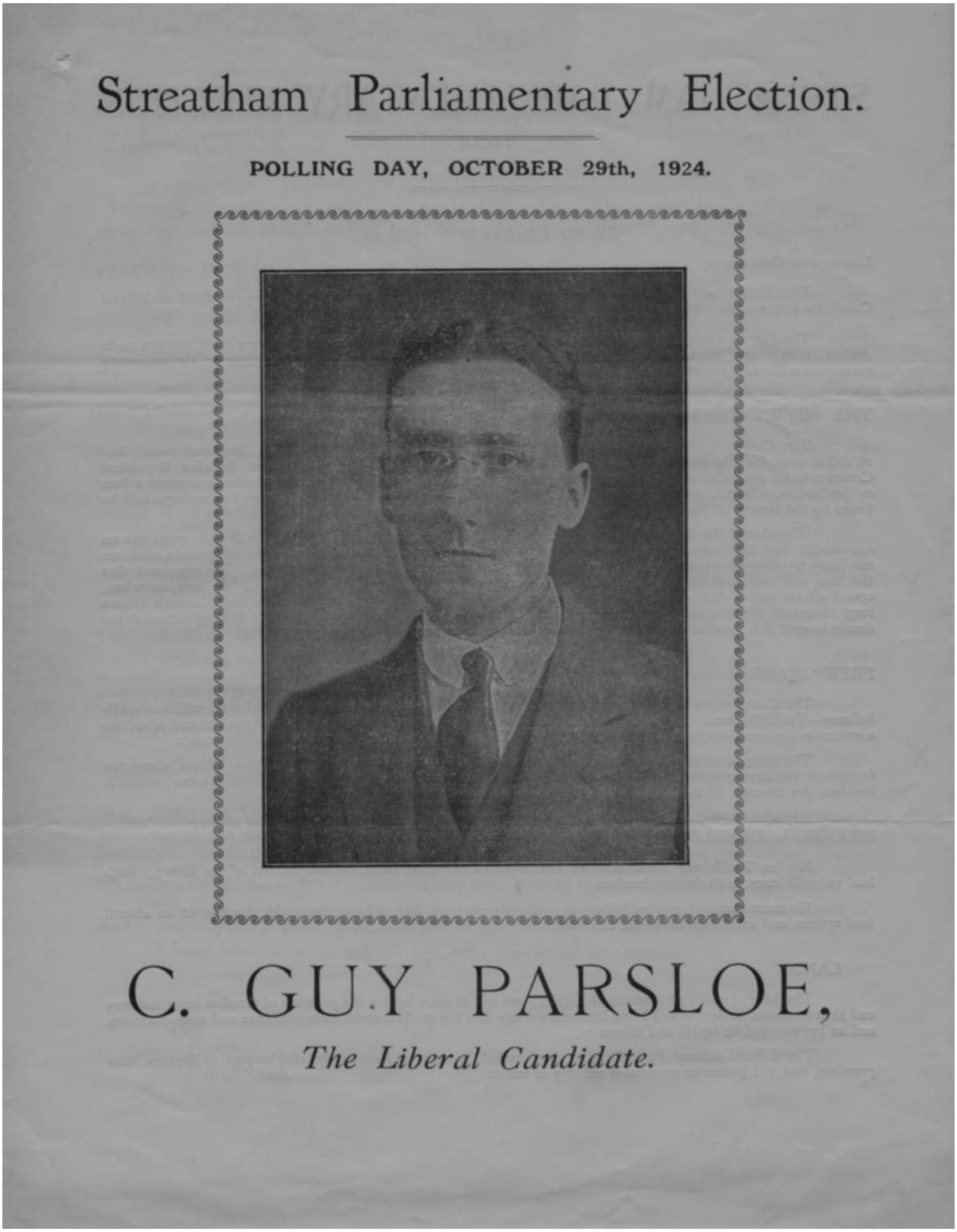
After leaving university Guy went to the London Day Training College (which became the Institute of Education) and left in 1922 with a Teaching Diploma (with distinction). He then seems to have had a number of overlapping jobs. He certainly taught for a while and, at this time and for many years after, he lectured for local authorities, and particularly for London County Council on London history. He also conducted guided tours in London. He was appointed Franks Student in Archaeology (in succession to Mortimer Wheeler) to compare the ground plan of mediaeval London with that in Roman times. He was also editor of the magazine of the University of London Union during the early 1920's.

In October 1922, Guy began his long association with the Institute of Historical Research, being appointed as part time Research Librarian on £100 a year. It had been founded in the previous year by Professor Pollard under the management of the University of London and he was responsible for Guy's appointment. The Institute was run by a Committee of which Professor Pollard was Chairman.

But Guy was also honing his liberal instincts and came to know the leaders of the Liberal Party – in particular Lloyd George whom he disliked and Asquith whom he admired. It was thus that he became the youngest Liberal candidate in the 1923 election on 6th December. He contested Streatham which was inconvenient as he was still living with his father in Hornsey. The sitting M.P. was a Unionist, William Lane-Mitchell and Guy reduced his majority by 18.2% to 3523 votes, himself securing 7075 votes. Guy stood again for the 1924 election on 24th October but with a much worse result. He secured only 4111 votes losing many to a Communist, Alfred M. Well, who had 3204. William Lane-Mitchell had 19,024 votes, increasing his majority by 15.4% to 11,825. Guy always said that the Zinoviev letter had made it an impossible struggle for the Liberals but the entry of the Communist candidate also clearly made a big difference.

In February 1925, when he was still a Research Librarian at the Institute of Historical Research, he was additionally appointed an Administrative Assistant there. He earned a further £150 per annum, working under Dr. Meikle, the Secretary and Librarian. His main work was to act as secretary of the second Anglo-American Historical Conference in 1926. When it was over he returned to work as an Assistant at University College but then, in 1927, Dr. Meikle became librarian of the National Library of Scotland. Guy succeeded him at the Institute as Secretary and Librarian; his salary was increased to £375 rising by annual increments to £500. At the same time, Professor Pollard became Director as well as Chairman of the Committee.

In that year, Guy resigned as prospective candidate for Streatham pleading his increased responsibilities at the University. He had not, however, completely given up his political ambition and when appointed Secretary and Librarian at the Institute he was asked to confirm that he accepted that the position



6. A Campaign Poster

was not compatible with membership of parliament. Presumably he did so, but this did not prevent his giving serious consideration in the next year to pressing invitations to stand for Peckham. In the end he declined and always claimed he was glad not to have pursued a political career; but perhaps there were lingering regrets.

It appears also that in 1930 Guy has doubts about his career at the Institute. He applied for the position of Personnel Director at Bourne & Hollingsworth. There were 926 applications of whom 11 were interviewed and Guy was considered 'a long way in front of any other applicant', but, after his interview, Guy withdrew his application. The reason is not wholly clear but in a later explanatory letter he said the attraction of the job caused him until the last moment 'to belittle the fact that certain of the duties, connected with discipline, would almost certainly involve what to me would be distasteful work.'

So Guy continued at the Institute. But in 1931 due to the illness of his wife, Professor Pollard converted his Directorship to an honorary part–time appointment and Guy took on many of his directorial functions. Pollard managed to ensure that the salary he relinquished should be used to increase Guy's which was already under review; it was increased to £625 rising by annual increments to £750. When Guy wrote to thank Professor Pollard, he received a typically elegant response: 'I can only say 'thank you' for your appreciation in writing and your reserve viva voce. I have a bias for efficiency which explains my benevolence but does not call for any particular gratitude'.

In 1939 Professor Pollard retired and the Institute decided that it should have a full time Director when the war ended and that Guy was not entitled to any increased salary, although an honorarium of £100 per annum was agreed for his work on the Victoria History of the Counties of England. The Institute had taken over responsibility for this great work on the death of Professor Page in 1934. Guy, as evidenced by a number of letters, was devastated. He had naturally expected to be appointed Director on Professor Pollard's retirement but the Committee of the Institute considered it should have an academic head.

A happier aspect of Guy's time at the Institute was that he met his future wife there. Zirphie and Joan Faiers, two of the five daughters of Jack and Emma Faiers were secretaries at the Institute in the 1920s. Joan was the beauty of the family – 'worshipped from afar' as Esmond de Beer put in when also working there. But Zirphie, the eldest daughter, born on 18th October 1903 and so a little younger that Guy, was originally a Library Clerk, worked with him when he joined the Institute, and subsequently became his secretary.

The Faiers family came from Putney and Jack, like Guy's father, was a jeweller. He had a shop in a block of flats on the corner of Sloane Street built by Zirphie's formidable Cornish grandmother on her mother's side. This grandmother married a Highlander who died young, apparently of the effects of drink. With great enterprise, she continued her husband's business running a clothes factory, and sold dresses and clothes in a shop in the same block. The family were not badly off and Jack welcomed Guy with – 'so nice to have a man about the house', and later described him as 'so straight he leans over backwards'. Guy's father told him that Zirphie was too good for him.

7. Zirphie and Guy

Guy and Zirphie had a long six year engagement to allow Guy to have a large enough salary to support the two of them. They went for long walks exploring Surrey and once had a walking holiday in Austria with Zirphie's diminutive, but much loved, aunt Elsie acting as chaperone. Apparently Guy and Zirphie used to walk very fast to outpace her. They were married at last on 24th April 1929 in the Scottish church of St. Columba's in Pont Street where Zirphie had been christened and her parents married.

Guy confessed to completing a Memorandum proposing a comprehensive survey of historical agencies for the Institute during his honeymoon.* He and Zirphie did produce a series of annual supplements, starting in 1930, to the Guide to the Historical Publications of the Societies of England and Wales. The Guide itself, which was intended to run up to the first supplement, but was subsequently extended to 1933, was finally

* The confession is in Guy's Recollections of The Institute reproduced in Appendix 1. But Guy may have been muddling this memorandum with some other work. The Institute for Historical Research has kindly researched this point and have found a joint paper by Guy and C.H. Williams entitled: Academy Publications: A Suggestion, published in the Institute's journal, Historical Research. This proposes the creation of a Guide but was written in 1926 (http://onlinelibrary.wiley.com/doi/10.1111/j.1468-2281.1926.tb00401.x/epdf). They found nothing in 1929.

published in 1968. However it only starts in 1901 whereas it was not originally intended to have a starting date.*

Four children were born to the marriage over the next 9 years – Phyllida on Christmas Day 1930, Christopher on 29th July 1933, Nicholas on 21st October 1936 (who had spina bifida and died after less than a month), and John, the writer, on 14th October 1939. After living first in a flat in Putney, Guy and Zirphie bought their first house, 19 Sispara Gardens, S.W.18 and were there until the outbreak of war.

The war brought many moves and divisions in the family. While Guy mostly stayed in London, he worried and wanted his wife and young family to be in safer places. James Talman, Librarian of the University of Western Ontario, offered to take all three children for the duration. Guy would have accepted but Zirphie refused.

I was born in Angmering-on-sea in my great aunt Elsie's house. Later Guy sent my mother and brother to spend time in Newton Ferrars with another great aunt – a house-proud deaconess - in the hope that if necessary we would all get on a boat to America. At this time my sister stayed in Derbyshire with a girl who she disliked from her school and her mother, whom she later said was schizophrenic. Another time we were all with an uncle on an estate in Potters Bar, north of Barnet.

On the outbreak of war, Guy, like many staff at the University, joined the Intelligence Division of the Ministry of Information, on special leave, and subsequently its Foreign Division. He was later allowed to return to the Institute as his own request but he was not happy. While his relations with Dr. Meikle and Professor Pollard had always been and remained warm, as evidenced by their written references for him, he resented the failure to raise his salary in 1939 and saw no future for himself in the Institute.

In February 1942 when Guy was back at the Institute of Historical Research on release from the Ministry of Information, he applied for the job of Director of Education in the Isle of Wight, doubtless also attracted by the holidays he had spent there with my mother and the rest of the Faiers family. He was not

* *A Guide to the Historical and Archaeological Publications of Societies in England and Wales* by E.L.C.Mullins (Athlone Press, 1968). In the foreword, A.J.Dickens, the then Director of The Institute, pays generous tribute to Guy and Zirphie for their work: 'The decision to begin the Guide with the publications of 1901 had the effect of consigning to the archives of the Institute a considerable part of the work already done on what had long been known as 'the Parsloe Guide'. Mr C. G. Parsloe began his association with the Institute in the session of 1922-3 when, while Franks Student in Archaeology, he became one of the two research librarians on its staff. From 1925 until his retirement from the post of Secretary and Librarian of the Institute in 1943 he was actively involved with the proposed Guide, compiling, with others, among whom was Miss Zirphie Faiers, later Mrs Parsloe, the lists of publications described above, and himself editing twelve of the thirteen annual supplements, the first five with Mrs Parsloe's assistance. The Committee of the Institute gratefully recognizes its obligation to Mr and Mrs Parsloe for laying the foundation upon which the present Guide has been built.'

successful but kept the testimonial from Professor Pollard, and that of Professor Ivor Evans under whom he had worked at the Ministry.

