

The Goddard Association of Europe

NEWSLETTER

No. 43 - JUNE 1997

ELIZA'S DIARY

London to Sydney, 1852

From information supplied by Goddards in the southern hemisphere, it is clear that voyage by ship played a significant role in their history. Some of the earliest settlers did not go of their own free will, until the evils of transportation – often for quite minor offences (see Newsletter N° 31) – were abolished in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Then voluntary emigration to both Australia and New Zealand took over. But, despite the frequency of such voyages, the perils of sailing half way round the world in uncomfortable quarters and hostile seas had not diminished since the days of Captain Cook in the previous century. And the pangs of parting from family and friends, knowing that they would be unlikely ever to see them again, for an uncertain future of danger and hardship, can only be guessed at by those of us at the end of the twentieth century who can reach similar destinations in as many hours as it took them weeks, and communicate by the wonders of modern technology in as many seconds.

I am greatly indebted to Roland Rignall of Caterham for sending me a bundle of interesting correspondence from Miss Delphine Goddard of Sydney, Australia, who died last year. Like Professor Laurence Goddard, whose obituary appeared in the last Newsletter, she was descended from George and Eliza Goddard who had braved just such an emigration in 1852, sailing on the *General Hewitt* from London to Sydney on 14 August. Amongst the papers was a copy of the brief diary that Eliza kept during the first half of the voyage; unfortunately it ends on 30 November when the ship had only reached the Cape of Good Hope. May it stand as a memorial to all those brave souls who, for whatever reason, embarked on such a voyage.

“August 14 1852. We left London on board the *General Hewitt* from the London Docks. Arrived

safe at Graves End in the afternoon of the same day and all well. We stopped there until Wednesday morning. At two o'clock we stopped at Goodwin Sands, there had a steamer to help the ship. Stopped again off Ramsgate. Left there in the night. Passed Broadstairs and Deal. Friday we passed the Isle of Wight. Me and Johny [Laurence's grandfather, then aged two] are very poorly all day. I went on deck in evening. Saturday we are both better today. Sunday 22 we reached Plymouth in the afternoon all safe. Monday morning the inspectors came on board and we were all called on deck and our names called over. After that George and me went on shore. Tuesday night we left Plymouth, a steamer to take us out. After the steamer left us we sailed very slow. Wednesday evening I was taken very poorly. Thursday still ill. The three

boys were sick, Johny more poorly than the rest [Henry George; and William Reuben, Delphine's grandfather]. George very poorly Friday and Saturday, poorly. Sunday morning we got up, went on deck to hear prayers. Very poorly all the afternoon. We are near the Bay of Biscay, sea rough. Monday in bed the greatest part of the day. Tuesday better and on deck a long time. Wednesday better. George very poorly. Anne [either George or Eliza's sister] not well. Thursday George Anne better. Still poorly we were all disturbed by a gentleman named Ross being out of his mind. We still sail very slow. The ship rolls very much. The lamps are taken away at ten. Friday night still sail very slow. Saturday I am better, we have the wind in our favour. Sunday the children and their Aunt attended prayers on deck. Mr Ross affrighted us very much by taking Anne up. He was then brought down and confined with two keepers. I went on deck in the evening. It was very peasant. We sail very fast this evening, Sunday 4 September. Friday we saw land, the meadow it look like a cloud. Sunday morning the children and their Aunt attended prayers. The heat is very great. Monday we saw land at a distance. We sail very slow, not much further than we was yesterday morning. Tuesday morning still a calm. We passed a liner and a French ship along side of us. Our Captain invited them to dine with us. The Captain and two French Gentlemen came on board our ship about two and left at five. It's very hot. Wednesday very calm all the morning. About eleven the wind rose and we sailed very fast the rest of the day and all night. Wednesday evening a child very ill in the first cabin and not likely to live through the night. A boy accused of stealing some spoons in the cuddy [a small cabin or cookroom in the fore part of the

