



# The Goddard Association of Europe

NEWSLETTER

No. 34 - JANUARY 1995

## SHELDON MANOR

It was with great regret that we learnt of the death of Major Martin Gibbs in early July. Major Gibbs was, for over thirty-five years, the owner of Sheldon Manor, near Chippenham, Wiltshire, having previously spent many years in the army after Eton and Sandhurst training. In 1952 he took on the restoration of the near derelict manor house and then overgrown gardens. In 1988 he handed the running of the estate over to his son, Anthony, with its now renovated house and pretty gardens. Major Martin was, in his spare time, a keen gardener, a writer of poetry in the form of Latin hexameters, and an expert cook, often using the recipes collected by Lady Phetyplace in about 1650.

The modern guide to Sheldon Manor reports that: "In 1174 after the King, Henry II, divided what had been one of his properties into three estates, Sheldon Manor was the major part and included the town of Chippenham; the smaller estates were Rowden and Lowden Manors. Sheldon was first leased to Sir William de Wenderville, and after his death it went to Sir Tuberville and later to his brother, Sir Beauvilain. After Sir Beauvilain's death in about 1225 his lease of Sheldon Manor reverted to the King by escheat as 'land of the Normans'."

In 1231 it was leased by the king, now Henry III, to a Sir Walter Goderville. This was the Sir Walter Goderville who, according to the early Victorians, (Burke's *The History of the Commoners* 1838), was the forebear of the North Wiltshire Goddards. They chose to ignore the fact that two separate inquests, held after his death in about 1247, stated that he was succeeded by his two daughters, Joan and Margery, and therefore could not be any relation to the Goddards who appeared in Wiltshire some two hundred years

later. Margery was only a child aged about four years at Sir Walter's death and living in Ireland. Joan de Goderville had married Sir Geoffrey Gascelyn in about 1243, probably soon after her fourteenth birthday; she inherited the lease of Sheldon Manor alone because, when Margery was sent for from Ireland to take up her half of the inheritance, by the envoy of Sir Geoffrey who had been made her guardian, she could not be found!

After the inheritance by Joan Gascelyn, the Manor continued to be the main house of the family until it was sold to Sir Walter Hungerford (the first Lord Hungerford and Homet) in 1424 for £1000 as one of his many land acquisitions. The Hungerford family continued in possession of the Manor until it was finally sold by Sir Edward Hungerford in 1648, towards the end of the Civil War. During this period of the Hungerford ownership the lives of the Goddards of North Wiltshire became entwined with those of the Hungerford family, both with the Hungerfords as the 'Lords of the Manor' and through intermarriage, although as Sheldon Manor was sub-

let as two farms it did not feature in this Goddard / Hungerford relationship.

To today's visitor the warm coloured stone of the manor house and the buildings around look well preserved and as if they have always been well cared for as a gentleman's residence. However, after a major rebuild in about 1280, at least twice in the last seven hundred years it has been refurbished after being found to be derelict; the last time was in 1952 after it had been sublet. It is therefore surprising that, despite all the various rebuilding work that has been done over the centuries, there is so much of the early fabric and features. Most notable remnants dating back to a relatively early period in the life of the house are an early main wall, the porch that was built about 1282, and the water cistern and square wooden pipe used to supply water into the house which was installed in 1431 when the east wing was built. Other major building work was the chapel, which was built about 1450 during the Hungerford ownership, and the west wing which was rebuilt in 1659. It is rare to see a building where the many styles of building techniques over a seven hundred year period can be blended together so harmoniously.

Armed with an excellent guide book and additional detailed information plates in every room, the visitor is free to browse at leisure, although there is often a member of the family on hand to answer detailed questions should they arise. The furniture, though not originally from the house, is in keeping with the various periods and architecture of the building, but there are many surprises, including horns some six feet long from the narwhal and a large collection of glass walking sticks. The pleasant garden has many unusual plants and shrubs, and an hour or so can easily be spent exploring its delights. Last, the home-made refreshments are not to be missed, as the article in a recent Sunday Express supplement would indicate.

Although any association of the Goddards with Sheldon Manor is extremely tenuous, it is still well worth visiting for its own sake. It is only a short detour off the A4 between Chippenham and Corsham and away from the more usual haunts of the North Wiltshire Goddard trail. *Brian of Newbury*

## GODDARD CLARET

The interest in the 'Godard' Claret continues. This time further information has been sent to me by Marjorie of York. Failing to make any headway with an enquiry to the retirement magazine *Saga's* wine expert, she then wrote direct to the French vineyard without really expecting a response. To her amazement she received a reply from their UK agents, the Lincolnshire importers Richards Walford of the Manor House, Pickworth, Stamford, to whom the Thienpont Frères had sent it. A Miss Charlie Allen writes: "I am unable to help you with the origin of the name "Charmes-Godard" as the Thienpont family are, at present, on holiday. I am including, however, some information sheets, which will give you a little history about the estate, and an idea of their wine-making practices. With regards to availability, I am afraid that the wines are now quite scarce in the UK. We have only the following two wines:

Charmes Godard Rouge 90 3cs £69-00 + VAT

Charmes Godard Blanc 90 1cs £75-00 + VAT

These wines were bought mainly by hotels or private clientele, so it is therefore difficult to recommend a retail outlet who might still stock them."

