



The Goddard Association of Europe

NEWSLETTER

No. 53 - MARCH 2000

TO RUSSIA AND BACK

Margaret of Worsley has been in correspondence with Annette Kimmich-Goddard of Berne, Switzerland, for some years and has kindly sent me the following article written by Annette:

“Please, no more caviar sandwiches! As an Association member in Switzerland, apart from reading the Newsletters I do not have much opportunity to participate in meetings or to meet Goddards. Nevertheless, I am always interested in what goes on, and thought that a few may be interested in some of my activities.

I work for the Swiss National Science Foundation, where I am responsible for the administration of a programme of co-operation between Swiss scientists and their counterparts in Eastern European countries. As a result of my contacts with foreign participants, I was asked to work in the organisation of a conference in Earth Sciences in Moscow. Having grown up with the Cold War and all the negative publicity, it seemed a wonderful opportunity to visit Russia, not merely as a tourist, but on a working visa, to see for myself how the people live and what the country, albeit a small part thereof, was like. I decided that, despite the anything-but-positive reports in the mass media, I would approach this adventure with an open mind.

My first experience of another way of life started long before the actual trip. The working visa was to prove a problem. I knew how to go about obtaining one, but my Russian colleagues were not convinced. New regulations, of which I was unaware, had not reached them. I needed an invitation from the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, but the friends in Moscow were quite convinced that a personal invitation from a research institute would be enough. After four visits to the Embassy in Berne, innumerable faxes, e-mails and telephone calls, and with three days to spare before my flight, my visa finally came through.

Three hours out of Zurich, we were approaching Sheremetyevo airport, my first glimpse of the Russian capital. As we touched down it all seemed so normal, just like any other

international airport, but this first impression was deceptive. The airport itself was nothing unusual but, after collecting my luggage and going through the immigration and customs formalities, I stepped into a different world – a time warp – forty years back to the past! I was met by Igor, who had been sent as my companion for the first few days, and he hurried me to his car. It is not so far to the city centre, but the roads are in such a bad state, with deep potholes everywhere on the motorway, that any journey takes much longer than the distance would imply. However, we finally reached my hotel, very near the centre of the city. This hotel belongs to the Academy of Sciences, and is used for visitors to the various institutes. I was given a room with bath. The room itself, although pretty run down, had everything necessary,

a bed, a desk, a wardrobe. When I closed one door then the other would open on its own, and for a while it seemed I was part of a clown number at a circus, trying to get both doors closed. The window was broken, but this didn't bother me so much as the room was overheated, and this way I always had 'fresh air'. I turned my attention to the bathroom, and Michael Palin's *Full Circle* came to mind. Did I have a bath plug? Yes, I did – but unfortunately it was too small for the bath and too big for the washbasin; but at least I had one and, with a little inventiveness, I managed to solve the problem. Inventiveness was also called upon when I wanted to use my laptop. I had asked for a three-pin plug months before my journey, and had always been told not to worry. I would have a plug – but there was no plug (I took a screwdriver with me). Luckily I had adaptors for almost every European country in my luggage and, by combining three of them, I managed to get my laptop plugged in, an event which was accompanied by flying sparks and a terrible crackling noise; but it worked.

I soon found that inventiveness is one of the most important aspects of Russian everyday life. What you haven't got, then you make or modify to suit the occasion. My colleagues all had cars, but when parked they were secured with all sorts of home-made devices to block pedals or lock steering wheels. The radio is always taken out before leaving.

During my stay I became sick and had to be taken back to my hotel. This was a major logistical problem. I couldn't be expected to go back on the Metro (which I always enjoyed using and which has the most spectacular stations with mosaics and sculptures). It was decided that a taxi was needed, and so we (Igor and I) stood by the roadside until a slow-moving car stopped to offer taxi service. Then we had to bargain for a reasonable price. Igor asked if \$2

