



JOSSELIN JOURNAL

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE JOSSELIN SOCIETY

ISSUE NO: 6

SUNDAY LUNCH CRUISING ON THE RIVER LEA 6th Sept 1992

We were not so lucky with the weather for our trip on the river Lea. It was raining when we cast off from Hazlemere Marina, just after 12 noon and it was raining when we returned, and members of our party started to leave at 3.15. The last of us departed at 3.45.

Our restaurant barge had been converted to seat 30 passengers comfortably, it was fully enclosed with windows surrounding the dining area, and a well stocked bar at the stern.

The cabin was centrally heated, the floor carpeted, and

overall a pleasant surprise for those who were apprehensive due to the weather.

Leisurely progress was made along the river towards Broxbourne passing through two locks, and after about an hour, we turned to make our return.

during this aquatic adventure we enjoyed a lunch commencing with a choice of starters, followed by roast lamb, baked potatoes, cabbage, peas and carrots, and a variety of gateaux for sweet, and finally coffee.

It was a very enjoyable meal and the weather outside could

not dampen the spirits of the good company inside.

Our party was originally to have been 20 in number, but was attended by 16, four dropping out due to unavoidable circumstances.

I recommend a repeat next year, and hope all the seats will be filled by our members.

Our barge operator informed me he would be meeting Joslyns shortly at a folk dance festival in Cornwall, and would advise

them of our Society. All help in spreading the word is very welcome.

Bill Joscelyne

THE ANSWER OF A TITLE

Thank you for your suggestions for a title, to which we had a good response.

The committee after deliberation decided on 'The Josselin Journal'. Many thanks to Mr Brian Joscelyne for this suggestion and as promised this is on the front page.

Another member suggested 'Josselin Jottings' and we have decided to use this for a section of the newsletter covering miscellaneous small articles.

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Left to right: Bill Joscelyne, Dave Thompson, Anne Thompson, Diana Kirby, Justina Sayer, Arthur Joslin, Simon Joslin, Yvonne Joslin, Charles Sayer, Hugh Joscelyne, Derek Kirby, John Francis Josling, Peg Joscelyne, Connie Joscelyne.



John Francis Josling.

It is with great sadness that I have to report the death of John Francis. He died on Thursday 7th January peacefully asleep. When the Josselin Society was first put forward as an idea he was one of those who helped to form it into an organisation.

The constitution was created using his vast knowledge of the Law (In his capacity as a solicitor he wrote numerous books on law).

His personal profile appeared in newsletter 4 and he has made regular contributions to the newsletter ever since.

He has attended all functions run by the society since its formation and has often drawn the comment that most of us would wish ourselves to be as active as him at his age.

He was married in 1935, and his wife died only last year.

At the age of 34 years he took part in the D Day landings in Normandy. Ironically perhaps he was an active member and on his death Chairman of the 'Sovernir Normand' British section, this being a friendship society in various countries where over the ages there has been a Norman influence.

It is also pleasing to note that he is one of 2 of our members who is mentioned in Who's Who, and with his good humour unable to mention his Grandchildren's names he has managed to get over this ruling by mentioning them as hobbies.

He will be sadly missed and I am sure that all our condolences go out to his family.

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TO ARTHUR

*To some it matters not a jot,
To others it can mean a lot,
So Arthur started his search to see
This build up of his family's tree.*

*The seed was sown in his mind
Quite fifty years or more,
So when he retired at sixty years,
He started to explore.*

*Each week for Chelmsford he'd start out
To search the records, and find out
about those who lived before.*

*So determined he became
To trace the branch that bore his name.
At nearly ninety, still not sure
But feels too tired to search much more.*

*He's tried so hard to draw the tree
of the Joscelyne dynasty
He'd often add another branch
or draw another line.
He'd get much joy to complete the tree,
Before his allotted time.*

ROSE JOSCELYNE 1992

DIARY

SUNDAY JULY 4TH.

Family History Day. To be held at The Bell, Hornndon on the Hill, Essex. Bring along your research to discuss and show other members.

TO BE ARRANGED.

Visits to Society of Genealogists.
River Lea Boat trip in September.
Christmas Dinner 4th December at the City Pride.
Farringdon St. London.
1994 trip to Josselin. France.

NEWSLETTER.

Will now be produced in January, May and September.
Committee meetings will be approx. a month after publication.

