

Anne Goddard



Amersham Museum Reminiscence Project

2020

My parents: George Wortley and Jane Richardson

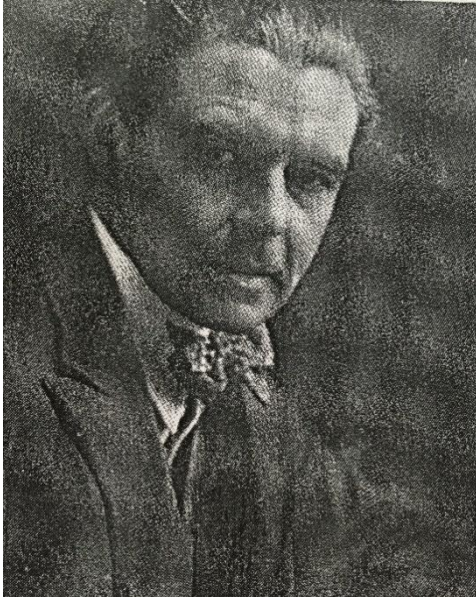
My father was George Wortley (1907-80). He was born in Saskatchewan, Canada on 25 May 1907, the child of George and Jessie. He had an older sister, Jessie born in 1905 or 1906 who was always referred to as 'Girlie'. His younger brother born in 1908 or 1909 was Alfred; we called him Uncle Fred.

Grandfather George had been foreman painter of the Crystal Palace; he had a certificate which we showed to the Crystal Palace Museum archives. They said, "Oh good, that's another name we can add." Then he went to Canada where he married Jessie on 2 March 1905. He described himself as a farmer in his marriage certificate. The family came to England by 1911. There was a story about a prairie fire when a girl – Jessie? - disappeared but was found safe. Perhaps that was a reason for returning. In the 1911 census the family were living in Norbury.

My mother Jane (in all the records she was called Elizabeth Mary) Richardson was born 26 December 1909. Her father, my grandfather, was Henry Richardson (born 1876) who wrote books and was very friendly with James Barrie (author of Peter Pan). That's why my sister was named Wendy. Henry Richardson was General Secretary of the National Union of Journalists for 18 years. We have a Times obituary in the file.

My grandmother was called Ethel. My grandparents on my mother's side lived in a big house at 14 Dulwich Wood Park.

On the reverse of the painting it says: Ethel always wore jet combs in her hair, made her own clothes – always black or white included knitting dresses. She did yoga every day and was a vegan.



*Henry Richardson, from
Times obituary column*



*Ethel Richardson, painted in
the 1960s by Jane Williams:
Ethel's daughter, Anne's
mother.*

Ethel made yoghurt by heating milk in a saucepan, adding two teaspoons of live yoghurt from the previous batch, putting the saucepan on a hot water bottle covered by a cushion and leaving on a chair overnight.



*Left to right: My mother, Jane, plus Liza, Michael, Mona, Tim,
taken in 1920*



*Left to right: John, Jane (Topsy), Mona, Michael, (Lisa) Betty,
Tim*

My parents married in 1927 and I was born on 6 June 1928 in Croydon. My sister, Wendy was born on 12 September 1930 in Croydon. We lived in a garden flat in Norwood until my mother left us in 1934 when I was six and Wendy was four.



My father pushing Wendy in the pram.

Me with dark hair and my sister Wendy with fair hair.





This photograph shows my grandparents Henry and Ethel Richardson sitting with me on granny's knee. Standing behind are my father and mother. The full photograph is overleaf.



L to R Michael, Tim, Mona, Henry, George, Anne, Wendy, Ethel, Topsy Jane, Liza.

Mona wrote a book called *A Thousand and One* about a daughter who had a baby. I think I have a copy. I'm not sure whether it was autobiographical.

We didn't see them much: I think they looked down on us a bit....like the John Cleese, Ronnie Barker and Ronnie Corbett sketch: 'you look down on me and I look up to you'. We got on with most of them. The girls danced a lot.

I didn't like my mother sometimes. If I was being naughty she would put my hand near the fire – not in the fire but near. She liked jolly things; not living with my grandmother Wortley and having two children who were a bit naughty.

This is my grandmother Jessie Wortley with me and my sister Wendy. Granny Wortley always wore a hat.





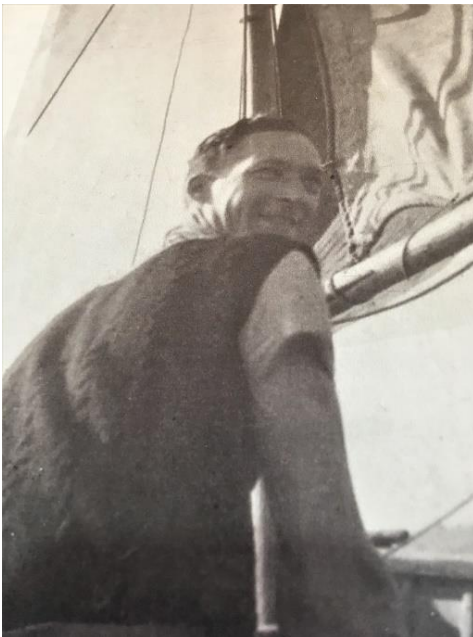
Granny Wortley in the centre wearing a hat. On the left is Jessie ('Girl') Wortley, my father's sister. I'm not sure whether the girl next to Jessie is me or Wendy. One of us took the photo. Jane is on the right.



I think this is 'Girlie' in later life. She was a hairdresser working for Victor Auguste near Harrods.



*This is me (on left)
and Wendy with
our Dad.*



My father loved sailing. His boat was requisitioned by the navy to take part in the evacuation of troops from Dunkirk. It was never seen again.

Later, my father bought a motorised seafaring boat which he kept on the Regent Canal.

