



The Goddard Association of Europe

NEWSLETTER

No. 30 - DECEMBER 1993

CALLED TO CATHAY – 8

The seventh installment of *Called to Cathay* ended the book as written and privately published by Dr Francis Wayland Goddard in 1948. A copy of that book had originally been made for me by Dr Jack Goddard Jones, father of our founder Howard Goddard-Jones, from a copy presented to him by the author. Jack was the author's nephew, being the first of two sons of F.W. Goddard's elder sister Anna Kate from her union in 1907 with Dr John Jones; they were both Missionaries in Ningpo, Chekiang Province. Knowing that he had been born and brought up in China, I have asked him to write a sequel; what follows, therefore, is his story:—

I was born on 26 January 1910 in the Treaty Port of Ningpo in the Province of Chekiang, China, of missionary parents, and was registered with the British Consul as a British subject. My father was Welsh, and Mother was American. Both parents were offspring of missionary families and they worked in Ningpo in separate missions before they were married. In 1911 my parents went 'home' on furlough, which entailed a visit to the USA for Mother to visit her many Goddard relatives, and a similar visit to the UK for Father. I can remember little of that voyage around the world, but names like Honolulu, Philadelphia, Colombo, Suez Canal, Swansea, Hong Kong, and London remain vaguely in my memory.

On our return to China in 1912 we found that a violent revolution had swept away the Manchu 'Qing' dynasty and China was nominally a republic. Yuan Shi Kai, a soldier and a War Lord, was President, and Sun Yat Sen, a medical doctor trained in Hong Kong, was the Vice President. My parents returned as missionaries of the (British) Baptist

Missionary Society (B.M.S.), which had work in only three provinces in North China, i.e. Shantung, Shensi, and Shansi. They were sent to Shantung to learn to speak and write Mandarin, which was different from the dialect of Ningpo, although the same Chinese characters were used for writing throughout the Republic.

This was a picturesque peaceful phase in our lives as a family. We lived in a small city named Tsow Ping, with an impressive city wall surrounded on the outside by a moat, and city gates and bridges allowed people to enter or to exit with ease. Our 'Mission Compound' within the city walls was surrounded by a thin mud wall with a gate opening onto a narrow street. Our home was a mud-walled bungalow with wooded floors stained black. The roof was thatched and heating was by stoves. A water-carrier brought us water which required to be boiled and filtered before drinking. We had three main rooms (bedroom, dining room, living room) and sanitation was primitive in the absence of running water. Our furniture was Western in character, including a piano which Mother played, while Father played

a flute. The bungalow was comfortable except when rainstorms broke a hole in the mud wall of our bedroom, and broke our earthenware wash basin.

The Compound contained other buildings for servants and for a tutor, a barn for straw, and a stable for an obstreperous black pony. He could kick with fore legs as well as hind legs, and required a carrot to placate his ill humour before Father dared to try to mount his back. Our neighbours would gather in the street to watch the fun when Father decided to ride abroad. The ritual carrot was accepted and one foot was in the stirrup, when the pony started off to the left down the street with his would-be rider sagging perilously down his left flank, almost brushing the dust of the street. At the end of the street was a T-junction, by which the rider would have gained his position astride his steed. He would try to turn the pony left, but the latter would invariably turn right, only to reappear later at the same T-junction, going left after all in the direction of a city gate in order to get out into the countryside. Etiquette demanded that a rider should dismount to lead his horse through any village. Father dared not dismount and traversed the village, bowing apologetically from side to side, explaining his predicament. Presumably this caused great hilarity and no offence.

A mulberry tree grew in the Compound, and its leaves fed silkworms who produced the famous Shantung silk. One day I can remember Mother leading a women's open-air meeting in the shade of that mulberry tree. My parents held 'family prayers' every morning with the servants, who sang hymns lustily and listened patiently to a commentary on a Scripture reading delivered in broken Mandarin. The tutor was a white-bearded man in a gown, who loved to give me lumps of red sugar from time to time with a conspiratorial grin. He must have enabled my parents to make good progress with their language study. The walls of our Compound insulated us from our neighbours for much of the time, but cracks in the barn wall offered a peep into a harem courtyard next door where an unfortunate polygamist had great difficulty in restoring peace, sometimes, among his quarreling wives!

The servants included a gate-keeper, a male cook, a water-carrier, a toilet-bucket emptier, etc. In winter, when snow fell on the ground, the servants made snow animals, like crouching lions, while we made snowballs and snowmen. The city moat froze with thick ice, and Father afforded entertainment to the neighbours by skating on the ice while towing me after him on a wooden toboggan. Once, when he sat on the toboggan to adjust his skates, the crowd around him increased so thickly that the ice cracked and the crowd burst asunder in alarm to avoid a drenching. All these activities offered chances to talk amicably and learn more Mandarin. No doubt many good laughs resulted!

