



E. L. G. STONES

Lafayette

EDWARD LIONEL GREGORY STONES

1914–1987

LIONEL STONES was born in Croydon on 4 March 1914, the only child of another Edward who presumably chose the prophetically Plantagenet 'Edward Lionel' for his son; Gregory was his mother's maiden name. His father was assistant in the management of the local gas company and had had for some years the rare luxury of a company car in which he sometimes took his son on a tour of gas mains; he was protected from war service by age and essential work. From the Zeppelin raids on Croydon, holidays in Kent and a dame's school, Lionel moved to Glasgow in 1920, when his father joined the Gas Department there; their circumstances in Giffnock were now more comfortable, although the boy was meted out the usual misery inflicted by school children on a newcomer who spoke differently. As he noted in the autobiography he left to set the record straight for whoever would write this piece, he was 'knocked about in the playground quite a lot. Apart from mild physical damage and one broken front tooth in particular, I have never felt that this did any harm'.

In 1926 he transferred to Glasgow High School and began to show his academic ability, particularly in science. At home his father dabbled in 'wireless'. Lionel could not remember a time when a circuit diagram puzzled him; by 1930 the two had built several radio sets, and Lionel had made loudspeakers—skills which were to prove valuable in wartime. His academic interests were very unsettled, and in 1930–1 he was taken to various powers in the land to discern his true bent. A contemporary heard him tell of 'his father speaking very severely to him when his main interest was chemistry. This was in about 1930, when jobs were short. He told him there was no future in chemistry, and that he'd better find something more likely to earn a living.' He told the story against himself, but it shows the uncertain path by which he

came to take an Arts degree. He came fourth in the Bursary Competition for Glasgow University in the summer of 1932, and doubtless as a reward, was sent off to Stratford on his own, lived for a week in a hotel for five guineas, visiting the town and its environs, and attending a play each night. 'It remains for me a wonderful memory.'

From 1932 to 1936 as an undergraduate at Glasgow University (for it was unthinkable not to go to the local university), he was captivated by Andrew Browning's History class and disappointed by that in English. But he won prizes in both, thought seriously of taking honours in History but after family and other consultations, adhered to his purpose to study English. Since the neighbour's daughter practised the piano incessantly, Stones père was eventually prevailed upon to erect, heat and light (by gas), a wooden study in the garden, and there Lionel worked in his final year of honours English, though he had already formed the attachment to historical study which determined him to abandon English studies after his degree. He had consulted Browning who engaged Vivian Galbraith's interest; in September 1936 he took his finals, got a first, and in October entered Balliol as a History commoner, with his father's generous financial backing.

In contrast to the stilted, faintly pompous words of his Glasgow recollections, there is an engaging freshness and candour in the autobiography about his responses to Oxford—a reflection, no doubt, of the very different climates of the two universities. At Balliol he rowed, went to the Union, to concerts, learned to ride a bicycle, listened to political debates, visited Russia, Italy. At Glasgow he seems to have found little to do but work. There is no doubt that although the period was marred by his father's death in 1938, Oxford touched a chord in Lionel Stones' character which Glasgow, before and after, was never able to reach. When he left Giffnock for Oxford each term it was, he felt, like going home; early on he decided to take three years for his degree, not the two which he had planned. He made friends and acquaintances there easily, gave as well as learned, concerned himself with the musical life, political issues—all things which later he found easier in a southern than a Glasgow environment.

Taught by Galbraith and Humphrey Sumner, he achieved a first in schools on 17 July 1939. A post was already waiting for him in Browning's department at Glasgow; neither seems to have thought that this return to the academic womb might be unwise, though there is some evidence that he wanted to be advised not to accept Browning's offer. But posts were scarce, and Stones

remained a devoted admirer of Browning for the rest of his life. His teaching career began one month after the outbreak of war; an established colleague was G. O. Sayles, to whom Stones owed the suggestion of research on English government under Edward I and II, including a study of an eminent judge, Geoffrey le Scrope. It was a 'splendid idea' for which he remained profoundly grateful to George Sayles for the rest of his life, and his work had made a good start when he was called to the army Signal Training Centre in September 1940.

