

# JOSELIN JOURNAL

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE JOSSELIN SOCIETY

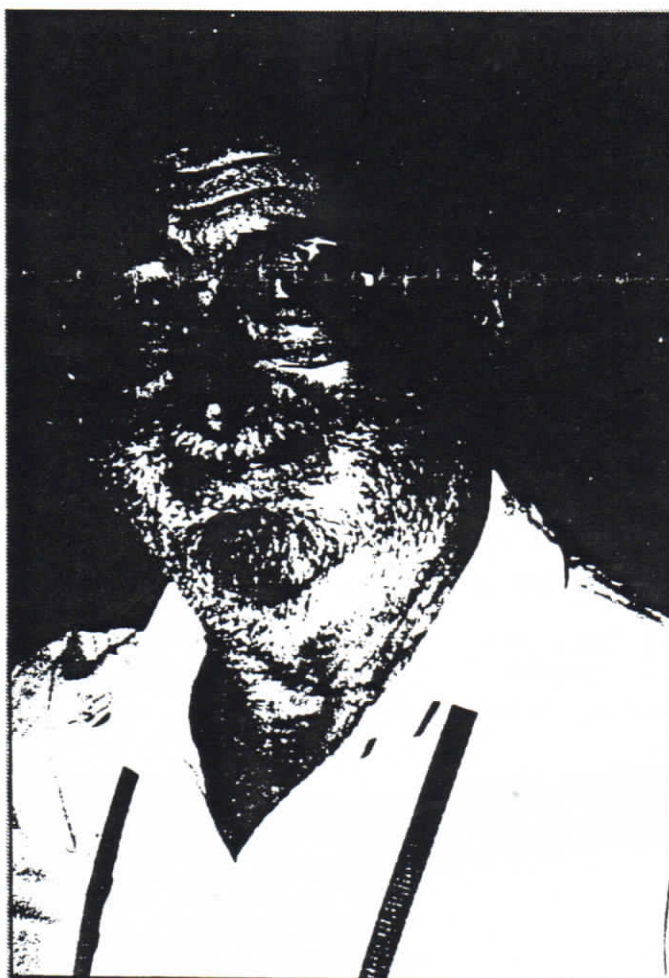
ISSUE NO: 7 MARCH 1994

## HELLO IS ANYBODY OUT THERE

The Second Annual General Meeting was held at the Bell Inn, Horndon-on-the-Hill, Essex on Sunday 17 October 1993 and a time had been allowed for a social chit-chat over a bar lunch, if required, between 12 noon and the start of our meeting at 2.00pm.

As I sat there on a bright and sunny day, eating my roast lamb lunch on my own, I had time for thought. The buffet for mid-afternoon refreshments was going to be for an optimistic 25 number; where were these interested members of our society? The AGM is open to all members. Re-think, I'll order for 15. Later - sorry to cause you inconvenience, can I change that to 10? Well it is Sunday, maybe the Lord will oblige again with the loaves and fishes! Anyway, I had received apologies from two committee members who would not be able to attend due to unforeseen circumstances, which meant that four others who accompany them would also not attend.

I was by this time getting a little apprehensive, having finished my lonely lunch, had I got the wrong date, or the wrong month?. Just when I was about to call it a day, a welcome voice said 'Hello Bill, can I buy



you a drink?' To my relief it was Peter Josling, and I knew I wasn't the only crazy, optimistic member that morning, and we were joined in the committee room by five more committee members for a 2.15 start, to one

of our main annual functions, the AGM, where you the members can 'hire or fire' the people whom represent you

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## OUR APOLOGIES

WE WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGISE TO EVERYONE FOR THE DELAY IN PUBLICATION OF ISSUE 7 OF THE JOSSELIN JOURNAL, THIS HAS BEEN DUE TO SERIOUS PERSONAL PROBLEMS EXPERIENCED BY OUR EDITORIAL TEAM, ISSUE NO 8 IS ALREADY IN PRODUCTION. WE WISH TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE AND HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS ISSUE



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## CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

throughout the year. All committee members were re-elected on block, who was there to oppose?

## HELLO ARE YOU THERE

Item - Proposed visit 1994 by our members to Josselin in Brittany. Quotations have been received for a package cost covering transport by luxury coach, hotel, and two visits of interest while there. But after a vote of 5 to 2 against, the visit will now be booked for hotel only, with members making their own transport arrangements.