Marjorie offered to buy it next time they were passing Stamford on their way south, but at this price I am not sure the Association can afford it – even if we sold it in individual bottles afterwards! Much better if someone went over to France on holiday and brought a few cases back!

The accompanying information sheets were most informative. The first of these deals with the history of the Côtes de Francs as follows: "This, the smallest of the Bordeaux appellations, consists of the three communes of Francs, St Cibard and Tayac and is situated about 50 kms north-east of Bordeaux, covering an area of approximately 500 hectares (1215 acres) of vines.

The appellation is situated on the highest slopes of the Gironde, halfway between the Isle and Dordogne valleys. The official records established in 1978 state: 'The Côtes de Francs is one of the few viticultural regions of the Gironde to be predominantly east facing. The course of the rivers runs either towards the south-east (Lidoire Valley from the Dordogne river) or to the west (Isle Valley). North facing slopes are therefore rare. The Côtes de Francs is the most easterly area of the department with the lowest rainfall (700mm, being well below the average of 780mm); there are also more hours of sunshine.'

Soil: It is generally clay or limestone with subsoils of marl, chalk and heavy clay which help the roots to embed themselves deeply, therefore explaining the vines' resistance to even the most serious droughts.

Legislation: The Appellation Contrôlée Bordeaux Côtes de Francs was created by decree on 26 March

1967 and further modified by a decree on 9 January 1976.

Grape Varieties: The same grape varieties as are used throughout the Bordeaux region: in this area Merlot dominates, representing more than 50%, followed by Cabernet Franc, Cabernet Sauvignon and a small proportion of Malbec.

Historical Background: Lovely scenery, good climate and the numerous natural springs were an obvious draw for people to settle in this ancient region. The Gallo-Roman ruins at St Cibard are a good example.

The region became very prosperous at the end of the 19th century and the beginning of the 20th century. The red wines were much sought after, being considered as belonging to the St Emilion region. Sweet white wines, very popular then and particularly with the Russian court, achieved even higher prices. The region thus boasted beautiful houses and impressive cellars. Phylloxera put an end to this prosperity. The First World War and the Russian Revolution hit the sweet white wine market very hard and in addition to this, a ruling by the Libourne court on 21 November 1921 forbade all reference of St Emilion for the red wines. The collapse of the market led to a total breakdown of the quality of the wines of the region.

So when Georges Thienpont bought Château Puygueraud in 1946 the economic situation in the vineyard was so drastic that he tore out all the vines in order to raise animals and change to mixed farming. In 1955 the Côtes de Francs Syndicate was created in order to obtain official recognition of the Appellation by the INAO – this was granted in 1967.

There was thus hope, especially since a new generation of young vigneronns was ready to take over the running of old domaines. At the end of the 1970s, Georges Thienpont replanted the Puygueraud vineyards and his son, Dominique, formed the Thienpont de Berlaere company, the first Côtes de Francs negociant company.

It was therefore believed that this appellation could and must be defended on its own exceptional merit and should take its rightful place among the best appellations of the Bordeaux."

The second information sheet details the various wines produced by the Thienpont vineyards in the Côtes de Francs.

"Red wines:

LA MAROTTE Bordeaux (Thienpont de Berlaere) (50% Merlot, 50% Cabernet Franc and Cabernet Sauvignon)

The source of this wine is found in the 1991 harvest of our "crus" in the Côtes de Francs. Harvesting by hand and the careful selection of grapes helped to lessen the effects of the frost in April 1991. However, we have still

– a question of honour – “declassified” our cuvees in order to offer them under the name of LA MAROTTE. Their character has destined them to be drunk young. LA MAROTTE is a fresh and fruity, eminently drinkable wine, with finesse and elegance. It is presented in the traditional heavy bottle, with a clean, simple label. This is a wine for the gourmet at an excellent price.

LAURIOL Bordeaux Côtes de Francs (Thienpont de Berlaere) (75% Merlot – traditionally vinified in inox vats)

Personally selected by Dominique and Francois Thienpont from the best cuvees tasted in the Côtes de Francs. Our wish is to offer a wine representative of the original quality of this appellation which is at the same time supple, full of personality, well-structured, pleasing even when young and at a sensible price. The 1989 vintage produced an excellent wine.