Professor Pollard detailed Guy's career at the Institute including his organization of the Quinquennial Anglo-American Historical Conferences in 1926, 1931, and 1936, his taking on administrative responsibility for the Victoria County Histories following the death Dr. William Page in 1934, and his successful fundraising for the Institute's buildings on the new Bloomsbury site of the University of London. Typically he ends:

> "I write this testimonial with a divided mind. My conscience is clear with regard to Mr. Parsloe's qualifications; it is by no means clear with regard to the effect of his removal from the Institute of Historical Research."

Professor Pollard c ontinued as a close family friend. His wife had died in 1934 but in 1942 he married again. Guy sent him a wedding present of a white bisque Wedgwood plaque in its round eighteenth century frame which came from his father and he said was of Augustus. In thanking him Pollard wrote: 'I feel that in my will I must restore the gift to you and Zirphie and your children". He was as good as his word and it is in the family again now. But in his Will Pollard refers to 'my Wedgwood plaque of Napoleon'. At first I thought Homer was nodding bu t now know Pollard was correcting a family error? My father probably never saw the Will and told me the plaque was of Augustus, when he gave it to me.

8. Augustus *now* Napoleon

In his testimonial, Ifor Evans wrote of Guy's war work at the Ministry and somewhat ironically said that he combined 'that rare combination as a scholar and a man of affairs'. Certainly Guy had not neglected work as an academic. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society following the publication in 1932 by Longmans of *The English Country Town;* this was well received and even today is often found in secondhand booksellers' lists. He also contributed to the Victoria County History of Huntingdonshire and some 400 bibliographies to the Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature. But he was not a full time university academic and so was not considered the right person to succeed Professor Pollard.

1943 was a momentous year for Guy and his family. On 11th January 1943, *The Times* had an advertisement for a Secretary of the Institute of Welding. Guy applied and was successful. From the letters that he kept, it is clear that this came as a thunderbolt both to his friends and to the Committee of the Institute, suddenly bereft of both Director and Secretary and Librarian in time of war. Guy's last work there was organizing the closure of the Institute and the storage of its library until the end of the War. It may have been made more pleasant by the presence of Esmond de Beer who was helping as a volunteer and assistant librarian.

A Committee of the Institute of Welding had recommended the appointment of a full time Secretary, following the seconding of its existing one to the Department of Supply, and the establishment of a Welding Research Council as a sister organization; this was desired by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Guy's appointment was the unanimous recommendation of the appointment sub-committee in late January, It considered that: "the fact that he is non-technical is not considered a serious handicap in view of his considerable administrative experience and strong personality". The salary was £1,100 per annum.

In the previous year, on 26th August 1942, Guy had bought the house where he was to spend the rest of his life but it was not until 1943 that necessary alterations were completed to make it habitable. By February 1943 he must have been there as this was the address on his application to the Institute of Welding. It cost £1,625.

Guy's brother-in-law, Phil Roffey, was an estate agent and persuaded him to buy the house, 1 Leopold Avenue, in Wimbledon – a gentleman's house, exclaimed Phil gesturing to the rather grand panelling and banisters in the large hall. It was indeed a large four storey house which had been empty for some years. It was one of a pair with No.2; both houses had been built in the 1890's for the married children of the Mortimer family who lived in a nearby mansion called Ricards Lodge. No. 2 Leopold Avenue was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lemon and it was only years later, when they were friends, that they revealed that the key to our front door also opened theirs.

It was difficult to get permission for any building work in the war but some work was permitted to convert the front drawing room into a kitchen with a coke boiler and three walk-in cupboards which we

9. 1 Leopold Avenue – the front before restoration

10. 1 Leopold Avenue – the house after restoration

11. 1 Leopold Avenue – the banisters at the back of the hall

children called pill boxes. Brick bunkers for coke and coal were also built on either side of the steps to the back door outside the kitchen. But the house was in a sorry state and the basement with its old kitchen and butler's lift to the ground floor was so damp that a puddle always formed in its hall after heavy rain. Nevertheless it was put to use and we all retreated to a makeshift bedroom during air raids (which I liked because I was always given a sweet) or, if they were heavy, to the wine cellar crouching under its heavy concrete shelves. The family was not split up again and my mother expressed complete confidence that no bombs would drop on us and was probably responsible for us staying there, despite doodlebugs and V2's. My father went to work at his new job which he combined with the duties of an air raid warden. He told me that whatever time he came in, my brother's voice would pipe up: "Good night Daddy".

The house was painted throughout in chocolate paint and Guy spent years stripping it and repainting very slowly and carefully, normally in cream or white. To strip the paint Guy used a paraffin flame burner but it was difficult to control the length of the flame. One day he was stripping the door of the lavatory at the back

of the hall.* Suddenly shouting 'GERROUT' at me, he rushed back to, and through, the front door with a four foot flame coming from the burner.

For many years, until central heating was installed, the house was cold in winter although the dirty boiler in the kitchen kept that room warm. There was a good gas fire in the dining room and an open coal fire in the sitting room which would roast your front but leave your back chilly. There was also a stove in the hall but that was only lit at Christmas or when it was very cold. Gas fires in bedrooms were used sparingly, if at all.

Eventually, after the war, the house was put in some sort of order. First the attic was let to a young couple called Bartlett and then much later, after a spell as a ghost house used by my brother and sister to scare me, the basement was renovated and let, although the damp was never wholly cured. Two old ladies lived there in the late 50's and allowed me to visit to watch television which my parents only acquired in the late 1960's.

Letting parts of the house helped make ends meet as did the odd broadcast and lectures on local history. But finances were always tight – both Zirphie and Guy keeping detailed accounts of all expenditure in endless books. Did my mother really worry about the odd halfpenny not accounted for or was she pretending to me? My parents certainly worried about an overdraft. My sister overheard them discussing this and was frightened, thinking it was a dangerous red monster. But, although they had to be careful, we children were never conscious of want. Nevertheless I always found it ironic that my father should have worked hard all his life for a modest salary and a very modest pension, but should have bought a house with no view to profit which became worth more than he earned in his lifetime.

By modern standards there was a degree of formality. The kitchen was not used for meals (except lunch for my mother and myself). Food was brought into the dining room which did however double as a playroom. It was furnished with reproduction Jacobean oak furniture until the death of my great aunt Elsie in 1953 when her Victorian chairs and sideboard led to the purchase of a mahogany table for £12 and a new look for the room. At the time, Victorian furniture was just coming back into fashion. My mother always produced a cooked breakfast for us all and my father consumed this behind his life-long *Times* before going to work. Did he really exclaim 'If I were ten years younger' at decennial intervals? Certainly criticism from his children elicited the censorious: "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country." †

Supper was always a two course meal and Zirphie specialized in producing delicious puddings. There was also Sunday lunch, usually with beef which Guy carved with surgical skill but very slowly. Impatient

* My great aunt Elsie who was living with us at the time strongly objected to this lavatory because anyone entering or leaving it could be seen through the window of the front door!
† Mathew 13:57

children did not wait for everybody to be served before eating. So my brother (who inhaled rather than ate food) and I often finished and were demanding our second helpings before Guy could start his meal. He also ate very slowly, being a martyr to indigestion, which he always claimed incorrectly would one day make my brother and me suffer terribly. In later life, he refused to eat any reheated food which dismayed my mother, causing her great difficulty, especially as he was retired and expected to have a hot lunch as well as a hot meal in the evening.

Guy never learned to cook and the only time he attempted it was when Zirphie was in hospital with a detached retina and I was home on holiday from school. It was not a great success. However he would make my mother tea in bed every morning and always helped with the washing up after supper. Then he would clean and stoke the boiler (until it was replaced with central heating), clean his shoes and finally again make tea, which he would bring to my mother impatiently waiting for it in the sitting room, before she went early to bed. When I was older, this was often the time when he and I had long and enjoyable discussions or arguments on everything under the sun. He was far too clever for me and I always lost the argument and felt frustrated. He would also tease me on occasion. I remember him pretending to think that the moon landing was a sham just, I think, to hear my indignant reaction.

The new Socialist government after the war was a shock to Guy. He voted for the now forgotten Commonwealth party, on his way towards the Conservative party - a common journey with advancing age. But the new political scene had a more dramatic effect on Jack and Emma Faiers, my mother's parents. They had moved to 26 Albert Drive in Southfields selling their large house in Putney. In 1946, they were given notice of compulsory purchase and decided to retire to Seaview in the Isle of Wight where they had been repeatedly going on holiday ever since the end of the 1st World War. They bought a house called Balcombe in Ryde Road and spent the winter there.

In the spring of 1946, our family went to stay but found both of them far from happy. Emma had lived in London all her life and Jack also for much of it, since he had come there as a young man. Seaview in the winter was not the happy place of their holidays. Furthermore the local Council had rescinded the compulsory purchase and decided only to build its flats on the other side of the road. Guy had no money but this did not stop him telling Jack that he would take Balcombe off his hands at any time. So the Faiers family solicitor instructed one of his richer clients to lend indefinitely the necessary £4000 at a very low rate of interest and my parents acquired Balcombe. It was divided into two flats and the upper floor was let on a long term basis, while the lower floor became both our holiday home and that of the extended family, and at other times was a holiday let. We always went for the last week of August, when there was a regatta, and the first two weeks of September – one week to recover from work, one to enjoy and one to prepare for going back, as Guy put it. We had no car and, come rain or shine, spent most of the time on the beach with our hired tent. They were happy times for us children and made regular holidays financially possible. Life in Seaview was gentle but

old fashioned. For fear of upsetting the neighbours, Guy refrained from mowing the lawn there on Sundays, although he did so at 1 Leopold Avenue.

In January 1950, Guy was made an M.A. of the University of London for his thesis on *The Minute Book of the Bedford Corporation 1647-1660*. Then in 1954 he was appointed by the Founders' Company of London to publish their early accounts. He took this on in large part to earn money for my school fees. As my siblings were so much older, he felt I was like an only child and would benefit from a boarding school. In 1958 he was proud to become a member of the Athenaeum.

The work for the Founders proved a heavy and unremunerative burden. His edition of the *TheWardens' Accounts of the Founders' Company 1497-1681*, was not published until 1964, nine years later by which time I had left university. I used to worry that the effort would kill him. Evening after evening, after a day's work at the office, he would slave late into the night over the primitive black on white facsimiles of the mediaeval handwriting. But he would not give up or lower his rigorous standards. He also insisted on creating a comprehensive index covering subjects in great detail as he felt this was the only way to give the book real value. This was of course before the age of computers. Guy was disappointed that the University of London did not give him a doctorate for the work but gratified to win the Wheatley medal of the Society of Indexers. He was also made an honorary freeman of the Founders' Company, a distinction he shared only with the Duke of Edinburgh. Guy had once met the Duke on his appointment as Patron. The Duke was too well briefed and Guy and his President had difficulty answering his questions.

Meanwhile his career at the Institute of Welding was prospering. During the war the Institute and its research side did important work, particularly in solving the mystery of the liberty ships which regularly broke their backs in the middle of the Atlantic. This was due to the welds cracking. But even in 1943 the Welding Research Council which was a semi-independent part of The Institute wanted to separate. In 1946 it became the British Welding Research Association and the division caused financial problems for the Institute which had an uneasy relationship with the Association until they were eventually united again.

When Guy became Secretary, the Institute's offices were at 2 Buckingham Palace Gardens but in the 1950's Guy managed to purchase a grand town house, 54 Princes Gate, for about £17,000 – a ludicrous sum by today's standards but a lot then. It was far more suitable and spacious for an expanding professional organization which also wanted to hold classes for students and provide a variety of educational services. The house had a very large ground floor room with two fake stone pillars at one end which fascinated me. There was however the friction with the Research Association and some of the Directors. I formed the impression that my father was forever creating new committees and abolishing old ones to overcome opposition to his plans.

