



The Goddard Association of Europe

NEWSLETTER

NO. 11 - OCTOBER 1988

CROMWELL'S DOCTOR

Following the publication in the last Newsletter of Howard Goddard-Jones's lecture on Goddards at the time of the Civil War, his father, Dr. Jack Goddard Jones of Rhyl, has written to me to point out that Cromwell's physician in Ireland was in fact Jonathan and not Richard Goddard; and he has kindly supplied some additional information. I am most grateful to him as this has spurred me to some further research, the fruits of which I now present, and which shows Jonathan to have been a most distinguished man of his day.

He was born in about 1617 at Greenwich, the son of Henry Goddard, a Deptford shipwright. In 1632, at the age of fifteen - which was not unusual for those days - he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he remained for three or four years leaving, however, without a degree. It is possible that he then studied medicine abroad for a year before graduating Bachelor of Medicine from Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1638, and Doctor of Medicine from Catharine Hall, Cambridge, in 1643.

From 1640 he began to practise medicine in London, joining the College of Physicians in 1643, and being elected a Fellow three years later in November 1646. This position involved him in presenting the anatomy lectures to the College the following year, and it is said that his public reputation began to develop from then on. He was also Gulstonian Lecturer for 1648. During these years he became a member of that group of scientists in London, mostly connected with Gresham College, whose weekly meetings prepared the way for the foundation of the Royal Society. One of them, the mathematician John Wallis, records how in 1645 they "met sometimes at Dr. Goddard's lodging in Wood Street (or some place near) on account of his keeping an operator in his house for grinding glasses for telescopes and microscopes". Indeed, he may well have been the first Englishman to make a telescope.

It was also about the same time that Jonathan came to the notice of Oliver Cromwell and appears to have struck up a close relationship with him. The latter took him as his "great confidant"

on the Irish campaign of 1649 and the Scottish campaign of 1650-51, although his public rank was physician in chief to the Parliamentary army. On his return to London after the Battle of Worcester (3 September 1651) Parliament appointed him Warden of Merton College, Oxford. And in 1653 he was among the 140 summoned by Cromwell to form the Little (or Barebones) Parliament, from which he was elected one of fifteen new members of the Council of State. The following year he gave up his Parliamentary representation for Oxford University, but was instead named by Cromwell as one of a board of five to help him discharge his duties as Chancellor of the University. And in November 1655 "through the favour and power of Cromwell" he was appointed Professor of Physic at Gresham College.

Jonathan probably spent most of these years at Oxford, but he lost his Wardenship of Merton at the Restoration of 1660, and returned to London to live at Gresham College, where he remained until his death - apart from

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MORE GODDARD GHOSTS

It all started at 10.45pm when I asked one of the Prefects sitting on my study floor if he would kindly run down and turn off the Rackets Court lights, which I could see out of the window. He demurred in a sheepish sort of way and suggested I asked the Captain of Rackets, who was also sitting on the floor. "He'll be used to the ghost," he explained. "We'll both go," said the Captain of Rackets rather too quickly. "What ghost?" said I, trying to do a rapid calculation as to the number of times I had turned the lights out in the past decade. Several voices from chairs or floor started to speak simultaneously until a chair, who was louder than the others, commanded attention. But it all amounted to precious little - weird noises and things that go bump in the night - and I told him so. "Anyway," he countered, not to be put off, "this House is haunted; I can hear things in the small hours." I was about to ask him why he was not asleep in the small hours, but thought better of it and tried a different tack: "That's me," I said, "seeing what you are up to." "The Goddard Ghost!" exclaimed the chair, clearly not aware of the authentic version in Newsletters 7 and 8. "That reminds me," said another chair; "I'm just reading a book on ghosts and there are at least three Goddards in it." "I wondered where my book had gone," said a part of the floor, crossly; "go and get it," and promptly occupied the vacated chair.

When the ex-chair returned with the book I studied it: *The World's Greatest Ghosts*, compiled in 1983 by Fleet Street journalists Nigel Blundell and Roger Boar from true stories gathered in five continents. Sure enough, three of the brief extracts did relate to Goddards. Either the ex-chair was more observant than I had previously thought him to

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be, or the surname of his Housemaster was so horribly ingrained on his conscience that he could not help but notice it every time it occurred. Take the very short statement on p.94: "The Ghostly Jailer. A phantom policeman patrols Vine Street Police Station in London's City of Westminster. Station Sergeant Goddard hanged himself in one of the cells in the early years of this century, but officers have frequently seen him pounding corridors, opening locked cell doors, and rifling through documents."