ship]. Thursday September 14 the wind not so favourable, went on deck after dinner. A ship bound for the West Indies close to us. This evening there was great confusion, a French Gent and Lady saying they were robbed of near twelve pounds. Everybody was called on Deck before the Captain. He said he was very sorry that anything of the sort should happen as the passengers all together appeared so highly respectable. It was very pleasant this evening on deck. We are sailing fast. Friday the news today is we are gone back but little further on our journey than we were three or four days back. It is very calm. Saturday I did not go on deck all day. This afternoon we are sailing very fast. It is very hot. Sunday 19 went with the children to church this morning and spent the greater part of the day and evening on deck. We are going six knots an hour. Monday we are not sailing so fast. We saw a ship at a distance. I saw a sea Gull. Wednesday we still sail very slow indeed. A West India steamer Homeward Bound pass us at eight this morning. I saw some porpoises today. The children has the tingling heat very bad. Johny has a very bad thumb. Thursday the wind favourable, we sail very fast this evening. Friday we are sailing not so fast. Saturday I saw a great many flying fish. Sunday the heat is very great. We are near Africa. Monday 27 still very hot indeed. Tuesday there was a storm this morning very early but it was soon over. We lost a sail, we sailed very slow all day. We were allowed the lamps all night. Mr Ross is better. The child in the cuddy is very much better. We passed the Line on the 13 of October. The Captain would not allow the sailors to have the game that is usual. He offered them double grog but they would not accept it. We have a nice breeze, not so hot. I have been very poorly two or three days. A rat came in our cabin. Last night Oct 10 wind favourable and all well. It is still very hot. November the weather is very much colder. We have an Election on board, a fine fun today. Mr Maider and Mr Laws gained the day. All busy preparing for Lord Mayor day. November a Lord Mayor chosen in the cuddy and next day we chose one. November 12 it is very cold indeed. We are near the Cape of Good Hope, such a change. We have a great many ill on board. 22 November Mr Odghes died and buried in the evening. We sail very fast and have since we crossed the Line. Saturday Mr Dadswell died. Tuesday 30 November sailing fast. Mr Ross has his liberty and is much better."

GRANDSON

Warmest congratulations to Keith of Wakefield on the birth of a second grandson, but the first with the Goddard surname. Benjamin Thomas was born on 31 March, and at the recent AGM his grandfather looked to be doing pretty well in the circumstances!

CAN YOU HELP?

Julie of Newbury to help new member **Mrs Edna Atherton** to link up with other Goddard families? Edna is descended from Jonathan Goddard and his wife Sarah of Pewsey in Wiltshire through their daughter Mary, who was born in 1828 and baptised in 1830. Mary married George Kimber in 1846 and their daughter Elizabeth is Edna's grandmother. Does anyone else recognise this tree as being like their own? Julie knows that there are several members whose families come from near there.

Member **Peter Mead** of Spindrift, 23 Churston Rise, Seaton, Devon, EX12 2JE, to trace other members of his family? Peter is descended from a family of butchers. His grandfather, James William Goddard, was the son of Charles Goddard who was born in Reading, Berkshire. His father in Reading had a butcher's shop in Silver Street. Charles moved to London and took up his trade there. James William married Florence Feasey and they lived in Tottenham, north London, and they had three sons and two daughters: James (killed in the First World War), William and Frank (who died last year), Florence (known as Sissy) and Alice Rose Goddard (Peter Mead's mother). Back in Reading James Goddard, Charles's brother, carried on the butcher's shop. There were other brothers and sisters: Esther baptised 1817, Henry 1821, George 1823, Sarah 1826 and Martha Pyatt Goddard 1833. As there were 67 Goddards living in the Reading St Giles parish in the 1881 census and 33 in the Reading St Mary's parish, there were probably many descendants, cousins of Peter. Is any other member related?

TELETEXT

Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith often notices Goddard 'advertisements' on television, Channel 4's Lost Touch column on page 681 or Service Pals on page 682:

"**Paul Goddard**, did you live in Russell Road, Walthamstow? Moved in 1972 (aged 8). I lived at N°33. Seeking childhood friends. Call: 01279 301920."

"Seeking my cousin **Gwen Goddard** (M/N). Last heard of in Bristol area. Info. to John Ayres, 19 Pittsfield, Cricklead, Wilts., SN6 6AW."

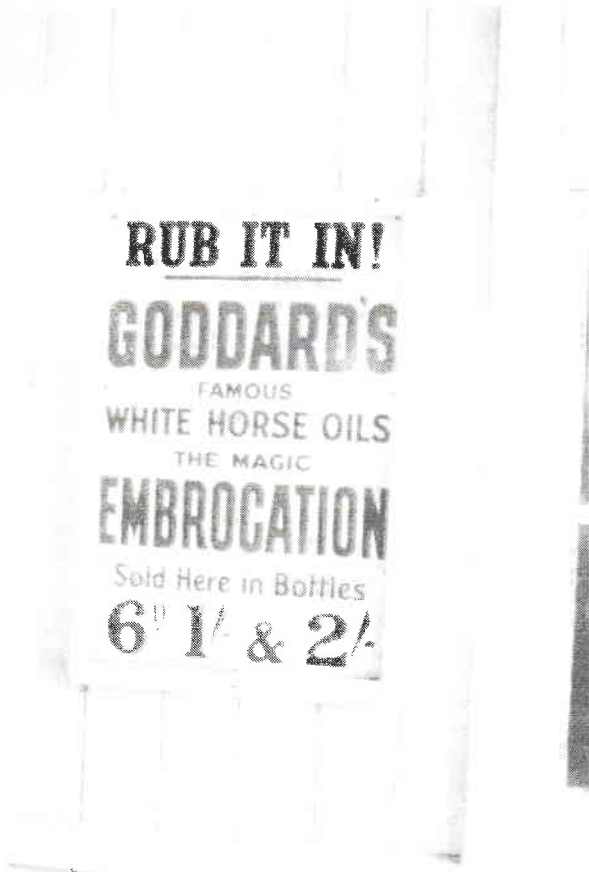
"**Mary Goddard** (M/N) formerly Vickers, born in Sheffield. Lost contact in Brighton and Hove about 30+ years ago. Mary, or anyone with information, please phone Cousin Ted on 01493 377795."