It was also after the War that the International Institute of Welding was established and Guy became its first Secretary General, although Philip Boyd, his No. 2, had much of the responsibility for running it. The work of the International Institute involved a good deal of foreign travel which Guy generally liked. Then in 1953 Guy was Secretary of an international welding mission to America. On arrival, he decided he disliked flying. So, he went everywhere in America by train, arriving late and leaving early, and booked his return on the old Queen Mary which he hugely enjoyed. Later he managed to organize for us all to visit and see over the great ship when she was moored in Portsmouth. He only flew once more in his life. I took him to Victoria Station to go to Brussels for a meeting. He forgot his passport. The Customs made me proud telling him that as a British subject he was free to leave the country but that they could not answer for the French or Belgian customs, particularly when the train crossed the border into Belgium. To my disappointment he decided not to try it and flew out the next morning.

Guy took an interest in his family history and, in the late 1950's, he took me on a holiday to explore the family's roots in Bath, and in Bagendon and Daglingworth in Gloucestershire. This led to our successfully linking the family to an existing pedigree which had been discovered before the war by another Parsloe to whom we now realized we were related. Family history remained a joint interest for many years extending to Guy's mother's side of the family. Guy's sister and a bevy of his mother's sisters and half-sisters lived in North London and I always accompanied Guy on his annual Christmas visits to them. With the new interest in family history, they became a treasured source of material and provided invaluable assistance in working out the complicated history of this part of the family.

It was in about 1960 that Guy and Zirphie decided to downsize from Balcombe in Seaview. They wanted nevertheless to retain a footing there. The solution was to convert the garage, the two small bedrooms over it, and the garden room at the back of the house, into a separate dwelling which they called Thin End. In my late teens, I greatly enjoyed helping with the design and, after the conversion was completed in 1962, worked with my father changing the sloping drive to the garage into steps with a flower bed beside. Guy was a self-taught and quite knowledgeable gardener. He put the skills he had learnt at 1 Leopold Avenue to converting the reduced garden left with Thin End into a series of 'rooms' which were very successful and remain to this day.* Thin End provided a favoured bolt hole for all the family for many years without the heavy administration of letting and keeping up the main house. The conversion builder was a short man called Bull and it was always joked that this was why one hit one's head on the ceiling of the staircase from the garage part to the garden room, now converted to a kitchen. Zirphie always wanted to get away to Thin End,

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* The illustrations of Thin End are from a later period when it had been renovated after Zirphie gave it to me and my sister.

12. Thin End – the front garden in 2008

13. Thin End - part of the sitting room in converted garage with open staircase in 2008

14. Thin End – the back garden in 2008

Guy and Zirphie's love of the Isle of Wight led them to make a large collection of books on the island at a time when they could be bought quite cheaply. After their deaths, it was given to Carisbrooke Castle Museum and valued at over £15,000.

One item of the book collection was special, consisting of early photographs of holiday scenes which included a large number in Seaview. In 1979, Guy and Zirphie published *A Present from Seaview* which reproduced these photographs together with contemporary pictures of the same scenes. Guy wrote a lengthy and somewhat nostalgic introduction, reminiscing on holiday life on the beach. The same families used to come each year and hire the same tents on the wall, while their children played on the sand below or hired a rowing boat, float, or canoe to explore with. The book was quite successful but suffered from poor reproductions of the illustrations. My sister, Phyllida, and I brought out an expanded second edition on 2004 with coloured photographs of the contemporary scenes.

It was in 1976 on returning to 1 Leopold from a visit to Thin End that Guy and Zirphie found they had been burgled. The burglars took little except the clocks of which there were a number including the carriage clock from Guy's uncle Charles. As it needed some attention, a clock repairer had inspected it a little while before and the family always believed he tipped off the burglars that there were good clocks in the house. The burglary had a bad effect on Guy making him fearful and nervous for a while and over-concerned about security. All the windows were thereafter kept locked.

Guy's contract with the Institute of Welding was renewed from time to time but was due to expire when he was 65. He was not keen to retire, not least because he would be left with only a small pension. He did stay on for a while but eventually retired in 1967 from both the Institute and the International Institute. Those in charge of the Institute were anxious to make changes and in particular to merge the Institute with the British Welding Research Association. In 1968 after Guy retired this happened and The Welding Institute was created with a new Director appointed at a vastly higher salary to what Guy had had; this caused some resentment in view of his small pension. Guy felt the separation of the Institute from the Association had been beneficial to both sides at the time, but accepted the case for reunion in the 1960's.

In retirement in 1971, Guy made his peace with the Institute of Historical Research and published his *Recollections of the Institute, 1922-43.* Then in 1973 he wrote *Fifty Years of the Welding Institute* on its half centenary. Both articles are reproduced in the Appendices.

Guy still had plenty of energy after he retired and decided to set up as an antiquarian bookseller. His old Canadian friend, James Talman, who was still Chief Librarian of Western Ontario University, came to his aid, with a commission to buy many books for the University library. Guy would buy up old books including whole crates of dusty volumes at Sotheby sales whose contents Sotheby did not trouble to list; he much enjoyed finding and researching their contents and acquired a number of quite valuable books in this way. Zirphie's old secretarial skills came in useful in creating a long series of lists of books for sale. The boiler room in the cellar was converted to a book store and there Guy would spend long hours checking, researching, and cataloguing his stock. For many years he carried on a modest but successful business which supplemented his pension and gave him many friends among his customers and the book wrld.

In retirement, Guy also devoted a great deal of time to local history in Wimbledon and still more to the John Evelyn Society (now regrettably The Wimbledon Society). The John Evelyn Club, as it was originally called, was founded in 1903 and in 1916 leased part of the rooms of The Wimbledon Village Club and Lecture Hall. The Village Club was founded in 1858 but had run into financial difficulties in the 1st World War. In its new abode the John Evelyn Club was closely involved with the Village Club and was able

15. Guy in retirement

16. Guy ‘a benevolent old man’ as he contemptuously named himself.
He was pruning the pear tree at 1 Leopold Avenue.

17. Guy with his grandson Thomas for whom he made ‘the Thomas book’
of quotations and references about his namesakes.

to achieve an ambition to create a local museum there. Guy's association started before his retirement and in 1958 he was commissioned to write a centenary record of the Village Club by its Committee. In 1970 he gathered a small group to recreate a local history group in the John Evelyn Society. The Society had had such a group in the 1920's but it did not survive the death of its founder. The new group originally of six members first met in February 1971. Thereafter it met regularly round the dining room table of 1 Leopold Avenue for long talks and earnest discussions. There was research on such items as Nelson and Emma Hamilton who had lived in South Wimbledon, Caesar's Camp on Wimbledon Common and the deeds of the 17th century Eagle House. In 1971, Guy, Bill Myson (the local historian and former Borough Librarian), and E. Williamson, jointly produced *Wimbledon and Putney Commons 1871 -1971: a centenary record.*

In 1974 the meetings of the History Section were switched to the Society's rooms in the Village Club and Guy managed to arrange the purchase for the museum of the original deeds of Merton Place where Lord Nelson had lived from 1801 until his death in 1805.* In the following year, 1975, he was elected President of the whole John Evelyn Society. While President and Chairman of the Museum Committee, Guy organized the clearance of an Augean stable of rubbish from the Museum† and completely remodelled and refurbished it. He gave up the chairmanship of the Museum Committee in 1977 and of the History Section in 1982

In 1979, Guy and Zirphie celebrated their golden wedding. It was not like their silver wedding in 1954 when they took their three children to dinner at the Trocadero (amazing me with the waiter who served Turkish coffee dressed as a Turk). On this occasion, they had a small party in their sitting room at 1 Leopold Avenue. All their children, including Christopher who came down specially from Scotland, together with other relations, were there. Guy gave an emotional speech, saying it was only when he was introduced into the Faiers family that he knew what it was to be in a family full of love.

Shortly thereafter, on the night of election day, May 3rd, Guy's life was clouded by the third tragic death. His relationship with my older brother Christopher had had its ups and downs. Christopher was morose and rebellious in his teenage years, rejecting both academic work and his parents' social values. He married young and did extremely well at first becoming Harrods youngest buyer. But both his work and his marriage took bad turns although his relations with Guy greatly improved. By the late seventies, Christopher's marriage was broken and he was infatuated with a married woman who did not fully reciprocate his feelings. On the night of the 3rd, he had a car accident and was injured; he did not seek treatment, going to his home and dying there. I was telephoned in the night by the police and went to my parents in Wimbledon. Guy's animal howl as he collapsed on the chest in the hall rings for ever in memory.

*Described by the Wimbledon Guardian as 'a major coup' in an article on the History Section in February 2013.
† Including some fifty cases of stuffed Maltese birds which were gratefully taken by with Maltese High Commission who however refused one broken case containing two snipe which Guy gave to me.

The death of his elder son must have brought back memories of the death of his brother and soon after, in what was primarily a religious commonplace book, Guy recorded some thoughts on his brother's birthday:

10 August 1979

My brother Bill's birthday - he would be 88 (?) to-day. I think of his 26 or 27 years, 1891-1918, of the England he knew, loved, served, died for and of what I and my contemporaries and juniors have made of it.

We were so full of hope and good intentions in 1918. There would be peace, with a League of Nations replacing the "bloody-minded old men of Europe" (Philip Guedalla), an end, of course of war-time constraints (D.O.R.A.)* and a rebirth to freedom and social justice.

At 18 I believed it all and long after, perhaps until the 30s I thought it worth working for along Liberal lines. Hitler's emergence ended that phase and by the time of Munich my mind was obsessed with the problem of survival - how to give Zirphie and our children some chance of surviving an aerial war with gas and chemical weapons. Into the dark tunnel again for six years and then, miraculously, victory again.

Soon I was busy making contact with the welding societies of Western Europe, drafting a constitution for the International Institute, being elected its first Secretary-General. It wasn't Guy Parsloe of course, the other countries wanted to lead - it was Churchill's Britain, the Britain which had so decisively dethroned Churchill in 1945.

I believe Atlee's government was a disaster from which the country has never recovered. No doubt there were men among them with high ideals, good brains, sound principles; no doubt they were beset by monstrous problems; no doubt many of their solutions were necessary and overdue. But perhaps inevitably, their speeches and their writings shattered the underlying unity of the British people, the sense common when I was young to all but an insignificant minority, that loyalty to the country, to all one's fellow countrymen, was in the end more important than loyalty to any smaller group, a class, a union, a church, a family, a business, a profession.

Religion played a significant but uneven part in Guy's life. He was initially conventional, but I suspect as a result of his mother's and brother's deaths, he said that as a young man he believed there was either no God or that, if there was one, that he did not care about humanity. But at some time, probably in the 2nd World

* Defence of the Realm Act 1914

War, he read one of the Gospels and, as he put it, felt he had come face to face with a real person in Jesus Christ. So in the late 40's and early 50's he went regularly to St. Barnabas in Southfields, disliking the somewhat pretentious and middle class St. Mary's in Wimbledon. Every Sunday, my sister Phyllida and I went with our father by bus to St. Barnabas, indelibly fixing in our brains the words of the Prayer Book and the Bible. We would return to the Sunday lunch which Zirphie had been cooking. She belonged to the Church of Scotland but rarely went to St. Columba's. My brother, in his teenage rebellion years, was excused from going, as was I when I was older.

Guy was always very friendly with the Vicar of St. Barnabas, Father Speechly, and played a part in its administration; it was quite high church, complete with censors and incense, fasting before communion, etc. I recall the Nativity Play and Guy acting the part of Simeon, when, presumably as an addition to the Nativity, Christ is brought to the Temple. Guy was also involved in the movement known as The Servants of Christ the King. It was founded in the War by Roger Lloyd, Canon of Winchester, whom Guy greatly admired. I twice attended the movement's retreats with Guy; they were held in the summer holidays in a large girls' school near Winchester. But as the years passed Guy became less involved with organized religion although he did worship at St. Marks in Wimbledon. But it was probably Christopher's death that caused him to revert to something of an agnostic.

Once Guy said he thought he had been rather a prig as a young man. If so it did not last. He enjoyed social contacts and got on well with most people while his sense of humour was infectious. He believed and strove to follow the gentlemanly ideal and he was scrupulously honest and meticulous in his work. My brother thought he was 'black tie in the desert' but later told the old joke of how the old man was making a lot more sense of late. There were periods of difficulty, such as my brother's adolescence and when my sister was seeking more independence and felt he should do more about the house. But these periods passed and he was greatly loved by us all.

Guy indeed had his eccentricities and foibles. He always wore a vest, and a jacket, in the breast pocket of which resided the Patek Philippe pocket watch given to him by his father on his 21st birthday. He smoked a pipe endlessly though towards the end of his life it was often unlit. And he would never venture out, even to the garden, without his signature trilby hat.