Sometimes an elderly Chinese nursemaid took me for a short walk, hobbling painfully on her tiny bound feet. We loved to walk on top of the city walls and look out over the moat to the open country beyond, and to a small Mission Hospital where a Dr Paterson worked and where my father was given some practice in talking to patients. Sometimes a band of travelling actors would set up a wooden stage beyond the moat, and much activity and music was evident. On one occasion we witnessed a tragedy when a young lad lay dead on his back, having died suddenly, either from violence or from illness. A group of men picked him up and buried him without a coffin in the soil that separated the moat from the city wall. They discussed whether the grave was deep enough to protect the body from the attentions of dogs, of whom there were plenty of mangy specimens around. They trod the earth solemnly down with their cloth shoes.

Within the city walls there was a temple surrounded by open grounds. A blind attendant opened and closed the doors to the various shrines. These contained fearsome painted idols. Groups of beggars hobbled into this area to rest or to receive food or money perhaps. Many of them carried sticks. On one occasion a bullying boy tried to force me to bow down and worship the idols and threatened to call the beggars to beat me if I refused. His threat was not carried out and the beggars probably had enough troubles of their own.

Another frequenter of the temple area was a man whose legs had been amputated below the knees for frostbite, which he had suffered on some occasion when he had been night-watchman on the city walls. He was always smiling and friendly as he shuffled about on his cloth-padded knees. He was not much taller than I was and we were good pals.

Outside the city walls we could sometimes watch a police force exercising, in smart black uniforms. They resembled the St John's Ambulance Brigade with which we are familiar in Britain. One day two Germans from Qingdao called on my mother to enquire whether our Mission was British or American. They had guns slung over their shoulders, and wished to find a place for bed and breakfast while they went hunting for game in the countryside. Mother explained that the Mission was British, but that she herself was American. Their faces fell, but they agreed to stay with us for some days, and seemed to enjoy the experience. Soon after their return to Qingdao World War I broke out in Europe.

The Japanese joined the Allies against the Germans and captured the port of Qingdao. They then advanced westwards along the German-built railway until they reached its

terminus at Jinan, the capital of Shantung Province. The Germans blew up the railway bridges and sabotaged their own line as they retreated. We happened to be in Jinan at that time, visiting colleagues, and our return to the city of Tsow Ping was undertaken in wooden springless carts drawn by mules, while my father rode on ahead on his unruly black pony. One unforgettable night was spent in a Chinese inn en route. The Japanese soon restored the railway to working order, and small groups of their khaki-clad soldiers were placed in the many stations along the line.

Soon my parents were posted from the quiet city of Tsow Ping to the bustling town of Zhou-Cun (pronounced 'Jo-Tswen') situated on the newly repaired railway. Wheelbarrows loaded with coal squeaked their way from the railway station towards the gates of the walled town, past the Compound of the Baptist Missionary Society. The road was black with coal dust, but not with tar-macadam. The Mission buildings were two stories high, built of brick, and so was the new hospital which was still under construction, supervised by a British architect named Mr Perriam. A boarding school for Chinese boys was there under a headmaster named Mr Castleton. Two of his children, Reggie and Ruth, were about my own age, and our parents taught us writing, reading, arithmetic, geography, etc. in a tiny 'school' for three children. A tennis court in the Compound provided exercise for the Missionaries, and a football field outside the Compound provided the same for the Chinese schoolboys.

Private quarters for our family were provided at one end of the new hospital, which was nearing completion. Workmen of all sorts (masons and carpenters) swarmed around the Compound, and medical and surgical activities began in a bungalow out-patient building where a few in-patients were accommodated, as an interim measure. A well with a bucket and windlass provided water, and cement cisterns were constructed to store rainwater. Some water accumulated in these before they were functional. This was fortunate for me when I fell into one of them, and my fall was cushioned by the water as I landed on my back and floated!

On 23 August 1915 my brother, James Maxwell Jones, was born. Father gave a feast to the hospital staff and explained that his new son was "Iago" (James) whereas my name was "Yohan" (John).