After the family separated we went to live with our grandparents who lived in Highfield Hill, Streatham. Granny Wortley lived in a very nice flat at the bottom of the hill. It was in a block of flats with a lovely garden. Granny Wortley was very kind. She looked after us and we weren't very good. We liked her but we played her up a bit – and got into trouble for it. She had lived in Canada and George and his sister Jesse 'Girlie' were born there. We heard stories about Indians and lumberjacks floating huge logs down the rivers; and we also heard about skunks – they used to get in the drawers – gold diggers and caves. She was quite interesting. She was a lovely granny. She gave us lots of spicy, unusual healthy food including sesame seeds which other people thought a bit odd. Granny had terrible arthritis.

Our father had a pioneering spirit. When he walked me and Wendy home from school he would sing cheerful songs by American vaudeville star Frank Crumit:

Abdul Abulbul Amir

*The sons of the prophets were
brave men and true*

*And quite unaccustomed to fear
But the bravest by far in the ranks
of the seer*

Was Abdul Abulbul Amir

And tongue twisters:

*What kind of noise
annoys an oyster?*

Any noise;

*A noisy noise annoys an
oyster most*

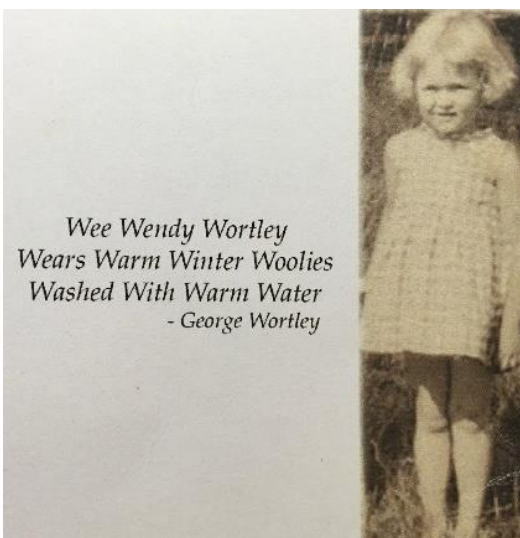
At Christmas Granny Wortley took us to Croydon to see the shops and all the lights. It was bright and cheerful and exciting. I can remember Father Christmas coming down Highfield Hill. My sister and I shared a double bed and on Christmas Eve we had a stocking at the bottom of the bed – or it might have been a pillowcase, I can't remember. In my stocking I might have got a teddy bear, a game of some sort and something to wear. At the

bottom I think there was a tangerine; I don't remember nuts. Shirley Temple films were very popular and the shops sold frocks and skirts similar to the ones she wore in the films. My sister received more presents because she was the pretty one. For example she had a life-size Scottie dog. I expect that was for wearing clothes in an advertisement.



My pretty sister in a 'Rinso' advertisement!

Our father modelled for Aquascutum. My one bit of modelling was for 'Minadex', a horrible tasting medicine so I always had to look miserable! We earned him money that way, I suppose. He was a lovely Dad.



At Wendy's funeral in 2019 her son William referred to the way that my stoicism helped make Wendy's life better than it might have been. When Martin was reading this out to me, I told him I wasn't always very nice to my sister; then Martin read the next bit: "She, of course will deny this! But her efforts helped Mum in more ways than she can realise."

Wendy and I witnessed the 1936 fire of Crystal Palace from our bedroom window. We probably went outside and walked up Highfield Hill to get a better view. The orange glare lit up the whole of the sky.

We used to play knock down ginger – ringing door bells and then running away.

Seeing marigolds reminded me of going to the seaside at West Wittering with our father's girlfriend from Woolworths. Marigolds grew in the ditches beside the road.

George met Margot Winchester (born 4 April 1914) when she was working as an art buyer for the advertising agency J Walter Thompson.



Roman Camp, E Runton Tea Rooms 1938, Margot, George & Jack Tarrant

My father married a second time in September 1939. His second wife Margot was my stepmother and I liked her better than my own mother, Jane. She was catholic. She and George had a son, Michael born on 6 November 1947, so he became my half-brother.

According to research on Ancestry.com, Electoral Roll shows George living in 67-69 Chancery Lane, Holborn in 1938 and then in September 1939 Margaret M Wortley was living at 17 Oakley Street although George is not listed there – perhaps he was away with the army? In the 1946 Electoral Roll George and Margot were living at 18 Osten Mews, Kensington.



George's Valentine Day proposal February 1939:

BLAME ST VALENTINE FOR THIS

YOU LOVELY FASCINATING MISS

I SEND YOU LOTS OF LOVE AND KISSES

AND HOPE THAT SOON YOU'LL BE MY MRS

I don't think Margot's family were very happy about the proposal.

At some stage (certainly by 1952) my father moved to Sarratt with Margot. He travelled by motorbike to Croxley Green; then caught the underground to Baker Street.



My mother Jane holding my half-sister Nicky.

My mother also married again. She lived in Malta during World War II. Research on Ancestry.com suggests she married a second time to Leslie W.C. Bower in 1934 and a third time to John Williams a stockbroker in 1948. In that marriage she had a daughter Nicky Jane, born 2 January 1951.



This photo of Nicky was taken in 2014.

She married Peter Daw who she met at university while studying botany. Nicky taught in a college for the blind where they grew a lot of fruit. She and her husband moved to a house in Hay-on-Wye which had a wonderful garden. They offered B & B. She was also good at art.

Nicky died in 2016.

Schooling

Wendy and I went to a state school in Norwood until granny died in 1938. She was only 58. Then we were sent to a boarding



school in Eastbourne run by three spinsterish women. (Our father was living in a small flat in Chancery Lane) It wasn't very nice. The boarders lacked affection and our initiation was to have empty suitcases dropped on our heads while we were surrounded by screens. The recreation was Grecian dancing and the sport was croquet. We went bathing at Beachy Head. The Sunday uniform was white with panama hats and we went to church and then

wrote letters home. We started writing to 'George' but the teachers made us change it to 'Daddy'. I was 'sent to Coventry' for being rude and excitable to a teacher. For the whole day no one was supposed to talk to me including at a picnic, although they did talk to me later in the day. It was a very traumatic experience. I didn't know what 'being sent to Coventry' was until then.