For Guy everything had to be exactly arranged and he could not start work at his desk without ensuring that all the trinkets, such as an old copper spoon and a billy and charlie forgery, were in their proper place. He never drove a car having taken a lesson when he was a young man in which he ended up hitting a tree. He concluded it was a very dangerous activity. As a result, Zirphie was his chauffeur throughout their married life. This at first was in her sister Molly's borrowed small Austin, known from its number plate as FXB. Then in 1954 a Hillman was purchased and used to visit me at school. After the Hillman came other but smaller

cars. Guy would sit in the front puffing on his pipe and quite unaware of the effect on others. Once when I was driving with my mother and pregnant wife in the back, the latter asked rather faintly through the clouds of blue smoke whether perhaps Guy could open his window. He was quite baffled regarding this as draughty and dangerous.

Guy liked a drink but his intake was modest, normally consisting of a gin and French when he returned from work. Only in later years was wine often on the table, except with guests or high days and holidays. Guy often recalled how as a young man studying in the night, he poured brandy back into the bottle realising, as he put it, that alcohol was a good servant but a bad master. For my sins, I used to pretend to my school mates that he drank a great deal. I once persuaded him to give a talk at the school in which I was embarrassed by his singing the cries of old London. A puzzled master then quizzed me saying my father did not appear at all like a drunkard to him

In the seventies Guy developed chronic airways disease and Zirphie was warned he might die suddenly at any time although he appeared to be quite healthy though with a heightened complexion. Then when he was in Seaview and about 80, he had a serious bout of pneumonia which left him a lot weaker. He also became increasingly dependent on Zirphie. One of her treats was to go to Harrods and other sales with my sister. On one occasion, they spent two or three days doing this. Although food was always left for Guy, he became indignant and came out with the memorable statement that: ‘no proper arrangements have been made for days’. But there was a limit to Zirphie’s patience. Having bought her own birthday present she did protest when Guy asked her to wrap it up for him!

Alas Guy’s health became worse and, possibly because of the cornucopia of drugs which he was prescribed, he both began fitting and became literally mad, suffering delusions of many sorts. He foresaw the possibility of Kinnock becoming Prime Minister as a disaster but could never remember his name, repeatedly calling him killock or pillock. He also became fearful and when Zirphie tried to reassure him used to exclaim: ‘How foolishly trusting’. But after a while with a reorganisation of his medication, he recovered and although not quite the same – Zirphie said once he ‘was not her Guy’, he was quite rational and good natured if sentimental. But he was preparing his ship of death. He often quoted Gerontius and Abou ben Adhem – and Guy was one who loved his fellow men.

I was with my father on the night he died, helping him go to bed. When I wished him good night, he said: ‘If God loves me as I know you do, I will have a very good night’. Some hours later, in the middle of the

night, my mother telephoned to say he had died when she was with him. It was 8th March 1985 - his 85th year. So ended a marriage which had brought great happiness to both. *

* Guy was buried at Putney Vale Cemetery on 13th March (grave number 802, 1st block 8). Zirphie survived him for 15 years and died on 12th October 2000. She was buried in the same grave on 18th October, which would have been her 97th birthday. The tombstone bears their names and that of their son Christopher who was cremated there.

Appendix 1

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Recollections of the Institute, 1922-43

THE Institute of Historical Research was a little over one year old when I first entered it in October 1922, as one of two newly appointed Research Librarians—the other was Jessie Flemming (Mrs. C. S. B. Buckland). The place had, therefore, a history as well as a pre-history, which I was to learn about from some of those who had made them. It was unlike any institution encountered in my short academic experience. I was a month short of my twenty-second birthday and I have never ceased to give thanks that my first job was as one of a small team on an intellectual building site, where nothing was finished but the architect was at hand to explain the drawings and you were seldom unsure about the relevance of your own work.

It was a very small team. A. F. Pollard, the projector and founder, was still Professor of Constitutional History at University College and directed the Institute's affairs as Chairman of the Committee. Day-to-day administration was the business of a full-time Secretary, Isabella F Narracott, M.B.E., and an honorary Librarian, Eliza Jeffries Davis, Reader in London History and editor of *History*. From October 1922, Miss Davis had under her as Library Clerk, Zirphie Faiers (later to be my wife) and two part-time Research Librarians; until then Miss Flemming, as Assistant Librarian, had been her sole assistant. Mr. and Mrs. Goodhew, the porter and his wife, were the full-time domestic staff, and Mr. Edwards and Miss Scott in the bindery, with Mr. Gillman of the British Museum Library as visiting supervisor, completed the establishment.

The scheme devised by Miss Davis for the two Research Librarians resulted in a fragmented time-table over the six working weekdays. We alternated on the morning shift, when from 9 to 9.30, accompanied—most happily for me—by the Library Clerk, we toured the building, replaced books left on the tables and tidied the shelves. At that hour there were few, if any, readers in the libraries, but you might greet one of the tenants—Miss Cleeve of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which rented five rooms on the east side of the long corridor, J. T Shotwell, editing the Carnegie Endowment's *Social and Economic History of the Great War*, Wallace Notestein busy on Sir Simonds d'Ewes's diary, or, rarely, the venerable figure of William Page, whose *Victoria County History* office was enriched with an armchair that had once been Admiral Cochrane's.

The Institute came alive in the late afternoon. Between 4 and 5 the small Common Room filled up with students and teachers and the supply of tea trays (pot of tea, two slices of bread and butter and a cake, 6*d*.) was apt to run out. Each Research Librarian attended on a group of seminars and sat through two each week. We marked up attendance registers, fetched books as required, in some cases kept notes of discussions, and were, in

theory at least, available for odd jobs between meetings. Some teachers made little use of us, others a good deal. I was a member of Miss Davis's seminar and also attended both Pollard's and A. P. Newton's right through. I suppose it must have been when waiting on Arnold Toynbee's that I came to share in digesting the Capitulation treaties for a memorandum which went through Headlam-Morley and the Foreign Office to the British representatives at the Lausanne Peace Conference. In the same way I first met R. W. Seton-Watson, one of the most generous private benefactors of the library and a good customer of the Institute's bindery. Another seminar holder who stands out in memory was Caroline Skeel. Her seminar met in the early afternoon in the English History room,[1] where there might then be two or three readers. Miss Skeel gathered her students in a corner and, so as not to disturb readers, conducted the proceedings in a sort of hissing whisper, infinitely more distracting than ordinary speech.

The week's high-spot was Pollard's Thursday evening conference. We Research Librarians attended 'by invitation' in our own time. There was dinner beforehand in the University College refectory—2*s.* 6*d.* for three courses and coffee (a glass of beer or cider cost the self-indulgent 4*d.*). After dinner we straggled down to the Institute, where the eastern end of the English History room had been cleared of tables and a circle of about twenty chairs made ready for us, four or five of them armchairs with hinged backs but mostly the round-backed library chairs still in use. There were a few regular attenders beside Miss Davis and the two Research Librarians but each meeting was a special mixture, depending on which of the seventy or eighty 'members' came that evening. Teachers from the London colleges were, of course, the biggest single group, but some Public Record Office and British Museum staff were nearly always present and visitors from other British universities and overseas found it an excellent port of call.

There was no agenda, no programme, no opener of discussion. Jessie Flemming or I kept notes and might be asked to refresh Pollard's faultless memory of the previous week's discussion, though I suspect only when the field looked unpromising for the pursuit of one of his own hares and no visitor seemed ready to start a run. But the miracle never failed in those early days: someone always had 'a point to raise' and then for the next hour and a half the pack would be in full cry, the Chairman calling for books, which Jessie or I would find and hand to him until he was willing to let his wife catch his eye and so bring the evening to an end.

Of course there must have been dull evenings even then, and what lingers in my memory must, I know, be a conflation of many conferences, with a cavalcade of historical personalities too numerous for any one occasion and certainly too idiosyncratic for their peculiar accomplishments to have shone to full effect in the presence of all the others. Their names are recorded in the Institute's *Annual Reports* and it would take too much space to do justice even to a few of them. What may perhaps be less easily recovered from

[1]The England and Wales room, originally the Great Britain and Ireland room, sometimes called the British History room or the British room.

official papers is the importance of the Conference in Pollard's management of the Institute. It was both the Institute's shop window and a look-out on the historical landscape. At a time when 're-construction' was a boss-word, most of the projects of interest to British and American historians were displayed and discussed at the Conference. So the Institute's very limited resources were rarely wasted in duplicating facilities available elsewhere or in making roads into unsurveyed country. Collectively, those who came were in a position to influence a large number of government departments, archives, libraries and publishing and other societies, and enlist their interest and goodwill for the Institute. In effect they constituted an informal body of Friends of I.H.R., without whose help the Library would certainly have grown more slowly and much more expensively, and whose support may well have been decisive when in 1926 the Institute found itself a squatter on a site the government had decided to sell back to the duke of Bedford.

Pollard was a determined advocate of the Bloomsbury site for the University's Senate House and central institutions from the first emergence of the proposal. So when his long-meditated vision of a post-graduate research centre for history approached realization, it was with the conscious purpose of staking a claim and erecting a hindrance against any possible back-sliding that he chose to put up the building in Malet Street and to occupy as much as possible of the land, at that point of time on offer to the University. The result was a one-storey building with a frontage of about 140 yards on the east side of Malet Street, resting on the basements and cellars of a range of houses cleared before the 1914–18 war.

About a third of the University site, the boundary of which was indicated on the Institute's location map, was at that time cleared to ground level and enclosed by hoardings, though Torrington Square and Russell Square were still intact. The vacant land at the south end of the site was intersected by two roads, Keppel Street, which continued the line of Store Street into Russell Square, and British Museum Avenue, running from the south end of Torrington Square to opposite the north entrance of the British Museum. The southern end of the Institute's building faced to the west another vacant site, soon to be covered by the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. I watched its building from my office next the Institute's entrance and used to say that the names Frank, Pettenkofer and Biggs would be found graven on my heart! At that end the Common Room had french windows opening on to a small square paved garden, cared for by the Ladies' Garden Committee, which consisted of Mrs. Pollard, Miss Jeffries Davis and Mrs. C. G. Crump. Beyond the garden was a range of old army huts, the home of the newly founded University of London Union. As editor of the Union's annual *Magazine*, I had an office there and was able to introduce friends from the Institute to the Union lounge, little used and exiguously furnished, to play bridge; I suppose we should have been labouring at the P.R.O. or B.M.

Malet Street was narrower then than now. The Institute's building, often referred to as 'the army huts' because of its external resemblance to

those provided for the troops in the 1914–18 war, was constructed on a concrete slab, laid on brick piers about 2 ft. 6 in. high. On this slab a timber frame was raised, the walls consisting of two layers of asbestos sheeting secured to the outer and inner faces of the timbers. The roofing was of grey asbestos tiles. A crazy-paved path surrounded the building and on the street side topped a steeply shelving bank which ran down to the open cellars of the old houses under the pavement. The entrance from the street was by way of a mosaic-paved concrete bridge across the dry moat, which at this point had been enclosed to accommodate the coke-fired boilers. The chimney emerged at the top of a pseudo half-timbered gable over the front door, above which the letters I H R were entwined in a monogram. At least one zealous anti-Papist took this for a Jesuit device. The bindery occupied a separate, two-roomed shed built against the high garden wall of the Torrington Square houses.

To the left and right of the front door were two offices, appropriated at first to the porter and the Honorary Librarian. Across the small hall were the Council or Committee Room and the Secretary's office. A dark corridor to the right gave access to the cloakrooms, Common Room and caretaker's quarters. To the left a long corridor, with windows on the east at both ends, passed between nine seminar rooms on the west and five rooms rented by the Institute of International Affairs on the east, to end in the middle of the British History room's longer side. The large central room on the west of the corridor was labelled Europe; only four of the smaller rooms were in use as seminar libraries in 1922; one more was Miss Davis's office as editor of *History*, the remaining three being then offices of the Carnegie *Social and Economic History of the Great War* and of Wallace Notestein.

In effect the corridor was continued across the British room but flanked by high book-shelving instead of walls, with gaps to left and right. Two smaller rooms, one for London History, the other for Palaeography, opened off the east side of the British History room. Pollard's office as Chairman and William Page's *V.C.H.* room faced each other just north of Great Britain and Ireland. Beyond these was the room dedicated to Dominions, Colonies and India. There, in the original plan, the building was to end. But the offer of a precious collection of books and pamphlets for United States history, while the initial appeal for the Institute was still open, prompted an extension, a large room called America and a small one opening off both it and the Dominions room. This was empty in 1922 but in time came to house the beginnings of a collection on Central and South America.

