



The Goddard Association of Europe

NEWSLETTER

No. 60 – OCTOBER 2001

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER AT THE LAWN

I am grateful to Mr Brian Bridgeman of the Swindon Society for a copy of the transcript of an interview conducted on 28 June 1989 by Jill Jefferson-Jones with Miss Esther Mary Elmes, since deceased, but formerly of Covingham, Swindon. She had been in service at The Lawn between 1918 and 1930 for Major Fitzroy Pleydell Goddard until his death in 1927 and then for Mrs Goddard.

The Staff: Miss Elmes heard of a vacancy for kitchen maid at The Lawn from a friend. She held the post for about two years, after which she was made up to Cook-Housekeeper at age 20, which was very young for such responsibility. She was in charge of about ten indoor staff:- three housemaids, three kitchen maids, one between maid, one kennel maid, one oddman (did odd jobs, eg tendering oil lamps, bringing in coal). There was also a butler and a footman. Most stayed for several years and left to seek higher positions. Staff were happy and all these staff lived in attic rooms. Miss Elmes had a large bed-sit lower in the house. There were six to eight outside staff:- five gardeners, two coachmen, two to three laundry maids and one keeper (who lived in a cottage in Broome Manor Lane).

Life in Service: Most girls went into service on leaving school. Maids were recruited through schools, or agencies. Not all at The Lawn were locals. Servants had one afternoon and evening off a week, which could be taken when they wished, provided it fitted in with their duties. Some of the staff went to the cinema on days off; Miss Elmes rarely took hers, covering others' duties instead, as there were always guests to be cared for, especially the Major's political guests. If staff had homes in Swindon, they would go home on their 'day' off, many by bicycle. Miss Elmes walked to Wroughton, to her parents' home, until Rimes bus service started up, possibly in the early 1920s. The maids wore a white apron and cap, but Miss Elmes wore a white overall to distinguish her. She was paid £16 p.a. at first.

Church Attendance: When Miss Elmes became Cook-Housekeeper, the Goddards insisted their staff attended church on Sundays. Miss Elmes wished to go to church, but felt it was wrong to dictate to staff. In her time she saw this custom fade, and staff allowed to choose if, and where, to go. Those who did go went to Christchurch. There were two funerals in the family vault at Holyrood, of a brother and sister of Major Goddard, during Miss Elmes' time. These were not big occasions, as there were few family members left to attend. Major Goddard's funeral was a large affair, however, and he and his wife were buried at Christchurch.

Mornings: Housemaids got up 6.00-7.00 am to prepare the house. The kitchen maid had to get the black 'bogy' boiler going for hot water, and to blacklead the range.

Miss Elmes was woken with a tray. The staff breakfast was at 8.00 am. The dining room breakfast was served at 9.00 am.

Entertaining: The Major did a lot of entertaining. For important visitors a typical main dish would be saddle of lamb. Game was very popular in season, either from shoots on the estates farms, or the keeper would bring say a rabbit or a pheasant in once or twice a week. The dining room table seated 24 guests, and other tables for a large retinue would be provided.

The Visit of King George V and Queen Mary: The King, Queen and a large number of attendants were to have lunch at The Lawn. Mrs Goddard was worried that there was only one bathroom/toilet for residents and staff, buckets and mops were kept in it and it was not fit for the Queen to use! At her request, therefore, one of the best bedrooms in the Blue Wing was made into a bathroom with a small dressing room next door, for the Queen's use. However, shortly before the day of the visit, the message came that the Royal party were to have lunch on the train. There was great disappointment, except that Mrs Goddard had gained her own bathroom, which was always called "The Queen's Bathroom". After Major Goddard died there was much less entertaining; Mrs Goddard did not enjoy it as much as her husband.

Events Out of Doors

Garden Parties: Two to three fêtes each year were held to raise funds for Victoria Hospital, which was Major Goddard's chief 'hobby'. Miss Elmes made ice cream from the milk and cream of the estate's own Jersey cows and then she and one or two other staff sold it around the town. They borrowed a milk cart from the local milkman and pushed it. The ice cream was very popular and people rushed to buy from them.

The Ice House: The structure on

top of the mound was known as the Ice House, and not differentiated from the chamber underground. It was not in use as an Ice House, but garden furniture, flags and bunting were stored in the brick structure on top of the mound for use for fetes etc. The windows were not bricked up then.

