



The Goddard Association of Europe

NEWSLETTER

No. 29 - OCTOBER 1993

TREVOR LESLIE GODDARD

South African Test Cricketer

With South Africa back in the global sporting fold once more, I am grateful to Alan and Margaret of Worsley for reminding me that, amongst my occasional articles on cricketers, I have not so far included anything on that other great international Goddard cricket captain (see the obituary on John Goddard of the West Indies in Newsletter No. 8), Trevor Leslie Goddard of South Africa.

Born at Durban on 1 August 1931, he represented Natal and North Eastern Transvaal and was the only South African to score 2,000 runs and take 100 wickets in Test cricket. He was a solidly dependable left-handed opening batsman, a medium pace left-arm bowler and a brilliant close to the wicket fielder. He first made his mark on the tour of England in 1955 when he took 25 wickets in the five test series and hit 235 runs. He was an automatic choice for South Africa for the next ten years.

He missed the 1961-62 series against New Zealand because he was temporarily living in England, but he was asked to lead South Africa in Australia in 1963-64 when the series was drawn. Both McLean and Van Ryneveld had been offered the post before Goddard who, great all-rounder though he was, never enjoyed the full confidence of the selectors in the matter of captaincy. He was criticised for his negative approach in the final test in Sydney. The match was drawn, but the feeling was that South Africa would have won had they ventured more.

In spite of this criticism, he was invited to lead South Africa against England in 1964-65. The first test was lost and the last four were drawn. During the third test the selectors asked him to stand down as captain and to issue a statement that he had asked to be relieved of the leadership. He refused and announced that he would retire from test cricket at the end of the series. In the fourth

test he hit his one and only test century (112), having been caught at slip for 99 in the Oval test of 1960.

When the side to tour England in 1965 was chosen, he was asked to revoke his decision and to lead the side. He refused, but was persuaded to return for the series against Australia in 1966-67. He had a triumph, with 26 wickets and 294 runs in the rubber which South Africa won. The political storm clouds were now gathering fast, but he played in the first three test matches against Australia in 1969-70. When he announced that he would not be available for the forthcoming tour of England, he was dropped from the fourth and final test, which was to prove to be South Africa's last for twenty-two years. His last ball in test cricket accounted for Connolly.

Trevor Goddard was a great all-rounder but, as a captain, he believed that his side were adults who needed no goading since they knew what to do and when to do it. He could not

bring himself to hurt men's feelings, and it was no surprise when he became a Minister of the Church. His career details are as follows:-

He played in 41 tests for South Africa, a number exceeded by only four others. In 78 innings he was five times not out and scored 2,516 runs at an average of 34.46. Possibly his greatest innings was when he carried his bat for 56 out of his side's total of 99 against Australia at Cape Town in the 1957-58 series. In bowling he holds the second highest number of wickets (after H.J. Tayfield), 123 taken in 11,736 deliveries at a cost of 3,226 runs for an average of 26.22. He took five wickets in an innings on five occasions. He remains one of still only 27 players worldwide who have done the 'Test Double' – scored 1,000 runs and taken 100 wickets – and the only one for South Africa. A truly distinguished career; we salute him.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Your President and Newsletter Editor has been on his travels again! My time as a Housemaster has come to an end; by co-incidence I have also ceased teaching and have now become Assistant Bursar, still at Malvern College. For the immediate future my address and telephone number will be the new ones as shown on the back of this Newsletter.

SUCCESS

Julie of Newbury writes that Julie of Christchurch, New Zealand has been working at her family tree for years. She knew that her ancestor, William Henry Goddard emigrated to New Zealand from Leicester, but he had never talked much about his origins. She eventually found his mother's name was Ann and, having recently seen fellow New Zealander Denis Bryce's family tree, she has found that they are related since the said Ann appears to have married a Goddard cousin from the Evington area, just outside Leicester.

PAUL GODDARD

From famous cricketer to famous footballer. Readers of this Newsletter will recall occasional snippets about the travels of Paul Goddard over the years. Well, Margaret of Worsley has recently caught up with him and has sent me this excellent signed photograph of him which I reproduce here.



In his accompanying letter Paul says: "Here follows a quick run down of my footballing career. Joined Queens Park Rangers as an eleven year old schoolboy. Signed as an apprentice footballer for QPR at the age of sixteen. Transferred to West Ham United in 1980 for £800,000. Whilst playing for West Ham gained eleven Under-21 caps, scoring six goals and winning the Under-21 UEFA tournament. Also gained one full cap against Iceland and scored. Transferred to Newcastle in 1987 for £450,000; to Derby in 1989 for £425,000; to Millwall in 1991 for £800,000; and to Ipswich in 1991 for free. Aged 34, married to Debbie; three children, Kimberley 10, Holly 6, and Charlie three months."