He was never sure whether his recruitment to Signals was a sensible army decision or a wildly arbitrary lucky chance—but it gave him a relatively happy five years. In 1941 he was posted to India for training as a Signals officer and returned in April 1945 as a major, having seen no combat, unless the night patrols to catch 'Passionate Percy' (who burgled the bungalows of solitary wives) could be called action. His memoir is particularly full and entertaining on this period, perhaps because, characteristically, Lionel did research towards the end of his life into army records bearing on his regiment during the war. His astonishingly clear recollections reflect an unassuming personality but sharp perception—I choose one passage at random: 'the second-in-command was a rather elderly (by our standards) Territorial officer who traded on his seniority, and once accused me, the most respectful of men towards feudal privileges, of giving too little weight to the views of senior officers. He was naturally the object of much jesting, though not to his face, but I heard that once he was persuaded to set fire to his glass of Benedictine, and try to throw it into his open mouth. He set his moustache on fire, and was, of course, immediately drenched with water to put him out.'

As an officer, Stones taught cadets Electricity and Magnetism, and Radio Theory, and briefly had charge of the local army radio station. Then he was promoted to the Signals Directorate in New Delhi and Simla; technical competence shines through his modest account of his subsequent career in what was clearly a vitally important link between Whitehall and the wars in Burma and the Pacific theatre. This part of his memoir shows a serious-minded technician dogged by ill-health (he saw the inside of not a few hospitals in India), relaxing in ways which were scarcely typical of the officer class in India: playing Bach on the piano, singing in the local Anglican choir, or donning a gown over his uniform to play the organ. But he met old friends and made new ones.

At the end of the war with Japan, he was back in Britain and

sang in the choir of Huddersfield church for the victory thanksgiving service; after duty he would slip away to the public library to read history. Fortunately he secured release before the beginning of session. Sayles had been appointed to Belfast; another colleague had been killed; so Browning was able to secure his appointment as lecturer, and he soon found himself two days ahead of the class, giving the course in medieval history in Sayles' place to a small cohort of students. The ex-service flood came next session.

For some twelve years he held that position in the History Department under Browning, turning his vacations to good account in the Public Record Office. For his research he had no attendant supervisor and perforce shared his problems and sought advice by correspondence with Powicke, Sayles and perhaps others; none the less he was rather put off by the thought that he was almost 32 'and still had done nothing. I hardly recovered from this fear until the middle of the 1950s'. I first met him at this period and recall a nervous modesty and anxiety to please which sat oddly with his great learning and dedication to scholarship, and with my junior status. Soon after his return to Glasgow he had a new colleague in the person of Jeanne Fradin; in the PRO in 1946 the acquaintance blossomed, in the autumn they became engaged and married in April 1947. Jeanne's cheerful home-making had not a little to do with his growing confidence in teaching, research and university activities; her lively interest in his work and the inevitable claims of their two children cost her the progress of her own research, but in the 1980s he encouraged in his turn and took great pleasure from the eventual publication of some of the fruits of her work.

They were happy in Hector Hethrington's Glasgow as Lionel became a kenspeckle figure about Gilmorehill. He loved the flummery of the University's quincentenary celebrations in 1951, when his mentor F. M. Powicke, among others, received an honorary degree. In 1948 he became a student advisor, and in 1953 advisor to those seeking entry to the Civil Service where (he remarked) his greatest success was in securing the entry of W. Kerr Fraser who was to become head of the Scottish Office,—and, though Lionel did not live to know it, Principal of his University. He moved near to the University and eventually adopted the habit of taking all his tutorials at home, in his spacious Victorian study. His teaching schedule could change little until the events of 1956–7, when the University decided upon the creation of chairs of medieval, modern and economic history. Browning, displeased, retired in dudgeon a year or two

early, and Stones was appointed to the medieval chair against a surprise late candidate of some seniority.