1992 A YEAR IN HISTORY

The Queen had an 'Annus Horribilis' and so did a lot of her subjects. Both Simon and myself went through a year of uncertainty and job change. This as you are aware has affected the regularity of this news letter, hopefully this has now resolved itself.

Through a matter of interest I have gained employment with an old established Sanitaryware manufacturer called Armitage Shanks. The company was started by an Edward Johns and traded on this name when exhibiting in America in the 1800's and gave that country its name for the WC, 'The John'. But it has occurred to me that if someone such as myself were looking at this year in a 100 years time what would they make of it.

When I look into my Gt Grandfathers history, he was a Silk Merchant in the late 19th century. How can I actually understand how he could carry out his business without a Telephone, how could he get to his office near St. Pauls from Arkley without a car, what did he and his family do in the evenings without a Television and so the list goes on. The bits of history that help to add depth to the factual history such as Births Marriages and

Deaths are the public records, personal letters, newspaper reports etc. I am fortunate to have been able to gather together from various sources things that my Gt Grandfather did and with documented history of the time I am able in part to imagine the times. So to the person looking at my history in the year 2092, the year 1992 would be quite significant to him if he is able to access my Unemployment register or finds any of the numerous CVs that I sent out on one of those strange old Floppy discs that computers used to use. What will he make of it all, will he think I had an unfortunate year or will it seem strange that someone should spend so much time trying to find or do this thing called work.

So to help this future Genealogist I have kept copies of the letters and CVs I sent out and the replies received including the 'Sorry we have nothing at present' Letters. Also on the positive side the contract for my present job I hope that through them he and others can understand a little bit of what it was like living in the late 20th century.

Peter Josling



JOSSELIN JOTTINGS

Ralph Josselin the vicar of Earles Colne whose diary we did an article on in a previous newsletter is now available. A copy of the diary can be obtained through any decent bookshop. It is published by Oxford University Press for either £29.50 softback or £37.50 hardback

Mrs Thelma Williams. 78 Finsbury Rd. Wood Green. London. N22 4PF.
Would like to hear from anyone with information on Francis William Joslin who was a Station Master at Braughing, Herts. and Palace Gates Station. Wood Green. N22.

Any odd bits of information or possible information you require send marked for 'Josselin Jottings' to the Editor.



LIGHT OUR DARKNESS, PART 2

By Arthur William Joscelyne 1989

THE MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS CONTINUE TO INTRIGUE, AS TO THEIR PURPOSE, READ ON.

They were though the last thing on my mind when my wife and I retired to bed that night in 1939. making sure as usual that there were no lights showing I withdrew the thick blackout curtains and looked into the blackness of the night.

A solid blackness so intense, one would find hard to imagine nowadays, no glimmer of light, no welcoming gleam. Just a grim all obscuring blackness reigned over the town. But with it a strangely comforting feeling that it was hiding us safely from danger until the coming of morning light.

I am not even sure I had been to sleep, suddenly! the room was illuminated by a pale yellow-greenish unnatural light, differing from moonlight in some uncanny way, a light that I had never previously seen and for that reason alone I find it difficult or almost impossible to convey in words other than it created a feeling of unreality and apprehension. I was fully awake in a moment at this intrusion of light and the suddenness of it all.

Out of bed in a moment I hurried to the window, the light invaded everywhere, but unlike the moon or the sun seemed to throw no shadows. Just light and dark. Making my normal outside world grotesque and difficult to recognise as the usual familiar outlook.

Curiosity was now replacing apprehension and hastily donning my trousers slippers and woolly jumper over my nightwear and with a quick glance at the clock with my torch. Registering a few minutes past midnight, I made for my look out 'The sunroom'. To which I had recently added a new dimension, a ladder to its flat roof. Making my field of vision even greater and was of considerable extra benefit. The light more than sufficient to see and climb the ladder.

I stood there on that cold autumn night looking at a sight that has remained in my memory these many years, a sight few could have seen and as I previously said almost an impossibility to describe adequately in words or writing. The whole of the landscape was bathed in this unusual light which I can only describe as a pale moonlight tinged with green (possibly the reflection of the green fields) in which a symmetrically spaced diagonal pattern (perhaps around 20 miles apart at a guess) large half circles glowed like setting suns, filling the whole area with light. There were no rays, no concentrated beam, just powerful light far more suitable for a modern film of 'outer space' than anything that could have been remotely

conceived at that time. I looked in amazement at the scene wondering what might happen next. Wishing I could share it with others if only to confirm it was real and actually happening. Then I thought it would be interesting to locate if possible their position and almost immediately realised that my 'mystery circle' was one of them.