A tour of the building conducted by the Librarian was the established initiation ceremony for everyone 'admitted to the use of the Institute' It took about half an hour and left the catechumen in no doubt that much profound thought had gone to the making of the 'historical laboratory' The arrangement of the labelled rooms *en route* had, of course, an easily understood historical logic, but the placing of the books might have seemed capricious to one as yet unaccustomed to distinguish between 'research

tools', 'record material', 'narrative sources' and 'secondary works' The arrangements for recording corrections to the *D.N.B.*, the P.R.O. publications and other books were explained and demonstrated from the card index and the loose-leaf folders with specially designed correction forms, leaving me, at least, with a healthy mistrust of authorities, if not yet of authority.

It was not until one had spent some time working in the place that its discomforts became apparent. What most troubled ordinary readers, I think, was the cold. The thin walls were neither draught-proof nor heat-retaining and nothing could keep feet warm after an hour or so on the rubber-covered concrete floors. The central-heating circuit, about 300 yards on one level, consumed formidable quantities of coke with hardly perceptible effects, even in the rooms near the boiler. A number of oil stoves were provided for use especially in the larger rooms and during seminars; some years had to elapse before those of us who loathed the smell of paraffin prevailed on the Committee to substitute electric fires, and then only after one or two libraries had been covered with oily soot. In hot weather, then not unknown in England, the building quickly reached temperatures characteristic of the tropical house at Kew: I have a memory of Sir Bernard Pares, in shirt-sleeves, dabbing cold water behind his ears and assuring me that no other technique so relieved the discomfort. There were other minor irritations. The lighting, from then fashionable bowl fittings, was specially ineffective in a building which accumulated much dust from the vacant building sites, but the use of table lamps was objectionable because the few plugs were on the walls. Another 'period' feature, the fitting of the many doors with latches, punctuated a tour of the building with sharp click-clack noises, how disturbing to readers I only realized when watching Jock Milne performing an irreverent impersonation of myself showing a visitor round.

As I came to understand how greatly the materialization of Pollard's vision had depended on Eliza Jeffries Davis, I saw the building and its equipment as the expression of a Victorian scale of values applied to a project with meagre financial support. Pollard, of course, held to the same scale: one of his sayings (apropos of staff salaries) was 'What a man can make do with depends on what he can do without', but he was less liable than Eliza to be shocked by other people's extravagance and could chuckle when telling how an elderly colleague, dependent on occasional journalistic earnings to supplement his pension, 'ran out and blued' a whole fee on a new hat for his wife. Perhaps Eliza too might have smiled over that, but for herself she accepted hard living as the natural accompaniment of high thinking, and was generally inclined to mistrust the seriousness of those who showed over much concern for their own material comfort. The accounts for the original appeal and the first year or two of the Institute's existence confirm my conviction that only Eliza, accustomed as she was to make bricks without straw, could then have brought to be so comely and convenient a first home for the I.H.R. Never, I suppose, robust, she overstrained herself in doing it, with results that permanently injured her health.

Pollard himself traced the origins of I.H.R. back to his lecture 'The University of London and the Study of History', delivered at University College London in October 1904 and included in the first edition of his *Factors in Modern History* (1907). We know now that the idea of a centre for advanced historical study in London had been formulated by A. W. Ward in 1899 and advocated by G. W Prothero, Ward's immediate successor as President of the Royal Historical Society.[1] In 1906 Pollard threw his abundant energies into the founding of the Historical Association, of which he wrote that without it 'there might have been no I.H.R.'.[2] James Bryce, who had been closely associated with Ward and Prothero in their project, was remembered by Pollard as an important influence in the formation both of the Association and of the Institute. In 1906 nine candidates sat the London B.A. Honours Examination in Modern History for Internal Students, and though there were then 'over half a dozen' postgraduate research students in Modern History,[3] the figures sufficiently explain both the failure of the Royal Historical Society's project and the wisdom of Pollard's delay in reviving it until a large and vigorous History School had been developed in London.

Though the prospects of success were immeasurably more promising in 1919 than in 1900, the response to the appeal for the foundation of I.H.R. must have depressed the organizers and especially the joint honorary secretaries, Miss Jeffries Davis and Sir E. Cooper Perry, Principal Officer of the University. Their devoted efforts brought in just over £4,000 from some 200 subscribers, mostly individuals but including several London livery companies. 'An anonymous donor' contributed to the General Appeal two sums of £5,000 and £500, the latter earmarked for the American History room. With less than £10,000 promised and building estimates totalling more than twice as much, it looked as though the venture must be abandoned or at best drastically reduced.

At this point (or perhaps at an earlier stage of the appeal) Mrs. Pollard approached the anonymous donor, Sir John Cecil Power, through her friend, Lady Power, and returned with the promise of a further £15,000. The friendship between the two families, I understood, started during the war, when the Powers' were attracted to Pollard's public lectures at University College, published in *The Commonwealth at War* (1917). Power's interest in what was not yet called Contemporary History carried him also into the group which founded the British (later Royal) Institute of International Affairs, for which he bought Chatham House in 1924.

So the building could be put in hand, to be opened by H. A. L. Fisher, then President of the Board of Education, and by Lord Bryce on 8 July 1921. Next week it accommodated the morning business sessions of the (first) Anglo-American Conference of Professors of History. Among those

[1] R. A. Humphreys, *The Royal Historical Society, 1868–1968* (1969), pp. 26–35.
[2] A. F. P. to G. P., 21 June 1942; private letter in the author's possession.
[3] A. F. Pollard, *Factors in Modern History* (1907), p. 263 n. 2, p. 265 n. 3.

attending, in a temperature of 93°F was Sir George Prothero.[1] That superb summer one or two of the American visitors used small empty rooms as offices, while Miss Davis and Miss Flemming strove to sort, list, catalogue and shelve the books flowing in from many quarters and to prepare for the first working session.

The first *Annual Report*, published soon after my arrival, records the progress of the new Institute from its opening to the end of August 1922, with three financial statements, one for the appeal to the date of opening, a second from then until 31 August, and the third for the University's financial year, 1 September 1921–31 August 1922. The total cost of the building and furnishings was £22,332 and the only other charge on the Appeal Fund was £188 for stationery, legal charges, opening ceremony, etc. In the second account the only income was £2,532 unspent balance of the Appeal Fund. This was reduced to £2,120 by the end of August 1921; £2,000 was then invested and the small balance carried down. In the first full year total income was £2,999. Two thirds of this was a Treasury grant, £458 was rents, and fees for admission contributed £153. Out of a total expenditure of £2,666, maintenance took £904, administration £753, bindery £460 and books and periodicals £310. We moaned then about the fall in the value of money and happily could not foresee how trifling these costs would seem fifty years on.

The founding of I.H.R. is, of course, a landmark in British historiography. To many London men and women of my generation it was also a notable victory in the long battle to make our University a teaching as well as an examining body. Since 1907, when University College and King's College were incorporated into the University, the old reproach could no longer be levelled at Stinkamalee, but for many undergraduates of the immediate post-war period (I came up in October 1918) the creation of university institutions, subsuming college loyalties into a wider, London loyalty, seemed an objective worth pursuit. So we created the University of London Union, with its own *Magazine*; we agitated for the proposed removal of the Senate House and University Library to the Bloomsbury site; and we saw I.H.R. for what indeed it was, a triumph of what we called 'the inter-collegiate movement' and a harbinger of good things to come.

It seems to me astonishing that in essentials I.H.R. today should differ so little from the Institute I first knew forty-nine years ago. It was then and is now an historical laboratory, managed by the University of London with the support of and in consultation with teachers of history in other universities of the United Kingdom and other countries, providing instruction in research by teachers of the London colleges, facilities for independent study in a specially designed library, a centralized pool of information on all matters of interest to historians, a centre where historical enterprises may find a home and pursue their objectives in varying forms of association with the Institute. Of course the scale is different; some of the functions I have

[1] C. W. Crawley, 'Sir George Prothero and his circle', *Trans. Royal Hist. Soc.*, 5th ser., xx (1970), 111.

listed were present only in token form or in embryo in 1922, but I can isolate only one feature of the present Institute which had no formal parallel in the beginning, namely that it had no academic staff of its own until Pollard's appointment as Director in 1927. Financial stringency may have dictated this, but another no less powerful reason would have been to avoid possible offence to the colleges, whose co-operation, in allowing their teachers to hold seminars at the Institute and their postgraduate students to seek admission there, was vital to Pollard's whole concept. The elaborate arrangements for sharing students' fees between the Institute and the colleges, entailing labour out of all proportion to the benefits the Institute derived, had all the appearance of tactful handling of suspicious college administrations.

Within a few months of my coming, Miss Davis's ill health forced her to give up the honorary librarianship. The Committee's solution of a difficult staffing problem was to combine the posts of Secretary and Librarian. Historical qualifications were a necessity for such a post so Miss Narracott had to relinquish her appointment as Secretary. In May 1923 Dr. Henry Meikle took over as full-time administrative head.

The four years of Meikle's administration were a period of steady growth at the Institute. Admissions increased each year, seminars and courses nearly doubled in number and on average over 3,000 volumes a year were added to the library stock. The *Bulletin* was started in 1923. The Continuation Committee of the 1921 Anglo-American Conference, which depended on I.H.R. for executive service as well as for a meeting place, needed more help when reports on such topics as the editing of historical documents, recording the movements of manuscripts and the indexing of local societies' publications began to emerge. Some additional staff was needed to keep pace with this growth, but income grew more slowly than activity and already it could be seen that rooms then let to tenants and producing useful rents would before long have to be taken into the Institute's own use.

Successful handling of these routine problems and even of the somewhat factitious 'crisis' of 1926, when the government handed back the Bloomsbury site to the duke of Bedford, were no more than anyone who knew Meikle would have expected from him. His Edinburgh D.Litt. thesis on *Scotland and the French Revolution* (recently reprinted) recorded pioneering research, so that his sympathetic understanding of the Institute's aims and methods was immediate. Administrative experience, most recently in the University's external department, meant that he knew well the officials and the procedures in the Senate House. But it was his personality which in four years gave the place what to me still seems its most unpredictable and distinctive characteristic, a warm, friendly fellowship. Unlike Professor Sir Walter Raleigh, Meikle loved the human race: he would have made a superb confessor if it had not entailed imposing penances. You felt that nothing could interest him so much as listening to your problems and helping you to do whatever it was you wanted. Though he had his prejudices and

was not without the shrewd judgment of a Scot, he met all comers open-handed and on an equal footing. A most lovable man, *anima naturaliter Christiana*, though an agnostic.

Soon after his appointment Meikle and his wife Jessie, a true partner in all his interests and concerns, bought themselves a house in Hampstead Garden Suburb. There were many other I.H.R. people there—A. P Newton, A. E. Stamp, Deputy Keeper, Charles Crump and his family, Christine Ross are names that come to me—with whom Meikle and his wife and their cat, Jacob ('he was a lucky fellow', Meikle would quote from a sixteenth-century Scots Bible) became fast friends. On Sunday evenings they kept open house, especially for I.H.R. staff, students working there and the younger overseas visitors. There you might find C. H. Williams, who succeeded Jessie Flemming as a Research Librarian on her marriage, W N. Medlicott, George Sayles, Harry Ross, Phyllis Doyle, Harold Hulme, W. C. Dickinson, Esmond de Beer and many others; there was a time, just after the last war, when I felt half the history professorships in British universities were held by the Meikles' young friends.

I doubt whether Meikle or for that matter those he befriended gave a thought to what all this was doing for the Institute. It could have been as lonely a lodging for a young graduate from Toronto or Sydney, St. Andrews or Witwatersrand as the cheap 'digs' they mostly found in London, a utility as little likely to inspire affection in its users or a feeling of community among them as a public convenience. That its younger members in those years came together in organizing Christmas parties and an informal rambling club was largely due, I believe, to the warmth Meikle radiated. What Pollard and his wife did for the seniors through the Thursday evening conference, Meikle and his wife did for the younger users, establishing a tradition which, I hope and believe, survived the war.

