



# The Goddard Association of Europe

NEWSLETTER

No. 26 - JANUARY 1993

## BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE, 4 APRIL 1993

### Next A.G.M. Goes North

With 1993 scheduled as the year away from Swindon and it being the turn of the northern part of the country to play host, the Association's Executive Committee has endorsed plans to hold the Seventh AGM at Buxton in Derbyshire. The venue will be the Portland Hotel, whose proprietors are well known to a member of the Committee, and the date is Sunday 4 April 1993. There is plenty of parking available at the Hotel or on streets in the immediate vicinity, and a map of the town will be provided on the back of the next Newsletter.

The format for the day will be much as usual. Coffee and biscuits will be available on arrival any time between 11.00am and 12.30 for £1-25. For those who would like it a buffet lunch will be served between 12.30 and 2.00pm, to include soup and coffee at a cost of £7-50. The AGM will be held in the Park Restaurant, starting at 2.00pm with the business part of the proceedings, and followed by the presentation of the Howard Goddard-Jones Memorial for 1992 and a talk. The talk this year will be given by David Sanders and his wife; illustrated with slides and a small demonstration, it will be on the celebrated local custom of Wells Dressing. Tea and biscuits will be served around 4.00pm and will be paid for out of the proceeds of a raffle, prizes for which are always gratefully received.

Should you wish to make a week-end of it, accommodation is available at the Portland Hotel at the special rate for Association members of £56 for an en-suite double or twin room, £30 for a single; the phone number is 0298-22462 or 71493. Alternatively there is plenty of other accommodation in the area. On Saturday afternoon, weather permitting, Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith is prepared to conduct a car tour of the surrounding area, particularly visiting those places he has written about in his High Peak articles; anyone wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity, whether you have a car or not, should get directly in touch with Albert at Windgather, 8 St Ann's Close, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Stockport, Cheshire, SK12 6SG or

telephone 0298-813189. Another possible attraction for the Saturday is *The Killing of Sister George* at the Buxton Opera House.

Your Committee at the same time considered the suggestion, put forward both during and after the last AGM, that the 1994 Swindon meeting should be spread over one and a half days, getting the business side of things out of the way either on the Saturday evening or Sunday morning, thus leaving the bulk of the Sunday for possible work-shop type sessions on how to set about or improve techniques of tracing ones family tree. There was also a request for more time simply to chat to other Goddards, whether known or unknown. We have endorsed these ideas in principle.

## 1991 MEMORIAL



Readers of Newsletter No. 24 will recall that Earl Goddard of Palo Alto, California, the recipient of the Howard Goddard-Jones Memorial for 1991, was not well enough to travel from the USA for the presentation at the last AGM. He did come to England, however, later in the year and the photograph above shows him receiving the Award at Malvern from the President.

## CAR STICKERS

One recent idea for promoting the Association was to produce car stickers, but the cost was felt to be out of proportion to the possible effect. Hence some amateur ones have been made and you will find a strip of three enclosed with this Newsletter; they simply require to be selotaped to a near-side window. You also need to print on either your own phone number or, if that does not appeal, then that of Membership Secretary John – to be found, as usual, on the back page of this Newsletter.

## SUCCESS

It is always encouraging to report success. Since last going to print I have received a long letter from Julie of Newbury detailing several cases of putting two previously unknown members of the same branch in touch with each other or of matching current researchers with deceased relatives; space does not permit specifics. And it is also encouraging to a tired editor to read, from the other side of the world, that the Newsletter is much valued as a means of 'keeping in touch' with things Goddard!

## GODDARDS - HIGH PEAK 9

Buxton possibly needs little introduction to some members who will know that it is set in the Derbyshire hills at over 1,000 feet above sea level. Its fame was largely built on the warm pale blue waters which bubble up from the thermal springs beneath the Crescent and are said to contain healing properties. There are several springs rising through the limestone from a subterranean reservoir and the water reaches the surface at a constant temperature of 82°F.

The town guide book says that habitation around Buxton can be traced back to the cave-dwellers of pre-history, and evidence has been found of the presence of interesting wildlife of the period such as sabre-toothed tigers, bison, mammoths, mastodon and lions.

The remains of two Roman baths have been found, and the Romans are thought to have arrived in the area about AD 79-80. They called the settlement 'Aquae Arnemetiae' which translates as 'Waters of the Goddess of the Grove'. Only Bath and Buxton were given the prefix 'Aquae'.