Or try the equally short - and not very accurate (see p. 7) - extract on p.116: "The Phantom Airfield. Flying over Southern England in 1937, a young RAF pilot, later to become Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard [and our first Patron], looked out of the cockpit of his plane and spotted an airfield with hangars and aircraft. He was puzzled for the place was not recorded on maps and charts and he reported his sighting. Five years later Goddard saw the place again - shortly after it was built - exactly where he had seen it, as part of the RAF's front-line against the Nazis."

But the third - or actually the first - reference to a Goddard was on p.71-2 and much longer, and possibly has a connection with the family of our Barbados member, Richard Goddard. I quote it in full:

"Mystery of the Planter's Tomb.

The riddle of the Barbados coffins is one of the most baffling supernatural mysteries of all time. For twelve years, unseen forces repeatedly desecrated a sealed tomb on the Caribbean island. Eventually the family which owned the crypt was forced to abandon it. Only then did the bodies of their departed rest in peace.

The Chase family, slave-owning sugar planters, acquired the tomb in 1808. It was built of stone, recessed into the cliffs above Oistin's Bay, and sealed with a marble slab. When the family took it over, it already held one wooden coffin, that of a Mrs. Thomasina Goddard.

Twice within a year, the slab guarding the only entrance was rolled aside as the family buried two of their children, Mary Ann and Dorcas. In 1812, their father Thomas also died. Eight men carried the lead coffin up to the headland, but when the tomb was opened, the mourners gasped in horror. Mrs. Goddard's body still lay in its proper place, but the caskets containing the children were standing on end against one of the walls. There was no sign of a break-in. Pallbearers gently restored the two tiny coffins to their positions, then lugged in the box containing Mr. Chase. It was laid beside the others. Stonemasons carefully cemented the marble slab securely across the entrance.

Four years later, they returned to bury a boy relative, and found the seals were intact. But again there was torment for the tragic family. The same sight of desecration met their grieving gaze when the slab was removed.

Order was restored, with eight men struggling to lift Mr. Chase's coffin back to its place, but by now the tomb was the talking point of the entire island. Two months later new coffins were added - and the same chaos was discovered. And the same happened in 1819 when the next burial took place.

Each time, Mrs. Goddard's casket was undisturbed,

which seemed to rule out flooding or earth tremors. The stone walls and ceilings were checked, but no faults found. There was only one way in, and each time the cement seals around the slab were unbroken. Fear of sacred places ruled out interference by the islanders, even if it had been physically possible.

Lord Combermere, Governor of Barbados, was among the stunned funeral party in 1819. As the family wept, he personally supervised the orderly arrangement of the coffins, which now totalled six, and sprinkled fine sand around them. When the entrance slab was again cemented in place, he added his seal to the joint.

On April 18 the following year, he unexpectedly asked the rector of the nearby church to open the tomb. The six coffins had been laid in a neat line, the three smaller ones resting on top of those containing adults. Now they were again scattered around the cave. Mr. Chase's casket was once more standing upright, with only Mrs. Goddard lying where she had been left. There were no marks in the sand, and Lord Combermere's seal was intact.

The Chases could no longer stand the notoriety the tomb was bringing them. All their family coffins were carried to Christ Church graveyard, and buried in a joint funeral ceremony.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes and an avid investigator of the paranormal, took an interest in the story. He put forward the theory that supernatural forces played havoc with the coffins because they were made of lead, and so delayed the decomposition of the bodies. He also believed that Thomas Chase committed suicide.

But for all his theorising, the abandoned tomb has kept its secret and may do so for ever."

Can any members add to these stories?

GODDARD PLACENAMES

Watching Anneka Rice on the Treasure Hunt programme recently, I was intrigued to see on her map the name Goddard's Green. Curiosity aroused, I checked the reference books and discovered that there are no fewer than eleven places in England named after the 'family'. With their Ordnance Survey grid references they are:

Goddard Hill	Lincs	TF1779
Goddards	Bucks	SU7890
Goddard's Cleeve	Wilts	SU1054
Goddard's Corner	Suffolk	TM2868
Goddard's Farm	Essex	TL6132
Goddard's Farm	Hants	SU3450
Goddard's Farm	Wilts	SU0282
Goddard's Green	Berks	SU6666
Goddard's Green	Kent	TQ7635
Goddard's Green	Kent	TQ8134
Goddard's Green	W. Sussex	TQ2820

Are there any Goddards still living in these places, or do any members claim that their branch has given the name to the place?