In February 1925, I was appointed part-time Administrative Assistant to Meikle and re-appointed Research Librarian. My main duty as Assistant was to act as secretary to the second Anglo-American Historical Conference, to be held in 1926. That year was critical for the Institute, which was threatened with having to remove when the duke of Bedford agreed to buy back the Bloomsbury site, left on the government's hands by the Senate's unwillingness to accept it. In June, a month before the conference, the Institute published *A Plea for the Institute of Historical Research*. It consisted of a memorandum outlining the Institute's origin, aims and development, with five letters testifying to its value and signed by groups of British historians, American historians in London and in Paris, professors and other teachers of the University of Manchester and by Élie Halévy. I cannot recall feeling any alarm, such as appears to have inspired the writers of these letters, but it may be that I was too busy with the conference organization to give much attention to a threat I preferred to regard as most unlikely to mature. In the event, Sir William Beveridge, then vice-chancellor, aided by a princely gift from the Rockefeller Foundation, secured the site for the University and the Institute continued undisturbed. The support

given by so many scholars and learned bodies was gratifying proof of the soundness of the original conception and the progress made toward its realization. Pollard argued that the difficulty of finding alternative premises for the Institute had been a major influence in securing the Bloomsbury site for the University.

The conference over, my Institute appointments ended and in October 1926, I returned to the history department at University College as Assistant, a post I had held temporarily in the previous session. It was to be a short separation. Early in 1927, Meikle was offered the keepership of manuscripts at the National Library of Scotland. His relations with Pollard had never been easy and both he and his wife welcomed the opportunity to return to Edinburgh and to so congenial a task. In August 1927, therefore, when Pollard became Director, I returned to the Institute as Meikle's successor. Neither of these new appointments involved much apparent change. Pollard gave no more and no less time to the Institute as Director than before and to me, at twenty-six, accession to the secretaryship meant only the acceptance of an administrative rather than a teaching future and an opportunity to influence the development of the Institute's activities more directly.

The four years of Pollard's full-time directorship, 1927–31, were marked by steady progress along familiar lines rather than by innovation. Student admissions increased nearly every year, as did the number of the universities they came from and of the courses and seminars offered to them. By 1931 the library stock totalled nearly 41,000 books and pamphlets, three quarters of them gifts or permanent loans. In 1928–9 the removal of the School of Slavonic Studies from the five rooms earlier tenanted by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine from two small rooms on the west side, gave much needed shelving space. A bigger grant from the University replaced the lost rents.

Like its predecessor of 1921, the second quinquennial Anglo-American Historical Conference left its Continuation Committee several projects for study and action. Much of my time was given to collecting and disseminating information on the conditions of access to archives and the movements of historical manuscripts and to listing and indexing the historical publications of English and Welsh societies. Pollard, who delighted to see the Institute becoming what he called 'a national office for historical research', encouraged enterprises which at that time no other British organization was prepared to initiate. Even when I succumbed to a bad attack of perfectionism and produced a memorandum (finished, I confess with shame, on our honeymoon!) proposing a comprehensive survey of historical agencies, it was not he who administered the cooling draught. I remember him saying to me that it was natural for Guy to produce guides.

At that time the Pollards spent their summer holidays at a boarding-house in Milford-on-Sea near Sir John and Lady Power's country house. While there in July 1930, Mrs. Pollard was taken ill and underwent a major operation. Though she recovered in time to allow their returning to

Barnes for the beginning of term, Pollard knew that the trouble would return and determined to reduce his academic responsibilities. Within months he had retired from his Chair and persuaded the Institute Committee and the University to convert his directorship into a part-time honorary post. Next year he bought a large house with large and neglected grounds on the cliff edge at Milford, looking across to the Needles of his native island. He knew that in 1930 I had refused a tempting commercial appointment and he made it a condition of his continuing as an unpaid Director that the salary he surrendered should be used to increase mine and pay for additional assistance. Mrs. Pollard sensed my misgivings and took care to remove them. Pollard's reply to my written thanks, in which I had excused myself for verbal inadequacy, is characteristic: 'I can only say "thank you" for your appreciation in writing and your reserve *viva voce*. I have a bias for efficiency which explains my benevolence but does not call for any particular gratitude'

Once settled in Milford, Pollard would drive up (it was a memorable experience to be a passenger in his car) once a fortnight in term, spending the nights of Tuesday and Wednesday with his daughter and son-in-law, Harold Butler, in Gordon Square, and returning to Milford on the Thursday. The Wednesday evenings were given to the former Thursday evening conferences, committee meetings, personal interviews and consultation about Institute business were concentrated in the remaining hours of the two days.

The Institute's continued growth in its second decennium was not only unchecked but in several directions accelerated, sufficient proof of the vitality Pollard had given it. William Page's gift of the *Victoria County History* in 1932 at once made the Institute's role as organizer and publisher the equal of its teaching function. When Page died, some fifteen months later, the Institute had to appoint an editor, take over and find storage for an enormous stock, bound and sheet, ensure the completion of three or four volumes in current preparation under private guarantees, formulate a publishing programme and raise the funds to bridge the large gap between production costs and sales income. With a strong Committee headed by Sir Charles Peers in charge and Louis Salzman as editor, the wheels soon began to turn, so that by 1937 they were able to celebrate the publication of the 100th volume.

Though much the biggest, the *V.C.H.* was only one of many calls for the Institute's service. The founding of the British Records Association in 1932 and H. Hale Bellot's re-organization of the Royal Historical Society following his election as Honorary Secretary in 1934 brought welcome allies into the field, but the immediate effect was rather to complicate planning. The Anglo-American Conferences continued to throw up concerns for study and action, mostly involving co-operation with other organizations or disciplines. The *Bulletin* Special Supplements (1932–) and Theses Supplements (1933–66) originated in this way; so too did a joint committee with geographers and archaeologists set up in 1932–3, a projected dictionary of place-names of the British dominions and colonies, an index of printed

catalogues of manuscripts in Great Britain started by Seymour de Ricci, and a report on film photography of books and manuscripts. The Anglo-French Historical Conferences of 1933 and 1934, series of special lectures organized in 1932–3 and 1938–9, and exhibitions arranged for the British Records Association and the Society of Genealogists were other signs of the Institute's expanding outlook.

To some extent, also, they expressed a feeling for what later would have been applauded as 'rationalization' Pressure on shelf-space was already a constant preoccupation before Bellot's rapid building up of the American history collection in the 'thirties began to twist the screw. His uncompromising rationality led to the conclusion that in a permanent building, with the University Library and other 'Central Activities' next door, the Institute could shed some of its collections without inconveniencing readers. This logic overflowed from library policy to other parts of the Institute's work so that, as the planning of the new building and the raising of funds for it demanded more and more attention, the wisdom of putting jobs as well as books where they would be most useful became increasingly apparent.

As early as 1930 the widening of Malet Street entailed structural alterations to the building and necessitated a large scale rearrangement of the library. Next year a detailed classification and shelf catalogue were begun, to leave the Institute, as Salzman wrote for my funerary inscription, 'a place for Search and Research' Then came the need to plan the permanent building. Sir Charles Holden's design determined the width of the Institute's block—thirty-two feet. Admirable for a reading-room with windows on both sides, it is an awkward shape for a series of interconnected seminar rooms. The architect's staff made two or three sets of drawings. None of them found any favour at the Institute, so in desperation one weekend I drew the plan to which the present quarters were eventually constructed.

In retrospect the appeal for a permanent building, launched a fortnight after Mrs. Pollard's death in June 1934, seems to me an exercise in make-believe wholly characteristic of the period. The argument that the Institute could beg from the friends of history more effectively than the University was specious when the sum demanded was £100,000 and the object was a bit of a building for which the Court had already collected immense sums. I suppose no one believed in his heart that failure to raise the money would mean the end of the Institute. Equally, neither Pollard nor the Committee as a whole could reject the Court's request.

Success in re-starting the *V.C.H.* by means of a series of separate county appeals suggested the possibility of a similar division of the building appeal, which carried the make-believe one stage further. Under a most impressive General Appeal Committee, headed by Lord Crewe, a series of special committees was set up to raise funds for a German history room, a French history room and so on. At the end of a year's effort, £7,000 had been promised, of which £5,000 was a gift of the Rhodes Trustees. We struggled on, encouraged by some members of the Appeal Committee, such as Lord

Macmillan, the Chairman of the Court, and Sir Eric Gore-Browne, Chairman of the Appeal Executive, who gave time and personal effort generously. By 1937 gifts of £7,000 from the University Grants Committee and £10,000 from the Court brought the total to £25,000. Next year, as its site was needed for development, the Institute removed during the Easter vacation into temporary quarters on the third floor of the newly-opened Senate House, at the south-west corner. In the end the international situation was held to justify closing the Fund at £27,000 and the Court put in hand the block the Institute now occupies. It was nearly completed when war came and the whole University building was taken over by the Ministry of Information.

Pollard's fortnightly visit would have served well enough at that time for routine management, though the change from weekly to fortnightly conferences quickly brought a reduction in attendance and a consequent narrowing of the range of subjects discussed—it was noticeable that the hares were more apt to end up in the Reformation Parliament. But in the 'thirties the world at large, the University of London and the Institute were all involved in emergencies, intractable to routine handling, while Pollard's ability and even his will to respond were slowly being eroded by his domestic circumstances.

Continued expansion could not have come as it did if there had not been many senior men and women willing to increase their help to the Institute on the committees, such as the V.C.H. Committee, on which added responsibility fell. A similar development among the students I see as a flowering of what Meikle had planted; a students' committee, student conferences, a dining club, a panel of lecturers to raise money for the Appeal were some of the cheering developments of this period.

A different attitude began to be perceptible in a small but powerful group of London teachers on the Committee as hope for the Appeal died and Pollard approached his seventieth birthday in 1939. At the end of 1938 Pollard proposed an increase of my salary. The Committee asked him to withdraw with me and then referred the proposal to a sub-committee. Their report contained a reference to the situation which would arise on his retirement from the honorary directorship, when it would be necessary to appoint a full-time salaried Director. Pollard resigned. I imagine he expected that consultation would follow. It did not. Instead, the Committee appointed another sub-committee to look round for a Director. They were, I believe, nearing an agreement with Sir Frank Stenton, when the outbreak of war led to the closing of the Institute. C. T Flower, then Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, consented to become acting honorary Director and Eliza Jeffries Davis acting Secretary and Librarian, I having gone over, with many of the University staff, to the Ministry of Information.

Nine months later I secured release from the Ministry and returned to my desk at the Institute. With a shrinking group of colleagues and helpers, of whom the longest survivors were Joyce Godber, Assistant Secretary, Esmond de Beer, Honorary Assistant Librarian, and L. F. Salzman, Editor

of the *V.C.H.*, I acted as caretaker in a library to which the Ministry allowed only severely restricted access. We did what was possible to maintain continuity, until in 1943 the Ministry required the removal of the entire library to the British Medical Association's building in Tavistock Square. My last service as Secretary and Librarian was to plan that removal and the arrangement of the new premises. I became Secretary of the Institute of Welding on 1 March 1943, but for some months continued to give some time to the I.H.R., joining the Committee.

We are members one of another and no man may fairly label any achievement 'all my own work' But it is, I think, incontestable that without A. F Pollard the Institute of Historical Research would not have existed and that without Eliza Jeffries Davis and Henry Meikle it would not have been what it was and is. Of course, there crowd into my memory dozens, perhaps scores, of others who gave it something of themselves as, since my time, many more must have done. I salute them all and rejoice to have spent half my working life with such good companions and in work so well worth doing.

GUY PARSLOE

Appendix 2

Past and Future 2003, pp.10-11

The Newsletter of the Friends of the Institute of Historical Research

MEMORIES OF THE IHR HUTS

***Albert Deighton** recalls his youthful experience working in the pre-war Institute*

It was 1935 and I was fifteen years old when I saw the advert in the News Chronicle Assistant required for the University of London, Institute of Historical Research.

Senate House under construction, 1927 with 'the huts' in the foreground

I came out of the Square and there in front of me was a beautiful white building. I looked for an entrance in the hoarding that surrounded the site without success, went around the back of the British Museum in Malet Street, and there stretching the length of the street was a row of what looked like contractors' huts. Having found a door with a notice confirming that this was in fact the Institute, I was not very impressed with the thought of working in a shed, but I rang the bell and the door was opened by Martin, the rather elderly porter dressed in a semi-military uniform. He led me to the palaeography room at the far end of the entrance hall to wait for the Assistant Secretary.

My first impression of the Institute was of a rather small dark sort of DIY building with low ceilings and shiny green floors. I wondered what I had let myself in for, but I loved books and there were certainly plenty of them around. The hall had a long desk on the right-hand side, with a large notice board above and in the centre the book where they all signed in. On the other side was a small cubby hole where a young lad was working a small telephone switchboard which kept buzzing like a bee, and which he wound up with a handle at the side. Alongside was a row of cloakrooms and toilets. The Palaeography room was adjoined by the library assistants' room which was at the end of a long dark passage running the length of the huts and lined with books.