We hope Paul continues to be the scourge of opposition defences for many seasons to come, and we wish him and his family well.

PAYMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

With much regret we have now removed from our list of members those 56 who still have not paid last year's subscriptions. With this Newsletter come final reminders to the 35 members who have not yet paid up for this year; please act upon it unless you too wish to suffer the same fate. A far less painful method of paying is by Standing Order. Should you prefer to pay this way in future, please write direct to the Treasurer (address on back page). We do not envisage putting up our charges for the foreseeable future.

WHERE THERE'S NO WILL.....

Everyone can be famous for fifteen minutes, I believe the saying goes. I had my hopes of being rich raised for a few moments in June. The telephone rang one lunchtime and, answering it, a distinguished sort of voice (if there is one, but you will know what I mean) said that he was Mr X, ringing for a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields about an estate. I made encouraging noises. Had my father-in-law's name been Harry Bertie John Dryden Goddard and had he been born on the Isle of Wight? I confirmed my father-in-law's name, but said that I thought he had been born at Bream in Gloucestershire, but I could have been wrong as his father was a professional soldier and he could have been in the battalion on the Isle of Wight. I doubt if there have ever been two persons with the name of Harry Bertie John Dryden Goddard!

The caller then revealed that he had spoken to my sister-in-law, Brian's sister, who had thought that her father had been born on the Isle of Wight, but said that she did not know his father's name, but that I would. I did, and was able to give the gentleman on the other end of the phone Brian's Goddard pedigree back to 1808, before which his family details are still veiled. The gentleman began to lose enthusiasm and gave me one or two names which did not appear anywhere in Brian's family. He revealed a little more.

It appears that a maiden lady had died on the Isle of Wight without leaving a will and the solicitors were trying to discover her family. They had checked the names of all Goddards who had been born there about the same time as her, in case they were her brothers and sisters and had in turn left descendants who could have a claim on her estate. Unfortunately, father-in-law was no relation. He had just been born on the island because his mother was there at the time of his birth. Of course, Richard at Malvern, who reads the top newspapers every day and notes the Goddard names, knew all about the estate when I phoned him. Brian had missed out on a share of £40,000 by not being any relation. Never mind.

One puzzle remained. How did the gentleman from the solicitors obtain the name of my sister-in-law whom he had telephoned first? Had he really traced, first my father-in-law's marriage (in Birmingham), then the births of his children, then my sister-in-law's marriage and her present address? Father-in-law had lived in Malta, Preston, Australia, Birmingham, Cinderford, Leicestershire. Sister-in-law has lived in Birmingham, Preston, Birmingham, Leicestershire, Oswestry, Norfolk and Leicestershire again. While Brian has done the same, plus Germany, London, Hatfield, Trowbridge and Newbury. My sister-in-law's surname is Rackstraw, which probably helped, but such an expert researcher as the gentleman from the solicitors would be a boon and an asset to anyone searching for **their** elusive Goddard ancestors. **Why didn't I get his name!**

Julie of Newbury

SNARED

Malcolm Goddard, the chairman of the Carnivorous Plant Society – see the article in the last Newsletter – has been snared as a member of the Association. I hope he will find membership more congenial than do the unwary visitors to his plants!

CALLED TO CATHAY - 7

Stephen Josiah Goddard, the fourth generation in the field but the first to have been born in America while his parents were on leave, was born on 9 December 1910, eighteen months younger than his sister Margaret. Educated at home at first by his mother, he eventually transferred to the American Mission School in Shanghai. He did not go to America on his own until 1928, to enrol at Colgate University with the intention of returning to China as a medical missionary like so many of the Dean-Goddard family before him. But in his final year he began to doubt his lasting interest in medicine, and the Christian ministry and the teaching profession seemed equally uncertain. A business career in the United States in 1932 was not an inviting prospect and so, at his parents suggestion, he returned to China and for two years worked in Shanghai for the Texas Oil Company.

But in the spring of 1934 he left the Company to fill an emergency on the staff of the university high school, and before the year was out he had become the acting head of the English Department. During this time he met up with a number of old Shanghai friends, including Elizabeth ('Liebe') MacRae whose parents had long been missionaries of the American Episcopal Church Mission; she had recently returned to China after completing with distinction the course at Sweet Briar College in Virginia, and was teaching in a mission school in a neighbouring city. Before long their engagement was announced, and they were married in Shanghai Cathedral on 12 July 1935 by Liebe's uncle, Bishop Nichols. Allotted an apartment on the university campus, all was well until the fateful day of 13 August 1937 when the Japanese launched their devastating attack on Shanghai.