By 1939 we were sent to the Ursuline Convent, Crescent Road, Wimbledon, SW20 until 1940. The nuns were very nice and kind.

I would have been 11 when the war started in September 1939. I remember we were playing on Wimbledon Common when Neville Chamberlain told everyone on the radio that Britain was at war with Germany. The air raid sirens sounded and we were frightened. We ran down the hill. School was at the bottom of Crescent Road. If there was an air raid when we were at school we sheltered in the basement. In the end there were a lot of us including children from Poland. We had about 60 in a class. Some of them brought chocolate with them; it was rationed for us. It must have been hard for them coming from a different country. We all got on quite well.

I remember going by bus while bombs were dropping to see my aunt 'Girle' who lived in Morden with her husband Victor Auguste, a hairdresser from Alsace. His mother, Madame Auguste was an awful woman with henna hair. If there was bombing in the night we collected shrapnel from the playground and playing fields. In the holidays we went on Wimbledon Common walking and riding horses – usually going over the horses' heads!

My father was going to send us to Canada to get away from the war but crossing the Atlantic would have been dangerous because of the U-boats. Then he was called up into the army and he was sent to Edinburgh to shoot down enemy bombers while Margot, my stepmother was a censor working in Glasgow. So, I went to St Margaret's Convent a boarding school in Edinburgh. We were told to look out for nuns with hairy hands, because that would mean they were enemy spies. The convent was evacuated to Lunga House, a hunting lodge belonging to the family of one of the nuns at a place called Ardfarn in Argyllshire. There was a locked room in a turret full of treasure!



Wendy and me in our school uniform coats St Margaret's Convent at Lunga House



I'm holding Wendy on a bike that was too big for her.

I quite enjoyed my time up there and made some friends that I still keep in touch with. The nuns were nice. Quite a few of the teachers were Irish. I became a catholic – not that it made much difference. They turned one of the rooms into a chapel and we went to midnight mass at Christmas. I enjoyed classical music and sang.

The highlight of meals was on Sundays when we were served sausages – which were not quite fresh. The milk we put on our porridge tasted of garlic because the cows ate wild garlic in the fields. The school was on a sea loch where I learned to swim. On the beach we looked for pearls in the oyster shells...and we found tiny, tiny ones.



I think Florentine Fowler was a Jewish refugee who was at school with us in Wimbledon. We used to go on holiday with her to avoid returning to London.



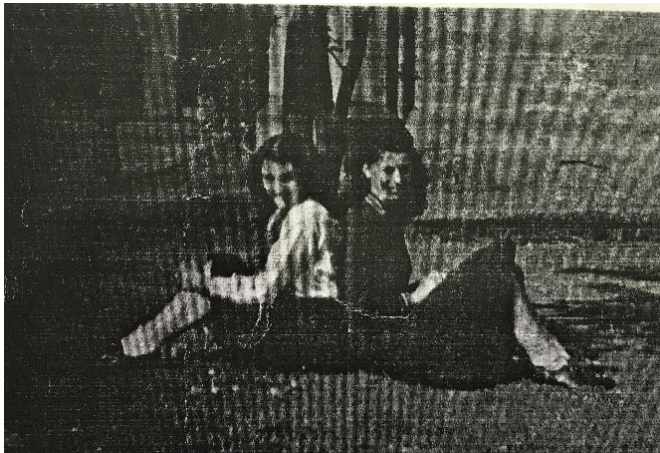
We had picnics on the beach on holy days. There was a dangerous whirlpool nearby called 'Corryvreckan'. Farmers took their lambs and sheep over to the islands for grazing. Some of the highlanders on the islands knitted Argyll sweaters.

It was fun but some of it was sad. I made friends in Scotland and we are still in touch.

There were long gaps when I did not see my parents. It made us quite sad. If we saw a visitor coming to the school we thought it was our parents. Sometimes in the holidays we were taken home by our friends who lived nearby. Other times we had to stay on a nearby farm. It was a bit strange as we Londoners were not used to cows. The Land Girls were a bit funny and teased us.



Oban was the nearest town and it had a cinema but it was quite a distance, so we didn't go there very often. My father got leave and stayed in a hotel in Oban for a day or two so I went to Oban then.



Oonagh Lambert and Pauline Kerr outside the Chapel at St Margaret's Convent.



*Hockey Match at Berwick: Berwick v St Margaret's Convent
1946*

Back row: 4 Sheila Moore (Wendy married her brother, John), 6 Wendy Wortley, 8 Elma Vickers, 10 Eva, 11 Pauline Kerr (we used to stay with her in Edinburgh in holidays; her father worked for ancient monuments)

Mid row 1 Tammy McCrossan 3 Dolores Tortolano (an Italian girl came during the war)

Front 1 (half) Oonagh Lambert 6 Margaret Dalglish

I would have left school by then (1946). It makes sense that travel to Berwick for a hockey match would have been after the war ended and the school had returned to Edinburgh.

I passed my school certificate. I may have left school before the war ended and gone back to live in London because I have some memories of the V1 and V2 rocket attacks on London. I remember that we used to listen out for the motors. When the motor cut out we knew the bomb was going to fall nearby so we willed the motor to keep going.