## ANY COMMENTS OUT THERE

Item - Newsletter. One of the reasons we have not received a newsletter more frequently is due to a lack of articles for publication, by Peter our editor, from you our members. Is this what we are paying him £20,000 a year for? Have pity on him, he is having to do work for his employer in order to fill his evenings and spare time. Send him your stories 'A thing happened to me on the way to.....'. 'Here is my family tree'. I disagree with Fred's comments in Newsletter No. 6, etc,etc, typed if possible.

Item - Number of present membership. Have you looked at the membership list? Who are

the new members? Did Mr Whatsisname join the society after I told him about it?

## I HEAR A MURMURING OUT THERE

'What membership list?' Answer - the one which will be published in the Newsletter.

Hey, Uncle Fred and Cousin George are not members, maybe I'll have a word with them, spread the word sort of thing. We know there are Jos.....s alive out there, if we can only find them, let's contact them. Don't just sit there complaining and making comments to the person patiently listening to you in the armchair opposite, write to Newsletter Editor Peter Josling. Tell us all what you expected to get by joining our society, whether you are satisfied with it (I'm not) or dissatisfied.

With any luck I may have found your wavelength out there, and provoked some response, if not I can see I shall be eating my lunch at the Bell alone more often on Josselin days, crying in my beer while I look at photographs of ex-members who got fed up and left the society due to lack of interest.

Over and out

Bill Joscelyne  
Chairman



## DIARY

### COMMITTEE MEETINGS 1994

SUN 20TH FEBRUARY 1994,  
The Bell, Horndon On-The-Hill, Essex.

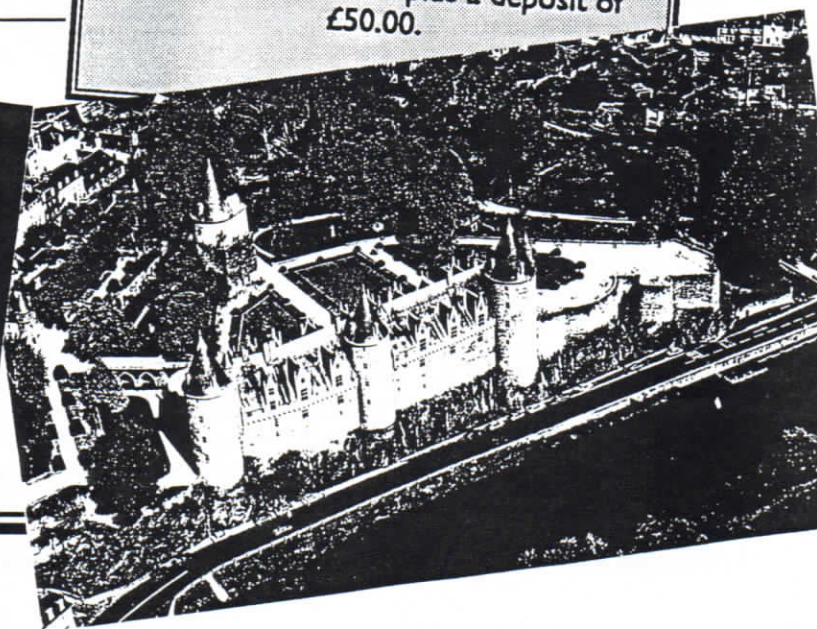
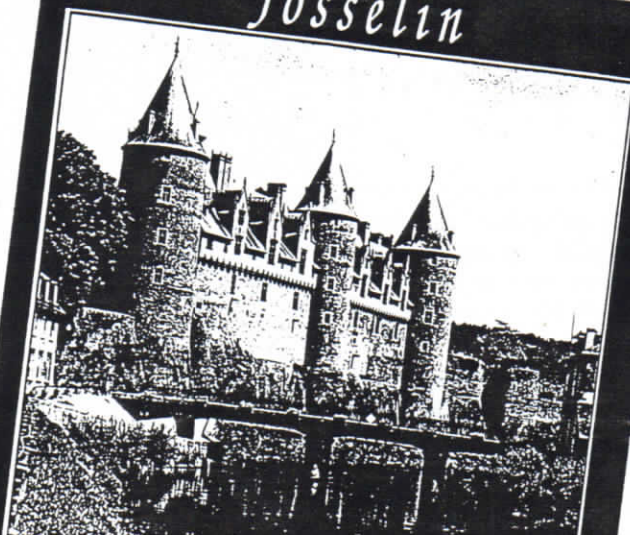
SUN 19TH JUNE 1994,  
The Sow and Pigs, Toddington, Beds.