Stephen and Liebe, together with his parents, were at the time on a brief holiday at the near-by mountain resort of Mokanshan. Fortunately, before they left, Stephen had deposited most of their valuable things in a safety vault in the International Settlement, because the University campus was immediately occupied by Japanese soldiers and they never saw any of their other possessions again. And it was only with considerable difficulty that they eventually got back to the International Settlement in Shanghai and the parents to Shaohing. From there they left by American gunboat for Hong Kong, and thence back to the United States; Stephen's parents followed into retirement in America a little later.

On reaching New York Stephen and Liebe had gone straight to his sister Margaret, who had married Stanley R. Yarrow and was living on Long Island. Next he found a job with the Retail Credit Company and Liebe taught in a neighbouring church school. A year later the Company offered Stephen the chance of advancement; but China was calling once again and in November 1939, having been accepted by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, they forsook a more comfortable existence and sailed for Shanghai and to posts in the University.

As new missionaries they spent the first six months in the College of Chinese Studies, Peiping, learning the Mandarin dialect, which was then in the process of becoming the language of all China. This was to have an enormous advantage in view of what was to follow; and their knowledge of the local dialects acquired in childhood gave them an

advantage not enjoyed by most new missionaries. In the early summer of 1940 they returned to Shanghai and Stephen began teaching again. Although the war between Japan and China had moved much further west, new tensions were developing between the United States and Japan, and the State Department issued warnings that American nationals, especially women and children, should leave while the going was good. After much soul searching Stephen decided that Liebe and their baby, David MacRae born in September 1940, should return to the USA, which they did in November 1940. Stephen remained in Shanghai, and then in June 1941 sailed for Swatow in South China where the Mission Board required him. Although the war was closer at hand there, life on the mission station was congenial. However, in September 1941 he wrote to say that he would be coming home in the summer of 1942. He had not counted on Pearl Harbour.

News of the outbreak of war reached Stephen and Dr Kenneth Hobart, Secretary of the South China Mission, as they were having breakfast the next morning, Monday 8 December 1941. They immediately put a prepared escape plan into action and within twenty minutes were hiding in an upstairs room of a house in the next village, narrowly missing the Japanese round-up that followed; the bravery of their cook prevented them from being betrayed. During the next seven days and after many difficulties they escaped into Free China and reached the mission station at Kityang; only one other man made a similar escape. From there they were able to send news of their escape to America. Stephen was then requested to take over the vacant post of Mission Treasurer for all China, setting out on his journey to the headquarters of Chengtu in West China on 5 October 1942; it took him thirty-nine days to get there. He worked hard under difficult conditions, but by May 1943 was permitted to begin his leave. This involved a flight across the Himalayas in a DC-3 to Calcutta – his first flight – avoiding Japanese planes, followed by a sixty-nine day voyage in a Liberty ship via Australia and the Panama Canal to New York avoiding German submarines. He reached home on 3 November 1943 to see his family for the first time in three years.

The Mission soon put him to work again, arranging missionaries' travel to and from China; and in December 1944 he received an invitation to join the Liaison Group of the Foreign Affairs Bureau for the National Military Council of the Republic of China – twenty men who knew China well and could make a major contribution to the American war effort in China. Stephen was assigned to the second contingent and left for Chungking in April 1945, at first working at the Interpreters Training School there, and then transferring to the responsibility for billeting and feeding American Army personnel in China. In October 1945 he was posted to the new base being opened up at Hangchow, one hundred miles south of Shanghai, so was able to meet up with many of his old friends again, several of whom had been held in concentration camps; he even managed to have a week-end in Shaohing, his boyhood home. His tour of duty ended in December 1945, and when *Called to Cathay* was written not long afterwards he was back at his old job with the treasury of the Mission Society.

EXPLORER GODDARD

Julie of Newbury has sent me an article from the *Reader's Digest* of November 1983. Under the heading "I wanted to do it all", Virginia Morell wrote about explorer/adventurer John Goddard who had been everywhere and done everything; but that of all the worlds he had conquered, the most challenging was the world within. This is what she wrote:

"Forty-three years ago, John Goddard drew up a list of everything he wanted to accomplish in his life. He was just 15, a kid in the suburban confines of Los Angeles. But even then he had dreams of faraway lands and a vision of himself as a great explorer. He entitled his paper 'My Life List'.

'Explore the Nile, Amazon and Congo rivers,' he wrote. 'Climb Mount Everest, Mount Kilimanjaro, the Matterhorn. Ride an elephant, camel, ostrich and bronco. Retrace the travels of Marco Polo and Alexander the Great. Appear in a Tarzan film. Land on and take off from an aircraft carrier. Read the works of Shakespeare, Plato and Aristotle. Compose a work of music. Write a book. Visit every country in the world. Marry and have children. Visit the moon.'