One day the crackle of gunfire from the direction of the railway station and the police station alerted everyone to the fact that our town was invaded. A rebel army in smart grey uniforms came off a train and shot up the police station on the opposite side of the road, and shortly the walled town of Zhou-Cun was in rebel hands. Our Church was within the town walls and, as we passed through the gate in the wall, a tall rebel sentry smiled down upon us benignly on the Sunday morning following the take-over. The rebellion was a Republican reaction to what was happening in Peking. The new President of China had tried to proclaim himself as Emperor. Forces loyal to him still held Jinan, capital of Shantung. Rebel messengers travelled by train to and fro to Jinan to negotiate peace. One rebel officer, returning from the railway station past our hospital gates riding on a horse, was ambushed by fellow rebels who feared he had betrayed

them. This officer's bullet-riddled body lay in the black coal dust of the street opposite the hospital gate for days until the Japanese from the railway station made bold to loot his clothing and belongings.

The morale of the rebels degenerated and they resorted to killing, looting, and torturing. Suddenly, one night, they disappeared, and next morning troops from Jinan were in control. Some of the demoralised rebels fled the country by going to Qingdao, and enlisting as 'coolies' to go to work in war-torn France. The British government had established a recruitment camp near the port of Qingdao, in which young Chinese men could be put into uniform, and trained and drilled to undertake non-combatant work in France. This would free British workers to swell the numbers in the fighting forces. The rebels were agreeably surprised to find my father was Medical Officer in this new camp. As a patriotic gesture, the B.M.S. had released him from the Mission Hospital in Zhou-Cun so that he could work for the British war-effort in sorting out medically fit Chinese men to train as 'coolies' and to treat these men if they fell ill after enlistment, which many of them did unfortunately.

The camp occupied the site of a former German factory, with a tall chimney, which bore two deep scars from shelling. The Germans had built that chimney so well that it refused to fall. Ironically, the shells had been fired by the German navy as it attempted to punish and dislodge the victorious Japanese, who had just captured Quigdao and its adjacent factories. The sandy beach of Qingdao was littered with rusting German shells which bore mute testimony to the ferocity of the German bombardment. Eventually a total of 80,000 'coolies' were shipped from Qingdao to Vancouver, and thence they travelled across Canada en route for France.

When the camp closed my father returned to Zhou-Cun Hospital, but not for long. He was posted far inland to fill an urgent need in the Jenkins-Robertson Memorial Hospital in the city of Xi-An, capital of the Province of Shensi. Doctors Jenkins and Robertson had died of typhus (a disease carried by lice) and Dr Andrew Young was single-handed and overworked. Xi-An (meaning 'Western Peace') is now famous as the place near which the terracotta army was found buried recently, where the first Emperor of China, Qin Shi Huang Di, prepared his own tomb by burying terracotta life-size soldiers with some horses and chariots. These were intended to serve him in the life to come after his death. When my parents were posted to Xi-An the existence of this buried army was unknown. But the city was already famous for being the town of Aladdin (of magic lamp fame) and for its Hall of 'Steles'. One of these 'Steles' is a stone tablet, taller than an average man, which was erected in 781 AD to commemorate the coming of Christianity to China overland from Antioch in Syria along the silk route. The tablet is inscribed in Chinese characters and Syriac script, and describes how the Eastern Church from Antioch (Nestorian Christians) arrived in Xi-An (then known as Chang-An), the ancient capital of China, where the ruling dynasty of 'Tang' welcomed them. The Nestorians had arrived in the early centuries AD, and about two hundred years after 781 the new 'Sung' dynasty had allowed them to be wiped out.

My father was posted to Xi-An in Shensi Province some time before my mother was able to follow him and join him. Meanwhile I was sent to a boarding school in 1918 on the north coast of the Shantung peninsula. This was Chefoo School, founded in 1881 by a pioneer missionary named Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission. It comprised a boys' school, a girls' school and a co-educational prep school. At the age of eight I was sent to the prep school, and left the school some time in 1919, having been there for a year and a half. It was a beautiful seaside situation, with a series of bays, and ideal for boating and swimming in the summer months. In winter it could be grim, with the sea freezing hard in the harbour. When the First World War ended it was followed by the 1918 influenza pandemic, which swept through the prep school sparing none of the children except four hardy boys. I was not one of that hardy four!

In the summer of 1919, when my parents and young brother were in the inland city of Xi-An, I was obliged to stay at Chefoo School for the summer holidays. This was not too unpleasant, as many other children were in the same predicament, and swimming and games made a delightful change from the lessons of term time. In the latter part of 1919 I was allowed to leave Chefoo and go inland to Xi-An to rejoin the rest of the family. A missionary couple and their children were travelling from Chefoo to Xi-An, and I went with them. This trip was a fascinating highlight among my China memories. A Japanese steamer conveyed us from Chefoo, around the tip of the Shantung peninsula, to Qingdao. Thence we travelled by the Japanese railway along its whole length to Jinan. Then we changed to a Chinese railway (the Lung Hai) which took us westwards out of Shantung and through Honan Province to a railhead where the railway ended and a road journey began, taking six days to reach Xi-An using mule litters for passengers and luggage, and staying in Chinese inns that were rat-infested. But the scenery of inland China, and the excitement of new experiences, more than compensated for any discomforts. Now the railway has reached Xi-An and continues westwards as far as Urumchi in Turkestan.