"H.M.S. Cranstoun. Seeking crew, especially Bannister, Ward, Packer, Price, Dooly, **Goddard** and Adamson of 'sparkers mess' for reunion in Solihull in November. Call Harry Rawson on 01460 234583."

"Royal Sigs. Egypt and Japan 1946-48. Calling **John Goddard** (Slough), John Hawkins (Plymouth) and David Shorter (ex regular) of 83 Medium Wireless. Ring John Fryett on 01437 463563."

GODDARD'S EMBROCATION

I had heard of, but never seen, the advertisement for



this product until Denise of Solihull kindly sent it to me recently. She in turn had it from somewhere else, so I am unable to give its location. Perhaps other Association members have come across it before.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Notice of a Golden Wedding anniversary appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* for 26 April. The wedding between Brian Osman and Barbara Goddard had taken place on 26 April 1947 at All Saints Church, Fleet; and the couple are now living at Odiham, also in Hampshire. Any member who knows this couple please pass on the Association's warmest congratulations.

Equally warm congratulations to James and Marjorie Goddard of Cheadle Heath, Stockport, Cheshire, who celebrate their Golden Wedding anniversary on 15 July. Both these couples have the further distinction of sharing their anniversary year with another couple – H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Philip!

WEDDING

Very best wishes for the future to Wendy Goddard and Brian Harris following their wedding on 28 June near Johannesburg in South Africa. How did I know? One of their friends, Lynne Stickler, who is on holiday in this country, spotted an article on our Association following the Buxton AGM and felt that Wendy would appreciate a greeting. Both she and her husband are school teachers.

DAFFODIL BREEDER

Retired bank manager John Goddard of Garrard Road, Banstead Village, has been breeding daffodils since his retirement in 1988. Recently a fellow top breeder asked John at the Royal Horticultural Society Show in London if he would like the honour of naming a new variety in recognition of his breeding skills; he chose the name Banstead Village, and it will be available in bulbs this September. About thirty new varieties of the plant come out each year. At a recent show in Banstead John took off fourteen top prizes for the uniqueness and quality of his plants. I am obliged to Roland Rignall of Caterham for supplying this information, and wonder if any member is related to green-fingered John.

OPEN ALL HOURS

I am grateful to Evelyn Tank for spotting an article about Petersfield's Midland Bank, which was recently inadvertently left open all Friday night by a cleaner. One of its customers, trying to discover if there was any banking service on a Saturday morning, opened the door and walked in – only to find the bank totally deserted! The bank spokesman who explained what had happened was a Mike Goddard; he assured customers that their confidential files and money were not accessible.

CELEBRATING A CENTURY

Jennifer Walker, via Julie of Newbury, has kindly sent me a cutting celebrating the one hundredth birthday of Miss Amy Goddard, a former nanny, who spent her working life in Yatesbury. Amy was one of five children and was born in Stanford in the Vale in Berkshire. Her father died when she was seven and her mother, Ruth, moved to Yatesbury with the children seven years later to work for the Lee family, who had bought Yatesbury House Farm. Amy began work as a nanny to the farmer's two little girls, and then moved to Rectory Cottage while working for the vicar of Yatesbury. When their mother died in 1953, Amy and her brother Bill continued to work at the Rectory, subsequently retiring to a bungalow in the village. Eleven years ago she moved to Dunstan House in Lickhill Road, Calne, where she celebrated her birthday. Congratulations to Amy, please, via any member who may claim her as a relative.

LONGEVITY

Goddards or, to be more accurate, the female of the species do seem to live to a great age. Amy above, and now Dolly. I am grateful to Evelyn Tank for a cutting celebrating the 98th birthday of Dolly Goddard on 24 November 1996. Formerly a pastry cook for Fullers in Queen Street, London, from 1927 to 1964, she now lives in sheltered accommodation in Stechford, Birmingham, and says she enjoys playing bingo and singing karaoke every week. Let's hope she, too, makes a century.

DIVERTED TO AFRICA – 8

In January 1943 my wife and I with our two children, Kathryn and Howard, were posted up-river to Pimu hospital in a forest area in the Province of Coquilhatville. I was to do a locum for Dr Ernest Price to enable him to go on furlough to South Africa. He was a capable hard-working, single man who was also a keen musician, having imported his own piano to Pimu station.