John of Accrington

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those years when the College was used for business purposes following the destruction of the Royal Exchange in the Great Fire. His return to the College coincides with the formation there of the society which, in 1663, received a charter of incorporation as the Royal Society, in which he was named as one of the first Council members. He used his laboratory to make numerous experiments for the Society - "when any curious experiment was to be done, they made him their drudge till they could obtain to the bottom of it" - and he wrote many papers for it, of which at least fourteen are still known to exist, on such diverse matters as 'Observations on a Cameleon', 'Experiments of Refining Gold with Antimony', 'the Anatomy of Wood', 'How a Stale Egg may be known from a Fresh one', and "Discourse on the Unhappy Condition of the Practise of Physick".

All the time he remained a physician himself, and he is described in a contemporary letter as "a very able and honest man". He used his laboratory for the compounding of his own medicines, the most famous of which were "Goddard's Drops" or "Goddard's Pills" which were supposed to revive sufferers from fainting, apoplectic seizures and "lethargies", and which are thought to have consisted mostly of ammonia. It is not surprising that he had a reputation as a prosperous man, when one considers that he is supposed to have communicated the secret of the drops to King Charles II for £5000 - a colossal sum in those days. But apparently he did not take his own remedies, for he died of an apoplectic fit on the corner of Wood Street at 11 p.m. on 24 March 1675 on his way home from a club of other eminent men who were in the habit of meeting at the Crown in Bloomsbury. He is buried in the middle of the chancel of Great St. Helen's Church.

DAUGHTERS OF LIBERTY

I have received a copy of an article from the Herald Weekend Magazine of 22 June 1975 from Jean of Monterey, California, extolling the contributions made two centuries earlier by American women in the Revolutionary War against Great Britain. Amongst a large number mentioned is Sarah Updike Goddard, one of six women who owned colonial newspapers at the time, five in support of the colonial cause (including Sarah) and one supporting the British. Sarah had given her son, William, the financial backing to found the *Providence Gazette* in 1762, but he had closed it down when he moved. She thereupon took control of the paper herself and resumed publication some six months after the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766. Her daughter, Mary Katherine, took over the *Baltimore Journal* in 1774; it had one of the largest circulations in the colonies.

HOLIDAY HOME

Patron Peter Goddard and his wife Sheila have recently acquired a mobile home in the delightful Domaine du Pin de la Legue at Frejus on the Cote d'Azur. Although it is not cheap to get there, I am reliably informed that it is reasonably so once there, and that the surrounds are full of historical interest. And it's for hire at special rates to members of this Association! Contact Peter at Old Farm Cottage, Upper Halliford, Shepperton, Middlesex, TW17 8RY.

GODDARDS - HIGH PEAK (2)

Chapel-en-le-Frith, known as the Capital of the Peak, lies just off the A6 road between Buxton and Stockport, since the opening of the Chapel/Whaley Bridge by-pass in 1987. If you have visited or passed through Chapel you may have wondered how it acquired such a name and what it means.

After the Norman conquest, and possibly for some time before, the area was part of the Royal Hunting Forest of High Peak. At the beginning of the 13th century it was part of the parish of Hope, which entailed almost a day's journey to attend a Sunday service and for marriages and funerals. The foresters and keepers petitioned for a Chapel of Ease, which was granted, and the first church was built in 1225 and became known as the Chapel in the Forest. The church was dedicated later to the martyred Thomas a Becket, and for 700 years the successors of the foresters preserved the right to elect their vicar. This right was transferred in 1929 to the Parochial Church Council.

In 1648 the church was the scene of a great military scandal. About 1,500 prisoners of the Scottish army, under the Duke of Hamilton, were crowded into the limited space of the building and kept in this close confinement from September 14th until the 30th when they were marched away. The church registers record that 44 died before they reached Cheshire.

The older church records include quite a lot of Goddards, as the parish covered parts of other villages round about, including Chinley, Bugsworth and Whaley Bridge.

Chapel (this is how local people reduce the name) now has a population of around 8,000. Its largest and most widely known employer is Ferodo Ltd., producers of friction materials for the motor industry. The company was founded in 1897 by Mr. Herbert Frood of Combs, who recognised the need for a properly manufactured braking material from his observations of the problems of local stone carters on the hills of the Peak District. His patented block made from woven cotton impregnated with resin was the first of its kind in the world and from this small beginning sprang the whole range of friction materials that we know today.

The market place at Chapel, still cobbled, is 733 feet above sea level and contains a 17th century cross and the old stocks. The official guide for 1987 lists over 40 clubs and group activities.

Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith

WADARD AGAIN

Remember Wadard, one of only four knights mentioned by name in the Bayeux Tapestry, and pictured in Newsletter No.5 astride his horse? He was already wearing his chain mail for battle and carrying his lance, while conversing with a man holding the reins of a small pack-horse. He was the keeper of the estates of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother to William, and one of the leaders of the Conquest, and appears to have been carrying out the functions of a steward by organising the revictualling of the army. Well, when thumbing through the Domesday Book for Wiltshire, I happened to spot the following under the Land of the Bishop of Bayeux:

"The Bishop also holds Swindon, and Wadard from him."

This is the only mention of Wadard in the County. Coincidence?

CAN YOU HELP?

In a late addition to Newsletter No.3 Mrs. Dorothy Woodhouse of 63 Bourne Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex, UB3 1QN, tel: 01-573 1969, made the following moving appeal: "Dad is not too well and is increasingly talking about his family. When he was very small he lived with a family called Hicks in Hounslow, Middlesex. They kept him as one of their own and all contact with his mother was lost. My Aunt Ella Bendy - nee Hicks - who is now 93 years old can only tell that Dad was the youngest of several children. She thinks some of his brothers and sisters also went to live with a family called Lovelock, of Westminster Road, Hanwell, Middlesex. And it is possible some also went to live with a family called Shean or Shearn, in Southall, Middlesex. I know this isn't much to go on but it is all I have been able to find out. If anyone has a record of a William Goddard, or Rose Churchman Goddard from the Middlesex area or London I would appreciate the information so that I can find someone for Dad before he passes on." Two years later Mrs. Woodhouse writes: "Dad is still with us but often quite poorly. My Aunt Ella is now 95 and changes the story every time she talks about it. I wonder if the letter could be reprinted as there are many new members. I've tried phone books, but that has now become too costly. William and Rose Churchman Goddard were Dad's parents and came from Shepherds Bush."

Margaret Goddard married Thomas Capps of 'Hasels' in Kent. She was a daughter of Guybon Goddard, a Recorder of Kings Lynn who died in 1671. Can anyone help Mr. Gittings of 24 Wedgwood House, Churchill Gardens, London SW1, locate 'Hasels' or give any more information?

Mr. and Mrs. Stan Wild from Ontario, Canada, are at present touring the UK. Their earliest ancestor so far traced is James Goddard born about 1808 at Bucklebury, Berkshire, and married on 3 January 1835 to Matilda Dennis at nearby Burghclere in Hampshire. There have been Goddards at Bucklebury since at least 1396, when Walter Querndon signed a deed agreeing to provide for William Goddard and his wife Alice (his daughter and her husband). Mr. Wild should have a fruitful search in Berkshire Record Office. However, if anyone recognises that they are related to Mr. Wild he would like to contact them. (Julie Goddard has the address).

Mrs. Stella Goddard of 19 Rockleigh Road, Bassett, Southampton, SO1 7AQ would like news of a Goddard family living in Witney, Oxfordshire from 1864 onwards, or another living in Paulet Road, Lambeth, London from 1905 onwards.

Miss Kathleen Goddard, though not quite so active physically as she has been, now has even more time to spend on her magnificent record of the Suffolk Goddard families. Major Douglas Goddard is one of the new members who has been slotted into place. She says that if you have Suffolk roots or a non-conformist background, or have the middle name of Gibson, she will probably be able to help.

Alan W. Goddard of Victoria, Australia, was very hopeful that she would recognise his ancestor John Goddard, aged 68, occupation servant, born in Ipswich, who was in Marylebone Workhouse in 1861 and died there in 1862; but unfor-

tunately he does not appear to be related. Can anyone else help Alan? Incidentally Julie writes that she has found for Alan a photograph of Christmas dinner at Marylebone Workhouse in 1901. It looks horrifyingly bleak and bare. By 1901 one would think that more humanitarian conditions would have prevailed.

Mrs. R. Abrahams of 41 Marchant Road, Andover, is stuck at William Goddard who is thought to have been born at Market Lavington, Wiltshire, around 1780. He married his wife Sarah about 1803.

Marie Amelia Goddard born about 1891 married James Francis Cunningham in 1914. Does anyone know her origins? Please contact J. Eric Nolan, Meadowbank, 8 Bryhers Croft, Wilpshire, Blackburn BB1 9JE.

Haywood and Phyllis Goddard of 2/54 Gills Avenue, Papukura, New Zealand wish to trace any connections in England. Haywood's grandparents, Augustus Frederick and Rosemary Ann (nee Cox), who lived in Grosvenor Park Road, Walthamstow, left on board the 'Babington' for New Zealand in 1897.