He numbered each item, and when he had finished, he had 127 goals. The list was not simply a rainy afternoon's daydreaming: it was a personal challenge.

Today a trim, youthful-looking 59, Goddard is a veteran of countless safaris and expeditions, a filmmaker, author and lecturer. He still makes his home in Southern California, living with his wife in a conventional ranch-style house. Inside, though, he sits comfortably amid the shrunken heads, silver daggers, bright weavings and other exotic artefacts that recall his many adventures. When that long-ago list is mentioned, Goddard has a soft smile for his younger self.

'I wrote the list,' he explains, 'because at fifteen I was very aware of my limitations. I was just an unformed human who had potential like everyone else, and I really wanted to do something with my life. I was keenly interested in everything – travel, medicine, music, literature, nature. I wanted to do it all, and inspire others. I set up a blueprint of goals so that I would always have something to work for. I was also aware of people around me who had got into ruts, had never taken risks, never challenged themselves in any way. I was determined not to go that way.'

With his dreams formally on paper, Goddard lost no time in turning them into reality. By the age of 16, he had explored the Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia and the Everglades in Florida with his father. 'That was one of the first things I accomplished on my list,' he remembers. 'That and learning to scuba dive, owning a horse and driving a tractor.' By 20, he had dived in the Caribbean, Aegean and Red seas. He had also become

a US Air Force flyer and flown 33 combat missions over Europe.

By the age of 21, he had travelled 21 countries, and shortly after turning 22 he discovered a Mayan temple deep in the jungles of Guatemala. That same year he began planning his most ambitious quest, goal number one: exploring the Nile River.

'I put the Nile at the top of my list,' Goddard says, 'because to me it is the most important topographical feature on earth. The Nile is a microcosm of all of Africa: it has virtually every bird, animal, reptile and insect species of Africa in its basin; it has the smallest and tallest of all humans (Pygmies and Watusis); it has highly educated, sophisticated individuals in Khartoum and Cairo, and semi-nomadic pastoral people like the Dinka in the Sudan. So it was the supreme challenge to trace the whole length of the river and study the people who lived along its banks.'

Goddard was 26 when he arrived at the source of the Nile in the mountains of Burundi with his two expedition partners, Frenchman André Davy and Jean La Porte. They seemed an unlikely team: Goddard spoke some rudimentary French, Davy spoke 'schoolboy English', La Porte spoke only French. La Porte was also the only one with kayaking experience. All the government officials told them it would be impossible for three men in little 27-kilo kayaks to go the whole, 6670-kilometer length of the river, Goddard recalls. 'But their naysaying only made us more determined,' he says.

The trio suffered hippopotamus attacks, bouts of malaria, blinding sandstorms, long stretches of dangerous rapids and a chase by rifle-shooting river bandits. But 10 months after they set out, the three 'Niloteers', as they called themselves, paddled triumphantly from the mouth of the Nile into the blue Mediterranean.

'I learned so much about myself on that rip,' says Goddard, 'about the exhilaration of succeeding, about living life fully and intensely. It gave me extra impetus to go after my other goals. If we'd thought ahead to all the distance and problems we faced, we probably never would have left the tent. By taking one day at a time, we eventually reached our goal. And I think that is the way to approach life – in small increments, cramming them with as much activity, learning, love and friendship as possible.'

Following the Nile expedition, Goddard began checking off his other goals in quick succession: he rafted the entire 2330-kilometer length of the Colorado River in 1954; explored all of the 4350-kilometer Congo River in 1956; lived with headhunters and cannibals in the wilds of South America, Borneo and New Guinea; climbed Mount Ararat and Mount Kilimanjaro; flew jet fighters at twice the speed of sound; wrote a book (*Kyaks Down*

the Nile); married and had five children. After starting out as a full-time anthropologist, he launched a career as a film-maker and lecturer, and in ensuing years has financed his expeditions through his talks and films.

To date, Goddard has completed 106 of his 127 goals. He has received the honours due an explorer, including memberships in the Royal Geographical Society of England and the New York Explorers Club. And he has experienced many close calls along the way.

The Congo expedition turned into a harsh lesson. Goddard set out on the river with a good friend, Jack Yowell. Well into the journey, Jack drowned in a terrible maelstrom of white water, and his death plunged Goddard into an abyss of despair and loneliness. 'We had been together day and night for six weeks, and were as close as brothers,' he says. 'We'd overcome every danger along the way. Then, suddenly, he was gone, and I was totally on my own.' Goddard pauses briefly, remembering the pain. 'For a time, I didn't know how I could continue. But Jack and I had promised each other that if something happened to either of us, the other would complete the trip. So I went on alone.'

Over the next four months, he says, 'I managed to banish loneliness forever. There was still the wonderful panoply of life in the rainforest and villages, and I realised as I paddled downstream that there is something to sustain happiness in all circumstances. This gave me the strength to survive and continue.'