SUN 16TH OCT 1994,  
The Bell, Horndon On-The-Hill, Essex.

SUN 1ST MAY 1994,  
Tour of Braintree and its Joscelyne History  
by Ben and Brian Joscelyne

8TH - 11TH SEPTEMBER 1994,  
Trip to Josselin France, Please contact our  
secretary now for details. We must have  
by the end of March plus a deposit of  
£50.00.

## Josselin







# SECOND AGM OF THE JOSSELIN SOCIETY

October 1993

**T**hank you for attending the Second Annual General Meeting of the Josselin Society. Preparing my Chairman's Report has provoked a great deal of thought.

It would be easy (and I feel unwise) to say we have had a successful and satisfactory year, but I would be deluding myself and our members.

Therefore I must say we could have done better.

Our membership is now at fifty. Two members have died and one lapsed membership since the last AGM. This is unsatisfactory for a new ambitious society like ours.

## LACK OF COMMUNICATION

Members of our Committee have been subjected to personal and domestic setbacks during the past year, which I hope have now been overcome, but have never-the-less resulted in a temporary loss of commitment to our society. At these times of stress I feel it would be quite justified for the persons to request help if they feel unable to perform their duties during this period.

## COMMUNICATION

Our organised activities have been rather limited this year to a Sunday lunch aboard a restaurant boat on the River Lea, which was attended by two members.

## COMMUNICATION

The last AGM was pleased to compliment the Editors of our newsletter on some first class publications. Unfortunately owing to personal problems for our Editors during the past year, we have had little opportunity to see a newsletter. Would help be acceptable if the need should arise in the future?

What our members get from the newsletters is

## COMMUNICATION

In no way am I suggesting I could be excluded from criticism.

I realise now that the Chairman forms the axle that supports the wheel of the society, and is very instrumental to the smooth running of the organisation through his communication with the committee.

To the charge of

## POOR COMMUNICATION

I plead guilty.

As you are now aware, I have emphasised communication throughout my report, and I hope that with this in mind we can make the coming year a



success, and report satisfaction on all counts at the 1994 AGM.

Thank you to our committee of 1992-93, and my very best wishes for the next term of office.

Bill Joscelyne  
Chairman

## JOSSELIN JOTTINGS

A recommended read from Brian Joscelyne of Braintree is 'The Simple Annals' By Peter Sanders.

Arthur L. Joslin member No. 14 Requires any information on Joslin prior to 1798 at Great Burstead, Essex.

A Vera Yates, 19 Mossley Avenue, Willisdown, Parkstone, Dorset BH12 5EA, requires information on a memorial in the Old British Consulate in Yokohama, Japan concerning the naval action that took place on 16th August 1863 at Kagosima and included the ships HMS Euryalus, HMS Coquette and HMS Perseus. The captain of the Euryalus according to the memorial was a captain John James Stephen Josling aged 37 years.

## BOOKS AND INFORMATION AVAILABLE TO JOSSELIN SOCIETY MEMBERS FROM OUR LIBRARY AND VARIOUS OTHER COLLECTIONS.

Births, Deaths, Marriages. 1837-1992  
IGI. 1984 for Essex/Suffolk.  
Law Of Clubs by Josling and Alexander.  
The History of Clement Joscelyne 1879-1979 Bishop Stortford.  
The Castle of Josselin. Morbihan. France.  
Monumental inscriptions. Gt St Mary's, Sawbridgeworth, Herts  
See Yer Ter-morrer. Stories of his youth. A.W. Joscelyne.  
The Joscelynes of Braintree. L.H. Joscelyne. 1928.  
Voyages To New England 1673. John Josselyn.  
Essex Wills, all variations of name.  
Also several census returns for Essex area, personal family trees and much more which will be listed as filed.  
Please note: if only one copy of any document is held, a photostat copy will be sent, if you require to keep this copy a small charge for the cost of this will be payable to the society.





# A TALE OF FOUR MEMBERS, (PART 2)



As mentioned previously Clement Joscelyne, Henry's younger brother had in 1878, to coin Norman Tebbits phrase 'got on his bike' and gone to Bishop Stortford. The bike concerned was a 'Boneshaker' still in the family's possession today. Hence on November 13th 1878 No16 Market place was purchased for £1,100. Clement set about making a name for himself in the area for good quality but inexpensive furniture, advertising 'Iron Bedsteads from 9s 3d to 14s 9d.'