ANOTHER SUCCESS

Mrs. Pat Lee read the 'Can You Help?' column and spotted a familiar name: Captain William Goddard born at Beccles in 1835. She contacted M.D. Goddard in Australia and they are combining to research further, having confirmed that they are related. She has found that a story that there was a famous sea captain in her family has some foundation, and that someone in the family married French royalty. The sea captain was William and his sister-in-law married a French Count!

CHARLES I



This portrait of Charles I was drawn calligraphically by Joseph Goddard in 1644 when aged 15 and a pupil at the writing school of Christ's Hospital. He was taught twelve different scripts by his writing master, Jonathan Pickes. The drawing is amongst the Sloane collection in the British Museum.

John of Accrington

ANCESTRAL HOME VISIT

Stephen Goddard, senior, of the Silchester Goddards but now living in Shepperton, is recovering well from a major operation which kept him away from the AGM.

Unfortunately, Keith and Helen Goddard from the branch of the Silchester Goddards which left for New Zealand on the "Winchester" in 1874, were unable to visit him or several of the other friends who they met at the AGM. After touring Europe and Scotland they had to cut short their tour of England, but paid a fleeting visit to Silchester on one of the few sunny days we have had this year. The lovely old village was looking its best and they were able to photograph the Goddard house on the Green where Keith and Stephen's ancestors had a builders and carpenters business as well as running the adjacent pub (now the Calleva Arms). They also visited the Goddard graves in the churchyard.

Keith is being pressed to write up the story of his family's adventures in New Zealand. His sister, Pat Bisset, will be visiting the UK as soon as she can sell her New Zealand motel. It is on the tip of the beautiful North Island. Any offers to take it over from her?

Julie of Newbury

WRITING GODDARDS

Stephen Goddard, junior, who is Librarian at Ealing Technical College, has listed all the books by and about the Goddards in the British Library catalogue ending at 1975 and supplemented it with lists for later years. I now have a copy in our research files for anyone to consult.

Have you an author in the family? Did great aunt Fanny write about *Newquay*? Was it your grandmother Arabella who helped write *How to Play the Pianoforte* in 1884? Did you know Charles William Goddard who wrote *Ghostbreaker*? Are you a Buddhist like religious writer Dwight Goddard? Or a scientist like F.W. Goddard, the writer of a long line of school scientific textbooks? I feel that I must read *Memoirs of a Bow Street Runner* by Henry Goddard - but others may wish to look at John Herbert Goddard's *Chrysanthemum* cultivation books.

Or perhaps you have a book of your own listed in the catalogues. Stephen and I have.

Julie of Newbury

MORE GODDARD BOOKS

Anglers amongst the members will know of John (not me!) Goddard's books on trout flies and stillwater fishing. His latest book *Waterside Guide* was published in May at £6.95 and is an insect identification guide for the angler and naturalist. Also published in May is a second book by Robert Goddard, whose first novel *Past Caring* was recommended in the October 1987 Newsletter. Those of you who enjoyed that excellent story will look forward to his new novel entitled *In Pale Battalions*. It reveals the truth about an unsolved World War I murder by following a complex trail back through the past. Published by Bantam Press at £10.95 hardback and available at all good booksellers or your local library. The paperback edition will probably follow in about twelve months time.

John of Accrington.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The Association's Secretary Dennis and his wife, Membership Secretary Marjorie, have recently moved from Amersham back to Yorkshire. Their new address is: "Tuevais", 101 Main Street, Askham Bryan, York, YO2 3QS. Telephone number 0904-707879. So look out you Northern Goddards; Marjorie is a bundle of energy!

Although rather past the usual age for taking up driving, Marjorie has been having lessons. After a hair-raising first test, which involved coping with a dead hedgehog, a bumper to bumper confrontation with another car, and a jack-knifed lorry blocking the road, the examiner finally turned to Marjorie and said the magic words: "Congratulations, you've passed". A sentiment we entirely echo!

Julie of Newbury

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

The Goddard Association of America held its Fourth Biennial Convocation at San Diego, California, from 23 to 26 June. Although it was not as well attended as previous Convocations - there was an attendance of about 120 - a thoroughly good time was had by all with the usual varied programme of visits, lectures, Goddard talent show, and Service of Remembrance and Family Togetherness. Particularly memorable must have been a tour by pleasure boat of San Diego harbour and its U.S. naval ships and installations. Two lectures were of note. One was on the "Mormon Battalion's Trek to the West", ending in the San Diego area; Brigham Young's grandmother was apparently a Goddard. The other concerned tracing the roots of the film star Paulette Goddard.