CHATEAU PUYGUERAUD Bordeaux Côtes de Francs (Chateau bottled) (45% Merlot, 25% Cabernet Franc, 25% Cabernet Sauvignon, 5% Malbec – harvested manually from selected grapes, aged in oak barrels)

This most prestigious property of the Côtes de Francs, makes wines of great character and splendid structure. Combining vinosity and elegance, it will keep the finesse which makes it so attractive for a long time.

CHATEAU LACLAVIERE Bordeaux Côtes de Francs (Chateau bottled) (50% Merlot, 25% Cabernet Franc, 25% Cabernet Sauvignon – harvested manually from selected grapes, aged in oak barrels)

Like Puygueraud, CHATEAU LACLAVIERE confirms the shining potential of the soils of the Côtes de Francs. Its restoration by Nicholas Thienpont in 1982 has made it one of the leading lights of the appellation. More feminine than Puygueraud, it seduces with its subtlety, charm and finesse, but also with its depth and richness.

LES CHARMES GODARD ROUGE Bordeaux Côtes de Francs (Chateau bottled) (70% Merlot, 30% Cabernet – harvested manually from selected grapes, aged in oak barrels)

The acquisition of this cru by the Thienpont family has brought it out of anonymity – in less than four years it has become one of the stars of the Côtes de Francs. It is distinguished by the predominance of Merlot which makes it rich and full-bodied.

White wines:

LA MAROTTE Entre-Deux-Mers (Chateau bottled)

Careful vinification has produced a wine that is both fresh and fruity.

LES CHARMES GODARD BLANC Bordeaux Côtes de Francs (Chateau bottled) (75% Semillon, 25% Muscadelle and Sauvignon – harvested manually from selected grapes, fermented and aged in oak barrels)

At one time a producer of highly esteemed white wines, the Côtes de Francs has somewhat neglected production. LES CHARMES GODARD proves that this appellation can compete with the best soils of Bordeaux and elsewhere. These wines have depth and complexity and are crowned with a delicate bouquet and great finesse. In common with the other great white Graves they can happily age over several years."

## THE POSTMAN AND THE LIFT

I am grateful to Mrs Evelyn Tank for sending a little gem by a Harry Graham. The verse was inspired by an extract from a report in the Daily Mail, unfortunately of unknown date, as follows: “‘Most of our tenants pay rents of from £350 a year upward,’ says Mr Goddard of Messrs Goddard and Smith, the well-known Piccadilly house agents, ‘and would strongly resent having to ride up and down in lifts with postmen.’” The verse is published under the above title:

I used to live in Jermyn Street,  
Upon the seventh floor.  
I occupied a charming suite,  
Bed, bath, and boudoir, all complete;  
That flat is mine no more!  
For in my lute appeared a rift:  
They let the postman use the lift!

Was it for this I had to pay  
Three hundred pounds a year?  
I never shall forget the day  
A relative arrived to stay  
(First cousin to a peer);  
My word! How Aunt Eliza sniff’d!  
She met a postman in the lift!

“What!” she demanded, “must I ride  
With common men like him?”  
She drew her scornful skirts aside,  
Her smelling-bottle she applied,  
She shook in ev’ry limb.  
“Be good enough,” she said, “to sift  
The lower orders from the lift!”

“Good Goddard! Fellow,” I exclaimed,  
“Is there no public stair?  
Are there no regulations framed  
To make a working-man ashamed  
To breathe his betters’ air?  
To anarchy we surely drift  
When common postmen use the lift!”

In vain I claim my legal rights,  
My landlord won’t give way.  
He says his pity it excites  
To see men scaling seven flights  
So many times a day.  
To other chambers I must shift,  
Where postmen never use the lift!

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## NAVAL FIRE

Last autumn Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith sent me the following article from the *Naval News*: “Refusing to make a drama out of a crisis has earned Dr John Goddard, a senior science lecturer at Britannia Royal Naval College, a Commendation from Admiral Sir John Kerr, Commander in Chief, Naval Home Command. Dr Goddard discovered a small fire in Caspar John Hall while locking up after a drama rehearsal. He raised the alarm and then returned to the scene and isolated the electrical supply, despite rapidly thickening smoke. He then put out the blaze with an extinguisher.” Does any member claim relationship with this Goddard?

## AMERICAN ASSOCIATION'S BIENNIAL CONVOCATION

As the 747 took off I had what one might call a good omen; the American girl sitting next to me put on her personal headphone and started to listen to the tape of *Hand in Glove* by Robert Goddard. When I told her I was on my way to Portland, Maine, to the Goddard Association of America's Seventh Convocation, she was fascinated.