was too much for me to pay for a half hour journey. By this time I was feeling so bad that I would have paid \$50 just to get back to the hotel. Igor thought \$2 was too much and suggested we wait for another car, but my insistence (not too polite by this time) finally paid off and we got in. On the way we had a lengthy discussion on what I might need for this sickness. Would we have to find medication? No, I only needed bread, bananas and mineral water. What sort of mineral water? In Russia there is mineral water for every ailment, and finding the right one is a problem. Igor discussed this with the taxi driver, and shortly afterwards we stopped – to go shopping for my mineral water. I finally made it back to the hotel, but unfortunately not quickly enough, which caused great panic, for whoever has a contagious illness must go to the hospital, where they are kept under isolation until no longer a danger to the population. I promised my Russian companion that I would not die if he just left me alone, so there was no need to call the hotel doctor, and he rushed off, somewhat relieved, calling back that he was going to cook me ‘country bird’ (chicken) with rice. This he did, for sometime later in the evening I received a call to reception to say a package had arrived for me, and when I collected it, it turned out to be said country bird and rice plus tea and sugar ‘to make me better’.

I recovered, at least enough to have numerous adventures during my stay, all of which would make a lengthy volume of short stories. You think this all sounds negative? You think Russia must have been a ‘house of horrors’ for the uninitiated? None of this. My stay was really wonderful. Despite all the difficulties, all the little upsets, I had a great time. The hospitality was amazing. My new friends went out of their way to make my stay a happy and memorable one. I was invited to the Bolshoi, had several private visits to museums where I was allowed to handle the exhibits, had many invitations to private homes for dinner, was guest of honour at the Orthodox Easter celebrations when I was invited to ring the bells outside the cathedral, and was showered with gifts to ‘remind me of new friends’. Thanks to Swissair I didn’t have to pay excess baggage, the amount of which was sizeable. Now, when the nights are chilly, I reach for my beautiful woollen shawl and the memories come flooding back. If I had the chance I’d go back to Moscow tomorrow. Despite the many things that we would regard as ‘sub-standard’, the hardships that the Russians endure, I met a host of people with big hearts, people who were interested in my way of life and were willing to share theirs with me. Moscow is a wonderful, vibrant city, like nothing I ever experienced before.....but, please, no more caviar sandwiches! I’m quite happy with my bread and bananas.”

CAN YOU HELP?

Professor A.J.H. Goddard of 20 Maze Road, Kew, Surrey, TW9 3DE, to trace his great grandfather, who was probably born in Norfolk. John Goddard (born 1827/28 and with father John Goddard) married Hannah Everest at Wrotham in Kent when he was about 40 years old. Hannah’s mother was a Vine from a large grouping of Vines from Wilmington near Eastbourne. The Association has provided the excellent researches of Keith Goddard into the Goddards of Stow Bedon and Breckles in Norfolk, and a John was born, son of John, in 1827 in Breckles. Marriage at 40 was late in life – has any member encountered a possible first marriage to help track his movements from Norfolk to Kent?

THREE CENTURIES

On 1 January 2000 the *Daily Telegraph* printed the memories of two ladies who had both seen three centuries, and one was a Goddard.

Mrs Ethel Goddard, who lives in North Cornwall, was born on 31 December 1899 in Newcastle upon Tyne, the daughter of an art lecturer. Her childhood was spent travelling by train, never stopping in any one place for more than three months, and being educated by her mother, a former teacher. “We used to travel third class,” she said. “The trains were extraordinarily comfortable. Every compartment had a loo ensuite, because there were no corridors. I enjoyed it tremendously.” She married in 1927 Wilfred Goddard, who had won the Military Cross during the First World War, and moved around England with him while he worked as manager at various branches of an insurance company. She has been widowed now for thirty years.

Her first car was a Morris, which she bought soon after the First World War. Her last was a Wolsley, which she bought in 1958. She continued to drive it until three years ago when, at the age of 97, and despite doctors passing her as fit and her licence being renewed, she decided to come off the road.

One of her most vivid memories was as a housewife living in the New Forest during the Second World War and watching Southampton burn. “It wasn’t just bombs, it was real huge fires. I will always remember the glow of those fires in the sky,” she said. “Then, throughout it all, with all the racket going on in the background, I heard a nightingale sing, an amazing, beautiful song.”