In the expansionist years up to his retirement in 1978, he developed with his medieval colleagues a wide range of courses which preserved traditional appearances but some of which incorporated his own very individual approach. From 1953 he had become skilled with the camera and was able to record on film his feeling for medieval architecture. Doing his own developing and mounting ('Have you seen my darkroom, Miss—?' was the *ipse dixit* recalled by one final year student group) he built up a huge and eclectic departmental collection of slides (in glass—no trashy cardboard then!) and with this he either embellished a lecture, or made it a visual *tour de force*. The effect could be variable. Some of his students, the best, found him an inspiring teacher, who opened windows on the Middle Ages for them when he toured an abbey on the screen and brought the monastic rule vividly to life. 'History was no longer learning facts. It was a tour through Europe, made fascinating by the concentration on art and architecture backed up with a wealth of slides. There was music: Gregorian chant at the end of the first term, Palestrina at the end of the second. There was the genius which sent first-year students scurrying off to read Gibbon, inspired by the tantalizing quotation about the exceptional evils of the anti-pope John XXIII It has to be added that the experience of his second year class on medieval Britain (as it was erroneously called) was an anticlimax; I still remember lectures on, for example, *plena potestas*, which were as grey as the European lectures had been colourful. Looking back, it seems that Lionel's strengths lay in teaching either the ignorant or the specialist.' In confirmation of this, another former student found his special subject 'a whole new way of life If I have any virtues as an historical technician, I owe it first to Lionel in his special subject class. It was there that I got such little formal instruction as I have had on palaeography and diplomatic and, more fully, on the critical examination of sources.'

His lecturing style was indeed 'diffident', but it took some courage to deliver a lecture on Gothic cathedrals with slides of 'Lincoln', 'York', 'Salisbury', and then to reveal at the end that they were all of Glasgow Cathedral. Only one person in the class had tumbled to the deception, but all were shamed—far more effectively than by an instruction—to visit the masterpiece they had neglected down town. Perhaps these words of a student and colleague sum it up: 'I think we found him remote, not a

particularly good lecturer, yet one who could get us interested, if we were prepared to be. I know I worked much more thoroughly and carefully at that period than any other, though I didn't then see myself as a medievalist'.

Other students, the professional Glasgow cynics, were turned off by his enthusiasm and resented the absence of easily assimilated exam answers; but some at least now confess to regretting their philistinism and appreciate in memory what he was trying to do. He certainly worked hard with students, seeking to put them at ease, to show a human face, and none who was tutored by him failed to sense that the shy scholar wanted them to share his excitement about the past. Perhaps because the *douce* Glasgow students of the fifties were succeeded by a more radical and less deferential generation, in the years about 1970 his personality became more obviously defensive. Not a man to express robust opinion, he was well content to leave to others University administration and politics, and although fairly conscientious in attending University meetings, his contributions there were few. He showed a profound conservatism in matters curricular, because he hated the upheaval and controversy caused by any suggested new prescription. He was already sending his delightful Latin notes, revealing a gentle humour and quirky turn of phrase, enlightened by shifting from the black to the red on the typewriter ribbon. But the message would be about a book, a record, a church, castle, long-dead king, not the Faculty minutes or the department's response to the Dean's questionnaire. For these, it is not too strong to say, he had no inclination and little time. He was a concerned but not a successful head of department. But his scholarship flourished.