My arrival at Portland Jet Port was identical to my previous Salt Lake City convocation; there at the barrier were the two friendly familiar faces of Bill Meyer and Tom Scott waiting to drive me to the Sheraton Tara Hotel. A quick shower and a few cans of coors with Bill and Tom, and I soon forgot the day would be eighteen hours plus. On the ground floor we had a very large two room suite and it was good to see so many familiar faces that I had previously met at S.L.C., as well as Earl Goddard, whom most of us know by now as a regular attendee at our gatherings.

Friday started with a most interesting historical lecture with slides, given by Elizabeth Miller of the Maine Historical Society, on the early exploration of life in Maine from settlement to the early 1800s, followed by the family group meetings; I am of the William and Elizabeth (Miles) Goddard family of which there were sixteen families represented. At mid-day we set off by boat to Peak Island to a lobster and clam bake. This was an idyllic place with pretty little houses and a 15mph speed limit. The men who did the cooking were American Legion war veterans – who had obviously opted for the 'good life' for the rest of their's. On Friday evening there was another most interesting lecture with slides on the restoration and preservation of old photographs by David Miskin of Just Black and White.

On Saturday a lecture by David Curtis Dearborn on New England migrations to the Mid West was followed by Workshops where members are helped with family research by other members. In the afternoon Bill Meyer and I went exploring the surrounding area. There is a noticeable lack of sign posts around Portland. In the evening we had our banquet followed by a talk entitled "The Life and Time of your Ancestors" given by Kim Sheldon, President of the Massachusetts Society of Genealogists. A fun lady who not only had a go at the not so bright English, but who also established that members of the Association present enjoyed eating chicken feet. Ugh! This girl would be an ideal replacement for Dee Dee Myers – that dead pan public relations officer in the Clinton administration we frequently see on TV. The evening wound up with the Talent Show, and boy do some of our American cousins have talent – Mary Lee Wolf and Teresa Goddard to name but two of many.

Sunday ended with a Service of Remembrance and brunch, with goodbyes and a safe trip home. Several of us stayed on until Monday which included Bill and Kathryn Meyer with whom I was to travel all the way to Wichita, Kansas.

On Monday 20th June we said goodbye to the Tara Hotel, Portland, and set off on what was to be a most interesting journey to Wichita, some 2,500 miles away over a period of six days. The first day took us as far as Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts; this is an outdoor history museum which presents the story of everyday life in a rural New England

town during the 1830s, a total area of some 200 acres. The landscape is recreated with original buildings brought in from all parts of the region. On the way down we had called in at the home of Bob Goddard at Newbury Port (MA), one of those very old picturesque three storey wooden New England houses with a delightful garden which he had opened to the public for a local fund raising scheme.

Tuesday took us further south, finally reaching Coopers-town, New York State, the home of the National Baseball Hall of Fame. My cousin Kathryn is a baseball fanatic. The reason for this became obvious when I met her grandchildren in Wichita. I think that she could have happily spent a week there. Yours truly, whose interest in the game is, shall we say, limited, did at least spot one familiar bust, that of Joe Di Maggio, the first husband of the late Marilyn Munroe. Nevertheless, it is a lovely old town situated on a beautiful lake where we spent the night at the Lake View Motel.

Wednesday saw us reach the lovely home of Beth Goddard, having driven through the remainder of New York State, Pennsylvania and into Ohio. The sight of Lake Erie is quite something; it could well have been the Atlantic Ocean, impossible to see beyond the horizon. Unfortunately the journey saw two accidents – a school bus had been run into by a car, and an eighteen wheeler had gone over the side of a bridge; hopefully there was no serious injury. Beth lives at the town of Bath, which is a suburb of Akron. She entertained us royally at the Lone Star eating house where there is sawdust on the floor and the waiters' dance on the tables. I also met her son Tim, whom she always refers to amusingly at our conventions. He and his wife had just flown back from Southbys, New York, where he had made a bargain purchase of some Duck Decoys (his hobby). Beth's remark: "That's my Boy".

Thursday was spent touring Amish country where agriculture is as it was some two hundred years ago – no electricity in their homes and a telephone at the end of the drive – cutting corn with horse drawn binders and the sheaves in stiches to be thrashed in the old fashioned way. They drive in horse drawn covered vehicles and look rather odd on the same road as the modern car. They are of an old Dutch religion and, although I understand there is a drift to the modern world by some of the younger members, there are many younger members of the community who appear perfectly happy with their way of life. That evening we were entertained in a very modern house, the home of our new President, Dennis Goddard's sister Leah, who has some rather unusual cats who have their own chairs up a pole in the lounge – different!