We boarded a passenger steamer at Bolobo and travelled northward for several days to reach a small village near the apex of the arc formed by the River Congo, at about two and a quarter degrees north of the Equator. (Bolobo was about two and one eighth degrees south of the Equator). About half way through our voyage we crossed the Equator at a city named Coquilhatville (Coq for short) on 26th January 1943. It was originally named Equatorville, and now it has reverted to its African name of Mbandaka.

Our voyage on the steamer *Reine Astrid* ended when we moored overnight at the small village where Dr Price had come to meet us. Next morning we disembarked and boarded a small canoe, which our colleague had hired. He had one or two other canoes ready to transport our belongings, such as camp beds, a refrigerator, and other items, in view of our expected stay of eight months. Our paddlers propelled the canoes in a single-file convoy up a narrow stream through the forest for several hours, singing lustily from time to time to boost their energies and morale.

Dr Price enlivened the tedium of this journey by falling out of his canoe, to the astonishment of all! He had stood up suddenly to offer to take a paddle from one of the Africans, just as they swerved to negotiate a bend! He stood laughing in the shallow water, and we joined in the merriment. But our paddlers maintained a polite solemnity throughout, compatible with their customary etiquette. However, some time later they burst into peals of laughter for no apparent reason. They had bottled up their amusement for the requisite span of time so as not to hurt the feelings of their white passenger, lest he should lose face!

The canoe trip ended at a point on a dirt track motor road. A pick-up lorry from Pimu hospital driven by an African chauffeur conveyed us eastwards through the forest until our mission station was reached. Our new colleagues, excluding Dr Price, numbered four. They were Mr and Mrs Allen, one nurse (Miss Codling), and one pharmacist (Mr Moore). The latter was an asset (non-existent in Bolobo) who could manufacture an iron tonic from rusty nails, prepare spinal anaesthetics in a test tube for abdominal surgery, and do lumbar punctures when required.

The African infirmiers understood French, and also

the trade language of Lingala, beside their own local Bantu tongue. Lingala was familiar to me, but I was not fluent in it as in Bobangi. Mr Allen, head of the station, was an experienced veteran with a sense of humour. He could service the hospital lorry as well as his own private car. The African chauffeur was dismissed by Mr Allen, soon after our arrival, for some misdemeanour, and I was requested to drive the pick-up lorry myself. My British driving licence was left at home in Britain, since we had had no cars or motor roads in Bolobo, up to that date. So it was required of me to pass a Belgian driving test. The nearest government official able to test me happened to be a White Russian who had passed his own test a short time before! He graciously passed me and I became qualified to drive our lorry, with varying fortunes as will be explained hereunder.

My adventures with the Pimu lorry began when the engine began to cough and splutter and then stopped. It restarted with a running push by the infirmiers, only to splutter again to an obstinate halt. I had a metal drum full of paraffin for my refrigerator, which sheltered under the same roof as the petrol drum for the lorry. Mr Allen watched his workers refilling the petrol tank of the hospital vehicle with my paraffin which was intended for the fridge. The arguments that followed defy description! But the error was remedied and the lorry behaved normally thereafter!

Then one day I answered an early morning emergency call to a man who had fallen out of a tree. I drove a short distance along the motor road to pick him up and bring him back to hospital. The lorry stopped on the return journey because its petrol tank was empty. Our White Russian friend happened to be in Pimu at the time and sent a team of prisoners running down the road to push the vehicle back to the mission station. Prisoners were in abundant supply owing to the rubber markets and the numbers of unfortunate men who had failed to harvest their proper quota of rubber!

Our same friend faced me with a dilemma one morning as I was about to start an operation list. He sent a written request that I motor westwards to a village that was a great distance away, to do a post-mortem on a man who had been stabbed in the abdomen. He added that I might still find the man alive, and so I must come prepared to do an emergency operation! Mr Allen advised that such an emergency was too far out of reach. The Russian replied by asking me to answer several tricky questions. One of these was: "Does your mission refuse to treat Roman Catholics?" This preposterous idea convinced us that I must go to see the injured man, but only after completing my morning list of operations. Later that day I set off westwards by lorry with two