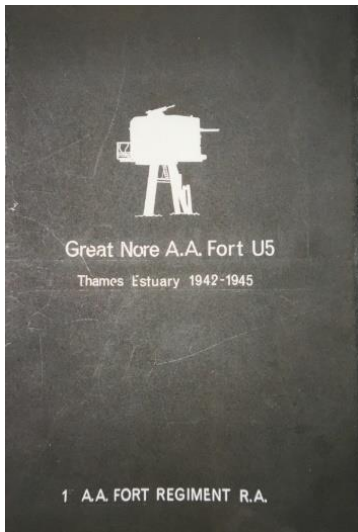
My father's war

George was in the Territorial Army so was called up as soon as war was declared in September 1939. Margot married George just before the start of the War.





George ended the war commanding the Great Nore anti-aircraft battery in the Thames estuary.



George is back row third from the right

After the War

When I met my mother again when I was 18 she was managing an interior decoration shop in Beauchamp Place. She lived above the shop owned by John Flower of the brewing family. I think seeing Jane was a bit unfair on George and Margot. My sister Wendy was more loyal and didn't meet Jane for some years afterwards. In the War she had gone to Malta to decorate the RAF place.

I started training to be a nurse at Chelsea Hospital for Women. I lived in a nurses' home.

I was aware of work by Archibald McIndoe. My mother used to know him because she lived near East Grinstead where McIndoe was based. She used to drive ambulances.

Sir Archibald Hector McIndoe [CBE FRCS](#) (4 May 1900 – 11 April 1960) was a pioneering New Zealand [plastic surgeon](#) who worked for the [Royal Air Force](#) during the [Second World War](#). He greatly improved the treatment and rehabilitation of badly burned aircrew.^[1]

McIndoe was a brilliant and quick surgeon. He not only developed new techniques for treating badly burned faces and hands but also recognised the importance of the rehabilitation of the casualties and particularly of social reintegration back into normal life. He disposed of the "convalescent uniforms" and let the patients use their service uniforms instead. With the help of two friends, Neville and Elaine Blond, he also encouraged the locals to support the patients and invite them to their homes. McIndoe kept referring to them as "his boys" and the staff called him "the Boss" or "the Maestro".

Important work included development of the [walking-stalk skin graft](#), and the discovery that immersion in [saline](#) promoted

healing as well as improving survival rates for victims with extensive burns – this was a serendipitous discovery drawn from observation of differential healing rates in pilots who had come down on land and in the sea.

Later years

After the end of the war McIndoe returned to private practice. His speciality was the "McIndoe nose".

McIndoe was created [CBE](#) in 1944 and after the war he received a number of British and foreign honours, including a *Commandeur de la [Légion d'honneur](#)* (Commander of the Legion of Honour)^[3] and was [knighted](#) in 1947 for his remarkable work on restoring the minds and bodies of the burnt young pilots of the Second World War through his innovative reconstructive surgery techniques.

McIndoe, A. H.; Banister, J. B. (1938). "An operation for the cure of congenital absence of the vagina". *Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology of the British Commonwealth*. 45: 490–494.

McIndoe, A. H. (1950). "Treatment of congenital absence and obliterative conditions of the vagina". *British Journal of Plastic Surgery*. 2: 254–67.

McIndoe, A. H.; Simmons, C. A. (1959). "Discussion on the treatment of congenital absence of vagina with emphasis on long-term results". *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine*. 52: 952–54.

Wikipedia

My training took me into the operating theatre in Chelsea; I would hold the bowls into which the surgeon would place body parts that he had cut away. I remembered men with beards who wanted to be women. McIndoe developed a plastic vagina. McIndoe would come to Chelsea Hospital to perform surgery on these people and I would be in the operating theatre.

With a friend from school I moved to Boscombe Hospital near Bournemouth for two months where I nursed men which was not as good. We lived near the station and trains kept me awake.

I passed my practical assessment but failed the theory exams.

Then I went to Malta to look after a baby as an au pair. The journey was very exciting: by train and ferry to Paris and then train to Rome and on to the Messina Straights passing Vesuvius and finally boat to Malta. I stayed for a few days with a school friend, Pat Peters. I lived with the Bevan family, including baby Sarah in San Pawl Tat-Targa for a year. The father was in the forces. I wouldn't have had me at that age. I think people should choose more carefully. When it was time to return, the parents asked me to fly home with the baby while they drove home. I was a bit petrified of flying (my mother tried to get me to be an air stewardess). We landed at Blackbushe airfield, Camberley. I took the baby to the grandmother until the parents arrived a month later. I was not meant to leave, but they gave me permission to go for a day to see George and Margot and my mother Jane. I stayed away two days which was a bit mean of me leaving the baby with two old ladies. They were nice people.

When I returned to England I lived with George and Margot plus half-brother Michael in Cromwell Mews and worked at the King's

College of Household and Social Science, Camden Hill as a lab technician with Professor John Yudkin who was experimenting with feeding rats protein and non-protein diets.

Professor John Yudkin

In 1945, shortly after the end of the war, he was elected to the Chair of Physiology at [Queen Elizabeth College](#) in London (then the King's College of Household and Social Science). Over the next several years, under his leadership, the college and the [University of London](#) established a BSc degree in nutrition^[1] (the first degree in nutrition in any European university). ^{*[citation needed]*} Students were taught an integrated series of courses including not only chemistry, physics and biology but also relevant elements of demography, sociology, economics and psychology. The first students were admitted in 1953, and in 1954 the Department of Nutrition was officially opened and Yudkin's Chair was converted into a Professorship of Nutrition. During the following years the Department won an international reputation not only for the strength of its research in the physiological and biochemical aspects of the subject, but also for work in such topics as nutrition in the elderly, food surveys in defined populations and the psychology of [food choice](#), and it attracted numerous students from outside the UK, many of them from [developing countries](#).

Wikipedia

I also worked for Broseley Studios, a photographic business. I was given tickets to the opera.