During the course of the Convocation two presentations were made. One acknowledged the enrollment of the Association's 1000th member, achieved after only eleven years of existence. Now there's a challenge for our Association! Can we beat it? The second presentation was of a certificate conferring Life Membership of the Association on Dr. John W. Harms, who has done more than anyone else to found and further the aims of the American Association. And it was he who was also an encouragement to Howard Goddard-Jones in founding our Association; indeed, he even postponed his return to the USA in order to be present at our inaugural meeting at the Goddard Arms in Swindon on 25 May 1985.

The GAA hopes to hold its Fifth Convocation in 1990 at Akron in Ohio. Start planning you transatlantic visit now!

ARTIST

The following information was gleaned from a phone-in programme on Radio Oxford. A watercolour painting of New Forest scenes, particularly one of 'Bridge at Brokenhurst' by F.C. Goddard, can be expected to fetch between £275 and £315 at art auction. Can someone tell us more about F.C. Goddard, who was painting around 1875-1890? Has anyone got a copy of one of his paintings?

Julie of Newbury

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Having so many Goddards to write to and finding that I am needing to differentiate between one and another by such descriptive additions as John of Accrington, Treasurer John and Cousin John I spent an idle half hour analysing the Goddard names on the International Geanealogical Index sheets which I had to hand. They cover five counties.

The favourite boys names which Goddard parents chose was John, followed by Thomas, William and Richard - in fact 'Tom, Dick and Jack' rather than 'Tom, Dick and Harry'. Joseph followed, but some way behind, and then Edward, James and Robert.

The girls names were fairly predictable also, with Mary, Ann and Elizabeth leading the popularity league as they have in the country as a whole until recent years. Sarah, too, was a favourite choice.

So, all you young Goddard couples who are debating what to call your newborn babies, what about some of the more unusual names of Goddards in times past?

Tryphosa Pinnell Goddard, Berks 1837.

Mephiboseth Goddard, Berks 1753

Erasmus Goddard, Leics in 1606 and 1628.

Hepzibah Goddard, Leics 1818.

Keturah Goddard, Berks 1744.

Heliard Goddard, Berks 1775.

Eaverme Goddard, Hants 1659.

Acksah, yes really, Acksah Goddard, Hants 1812.

Robica Goddard, Berks 1730.

Boniface Goddard, which the IGI allocates to a boy and girl born to a Richard Goddard of Childrey in 1653. Some confusion there!

Eusebius Goddard, Leics 1666.

Curch Goddard, Leics 1670, and my real favourite

Easter Easter Goddard who married William Barratt at Queniborough, Leics on 10th December 1781. No, it is not a mistake. Correspondents to the 'Family Tree' magazine have been keeping the editors very busy with such examples, including an 'Easter Easter Duck' and 'Easter Easter Preston'!

Julie of Newbury

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

The Association extends a warm welcome to the four new members who have joined since the last Newsletter went to print:

Mr. Peterson Cobbett, 13 St. Andrews Road,
Earlsdon, Coventry, CV5 6FP.

Mr. & Mrs. A. Goddard, 5 Thornton Road, Mosley
Common, Worsley, Manchester, M28 4AX.

Mrs. L.C.G. Goddard, 47 London Road, Tetbury,
Gloucester, GL8 8HR.

Major F.J. Goddard, Heron House, Bridge, Chard,
Somerset, TA20 4HR.

MORE CONVICT LINKS

In
Memory
of
JAMES GODDARD
Son of J. GODDARD
Private 12th Regiment
Died 16 Nov. 1856 AGED 11 Months
The Holy Bible

SACRED
To the
Memory
of
BENJAMIN MATTHEW GODDARD
Departed this life
September 16th 1859
Aged 3 Months and 18 Days
*Farewell sweet child the loss is ours
For thou art gone to rest
The shepherd has but called a lamb
To fold it in his breast*

These two inscriptions are from headstones on graves on the Isle of the Dead, Port Arthur, Tasmania, which was a penal settlement from 1830 to 1877. This island was selected as a burial ground for the civil and military authorities and the convicts of the settlement, and is situated in Port Arthur, a mile off shore and directly opposite the settlement. In burials it was divided into two, the higher ground for the civil and military burials and, where a headstone was permitted, the lower ground for convict burials, where only a mound of earth marked their grave. My wife and I toured Tasmania a couple of years ago, and I was quite surprised to see the Goddard name in such a remote place. The Goddards certainly got around! I think I remember checking out Benjamin Matthew Goddard; he was the son of a James Goddard, an Overseer of the Penal Settlement, and the Port Arthur Burial Register records the following: Child of Overseer, Age 5 Months, 18 Days. Alan of Ormond, Australia

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Stuck for an idea? Why not give one of those beautifully engraved crystal Goddard Chalice? They are always available from Anthony Osborn at 18 The Southend, Ledbury, Herefordshire, HR8 2EY, price £24.95 for UK buyers, £29.50 overseas, postage and packing inclusive; allow 28 days for delivery. Or, if that is too expensive, how about a reprint of Richard Jefferies' *Goddards of North Wilts* at £5, or 10 Goddard Postcards (two brass rubbings in black and white) for £1? Available from Richard Goddard, 6 The Colleg, Malvern, WR14 3DJ.