After a while I was summoned and taken to the office of the Assistant Secretary, Miss Marjorie Fletcher, whose office was down the passage next to the typing pool. She noted all my details and I was to wait back in Palaeography (I loved that room). Martin then took me down the passage to the office of the Secretary and Librarian, Mr. Guy Parsloe. I found myself faced with a rather stern looking man and prepared to be told off for wasting his time. Instead, he asked me a few questions and to my utter astonishment welcomed me to the IHR. I was to be a sort of factotum arranging books, visiting other libraries to collect or deliver, all under the watchful eye of the rather feisty young Assistant Librarian, Miss Feibusch, and her associates, Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Richardson.

I soon found out the main difficulty of working in the huts. It was freezing cold in the winter and unbearably hot in summer. Fashion didn't come into it, in winter you wore as much as you could move around in and in summer as little as you could get away with! The heating system was quite unable to cope with what was after all a collection of uninsulated huts on a concrete foundation, so that despite all efforts, by the time the hot water reached the end of the huts from the boiler it was just about tepid. The V.C.H. offices were at the far end and I well remember the editor Mr. Salzman at his desk with a scarf around his neck and looking very cold indeed. I also recall a seminar in the English room which was the largest room in the middle of the huts, during which all the participants sat in a circle surrounded by a few small electric fires.

The bindery was situated outside in a brick building in the garden between the Institute and the houses on Torrington Square, as was the boiler house. The binder was a rather elderly man, Mr. Edwards and his associate was a Miss Scott, a pleasant motherly lady who was always pleased to see anyone who ventured down there. Across the gardens were the houses in Torrington Square one of which was used by the Institute as a common room and also as quarters for Martin and his wife, who ran the tea room and supervised the three cleaners, Mrs. Witt, Mrs. Best and Mrs. Long who kept the green floors shining.

I also worked part-time in the evenings for Miss Faiers of the V.C.H. My job was sorting out the massive stocks of sheets stored over the road in the Institute of Hygiene. At the end of the week she would ask me how many hours I had worked, and she would pay me there and then out of her handbag.

One day the University maintenance officer, Mr. Bonavia and the University Engineer, Mr. White were going up to see the top of the tower, and asked if I would like to go with them. At that stage, the top was a large empty cavern which would eventually contain seven more floors but at that time remained empty as the Fire Brigade were unable to pressure their hoses that far. The only way up was by the builders' hoist, a small platform alongside, and when the dreadful accident happened to Sir Edwin Deller and his party, it made me shudder to think we had travelled that same route a mite earlier. Sir Edwin's death cast a shadow over the Institute, that day the most sombre in my experience there.

Then there was the day that the German ambassador von Ribbentrop was to come to the Institute to make a formal presentation of some thousands of books that Hitler had reprieved from the infamous bonfires. The huts being the most convenient place to do this at the time Guy Parsloe called me into his office and told me that when Ribbentrop's cavalcade arrived I was to stand outside and open the door of the car for the Ambassador to alight. I can't think that anyone else wanted the job at that time.

Came the day, I took up my position outside. The car drew up, I sprang forward to open the door, Ribbentrop stood up and shook my hand, then went inside. He did not give a full Nazi salute but he did wave his arm. After they had all gone inside I was still on the pavement when at the bottom of Malet Street there was a great hullabaloo. Hundreds of students were marching and shouting "Burn the books" and making their way up to the Institute. I was terrified and for a moment petrified as there was no sign of police. They soon appeared in large numbers and I had a few words with Martin for shutting the door before I could get back in!

The day arrived when we were to leave the huts and move into temporary accommodation in the Senate House. With war pending it was a stressful time for us all. We were sad to leave the huts, as for all their faults it was like leaving home, and they had engendered a togetherness that we feared would be lost in that vast impersonal tower block.

However, needs must and we all worked with a will. Guy Parsloe, sleeves rolled up, asked me to follow the sounds of cups to find tea for everyone. Little did I know that that trip in search of the Refectory was to decide the rest of my life.

I came upon a lift shaft where there were two beautiful young ladies talking. One looked at me and asked if she could help that was Edith and we were married for fifty eight years. The other was Joan Hunter Dunn, who inspired Sir John Betjeman's poetic licence.

"Miss J. Hunter Dunn, Miss J. Hunter Dunn,
Furnish'd and burnish'd by Aldershot sun"

Guy Parsloe knew Edith well and when he heard that we were to marry (things moved quickly in those days with war pending) he gave us both some fatherly advice. He then arranged a post for me in Printed Books at the British Museum. The IHR staff gave me a wonderful send off and called me their friend and colleague. I'm very proud of that.

Albert and Edith Deighton at their wedding, 1940

Appendix 3

Metal Construction and British Welding Journal January 1973, pp.3-6

JUBILEE

Fifty years of The Welding Institute

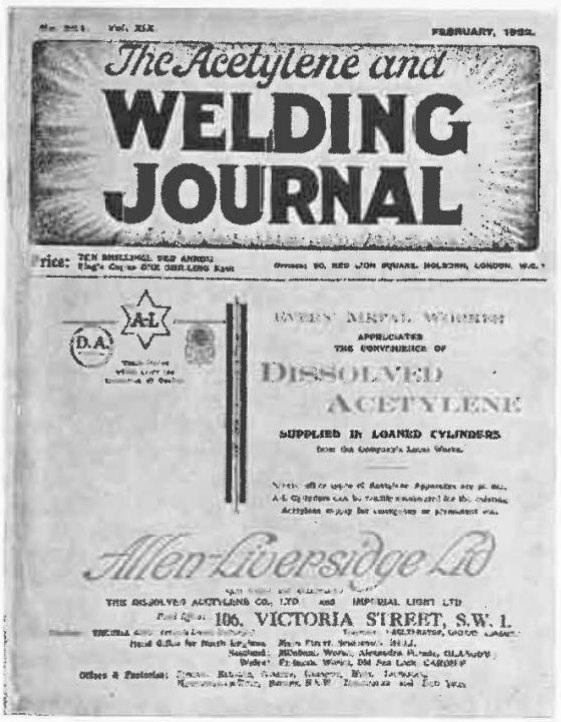
by **Guy Parsloe,** Hon. F. Weld I.

The Welding Institute does not fall readily into any scheme of classification for engineering and metallurgical institutions: we take pride in its uniqueness. It began, however, in traditional British form, as The Institution of Welding Engineers Limited, between 26 January, 1922, when 20 men gathered at the Holborn Restaurant, London, at the invitation of Mr. Charles Raggett,and resolved unanimously to establish it,and 15 February, 1923, the date of its registration under the Companies Act. In its first half-century it has twice changed its name and undergone three major reconstructions, in 1934, 1944 and 1967. Each change marked a new phase in the development of welding in Britain and in the evolution of a body of specialist welding engineers, hardly existing in 1923.

The foundation

Despite its name and the limitation of membership to persons, the new Institution was more akin to a trade association than to a professional engineering society. Of the 16 who signed the Memorandum of Association on 8 January, 1923, only seven described themselves as engineers; the other nine, though they included one who was certainly M.I.Mech.E., were mostly drawn from the commercial management staff of welding supplies manufacturers and merchants. Charles Raggett, the moving spirit who became the first (honorary) secretary, was a publisher and proprietor of a journal originally called *Acetylene*, but by 1922 known as *Acetylene and Welding Journal.*

The February 1922 edition of Charles Raggett's journal, The Acetylene and Welding Journal, *carried a report of the inaugural meeting.*



In 1937 Sir William Larke became President of The Institute and Chairman of the Research Committee.

Raggett's achievement was to bring together men from acetylene welding, then a concern of the British Acetylene Association (B.A.A.) with their competitors from electric welding. The B.A.A. abandoned welding to the new Institution, the Council of which resolved at an early stage that at any meeting at which a paper on electric welding was read, another on acetylene welding must also be presented—it should be remembered that electric lighting had already almost closed one important outlet for acetylene.

By March, 1924, the Institution had 139 members, headed by the President, Sir W. Peter Rylands, J.P., later created a baronet. Mr. D. G. Sinfield, still happily a member of the Tyneside Branch, appears to be the sole survivor of that little band of founding fathers. Growth was slow in years of industrial depression. After ten years the membership was about 600 and the annual income, about £800, was too small to sustain attractive services. Technical meetings were of course held and the Institution published seven volumes of *Proceedings* between 1923 and 1934 and two more of papers entered for prize competitions in 1930 and 1931. A hopeful sign was the formation of the first Branches, at Manchester and at Birmingham in 1931 and two years later at Newcastle, all three destined to later division.

The prospect must have seemed uninviting when Raggett resigned the honorary secretaryship in December, 1933. The Council had to find a Secretary and an office, because Raggett had used his own at 30 Red Lion Square. In July, 1934, Mr. F. Stoyle became the first Secretary and an office was secured at 7/8 Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road.

In the same month the Council accepted an invitation from the Iron and Steel Institute to co-operate in a Symposium on

A. Ramsey Moon worked with Sir William Larke, as Secretary of The Institute. His contribution is commemorated by the Ramsay Moon Conference Centre at Abington.

the Welding of Iron and Steel to be held in May, 1934. By February 1934, when the then President, Mr. C. W. Hill, reported to Council on "informal conversations . . . concerning the extension of the scope of the Institution", it was clear that there was considerable interest in the possibilities of welding among British engineers and a growing feeling that British industry was being outdistanced by other countries in this field. A month before the Symposium was held, an extraordinary general meeting agreed to merge the Institution with a younger organisation, the British Advisory Welding Council and to recast the constitution. The new name, The Institute of Welding, without professional overtones, enabled the leading engineering institutions to accept the role of Patrons and to support an enterprise in which all were concerned, though none was willing itself to implement the research programme which the Symposium was intended to produce.

A fresh start

The effect on the Institute was dramatic. Sir Alexander Gibb, in his year as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers,

The first offices—In Red Lion Square, Holborn, London.

In 1939 The Institute of Welding moved to offices in Buckingham Palace Gardens.

began a three years' term as President of The Institute. The Vice-Presidents in 1935/36 were Sir William Larke, Sir James Lithgow, Bt., and Mr. (later Sir) Ralph Freeman; other Council members were Dr. (now Sir) Andrew McCance, Sir William Stanier, Mr. H. J. Gough and Mr. A. Ramsay Moon.

The menace of war with Hitler's Germany gave urgency to the task The Institute had undertaken. Two Council Committees, for Science and for Technical Development, combined, and with Ramsay Moon as Honorary Secretary, drew up a research programme. This was adopted in July, 1936. In October, Sir William Larke reported that his Committee had secured guarantees from industry of about £1000 a year for 5 years. In February 1937, Moon was appointed Secretary of the Institute with special reference to the organisation of research. In the same year Larke was elected President and appointed Chairman of a newly constituted Research Committee. For five years Moon and Larke laboured to win answers to the welding problems posed by re-armament and to distribute reliable technical information to industry. The Fifth Progress Report of the Welding Research Council lists some of their achievements and names some of their helpers, but it needs imagination to glimpse the heroic quality of the effort put into the job—imagination, and the knowledge that the Institute had no research facilities of its own and even with

The foyer of The Institute's London offices—Princes Gate, opposite Imperial College.

a grant from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research secured by Larke, a total annual income little more than £10 000.

In 1937 The Institute moved to larger offices at 104, Victoria Street, and two years later to 2 Buckingham Palace Gardens in the Buckingham Palace Road. The first issue of *Quarterly Transactions* appeared in January, 1938, and the development of a library was begun, under the late Miss Brayden as Librarian. Both things were, of course, necessary for the research programme but they also benefitted members as a whole. By the time war came membership had reached 1400 and there were nine branches outside London. While the research side claimed all Moon's abounding energy, other Institute activities were the charge of an Organising Secretary, Mr. Stoyle until his resignation in 1938, and Mr. A. Kershaw from then until his resignation in 1942.

Most of The Institute's routine activities ceased during the first two years of war. Moon became Director-in-Charge of the Advisory Service on Welding at the Ministry of Supply, while the corporate members, virtually the country's entire corps of welding technologists, were placed *en bloc* on the Ministry of Labour's Scientific and Technical Register. But the immense increase of welding in industry swelled the demand for trustworthy information and for Institute membership as a means of access to it, and a series of meetings in 1942 was so successful as to prompt a resumption of normal institutional functions. On the research side too, men were thinking forward to the tasks that might follow the end of the war and asking themselves whether anything less than a full-time Director of Research would meet the needs they foresaw. The outcome was Moon's decision to relinquish the Secretaryship, while remaining Director of Research, and the appointment of the writer as Secretary of The Institute in January, 1943.