Tradesmen: Miss Elmes took food orders to shops in Old Town, which were then delivered to the house, eg she used Eastcott Smith's butchers shop and Masons the grocers opposite. Each morning the fishmonger next to the Goddard Arms – Macfisherjes – brought a large block of ice and the fish order to the house. The ice was put in a large chest in the cellar called the Ice Box. This had shelves in it for food and the block of ice, and when ice was needed it was chipped off this big block. Food was kept also on slate slab shelves in the larder. The servants' entrance (on the East side) was reached through an arched opening in the churchyard wall, just below the formal garden. This led through a covered, tunnel-like passage to a door in the back of the house. The kitchen floor was stone slabbed and a very wide, stone floored passage led from the kitchen out to the rest of the house. Miss Elmes remembered it being wide enough to drive a carriage down. Miss Elmes said that the photograph taken inside The Croft in 1910, which looks like a Drawing Room, could have been taken inside The Lawn; it was so like what she remembers of the house, especially the furniture. For most of her time there, The Lawn was lit by candles everywhere, except for one or two gas mantles in the passages. People took their own candle up to bed. The Drawing Room was lit by oil lamps, tended by the 'oddman'. Electricity was installed, she thinks, after Major Goddard's death in 1927 and before she left in 1930. Down in the cellar was a blocked off door. Miss Elmes was told this led to a tunnel which passed under the Ice House to beyond Christchurch, where it branched. One branch led to Brown and Plummers, Wine Merchants, near the Corn Exchange in Old Town. She never heard what this was used for.

The Hunt: The Vale of White Horse hunt met at various places including the Horse Repository, spilling over into the nearby Market Square. The Horse Repository was on what became Skurrays, now the Co-op Superstore. (It was where Hooper-Deacon kept horses.) Mrs Goddard hunted and had acted as Huntmaster during the First World War. She kept pekinese dogs for showing and breeding and these, with keeping birds and gardening, were her hobbies. The family's solicitor, Mr Calderwood of Townsends in Old Town, lived close by at the Hermitage. Miss Elmes did not have enough money to follow fashion! She bought her clothes from Horders in Old Town.

Transport: The family had one carriage which was kept at The Planks stables, and the groom slept in a room over the stable. When required, they would telephone Skurreys to bring it round. Mrs Goddard drove and also Miss Elmes. Mrs Goddard would drive Major Goddard around.

The Interior of The Lawn: The West side of The Lawn, the side with the formal garden, shows the conservatory on the right, where plants and flowers were grown. Tea was sometimes served in there when guests came. The bow windows, with awnings, belonged to the Drawing Room, a large room which also had a window on the North side. The North side was mainly taken up with the Entrance Hall. The East side held the Dining Room. High up on the East side is a row of small, square windows, which were the staff bedrooms. Below, on the first floor, were the main bedrooms.

Leaving The Lawn: Major Goddard died in 1927, aged 72, and was buried with great ceremony. Miss Elmes became Mrs Goddard's companion. Life was quieter, with less entertaining. In 1930 Mrs Goddard took half the staff to live at Fernham House, near Faringdon, but she did not buy this house. In 1939 she moved to Buckland, at Ashbury, and all the servants went to do war work, but she was allowed to retain Miss Elmes as her companion, until her death in 1947. Subsequently Miss Elmes had the job of clearing out The Lawn for the heir, who did not wish to live there.

CAN YOU HELP?

Mr Harry James Smith-Fenton, telephone number 01388 537718, who put an advertisement in the *Manchester Evening News* on 4 August which was spotted by Margaret of Worsley. It reads: "Does anyone know the family of the late James Henry Goddard, who lived in Laurence St. Gorton from 1938-50?"

AGM TALK

Following the AGM, Peter of Toronto, our Canadian Co-ordinator, gave a talk suggesting that instead of trying to trace one line of your family back into the dim and distant past, it could be more rewarding to trace the various lines of the family forward to the present day. He pointed out that if you were to trace your sixteen great great grandparents and their siblings forward, you would have about 2,500 people on your family tree. Drawing on his experience as a freelance researcher for the Ontario Government responsible for finding the heirs to people who had died intestate, he outlined various techniques that could be employed to find long lost relatives.

ARTIST

I have just been informed that a Judith Goddard teaches at the Slade School of Art. Does any member claim her as a relative?