My mind tried to assess the enormous candle power that was at that very moment being generated, but dismissed again almost immediately as far beyond my comprehension.

I then decided to count and pinpoint their positions as accurately as I could, wishing all the time I had thought to bring my binoculars with me, but loathe to leave the scene to get them. My count had reached ten when they disappeared with the same suddenness as their arrival, leaving a faint glow for a second or so, then utter darkness. This left me wondering if it had actually happened or was just a dream. But a cold shivering body soon brought my mind back to reality and as I slipped back between the sheets of my bed the clock said ten minutes past midnight. Ten minutes to remember for a lifetime. But more to the point I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had solved at least part of the mystery enclosed in the corrugated shell we had found earlier on.

I awoke next morning fully conscious of the remarkable sight I had witnessed. But I've never quite been able to capture the wonder and strangeness that I had experienced in those early hours or fully do justice in describing the scene as I saw it and perhaps at this distance in time maybe even less capable. I have yet to meet anyone who either saw or knew of this particular instrument of defence or any information of their true purpose.

But I by remarkable chance found out what they were and how they functioned. But I could not see a valid reason to light up the whole of the Essex countryside, when all the emphasis was on keeping it 'Blacked Out'. The powers that be insisting that even the smallest light be obscured and as far as I had seen on the few night raids by enemy planes never used as were the normal searchlights on these occasions. On that particular night no enemy aircraft were heard or sirens sounded. So what were they for?

Various explanations come to mind. A knowledgeable friend with whom I discussed it, suggested the idea was to reverse the role of normal searchlights and form a background of light against which

enemy planes were silhouetted in sharp relief, like moths against a lighted window and thus become more vulnerable to our own fighter aircraft flying at a greater height above them. He also offered the reason that they were not used was that the Defence Ministry later realised that while performing their function, they also lit up and exposed valuable targets and towns to those same enemy aircraft and sitting ducks for bombing, therefore remaining unused.

My own opinion and possibly a more likely theory and explanation I have recently considered is the idea that they were designed to work in co-operation with the local home guard stationed in the pill boxes I mentioned earlier against enemy agents or parachute troops dropped by aircraft, an ever present threat in the earlier days of the war. From what I saw that night a most efficient way of lighting up the sky and effectively dealing with any unwelcome visitors from above.

As this never happened it might explain why (as far as I know) they were never used. I suppose now the cloak of secrecy covering those eventful years has mostly been lost or dropped and as I was now sufficiently interested to delve into the archives of the war museum or other source of information the true answer would be forthcoming. but for some unexplained reason I prefer to live with the memory and leave others should they be sufficiently interested to find a true and complete answer.

But there was a sequel and my story is not quite complete. In 1980 I was coming back from Maldon in a friend's car near North Fambridge we found the rusting remains of the original circle I had discovered in 1939. No longer guarded by fearsome threats or barbed wire, it stood forlorn and overgrown among the ripening corn and access freely available. The outside, apart from one or two displaced panels still in rusty but fair condition. The overhang at the top still there. A flourishing crop of thistles and nettles covered the inside floor, rusting framework that had held the mirrors was not completely rusted away. But no sign of bulbs or mirrors remained. Tufts of hay and straw seemed to indicate that it had been used to house cattle at some time and maybe for that reason had survived.

The general structure was still in a reasonable state of preservation, we took approximate measurements and photographs and left it with perhaps a little ache in my heart to...

"RUST IN PEACE".



A TALE OF FOUR MEMBERS, PART I

FURNITURE
Good! & Cheap!
AT THE NEW SHOP,
Market Place, Bishop Stortford.
CLEMENT JOSCELYNE,
Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer,
Furniture of all kinds at Lower Prices than have ever been
seen before in Stortford, or the Neighbourhood.
I see the goods and compare the Prices
With what you have been paying previously.
TRADE
Fitted (worth 10s)
On 8d, 10s 8d, 11s 8d, & 14s 8d
for 10s 8d, 11s 8d, 12s 8d, & 14s 8d
12s 8d, 14s 8d, 16s 8d, & 18s 8d
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A PERSONAL PROFILE, PART 2

By Arthur Leslie Joslin

The story so far, it's 1941 and things are looking very grim indeed, for some reason Adolf and his friends have not heeded our Government's ultimatum and have refused to surrender, so to find out what happened, read on!