Enforced separation

In the morning of my first full day at The Institute, Moon told me that the Welding Research Council was thinking of separating from the Institute. In the event, it took two years to prepare for the legal separation and another year before DSIR made the decree absolute, rejecting a semi-federal constitution already adopted by members.

The removal of the B.W.R.A. (British Welding Research Association) in 1946 raised acute financial problems for the Institute but more fundamentally it posed the question—What is The Institute for? Members tended to favour one of two possible answers. Some would emphasise the provision of services, such as meetings, a good journal, an efficient library and information service; others plumped for the development of a professional qualification and of a commanding influence in welding education. In practice both aims had to be pursued simultaneously and under a double handicap—almost total lack of capital and an inadequate income on the one hand, and on the other the B.W.R.A.'s need to attract membership by means of exactly the same services as The Institute could provide.

The B.W.R.A.'s story has been told so recently that I need only record a few landmarks on the road the Institute of Welding followed in the years of separation. Two events of the year 1947 and one of 1954 seem outstanding for their later fruits. The first was The Institute's share in founding the International Institute of Welding and the Council's decision to allow its Secretary to become the first Secretary-General. It would be difficult to exaggerate the resulting benefits to The Institute, not indeed in money but in the enrichment of our meetings, library, courses and personal lives by membership of a world-wide technological society.

It may seem strange to regard the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947 as the second landmark, but it was in fact the source of a capital gain on the sale of 2 Buckingham Palace Gardens which enabled The Institute to buy the freehold of 54 Princes Gate. There, facing the Commonwealth's leading College of Science and Technology, it could open the

Part of the research establishment at Abington Hall near Cambridge.

School of Welding Technology and by example as well as precept exert a powerful influence on the education of welding engineers. The third event, for which we have to thank Rowland Harman, was the foundation of the *British Welding Journal*, a face-lift for institutional journalism.

Reunion

During the sixties the Honorary Officers and Senior Staff of both the British Welding Research Association and the Institute of Welding became convinced that a single organisation for welding technology would have great benefits for British engineering. In 1967 an overwhelming majority of members of The Institute signified their support for an amalgamation and in March 1968 the merger was effected to form The Welding Institute. Dr. Richard Weck became the first Director General and Abington was made the headquarters of the new body.

The reunion fostered, in particular, a rational organisation of the services hitherto provided separately by both bodies, and the growth in training, conferences, siminars, exhibitions, information and publishing is a reflection of the coordinated effort which the merger released for these activities.

It must remain a source of satisfaction to individual members that so many of the information transfer facilities now at their service have been built upon the foundations laid by the Institute of Welding. In particular, the extensive communications and training programme stems from the School of Welding Technology established at Princes Gate in 1957, and the School of Applied Non-Destructive Testing set up as a joint venture between the Institute and the Non-Destructive Testing Society in 1964.

The standing of The Welding Institute has grown rapidly since the amalgamation and it is now recognised by British industry as one of the leading technological organisations in the country; members may be justly proud of their affiliation to a body so well respected by other technical and scientific professions.

In retrospect we can all see that the separation of 1946 benefited both sides; neither could have made such progress in double harness. But the problems of the 'seventies are different from those of the 'forties and the first five years of the re-united Welding Institute go far to prove that once again the members of our fellowship have rightly read the signs of the times.

Appendix 4

Metal Construction The Welding Institute Journal Vol 17, No 5, 1985, p.321 Obituary by Philip D. Boyd

INSTITUTE NEWS

Obituary—Mr Guy Parsloe

The death of Guy Parsloe at his home in Wimbledon on 8 March at the age of 84 severs an important link with the Institute's past. He was appointed Secretary of the Institute of Welding in 1943, that is to say, a few years before the Welding Research Council was separated from the Institute of Welding to form the British Welding Research Association.

That separation presented the Institute of Welding with a major challenge since, at that time, in the aftermath of the war, learned society activities were not extensive and there were no educational requirements for membership; thus, belonging to the Institute in no sense constituted a professional qualification. Faced with this challenge, Guy Parsloe and the leading members at that time saw that, if the Institute of Welding was to survive, it must make membership dependent on qualifications and thus intrinsically valuable. The first tentative step towards implementation of this policy was the introduction of the Associate Membership examination in 1947 Its culmination was the recognition of corporate membership of The Welding Institute as a qualification for CEng—a development which afforded Guy intense satisfaction towards the end of his life.

Among other major achievements of the Institute of Welding during Guy Parsloe's tenure of the Secretaryship were the launching of the monthly *British Welding Journal*, now incorporated in *Metal Construction*, and the removal of the Institute from leased premises in Buckingham Palace Road to its own freehold property at Princes Gate. This move to larger premises in turn made possible the development by the Institute of Welding of the School of Welding Technology, the School of Applied Non-Destructive Testing and the Certification Scheme for Weldment Inspection Personnel. Thus, what are now some of the most familiar features of The Welding Institute started as projects under Guy Parsloe's leadership at the Institute of Welding from 1943 to 1967

Among other innovations, the notion of international co-operation in welding technology, so familiar now but not in the Britain of the immediate post-war period, was strongly supported by Guy Parsloe. In 1947-1948, he played a leading part in the formation of the International Institute of Welding, being Secretary of the Provisional Committee and subsequently the first Secretary General, to which post he was successively re-elected for five further three year terms. Again, it was during his period of office that many features of the IIW which are familiar today were introduced, in particular the journal *Welding in the World*, of which he was the first joint editor.

In addition to his international activities through the IIW, Guy Parsloe was the Secretary of an international welding mission to the US which was sponsored by the OEEC in 1953 while, for the IIW, he organised Commonwealth welding conferences in 1957 and 1965. Similarly, he was largely responsible for the organisation of the two annual assemblies of the IIW which have so far been held in the UK—those of 1951 and 1967

For long a proponent of closer co-operation between the then BWRA and Institute of Welding, Guy Parsloe encouraged the movement for the amalgamation of the two bodies which took place shortly after his retirement in 1967 Thus, the Institute reverted to a structure analogous to that which existed at the time of his appointment 25 years earlier

Guy Parsloe's achievement needs to be set against his background as a professional historian. He obtained a first class Honours Degree in history at London University and subsequently joined the university staff, being Secretary and Librarian of the Institute of Historical Research from 1927 to 1943. He never abandoned his interest in history and bibliography and produced a number of historical works; of these the most important from the point of view of readers of this journal is his magisterial edition of the 'Wardens' accounts of the Worshipful Company of Founders of the City of London, 1497-1681 This work led to his election as an Honorary Freeman of the Company of Founders, a distinction which gave him, as a Londoner with a strong sense of history and tradition, much gratification.

Mr Guy Parsloe

Guy Parsloe was a recipient of a number of honours, among them the Honorary Fellowship of The Welding Institute, and the Edström Medal of the IIW.

He is survived by his widow (they celebrated their golden wedding in 1979) and by his son and daughter, to all of whom we extend our respectful sympathy. *PDB*

Appendix 5

Welding in the World

Journal of the International Institute of Welding Vol 23, No. 7/8, 1985, pp. 160-16 (probably also by Philip Boyd)

Obituary

Mr. Guy Parsloe

Nécrologie

M. Guy Parsloe

Mr Guy Parsloe who died at his home in London on 8 March 1985 was, following the recent death of his friend Professor H.E. Jaeger, the last surviving member of the first Executive Council of the IIW

By training an historian, Mr Parsloe's early career was spent in the academic world where he occupied the post of Secretary and Librarian of the Institute of Historical Research of London University from 1927 until 1943. In that year he was appointed Secretary of the British

M. Guy Parsloe, décédé à son domicile londonien le 8 mars 1985, était, à la suite du récent décès de son ami le Professeur H.E. Jaeger, le dernier membre encore en vie du premier bureau de l'IIS.

Historien de formation, M. Parsloe débuta sa carrière dans le monde universitaire où il occupa de 1927 à 1943 le poste de Secrétaire-Conservateur de l'Institut de Recherche Historique de l'Université de Londres. En 1943, il fut nommé Secrétaire de l'Institut de Soudure britannique et,

Institute of Welding and, following the end of the Second World War, he was an early advocate of international cooperation in welding studies. When proposals crystallised to create an International Institute of Welding, Mr. Parsloe was appointed Secretary of the Provisional Committee which was set up in 1947 with the object of creating the IIW In this capacity he was very largely responsible for drafting the Institute's Constitution. Though this was subsequently supplemented by Bye-Laws, the original Constitution has required little amendment over nearly 40 years and stands as a monument to the firm ideals and clear thinking of Mr. Parsloe and the other members of the Provisional Committee.

On the formal creation of the IIW in 1948, Mr. Parsloe was elected Secretary General and was to be re-elected for a further five terms of office before standing down in 1966 when he was elected Vice-President with responsibility for liaison between the Executive Council and the British Committee responsible for the organisation of the 1967 Annual Assembly in London.

In the course of the 18 years during which Mr. Parsloe served as Secretary General, the IIW acquired many of the qualities and characteristics which distinguish it today

On its foundation the IIW consisted of 11 member countries in Western Europe together with the US and South Africa. Mr. Parsloe was active in membership recruitment and during his tenure of the General Secretariat the number of member countries increased to 30.

Similarly, Mr. Parsloe was a strong advocate of the publication of the work of the IIW and in particular the publication of this work by the member Societies in their own countries and languages. Indeed it was he who drew up the outlines of the publishing contracts which are still in use today Equally, he saw the necessity for the IIW to publish its own journal and he was, with Mr André Leroy, the first Joint Editor of this journal when it was founded in 1962.

In recognition of these various contributions to the IIW, the Governing Council awarded him the Edström Medal in 1971.

In parallel with his activities within the IIW, Mr. Parsloe played a leading role in the expansion of the British Institute of Welding from which he retired at the end of 1967

In all his activities Mr. Parsloe enjoyed the support of a happy family life and we address our sympathy to Mrs. Parsloe and their son and daughter.

dès la fin de la Seconde Guerre Mondiale, il préconisa la coopération internationale en soudage. Lorsque les propositions concernant un Institut International de la Soudure se cristallisèrent, il fut nommé Secrètaire du Comité Provisoire créé en 1947 dans le but de fonder l'IIS. En tant que tel, il prit une large part à l'élaboration des Statuts de l'IIS, qui bien que complétés par un Règlement Intérieur, n'ont nécessité que peu de modifications en 40 ans, ce qui constitue un hommage aux idéaux et aux conceptions de M. Parsloe et des autres membres du Comité Provisoire.

Lorsque l'IIS fut officiellement créé en 1948, M. Parsloe en fut élu Secrétaire Général puis réélu cinq fois avant de se retirer en 1966, date à laquelle il fut nommé Vice-Président chargé des liaisons entre le Bureau et le Comité Britannique d'organisation de l'Assemblée annuelle de 1967 à Londres.

Au cours des 18 ans pendant lesquels M. Parsloe assuma les fonctions de Secrétaire Général, l'IIS acquit bon nombre des qualités et des caractéristiques qui en ont fait ce qu'il est aujoud'hui

A sa création, l'IIS se composait de onze pays membres d'Europe Occidentale ainsi que des Etats-Unis et de l'Afrique du Sud. M. Parsloe s'attacha à recruter de nouveaux membres et pendant son mandat de Secrétariat Général, le nombre des pays membres passa à trente.

M. Parsloe fut également un ardent défenseur de la publication des travaux de l'IIS et ce en particulier par les pays membres eux-mêmes dans leur propre pays et leur propre langue. En fait, ce fut lui qui établit les lignes générales des contrats d'édition toujours utilisés à ce jour. Il vit également la nécessité pour l'IIS de publier sa propre revue; lui-même et M. André Leroy en furent les premiers co-rédacteurs en chef lors de sa création en 1962.

En reconnaissance des nombreux services rendus à l'IIS, le Comité de Direction lui remit la médaille Edström en 1971.

P. rallèlement à ses activités au sein de l'IIS, M. Parsloe joua un rôle prépondérant dans l'expansion de l'Institut de Soudure Britannique qu'il quitta fin 1967.

Un heureux climat familial le soutint dans toutes ses tâches et nous exprimons nos condoléances à Mme. Parsloe ainsi qu'à leur fils et à leur fille.