SIR VICTOR'S PHANTOM AIRFIELD

The obituary in Newsletter No.6 on Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, K.C.B., C.B.E., this Association's first Patron, mentioned how he increasingly turned to the world of the spirit in his retirement years, because of previous personal experiences. One such example is alluded to on p.2 of this Newsletter, very briefly and not very accurately. Sir Victor himself told the story in the opening chapter of his 1975 book *Flight Towards Reality*. Here it is in his own words:

"I flew to Scotland, having planned to play golf at Gullane by the Forth. My aeroplane, a Hart, I left at Turnhouse (then an RAF base, later the civil airport for Edinburgh), thirty miles away. Near Gullane was an airfield of World War I. Its name was Drem. Had it been usable I might have landed there instead. While in the neighbourhood, I motored there and saw the owner of the place and walked all round his farm - for that was what the airfield had reverted to. My purpose was to see if it would serve for a light aircraft when I came again.

I found the old airfield divided into many separate pastures by barbed wire, each being well populated with sheep or cattle, and one with pigs. The hangars were then nearing dereliction; they were all in use, as barns for hay and farm machinery, cow byres and chicken runs. It certainly no longer was a fit place for a landing or for housing any kind of aeroplane.

Next day - it was the very next, not more than sixteen hours later - my Hawker Hart and I approached, quite inadvertently, in hopefulness but in uncertainty, a gloomy silhouette of hangars in downpouring rain beneath black clouds which scarcely cleared the hangar roofs. I did not hope to land there; that never was my thought; I was intent upon no more than pin-pointing my position, for I had become disorientated while flying back to Andover and was many miles off course. The reason is irrelevant, but in spinning out of cloud about five minutes earlier I had nearly killed a girl wheeling a pram. She ducked to miss my scything wing-tip and I too seemed to be uncomfortably near to death.

Yes, this was Drem airfield, right enough - I recognised the hangars as I crossed the boundary fence at less than thirty feet in driving rain. Then suddenly the scene was lit with brilliant light which I supposed was sunshine. The airfield was clear, new-mown and clean, the nearest hangar doors were open and on the tarmac apron, wet from recent rain, stood, parked, four aeroplanes - three biplanes (Avro 504s) and then a monoplane of unknown type. Emerging through the hangar doors there was a second monoplane being pushed by two mechanics, one on the tail, one on the starboard wing. All five machines were brilliant yellow chrome. The mechanics who were there, attending them, were all in

dungarees of blue.

I backed my 'stick' to climb, to clear the hangar roof.

The year was 1935. We had no yellow aeroplanes in service then. Nor had we any monoplanes. Our airmen wore brown overalls. In all, I noted quite a dozen features of anomaly. The hangars had all been refurbished. The tarmac was all new. But what surprised me most of all in this surprising vision was the indifference of the airmen to my zooming over them at thirty feet. Not one of them looked up. But they were real men. The unreality to them must have been myself and my quite-physical conveyance. No airman anywhere, on any tarmac in the world - that is, the world we think we know - could then have failed to look at me had I been *there* for him to see, and had my roaring Hawker Hart been *there* for him to hear. Those airmen did not pay the slightest heed to me or it.

I sped the length of that quadruple-hangar layout, traversing the roofs at speed. In seconds I had cleared the fourth and last of those four sets of 'newly covered' buildings, then I was plunged again into the pouring rain; the vision had evaporated.....

In 1939 Drem airfield, already then rebuilt, reopened as a flying training school with yellow Avro 504s and Magisters. The Magister was new; it was a trainer monoplane; it was the spitting image of the monoplanes I saw, that stormy day, four years before at Drem. None of that type existed back in 1935 - not in our normal consciousness. Meanwhile, our airmen's dungarees had also been transformed; no longer were they brown, but blue.

I realised, or recognised, this happening quite suddenly. It took me by surprise and shook me more alarmingly than had that vision shaken me when I experienced it in 1935. For I had then to rationalise the fact that time and happenings are not as I supposed. The training school at Drem and many features of its novelty were there as I had actually seen them several years before that school became a complex, active entity in space-time consciousness for everybody else."