Many famous people visited Buxton to 'take the waters'. Mary Queen of Scots spent part of her captivity at Tutbury Castle and was allowed to visit Buxton on several occasions between 1570 and 1574 to relieve the pain of rheumatism from which she suffered. The treatment was recommended by the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Most pictures of Buxton are taken from the high ground near the Town Hall, and show in the foreground the impressive Crescent, built for the fifth Duke of Devonshire and completed in 1784. Behind this is the Palace Hotel and the Devonshire Royal Hospital, which was originally built as the Great Stables by the fifth Duke to house the hotel visitors' horses and grooms. It was converted in 1859 and was covered by a huge dome 164 feet across. Buxton waters are still used there for therapeutic purposes, mainly for arthritic and rheumatic patients. To the left is St. John's Church built in 1811 in the Italianate style, and in front of that is the entrance to the lovely Pavilion Gardens. Next to it is the recently renovated Opera House, which was built in 1905 and seats almost 1000 people.

In the 1860s two railway station buildings were constructed across the road from each other, one for the Midland and one for the London and North Western railways. All that remains now is the end wall of the L. & N.W.R. terminal with its high fan window designed by Joseph Paxton, famed for the London Crystal Palace. On the site of the old Midland station the local preservation society 'Peak Rail Steam Centre' is a hive of hard work. They aim to open the old line between Buxton and Matlock.

The original Pump Room which faces the Crescent, built in 1894, now houses the world's very first

Micrarium - a unique opportunity to see the world of nature through specially built projection microscopes.

The sixth and seventh Dukes of Devonshire made money and land available to increase the town's facilities, and the Pavilion Gardens were laid out and the Pavilion built in 1871. The Octagon Concert Hall was added in 1875. The river Wye runs through the gardens, then goes underground to re-emerge in Ashwood Park at the far end of Spring Gardens on its way to Bakewell.

For a week each year the traditional 'wells dressings' are held, when several wells in the town are decorated as a thanksgiving for a good supply of water. A Wells Dressings Queen is selected and crowned on the first day when the wells are blessed. Although part of a centuries old Derbyshire tradition, Buxton's first celebration was not held until 1840 when St. Ann's well was first provided in Higher Buxton. At the 1993 Annual General Meeting we hope to have a slide-show and demonstration of the creation of the lovely 'dressings'.

There is a very interesting museum on Terrace Road with displays of geology, cave discoveries, and prehistoric and Roman remains.

Most of the Goddards in Buxton in the nineteenth century would appear to have been Professors of Music, and at least one conducted the orchestra at the Pavilion Gardens over one hundred years ago. There is still a Goddards music shop in the town.

There are facilities for most sports, with soccer at Silverlands, Buxton playing in the H.F.S. Loans League, and cricket at the Park with two teams playing in the North Staffordshire and South Cheshire League. Derbyshire occasionally play county matches on the same ground. Rugby Union is played at Peveril Road, and there are two golf courses in the town.

Buxton has many attractions and is a good centre for visiting most of the Peak District and the dales, especially in summer. Although Buxton water is bottled and sold all over the world, there is still a pump in the Crescent where you can sample and take some home free of charge.

Buxton has a population of about 20,000 and is 'twinned' with the French town of Oignes where many Sherwood Forester soldiers met their death during the Second World War. *Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith*

## NEW MEMBERS

A warm welcome to those new members who have joined the Association since the last Newsletter went to the printers:

Mrs C.M.A. Curgenvén, Tretawn, Church Hill, Mamhull, Sturminster Newton, Dorset, DT10 1PU.

Capt. E.W. Briggs, D.S.C., c/o Mrs Curgenvén as above.

Mrs Pamela J. Spragg, 46 Kingsdown Avenue, Luton, Bedfordshire, LU2 7BU.

## OPERATION NEW LEAF



The project to fell and replant the Avenue at The Lawn, Swindon, is now complete. The photographs on this page were kindly taken and supplied by Association Committee Member Philip of 'Goddard Photographic', Swindon, and come from a series he took during the late summer and autumn. They depict the various stages in the process, from felling and clearing the site between August and October to the ceremonial replanting on Thursday 26 November. The last photograph depicts Carol, wife of Captain John the head of the Swindon Goddards, and Richard, President of the Association, shovelling soil against the tree sponsored in the name of the Associations of America and Europe. It is still not too late to contribute to this worthy project; please send any amount, payable to "the Goddard Association of Europe", to Treasurer John Goddard at Coton Grange, Shrewsbury, SY1 2PD.