The B.M.S. Compound in Xi-An was within the city walls near the East Gate, built in a derelict space once the residential Manchu Quarter. The Manchu 'Qing' dynasty came to an abrupt end in 1911 when a violent massacre by the Chinese eliminated the Manchu Quarter. In the west suburb of the city, outside the city wall, was a small Swedish-American boarding school to which I was sent as a weekly boarder. An hour's rickshaw journey from east to west, through this busy urban area, took me to school every Monday morning, and every week-end the journey was reversed to bring me home. The school was next door to an open space used by camel caravans of merchants travelling back and forth over the old silk routes. One headmaster and his wife managed the school, like a 'back-woods' American village school, where all grades of classes were taught in one large room.

Towards the end of 1920 my parents left China for furlough. I did not revisit China until September 1981, when I joined a party of ex-pupils of Chefoo School (Alumni) to celebrate the centenary of the founding of that school in 1881. That tour is another story!

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.

Also, **Mrs R.W. Taylor** of 7 Murray Street, Tamworth, New South Wales 2340, Australia, who is asking for further information on William Spain and Sarah Goddard who were married on 17 November 1737 at Bonnington, England. They had a son, Thomas S. Spain, in 1748. There are five places called Bonnington in England, but it is thought that the one Mrs Taylor is interested in is in Kent. Please write to her direct if you have any information.

And new member **Brian Goddard** of 18 Farrar Parade, Merredin, Western Australia 6415, is hoping that someone can help him on three counts:

i). His earliest known ancestor is William Goddard who married Sarah Gee at Market Lavington in 1802. Can anyone help him get further back?

ii). This William Goddard had a grandson with the same name who lived at West Lavington in Wiltshire. He had seven children, one of whom – Charles – was adopted and taken to America in the 1860s. Are there any descendants?

iii). Brian's grandfather, John William Goddard, had a brother Edward born on 16 August 1876, probably in Cardiff. Has he any descendants?

KENNELS AND CATTERY

If you live in the Malmesbury area and are stuck for somewhere to leave your cat or dog while on holiday, why not try Pyke Boarding at Sherston, tel. 0666 - 840386. Jennifer Walker spotted the advertisement in a November *Malmesbury and District Advertiser*. One of the proprietors is, appropriately enough, Kitty Pink; the other – Leslie Goddard.

GODDARD MARRIAGE

Jennifer Walker has kindly sent in a cutting announcing the marriage in September 1993 of David, son of Mr and Mrs Ronald Goddard of Broadfields, Pewsey, Wiltshire, and Denise, daughter of Mr and Mrs Denis Greenfield of Edgeley, Stockport, Cheshire. Unusually, the wedding took place in the bridegroom's parish of St John the Baptist, Pewsey, rather than in the bride's. The reception was held at the Bouverie Hall in Pewsey, and the honeymoon was spent in southern Ireland.

GOODIES AND BADDIES

In the course of our research into the family of Robin Goddard of Harrogate – his family state that he is descended from Edward Goddard who married Mary Elizabeth Pope of Ogbourn St George around 1788, after which they moved to London and opened a shop, but we can find no trace of Edward or the marriage yet – I have purchased the Goddard names from the *Goody and Baddy Index of Wiltshire* and the Goddard names from the Settlement Certificates covering 1728 to 1820. The first index is of prisoners in gaol and the witnesses at their trials. The second is of people and families who moved from one village to another and became impecunious, and needed charity. There are some interesting names in the lists! Members are welcome to write for further information. *Julie of Newbury*

LENDING LIBRARY

Association member Cindy O'Halleran has most kindly presented the Research Department with a copy of Fenton Bresler's biography of Lord Chief Justice Goddard. If any member would like to borrow this or any other Goddard books, would they please get in touch with Julie or Brian. No charge, though it would be appreciated if you would help to keep the Association's postal bill down by refunding the outgoing postage. I will publish a list of items available in a subsequent Newsletter.

ORTHOPAEDIC SURGEON

Amongst several articles kindly sent in by Association member Mrs Evelyn Tank is one relating to Raynaud's disease, in which it mentions Mr Nick Goddard as an orthopaedic surgeon at the Royal Free Hospital in London. Does any member claim him for a relation? Or would any member in the London area like to try to recruit him as a member of the Association?