Mrs Goddard partly attributes her longevity to her twice daily gin and tonics, one at lunch and one in the evening. But, despite her years, she is also extremely physically active and, if the weather is fine, will walk half a mile to her local shop, then back. “There’s no secret to a long life. It’s nothing to do with me. I’m just vey lucky,” Mrs Goddard said.

FRED GODDARD RACING – 1999 UPDATE

The team have done well again this year, managing to achieve some notable wins. Fred Goddard Racing has run several drivers for many 'one off' races and has taken three drivers through the season in their various championships. Alan Van der Merwe took part in the Formula Ford 1st division, gaining 4th place in the Championship. Matthew Mortlock was running in the Boss Masters (3rd class) and won the Championship.

Earl Goddard (Fred's son) furthered his full-time racing career after starting single seater racing last year. From Formula Ford he moved up into Formula Renault for 1999. After five relatively unremarkable races, he had the opportunity to make a huge jump and take part in a race in the Boss 3000 Formula. These are cars with



an engine just one size down from Formula 1 and so give the feel of a racing car of this capacity. His first try went very well and so the team decided to carry on at this level. In his class Earl won five of the six races he took part in, had poll position in all six races and won the Championship. He got recognition in the international racing magazine *Autosport*.

At the end of the season things did not quieten down. The team went to South Africa for a race in the Sports Racing world cup (similar cars to those at Le Mans). Driving a Tampolli SR2 Sports Car Earl came fifth in Class B at the Kyalami circuit.

Plans for the year 2000 are still undecided, and all depends on budgets. Overall, the team have had a good year and look forward to the challenges of next year.

Denise of Solihull

ODDS AND ENDS

Jennifer Walker has again kindly trawled some Goddard snippets from the newspapers.

One of the three members of a new law firm in Devizes who have all come to law as their second career is Francis Goddard, who has lived at Bishop Cannings for nearly twenty years. He originally took a degree in sociology and natural sciences and, after a postgraduate course at Balliol College, Oxford, taught mathematics and then took a lecturing post. When his wife opened the Bath restaurant, the Walrus and Carpenter, Francis found himself at college during the day, helping in the restaurant in the evening and studying law in the early hours. After qualifying he now specialises in personal injury litigation. He has two brothers who are both barristers.

Goddards at the Commonweal School in Swindon seem to have done well in their GCSE examinations: Jennifer passed in seven with A*s in four and she also passed an AS level in Maths; Kelly passed in eight subjects; and Margaret also passed in eight, four of them at A*.

Betty Goddard is a member of the Chippenham Flower Arrangement Society and helped raise £770 last September by holding a flower festival at the town's St Andrew's Church.

Nicholas, the son of Executive member Philip, has again featured in the news, being a member of the 1244 Swindon Air Cadet Squadron which came seventh out of 37 units competing against each other at a Boscombe Down training day last October. They won three of the thirteen events outright: 5-a-side football, photography (well, father Philip is a professional photographer!), and diorama (modelling). They went up four places from the previous year.

SCOTT GODDARD

Scott Goddard, a music critic, was born at Ore in Sussex on 15 September 1895 and died in London on 3 November 1965. He had an all-round musical education as chorister at the Temple Church under Walford Davies, whose assistant he became, and as a student at the Royal College of Music under Stanford and Charles Wood for composition. His studies were interrupted by war service with the Society of Friends in Holland. From 1921 to 1927 he was music master at Leighton Park School, Reading, but then turned to criticism in London for the *Morning Post* and *The Observer*. His main journalism, however, was for the *News Chronicle* which he served from 1938 to 1955. His more scholarly work was done for the various symposium-type studies after the Second World War and for earlier editions of *Grove*.

Does any member claim this music critic in their part of the Goddard tree?