## AMERICA AND ITS ASSOCIATION'S BIENNIAL CONVOCATION

As I am a direct descendant of the William Goddard-Elizabeth Miles family who emigrated from London to Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1665, and did not regain our British nationality until my great-grandfather, Samuel Aspinwall Goddard, returned to this country in 1817 and was naturalised by Act of Parliament, I thought that it would be interesting to attend the Sixth National / International Convocation of the Goddard Association of America at Salt Lake City, Utah, from the 18th to 21st June, 1992.

I did not go as a total stranger, having met the Association Secretary, Kathryn Goddard Meyer, on a previous visit to Salida, Colorado, where my only surviving first cousin, Maxine Paquette, lives. Her father, my uncle Warren, and his brother, uncle John, were travelling through Kansas in the 1880s when the train they were on was held up by Jesse James and his gang, and Jesse James actually stole my uncle Warren's pocket watch. Anyway Kathryn, with her husband Bill, drove 500 miles from Wichita, Kansas, to meet me. (How the American culture differs from that of the British – 50 miles and we would think twice!) Here I must clearly state that my cousin Malcolm of Brisbane, Australia, discovered our present American connection through his membership of the American Association for which we are all, on both sides of the Atlantic, eternally grateful.

I arrived at Salt Lake City on Thursday evening the 18th June, having changed flights at St. Louis where we had a superb view of the Mississippi on the approach. Waiting for me at the airport was Bill Meyer and Tom Scott, who had counted in thirty planes in thirty minutes – it transpired there was a huge skin-care convention being held at the same time as ours and there was not a room available in the whole of the City for that weekend. We were all at the Olympus Hotel which was very plush and, at \$52 per night, excellent value.

Our Convocation began with a reception on Thursday evening which was a very friendly affair with punch and cookies, and I soon discovered that many of those attending were regular stalwarts at this bi-annual event from all states of the USA including Alaska and Canada.

After my Friday morning favourite breakfast of a stack of four blueberry pancakes with maple syrup and coffee by the bucket, there was a most interesting lecture by Jayare Roberts, Specialist in Ancestral File Expansion at the Family History Centre, who spoke on the World Treasures of the Family History Library. This was followed by family group meetings (I naturally attended the William Goddard / Elizabeth Miles group) and to be told by Virginia Heath from Federal Way, Washington State, that I was the spitting image of her cousin. Then, after a fellowship luncheon where we got

to know more of each other, we had a most interesting coach tour of Salt Lake City and the surrounding countryside, which included the Great Salt Lake where, for some inexplicable reason, there was a 'clapped-out' old red London double-decker bus right on the shore line with other flotsam. That evening my four cousins, Maxine Paquette, Linda and Steve Beardslee and their son Troy, and I dined at the Jail House Restaurant, the original city gaol, where you eat in the old authentic cells including the bars; fascinating, and the food was good.

On Saturday there was another interesting lecture by Jayare Roberts, followed by a group photo session



beside the hotel swimming pool. At lunch, before Dr John W. Harms the compiler of the Goddard Book, spoke on how the Goddard Association came into being, he asked if I would agree to being introduced by the President, Russell L. Goddard, who simply said in his laid back Texan manner: "This is Gerald from England who is going to talk to you". Not wanting to let the side down, I have no idea what I talked about, but it must have gone down okay as everyone appeared to laugh a lot, and Russell told me to look him up if I was ever in Grand Prairie as he was the only Goddard in the phone directory. I subsequently heard before I left the country that he had had a heart attack. The afternoon was spent in the Mormon Cathedral and in the famous Genealogical Library, after touring the City in an old world tram. In the evening a Banquet was held with another guest speaker, followed by a Talent Show; and here I must say there are many gifted members of the Goddard family in the USA, it was really entertaining.

We missed the Sunday service of remembrance followed by brunch and the final goodbyes (we made ours on the Saturday evening), because my cousins Linda and Steve Beardslee and their son Troy who had flown down from Seattle (Steve, a retired USAF colonel now working for Boeing, is a member of the Boeing Flying Club) had asked me to fly back with them and spend a

few days there. He wanted to leave early on the Sunday morning to avoid the cloud build-up later in the day over the Cascade Mountain range as we approached Seattle. It was a superb flight in spite of my feeling of trepidation when I first set eyes on the little four-seater Cessna 182 parked with scores of similar small planes in the private area of S.L.C. airport.