Friday morning said goodbye and thank you to Beth. She was off to Russia on some potato planting scheme with a religious order to which she belongs – we were heading for St. Louis. We experienced very heavy rain storms for some three hundred miles, but only saw one accident, an eighteen wheeler which had toppled off the shoulder, being winched back upright. Most car drivers observe the speed limits, but I am not quite so sure about the truck drivers – especially travelling down hill. The day ended in an unusual manner.

As Bill and I were booking in at the Best Western Heritage Inn, Collingsville (IL), the receptionist asked if I was from England and immediately wanted to know the outcome of the James Bulger murder, and then went into great lengths on the American court system. Bill mentioned the O.J. Simpson case, and she said that she would have castrated him on the spot, and then went on to say that she had been sentenced to fifteen years for murder and had done four and ten years probation. At the age of fourteen she had been raped by a black man at her mother's lodging house. She took her mother's double barrel loaded gun, which she always kept by her bedside, and let him have both barrels. The black bell boy at the desk confirmed what she said was true, and she ended by telling me that she was an Apache indian and asked me to come down and talk to her. I decided discretion was required in this instance, and Kathryn said something about sending me home in a box!

On Saturday morning we started our final leg of the journey – the temperature was 63° – we crossed the Mississippi in St Louis where there is a huge metal ring over the river and again a few miles outside of the city. I was pleasantly surprised as we moved into Kansas – I had expected it to be very dried up but it was in fact quite green. The corn lands of course were stubble where it had all been harvested in mid June. We arrived at Wichita about 3.30 pm and the temperature was 105°, a 40° rise from the morning! Bill and Kathryn's house is a hundred year old high ceilinged wooden airy building with air conditioning and overhead fans, a pleasure to be inside in such heat which I was assured would last until September. They say troubles always occur in threes. The night we arrived a water pipe fractured and flooded the basement; it was quickly repaired by Steve, son-in-law, who lives next door. On Sunday the staircase electrics failed – quickly repaired by Bill (not a simple fuse, I might add). And on Monday Bill's truck, which he had kindly lent to his son, simply refused to restart. Again repairs, which went into the night and the following day, carried out by Bill and Steve, finally succeeded.

My stay in Wichita took me to a baseball game which I didn't understand, but I later went to watch their five year old grandson, Max, and learnt some of the rules (we used to play a similar game 'Rounders' when I was a kid; no doubt they will give me a hard time on my next visit). I became an official volunteer with the American Red Cross for a day so that I could go with Bill in his truck on his daily one hundred mile run to the senior citizens centres (Meals on Wheels) – afterwards I was interviewed by their Press Relations Officer (a charming girl). I would be interested to read the follow up as I tried to advertise the Goddard Association. I also went to the cinema to see the latest Disney film "The Lion King", the coolest place in town. Incidentally, the main street called Douglas is about seven miles in length. I was sorry to say 'au revoir' to Bill and Kathryn and their three charming daughters Roxanne, Melinda and Nancy; they showed real Mid Western hospitality.

I caught the 5.15am Greyhound bus heading for Los Angeles for the five hundred mile trip to Salida, Colorado. Onward through Dodge City and Garden City, past the

Western Kansas stock yards where there are thousands of cattle and there is oil, horses and corn everywhere. At Pueblo a New York girl joined the coach and was very concerned as we started to go into the Southern Rocky Mountains as to what the few local inhabitants had to eat. Her question, "Isn't there a MacDonalds around here?" was quite genuine. I assured her that there would be plenty of eating places at Salida, but I doubt whether she would want to, the mountain bends were taking their toll on her digestive system.

My cousin Maxine Paguette was waiting for me at the Salida bus station; she is now 89 years old and can no longer see clearly, but has an incredible memory and during my visits over the past five years I have really grown to know the American side of my family. Salida is a lovely place to relax high up in the snow capped Rockies; very little traffic. I even drove her old Chrysler Citizen over to her little ranch which is even more tranquil, where I sometimes find old indian flint arrow heads. There is a lovely golf course and a hot springs swimming pool. My visit coincided with the Paguette bi-annual family get together at the ranch where between 50 to 60 members gathered in various types of camper caravans.

On the morning of my last day I went gold panning on the Arkansas River with my good friend gold prospector John King. He guaranteed that I would have gold in my first pan – I did and in all the others – as he knows the area and where to dig. That afternoon George and Evelyn Mangel drove down the 140 miles from Denver to take me back to their home to ensure that I caught the 11.25am plane the following day. George and Evelyn are members of the GAA and had been at Portland; unknown to me they had arranged through Kathryn to carry out this act of extreme kindness. My cousin Maxine, although partially blind, insisted on cooking an excellent meal before the return journey. One really has to experience our colonial cousins' hospitality, which I have found exceedingly generous in my travels to Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the United States of America.