He had a sixth sense about records which brought him notable coups. He had come to know Bertha Putnam at the PRO and was characteristically generous in helping her when blindness prevented her revising the proofs of her book on William Shareshull, CJ. 'They were full of errors which took a good deal of research to track down' he recalled—but her book suggested a mass of questions to ask in his own search for Geoffrey le Scrope CJ. He had already arranged to contribute to the revived *Scottish Historical Review* an account of Scrope's mission to Edinburgh to make peace in 1328 and was puzzled by the anarchic state of the printed record of the peace. Unlike earlier scholars, he worried at the problem, found that a Scotch Roll had been lost until 1897, and that, unprinted, it contained the missing pieces. So in two articles in 1948–50 he gave the texts of a fundamental treaty in British

history showing that it was made not at Northampton but at Edinburgh.¹ In 1950 *Shareshull* came out² and his Ph.D. was awarded. The main results of it appeared in an article on Scrope in 1954 and, later, in a rare excursus into social history, the story of a fourteenth-century criminal gang given as a paper to the Royal Historical Society.³

His remarkable thesis shows that he could have joined the small but distinguished company of historians of medieval English law, had not his interests already turned in another direction. Why he moved so decisively to the study of Anglo-Scottish relations is not clear. Scrope was the means, but not, it seems, the motive. Very important was the famed discovery (in 1952) in a corn flakes box in Glasgow University library of the Wrest Park or Cowie MS, a copy of the lost Scottish section of Liber A (of the English exchequer) which included the Scots' responses to Edward I's 1291 demand for homage.⁴ By 1956 he was deep in research into the records of the Great Cause of 1291–2 and in 1957 learned of the existence at Exeter of the third copy of Andrew of Tang's roll of the Great Cause.⁵ From 1957 until 1965 he worked on a volume of documents on *Anglo-Scottish Relations, 1174–1328*, unique in a series otherwise devoted to chronicles and literary texts. The standard edition of many key documents, it is impeccably edited and translated, with a resolutely neutral introduction to the subject.⁶

From this trial piece he moved on to his master-work, an edition of the records of the Great Cause over the succession to the Scottish throne in 1291–2.⁷ His knowledge of plea rolls (for Scrope) stood him in good stead in this monumental study in what

¹ 'The English Mission to Edinburgh in 1328', *Scottish Historical Review [SHR]*, 28, 121–32; 'An Addition to the *Rotuli Scotiae*', *SHR*, 29, 23–51.

² Bertha H. Putnam, *The Place in Legal History of Sir William Shareshull, chief justice of the king's bench, 1350–61* (1950).

³ 'Sir Geoffrey le Scrope (c. 1285–1340), Chief Justice of the King's Bench', *English Historical Review*, 69, 1–17; 'The Folvilles of Ashby-Folville, Leicestershire, and their associates in crime', *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, fifth series, 7, 117–36.

⁴ 'The Records of the Great Cause of 1291–2', *SHR*, 35, 89–109.

⁵ 'A New Exemplar of Andrew de Tange's Great Roll of Scotland at Exeter Cathedral', *SHR*, 39, 86–7.

⁶ *Anglo-Scottish Relations, 1174–1328: Some Selected Documents*, Nelson's Medieval Texts (1965), pp. 380. Reprinted in Oxford Medieval Texts (1970).

⁷ E. L. G. Stones and Grant G. Simpson, *Edward I and the Throne of Scotland, 1290–1296: An edition of the record sources for the Great Cause*, 2 volumes (1978), pp. xxvi, 284; 439.

was at once both international and English law, but, more importantly, was a record which had been written and rewritten twice or thrice by English clerks. He had progressed some way with establishing the texts when in 1965 Dr Grant Simpson, a former student, accepted his invitation to become his fellow editor; the work benefited enormously from the collaboration of two keenly critical minds, but only Lionel Stones would have tried to deny that his was the greater input. In 1972–3 he spent a year's leave at Westfield College drafting the introduction which appeared as volume I and which is the indispensable starting point for any work on the records printed in the second volume. His memoir praises the printer for his skill in setting up so complex a text, but anyone handling the volume must first admire the clarity with which the editors have disentangled the various rescensions and presented them in comparable sections. It is made clear that even in the 1291–2 record (parts of it lost) some matters were passed in silence, but, more startling, that the definitive record, the Great Roll of John of Caen written in 1293–7, contains serious distortions of the true course of the hearings. Caen's is the version followed by modern writers, and it is, I think, fair to say that over a decade later the reassessment of the progress of the Cause demanded by Stones' radical work has not advanced beyond his pioneering criticism. Scholars skilled both in thirteenth-century English common law and in civil law are scarce on the ground, and it is easier to blame the failure of the outcome on King John and politics than to examine the flaws in the decision-making. But the challenge was bravely set up by Stones and Simpson and it will not go away.