We flew at 12,000 feet with me in the co-pilot's seat as far as Boise, Idaho, where we refuelled. Troy, aged 22, took over the co-pilot controls for the second part of the journey, and on the approach to Seattle we flew between Mount Saint Helens and Mount Adams and around Mount Rainier; the views were magnificent, but the turbulence was causing me to pray for Terra Firma before I let the side down, and when he banked to show me their house I kept looking straight ahead.

Arriving at my cousins' home, which has a Geographical Magazine view of Mount Rainier, at about 3.00pm with the temperature around 90° and having flown for approximately five hours, Steve suggested that we went for a walk to stretch our legs; assuming that he meant perhaps a mile or so around the pretty area in which they lived, I was enthusiastic. He gets out the Land Rover and, with me paying little attention to how far we are going, we eventually arrive at the entrance to a mountain trail and finish up walking between four and five miles around a mountain, crossing several unmelted snow patches on the northern side, on which should any of us have slipped we would have ended up several hundred feet further down and a little the worse for wear. My three cousins had put on hiking boots, while I was wearing my one and only comfortable pair of 'padders' – I had the most enormous blister (which fortunately did not burst) to show for it. On the return journey I casually asked how far we had driven; "Only 40-50 miles," says Steve. We had a Mexican meal en route, and Linda was intending to cook something when we got home! We went straight to bed, and Steve was in his office at Boeing at 7.00am on Monday morning. Of course he is only 52 and American!

I spent the next three days exploring the Seattle area, found a small town where the soap *Twin Peaks* was filmed and ate in the restaurant where 'cherry pie' was always served. Never having viewed it, it meant little to me, but the waitress said it was the best thing that could have happened as the place was dying on its feet before. I then took the hydrofoil up the Puget Sound to Victoria, British Columbia, to look up some of my Canadian cousins on my mother's side, the Denslow family whom I had previously met on an earlier visit. One of my younger cousins, Ben Denslow, who is a part-time musician and who works for the main wholesale fish supplier on the island, was so impressed that I know Martin Barre, the lead guitarist with Jethro Tull, that he

gave me a huge bag of king prawns and oodles of smoked salmon to take back to Seattle, where we had a great farewell party and I met two more cousins, Marshall and Sidne Goddard, before leaving for Salida, Colorado, in the morning.

Flying down to Denver, I had the luxury of my economy seat being upgraded to first class; I don't know why, as the plane was crowded, but I could soon get used to the life. I was met at the airport by my 87 year old cousin, Maxine, and her niece, my cousin Sandra, and we drove some 200 miles via Colorado Springs to Salida, a little hick town 7,000 feet up in the southern Rockies, surrounded by snow-capped peaks and where it is wise not to walk too quickly. It has a swimming bath fed by hot mineral waters, which are said to have healing qualities but which did nothing for my rheumatic elbow. It also has its own bank, the Thatcher Bank, which has been there considerable longer than thirteen years! My cousin has a little ranch a few miles out of town where, over a long period, she has amassed quite a collection of Indian arrow heads made out of flint stone. On my last day there I actually found one beside where ants had been working and had probably pushed it to the surface.

It was a great holiday from which I returned totally exhausted. I count myself lucky having descended from an English family who emigrated to America and who subsequently returned to produce more English family of which three returned to America and one went to New Zealand. Incidentally, the photo of Goddard Road in Newsletter No. 25 is named after my uncle Roland Frederick Norton Goddard, who emigrated there and married Emma Hunt of Motueka in 1895. He had a thriving haulage business. There is a bungalow further along that road built by Malcolm's father, Frederick John May Goddard (my first cousin) and I have an almost identical photograph taken with John Norton Goddard, Malcolm's half-brother. It's a small world!

During the past ten years I have visited family in Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the USA, and friends in Bermuda, India, Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore and Indonesia. *Gerald of Lyme Regis*

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## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Three members of the Association's Executive Committee have recently changed address: Janet Goddard-Jones has moved from Tiddington to 27 Verney Drive, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, CV37 0DX. Seán has moved in Exeter to 6 Roseland Avenue, Heavitree, Exeter, Devon, EX1 2TW. And Richard is at Hampton House, 65 Abbey Road, Malvern, WR14 3HF until the middle of July when he has to move again; telephone number 0684-573382. Association Secretary Annica Leach's telephone number has also recently changed to 0978-760688.