infirmiers through the forest. By nightfall we had not reached the patient. Calling in at a Roman Catholic mission we learned that one of the nuns had stitched the abdominal wound and sent the man home to his village, which was still some distance ahead. We found the patient to be feverish, but otherwise surprisingly well! He and his wife boarded our lorry and we set out eastwards in bright moonlight which was, however, obscured by the tall forest trees. Our headlights were dim and I drove gingerly, especially when crossing streams over bumpy log bridges. Brakes were applied as we approached them. We came unexpectedly upon one such bridge and sudden braking caused the cable brakes to pull the vehicle alarmingly towards the right edge. We barely crossed the bridge when the right wheels went over the edge of the embankment, and we turned a gentle somersault into a swamp below (at ten minutes past midnight!). Help arrived from a village ahead, and men with ropes hauled the lorry back onto the road, singing cheerfully about the “Mondele” (white man) who had caused so much fuss in the night. Nobody was badly hurt, and my paddling around in the swamp caused filthy water to soak through a bandage on my leg and reach an ulcer that had been causing trouble for some time. *Mirabile dictu!* The ulcer healed rapidly after such unorthodox treatment! Our rescuers trundled us along to their village and transferred our patient and his wife to another lorry owned by a Portuguese merchant, who happened to be away. His African chauffeur emptied the vehicle of a load of palm nuts and took us all on board and conveyed us safely back to Pimu in the early hours of the morning. The following day our head of station recovered our stranded lorry and brought it back to Pimu hospital.

MARTIN'S BELLE

I am grateful to Margaret of Worsley for spotting an article under the above heading in the Nigel Dempster column of the *Mail on Sunday* on 20 April. Former BBC war correspondent Martin Bell, who defeated Neil Hamilton in the Tatton constituency, has been twice divorced. His current girl-friend is said to be 30 year old Fiona Goddard, daughter of farmer Bob Goddard from near Pluckley in Kent. She is a former pupil of Ashford Girls' School and Reading University, and now works for a London financial institution. She is described by friends, according to the article, as “pretty and bright”.

ENVIRONMENTAL OFFICER

Listening to the radio the other day, Mildred of Ramsbury heard mention of a Jill Goddard who is currently the Environmental Health Officer of Lewisham Council. Any connection with one of our members?

WINNING POEM

John of Deddington has persuaded his sister, Association member Jane Falloon, daughter of our first Patron Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, to submit the poem below which has just won a competition. Jane writes: “I have become somewhat addicted to doing the *Spectator* competitions – this is the fourth effort of mine they have printed in the last eighteen months and the second bottle! And I keep trying.....”

Under the heading “Flavour of the month” in the issue of 15 March, the comment reads: “In competition No. 1973 you were invited to write an acrostic poem about March, the first letters of the lines spelling out COMES IN LIKE A LION. The prizewinners get £25 each and the bonus bottle of Isle of Jura Single Malt Scotch whisky goes to Jane Falloon.” Our warmest congratulations to Jane. Pity she lives in Ireland (our only member in that island); it's rather a long way to go to help celebrate!

Cavorting boys are buffeted by squalls
Of wind as sharp as claws; they race for shelter.
Mothers with infants wrapped up tight in shawls
Exclaim as gusts blow hats, caps, helter-skelter.

So mauling March comes in, wild month of rain.
It flummoxes the weather-vanes on churches.
North, south they go, and back to north again;
Like whirligigs the cocks spin on their perches.

Impervious to this ranting, roaring spite,
Kaleidoscopic sunshine comes and goes,
Enriching tapestries of flowers with light –
Aconite, snowdrop, crocus, pale primrose.

Lazily, lions soon settle down to sleep;
In calmness following equinoctial days,
On hills and mountains new lambs prance and leap.
Now all is tranquil. Sheep may safely graze.

BIRTH CERTIFICATE

Does any member claim descent from Frederick, the son of George and Mary Goddard of Salisbury? Further clues: Frederick was born on 16 April 1838 and his father, George, was a druggist in the city. If you recognise your ancestor, Mrs Margaret Young, 376 The Meadway, Tilehurst, Reading, RG30 4NX has his birth certificate and would like to give it to you. Please write direct to Margaret. *Julie of Newbury.*

ARTHURIAN LEGENDS

Margaret of Worsley, a keen fan of King Arthur and Camelot, has written to tell me of a new book of Arthurian Legends which mentions a Godard (one ‘d’) quite a few times. Unfortunately, she writes, he “was not a good man”!

HIGHLIGHTS FOR A GODDARD FAR FROM HOME

My trip was never planned as a genealogical tour, but I always did have every intention of visiting the areas where my ancestors had spent their lives. I wanted photographs to put in my folders, I wanted sights and impressions to remember and, if possible, I wanted to come back with information I couldn't gain from sitting at the computer at the local Family History Centre. It seemed a tall order as I listed, at home, all the addresses I would need to find, all the village churches I would need to visit and the headstones in the cemeteries I would need to find. As it turned out, the highlights were not only in the villages, the churches and the cemeteries.