*These photographs were taken
for a Vogue competition in 1952.*

*On the reverse, the following
information: Ann Wortley*

2 Red Lion Lane

Sarratt

Herts

Age 23

Height 5' 3 1/2" Bust 33 1/2"

Hips 34 Waist 23

Shoe size 4 1/2 Glove 6 3/4

I married my husband Frank Goddard in Marylebone Register Office in 1954.

I worked for a dentist, Mr Van der Pant who had famous patients including Dorothy L Sayers (crime writer of Lord Peter Wimsey novels), Penelope Mortimer (wife of Rumpole playwright), Stanley Spencer (artist). There was an American patient who brought me 100 cigarettes on a regular basis. Two psychiatrists operated from the same building. The Australian Prime Minister Robert Menzies was a patient. I left Mr Van der Pant when I was five months pregnant with Eva.

Peter Francis Goddard

Peter Francis (Frank) Goddard was born on 19 January 1932.

DA 061519

CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY OF BIRTH.
Pursuant to the Births and Deaths Registration Acts, 1836 to 1874.

(Printed by Authority of the Registrar-General.)

B. Cert.
R.B.D.

Insert in this Margin any Notes which appear in the original entry.

Registration District				WOOLWICH						
1932. Birth in the Sub-District of ELTHAM				in the County of LONDON						
Columns -	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No.	When and Where Born.	Name, if any.	Sex.	Name and Surname of Father.	Name and Maiden Surname of Mother.	Rank or Profession of Father.	Signature, Description and Residence of Informant.	When Registered.	Signature of Registrar.	Registration Name, if added after Registration of birth.
470	Nineteenth January 1932. Woolwich Memorial Hospital, Shooter's Hill	Peter Francis	Boy	Henry Charles Goddard	Else May Goddard formerly Cracknell	Engineer of 6 Eliot Vale, Blackheath	A.C. Goddard, Father. 6 Eliot Vale, Blackheath as per Declaration dated 14th February 1937	Nineteenth February 1937	[Signature]	

I, One William Smith, Registrar of Births and Deaths for the Sub-District of ELTHAM, in the County of LONDON, do hereby certify that this is a true copy of the Entry No. 470 in the Register Book of Births for the said Sub-District, and that such Register Book is now legally in my custody.

WITNESS MY HAND this 19th day of February, 1937.

CAUTION.—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this Certificate, or (2) uses it as true, knowing it to be falsified, is liable to Prosecution under the Forgery Act, 1913.

[Signature] Registrar of Births and Deaths.



His mother was Elsie May Wortley nee Cracknell.

During the War he was evacuated to live with aunts, uncles and cousins in Feltwell, Norfolk. They were farmers and Frank wanted to become a farmer but aged 17 (in 1949) he started working in the Design Studio belonging to my father, George Wortley in Baker Street. He attended the Gravesend School of Art with Peter Blake.

Sir Peter Thomas Blake [CBE RDI RA](#) (born 25 June 1932) is an English [pop artist](#), best known for co-creating the sleeve design for [the Beatles'](#) album [Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band](#) and for two of [the Who's](#) albums. His other best known works include the cover of the Band Aid single "[Do They Know It's Christmas?](#)", and the [Live Aid](#) concert poster.^[1] Blake also designed the 2012 [Brit Award](#) statuette.

Two of his other boasts were that he played tennis at Wimbledon which was not true and that he played tennis with Sheila Hancock which was!

My sister, Wendy went out with Frank first but then he started going out with me and we got married in 1954. I have a letter dated 7 May 1954, signed by George Wortley, Managing Director of Zec Ltd relating to Frank's return to employment with the Studio from 17 May at a salary of £9 per week. (Margot was listed on the letter as the other Director.



Blandford Place



Marylebone Register Office



We started married life in a little house 1 Blandford Place, off Baker Street (that has since been demolished).

My sister, Wendy married John Moore in 1954. He was in the French Foreign Legion when she married him.



This may have been taken on honeymoon in Spain

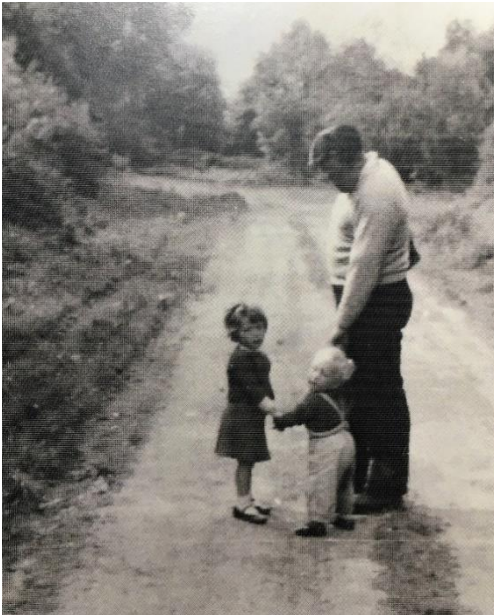


Our daughter, Eva was born in London (in a large hospital off Tottenham Court Road) in 1956. We named her after our lovely Swedish landlady Eva Linnell who worked at the Swedish Travel Bureau and married Ricky Hall in the Danish Church.

How we came to live in the Chilterns

My father's sister, Jessie, lived in Amersham and was very friendly with Elsie King who was married to Tom King who ran the chemists shop in Old Amersham (where Seasons is now). Jessie first met Elsie when they both worked as secretaries in Regent Street, London. We used to visit my aunt in Amersham and I remember we slept in lovely beds with eiderdowns. We were very little when we first went there. We would go to the Amersham Charter Fair.

One of Tom King's relatives had a butcher's shop in Chalfont St Giles. We heard he was selling a house in Chalfont St Giles so we bought it. That is how we moved out of London to a little house beside the Lagger opposite John Milton's Cottage in Chalfont St Giles.



Our first son, Mark was born on 14 February (Valentine's Day) 1958 in the Stone nursing home in Chalfont St Giles. It had a very smoky fire in the bedroom.