I suppose there had to be a first time, but in all my years of long distance travelling I had never experienced a problem before. We boarded the Continental Airlines flight for Newark (NJ) to be told thirty minutes later that they were overweight (over booked, I believe) and that 24 passengers had to get off. After a change of plan they decided all international passengers would be transferred to a direct flight to Gatwick, leaving in the evening; the only compensation offered was a \$10 meal voucher. Three of us had a good lunch which totalled \$53.61, and I gave the bill and the vouchers to the receptionist and told her to collect the difference from Continental. All hell broke loose; the manager was called and stated that Continental would certainly not pay, and I stated equally categorically that neither would we. Eventually, after a brief appearance by the police, Continental agreed – by all accounts for the first time – that they would. Later on we requested and received more meal vouchers and the restaurant manager was so tickled we had put one over on Continental that we had dessert free! And on the plane I had more space than usual and slept most of the way, resulting in less jet lag than usual. I shall now have to look forward to the Des Moines experience in 1996. *Gerald of Lyme Regis*

## 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 somewhere in the West Country and had not strayed far from home. Exceptions were:

Charles H. Goddard, son of Samuel Goddard, aged 2, who was living in Axminster but 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, Worcester-shire. 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 one's 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 the Devonshire records. Sending a stamped addressed envelope (a large one) will help to keep the Association's postal expenses down.

*Julie of Newbury*

## THE HERMITAGE

Members who have attended AGMs at Swindon and who have walked down the Avenue of new trees to The Lawn estate, now Park, will have noticed the derelict appearance of the building on the right hand side, known as The Hermitage. It was looking in a particularly poor state last April. They will be pleased to know that it is to be rebuilt, providing two dozen homes for local elderly people, at a cost of £1.2m, and should be ready by July. This should greatly enhance the look of the Avenue.

## 1995 AGM

As provisionally announced in Newsletter No. 32, the 1995 AGM will be held in the Goddard's Hotel at Swindon on the afternoon of Sunday 21 May; it will also mark the tenth anniversary of the Association's foundation. A buffet style lunch will be available at £6-95; and if you wish to make a week-end of it, bed and breakfast in a single room will cost £30, and in a twin room £25 each. Please mention the Goddard Association when booking. Some members of the American Association have arranged a tour to coincide with this meeting and they will be joining us for lunch and for the AGM. Full details will be given in the next Newsletter.

## CAN YOU HELP?

New member **Brian Goddard** of 18 Farrar Parade, Merredin, Western Australia 6415, who 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 back further?

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. Does anyone have any information about him?

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

**Mrs R.W. Taylor** of 7 Murray Street, Tamworth, 2340 New South Wales, Australia, who is asking for further information on William Spain and Sarah Goddard who 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 we think that this is the one in Kent. Please write to her direct if you have any information.

## PHOTOGENIC SAM

My faulty memory was responsible for the failure to give the provenance of the photograph of little Sam shown in the last Newsletter. The cutting had been given to me by Frank of Llanelli at the 1994 AGM at Swindon (he also kindly gave me the article on the Miracle Baby), and Sam is his grandson. Frank writes: "Sam is the son of Neil (my son) and Sue, and the wheel has turned full circle as regards my family, as my father came from Burbage, Wiltshire, and raised a family of three sons and two daughters in Wales; now my son has gone back to Wiltshire to start his own family branch.

May I also tell you of a large Measham 'Barge' teapot, which has been handed down to me (as the eldest son); it has my grandfather's name inscribed upon it and the date of his wedding, 1895. There is no doubt that this branch of the family had something to do with the Kennet and Avon Canal, as Burbage, Wooton Rivers and Easton Royal are all near the canal, and this is the area of my ancestors."

## LISA GODDARD

Association Patron, 44-year-old actress Lisa Goddard has just married for the third time; on 7 January at Fakenham register office in Norfolk she wed TV producer-director, David Cobham, who is twenty years her senior. They are said to share their home with five dogs and met while they were working on the children's TV series *Woof!* Lisa has two children from her previous marriages, Tom aged eighteen and Sophie who is thirteen. We wish them all well.

## NEW MEMBERS

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

Mr Arthur Coles, 506 Mackay Street, Pembroke, Ontario, Canada, K8A 1E6.  
Mr Roy Croton, 18 Maple Crescent, Newbury, RG13 1LL.  
Mrs B.M. Goddard, The Old Rectory, Llanwarne, Herefordshire, HR2 8JE.  
Mr David B. Goddard, 68 Rosedale Gardens, Thatcham, Newbury, RG13 4LF.  
Mr Leslie F. Goddard, 69 Lewis Road, Stirchley, Birmingham, B30 2SU.  
Mr Stephen R. Goddard, 47 Colchester Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP4 3BT.