Goddard himself has had 18 close encounters with death while pursuing his goals. 'These experiences have taught me to value life more deeply and savour everything I can,' he says. 'People often go through life never knowing what it is to express great courage, strength or endurance. But I've found that when you think you're certain to die, you suddenly find an untapped well of power and control you didn't dream you possessed. When you express that, it's like elevating your soul to another dimension.'

Nearly everyone, he notes, has goals and dreams, but not everyone acts on them. 'My Life List was written when I was very young, and reflects a young man's interests. So of course there are things on it I'll never do – like climb Mount Everest or star in a Tarzan film. Goal-setting is like that. Some may be beyond your capabilities, but that doesn't mean you must give up the whole dream.'

Goddard manages to check off a new item almost every year, and constantly sets additional goals and challenges for himself. 'I try to assess my life, see what areas I could improve emotionally, intellectually, physically.' He believes that such annual evaluations lead to more productivity and to deeper happiness.

'It's helpful to ask: "If I had one more year to live, what would I do?" We all have goals to achieve. Don't

put things off – do them now!'

Each year, from September to May, Goddard gathers up his thoughts and his films (*Andes to the Amazon*, *Turkey Delights*, *The Adventurous Life*) and sets off. His lecture circuit takes him to town halls, museums, universities and high schools where he shares his adventures and goal-setting philosophy. His exotic, high-powered tales bring stacks of mail from young and old thanking him for his inspiring views.

Goddard has no shortage of future projects, including a visit to the Great Wall of China (item number 49) and an ascent of Mount McKinley (item number 23). He has never let go of any of his goals. 'That way, when the opportunity presents itself, I'm ready.' And yes, in his heart of hearts, he firmly believes that one day he will achieve item 125: 'Visit the moon.'

Have any of our American members come across this energetic Goddard, or claim him for a relative?

SERVED IN YUGOSLAVIA

Margaret and Alan of Worsley near Manchester entertained special visitors in mid-August – Cheshire Regiment soldier Stuart, wife Michelle and little daughter Jade. Over from Germany visiting relations and on well-earned leave after the six-month trauma of Bosnia, Stuart and his family were determined to visit Margaret who had done more than any other member of the Goddard Association in responding to Stuart's original appeal for letters to boost morale in such trying circumstances. Stuart said how very much the letters, both from Margaret and from other members of the Association, had been appreciated. Stuart is now back in Germany and will doubtless soon be off on another tour of duty, probably to Northern Ireland. Margaret's letters have already started again!

ANOTHER ARCHITECT

Readers of Newsletter No. 16 will remember the article on the family of Leicestershire Goddard architects. Marjorie of York has kindly sent me a cutting from a Yorkshire paper of May relating to a £10m revamp of York racecourse, including a new five-tier stand. The firm of architects involved is the Leeds-based Goddard Wybor practice, headed by John Goddard. Construction is scheduled to start this October. Marjorie, needless to say, will find his address and send him the Association's relevant introductory literature!

OBITUARIES

The Association regrets to announce the death of two of its members, both in May: Mrs Betty Goddard, wife of Canon Bill Goddard of Cheltenham; and John Goddard, an antique dealer of Clwyd, who had attended several AGMs. Our sincere sympathy goes to their families.

AVIATION HISTORY AT PEMBROKE DOCK

Earlier in the year David of Kew kindly sent me a cutting from the *Western Telegraph*, which is based in Haverfordwest, for Wednesday 6 January 1993. The article is entitled "Pictures which Captured a Day of Aviation History" and contains five pictures of the Fairey III F at the old Royal Dockyard at Pembroke one summer day in 1930; they are now in the Carsley Collection. A major part of the site had been transferred from the Admiralty to the Air Ministry earlier that year, and these photographs are thought to be the first known pictures of aircraft within the Dockyard walls; the birth, in fact, of the RAF's famous flying-boat base.

But the interest for us lies particularly in one photograph, showing a group of eight people sitting on or leaning against one of the floats of a Fairey III F. The back row are a Sergeant Fraser, Mr O'Leary, Frank and 'Wuffie', both surnames unknown. But the front row are all brothers and sisters, four of the six children of Mrs Martha Goddard and the late Sergeant Edward Goddard, Royal Engineers. They are, from



left to right, George, Dolly, Connie and Eddie; Owen and Evie are missing. At that time the family were said to be living in Pembroke Street, Pembroke Dock. Owen, Eddie and George all served with the Royal Engineers, and Eddie was later to become the well-remembered steward of the REOC Club at Pembroke Dock.

CAN YOU HELP?