## HUGUENOT GODDARDS

From the middle of the sixteenth century, many people in Europe began to adopt the ideas and beliefs of Calvinist non-conformity rather than accept Roman Catholicism as the only religious faith. This was, by and large, tolerated by most states and was never a problem. However, in France and Walloon, the French speaking area of what is now southern Belgium, and other parts of the then Spanish Netherlands, Calvinists – French Protestants, or Huguenots as they came to be known – began to be persecuted by their Roman Catholic states. So strongly did these people hold to their faith that many fled to neighbouring countries to avoid further persecution. It has been estimated that England received 50,000 refugees from France, Germany took 30,000, the Dutch Republic 60,000, Ireland 10,000, and North America 10,000; a lot of refugees, even by today's standards.

Amongst these refugees were Goddards, and unlike many Huguenot names now found in Britain in their translated, abbreviated or corrupted form, God(d)ard will have been absorbed straight away leaving no obvious French connection. So, when you next become stuck in the pursuit of your family, do not forget this possibility. Not that your task will necessarily be any easier; there are many documented examples of members of refugee families ending up in different towns, countries or even continents, but it will at least become a new avenue to explore.

Like all refugees, they tended to congregate together in certain areas for safety and for social reasons. They formed their own churches and, where there were sufficient numbers, formed separate Walloon, French (Huguenot) and Dutch congregations. This differentiation was not always noted by their British hosts, and they were often lumped together under the Huguenot label, more especially as the percentage of British born mem-

bers increased. Some of the largest communities became established in the following places: London, Canterbury, Colchester, Norwich, Maidstone, Sandwich, Yarmouth and Southampton<sup>1</sup>.

Some of these refugees were wealthy merchants and continued to trade (with some restrictions) as they had before<sup>2</sup>; many others had no transportable assets save for their specialist skills in areas such as textiles, particularly in the East End of London. Others were gunsmiths, clockmakers, jewellers, gold and silversmiths and many other trades which were in demand by the rich and powerful. If you have an ancestor who was a silk weaver or a specialist cloth dyer, then the chances are they were of Huguenot descent.

The Huguenot Society of London, in more than 50 volumes, has published many registers of Huguenot, Walloon and Dutch churches. These are mostly births and marriages – it seems the Huguenots were not too bothered about burials, rarely recorded them and did not have or maintain their own burial grounds – and in very many of these volumes will be found Goddards. There are few public libraries with a complete set of Huguenot Society Proceedings; one of the more accessible is the Guildhall Library in London. I have begun the task of abstracting the Goddards from these volumes; it is quite a large undertaking but worth doing as the paper in many of the volumes, originally printed in small numbers, is deteriorating and I am sure they will not remain on open access for much longer.

*Notes:* 1. For a full list of settlements see Gwynn, Robin D., *Huguenot Heritage* 1985.

2. See for example the Will, made in 1572, of a possible refugee, Anthony Goddarte, merchant stranger, of the city of London, made in the presence of George Gilvauns, Minister of the Dutch Church. (P.C.C., 20 Draper).  
*Seán of Exeter*

## SERVING IN YUGOSLAVIA

Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith has sent me the following cutting from a mid-December issue of the *High Peak Reporter*. Under the heading "We Want Penpals" comes this letter to the Editor: 'Sir – I am a soldier from Stalybridge and am serving in the former Yugoslavia as part of the 1 Cheshire Battle Group stationed at Camp Vitez, which is constantly at a high alert state owing to the fighting in the areas around it.

It would be widely appreciated if you would give a mention for all the local lads serving with 1 Cheshire just to say "Hello and a Merry Christmas" to all their families and friends as the festive season approaches.

We have been very lucky and grateful for the response and gifts from the public of other areas of Cheshire and the boys would like to take this opportu-

nity to thank the public for a great response.

As you are probably aware, the highlight of the single soldier's day while here in Vitez is the receiving of mail etc. We would like penpals to start corresponding with us and all single soldiers in the platoon would be grateful if people would write to us at the address below.

Yours etc., Stuart Goddard on behalf of  
7 Plt C Coy 1 Cheshire,  
Camp Vitez,  
OP Grapple,  
BFPO 544.'