THE FIGHTING FARMER

Frank Goddard was the first of a very few boxers to be the British heavyweight champion twice. In May 1919 he beat Jack Curphey by a knock-out in the tenth round to win the vacant championship and a Lonsdale belt. His triumph was short-lived. Fighting again only three weeks later he was knocked out in the second round by Joe Beckett, who had defeated Billy Wells, the former champion, in a contest not recognised by the National Sporting Club as a title fight. It was not until 1923 that Frank regained the title when his opponent, Jack Bloomfield, was disqualified for hitting Frank when he was down. After successfully defending his title in 1924, he lost it finally in 1926 when he was knocked out in the third round by Phil Scott 'the fighting fireman', an opponent nine years younger.

In the years between his opponents had included Bombardier Billy Wells who some will remember as the man who struck the gong at the beginning of J. Arthur Rank films; and Victor McLaglen, who later became a film actor, notably fighting John Wayne in the film *The Quiet Man*.

Frank Goddard, christened Percy Frank (but no-one dared call him Percy), was born in Clapham in 1891 and joined the army in the Dragoon Guards before World War One. It was in the army that he took up boxing and discovered he had a powerful right fist allied to a granite chin that could absorb punishing blows. At 6ft 3ins tall and 15 stones in weight he was not a skilful boxer but a

heavy puncher, relying on his chin and strength to see him through. At the end of the war he became a full-time professional boxer, his record until then standing at 35 fights, of which he lost only four and winning 21 of his 31 successes by a knock-out.

After so many wins Frank would put on a show of arrogance at contests which did not endear him to the fans. They would give him a hostile reception when he entered the arena, booing and catcalling to such an extent that his manager would only go in later!

But Frank was a kind-hearted and genial man who knew the value of showmanship and had a great love of animals. At his training camp in Wembley he kept a small menagerie of fowls, dogs, rabbits, a pony and a monkey, much to the delight of the local children.

After the final loss of the heavyweight title in 1926 he retired from the ring. He took up farming and at one time ran a grocer's shop in Colchester. After losing heavily on his investments, he became a farm labourer and suffered poor health for many of his later years, dying at Saffron Walden on 8 December 1957.

John of Accrington

[None of the reports in the boxing press mention his private life in any detail and the Association would particularly like to know if Frank had any family. If any members have any information or know of Frank's circumstances would they please contact Membership Secretary John of Accrington.]

COURT JUDGE

It was good to meet Australian co-ordinator Ian of Balcatta and his wife Fran on their visit to the UK in August. Ian brought with him another cutting from the *Western Australian* concerning an employment dispute between the New Zealand government and one of its employees. The Chief Employment Court Judge in Wellington who heard the case was Tom Goddard.

HMS AFFRAY

In the last Newsletter I wrote of the fiftieth anniversary of the loss of the submarine HMS Affray and the battle former Association member John Goddard had to get the truth recognised. It was almost as if, having succeeded, he felt his mission was accomplished, as he died soon afterwards aged 72. I am grateful to Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith for sending me details from the September *Navy News*. John served in the Royal Navy from 1945 to 1969 first as a rating and then as a commissioned officer from 1960. The last survivor of the ten seamen left behind on the *Affray's* fatal voyage in 1951, he worked latterly as a technical author. He was founder and secretary of the Exmouth Old Boys Association, and a founder member, president and former secretary of the Southampton branch of the Submariners Association.

NEW MEMBERS

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

Mr Tony Goddard, 25554 County Road 136, St Cloud, Minnesota 56301, USA.
Miss Bernice N. Mistrot, 12800 Briar Forest Drive, Houston, Texas 77077-2206, USA.
Mrs Barbara A. Wells, 74 June Avenue, Leicester, LE4 9TE.
Mr & Mrs F.A. Wright, 10 North Home Road, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, GL7 1DP.

NEW MEMBERS FAMILIES

The information below is given to enable existing members to get in touch with new members who appear to belong to the same branch.

Mrs Barbara A. Wells is descended from William Goddard, who was born in 1824 the son of Joseph Goddard of New Mills, Derbyshire, and was married in Glossop parish church in 1851. His children were Mary born in 1854, Hannah 1856, James 1858, Eliza Ann 1862 and Samuel 1866.

Mr & Mrs F.A. Wright, descended from Joseph Goddard, born about 1840 in Normanton, Nottinghamshire; later of North Muskham and Cromwell, Nottinghamshire, north of Newark.

GEORGES GODART

Georges Godart – a variant spelling of Godard – was organist at St Nicholas-du-Chardonnet until his death in 1584. Nothing further is known about him.