Highlight number one – and probably the most memorable highlight of my entire trip – occurred on my first full day in London, July 5th. My mother was born at 62 Wimbledon Road, Lower Tooting, London in 1916 and emigrated, the youngest child in her family, in 1920. I knew the house, the end one of seven terraced houses, was still standing three years ago. A trip on the underground train system to Tooting Broadway and then I climbed the steps and came out into the street to see all the words I had been brought up on – Tooting, Wandsworth, Summerstown, Lambeth, Wimbledon Road. It was a great thrill to stand in front of the house my grandparents and aunts and uncles had lived in and the one where my mother had started her life. Unfortunately no one was at home, but I knocked on the neighbour's door and was invited in to see the layout of the house, and then found to my delight that the owner knew a great deal about these houses. He took my photo sitting on the fence of number 62, and I 'stole' a little piece of the brick and concrete fence to bring home. It has given my mother a great deal of pleasure to 'see' her home again.

I spent July 31st in Reading. For four years I have written to Sidney Gold, a Reading citizen who is interested in his city's architecture and artists. One of those artists is Albin Burt, my great great great grandfather. Sidney has, over the years, supplied us with a great deal of information on the Burt family, and in January of this year found in Portobello market in London a miniature Albin painted of his mother Mary Roberts Burt – a real find. I was eager to meet this friend and I was not disappointed. He had planned a very full day and we had to run to keep up with him as he took us around the addresses my ancestors had lived at. I photographed modern buildings and motorway roundabouts which now occupy these sites, but to balance that I was able to put flowers against headstones and spent a few quiet moments with the people who helped make me the person I am today. The highlight of the day was the appointment we had with the curator of the Reading Art Gallery. It was a special moment when I saw, laid out on a tressle table, ten of Albin's paintings. They were there to handle, to examine and to photograph, and in due course I received laser copies of them all. Here was something I couldn't get by visiting the Family History Centre. I will always thank Julie of Newbury for 'finding' Sidney for me.

The next day, August 1st, I did thank her when we went to Newbury to meet both Julie and Brian. They were our

guides for a tour of Goddard territory. When I first joined the Goddard Association in 1989 I wrote to Julie for help with my research. I hope she will agree with me that over the years we have written as friends, so it was as a friend that I arranged to meet her. We had a great day visiting the historic stones at Avebury, the Goddard monument at East Woodhay church, Aldbourne and the Wilton windmill, the gallows at Coombe Gibbet and the unusual pews at Minhar church. The day ended at their home where I saw all the Goddard files in her study. It's always nice to put a face to a name (especially as it's my name too!) and a home to an address.

My next genealogical highlight happened in north Wales – Conway, Hawarden and into England at Chester. Sir John Conway was Albin Burt's great grandfather and our earliest family history is in this area associated with the family farm at Kinnerton, a few miles from Hawarden. On August 17th I had the opportunity to visit Conway Castle. This stronghold was built from 1282 to 1287 and had an atmosphere and charm not found in all castles. I loved the countryside, especially in this part of Wales, and I felt at home in this ancestor country. The next day we moved east to Chester, calling in on the way at Hawarden, a few miles from the English Welsh border. A look in the churchyard produced no headstones unfortunately, but something far more rewarding was to happen in the next half hour. Sandy Lane Farm, Kinnerton, Cheshire (the border must have moved!) is the address for Albin's mother and uncle on an old family document. The farm was extremely easy to find and in the yard was a family whitewashing the barn. On enquiry if this could be my ancestor's farm, the owner said, "You're not a relation of Fred Roberts are you?" Bingo. A log of wood, held together by borer, was produced from under the hedge and carved into it was 'F.R. 1800'. The wood had hung over the door of the farmhouse until it was demolished about ten years ago and a new home built. I am now the proud owner of a photograph showing the old house with the sign over the door. This generous family thought nothing of taking the photo from their album and insisting I have it. If only I could have brought the log home, but I'm sure Customs would have found every reason for it to stay in England.

An hour later and I was sitting in the Public Records Office at Chester viewing thirty-two of Albin's paintings. How I wished a member of my family had been there to treasure this moment with me. Instead, to come back to reality, it cost me £90 to have twenty of them lasered, £4.50 each compared to £1.50 a copy at Reading! Still worth every penny to bring back home another item not to be found on a computer.

Highlight number five was in Leicester, the home of my Goddards. On September 25th I met my guide for the day by Leicester's lovely city clock – Julie of Newbury's sister Brenda. We walked around family addresses in the city, one of which was New Walk, a beautiful tree lined walking street where my great great grandmother, Ann Goddard, had lived in 1841. From there we took the car to Evington, Thurnby and Houghton-on-the-Hill to wander amongst headstones of several generations of my Goddards. Joining us, totally unexpectedly, was a peacock – a somewhat tatty one I must say!

RESEARCH CO-ORDINATORS' REPORT 1996-97

This year the research report is going to be remarkably short. We will take the optimistic view that our members are so busy working away at their family trees, using the data available in their local Record Offices and libraries, that they have had no time to contact us. If this is the case we would prefer that you take a breath occasionally and send the results of your researches to us so that we can, perhaps, help the less fortunate people who are at present stuck in a cul-de-sac.