BERKSHIRE AVIATION MUSEUM

Julie of Newbury has sent me an extract from a recent Berkshire Local History Association Newsletter, with details of the new Aviation Museum which was opened at Woodley in March 1993. Chairman of the Trustees is Major Douglas Goddard.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Sporting Goddards seem to abound. Cricketers, footballers, and now a rugby footballer – of the League as opposed to the Union variety. Margaret of Worsley spotted a Richard Goddard who plays for Wakefield Trinity; not one of the most successful clubs in the League at present, but Richard seems to score for them pretty frequently, partly because he is their goal kicker. Margaret has written to him, but without response so far.

A GODDARD AT THE COURT OF KING HUSSAIN

Stephen of Silchester, Church Development Officer for Help the Aged, was recently in St Paul's Church, Grove Park, Chiswick, when he spotted the following article in their Parish Magazine. It was headed: 'Antonia Reid talks to Jilly Goddard, business woman, teacher, former riding instructor to the Jordanian Royal Family'.

'Imagine if you were to come back to England after sixteen years in Amman, to find all your silver had been stolen from the loft, and your beautiful Kew Green house used as a brothel. Tense nervous headache? Probably. But not for Jilly Goddard – this was yet another challenge in a full and varied life. She dialled the decorators, set about finding a new job, and a new life for herself and her family, and laughed off the dodgy phone calls which kept coming for months afterwards.

When I visited Jilly, a huge Alsatian threw himself at the door like a converted Cerberus. 'Down Max', said Jilly, as my eye took in tantalising large photographs of King Hussain and Queen Noor of Jordan in silver frames around the room. 'I suppose you are going to want lots of usual tittle tattle to this article then?' she said, bringing me a glass of bucks fizz. Immaculately dressed as usual, Jilly oozed style.

'Perish the thought,' I said, 'this is a parish magazine, not the Sun!'

'I couldn't possibly say anything about royal pillow fights or anything like that.'

Absolutely not. How vulgar! 'So what is Noor like? There was some comment in the press recently that she and Hussain would divorce.'

'Rubbish, Noor is far too clever.' Ticked off, I remembered these days Jilly is an English teacher in a girls' school. Thank goodness I hadn't forgotten my prep!

'I admire Noor, she is very hard working, easy to work with and she has made a real home in the royal palace, though their palaces are not like Buckingham Palace, more like large country houses. Downstairs there are the reception rooms, very Arab, marble and gold; upstairs there are the family rooms, informal and lots of bright yellow. When we lived in Amman, there was reasonable access. Her kids and mine used to play and stay the night with each other. They were nice children, not at all spoilt. I remember when one of the royal Prince's children came to stay with us, he made his own bed.'

Heady stuff. The family went to Jordan when Jilly's husband George was invited to work as an agricultural expert on an E.C. aid programme. Before that, Jilly had trained as an R.E. teacher in Canterbury ('It was the least religious time of my life; I never went to church') and worked as a prison education officer in Kent. But in Amman life was anything but porridge. A large villa,

lots of domestic help and fun. Her two sons were educated in Jordan and then at public school in Britain, and Jilly, never a bored ex-pat, built up a successful education advisory service. I wondered how she could have ever left.

'Yes, it was a nice life, gymkhanas and very cultured. I was involved with the Jerash Festival and we had visits from the Bolshoi and the RSC. I went to the Anglican church, we would go on retreats to Mount Nebo. It is a very spiritual place. I also grew to love the desert. The desolation unclogs the mind.'

'Riding was a hobby. The Royal Family had great faith in me. I taught them all and the King asked me to design the palace riding stables for them, though I had never done anything like it before. Unfortunately I broke my neck breaking in a stallion King Juan Carlos had given the King. The year I spent lying flat taught me a great deal.'

Three years ago, the Gulf War and family circumstances – not least the tenants who, in the family's absence, had flooded the house, run off owing £10,000 back rent and given the address a decidedly racy reputation – persuaded Jilly it was time to return to England. She found a job teaching English at Waldegrave School for Girls in Twickenham and is now studying for an M.A. 'I honestly think I would make a home wherever I was, but I miss the Jordanian countryside in the Spring, and belonging to a community which really cares. I've seen the King and Queen twice since coming back, but they are always very busy here. I usually get a call or a visit once a week from my Jordanian friends, but life moves on. I find St Paul's an enormous plus, particularly the mid week prayer groups. There is a nice mixture of people and other middle aged women there alone, besides myself.'

'Each of us has special strength in faith, individual to us. I always have half an hour reading the Bible in the evening, and praying. I call prayer my personal hotline to God, giving and receiving. I think you need to handle your Bible, feel the pages – I don't fancy the idea of reading it on computer! But non-Christians can have a very positive influence in our lives too. Living in a Moslem country for so long, I feel there are different ways to reach God. I would never say that mine was the only one.'