Mark and Eva



*Mark, Eva and me at the
seaside.*





*Eva and Mark at Chalfont St Giles Congregational Church
Sunday School*



*Eva was bridesmaid to one of
her teachers who rented a
room in our house*



Then we moved to this house, 136 White Hill in Chesham. Chesham was a good place to live and commute into Baker Street.

Daniel was born at home (in this house) in 1965.



*Daniel, Mark,
Pookie the rabbit
and Eva, 1968
Chesham*



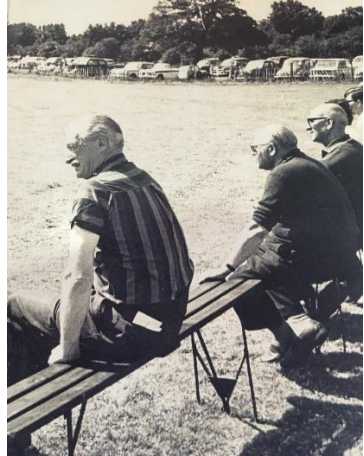
*Mark and Daniel
with the dog,
Cassidy, so-
called because
he had a limp –
hopalong...*

Frank had polio in his childhood and spent some time in hospital, so he had a limp too.

Zec Studios



*George
Wortley*



*George
loved
cricket.*

My father, George started working as a commercial artist with Zec Design Studio in Baker Street before the War. No. 128 Baker Street is just South of Marylebone Road, now KfC.) He worked with Charles Bannerman and Philip Zec (the owner) who became great friends of my father and were courtesy uncles to Wendy and me. Charles Bannerman was a Scot and a very good artist who also contributed to the Jane cartoons in the *Daily Mirror*; we have one of his sketches. Philip Zec became a cartoonist for the *Daily Mirror* in 1937.



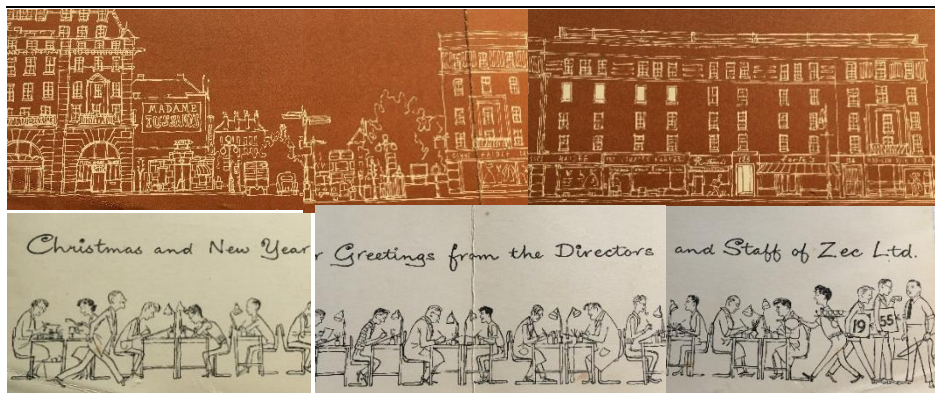
Sketch by Charles Bannerman

Jane is a [comic strip](#) created and drawn by [Norman Pett](#) exclusively for the British [tabloid](#) newspaper [The Daily Mirror](#) from 5 December 1932 to 10 October 1959.

Philip Zec (25 December 1909 – 14 July 1983) was a British political cartoonist and editor. Moving from the advertising industry to drawing political cartoons due to his abhorrence of the rise of fascism,^[1] Zec complemented the *Daily Mirror* editorial line with a series of venomous cartoons. He was considered such an opponent during the Second World War that his name was on a list of persons to be arrested immediately if the Nazis had invaded Britain. His cartoon on VE-day was said to have been a key factor in the Labour Party's 1945 general election campaign. ^{Wikipedia}



After the war George started to buy the company which was still called Zec Ltd until the name was changed to Compass Studios, I think this may have been in the 1960s



The Zec Company Christmas Card 1955



Christmas Card 1959



Frank at work

The firm was involved in the advertising campaign for Esso, 'put a tiger in your tank'.

PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK!



Put a tiger in your tank" was a slogan created in 1959 by Emery Smith, a young Chicago copywriter who had been briefed to produce a newspaper ad to boost sales of Esso Extra.

The tiger wasn't Smith's invention. He'd first appeared as a mascot for Esso in Norway around the turn of the 20th century. But it wasn't until the end of the Second World War - and the resumption of petrol advertising - that the tiger made his US debut.

He was a very different character back then. Cute, amiable and in cartoon form, he closely resembled Tigger in Winnie-the-Pooh and was intended to represent a new post-war optimism after years of shortages. He also gave an identifiable face to Esso in a market where brand differentiation has never been easy.

It was in 1964 that the character really hit his stride with a campaign developed by McCann Erickson. As Esso sales soared and the advertising be-came the talk of adland, Time magazine declared 1964 to be "The Year of the Tiger" along Madison Avenue.

Wikipedia

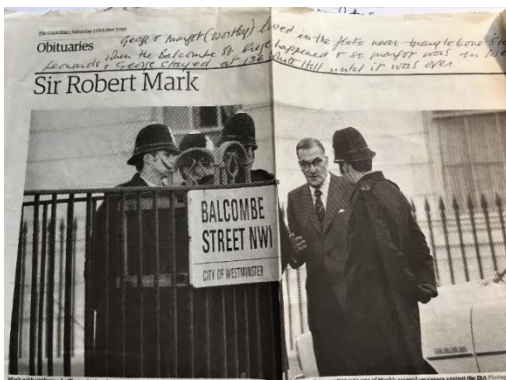
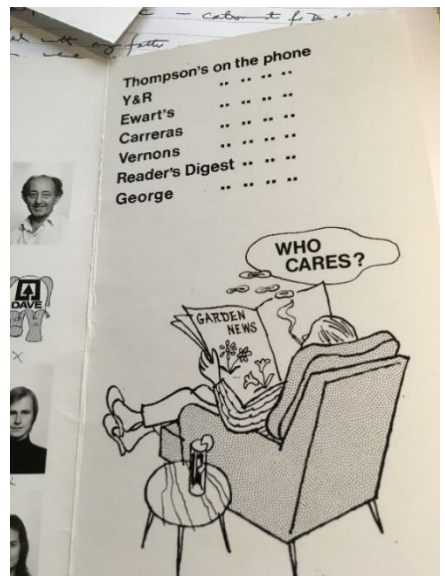
Colleagues at the Studio