RHODESIAN ARTIST

Association member Rosamond Coom, née Goddard, was born in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia – or Harare, Zimbabwe as it now is – in 1935 and was educated there and in Cape Town. In particular she studied at the Michaelis School of Fine Art at the University of Cape Town under Professor Rupert Shepherd. Since 1959 she has exhibited extensively, firstly in Rhodesia at the Rhodes National Gallery, Harare, and also at the Genesis Galleries and the Standard Bank Gallery in the same city. Her exhibitions on the history of the Rhodesian Landscape and Rhodesian National Wildlife and other one-man exhibitions established her as one of the country's leading artists.

In late 1980 she and her husband left the country and settled briefly in the United Kingdom, in Devon. Further exhibitions followed in Axminster and Honiton and in 1982 at the Centenary Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters at the Mall Galleries in London.

But Africa called once more and the Cooms returned to the Cape area, which Rosamond had known well since a child. Sadly her husband's illness and death interrupted her career, but since 1990 she has held further exhibitions at various locations in Cape Town and some of her work is currently on display at Frame Craft on The Waterfront. Landscapes, scenes from African life and animals form the bulk of her work, which is to be found in private collections worldwide.

GODDARD'S GREEN

Mrs Joan Dibble has kindly sent me a note on Goddard's Green near Benendon in Kent. It is associated with the family of Matilda Godard, who is recorded as living in the Rolvendon Hundred in 1348. The family also gave its name to Goddard's Green near Cranbrook. Goddard's Farm, Bonnington, derives its name from the family of Goddard who owned the manor of Bonnington during the eighteenth century.

JAMES GODDARD – CONVICT

The *Family Tree Magazine* for July has a list of convicts in Australia; among them was James Goddard, so I wrote off for details. They are as follows: James Goddard was 25 in 1825. He had come out to Australia in the ship *Baring*; his home town was Manchester. He was 5ft 5³/₄ins and his eyes were hazel. In January 1825 he had escaped from a working party who were clearing scrub on Mr G. Harper's land near Sydney. There is no information as to whether he was recaptured or not. I cannot see a James Goddard baptised in Manchester in the IGI, but of course he may have been born elsewhere but was living in Manchester when he offended. The nearest match is a James Goddard, son of Samuel and Hannah, baptised 24th May 1801 in St Michaels, Ashton under Lyne.

Julie of Newbury

BENJAMIN GODARD

On the front page of Newsletter 54 I wrote about the late nineteenth century French composer Benjamin Louis-Paul Godard. A friend of John of Accrington, who supplies him with any Goddard reference he comes across, has recently sent him the sheet music of a piano arrangement of the famous 'Berceuse' from Godard's opera *Jocelyn* written in 1888. Here is the title page.

ORIGINAL EDITION
(ANGELS GUARD THREE)
BERCEUSE
de
JOCELYN
Composed by
BENJAMIN GODARD.

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Choudreau, Paris

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LOUTH PANORAMA

William Brown and the Louth Panorama by David Robinson and Christopher Sturman. Published by the Louth Naturalists, Antiquarian and Literary Society, 4 Broad Bank, Louth. Price £30.50.

I have recently reviewed this book and I can heartily recommend it to any member who has roots in Louth. William Brown, a local house painter and skilled amateur artist, took the opportunity of repairs being made to the spire of St James's Church to ascend it and draw the town as he saw it below him in 1844. He made many preliminary sketches, but his final 6ft by 9ft work was in two parts from opposite sides of the church. Not only is every house, shed, garden ornament, tree and bush shown, but so are the people in their everyday activities – some are looking up and wondering what the man on the spire is doing. In the book is a list of the inhabitants of Louth in 1849. And yes, there is a Goddard – William, who was a carpenter and lived in New Market. The price of the book may seem high, but the illustrations are superb and two depictions of the panorama with keys are included in a pocket at the back of the book.

Julie of Newbury

FOUR GENTLEMEN IN OREGON

This is the article written by John of Banstead for his local pensioners magazine, as mentioned in Newsletter N° 55, and kindly sent for our use too:

"Having arrived for the American Daffodil Society National Convention and Show a day early, our four enthusiasts decided to have a look around Portland. We were assured by the Bell Captain at the hotel that a bus would take us there, and that it would be available from the car park opposite. Sure enough we found the bus shelter without difficulty, although it did not look like one – all the glass was intact and no graffiti. Inside a young lady told us the bus was number 'fahve' and the fare was 'nahntee-fahve cents' and 'they don't give no change'. Panic was immediate as we had only what the English banks had provided, certainly not less than \$20 notes. 'They take dollar bills,' she said and most fortunately Keith found some. Up rolled the single decker and we queued at the front door where we were faced with a machine (and a driver) which took notes and coins. Every time a dollar bill was introduced the driver pressed a small lever which produced a) a ticket and b) a silvery tinkling sound which presumably was the 5c going into the kitty. 'No change' the sign said. I was not sure who got the money that was surplus but the driver did not look displeased.