WEST COUNTRY FARMERS

Mrs Freda Meacock has sent me all her late husband's detailed research on the Goddards who moved from farms in Somerset to Westbury, Wiltshire, and then on to Twyford, Middlesex. The period covered is 1790 to 1920. Several of our members should be interested.

Julie of Newbury

LONDON CENSUS

Earlier in the year, Julie of Newbury sent me extracts of Goddard families found in the 1851 Census of Westminster, London (Parishes of St Margaret, St Clement Dane and St John). As she says, London was the melting pot for immigrants from the country; many a country cousin went there, so she feels that members looking for lost relatives may well be interested. Here is the list:

9 Cooper Street

James Goddard	Head	40	Labourer	born in Sussex
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10 Cooper Street

William Goddard	Head	28	Carman	born Knightsbridge
Eliza Goddard	Wife	28		Weybridge, Surrey
William Goddard	son	5		Middlesex
Richard Goddard	son	3		Westminster
Benjamin Goddard	son	1 month		Westminster

10 Dartmouth Street

John Goddard	Head	40	Butcher	born Sussex
Charlotte Goddard	wife	39		Brighton
Susanna Goddard	dau	16	Scholar	Brighton
Martha Goddard	dau	8	Scholar	Bloomsbury

House of Correction, Westminster

Mary Ann Goddard, prisoner	unmarried	29	needlewoman	born Kent
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17 New Boswell Court

Arthur Simpson	Head	57	Messenger in office	born St Geo Bloomsbury
Sarah Simpson	wife	31	Laundress	born Hants
three adult Simpson children, plus				
Emily Goddard	wife's daughter	11		St Paul's City

(presumably this was a second marriage for both Mr & Mrs Simpson)

19 Clements Lane

David Goddard	Head	35	Boot maker	born Hants
Jane Goddard	wife	31		Bristol, Somerset
Jane Goddard	dau	7		City of London
Lydia Goddard	dau	5		City of London

TEACHING PACKAGE

The Surrey TVEI Unit, a branch of the education service concerned with the curriculum in secondary schools, has recently brought out a CD-ROM disc on the local history of the area, to illustrate the use of multimedia (digital sound, pictures and text in a single interactive software package), and to be a curriculum resource. Because it was made by my brother Jim Goddard, resource assistant at the Unit, it also contains quite a bit of family history of the local Goddards, with photographs going back to the early years of this century. Although it is now available to the schools in the area, it will continue to be updated, probably for several years.

The material on the disc is interactive; details for any particular decade, or any particular town can be seen, or on specific historical subjects such as transport. It also has a complete word search facility so that any word in the text can be accessed quickly and easily.

Stephen of Silchester

NEW MEMBERS

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

Mr Brian Goddard, 18 Farrar Parade, Merredin, Western Australia.

Mrs R. Taylor, 7 Murray Street, Tamworth, New South Wales 2340, Australia.

CLOSED CIRCLE

Fans of novelist Robert Goddard – or, in Association terminology since he is one of our members, Robert of Winchester – will be delighted to know that the Bantam Press have published another gripping tale in time for the Christmas market. Under the title *Closed Circle* Robert is said once again to demonstrate “his inimitable power to tease and baffle and deceive”.

As before, I shall let the dust cover introduce the book to you:

“The year is 1931. The new and luxurious transatlantic liner Empress of Britain is on her eastward passage. Among the first class passengers on board are two English confidence tricksters, making a discreet exit from a little awkwardness they have left behind them in the United States. A chance meeting on deck brings them a tempting new target in the shape of Miss Charnwood and her niece, the beautiful Diana, only child of the immensely wealthy Fabian Charnwood.

It's a trick they've pulled before, with some success. Charm the daughter into an engagement to marry, then get her father to buy you off. So confident are they of success, in fact, that they make a pact: whichever of them wins Diana Charnwood's love will share his fortune with the other. Who would imagine that these smooth operators would let their hearts rule their heads? Or that violent death would find its way into their neat little scheme? Or that they would stumble into something much darker and deeper than either had suspected?”

I think I know what I shall be doing for at least a part of the Christmas holidays!

VANISHED

The newspapers of 28 May reported that Goddards Removals, the firm whose yard can be seen at the side of the canal on the Fosse Way, had a furniture van stolen from outside its offices in Rugby. Inside was the whole house contents of Mr Arthur Nicholls and family who were moving to Essex. The family were understandably upset.

I believe we have written to Goddards without result, asking about their history. Are there any members in the Rugby area who could enlighten us?