Frank's colleagues at Zec Ltd in a company greetings card. George Wortley is top row on the left and Frank Goddard is top row right. Margot Wortley, my step mother is next to Dave, the elephant. There is no date but probably late 60s or early 70s judging by some of the hair!

The signatures below with Frank include Michael Wortley (not on the photo) John P and Doreen and a barely legible signature (Rich G?)

Frank John P.
 Mike Wortley
 Doreen
 Rich G?



Balcombe Street Siege 6-12 December 1975

George and Margot lived in nearby flats in Marylebone. When the siege happened Margot was in West St and George stayed at 136 White Hill until it was over.

Life in Chesham



Oak House Playgroup at the White Hill Centre.

It was owned by my next-door neighbour, Mary Nicholls and I was a member of staff.

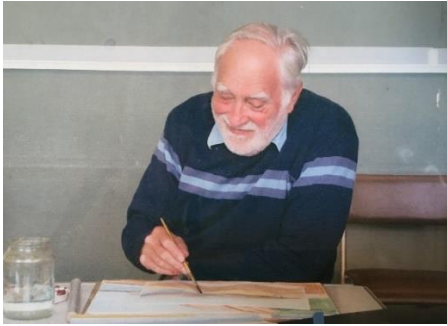
L to r: Anne, Joy Malden, Mary, Ann Dwight.

We had to have inspections so I was told what to do but we could use some initiative



I went to Holland with Mavis, my friend from Oxfam. She had friends or family there. We visited the big dyke at Zuiderzee (March 2009).





When Frank retired he spent a lot of time doing art at the White Hill Centre.

I have lots of examples of his art in the house and some of it is shown below in the section on 'My artistic family'.

Frank did some lovely carpentry and produced many wood carvings



Frank made this coffee table



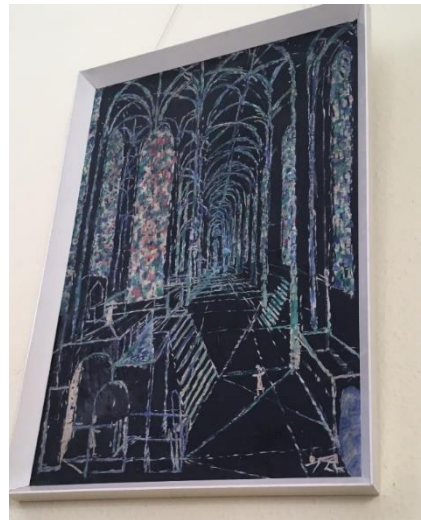
Frank made this dolls' house.



*Frank made the fireplace.
The tiles were made by
Daniel's first wife, Jo.*



I worked at the Sudanese government agency in a little square near Oxford Street with Mary Blakstad. Rolf was a Canadian artist and we have two of his paintings.





*We travelled to Canada to see where Frank's father was born,
and Frank painted these scenes.*

Our grandchildren



Frank's Grand-Girls

Clockwise from the left: Saffron, (Eva's daughter), Molly, Alice (Mark's daughters), Georgie and baby Nancy (Daniel's daughters)



*Frank
painted this
picture of our
grandchildren*

Molly and Alice

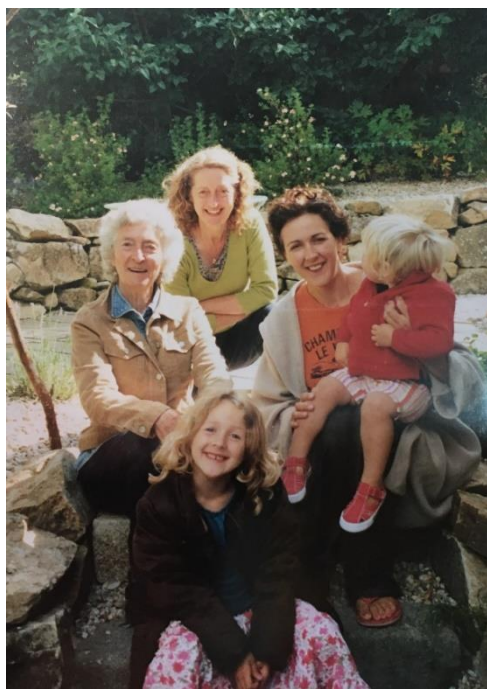
Molly was the one who made all the clothes.



*Cathy, Georgie and baby
Nancy*



Cathy and Daniel at Nancy's birth



*Anne, Eva, Cathy with Georgie &
Nancy*

Eva, Anne and Saffron





Anne with Milo Daw



Frank with Mark, Sarah, Molly and Alice

My poetry

My grandchildren inspired much of the poetry I wrote in the 1990s and 2000s.

A pair of pink knickers were left
at our house,
Too small for an elephant too big
for a mouse
Do they belong to Saffron, Alice or
Molly?
Someone living in a palace, a
tent or a jolly?
Rather like Prince Charming, taking
round the shoe
The knickers need a bottom +,
it could belong to you.

Molly, you are so very rude.
As you know I'm not a prude
"Bloody hell gran," you could say
"How are you & how's your day"

Admittedly, I was quite abrupt
Only to know if you had supper
I'll bear in mind another night
To try to be more polite.