MY FAVOURITE ANCESTOR

One of the first laws of survival is never to generalise about people; it can get you into all sorts of trouble. So I am about to commit hari kari by suggesting that most people become curious about their ancestry at some time during their life. Of course not! Because it's true! For those who successfully battle their way back up the family tree and discover those long hidden skeletons, there is sometimes much frustration trying to flesh out those dry old bones, especially when some appear to have led particularly interesting lives. So perhaps we all end up with a favourite forebear, one we would like to swap tales with over a pint or two of ambrosia when we pass through the Pearly Gates or, more probably, share a shovel with in the boiler room down below. I've got a favourite ancestor; he is, or rather was, Sergeant Charles Goddard of the 85th Kings Light Infantry, my great grandfather.

A cousin in Hull had found our grandfather's baptismal certificate amongst family debris in the garden shed. George Alfred Goddard had been baptised at Mean Meer near Lucknow in India in 1868. His father was listed together with his regiment and his mother named as Rebecca Jane. This information provided the missing key that unlocked the door to the generation game. Letters to the regimental museum requesting information advised me to visit the Public Records Office in Kew on our next UK trip. There I was able to find Charles's discharge papers from the army in Durham in 1870. This was a fascinating document providing details of his career spanning twenty-two years with the 85th Regiment, as well as a wealth of personal information. His place of birth was given as Collingbourne near Marlborough, Wiltshire although, when he was discharged in Durham at the age of 39, he stayed on there with his family, initially living in Barnard Castle and later Cockerton near Darlington. Just how or why a Wiltshire man left his regiment in India and was discharged in Durham proved a little puzzling until I discovered the Durham Light Infantry and the 85th were in Mean Meer together, so presumably Charles was attached to a homecoming draft at the time his discharge was due. Whatever the reason, it created a family tradition of Goddards serving in the outposts of Empire with the DLI for the next sixty-four years; for both my father and grandfather, plus at least one uncle, had long careers with the regiment in various interesting corners of the globe.

Charles was baptised in the parish church at Collingbourne Kingston, a village on the edge of the Salisbury Plain, on 29 June 1829. His mother, Sarah, had died the previous February, leaving his father, John, with the unenviable task of looking after three sons and two daughters. In August of the following year his

father must have given up this unequal struggle for he married Hannah Broad, some twenty-four years his junior and who was about the same age as his eldest son. The family lived in Brunton, a hamlet on the outskirts of the village where John was employed as a farm worker. By the time of the 1841 census only the eldest son, David, remained in Collingbourne Kingston, so it would appear the children from the first marriage had flown the coop, perhaps to London for it was at Westminster seven years later that Charles joined the army.

Within three weeks he had been shipped over to Ireland to join the Kings Light Infantry, in whose ranks he was to serve as a Private for the princely sum of a shilling a day. At that time the regiment was based in Tipperary, although they later maintained a military presence patrolling throughout the neighbouring counties to contain civil unrest. It would seem that keeping Queen Victoria's peace was viewed somewhat askance by the more nationalistic members of the local community, for the regimental history makes some reference to hot pursuit and shooting at rebels. This was the time of the Great Potato Famine, a tragedy that denuded Ireland of people by starvation and immigration, so it is likely in today's parlance the 85th were part of an army of occupation in a struggle that had been going on for centuries, a sort of European Wild West.

After two years of playing Redcoats and Rebels across the Irish countryside, the regiment returned to England, moving into Hull Citadel but with various companies posted to towns in Yorkshire. Perhaps it was this taste of the North Country that made Charles decide to settle there when he left the army. The following year yet another shift was made, this time down south to Portsmouth and it was from here in January 1853 that the 85th embarked on *Marion* and *Roman Emperor* for Mauritius where they arrived 73 days later.

For the next three years the KLI performed the rather unexciting chores of garrison duties – albeit in a spot that nowadays is regarded as a very attractive (and expensive) holiday destination. I wonder if Charles ever appreciated this posting at Queen Victoria's expense? In those days, however, such tropical stations were less popular due to the risk of disease, and the regiment was fortunate to survive two cholera epidemics with the loss of relatively few men. Their duties in Mauritius did, however, spare them the dangers of the Crimean War raging in Europe, where both disease and battle would have been their miserable lot.