Although the festive season is now over the Cheshires are, at the time of writing, still in Yugoslavia. It would be nice if a few members around the world could take the trouble to drop Stuart a line.

## THE RED LION, RUBIGEN: A GODDARD HOBBY

When my husband and I built our house in Switzerland in 1980, the local building regulations prescribed a solid and substantial cellar. After installing the heating and dividing off a storeroom and drying room for the laundry, we were left with a large room which we used mostly as a workroom for all the bits and pieces of interior decorating which had to be finished.

Our work nearing completion, the room then became a games' room with a table-tennis table and dartboard. For several years it served this purpose, mainly because we couldn't decide what to do with it. Party or fitness room, practice room for the various music instruments were some of the ideas that came and went until, finally, we found the solution. We were going to build a pub.



Hans is the D.I.Y. expert so I drew up the plans. Actually it was just a sketch of how I imagined it should look and, with this sketch stuck to one wall, we set to work. Every weekend for six months we hammered in nails and painted beams. The table-tennis table found a

new lease of life as a small stage in one corner where the organ, piano and drums were to stand. During a stay in England I visited several breweries, who liked our idea of a 'pub just for fun' and were extremely generous with beer mats etc. A neighbour, who builds kitchens, was also taken with the idea and decided that he would deliver all that was necessary for the bar. He surprised us with a beautiful Brazilian granite top and a row of kitchen cupboards for the base. Several friends who visited us from England also brought authentic pub objects, begged or stolen from their 'locals', or helped us out with bottles. I painted a pub sign for which we had a wrought-iron frame made and this was duly unveiled and our pub christened 'The Red Lion' on the grand opening night.

I had also set my heart on a collecting box for the Royal National Lifeboat Institute which was provided by the Hastings and St. Leonards Lifeboat Society and which is the only collecting box outside the U.K. Our friends give generously for 'our lifeboat' and we often receive letters from Hastings with all the news.

Once a month we have a regular 'pub night' where friends drop in for an English beer (the brewery in Berne provides Bass and Guinness) and English pub food, but generally we are always 'open' for friends who drop by. The Red Lion is becoming quite a museum of pub relics. We still receive all sorts of odds and ends from our visitors and also very often find objects at flea markets when we visit England.

Should any Goddards visiting the Berne area care to 'pop in for a pint', they will be very welcome. You will find us at Moosstrasse 25, 3113 Rubigen, Switzerland, Tel. 031/721 47 26. *Annette Kimmich-Goddard*

## ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Appearing both on television during a Channel Four series run in October and in the *Reader's Digest* for the same month was Alan Goddard, a Chief Inspector in the RSPCA's Special Operations Unit, the organisation's undercover squad of eight highly trained officers who "fight a daily battle against animal cruelty". This body was established in 1977 to combat the increasing abuses of laws covering animal protection; each investigator was carefully chosen for the squad after serving in the RSPCA's 280 strong uniformed inspectorate. Relying partially on informers and partially on their own observation, the Special Operations Unit officers are regularly out and about gathering intelligence, aided these days by such indispensable pieces of surveillance equipment as night vision binoculars, two-way radios, body microphones and hidden cameras and video recorders.

Theirs can be a dangerous job. Alan Goddard admits that he always watches his back when he goes to a pub;

"There's no telling who might be interested in getting even". And for safety they always work in pairs. In September 1990 Alan and another Chief Inspector trailed "a lorry packed with 545 sheep on its way from Scotland to Italy. At a toll booth outside the central French town of Bourges, more than sixty French farmers, angered by British lamb imports, hijacked the lorry and threatened the two officers with iron bars and staves. After holding both lorry and investigators in Bourges for two and a half hours, the farmers escorted the lorry out of town. As the SOU men attempted to follow, three vehicles blocked their path and their tyres were slashed."

Unfortunately they are never short of work; but at least they have the satisfaction of knowing that, but for them, the toll of death and cruelty would be far higher. Does any Association member claim kinship with this staunch defender of the animal kingdom?

## TWO TALENTED LADIES

Rox of Waikanae is, as the Association's New Zealand co-ordinator Frank of Rotorua rightly points out, justly proud of the achievements of the two women in his life – wife Winifred and daughter Janet, both of whom have recently joined the Association as separate members.