Inside the bus, which was fairly full, we found a kaleidoscope of passengers, all colours, sizes, creeds and sexes. We settled ourselves in four vacant seats and, with a roar like a wounded water buffalo, the bus set off across the highway and onto what the French would call a boulevard. Here the comparison stops, because there were no trees, and the buildings were either square concrete blocks or wooden houses which looked as if they had not had a lick of paint since they were built. We were later told that painting was a waste of time as the houses fell down after 20 years anyway. How quaint!

Looking around us we could not but notice our passengers. Just inside the door was an OAP about seventy with a grey pony tail, and dressed in a black bomber jacket with fringes on the arms like Davy Crockett. He wore faded blue Levis and black cowboy boots with silver stars and spurs. He was reading a sports paper. Next to him was a young, very overweight girl with a long mane of red hair which she tossed from side to side like a racehorse ready for the off. Next to her was a young slim Indian girl who was chatting across the gangway to a large man with a goatee beard, looking like Dizzy Gillespie. Apparently his wife was expecting a baby and having a hard time. She was in 'huspiddal' which drew sympathy from his Indian friend. Sounds like 'raht own', 'me too' and 'two thousand dollars?' were heard – there is no NHS there. Next to me was a managerial type, busy reading the *New York Times* and juggling with three crossword puzzles at the same time.

Perhaps I should mention at this point that we must have looked a bit odd in this company, dressed as we were in English type clothes with cameras slung round the neck. However, we seemed to be ignored, and contented ourselves with pointing out unusual sights, and glimpses of Mount Hood in the far distance. Our attention was drawn at one

point to a tabernacle built of dark grey concrete; it looked like a bunker built by the Germans across the Channel in World War II and would have made Prince Charles depart immediately in his helicopter.

Just after this we saw a lad wearing a baseball cap back-to-front (which seems to be obligatory in America) gesticulating to the driver of the bus. Trouble here, I thought; but no – with a 'pschurr' the door opened, then a loud whirring sound and lo and behold the young man appears in a wheelchair! Our red haired lady leaps up, clips back the double seat, and sits next to Dizzy Gillespie, leaving our young disabled friend to pick his way down the gangway apologising for running over the odd foot or two. With a neat flick and turn he clips himself into the seat framework. Can you imagine a 'jobsworth' on London Transport putting up with this? I can't.

At the next stop on strides a tall gent resplendent in a Saville Row suit, black shoes, wearing a black beret pulled forward like a county cap – no Spanish onion seller here, I thought. He also had a rolled umbrella, and an armful of architectural drawings. The only thing missing was a pair of grey spats, but it was a warm day. As he minced his way down the bus to his seat there was absolutely no flicker of expression from the driver or the passengers. We four tourists tried not to giggle and merely raised eyebrows at each other.

Perhaps I should also explain that the driver at each stop shouted things like 'muggalawala' or 'humpty hum drum road' or 'dingyboom avenoo' – it meant nothing to us or anybody else but seemed to keep him happy. At the latter avenoo stop we were joined by a Mexican character wearing a walkman emitting piercing thumps and shrieks who strolled jauntily up the gangway and seated himself right at the back defying anybody to tell him to turn the thing down. He got off after a few stops and, taking off the earphones, turned the volume up louder on his way to the door filling the bus with heavy metal music. As we all peered out of the window he gave us a perfect Hitler salute, and got a round of applause from a bunch of layabouts he joined on the pavement, some of them in a reclining position.

Soon we entered town; everybody got up and so did we. The bus pulled up in a busy one-way street which we guessed was Portland Mall, our destination. On our way out we noticed a small teenage girl seemingly unconscious on one of the rear seats. She had green/yellow/pink hair and was out for the count, or many counts. We departed onto the sidewalk of a wide street of modern buildings marvelling at what we had seen and **ALL FOR NAHNTY-FAHVE CENTS!!!!!!**

PORTSMOUTH CHEMIST

My elder daughter, Diana, has sent me an article from the local Portsmouth newspaper. It is accompanied by a photograph showing the awning to a shop which has A.W. Goddard, Chemist printed on it. Apparently the photograph was taken in 1937 and the shop, which belonged to Arthur William Goddard, was at 196 Kingston Road. Does any member know who this Goddard might have been?