Julie of Newbury

WALTON ON THE NAZE

Mrs Gillian Eshkeri has found in a book *Wish you were here; Walton, Frinton and Kirby* by Ken Palmer reminiscences of these towns as they used to be. There is mention of Walton in 1894, of the Naze Tower, Brookes Bazaar and Goddards the Drapers. Do any of our members know anything about this family?

Julie of Newbury

1881 CENSUS

The Goddard entries from the 1881 censuses of Huntingdonshire and Devonshire have now arrived. Surprising as it may seem, there was only one Goddard in Huntingdonshire:

Samuel Goddard, unmarried, a lodger, aged 39, working as a labourer and living in Mutton Lane, Huntingdon, St Mary's Parish.

In contrast Devonshire was full of Goddards. Most had been born in the West Country and had not strayed far from home. Some exceptions were:

Charles H. Goddard, son of Samuel Goddard, aged 2, who was living in Axminster, had been born in Battersea.

Edward C.S. Goddard and Francis W.H., sons of William H. Goddard, aged 13 and 18, were living in Northlaw, but had been born in Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Gerald H.G. Goddard was another son, but he had been born in Fardley, Worcestershire. Obviously a well-off family (the sons were scholars, or had no occupation) which moved around a lot. The clue is further down the index. Harriet Goddard, aged 49, wife of William H. Goddard, a curate. Harriet had been born in Badby, Northumberland.

Elizabeth J. Goddard, the wife of Edwin Goddard, aged 43, had been born in Yorkshire. Her husband was a Merchant; in fact, he declares himself to be a Clay Merchant, originating from Guildford in Surrey.

A close scrutiny of such records can reveal ancestors who seem to have disappeared for ever from ones family tree! Bristol and Avon Family History Association are gradually making these records from the 1881 census available to us. We wait with eager anticipation the ones for Hampshire, Wiltshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire.

Apply to Brian and Julie if you wish to see Devonshire records. Sending a stamped addressed envelope (a large one) will help reduce the Association's postal expenses.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

At its meeting in October, the Executive Committee deliberated as to how best to mark the tenth anniversary of the Association, which falls in 1995. After much discussion it was decided to begin publication of a series of monographs on the different branches of the 'Goddard family'. These will initially be priced at some £2 or £3, depending on the number of pages and illustrations. They will be of A4 size and have two punched holes to enable them to be collected in a ring binder, which will also be available separately. These monographs will appear over a number of years, so a member can gradually build up a comprehensive collection of the different parts of the 'family'. Brian and Julie of Newbury would be delighted to hear from any members who feel like producing such a monograph on their own branch.

1994 A.G.M.

The 8th A.G.M. of the Association will be held at the Goddards Hotel, Swindon at 2.30pm on Sunday 10 April 1994. However, the Committee has arranged for other events to take place so that those who wish to may make a week-end of their visit, in much the same way as the successful meeting at Buxton in 1993.

At 2.30 on the afternoon of Saturday 9th, starting from the Goddards Hotel, Philip of Swindon will lead a tour of places of Goddard interest in the area. Please telephone him in advance (0793 - 538367 at work or 0793 - 616013 at home) so that he will have some idea of the numbers likely to appear. The Manager of the Hotel has again kindly agreed special rates for members of the Association for the week-end, of £40 per night for a double (twin) room or £20 for a single. Please state that you are a member when booking either in writing or by phone (0793 - 692313).

The Executive Committee will meet at 6.00pm that evening. Dinner is available at the Hotel; the manager tells me that no prior booking is necessary, but it might be prudent to do so.

On Sunday 10th, and following several requests from members, there will be a Family History Workshop to aid members with their genealogical queries; it will start at 10.30am and will be run by Mr Michael Sheppard, Chairman of the Berkshire Family History Society, and Mrs Jean Cole, an expert and lecturer in Family History and Agony Aunt to *Family Tree Magazine*. This will last until lunch time. The session will be entirely informal and whatever you wish to make of it. In other words, you can come and go as you please and seek guidance on either specific or general problems – though, for obvious reasons, you cannot expect to have the problem that has been bugging you for years solved on the spot! There will also be a display of a certain amount of genealogical literature available for purchase. Michael Sheppard and Jean Cole are very experienced, so do make the most of their visit.

As was the case two years ago, lunch in the form of a running buffet will again be available in the Hotel at a cost of £6-95. So that some idea can be gained of the numbers to be catered for, please ring the Hotel in advance (number above) stating that you belong to the Association.

The A.G.M. at 2.30 will follow the usual format but, also at the request of several members, it will not be followed by a talk this year; there has been a specific request for more 'free' time for chatting informally to one another over tea and biscuits before departure.