## GODDARD REUNION

Newsletter No. 31 mentioned the proposed reunion arranged by Joan of Hove for her husband's branch of the family. There was no space in the last Newsletter to carry the report, but Joan wrote as follows: "Thank you so much for mentioning our little family get-together in the last Newsletter. Unfortunately it brought no response from any of the Goddard Association members – it would have been wonderful to have found distant cousins, especially as they would have been of a like mind and interested in the Goddard clan.

Our party was a great success, and there were many requests to repeat it in the not too distant future. Numbers were lower than I had hoped they would be, but over fifty of us gathered for the day – the majority of them direct descendants of Dan Dyer and Jane Goddard, my husband's grandparents, and the rest of us related by marriage. We had display boards with all the old photos we could find on view, a copy of the family tree was enlarged to eight by five feet to emphasise the fact that it was a family party, and so that everyone could see where they were on the tree in relation to everyone else, and a copy of a brief history of the family was available for everyone to take home, together with a more manageable sized copy of the family tree.

But the main thing, of course, was to meet each other and I don't think that there was anyone there who knew everyone else – we all met at least one other family member for the first time, and a lot of us met other relations for the first time for many years. There was a lot of reminiscing and talking, and generally a very good time was had by all. The weather was fine, the children enjoyed playing with newly found cousins (we had a magician to entertain them during the afternoon so that the adults could get on with some serious chatting!), much food was eaten, and a fair amount of drink drunk. The thing that really put its mark on the day was the happy discovery that quite by chance we were holding our party on what would have been Dan Dyer Goddard's birthday – the 28th May. (He would have been 141!) I think my daughter-in-law summed the success of the day up when she commented that being part of a large family gave her a lovely cosy feeling. For me, it was well worth the effort of organising it and, who knows, maybe next year, or the year after, we'll do it again."

There's an idea, now, for other branches to emulate. Write to me if you need publicity in the Newsletter, and do send in a report and a photo.

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## MADAME BUTTERFLY

An article under this heading has reached me from Jennifer Walker, via Julie of Newbury, describing the artistic work of Janet Goddard of Quenington. Earlier nicknamed 'Butterfly' because of her love of travel, flitting from one country to another, she is now gaining another reputation as a painter of butterflies. Encouraged by her mother, who is also an artist, she is beginning to make a reputation for herself outside her immediate circle of friends, and hopes to make a living from her art, having previously made it by cooking. Butterflies particularly appealed to her because of their vivid colours, but she also produces unusual paintings of onions and garlic. It takes her about two hours to produce one painting.

## DROWNED CHILD

Julie of Newbury has passed me a letter from a Mr Ken Strickland of Basingstoke, who enclosed an article on a drowned child. He apologises for lack of information on his Goddard side of the family, and writes as follows: "Mr Edwin Goddard was my father's step-father and he died in 1950; he had no children of his own. I think there were a couple of nephews in the Southampton area, but I never met them. I have no idea of the relationship of Steven Goddard, the grandfather of Elsie the little girl that drowned a hundred years ago, to my step-grandfather. His wife, my grandmother, died in 1959, but she never talked about the family on the Goddard side."

The article that he enclosed, dated 14 October 1994, reads as follows: "A story about the tragic death of a young child 100 years ago has had a remarkable sequel. The report, dated October 6, 1894, appeared in 'A look back at all our yesterdays' in Monday's *Gazette*. It told of an inquest on an 18-month-old girl who drowned in a "copper" near her mother's cottage at Newfound. It was read by Ken Strickland, who telephoned the *Gazette* to reveal that the cast iron copper in which the child died is in the exact spot it was a century ago – now part of his garden. Ken is a distant relative of the child, Elsie Goddard, and lived in the same little terrace of five cottages in Newfound in the early 1950s. They were demolished after he built his own house next to them in 1957, and where he still lives. His garden now extends over the site of the cottages. The only signs of yesteryear that remain are a filled-in well and the copper, most of it buried in the ground and obscured by a hedge.

A hundred years ago the cast iron copper, no longer used for the weekly wash, was filled with water from the well and became a trough for the family's cows when a pond, next to the Fox Inn opposite, dried up. The inquest, held at the Fox, was told that little Elsie was only alone outside the cottage for ten minutes and "could do no mischief with the well". Alas, her grandmother found her in the copper, and "her mouth and nose were under water, but there was not much water in the copper". The doctor who examined Elsie "found no marks of violence", and he was satisfied that the cause of death was asphyxia from drowning. A verdict was returned accordingly.