Mrs Pamela McKinnon has written to enquire if any members are related to her or her ancestors. She was born at the Manor House, Guildford. Her grandfather, Frederick William Goddard, was in the railway in Guildford, as was Henry George Goddard, his father. Mrs McKinnon's other great grandfather was Richard Maynard, who had a butcher's shop in Guildford at the corner of Manor Road and New Cross Road in the Stoughton area of the town. Can anyone help? Write to Julie of Newbury first.

We have been sent a very interesting family tree of the Sherman/Shearman/Shearmur family by Mrs Mary Mather of Woking. It goes back to Roberte Sherman of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, living around 1560. The Goddard interest is that Louisa Jane Goddard, daughter of John Goddard, Book keeper of Wednesbury, married Thomas William Shearmur, a fitter and turner at Wednesbury on 22 April 1867. We have no records of any other Goddards in the Staffordshire area. Can anyone help? Please again write to Julie of Newbury; her address is on the back of this Newsletter.

I wrote to the editor of the *Western Telegraph* and received the following reply from the deputy editor, one Ted Goddard: "I was delighted to receive your letter as I have been a member of the Goddard Association of Europe for some years and the four Goddards in the photograph are all my uncles and aunts. My father, Owen, and another aunt, Evie, were missing from the picture. Sadly the article did not produce any further information about the visit of the Fairey III F floatplane to Pembroke Dockyard.

As I mentioned in the caption to the article, the Goddards mentioned were the children of Mrs Martha Goddard and the late Sergeant Edward Owen Goddard, Royal Engineers. Sergeant Goddard's father (my great grandfather) was William Francis Goddard, a shipwright in the Royal Navy and who was born at Fareham, Hampshire, in 1820. At one time he was serving at the Simonstown naval base in South Africa, where Sergeant Goddard was born in 1864 or 1865. Later he was listed as serving in the depot ship HMS Asia at Portsmouth. William Francis Goddard's wife was Mary Carsley - I use the Carsley name for my collection of old photographs.

I have been deputy editor of the weekly newspaper, the *Western Telegraph*, for some years. I have been on the editorial staff of the newspaper since 1962, apart from a year between 1967-1968 when I joined the *Hereford Evening News* and *Hereford Times*, returning to Pembrokeshire on marriage. My wife, Doris, is chief reporter with the *Western Telegraph*. We have one daughter, Karen, who is a student at Loughborough University.

I have a keen interest in naval and maritime history and I am a member of the Society for Nautical Research, Navy Records Society and the Nelson Society. I am also the author of the book *Pembrokeshire Shipwrecks*. I am particularly interested in the Nelson period and I would be delighted to hear from members whose ancestor Goddards served in the Royal Navy of this period." His address is Merlins Bridge, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, Dyfed, SA61 1XF.

DR JAZZ AGAIN

Readers of Newsletters No.12 and No.16 will recall brief articles on Dr Paul Goddard and his Bristol Medical colleague Professor Hugh Coakham who, in 1985, set up a jazz band which performs at functions throughout the West Country to raise funds for the Bristol Royal Infirmary Magnetic Scanner Appeal. Amongst several cuttings sent me recently by Julie of Newbury is one which indicates that they were joined three years ago by another local GP, Charles Wilkinson. They play mainly traditional jazz, but also a repertoire of comic songs written by Dr Goddard. At a recent wedding, where they had been invited to play by the bride's mother after her daughter had undergone a successful operation aided by the scanner, they raised £2,000.

Now they have produced a Dr Jazz album, on sale at £5 for the cassette and £8 for the CD. All the proceeds go to BRIMSA, and you can obtain a copy from appeals secretary, Gillian Bessell, at Bristol Royal Infirmary, telephone 0272 - 282728, or from Dr Wilkinson's surgery at Chestnut Road, Sutton Benger, near Chippenham, Wiltshire.

NOT ALL AS LUCKY AS YOU, JOHN

The October 1991 Newsletter carried the story of John of Bishops Waltham who, in 1951, was a crew member of H.M. Submarine "Affray". It was his good fortune to be left behind when she sailed on what was to be her last voyage. Shortly after leaving Gosport some unrevealed disaster occurred and she sank with all hands. The wreck was eventually located, many miles off course, to the north west of the Channel Islands.

But not all Goddards have been as lucky as John in their dealings with submarines. Member Joyce Beaucaire in Canada has recently sent details of her uncle Charles Goddard who died aboard the submarine K4 in 1918. On the night of 31st January that year 103 men were killed, two submarines were sunk and two others, together with a light cruiser, were badly damaged. All within the Firth of Forth and without an enemy in sight.