The method they adopted for printing different records of the same proceedings is exceptionally clear, the English summaries concise but to the point, and the accompanying apparatus unobtrusively helpful. In an appendix the surviving written pleadings are edited in the same definitive way, the law French handled with a masterly touch which conceals an infinite capacity for taking pains. Lionel Stones was justly proud when at last he was handed the two volumes in 1978. Other scholars have a larger corpus of fine editorial work; it is not my judgment only, however, that *Edward I and the Throne of Scotland* is the best edition of a complex medieval record produced by twentieth-century British scholarship. He was rightly honoured by election to Fellowship of the Academy.

His preparatory work on Anglo-Scottish relations before 1291 pointed towards an evaluation of those events of 1291–6 which

shattered the previous consensus of Anglo-Scottish politics. Stones generally confined his discussion to the records, thereby marking his profound reluctance to enter controversy or meet judgments of Edward I which differed radically from those of (more especially) Powicke, to which he showed an excessive deference. He was once moved to express his thinking on the historian's duty, and this by a book whose scholarship he admired, but whose tone he deprecated. The passage deserves a place in any assessment of his work.⁸

'It is illogical in 1972 to behave towards Edward as the Victorian writers did to John, and for reasons of prejudice (though a different kind of prejudice) which we affect to have outgrown when we ourselves deal with John, and with others like him. It suggests, in fact, that kind of selective indignation which we condemn when we recognise it in present-day propaganda attacking governments or parties from the narrow viewpoint of some group of enthusiasts. The other is that this blinds us to the resemblances between Edward and so many other great rulers, not only medieval but also Greek, Roman and modern. The only safe rule for an historian, as he regards mankind, is Horace's advice to be surprised at nothing. We might profitably compare Edward and his Warwolf with Barbarossa and the engine at the siege of Crema, which he defended by hanging live prisoners in front of it and illuminating them at night. Remembering Edward's remarkably close connections, both by kinship and travel, with the autocratic Italy of his day, we ought to recall that Frederick II blinded his minister Pièr della Vigna, who then in despair achieved the difficult feat of dashing out his brains against a wall. If we move away in time to the age of the cultivated patron of Virgil and Horace, we might remember how *divus Augustus* (not to mention his earlier cruelties) sent back 30,000 fugitive slaves to their masters for execution in 36 B.C., and included this achievement in the *Res Gestae* which he had inscribed in public places all over the Empire. If we may put it so, an ecumenical treatment of Edward rather than a sectarian one, hard though it may be (especially for the Scots and the Welsh) to achieve, is the only goal worth pursuing and, if we have conceived the idea, anything which falls short of it, in an age when even the deepest religious prejudices are dying around us, is surely an absurd waste of time.'

Here it seems to me, Lionel Stones revealed at once the breadth of his learning and the heights of his ideals as an historian. He pleads 'not ... for a whitewashing of Edward or of anyone else ... rather ... a consideration of his work as dispassionate as that which we accept for, let us say, William the Conqueror, and one based on consideration of all of his activities, whose mere range and ubiquity created for him such unusual problems. ... Whoever tackles all this must be willing to face the insinuation that he cannot 'see through' Edward as well as do those who

⁸ Review of M. R. Prestwich, *War Politics and Finance under Edward I* (1972), in *SHR*, 52, 82-7.

merely recount his misdeeds, as if Edward were living as a private citizen in the house next door . . . If scholarship means anything, such is the way in which he must proceed.'