In 1876 he had married Frances Crittall the sister of Francis Henry Crittall the founder of the famous window company of that name. They had 9 children in total and sadly at the time of the opening of the business the two younger sons died of diphtheria. Their three surviving sons Percy born 1885, Charles born 1887 and Hugh born 1888 all grew up to enter the furniture trade. In 1887 a new front with an elegant bay window was installed and in 1896 a warehouse was built which has since been incorporated into the showroom.

Clement died in 1906 aged 59, he had for many years carried on the business from a wheelchair having suffered in a skating accident. After his death his wife continued the business and on April 25th 1910 it was incorporated as

Clement Joscelyne Ltd., with her as Chairman and major shareholder. A Richmond Rodway was made Managing Director. Percy the oldest son was a shareholder but spent most his working life working for Waring & Gillow, he was tragically killed during the Great War after only three weeks on the battlefield. Charles the middle son became first Company Secretary and on the death of Mr Rodway a few months later, Managing Director, a position he was to hold for some 50 years. The younger son Hugh became a shareholder and was a capable cabinet maker as was his brother Charles. During the Great War all the brothers were away on active service. At the end of the war Hugh sold his share of the business and moved to Cleveland, Ohio and opened a store there which

unfortunately was a victim of the depression of the 1930s.

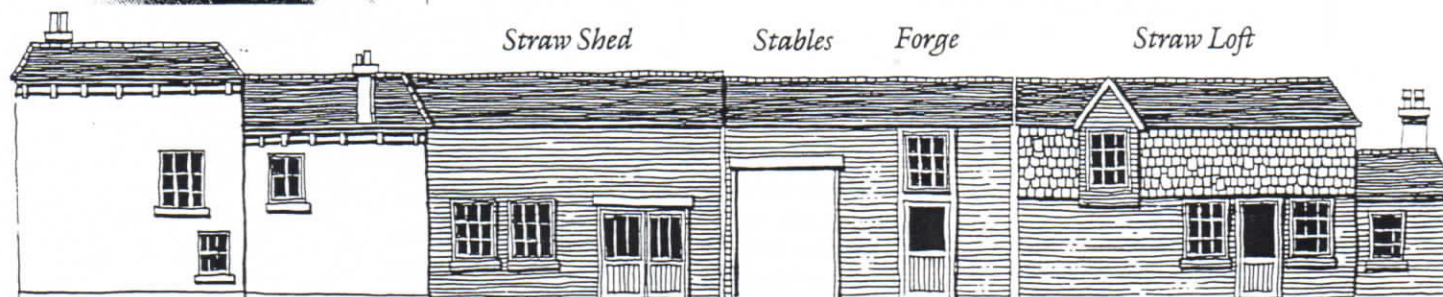
Charles returned to Bishop Stortford in 1918 and started on the modernisation of the company by purchasing a 1914 Model T Ford for deliveries. Soon to be followed by the introduction of

electricity & a telephone. In the 1920s a twenty page catalogue was produced showing a full range of their products from which it could be seen that one could furnish a Villa for a mere £50.

In 1922 No 10 & 12 Market Place were bought and set up as new workshops for upholstery, french polishing & repairs. In 1924 Frances died aged 71 years. Shortly after this Charles took a holiday in Switzerland where he met a girl called Irene Simmonds and within six months they were married. They had



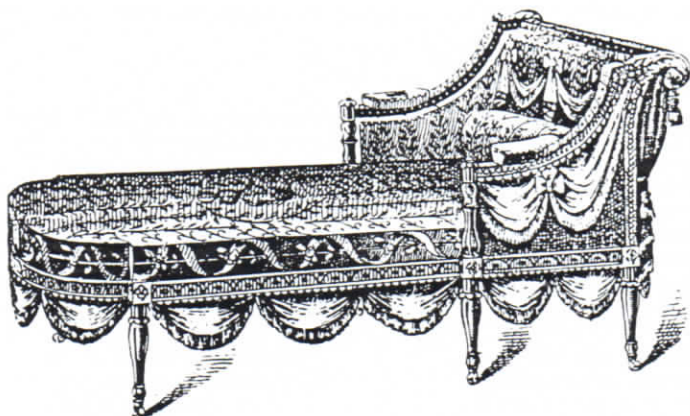
1922  
*Purchase of  
No. 10 & 12 Market Square*



*Cabinet & Upholstery Workshops*

BRIAN SMITH





two sons David born 1926 and Hugh born 1928. In 1925 a premises in South Street was purchased and a high powered vacuum cleaner plant installed which proved very successful and in the first year over 5,000 sq. yds of carpet were cleaned.