A mixed flotilla of nine K class steam-powered submarines, six cruisers and three battleships with escort destroyers had left Rosyth on operational manoeuvres in poor visibility and maintaining radio silence. Towards the mouth of the Firth the leading group of submarines ran into a force of mine-sweepers and, in taking avoiding action, two of the submarines collided and stopped dead in the water. A following cruiser ploughed into one of them, bending the bows at right angles but, incredibly, the submarine was able to limp back to Rosyth. Meanwhile the rest of the group had turned about on realising that two craft were disabled, only to have to run the gauntlet of four cruisers and accompanying destroyers. Into this chaos steamed the second group of submarines led by a flagship cruiser which struck one of the disabled submarines,

NEW MEMBERS

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

Mrs Maureen Pamela Bird, 37 Glassey Drive, Ashburton, New Zealand.
Mr Francis Goddard, 24 Osborne Road, Brentwood, Essex, CM15 9LE.
Mrs Hazel M. Goddard, 2/62 Sitirangi Road, New Lynn, Auckland, New Zealand.
Mr Malcolm Goddard, 94 Uplands Road, Woodford Bridge, Essex, IG8 8JW.
Mrs A. Knott, 21 Carlton Green Close, Pontefract, West Yorkshire, WF8 3NN.
Mr John R. Perrett, 22 St Michaels Road, Farnborough, Hampshire, GU14 8NE.

WORLD ATHLETICS

Keen followers of the British Athletics team's excellent performance at Stuttgart in August will have noticed that Tracy Goddard ran the third leg in the women's 4 x 400 metres relay event, handing the baton over to 'golden girl' Sally Gunnell and thus helping to win a final Bronze medal. Does anyone know any more about this fine young athlete?

FALSE PRETENCES

Thirty-four year old David Goddard of Field Farm Lane, Buckley, Clwyd, picked up a £552 fine in June. He sold an ungelded fifteen months old pony called Chesney to a Warrington lady for £365, claiming it was a three year old gelding. Unfortunately she discovered the difference, Cheshire Trading Standards officers prosecuted, and Warrington magistrates took punitive action. David admitted using a false trade description; an expensive error, akin to giving the pony away with a cheque for £187 into the bargain.

K17, and sank it. The crew managed to abandon ship and were left struggling in the water. Three of the other submarines now collided resulting in the sinking of the K4 with the loss of all her crew.

As if all this were not enough there now arrived the three battleships with their escorts, which had brought up the rear of the column. K3 was narrowly missed by all three battleships. The escort, however, steamed at full speed through the survivors of K17 who were still in the water, killing all but nine of them.

Able Seaman Charles William Henry Goddard, son of Alex and Lucy of London, was a crew member of the K4 and is commemorated on the Chatham Naval Memorial. But by a remarkable coincidence there was another Goddard in that same crew. E.R.A. Henry Thorpe Goddard was a native of Grimsby and son of Henry of Stoke Gabriel, Devon. His name appears on the Plymouth Naval Memorial.

Not the most glorious way to die for King and country and not an engagement that will have an honoured place in naval history.

Moreover, these were not the only Goddards to die in World War One as a result of submarine action. At least four others were killed when their ships were torpedoed by German submarines: Kenneth of Swindon, John from Glamorgan, James of Walton-on-Thames and Charles of Southampton.

So John was even luckier than he imagined, and any military minded Goddards would be advised to join the Army or Air Force or at least to keep well away from submarines!
John of Accrington

PLANT BREEDING

Julie of Newbury has passed me an article on Verbenas from the 2nd September edition of *Grower*. In it the author refers to a Roland Godard whose breeding of verbenas at the Ball Research centre at Cambridge came to an end two years ago when the station was closed. He wonders what happened to the material. We wonder what happened to Roland.

WINCHESTER ST FAITH

I have been helping with the compilation of the Burial Index for Hampshire, a great undertaking, but an interesting one. The latest microfiches of the registers of a parish which I have been allocated are the ones for Winchester St Faith. This parish also covers the Hospital of St Cross, which was depicted by Anthony Trollope in his book *The Warden*. Founded in 1136, the hospital is Britain's oldest charitable institution. Still today one can obtain a 'Dole' of bread and ale by calling at the porter's lodge. In charge of St Cross is the Master. In 1697 it was the Rev. Mr Markland, and Edward Goddard was his butler:

"1697 Edward Goddard, butler to ye Rev Mr Markland Master of this Hospital was buried Jan 31 1697". Afterwards comes:

"1699 Roger Gower of St Cross and Sarah Goddard of the parish of Ampport, widow were married January 10th by Licence granted them". I wonder if she was Edward's widow?
Julie of Newbury

SMALL WORLD

In January I bought a copy of the monthly magazine *Family Tree* for the first time; I hadn't even seen it previously. There were several interesting articles, including one by Julie of Newbury. There was also a 'Family Heirloom' photograph of a Smith family who emigrated from Manchester to Australia after the First World War. It said that Lucy Smith and her husband Thomas Rolley had gone out in 1925, and that the photograph had been sent in by their daughter Dorothy Stafford from a suburb of Sydney.