Not wishing to run around France with a rifle or ride in a Tank or even less appealing, getting my feet wet with the Royal Navy. I insured against the future by volunteering for the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve.

It was on one of our trips, overnighing in Rheims that we were awakened a.m. by the sound of heavy gunfire. Knowing the French wouldn't dare, we assumed it was the Germans on the move with their 'Wooden Tanks' that we had heard about.

We did not need convincing that this was not a fit venue for civilian Englishmen, so we grabbed our toothbrushes, shaving mugs and teapot, Scrambled for the airfield, the aeroplane and home, in fact we retreated. I don't recall a DeHavilland Rapide being flown so speedily before.

Back at the ranch I was called to an Aircrew Selection Board and was accepted for Flight Engineer Training. Being told to go home and wait, National Air Communications was disbanded and all who wished were offered work at a company on an old airfield in Cheshire. Here we were engaged on the assembly of various aircraft built in Canada and the USA shipped as deck cargo to Liverpool.

THE SAUSAGE MACHINE

Waiting at home lasted until 1943, on March 27th I married Edna Challoner, on March 29th I was called for duty with the RAF (Adolf had heard about my marriage, so to date he owed me a career and a Honeymoon).

Entering 'the sausage machine' as a civilian at Regents Park

Induction Centre, I passed through a period of unnecessary haircuts, marching in every direction, rifle play, polishing things, P.T. and learning how to salute people I didn't know. All of this much to the enjoyment of the remaining animals. This period thankfully passed quickly and I finally commenced a Flight Engineers course at RAF St. Athen. Due in part to my delayed entry into the RAF I calculated I might just make the Victory celebrations, thus not becoming involved in the bad tempered part of the conflict. but I underestimated my Albatross: Adolf Hitler.

Qualified as a Flight Engineer I entered a period of flying training on 4 engine aircraft and also became part of a 'Crew'. with a grand total of 6 hours day and 3 1/2 hours night flying on Lancasters we became operational with No 460 Squadron, Royal Australian Air Force operating from Binbrook, Lincs. during the 6 operational missions we flew with

HERR KRUPS

460, two were on targets over the notorious Rhur valley. Gazing down from 23,000 feet onto the confusion on the ground and experiencing the explosions of an assortment of Herr Krups products bursting all around us I thought it a bit much for the few quid we were paid and realised I should have enlisted as a prospective coward. But a 'Baptism of Fire' is a great leveller it takes a lot of courage to become a coward, it was easier to do the job.

We were transferred to 100 Squadron RAF operating from Waltham Grimsby, an airfield I knew from pre war, although much enlarged. In spite of the Luftwaffe's several attempts to

terminate our contract with the RAF we completed a total of 32 operational missions, we were hopeful we would return every a.m. enabling us to visit the pub, which was the only thing to do in the vast airfield which was East Anglia.

We carried on operations through D day, then we were grounded and became redundant aircrew, a great embarrassment to our employers, thousands of us were hidden in a vast hutted rest camp near Inverness. For many weeks we did nothing except complain, mutter and eat/drink. Eventually we were offered a variety of trades, I asked for civilian but didn't get it, so I opted for MT driver, being mobile it would help me to keep a low profile thus enabling me to escape transfer to other 'little wars' soon to manifest themselves on the other side of the world.

My first assignment with other ex-aircrew drivers was to empty the bomb dumps of squadrons no longer operating. Driving Austin bomb tenders with trailers laden with 500 & 1000lb bombs was not my idea of a peacetime occupation, even less so when I saw the central dump where we delivered this unwanted hardware, acres & acres of 'em. I thought if this lot goes up there'll be crater as big as England (and a bit of Wales also). I positively felt the tug of a 'Ghostly Adolf' at my elbow.

In 1945 I entered the 'sausage machine' in reverse at Wembley stadium. I emerged as a civilian into a Britain where Civil Aviation was a near impossibility, no suitable Aeroplanes apart from war weary Dakotas, Ansons and converted Lancasters. I was to spend many more months separated from my wife and first son working for various small aviation companies all doomed to failure.

