

## OBITUARY

### *Godfrey Isaac Howard Lloyd*

Godfrey Lloyd died suddenly without warning in a London Nursing Home on February 10. He was only sixty-four. To the last he retained the same youthful attitudes of heart and mind which he had carried through life. They were in him as a sort of hall-mark.

Of Quaker descent, he was brought up in the Midlands of England; was educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham; and afterwards went to Trinity College, Cambridge. There he took the Moral Sciences Tripos (for Alfred Marshall had not yet been delivered of the present Economics Tripos); rowed in the First Trinity Club; and indeed, "carried his oar"—which in later years decorated the wall above his work-desk. After leaving Cambridge, Lloyd worked for some time on Sir Charles Booth's historic and many-volumed enterprise, *Life and Labour of the People in London*. He married a niece of Sir Charles, Constance Booth of Liverpool.

His first academic post was a lectureship in Economics at Sheffield University. His contemporaries elsewhere—Clapham at Leeds and Chapman at Manchester—were busily writing up the great industries in their own neighbourhoods. Lloyd, fascinated by Sheffield's industrial life and the town's historic connection with steel, made it the subject of his one big book—*The Sheffield Cutlery Trades*.

In 1909 he was appointed Associate Professor of Political Economy in the University of Toronto. There followed a period of six strenuous years in which he was second in command to the late Professor James Mavor—each man's distinctive qualities dovetailing admirably with those of his colleague. Lloyd's intellectual province in Toronto was the field of Economic Theory. Cautious by temperament, he brought no fireworks into the lecture room; but the thoroughness with which he treated each of the great economists in turn was in itself a liberal education. Outside the lecture room his contacts were varied and his influence was wide. The Lloyds' little house at 214 Russell Hill Road became a centre where good conversation was always to be had—and as a home-from-home of youthful academic aspirants from overseas, gradually finding their feet in a new land, will continue to be remembered with affection.

The war was not quite twelve months old when Lloyd—to his own obvious regret—severed his connection with Canada. Returning to London, he received an immediate appointment in the new Ministry of Munitions. He remained in it "for the duration"—and indeed, for some time thereafter, since he became Director of the Historical Records Branch, and thus its official historian. Meanwhile, the Board of Trade

was being systematically relieved of the miscellaneous activities which it had undertaken, *faute de mieux*, during the preceding fifteen years. In the course of this reshuffle Lloyd was transferred to the newly created Department of Overseas Trade. During the war he had lived—a wise precaution—within walking distance of his office. Now he settled in a Surrey cottage, four centuries old, at Chobham. Here (so said irreverent friends) Lloyd's head became permanently bowed as a result of accommodating his great height to doorways of the Tudor Period.

Becoming Director of the Trades and Economic Division in 1930, he remained in the Department of Overseas Trade till his retirement from the Service in 1935. When he did take his pension, it was unthinkable that he should settle down in idleness. Almost at once he was invited to take up a temporary special appointment on the staff of the League of Nations at Geneva, where he spent two years examining restrictions on international trade and the possibilities of removing them. A strange task for the first years of a man's freedom! It was (he said once over the tea-cups, in the restaurant of the new League of Nations Building) like being in a drive on one of the great Canadian rivers—and looking for the key log in an enormous, immovable log-jam. But he faced it with his customary gay courage, and with an invincible faith that somewhere, some time, the key log will be found.

Lloyd had not long returned from Switzerland, and was cheerfully convalescing after a minor operation, when death overtook him. *Felix antea profectus.* [G.E.J.]