The conviction of these words, clearly penned with some emotion, explains the strength of Lionel's scholarship—its uncompromisingly high critical standards and its willingness to present alternative views or interpretations, sometimes radically different interpretations, with what I can only call gentle helpfulness, a phrase to describe, perhaps, his whole personality.

But a question remains; what judgments *may* the historian make on Augustus, Barbarossa, Frederick II, Edward I? Stones' own brief biography, *Edward I*,⁹ is indeed dispassionate—and unlikely to arouse a more vital interest in the subject. The truth may be that an 'ecumenical treatment' suppresses not merely contention but also judgment and interest. And what is the historian of another subject to write of Edward I when he meets the king tangentially, impinging upon the man or men who is or are his subject? This practical dilemma is swept aside in the parenthesis '(especially for the Scots and Welsh)', yet it was entirely germane to his own work, which pointed firmly to a book about Edward I and the Scots before 1296. His great book showed the way but he had no stomach to go down the road himself; differing views of the encounter left him hinting that the best treatment of Anglo-Scottish relations was to print the records. It was, perhaps, a reflection of his experience of the playground in Giffnock, of the tensions between the happiness he associated with London and Oxford and the difficult choices he found waiting in Glasgow University. In truth, he was never entirely comfortable about speaking his mind on Scotland, for he felt the Scots to be a rough race.

Yet in earlier generations he found also something which came closer to his ideal. First in the work of George Neilson, a Glasgow lawyer and antiquarian whose book *Trial by Combat* aroused Maitland's admiration. Stones wrote a short biography of Neilson and published Maitland's letters to him (which had been discovered in a Glasgow solicitor's office) admiring in them the willingness of each man to learn from the work of the other in a related field.¹⁰ Then after his retiral and while living in Poole, Dorset,

⁹ E. L. G. Stones, *Edward I* (1968) pp. 60.

¹⁰ E. L. G. Stones, *Letters of F. W. Maitland to George Neilson* (1976), 'George Neilson: The March Laws; Part 1, George Neilson, (1858–1923), a memoir', *Miscellany One*, 1–10, The Stair Society (1971).

Stones set off in search of John Snell, a placeman of the reign of Charles II, who endowed a closed scholarship from Glasgow University to Oxford, ultimately to Balliol College. Based on a careful study of old and new evidence, his work has the imprint of the author's devotion to both institutions, his thankfulness for the opportunities they gave him, and his hopes that other young folk might follow the path from the Kelvin to the Isis.¹¹ But it is also a fascinating case-study of a career parallel to that of Pepys in the somewhat compromising corridors of Charles II's Westminster and Whitehall. In these works Stones showed that he was a scrupulous historian writing fearlessly on the subject as he saw it, and illuminating our understanding by his perceptive suggestions to fill the gaps in the evidence—something he was more reluctant to do on Anglo-Scottish relations.

Never quite sure whether Scotland had adopted him, he none the less adopted Scotland and showed it his affection in a multitude of ways. Not least was his appreciation of its medieval buildings and his particular devotion to Glasgow Cathedral. A light of purest joy shone in his eye when describing the painted fragment of the romanesque cathedral used as rubble infill by the thirteenth-century rebuilders; but it was a revelation of both human enthusiasm and a Gothic architectural masterpiece to be taken around the cathedral by him.¹² Through it and his wide appreciation of medieval buildings (acknowledged by his election to Fellowship of the Society of Antiquaries) he became a valued colleague of Raleigh Radford, Arnold Taylor and Stewart Cruden as a member of the Ancient Monuments Board for Scotland from 1964. Chairman from 1968 to 1972, he remained a member in 1973–9, after his return from London, though in 1973, 'looking at it from London now, I cannot but think that the behaviour of the Scottish Board is really a splendid example of the Scots at their worst'. The gently satirical phrasing of the comment is characteristic; its burden was pretty well justified. But each year the Board members made a corporate visit to monuments in state charge during which friendships developed and learned judgments were revised. Outside his home he was never as happy as when talking ancient monuments with Arnold Taylor, and both

¹¹ 'The Life and Career of John Snell (c. 1629–1679)', *Miscellany Two*, ed. David Sellar, 148–220, The Stair Society (1984).