LEGION OF HONOUR

I am grateful to Ian of Balcatta for sending me an article from the *Western Australian Monthly* of 30 April on Philippe Godard, some of whose research was featured on the front page of Newsletter N° 56. The French government has made him a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur in recognition of his successful career in engineering and contribution to French culture and history, particularly his research into early French exploration of Western Australia. The author of 36 books, including a nine volume history of New Caledonia, he is particularly pleased at the honour as his father also received it in recognition of his army service where his engineering skills were in demand helping to conduct the first nuclear tests in the Sahara. Ian has been successful in signing him up as a member of the Association. In response, Philippe wrote: "Do you know that, until the eighteenth century in Normandy (France), the temporary appellation of Godard was systematically given to the man whose spouse was in labour. He should stay in his bed and mime the pains of childbirth in front of all the relatives and friends until the confinement. This strange custom was called 'La Couvade' (from the French word 'couver' for 'to brood'. The popular adage was 'Soignez Godard, sa femme et en couches!' In the same period of French history, a swan (the bird) was often called 'a godard'. I hope these informations will be of some interest for you." Indeed!

TAX COMMISSIONERS AND CROOKS

Which would you least like to meet – a tax commissioner or a crook? Ian of Balcatta in Western Australia has sent me both – or, to be more precise, two cuttings from the *West Australian* of successive days in June. Tony Goddard is the Australian tax office assistant commissioner, and the article concerned his visit to Perth to advise on the country's forthcoming tax changes. The crook is Adam Troy Goddard, a 21 year old convicted of armed robbery in March 1999 and on the run, having walked out of his minimum security prison just three months before he was eligible for parole. His father appealed to him to give himself up, as he had already lost another son, Craig aged 19, who had died in prison after taking an overdose of heroin in 1997. I don't think Ian intends making contact with either!

FOIE GRAS

If you are a foie gras enthusiast and are visiting either of the two French departments of Lot and Dordogne, look out for one of the seventeen shops of Alain Godard, who is a specialist in the delicacy. One of our secretaries, who is a considerable Francophile, has recently returned from the area and gave me a brochure advertising his chain of shops and the foie gras products. The Route de Salviac in Gourdon is the centre of his empire.

ONLY HALF BELIEVE ELDERLY AUNTS

My aunty Win was born in 1897 and died in 1995. She was the sister of my grandfather, Bertram Charles Goddard, who died in 1926 aged 24. The following is a letter that she sent to America, probably in the 1950s: "The farm at Bonnington was held in the name of White who in 1690 married Grace, sister of John Lynch of Grays in Essex, by whom he had a son Thomas and three daughters who married Goddard, Beake and Hawkins. On his death he left one farm to Goddard who afterwards purchased the farms of the children of Beake and Hawkins. He sold the farm at Mersham to Samuel Goddard, his nephew. The farms are still there and at Mersham there is a plaque on the wall which says Goddard's Close. There are lots of new houses."

Julie and Brian will remember that when I started my family research two years ago this was all I had to go on. It didn't mean anything to me as my family came from Folkestone in Kent not Romney Marsh. Thankfully I was well into my research, and had discovered that we were living in Bilsington in the middle of the nineteenth century, when I was told that she had copied most of the letter word for word from Hasteads!

I said we come from Folkestone. Census details in 1851 tell me that my 3x great grandfather, Samuel Goddard, was born in Chapel-le Fern outside Folkestone. In 1861 the census says he was born in Folkestone. I estimate him to have been born about 1811. I can't find Samuel in Capel or Folkestone. Maybe aunty Win was half right. Maybe I should start looking for Samuel on the Marsh. Joan Dibble

TELETEXT

As usual, Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith has kindly sent two items which he has spotted on Teletext. The first is from the Service Pals section: "Seeking Pte. Harry Pearson ex REME from Barnsley. Last seen Thurlstone, Penistone, S. Yorks 1954. Please contact old pal Cyril Goddard, 20 Meadow Crescent, Royston, Barnsley, S71 4DJ or tel. 01226 709796." And from Family Tree: "Seeking descendants of Fredrick Thomas Goddard b.c.17/12/1865 Folkstone. His children:- Robert Bentley b. 17/12/1910. Stephen Page b.c. 6/7/1873 Folkestone. In 1928 Fredrick was in Folkestone, Stephen in Dover. Also Arthur G. Goddard, a fishmonger in Folkestone harbour. Tel 01554 890641 evening."