This story has become one of the classic cases of precognition, but it was not the only one experienced by Sir Victor, and in a future Newsletter I will recount another. Do any of our members have any unusual experiences of their own that they would like to tell?

COPY

The Editor would be pleased to hear from any member who has anything he or she would like to see printed in a future Newsletter. It can be on any topic, provided it is not too long and contains matter of Goddard interest! Please send such material to Richard Goddard, 6 The College, Malvern, WR14 3DJ.

'GRANNIE GODDARD' AND PIONEERING DAYS IN NEW ZEALAND

The following is compiled from a variety of sources, kindly sent from New Zealand, and ties in with the Indenture of Newsletters 6 and 7 and the Silchester Goddards generally. It will be remembered that the Indenture was from 1839 and related to James Robert Goddard, thirteen year old son of Stephen and Hannah, who was being bound apprentice carpenter and builder to Thomas Goddard, also of Silchester.

On 3 May 1874, now married to Louisa Rouw and with a young family of seven children, James Robert left Gravesend for New Zealand on the 'Winchester', landing at Napier, Hawkes Bay, on 26 July. "She made a smart passage of 84 days and brought out 437 immigrants." He rented a piece of land to grow potatoes on but, sadly, three years later was killed. He had harvested his potatoes and was taking them home in his horse drawn wagon; when near the railway line, the train whistled, his horses bolted and he was thrown out of the wagon.

The family then had to go out to work. Alfred Frederick - Fred -, the fourth son born in 1868, went to work at the age of eight as a stable lad for a shilling (5p) a week. On 5 April 1901, a Good Friday, he married Emily Sarah Hammond - later affectionately known as 'Grannie Goddard' - and the following year they left Napier to stake out the land they had drawn by ballot in virgin bush opened up for settlement after the Maori Wars, in an area ever since known as King Country.

If the journey was tough, the subsequent life-style was tougher. From Napier to Wanganui they travelled by horse coach, getting out on the steeper hills for the women to walk while the men helped push. From Wanganui to Waitara was by train, and from there to Kawhia by boat, the final leg to Kinohaku Warf being by launch. Bush came everywhere to the water's edge, and the sight of a fully tattooed Maori waiting on the shore cannot have been too reassuring for a new bride of 19.

The first two nights were spent in a tent alongside the old Kinohaku Warf. Then the couple set out carrying their possessions eight miles through bush to their plot of land, their only aid being a packhorse loaned by some Maoris. They made their camp by a small stream and lived there until a clearing was made on the 'farm'. It was eleven months before Grannie Goddard saw another white woman and two years before they moved into their first small home. This was made from a tree which they felled, cut into blocks, and then split into shingles which were overlapped to keep the weather out. (It is interesting that the family tradition of building and joinery remains to this day.) Flour bags covered the windows and newspaper the walls. The next few years were lean and hard. It was fifteen years before a road was built and there was no bridge over the river - if you wanted to cross you had to swim. There was no doctor at first and the nearest midwife was at Kawhia and when possible had to be fetched by horseback. Life was very dependant on neighbours, and during confinements - Grannie Goddard had five - women often walked miles, day or night, to help. She was often left alone in the bush with her young family for three weeks at a time while her husband and the other settlers journeyed to Ohaupo to buy or sell cattle.

A year or two after Fred and Grannie Goddard first settled, James Robert's second son, George Robert who had married Emma Eliza Brown of Wellington in about 1890, left Napier and joined his younger brother. They had eleven children - although two died as infants - who remember life on this earliest farm, before they moved to another one, as being very hard. Schooling was very primitive and all had to help with farm chores, especially when the men were away building the road with only picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. Until this was done Grannie Goddard rode sidesaddle over muddy bush tracks to Kinohaku for stores. She eventually made her own butter, which was sent to Auckland and traded for groceries which arrived every three months. It was also the women's job to make a vegetable garden from the seed they had brought with them.

Fred and Grannie Goddard moved twice, in 1919 and 1934, to better farms and life became easier. Fred had left school before he had learnt to read or write, but Grannie read the newspaper out loud from cover to cover. Fred died on 10 February 1940 and was buried at Te Waitere Cemetery; their son Harry was killed over Holland later the same year. Grannie Goddard lived on the farm until after the Second World War, farming it with her son and son-in-law until she bought a small home of her own. In 1972 her ninetieth birthday was celebrated by a great family gathering of many of her 14 grandchildren and 37 great-grandchildren. As the only surviving original settler of Kinohaku, and the widow of the very first one at that, Grannie Goddard was something of a celebrity in King Country. She died peacefully at her daughter's home on 6 September 1973, and was laid to rest next to her husband.



George Robert and Emma Eliza Goddard