In May 1856 frontier unrest in the Cape of Good Hope resulted in an urgent call for troops. The regiment embarked in "light marching order" on *HMS Penelope*, leaving their baggage and families behind in Port Louis. They were unable to disembark as planned in East

London because of bad weather, and *Penelope* had to steam to Algoa Bay where they were finally landed after further delays for weather. The trip had lasted three weeks rather than the anticipated ten days, provisions ran short and the men suffered severely from the crowded state of the ship, where 400 of the 600 men on board had to remain on deck through "incessant rain accompanied by stormy gales". Their feat of endurance was later commended by the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. But, as the saying goes, if you can't take a joke you should never have signed up!

After all the rush to get there, the soggy, seasick soldiers were never actually engaged in any fighting, but had to content themselves with marching around the countryside manning various outposts, before shifting down to Natal in June 1858. It was from there that Charles, by now a Sergeant, returned to England in preparation for the end of his eleven year enlistment. On arrival home he was detached from the regimental depot to Northern Ireland as a Recruiting Sergeant based in Lifford. It was here that the family insanity or a love of Guinness revealed itself, as Charles signed on for a further eleven years in the Army.....But perhaps it was love of another kind, for there he met and married Rebecca Jane McNeilance who lived across the river in Strabane. Their marriage was celebrated in the Church of Ireland at Strabane on 25 August 1859 and the couple's first son, Charles Henry, was baptised there in July the following year. Presumably the couple remained in Ireland or with the Regimental Depot until the 85th returned home from the Cape in 1863 for a series of postings around England and Ireland again.

In 1868 the KLI, by then based outside Dublin, was posted overseas once more, this time to India. The voyage from Queenstown commenced on 28 January on board *HMS Seraphis* and the regiment disembarked at Bombay on 10 March for transportation up the coast to Karachi. From there the going must have got pretty rough, for they moved by rail and river barge up country to Mean Meer where they finally arrived on 10 April. By today's standards it must have been an extremely hot and uncomfortable journey, but made particularly arduous for Rebecca Jane who was in the latter stages of pregnancy plus had an eight year old son to look after. My grandfather, George Albert Goddard, was born three months after the KLI arrived at Mean Meer and was baptised on 24 August 1868 at St Mary Magdalene Church.

Late the following year the family left India and returned to England, where Charles spent a year with the Durham Militia before finally receiving his discharge from the army on completion of 22 years service. He left with a silver medal for long service and good conduct plus a gratuity of £10.

The 1871 census listed the family in Barracks Square, Barnard Castle, together with their two sons, Charles Henry and George Albert. Ten years later the 1881 census revealed that Charles, a gardener, but by now a widower after the death of Rebecca Jane in 1879, was living in Fawcett Street, Cockerton, on the outskirts of Darlington. With him at that time were his four sons, including two youngsters who had been born at Barnard Castle, William and Robert.

The long path from a quiet rural hamlet in Wiltshire to Durham was a colourful one that had passed through some exciting parts of the world. I wonder what memories Charles recalled of army life and tropical lands, whilst sitting at his fireside during the long winter evenings. Unfortunately I know nothing of Charles or his various children after 1881 except, of course, George Alfred my grandfather. If perchance anyone can enlighten me on the family 'up north' I would be delighted.

Ian of Wellington

GOLDEN WEDDING

Warmest congratulations to another golden couple. Former Association Secretaries Dennis and Marjorie of York celebrated their golden wedding on 8 December



1999. They spent a week in Madeira in mid-November with Sovereign Travel; very well organised, they tell me, and no wonder – who should be the Area Manager for Madeira but an Alison Goddard. They are now trying to recruit her for the Association!

MONUMENT

Julie of Newbury has passed me an epitaph of 1754 to James Goddard from North Mymms, Hertfordshire:
Praises on tombs are vainly spent
A good name is a monument.

NEW MEMBERS

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

Mrs D. Calderwood, 35 Massie Close, Willen Park, Milton Keynes, MK15 9HG.
Mrs E. Carlson, 3 Castle View, Chester-le-Street, Co. Durham, DH3 3XA.
Mr M. Goddard, 24 Nursery Close, Swadlincote, Derbyshire, DE11 0BQ.
Mr P.E. Goddard, Rowland House, Edfordleigh, Plympton, Plymouth, PL7 5EB.
Mrs L. Perrie, 47 Chestnut Avenue, Midway, Swadlincote, Derbyshire, DE11 0EL.