HMS CONWAY

I am grateful to Margaret of Worsley who was listening to Radio Wales one day recently when she heard a programme on *HMS Conway*. During the course of the programme various captains of the ship were mentioned, one of them being a Goddard. Margaret is now trying to discover more about him, but if anyone else knows of him please tell me.

CHAMPION SWIMMER

Readers of Newsletter N° 55 will recall an article on James Goddard, artist Martin Goddard's nephew, making his name as a swimming champion. I am grateful to Martin for sending me further information on James in the September edition of *Swimming*. In July at Malta's Valetta pool James became European junior champion in both the 400 and 200 metres individual medley events. And not only that. In both races he beat his own personal best time and set a new championship record; and in the 400 metres he beat the British senior record into the bargain. Having achieved these targets, he has now set himself new goals – the Commonwealth Games followed by the Athens Olympics. Now ranked in the world top ten, James is hoping to attract more sponsorship to enable him to achieve these next goals.

RICHARD GODDARD OF CLATFORD

Brian and I made our usual annual visit to Marlborough College Summer School, this year studying Heraldry. We found the course even more interesting than we had anticipated, not realising at the beginning that heralds are still using medieval French to describe the various patterns and beasts which appear on coats of arms.

Towards the end of the week the tutor took the class to nearby Preshute Church to see the newly repainted hatchments (diamond shaped shields with their owners arms painted on a black ground) which were hung outside a house after a death and later moved to the local church. Mrs Audrey Goodwin, the present resident at nearby Clatford Hall (a former Goddard residence), was one of the Heraldry class and it was she who had funded the repainting – for which we Goddards must be grateful. Several of the class joined the tutor, with Brian, myself and Audrey, to look at the table tomb of Richard Goddard of Clatford who died in 1685 on which his arms are carved. I rested my notebook on the top of the tomb and precipitated the fall of a portion of the top slab. The vicar, Rev John Sergeant, says that it had cracked in last year's frosts. Luckily it only grazed my toes! Is this a worthy cause for the expenditure of some of the Association's money? Now the slab has cracked, rain water can get inside and the ivy, which has already attacked some crevices, can get a firm hold. *Julie of Newbury*

SUMMER HOLIDAY

I am grateful to Margaret Young of Reading for sending me a copy of an interesting article in the *Newbury Weekly News* for mid-August on the Marlborough College Summer School. The author is our own Julie of Newbury who, with husband Brian, has regularly attended the Summer School over the last few years, as the article above indicates. She was too modest to send me the article herself.

'JUMBO' GODDARD

Long standing members may recall the article I wrote in Newsletter 18 of December 1990 on John L. (Jumbo) Goddard, whose widow had founded in his memory, with the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand, a Trophy for Achievement. Out of the blue the other day my younger daughter, Julia, sent me an e-mail asking if I was aware of this Trophy, as her firm of structural engineers (specialising in old buildings) had received an application for a job from a holder of the award. Not only could I tell her the origin of the Trophy, but I was able to remind her that the last corner of the Donnington Park race circuit is named after Jumbo.

NOTES ON NEWSLETTER N° 59

Regarding Margaret Dyson's item about the Kettleshulme Goddards, I did an article about this family in Newsletter N° 25 dated October 1992, and they were on Family Tree N° 13 on the Kettleshulme section of the second High Peak monograph. Arthur Nicholas was the elder of the two and wrote a history of his grandfather who started a wheelwright's business in Kettleshulme. Arthur married Marion Bennett, my first cousin, and both over 88 live with their daughter Angela in Knutsford. Marion's mother Ann was my father's elder sister. Ellis sadly died last year and his widow Catherine still lives in Chapel, her home town.

Sylvia North, a new member, is descended from the James and Mary Goddard of Chinley who later moved to Hill House Farm on the shoulder of the hill between Chinley and Hayfield known as 'Peep-o-Day'. Newsletter N° 18, December 1990, shows pictures of the house and the eye-shaped window above the front door which is supposed to catch the early morning rays of the sun at midsummer. The inscription round the window reads 'James - Mary Goddard 1841'. The picture is also shown on page 19 of the Chinley Goddard monograph (High Peak II). Sylvia has supplied another 27 Goddards for a branch of the family that was a bit sparse.