The major operators gradually began to organise themselves. I worked for British European Airways at Liverpool airport, upon closure of their base and removal to Scotland, I transferred to British South American Airways operating from Heathrow, their fleet of Yorks and Tudors being engaged in the Berlin airlift and

routes to South America. This airline was eventually absorbed into B.O.A.C. Totally disgusted with the political juggling of the airline industry I returned to Chester for a period of stabilisation working in the factory of the

POLITICAL JUGGLING

De Havilland Aircraft Company engaged on the building of a variety of jet fighters and later the Comet 2. The De Havilland Company was (naturally) gobbled up by Hawker Sidley. Time for me to move, which I did sideways to Liverpool airport again, to British Eagle International Airlines, Flying Britannias and later B.A.C. Ills. A jolly time was had by all until one day it all collapsed (naturally again), I headed the rush to Cambrian Airways also at Liverpool flying Vickers Viscounts on a daily bus service from Liverpool to London, Belfast, IOM and summer charters to the Channel Islands.

I was enticed into the air again on alternative Saturday nights flying one of two Viscounts carrying Sunday newspapers to Belfast (again in case any bits fell off), returning to Liverpool a.m. with cargoes of mushrooms.

This was my last involvement with the aviation industry, but my interest has not diminished. I am grateful that my youth was spent in an age wherein everybody in aviation knew practically everybody else. I would not have missed one day of it, including Hitler's efforts to discourage me. The clock cannot be reversed, glamour left the airways long ago, now it is merely accountants, full aeroplanes and frustrating airports. Nothing would induce me to incarcerate myself with hundreds of other bodies sealed in a metal tube, loosely referred to as Wide Bodied Jets. I would much prefer 4 lusty Rolls Royce. Merlin Engines driving propellers whacking away at the cool morning air.

One never knows Adolf and his friends could still be around disguised as human beings, think about it, hope I haven't bored you.

Arthur

LIVERPOOL AIRPORT, EARLY POST WAR DAYS
I'M THE ONE WITH THE CAT



MYSELF, 2ND FROM LEFT, AND FELLOW
100 SQUADRON CREW MEMBERS 1944



AVRO LANCASTER OF THE TYPE
IN OPERATION WITH THE RAF, 1943-45



THE SECRET OF THE CELTIC HARP

A very Funny Story T' Be Sure,



For those among us who like the odd drop, and I know there are a few, this tale may be of interest, Especially as our own chosen Manor, the dear Old Bell at Horndon-on-the Hill, Essex. Has been bestowed with one of The greatest of honours, check it out, it's on the wall opposite the bar.

It concerns a very strange beverage that is white on the top and black at the bottom, I am of course referring to the humble stout beer that originates from the fair city of Dublin and the brewery of one Arthur Guinness. This drink has the distinction of being the very first alcoholic beverage that I ever tasted and over the past 20 years I have more or less developed quite a love affair with it, in fact one of my few remaining ambitions is to one day visit Ireland and taste the real thing, although we are lucky enough to have in north London one or two bars where the Guinness is regarded as "not bad now" by the local Irish population.

Many years ago when I lived in Kilburn (Ireland's third city, Liverpool being the second after Dublin), I was lucky enough to live not far from one of those establishments, whereupon after a "few", one would get back to ones digs and suddenly find one had these strange coins amongst your change that looked like ours, but they had a Harp on the back instead of course, the profile of Her Majesty The Queen!, legal tender in Kilburn in those days I might add.

The Celtic Harp as we all know apart from being the national symbol of the Irish Republic, is also the trade mark of Guinness Brewing Plc. What then is the connection between this and the Josselin line you may be thinking? well there is no straightforward connection as such, but there is a very humorous link which will become more apparent, read on.

As well as having a passion for the stuff, I have had a long standing interest in the way that Guinness has been marketed over the years, design and marketing

being my profession, my interest in this subject goes back a long way and I have always been impressed by the way that Guinness has been positioned in the market place, in fact even in the early part of this century, the image that Guinness projected was already well defined and, very visible, one always remembers the Toucan for example, very prevalent in the 1930's and revived in the T.V. and poster advertising in the early 1980's. This image has developed over the past 50 years to the point where Guinness has an image that is both sophisticated and unsophisticated and is enjoyed the world over, it has gained true international appeal and is to say the least, classless, a thing that many stout beers have never achieved.

As I have already mentioned my interest in the brand is very deep in terms of successful marketing etc so you can imagine how pleased I was in the early days of my career to be one of the very few people in advertising and design privileged to actually work on what is probably one of the most famous advertising and design accounts in the history of the industry. During my time working on the account some 3-4 years, an incident happened that could have at the time had serious implications for the company I was working for and has since never seen the light of day, until now that is.