¹² Stones' papers on Glasgow Cathedral (some jointly authored) appear in *Innes Review*, 18, 88–98; 20, 37–46; 21, 140–53, and in *Antiquaries Journal*, 44, 220–32.

of them would acknowledge gratefully the help and inspiration each received from the other.

But there was also a series of annual holidays, normally abroad, whose central activity was visiting and photographing medieval monuments—the slides to be added to the rich departmental collection. Reluctantly Lionel decided in 1957 that this interest required the purchase of a motor car, and he became Glasgow's contender for the title of most careful driver on Europe's roads. I have a vivid recollection that he told me why he had two temperature gauges, one each for top and bottom of the cooling system: but then as now it was unclear what, save additional worry, this contributed to the driving experience. On the other hand, the attachment of wing mirrors by Meccano was a sensible and practical anticipation of what became standard manufacturers' practice. One of his endearing characteristics was a love of gadgetry: you did not switch on his projector; you plugged it into a resistance box and brought the current on by degrees, throwing three switches in sequence to glow, lighten and finally to beam. Then you would be given his bubbling enthusiasm for the buildings projected.

I saw much less of him after retiral, but occasionally there would come from Poole a cheerful message *Amico suo*, typed on a postcard, to show that his lively curiosity was still active in the historical byways which he now chose to follow. He loved to visit Balliol, even London, but he had disposed of the magnificent library built up at Glasgow, and plainly planned not an autumnal masterpiece but a tidying up of the loose ends of his life's work. He was relaxed and cheerful, and coped calmly, even jocularly, with the onset of heart trouble, and what was at his age quite a serious operation. He recovered well, but some two years later, not long after a section meeting of the Academy, he suffered a heart attack. He pulled through, but died suddenly on 14 February 1987.

Lionel valued, most of all, friendship, which he offered unstintingly to those who would share it with him. Relaxed in his own home or that of a friend, he was light-hearted with a fund of good stories (many recorded in his memoir) and a warmth in his appreciation of fellowship which led to many acts of great generosity, not so much financial (though for all I know there were also those) as personal—the loan of his house when vacant, conveyance to a distant convalescent, to an archive, the sending of photocopies, typescripts, references. The assessment of Stones the scholar cannot count what, in this informal way, he gave to the

work of others; nor does his memoir make any mention of it, though it is the burden of all his students' and friends' recollections. It is not the least of the reasons for which he deserves to be honoured where scholars gather in the name of fellowship.

With a close and happy family life, he loved music, honoured the Anglican church, enjoyed a modicum of gossip, had many friends and few ambitions other than scholarly ones. His creed demanded that each man be seen in the moral climate of his time, judged against his own background, not ours. He had little time for enquiries into the nature or meaning of the historical process, giving his allegiance to the legacy of the past in the written and built record. Gently aware that there were limitations in that approach, he none the less by it achieved the heights in scholarship.

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Note. For the factual record I owe everything to the autobiography which Lionel wrote, covering the years to 1945 in fascinating detail, but a 30-page sketch thereafter. In addition, Professor John Roskell, Sir Richard Southern and Dr Arnold Taylor have given me written assessments and some of Lionel's correspondence, (wonderfully indiscreet, unfortunately about the living). I am indebted to these scholars and to those former pupils of Lionel who kindly gave me their recollections and judgements: W. W. Scott, N. Shead, Mrs Jeanette Shepherd, Dr G. G. Simpson, A. B. Webster, Dr Jennifer Wormald.