As you will have seen from the Newsletter, Julie has very reluctantly retaken the reins as Research Co-ordinator for a short period while some other approach to the answering of members queries can be worked out. Although we have one or two members who are willing to answer letters on specific Goddard families or geographical regions, we need many more offers of help of this nature to make this a viable alternative to the present system of one person doing the majority of the letter writing. Our thanks are to those members who have offered their help to members researching the families coming from their speciality Goddard families or particular areas of the country, or countries, remembering how helpful some of our members from Australia and New Zealand have been over the past year.

Only one more pamphlet of Goddard family trees has been published this year; this is the first of the Cotswold group of

On hands and knees we dug dirt away from the base of headstones sunk well into the ground and copied the words, knowing they were too faint for the photographs. This was a day to remember and it finished with Brenda giving me a tour of her village, Woodhouse Eaves, and the cemetery where her relations are buried. Back at her flat I saw her wonderful collections of teasmades and scarves, both of which she has displayed on television.

My final genealogical highlight was at Edgbaston Old Church in Birmingham on October 2nd. This attractive church, now in a very busy city, was where my Albin married his Sarah in 1810. It is also where Australian Association member Malcolm of Brisbane's ancestor Samuel Aspinwall Goddard is buried in a very handsome grave. But best of all, the church was open. I sat in a pew and thought about all I had learned of my forebears on this trip to England. And to top it off the caretaker was in the grounds and I could have my photo taken sitting in the autumn sunshine in this churchyard.

I visited Hursley, Whaddon, Nash and Drayton Parslow in Buckinghamshire, and Bardney and Potterhanworth in Lincolnshire, and I found locked churches and even a locked churchyard. Of course I know the reasons for a locked church and I imagine the decision to do this to the local church is not taken lightly, but surely the reason for having a church is the very reason why it should be open.

I feel I achieved what I set out to do – I have many photos to help my research, I have seen my villages and I certainly came home with items to show my family. And the long list I started with? Well, only one name remains – Paddington cemetery, now called Willesden, in London where a great grandmother is buried. Purposely left, of course, for my next trip!

Julie of Christchurch

families. This family from around the town of Chipping Campden on the Gloucestershire / Warwickshire border has been researched and written up by Leslie Goddard of Birmingham. We will possibly have the material for a second chapter on this area later this year. If that material is not ready in time, we hope we will be able to publish some further trees from the North Wiltshire family.

All the pamphlets we have published are for sale here at this AGM, or from Richard our President at some later date.

There is so little new work to report this year that I will take the opportunity to repeat a couple of comments from previous years.

Now that there are examples of the style that we have adopted for the publications for members to see, the Executive Committee hope that more members will put pen to paper to provide a tree and a story that can be turned into a similar publication. As we said earlier, the aim is to publish about two chapters each year in the form that members may make up into a loose leaf binder. In order to spread the work over a wide number of authors and a variety of Goddard families, the chapters will not usually be published consecutively. This will reduce the pressure on any one writer to complete a chapter for a print deadline before he or she is happy with their efforts. There may, of course, be several 'chapters' to a section as, for example, the North Wiltshire branches where this may run to six or seven 'chapters' and take four to five years to complete.

Finally, what is now the annual request is again aimed at those members who belong to the North Wiltshire branches – please will you recheck all the names and dates on any family tree that may have been handed down to you. With the advantage of modern sources of information, major errors have been detected in the original work done on the Wiltshire Goddard branches by Victorian researchers and these errors have been multiplied by being recycled many times. We still have virtually no verifiable information from about 1820; plenty of names and dates, but no places. We need places! This is particularly important as the quality of the publication for the future chapters will wholly depend on those of the present generation supplying details of their predecessors. Please tell me where your relatives lived between, say, 1800 and 1900. Knowing this detail there is much more information that can be collected from the census returns for those specific places. You will find transcripts of the 1841 to 1891 census returns are now readily available for consultation at your public library or local history society.

Brian & Julie of Newbury

NEW MEMBERS

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

Mrs Edna Atherton, 10a Crowstone Avenue, Westcliffe-on-Sea, SS0 8HU.
Mr & Mrs Ronald P. Goddard, 193 Inham Road, Chilwell, Nottingham, NG9 4HY.
Mrs Jill Hickey, 28 Dawson Drive, Trimley St Mary, Felixstowe, IP11 0YW.
Mr Lee Parry, 21 Weston Park Avenue, Shelton Lock, Derby, DE24 9ER.

1998 AGM

The 1998 AGM will be held at the Goddard Arms in Swindon once again.

1997 AGM

Buxton in mid-May is a decidedly warmer place than in early April on the occasion of our last visit in 1993. Just over fifty members attended the Association's 11th AGM and a dozen apologies were received, including those of two Committee members, Treasurer John of Shrewsbury and Philip of Swindon. In welcoming everyone, the President made particular mention of new member Peter from Canada, who claimed he had just come over to fill in his tax return, and Alice Godard Allen and her husband Edward from Connecticut; not only is Alice our very helpful USA co-ordinator, but she currently holds the Presidency of the Goddard Association of America and it was an honour to have her with us.