The time was 1979 and the place was Richmond Upon Thames, Surrey, I was working as a graphic designer for a small design consultancy called Don Burston and Associates of No 1 Richmond Hill. we specialised in Corporate Identity Design and Corporate Literature, (annual reports, prestige brochures etc), we also handled a lot of package and label design for Marks and Spencer and of course Guinness plc, we dealt mainly with the brewery at Park

Royal in London, they were very happy days for me, my career had started to develop well, I was recently married and my Wife, Yvonne and I occupied a huge flat which was the entire first floor of one of the very grand Victorian houses that stands adjacent to the sound stages of Twickenham Film Studios in a street called The Barons, in St Margarets. St Margarets is one of those curious geographical phenomena that exist in London whereby cut off from surrounding districts by what was then the Southern Region Railway and the Chertsey road on one side and The River Thames on two sides had managed to retain it's village like identity and had not suffered the awful disasters referred to as progress and development that had happened in nearby Hounslow to the north west.

At that time Guinness was in the middle of a very extensive revision of its entire corporate identity, a programme of refinement that spanned a period of some five years, culminating in a very controversial advertising campaign, this kind of project is a huge undertaking when you consider the size of an international organisation such as Guinness, operating in vastly differing markets all over the world. In order to present a unified image certain things have to be kept under strict control, in the case of Guinness there are three elements that always appear in the same form and the same proportion to each other, 1). the Guinness name, this always appears in a special letterform. 2). The Signature of Arthur Guinness, and 3). of course The Celtic Harp.

Since its introduction in the early eighteenth century the Celtic Harp, the trademark of Guinness has undergone many changes, inspection of an older version from that time would reveal the

appearance of a very detailed copperplate engraving, which in those days was the principle method used to reproduce pictures and graphic elements in printing techniques. As time progressed and engraving became too costly, newer forms of printing evolved, also far greater demands started to be made of the Harp and many other trademarks for instance, the Ford Motor Company and the B.P. trademarks to name but a few, all went through a similar process of change.

In order for any trademark to work successfully over a wide range of applications, in the case of Guinness from vehicle livery to bottle labels, Trademarks became refined and simplified, this process happened gradually over a period of many years but at the beginning of the 1980's the Guinness Harp Trademark was revamped quite considerably and has more or less remained in that form ever since.

At that time we, Don Burston and Associates that is, had been involved in designing a range of labels and outer cartons for a new non alcoholic lager brewed by Guinness for the Arab market, this particular drink was called HANA and was probably the ancestor of today's Kaliber. We were also involved in the launch of Guinness Triple X which was a stronger version of the famous Irish Stout we were already familiar with, we were given a crate of it to try, and after we recovered, actually managed to get some work done!

We were also designing numerous labels and packaging for Guinness Export for the Caribbean markets as well. It was at this time that we received a new directive from Dublin that the revised corporate elements that had been newly approved and launched had to be used on all packaging currently under development, this was imperative as any new packaging would be in circulation for at least 5 - 8 years and therefore must comply with the new visual standards to protect the brands image, it was this episode that nearly resulted in an abrupt end to my at that time, very short career as a designer and to find out how this came about, you can read all about it in our next newsletter.

Simon Joslin
Frensham, Surrey 1992



JOCELYN THE OPERA

John Francis Josling, Hastings

When we say we are a Society bound together by common or similar names, we are thinking of surnames. But the concept of a surname is relatively modern; it certainly had not developed in Norman times, as may be seen from the various lists of knights and companions who accompanied Duke William on his expedition of 1066.

Even later, when the castle and town of Josselin in Brittany acquired its name, the castle guide tells us that that name was not the family name of the owners of the castle, but the familiar name of one of its scions. And it is as a first name that Jocelyn is remembered

A FICTITIOUS JOCELYN

in Anglo-French history and literature. One day I hope to write something about Jocelyn, Bishop of Salisbury, and perhaps about some monks who bore a similar name. But there is a fictitious Jocelyn, invented by the French politician and poet Lamartine, and he shall be my subject today.

Lamartine later became a modest contender for the Presidency of the French Republic, but some twelve years before that he had begun to write a series of allegorical poems intended, we read, to depict the gradual purification of the human soul. It was a lofty aim: Little wonder that he finished no more than two of his projected six epics. The first of them dating from 1836, was called after its hero, Jocelyn. It purported to be the diary of a seminarist, an aspiration to priesthood, who fled into the mountains from the Revolution (and from his steady girlfriend), there to be befriended by a shepherd. But there was another fugitive in the story, and he was not so lucky. He was pursued by the revolutionaries and slain, though not before he had entrusted his "son" to the care of Jocelyn. The dying father

AN INCONVENIENT BISHOP

actually calls the child son, but Laurence is a sexually ambiguous name, and in due course Jocelyn discovers that this one is a girl, with whom he falls in love. The point of the fathers' deceit is not made clear. So much for Jocelyn's priestly ambitions, thinks the reader at this point.