'GODDARDS', YORK

I am grateful to Margaret of Worsley for providing me with more information on 'Goddards' – or more particularly its garden – the Yorkshire Regional Office of the National Trust, mentioned in Newsletter N° 17 together with a sketch. The following is taken from the information this body has supplied:

"27 Tadcaster Road, Dringhouses, is an undistinguished address, but behind the small brick entrance cottage on a busy road there is a house and garden of remarkable quality. 'Goddards' was designed in 1926 by local architect Walter Brierley for the recently married Katherine and Noel Goddard Terry of the well known family of York confectioners. The garden was designed by George Dillistone of Sevenoaks, a fairly well known designer of the period. He had previously worked for the owners of Castle Drogo in Devon, designed by Edwin Lutyens. Dillistone and Brierley corresponded frequently during the design stage and tried to harmonise their work wherever possible. The result is a house and garden complementing each other.

The entrance drive is planted with an avenue of alternate pink and white horse chestnuts, under-planted with groups of rhododendrons, evergreens and dwarf conifers. Passing to the right of the house and following the path through the gateway, one arrives at the upper terrace. In Dillistone's original plan this was bedded out annually with 6,000 stocks and wallflowers. The Trust has replaced this labour-intensive design with a permanent planting of mainly herbs, which scent the area in hot sunny weather.

From the upper terrace in front of the house, the basic design of this part of the garden is clear. The sloping ground has been terraced and divided into sections with dense green yew hedges. To the left there are short herbaceous borders, linked to the bowling green, and from there a path leads to the tennis court. The dominant feature visible from the upper terrace is the rose garden (now grassed over) and its pool. During the last year four rose beds have been restored: one each of Rosa Gruss an Aachen, Nathalie Nypels, Irene Watts and Octavia Hill. This is the most formal area of the garden and relies heavily on its simple structure of lawn, paving, topiary and water for effect.

The pool and the path beyond draws the eye down to the end of the garden. Here in the circular feature under the sorbus tree there should be an ornament as a focal point, to further emphasise this axis, but unfortunately this has been lost. It is at this point that the surprises begin, the character of the garden changing suddenly from formal to informal. Narrow paths wind among closely planted shrubs and trees, which in places spread out over the path creating a new scene at every bend.

The planting is more varied with good collections and berberis and philadelphus, and many smaller growing conifers. There are two pools hidden away in this area, linked by cascades and surrounded with limestone rock-work. The planting in and around these pools is again different from the previous area. There are specially created bog areas next to the ponds where marginal plants like primulas, darmera and rogersias thrive. Around the lower pool the canopy of trees is less dense to allow more light in and thus permit more variety of planting. The path continues around the pool and back through the shrubs, passing the now disused greenhouse and cold frames. The large mown area to the right is the old kitchen garden, now grassed over to save labour.

As late as the 1950s there were three full-time gardeners at Goddards. As the staff is now a single gardener, some simplification of the design has been necessary. After Noel Terry's death in 1980 the Terry Trustees sold Goddards to the National Trust in 1984, to be used as its Yorkshire Regional Office, now providing office accommodation for over fifty members of staff and volunteers. The garden is open by arrangement with the Garden Visits Organiser. Groups are welcomed by volunteer garden guides and the garden tour takes about one hour. The money raised has provided funding for a substantial replanting programme."