Winifred Mary Goddard (née Stenhouse) was born at Invercargill, New Zealand, on 5 November 1905. In 1926 she completed the course for the Diploma in Home Science at the University of Otago, and the following year joined the staff of the Foods and Practical Nutrition Department of the same university, becoming Lecturer in charge of the Department from 1932 to 1935. During this time, 1933-34, she had taken study leave in the USA and completed the American Dietetics Association course for the Diploma of Dietetics at John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. From 1936-38 she was attached to the College of Household Arts and Science at Kirribilli, New South Wales, Australia, before going on to become the Dietitian and Bursar of the Women's College, University of Sydney from 1939-43. From the latter year to 1946 she was attached to the Commonwealth Department of Health in Canberra, assisting with Nutrition Education and Propaganda at the outset of food rationing; she was also involved in the organisation of the 1944 Australian Diet Survey. In 1947 she returned to New Zealand as the Senior Dietitian to the Wellington Hospital Board, where her duties included the administration of the Dietitians Training School in the Dietary Department. She relinquished this post on her marriage in 1956 and retired from active participation in the profession, but served as Editor of the Journal of the New Zealand Dietetic Association for seven years and subsequently became the Association's President. As well as writing and editing cookery books, she also served on various committees associated with the Standards Institute and Consumer Services. Her life's work was justly rewarded in 1981 when she was invested by H.M. Queen Elizabeth II in Wellington Town Hall with the insignia of the O.B.E.

Janet Ruth Earl (née Goddard) was born in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia in 1946. She was educated at Queen Margaret College, Wellington, and took her B.A. in English and History at Otago University in 1969. This was followed in 1970 by her Secondary Teachers Certificate from Canterbury, and her M.A. in History from Otago a year later. Between 1972 and 1990 she taught in High School, and since 1991 has been a private tutor specialising in English as a second language and speed reading. Her interests include family origins and, with her husband Paul, is involved in the Dunedin Heraldry Society.

We offer a warm welcome to both ladies as members of the Association.

## CRICKETER TOM AGAIN

Earlier members will recall my article on Tom Goddard of Gloucestershire and England in Newsletter No. 14. Member Dick McAvinue of Dannevirke has written to New Zealand co-ordinator Frank of Rotorua to say that Tom was a penfriend of Dick's uncle Jack Goddard of New Plymouth, now deceased. Tom sent to Dick via his uncle Jack, Dick's first cricket bat when he was about fifteen years old.

## SMEDMORE

This relatively unknown house is in Dorset, near Kimmeridge, and has not been on the market since 1391 – no, that is not a misprint! An article in the *Daily Telegraph* during the summer featured it and made two points of Goddard interest. The best furniture in it was said to have derived from "Lady Elizabeth Villiers, last direct descendant of William III's Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, Godard van Reede (Baron Ginkel), who was created Earl of Athlone". Readers of Newsletter No. 22 may remember my reference to another Dutch aristocrat, Count Godard Bentinck, who had housed the Kaiser on his flight to Holland in 1918. The Dutch Godards clearly need looking into. The other reference of interest concerned the disputed title to the estate in 1833, it eventually passing to the "rightful heiress" Louisa Pleydell, an unusual name and one which features in the Swindon branch of the Goddards when Thomas married Mary Pleydell of Shrivenham in about 1675. They had three sons, the third being christened Pleydell and it was on his childless death in 1742 that a dispute arose concerning the inheritance of this Goddard estate. Coincidence or connection?

## ROBERT GODDARD

Robert Goddard's sixth and latest book *Hand in Glove* is now available and will be reviewed in the next Newsletter. John of Accrington, who has an eagle eye for all things Goddard, recently spotted in an issue of *Autocar and Motor* the 'Open to Question' spotlight on Peter King, managing director of Proton Cars (UK) in which he was asked, among other things, "Which book are you currently reading?" His reply: "During holidays I catch up on all the best-sellers, and anybody who has yet to read Robert Goddard is missing out."

## ITEMS FOR SALE

I have been asked to issue a reminder to members of long standing and to make new members aware of various items the Association has for sale: Brooches £2-50, back numbers of each Newsletter 50p., Postcards £1-00 per pack of ten (depicting two Wiltshire Goddard brass rubbings), a reprint of Richard Jefferies' monograph *The Goddards of North Wilts* £5-00, Ties £5-00. All obtainable, post free, from Richard Goddard, address below; cheques should be made payable to "The Goddard Association of Europe". Alternatively, wait until the next AGM, when all items will be on display.

## USEFUL ADDRESSES

You may find the following addresses useful for contact:

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