This is, however, to reckon without an inconvenient bishop, who has been Jocelyn's mentor. He is to be hounded by the revolutionaries, captured and is about to be executed.

Through the shepherd, he traces Jocelyn and, sweeping aside all objections, ordains him on the spot and thus obtains a dying absolution. The unfortunate Jocelyn, not a strong character, I fear, abandons Laurence. Not until years later does he discover that she has taken up what used to be called a loose life, and like many such in fiction comes to a sticky end. Jocelyn is there, to announce his identity and effect his reconciliation in the nick of time.

Lamartine's piece is well known among connoisseurs of French poetry, but it acquired a wider currency in 1880, when the composer Benjamin Godard set to

music an opera libretto based on the same story. This was first produced in Brussels, where a highlight must have been the moment when Laurence conveniently faints away and

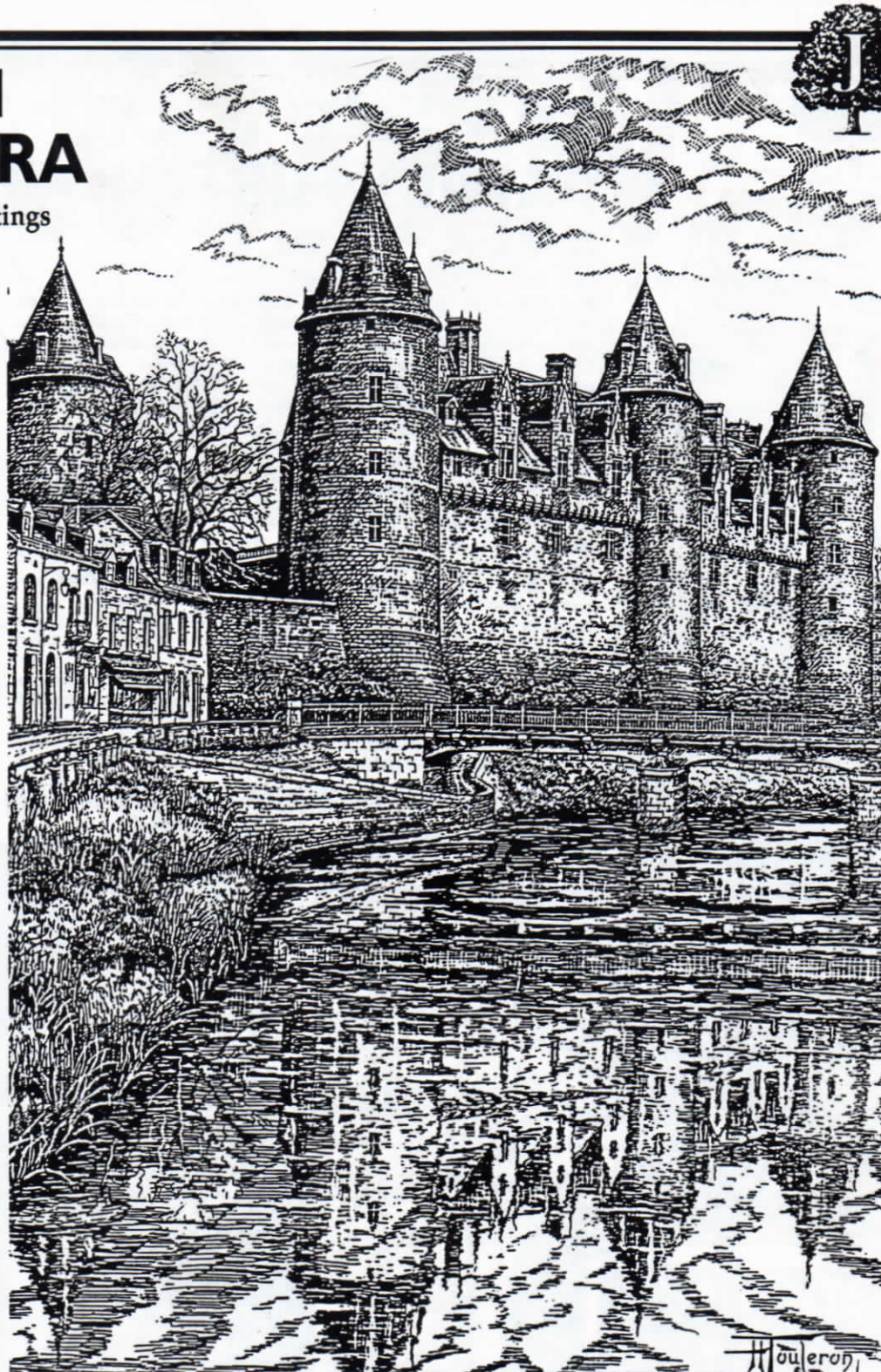
THIS IS NO MAN!