The Minutes of the last AGM were approved and signed; there were no matters arising. To compensate for his absence, Treasurer John had submitted a written report with the annual Accounts, which had been duly audited; this indicated a healthy balance, and he promised to answer any questions by post. (As usual, any member wishing to have a copy of the Accounts should also write to the Treasurer.) One small point of concern was the falling off in the number of subscriptions paid when set against the apparent rise in the number of members. May I remind anyone with a twinge of conscience that subscriptions are due on the 1st April each year, at the basic rate of £7.50 (OAPs £5.00) though donations of more would be thankfully received and applied to further research. This rate has remained the same for several years and there is no intention of raising it in the near future despite the ever increasing costs of postage. Payment by standing order is very much welcomed; please apply to John for a form. In his absence, he was thanked for his hard work.

Brian of Newbury gave the Research Co-ordinators' Report on behalf of himself and Julie, and this is to be found on page 7. He stressed the fact that Julie has only taken back her role on a temporary basis and that, before an alternative scheme of arranging for different members to be responsible for answering questions on different areas or family trees can be put in place, we still need a volunteer to take over her tasks. Secondly, he appealed for more material for future publication; four monographs or 'chapters' had so far been produced, but we could not maintain the aim of two new ones each year if members did not supply the material.

The election of Officers then took place, Richard of Malvern being returned as President and John of Shrewsbury as Treasurer. Annica Leach had indicated her wish to step down as Secretary after seven years and she was warmly thanked for her efforts on behalf of the Association, as was her husband David for providing the computer back-up for her work. Eileen of Accrington, Membership Secretary John's wife, had kindly offered her services and she was duly elected. On the Executive Committee David of Kew and Margaret of High Wycombe retired by rotation and were re-elected.

Sunday 17 May 1998 was chosen as the date for next year's AGM, the venue being the Goddard Arms at Swindon. And the idea of a genealogical workshop in place of a talk was accepted, so start storing up all those questions on general – not specific – research that you have long wanted

to know the answers to!

The presentation of the Howard Goddard-Jones Memorial for 1996 was then made. This went to Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith in recognition of his service on the Committee until ill-health had forced him to stand down, for his production of material for a first chapter on the High Peak Goddards – and in anticipation of material for the second! – and for the efforts he had put in to the arrangements for holding two AGMs at



Buxton. At the President's request the presentation was made by Alice Godard Allen. There followed an illustrated talk on the surrounding Buxton area given by one of Albert's friends.

ROBERT GODDARD

Though I shall almost certainly have to wait until Christmas before I can enjoy it, I am told that Robert Goddard's next novel is now available. Peter Millar of *The Times* writes: "*Beyond Recall* is a tale of how old money, hard won in the Alaskan gold rush at the turn of the century, becomes the root of poisonous family rivalry a generation later back in Cornwall. When a derelict turns up at a wedding in the wealthy Napier family and then hangs himself in the garden, Chris Napier sets out on a tortuous investigation of the real story of the murder of his great-uncle and the possible mistaken verdict which caused a man to hang and his family to inherit....The plot twists and turns as Chris....discovers a story of greed, lies, arson, child abuse and a very real conspiracy to exact vengeance on him and his father." By all accounts the ingredients of another excellent Goddard thriller.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Australian Co-ordinator:	Stewart Geddes, 12 Hollydale Close, Berwick, Victoria 3806.	Tel: 03-9702-1261
Canadian Co-ordinator:	Mrs Peta King, 607 - 6th St SE, High River, Alberta, Canada, T1V 1K7.	
Membership Secretary:	John Goddard, 2 Lowergate Road, Huncoat, Accrington, Lancashire.	Tel: 01254-235135
New Zealand Co-ordinator:	Julie Goddard, 2/36 Young Street, Christchurch.	Tel: 03-3371565
President & Newsletter Ed.:	Richard G.H. Goddard, Sinton Meadow, Stocks Lane, Leigh Sinton, Malvern, WR13 5DY.	Tel: 01886-832404
Research Co-ordinators:	Brian & Julie Goddard, 11 Chandos Road, Newbury, Berkshire, RG14 7EP.	Tel: 01635-32851
Secretary:	Mrs Eileen Goddard, 2 Lowergate Road, Huncoat, Accrington, Lancashire.	Tel: 01254-235135
Treasurer:	John W. Goddard, Coton Grange, Shrewsbury, SY1 2PD.	Tel: 01743-357866
USA Co-ordinator:	Mrs Alice Godard Allen, 68 Suncrest Drive Extension, Somers, Connecticut 06071, U.S.A.	Tel: 860-749-7878