"Hello darling, are you cooking?
Or for your homework details
looking?"

Bloody hell Moll, how are you
What mischief have you
been up to?"

www. Gran. godavk.

Two young girls from Nolting Hill
Once placed on their windowsill
Thirty one Barbie dolls
(This was during summer hols)

Barbies & girls in gorgeous
dresses
Black, gold & auburn
shining tresses.

All ready for the carnival
Dancers & jugglers walking
tall.

Music playing with a beat
To make ~~them~~ sing & tap
their feet.

Costumes of exotic hue
We long to join the pageant too.

To Saffron-

Red Ted-

Found under the bed.

Why didn't she shout

'Let me out!'

This isn't my room

I live near Frome.

No ride on a train,

I must suffer the pain
of being wrapped,

So I can be zapped

by parcel post

to the one I love most

Saffron!

I think this was written in 2003

We travelled to Poland to visit the parents of Eva's husband in 1995 and I wrote these poems:

Polish Summer.

Tall straight pine trees
Hot sun, cooling breeze
Brown earth, green grass
Farmer, cows and horse pass.

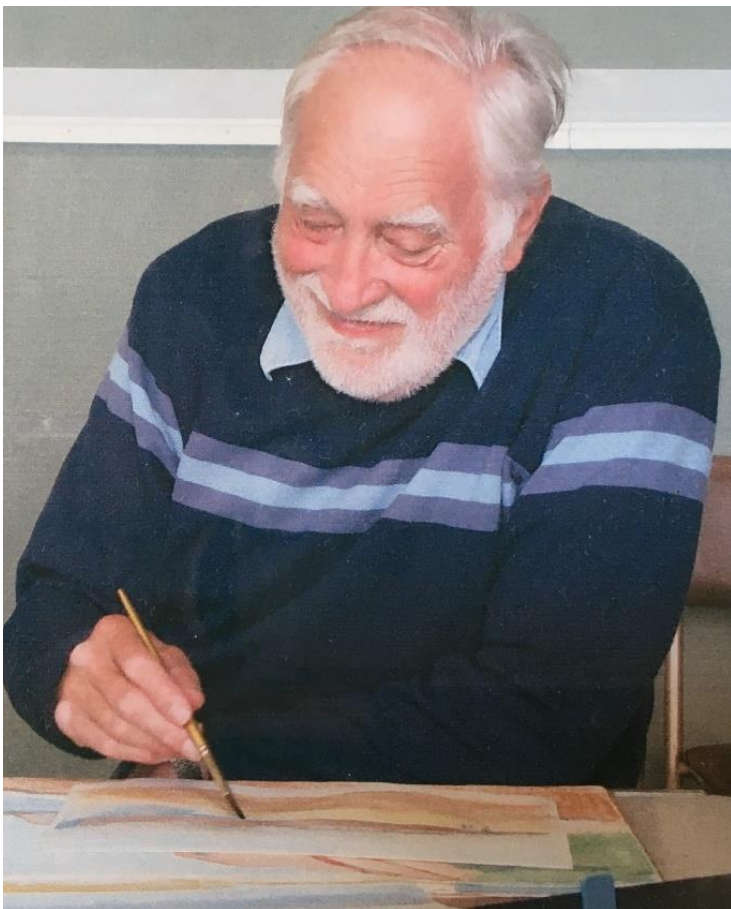
Banks of river grass, sand.
Children playing, suntanned
Birds pecking, cows grazing.
Adults on the bank lazing,
Talking, sleeping, waiting to go home.

POLAND?

1995. RUDA.

Cows are grazing by the river
Skylarks twittering, darting, fluttering
Three storks gliding in the breeze
Circling round about the trees.

A young boy wades across the water
Driving cows home to be milked.
Far away a tractor ploughs
And from the farm return the cows.

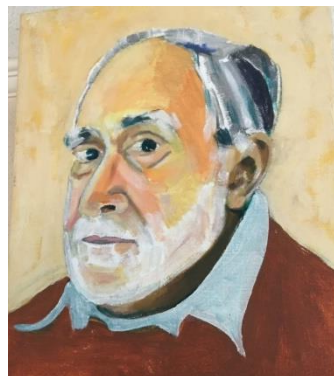


*Frank, you've been my Valentine
Through all these many years
We've had a lot of laughs
And also sometimes tears.
So I say with glee
You are the one for me!*

Sadly, Frank died on 28 September 2007.

My artistic family

Frank's Paintings of the family



Frank's cats carving in horsechestnut....



....and his preparatory drawing





Our cat 'Withers' The wood came from GE Healthcare





Carved from a single piece of wood



Our Artistic Children



Daniel's painting of a hall



Berwick St by Daniel



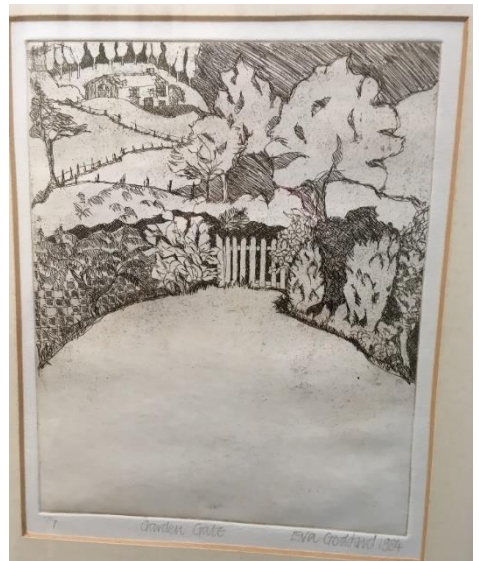
*Frank by
Jonnie*



*Sarah's
Painting*



Eva's sitting room





Mark's cartoon

Mark still sculpts heads. Now he is using concrete like Frank.



.....and this is mine!