Ken Strickland, who was born in nearby Hill Road, Oakley, said his family often talked about the incident when they lived in the cottages in the 50s. He has still got the deeds for the properties going back to 1868, when the Rev. Lovelace Bigg Wither sold them to a John Tibble. Stephen Goddard, Elsie's grandfather, bought them in 1886 for £60. Said Ken: "Even in the 50s, the thatched cottages were dark and damp. They were tiny inside, with three of them only having one room. In Elsie's day the floor inside some of the cottages was just the earth. They were built as 'poor houses'."

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## ANOTHER ROAD

Brian and Julie's daughter, Sarah who works at the Pegasus Theatre in Oxford, has recently come across an address in Goddard Hall Road at Crabtree in Sheffield. Does anyone know this road and how it came to get its name?

## MEMBER'S DEATH

Joyce of Northolt wrote at the end of November to tell me her sister, June, had been seriously ill all last year and was in hospital again following another operation. But she hoped that she might be out in time for Christmas to be with her in their new ground floor flat. Unfortunately, a fortnight later, she wrote again to say that June died on 9 December. The Association offers its deepest sympathy to Joyce.

## ORTHOPAEDIC SURGEON

I have recently been sent separately two articles concerning – I presume – the same orthopaedic surgeon, Nicholas Goddard, of the Royal Free Hospital. The first is the Reynaud's & Scleroderma Association newsletter for Autumn 1991, in which he is recorded as having taken part in a promotional video on the disease designed to attract funding for research. The second is a recent newspaper article referring to a previous article in the *British Medical Journal* discussing colour blindness among cricketers. Nicholas and a medical student tested 280 county cricketers last summer and found them to be half as prone to the disability as the general public. There were a dozen with 'red-green' blindness – that is, trouble seeing a red ball against a green (grass) background. They included five batsmen, four bowlers, two all-rounders and a wicket-keeper. But, as the article stated, England cannot blame their present Australian woes on this; none of the sufferers were picked to tour! Does anyone claim this surgeon as a relation?

## GODDARD WILLS

Besides the *Abstracts of Goddard Wills from 1417 to 1605* and *Abstracts of Goddard Wills 1605 to 1809* made Rainald W. Knightly Goddard, which are based largely on the wills held in **London**, we now have in the Research Department the following:

Index to Prerogative Wills of **Ireland** (1700 - 1802).

A list of the Goddard wills held in the **Hampshire** Record Office (obtained for us by member Edward Morgan).

A list of the Goddard wills held in the **Wiltshire** Record Office.

A list of Goddard wills in the Calendar of **Berkshire** Wills 1508 - 1652 and 1653 - 1707.

The Godard/Goddard entries from the **Court of Husting, London** 13th and 14th century.

Perusal of these wills reveals some touching personal bequests "To John his son he leaves all his armour" (John Godard, goldsmith 1399); "a sum of money to be raised.....for sending a man to the Holy Land on the next Crusade" (Geoffrey Godard 1273); "to my daughter Lorraine 40s for a ring, out of the £20 my son-in-law her husband Thomas Lorraine owes me" (Edward Goddard 1636); "to sister Joyliffe a gown, which is at Master Clarke's house at Hungerford" (Margerie Goddard 1647); "1 quarter of barley to make a soke in the same [Ogbourne St George] church to the intent that the Churchwardens shall every year keep my obyte [remembrance service] for my soul" (Richard Goddard 1530).

All the above lists and indexes may be borrowed by members from *Brian and Julie of Newbury*.

## RUGBY LEAGUE

While noting that football player, Paul Goddard, no longer plays so much but is now coach of Ipswich, Margaret of Worsley has continued to follow the rising fortunes of Rugby League star, Richard Goddard. Formerly of Wakefield



Trinity, he is now playing for Castleford and scoring valuable tries. He has also recently represented the Great Britain Under 21s against Australia. The Association wishes him all the best for a long, successful and injury free career.

## GODDARD'S HOTEL

Trust House Forte have finally sold the Goddard's Hotel in Swindon. It was bought on 4 January by Management Services International Limited, who plan a programme of refurbishment, including restoring the original name of the Goddard Arms. I am pleased to say that Mr Robin Gregory will remain as Manager.

## USEFUL ADDRESSES

You may find the following addresses useful for contact: 03-702-1261

<b>Australian Co-ordinator:</b>	Stewart Geddes,
12 Hollydale Close, Berwick, Victoria 3806.	Tel: 03-707-2261
<b>Membership Secretary:</b>	John Goddard,
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<b>New Zealand Co-ordinator:</b>	Julie Goddard,
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