Albert of Chapel-en-le-Frith

SNIPPETS

Thanks to Margaret Young, as always, for spotting several snippets from her Reading area papers. The Binfield football team are captained by Ian Goddard; a Mr & Mrs Goddard have applied for planning permission for an extension to their house at 9 Pasture Close, Lower Earley; sixteen year old Arron Goddard has joined three other lads earning some pocket money by helping to keep Woodley streets clean; Jade and Sam Goddard were pictured making willow hurdles at Hurst Country Fair; and Lambourne business woman Mrs Elaine Goddard, pictured with her husband Tony and sons Andrew aged 12 and Jonathan 5, opened the Lambourne Church fete.

MRS GODDARD – INDIA

On 6 August Julie of Newbury spotted in *The Times* the following letter from a Mr D.A.E. Hunt of Lewes, East Sussex:

“Sir, While living in Darjeeling some years ago, my mother-in-law (a true child of the British Raj) was gratified to receive a letter from England addressed simply to ‘Mrs Goddard, India’.”

Being curious, Julie wrote to discover the identity of the lady in question, and was delighted to receive the following most helpful and informative reply from Mr David Hunt:

“My mother-in-law was Mrs Maisie Goddard (née Fox) and died in 1991. Her husband (my wife’s father) was Leslie James Goddard, younger brother of Wilfrid John Goddard (born in 1898) and elder brother of Harold Goddard and Winifred Roberts. Their father was Christopher James Goddard, who hailed from Essex, in the Ilford / Chelmsford area, and who worked with Prudential Insurance. His wife was Emily.

My father-in-law, Leslie Goddard, was one of India’s most distinguished headmasters. Born in 1900, he read History at Cambridge and was Rector of St Paul’s School, Darjeeling, from 1934 until 1964. He died in 1984 at the age of 84. He established St Paul’s as one of India’s most prestigious schools, where his reign spanned the years before, during and after Independence. Many of his Old Boys are today in positions of distinction and influence in India and around the world and his name is much revered in India. He and his wife retired to England in 1965 and lived for the rest of their lives at Penn, Buckinghamshire.

Wilfrid Goddard had no children. His widow, Ethel, is still alive at the age of 101 and lives independently in Cornwall, a lady of great character, still active in mind and body. Harold Goddard (now deceased) had three children – Brian, John and Jane, all married. His widow, Fay, is still alive, living in Norwich.

Leslie Goddard had two children. His son, Michael John, who worked with Shell Oil for much of his life, died in 1996, leaving a widow Ann and four children – Mark, Jacqueline, Wendy and Nicholas, the three former now all married. His daughter Judy is my wife, and we have three children – Justin, Antonia (now married) and Bruno.

I trust that this Goddard information will prove useful to you and that the Goddard Association will continue to thrive. My wife would, of course, welcome the chance to be in touch with any far-flung members of her family. Good luck with your researches!”

So, if any Association members recognise or are related to this family, please get in touch with Julie of Newbury – address opposite.

HORSE RACING

On 7 July the 4.05pm race at Sandown Park was the Theodore Goddard Handicap Stakes, run over 2 miles and 78 yards and worth £14,430 to the winner. My younger daughter, Julia, inadvertently heard this when turning on the television for something else. My guess is that the race is sponsored by the legal firm Theodore Goddard, who acted for Mrs Simpson at the time of the Abdication Crisis in 1936.

PAUL GODDARD AGAIN

I am grateful to Ann Hockaday for sending an article from the *Daily Express* of 11 July, which indicates that the former West Ham footballer Paul Goddard (featured in Newsletter N° 29), currently the Ipswich youth team manager, is to become the assistant manager at his old club despite a lack of top level managerial experience. He played at Upton Park for six seasons between 1980 and 1986, scoring 54 goals in 170 matches and being capped once by England; he was also a sergeant in the Salvation Army while there. Now aged 41, his career as a player ended at Ipswich in 1993, since when he has had considerable success coaching their youth side.

CHRISTMAS CARD

Artist Martin Goddard has again produced a Christmas card for sale. It is too difficult to do it justice in black and white, but it is of Moor End, Mellor and Cobden Edge; Mellor nestles on the southwestern slopes of the Pennines, overlooking the vast plains of Stockport and Greater Manchester. You can buy packs of ten for £9.99 plus £1.00 for postage, by writing to Martin at 18 Greave Fold, Romiley, Stockport, Cheshire, SK6 4PZ.

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