The usual raffle will take place in order to help defray some of the expenses of the day. If anyone feels able to donate a prize it would be much appreciated.

THE GODDARD ASSOCIATION – A ‘COLONIAL’S’ VIEW

I have lived forty-two years believing that my surname was uncommon. The only people I know with the Goddard name are my immediate family and my brother, the only male with the name. As he has two daughters, the name in our family will eventually die out. Then along came the Goddard Association of Europe. Here was a group of people with my surname; one on the original Committee even had my Christian name.

Newsletter No. 14 and my name is in print as a new member – what will I do first? I decide to buy a chalice – now that caused problems and the one I have on the shelf is actually the third that was engraved by Anthony Osborn. The first two met with unfortunate deaths in the post. Still, I enlisted the help of the President and all was sorted out. He felt sorry for me twenty thousand kilometers away and offered to cheer me up with back copies of the Newsletter and a couple of badges. Very nice the latter are too, especially if he remembers to put them in the parcel and then if they arrive in one piece! Still, Richard is nothing if not obliging and more eventually arrive. I can, however, totally recommend the ties – they seem to travel safely every time!

Newsletter No. 21 and I write a piece for the “Can You Help?” column. Unfortunately it produced precisely nothing, which didn’t surprise me as our great grandfather, William Henry Goddard, was until a few months ago rather elusive. We knew he came from Leicester in 1859, and this is where our research co-ordinator, my namesake, came in handy. She gave me the address of Association member Herald of Leicester and we exchanged notes – only to find we are not related. Still, every avenue must be explored. It was at this time that Julie of Newbury “found” for me a man who was to prove worth his weight in gold – Sidney Gold of Reading, an historian interested in artists of his city. William Henry Goddard, six years after his arrival in New Zealand, married Emma Hobbs Burt, granddaughter of Albin Roberts

BRAVE EMIGRANTS

We have received copies of two charming little books by Delphine R.I. Goddard of Springwood, New South Wales, the cousin of Association member Professor Laurence Goddard. *The Goddards – a family heritage* published first in 1977 begins: “Perhaps it was this special year of remembering that made me read once again the family scrapbook started by my father Herbert Goddard. How he enjoyed pasting the newspaper cuttings recording the many stories about members of our family, our relatives of other surnames and our friends. The tragic events were added in sorrow.....From his book of memories I have selected the family stories so that future generations of our family may know and be glad of their heritage.” *Eliza’s Diary* was of George and Eliza Goddard’s journey from Hertfordshire to Australia in 1852 written on ship’s paper sewn into a small book. They took with them three sons and a daughter, all of whom made their mark in the emerging country. The original diary will be donated to the State Library of New South Wales for their genealogy collection. Our thanks to Delphine and Laurence for making these available to us.

Julie of Newbury

Burt, a well known miniature painter of Reading. Sidney Gold has quadrupled our knowledge of this branch of the family and to my great delight this week informed me that he has just found a portrait of one of his ancestors painted by mine!

Newsletter No. 25, and my two nieces grace the back page, and this produced further information to be found in Newsletter No. 26. It was in November of 1992 that Sidney Gold casually mentioned that he had seen an inn sign “The Goddard Arms” in a local antique shop – my brain worked overtime and I wondered if I could possibly become the owner of something “Goddard”. However, it soon became apparent that this wish was not to be granted unless I had a mere £225 to spare – the cost of shipping the sign to New Zealand! So I suggested that Sidney contact the Newbury Goddards and the story from there can be read in Newsletter No. 27, as written by Brian.

This year brought a breakthrough in the Goddard research and believe it or not it was to be found in my own back yard. Denis Bryce, an Englishman now living in Northland, New Zealand, and an Association member, provided us with the missing link. Our William Henry is the illegitimate son of Ann Goddard, so it seems after all this that I’m not really a Goddard! Frustration, however, turned to pleasure when we found that Ann’s parents, William and Mary Ann were probably cousins – Mary Ann’s maiden name was also Goddard so now the surname goes up two branches of the tree! It was now time to update “my” tree on the Goddard computer in Newbury.

What has belonging to the GAE done for me? It has brought valued friendships, excellent research opportunities, informative reading material, interesting collectors items and, above all, proof that my surname is not as uncommon as I thought it was. My aims – definitely to be at an AGM one year, preferably in Swindon (for historic reasons) and to see for myself the inn sign I almost owned. Belonging to an Association based so far away isn’t always easy, but that shouldn’t stop anyone from enjoying all the benefits it has to offer. I can only hope that all our members make full use of what this Association and its Committee is offering us. By doing this we ensure the continuation of the GAE.

Julie of Christchurch, New Zealand

USEFUL ADDRESSES

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