TRUE LOVE

Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith spotted the following letter in the *Mail* at the end of November under the title 'Love's not just flash and cash'. It is written by a Clare D. Goddard of Newton Longville, Buckinghamshire. "As the wife of a reasonably wealthy gentleman, married now for 31 years, I would like to offer some advice to those 'Millionaires who can't find love' (*Femail*). Do they really know what they want? I doubt it. Most people think they know, but rarely end up marrying the person they envisaged they would. All have specified their 'ideal woman' as if buying a piece of furniture. This is a big mistake. It means they have preconceived ideas and, in all probability, are ruling out the very women who would make the perfect partner for them. Of course they would like her to be independent, but this does not necessarily mean having a highly paid career. She should, however, be a woman who can think for herself and who is unafraid to voice her own opinions, rather than submitting to their ideas. Are they ready for that? I suspect not. Relax. And stop being 'flashy' with your money because the genuine woman will not be impressed by it. She will be looking for someone she can trust and with whom she can enjoy life – in all its aspects. Give the ordinary girl a chance – you may be delightfully surprised." Does anyone know her?

JAPANESE LEAK

My snippet on the Japanese radioactive leak in the last Newsletter ended with my usual appeal for hopeful identification of the Goddard mentioned – a Professor Tony Goddard in this instance. Imagine my amusement and delight – and the professor's amusement, too – when he wrote in himself and said that he was a member of the Association! Oops! Well, with nearly four hundred names and addresses I'm afraid I just did not make the connection. However, it enabled me to write and ask for a few more details, and he kindly obliged. He is Professor of Environmental Safety at Imperial College in South Kensington, London. His interest is in the safety of industry and its effect on the environment. He has visited the site of the accident at Tokai Mura in Japan – not the private company concerned (which broke all the safety rules), but a wonderfully equipped government laboratory just a few hundred metres distant, devoted to studying just that kind of accident! He has taken the opportunity of asking for help in tracing his ancestors, and this can be found in the 'Can You Help?' column on page 2.

AUTHORESS

Jane Falloon, the daughter of the Association's first Patron, Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, has written an aviation biography. Entitled *Throttle Full Open*, it tells the story of one of the less well known lady aviators of the 1920s, Mary Westenra, Lady Bailey, who in 1928 flew her De Haviland Moth from London to Cape Town and back. It is published by the Lilliput Press at £12.99. Jane is also the author of a children's book *Thumbelina* published in 1997.

BODYBUILDER

The Bodybuilding exploits of Brian Goddard of Walkden were mentioned briefly in Newsletter N° 49. Margaret of Worsley has again kindly sent me a further cutting from the *Leigh, Tyldesley and Atherton Journal* in which Brian is congratulated on having become the British Bodybuilding champion. He took the heavy-weight title for the third time at Glasgow, taking the Over 35s title in the World Amateur Body Building Association Masters. He followed that by winning the Mr Wales crown, entitling him to compete for the Welsh team in the Mr Universe competition in Leipzig in November. Brian, who works out at Cosgrove's Physio Fit in Atherton, turned to bodybuilding after success at both football and squash. Now he is looking ahead to two major events in Germany – the Mr Universe competition and then the World Championships. When he is not competing, he is busy running his own business in Walkden where he offers customers free advice on fitness and nutrition.

TELETEXT

Two items from Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith from the Teletext columns this time:

Family Tree of 22 November: "Needing information about John Goddard born Norwich c.1785. Married twice, first no trace. Second to Ellen Joblin Barnes on 28/8/1842 in London, parish church, Parish of Christchurch, Registration district St Saviours. 4 children:- John, Ellen, William and Robert. Where in Norwich was John born? Ring 0181 460 7946."

Service Pals: "Calling John Goddard, David Shorter (ex regular) Royal Signals 83 Medium Wireless Egypt and Japan 1946-48. Would like to hear from you both. Call John Fryett on 01473 463563."

NEW ZEALAND EXTRACTS

I am grateful to Mrs Pat Bisset of Whangamata, New Zealand, for sending various Goddard extracts from different publications. The first is from a newspaper cutting relating to the First Fleet to reach Sydney on 28 September 1790. The ship *Neptune* carried one Goddard, Thomas alias Gothard, a convict who had left London on 19 January 1790.