the 'surprised' Jocelyn loosens her clothing and discovers her true sex.

Was this a little too like the famous moment in Wagner's 'Siegfried' where the hero removes the breastplate of the sleeping Valkyrie and exclaims 'This is no man!' Were there copyright threats? We do not know. But by

the time the opera was brought to Paris later in the same year, a new number had been inserted in the score. And what a number! It is the famous Berceuse or Cradle song, performed everywhere by John McCormack to the English words 'Angels Guard Thee.'

These English words make it clear at the outset that the occupant of the rude cradle among the mountain heather is feminine, so that all could be proper on the English stage, at all events. The final irony is that all the musical dictionaries make it clear that the opera is now remembered only by the Berceuse.





TRACING YOUR FAMILY HISTORY, PART 6

Census Rooms

We have to go to the same building as we visited in the last newsletter, the PRO at Chancery Lane. Only before we enter the part requiring a readers pass we will see a flight of stairs going down into the depths of this building.

At the bottom of the steps is a desk manned by security of the PRO. Here we can pick up a leaflet on how to use the census rooms. We are also allocated a seat number and given a tag with this on. It is then a walk along a long corridor and into the first of the rooms storing the censuses. In the corridor we came down there are numerous reading rooms, we pass one of which might contain your seat number, if not, do not worry there are more rooms at the other side of the rooms containing the records, the whole thing being an

L shape with the reading rooms at each end of the L. The first room contains the 1891 census then the next 1881 and so on.

Now one has to find the street they are looking for, these are kept in books and by consulting a chart on the wall it is then easy to find the book required. In the book you will find the number of the microfilm you require and also another number, the emuration number which when you are looking at the microfilm will tell you when you have reached the area that holds your street.

Before you go and get the microfilm go to your seat as there is a block of plastic with your number on it that has to be put in the space left by taking out the film. The information you find on the censuses vary slightly in the first few years but in general it will

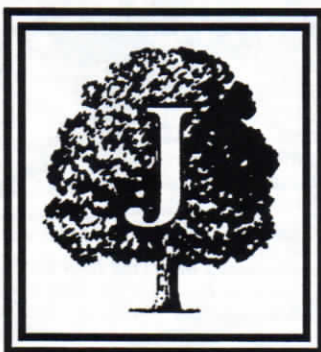
show you who was the Head of the family and what relationship others at the same address were to them, ie Son, Daughter etc. It then shows their occupation, age, whether married and where they were born. The last bit being very useful in the earlier census as it might give you an indication of which Parish register you have to look in to search back further and the subject of the next newsletter. Having hopefully found your entry you can if you wish copy it yourself into a book or get a Photostat copy by going to one of the machines available.

If you have problems with anything there are desks throughout manned by staff of the PRO and I have always found them very helpful.

Peter Josling

OUR THANKS

Once again we would like to thank everyone who has contributed to issue number 6 of the Josselin Journal. We hope you have found it interesting and informative. As always we would like to hear from anyone with any interesting stories or experiences that our growing membership may find interesting. So pick up your pens and keep the articles coming Goodbye for now.



The Josselin Society Newsletter is published three times a year, articles, pictures etc for publication should be sent to the Editor: Peter Josling, 61 Golden Dell, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire AL7 4EE.

Newsletter compiled and edited using Wordstar Pro 4 software on a Toshiba 1200 wordprocessor, Typesetting and artwork produced on the Apple Macintosh Quadra 950 computer using Quark Xpress, 3.11 Aldus Freehand 3.1 and Caer Wordscanner software, Text set in Palatino and Gill Sans typefaces.

The views expressed in the articles published in this newsletter are those of the individuals concerned and in no way reflect those of the editorial policy of the Josselin Society in general.