When I was in the Royal Navy in 1946, I was stationed for a few weeks at HMS Golden Hind just outside Sydney. With another naval rating from the Manchester area, I shared the hospitality on several occasions of a Tom Rolley and his family at Maroubra, a suburb of Sydney just south of Bondi Beach; they also had a daughter called Dorothy and we wrote to each other for several years, but lost touch in the early 1950s.

I wrote to the Dorothy Stafford and enclosed a copy of a photograph taken in their garden. Her reply confirmed the coincidence, and she had only moved a couple of miles away from Maroubra. Whilst delving into their family tree they had contacted a third cousin at Leek, Staffordshire, only twenty miles from here, and they were flying here in April to spend two months touring, based on Leek.

To cut a long story shorter, she and her husband came and had dinner with us. She has taken the Newsletter to give us a bit of publicity in Australia, as she and a friend formed a Family History Society about eight years ago, and Dorothy is the Journal Editor. They organise exchanging journals with over sixty Australian societies and twenty English ones. They seem to have accomplished a lot in eight years and have moved into a spare classroom in a local school, where they have an extensive library. She says that they try to cater for members with overseas research, as the local Council Library holds a good deal of Australian research indexes on microfilm and fiche. Of course any research before 1788 has to be referred overseas. *Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith*

RESEARCH

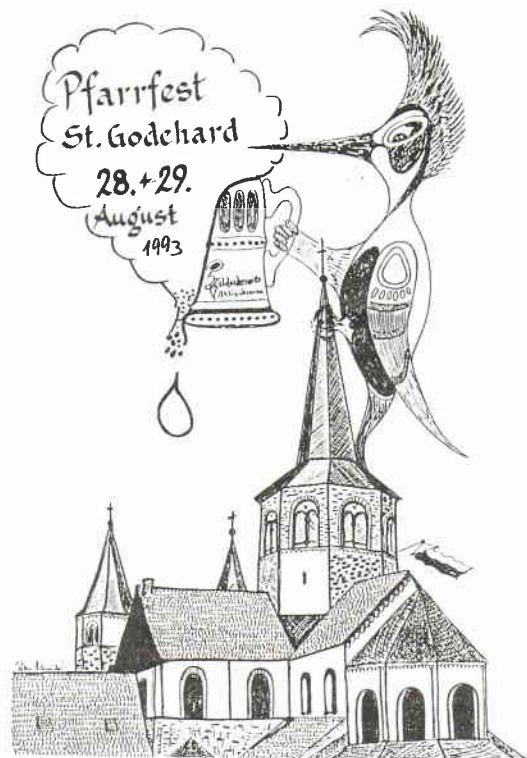
Julie of Newbury writes that Mrs Freda Meacock has sent her all her late husband's detailed research on the Goddards who moved from farms in Somerset to Westbury, Wiltshire, and then on to Twyford in Middlesex. The period covered is 1790 to 1920, and she feels that several of our members should be interested. Write to Julie for details.

FRENCH RESEARCH

Julie of Newbury also writes that she recently had a letter out of the blue from a Frenchman, Francois Pierra. He begged for his poor English to be excused – how many of us would dare to write to a French genealogist in his own language? – but he had got her name out of the Genealogical Research Directory and thought she might be interested in the fact that he was descended from a family of Godards (sometimes also spelt Goddard). They lived in Lorraine before moving to Burgundy, and covered the period 1676 to 1934. Our first French pedigree!

ST GODEHARD

Stephen Goddard of Silchester is now Church Development Officer of Help the Aged; if you support this charity and would like to contact him, his office is to be found at St James Walk, Clerkenwell Green, London, EC1R 0BE, telephone 071-253-0253. He has written to me recently, partly because it is European Year of Older People, and partly because on a recent trip to Germany this summer he found himself in the middle of the festival to St Godehard at Hildesheim.



Godehard was Bishop of Hildesheim from 1022 to 1038. Before that he had been Abbot of the monastery of Niederaltaich on the Danube; he was a great spiritual adviser, an art lover and a church builder, and also an adherent of the reform of Cluny. Less than a century after his death he was canonised by Pope Innocent II, and on 16 June 1133 Bishop Bernhard laid the foundation of the present basilica which bears his name and in the choir of which he was subsequently reburied. His fame spread rapidly, to Flanders and North Italy, even to Russia; a town in Hungary was called after him, and the famous St Gotthard Pass in the Alps was named in his honour.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

You may find the following addresses useful for contact:

Australian Co-ordinator: 12 Hollydale Close, Berwick, Victoria 3806.	Stewart Geddes, Tel: 03-707-2261
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