The next extract is from the *Landholders Returns* of 1882: Goddard, Charles, carter, Napier. Born 1858 Parsonpods, Shaftesbury. Parents Steven and Jane née Mead. Left London 21 July 1876 on ship *Inverness* – a labourer – arrived Napier 28 October 1876. Aged 18 years from County Gloucs., England. At 21 years in 1879 Charles first married Annie Elizabeth née Storkey – father William. Born 1862. Died 16 September 1897 aged 35 years. Buried Old Napier cemetery. No children. Married secondly aged 40 1898 to May (or Mary) Muleahy. She was 28, born 1870. Died 29 November 1947 aged 77. Charles was a storekeeper in Napier and died 6 August 1935 at 6, Enfield Road, Napier. Buried Park Island cemetery. They had four children: 1900 F, 1902 M, 1904 M, 1917 F.

The third is a set of Goddard death notices, previously copied from newspapers and found in a museum's archives:

Ellen	10 August 1937	74	
Emma Elizabeth	28 June 1937	-	Pat's grandmother
Fred	8 February 1940	72	Pat's great uncle
Frederick George	1 November 1917	46	
George Ernest James	11 June 1944	-	
George Robert	20 March 1945	81	Pat's grandfather
Harry	10 May 1942	-	
Herbert George	13 January 1946	13	
James	6 September 1940	-	
J.S.	12 November 1941	89	
Louisa	8 August 1927	92	Pat's great grandmother
Mary Ann (twin)	2 August 1943	86	
Maud Meredith	9 November 1918	-	
Raydon Frank	4 June 1945	45	
Rosa	30 June 1941	80	
Selwyn Ivan	16 November 1916	13 months	
Vivian Charles	5 April 1935	-	
Wallace	15 May 1942	-	
William Robert	14 January 1938	44	Pat's uncle

TRISHA GODDARD

Margaret of Worsley's tenacity has again paid off, by soliciting a response to her letter to Trisha Goddard, who featured in Newsletter N° 48 and who is making a name for herself on ITV. Trisha, who also enclosed this



photograph, writes: "My name is Patricia Gloria Goddard. I was born in 1957. My father is Peter Goddard from Narborough, Norfolk. He married Agnes Mary Elizabeth Fortune from Dominica, West Indies. Peter has six brothers and sisters, some of whom live in Norfolk and Suffolk and three siblings in Australia." She then asks: "Does anyone know how the Goddards came to be a very prominent family in Barbados, West Indies?"

Julie of Newbury took up the pen at this stage and wrote Trisha a long reply, of which this is the majority: "In the sixteenth century when Barbados was being settled it was seen as a place of escape by Englishmen who wanted to leave their homeland for various reasons. Perhaps because they were on the losing Royalist side in the English Civil War, as Royalists taken prisoner in battles (and who were not rich enough for their families to be able to ransom them) were shipped out to the West Indies and sold as indentured servants to families already established there. Later, when the king was restored to his throne in 1660, many of those who had supported the Parliamentary government, which had ruled between 1649 and 1660, left for other shores. Some because their lands were forfeited for fighting against the king and others because they wanted freedom to worship in other than the Church of England

(one of the reasons for the struggle of the Civil War). Then again, in 1689, the supporters of the Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II, who had thought that he should succeed his father to the throne, were defeated in their revolt. Many prisoners taken then were executed, but others were transported to the West Indies as servants or slaves.

We know that there was a Nicholas Goddard, who went to Barbados with three of his brothers and two sisters before 1649 and have a record of a Nicholas Goddard, a mariner and a bondmaster, i.e. an owner of servants and slaves, in 1660. The American Goddard Association believe that a Giles Goddard, from the monied Swindon (Wiltshire) Goddard family, went to Barbados in the 1640s. However, his descent from this family can be disproved and it is more likely that this Giles came from another Goddard family of Norfolk – which is a coincidence seeing that your Goddard settled in that county centuries later."

PRIZE SCULPTOR

Frank Goddard of Lanelli, has won the Best Sculpture Prize at Turner House for 1999. His recent work has been featured in the *Western Mail* and the *Sunday Mirror*, and he has exhibited at the Victoria Art Gallery in Bath and at the Environment Centre in Swansea. Our warmest congratulations to him.

AGM 2000

The Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held in the Goddard Arms Hotel in Swindon on Sunday 21st May. Full details will appear in the next Newsletter.

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