The country then entered the depression of the early 1930s and trade was hard, but by 1936 things had recovered enough for the purchase of No 14 Market Square, this building was used to house the curtain workroom. Business then flourished until the outbreak of war in 1939.

During the war and for some time after the furnishing business suffered badly. These years unfortunately undermined Charles health and when his youngest son left the forces in 1948 he immediately joined the firm. Hugh

showed an aptitude for the business and with his fathers health deteriorating he soon became a director and by 1957 was running the company.

During the next few years he expanded the business and in May 1960 No 18 Market place was bought. Hugh later became a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Furniture Makers and a Freeman of the City of London in 1975. By this time the company had expanded to its fullest extent in Market place, Bishop Stortford and the company already one of the most successful small furnishing companies expanded to Bury St Edmunds, Norwich & Brentwood. Hugh married Celia Johns in 1951 and they have four children, Raymond, Rosemary, Valerie & Barbara. Raymond has now entered the Family firm having

served as a furniture buyer in one of the top London stores and in 1991 became Managing Director, Hugh having taking the position of Chairman.

This is only a brief history, for more information it is worth reading *The Joscelynes of Braintree* by Lewis Henry Joscelyne & *The History of Clement Joscelyne* by R H Joscelyne.

I must thank both Hugh, Ben and Brian for the information they supplied from which this is compiled.

Peter Josling

1973  
Extension  
Curved Window  
South Street

1960  
Purchase of  
Plume of Feathers  
No. 18 Market Square

1878  
Purchase of  
No. 16 Market Square

1936  
Purchase of  
(Territorial Club)  
No. 14 Market Square



Furniture Showrooms

Main  
Entrance

Bottom  
Drawer

Furniture Showrooms  
Curtains and Carpets

Beds  
Flax

Curtain Workrooms





## THE VOICE OF AGE

I'm sixty years of age today.  
When I look back, I'd like to say  
How God has smiled on me with love  
And generous blessings from above

When as a child, I had great fun  
And often played out in the sun,  
The summers hot, the days were long  
And each day started with a song.

For I was loved by parents who  
Made sure I knew just what to do,  
Be honest, trustworthy and good  
Is what they taught and understood.

At eight years old, I'm sad to say  
From London I was sent away  
For World War Two had just begun  
It was not safe to stay with Mum.

And so to Brighton I did go  
To stay with folk I did not know,  
They asked for girls, but boys were we,  
But a good home, they gave us three.

With us they shared their lovely home,  
and treated us, as if their own.  
But all too soon we had to part  
For German shelling was to start.

And so from there, we moved again  
With bags and cases on a train  
But now we had a name, you see.  
For we were called Evacuee.

Some people showed by what they did  
they didn't want a London kid,  
School books were shared, and paper short,  
We didn't learn all we were taught.

I came back to live with mum,  
To air raids that had just begun.  
The Blitz on London was like hell  
As German bombs around us fell.

Those nights when lights at home went dim,  
We knew the planes were coming in.  
As sirens wailed, and searchlights bright.  
How many more would die tonight?

When air-raids started through the day  
From school we had to stay away.  
Some friends we were to see no more  
When God came knocking at their door.

But God above through his great grace  
Still kept us in the human race  
Through blitz and buzz-bomb and V2  
He walked with us, and pulled us through.

The V2 rockets scared me stiff  
And I was off in half a jiff,  
To stay with Gran in country green,  
where bombs and rockets were not seen.

Six years we had of war and fear,  
Before we heard the last 'all clear'  
Returning home, I'm sorry to say  
Strangers to parents in many ways.

The war had cost our parents dear,  
No childhood's shared, we were not here.  
We were now grown, us lucky ones  
Who had survived the bombs and guns.

And so I move a few years on,  
Through summers come, and summers gone.  
Life was changing, I could not see  
That growing up was changing me.

My teenage years enjoyed at home,  
Fully employed, no need to roam.  
Dad wasn't rich, but so content,  
On camping holidays we went.

I move on now, aged twenty three.  
A bachelor life was not for me.  
For many years I had known Peg,  
And in this year we both were wed.

It was a very chilly day  
When we did wed and move away,  
To live together as man and wife  
And start another phase in life.

We started in a flat to rent.  
To us it felt like heaven sent  
Above a barbers shop were we,  
With mice and trains all round to see.

To evening school I went, to find  
A way to educate my mind.  
a better job I would obtain,  
So Peg and I could move again.

She was expecting now you see,  
Our family would soon be three.  
And so we found a better home,  
We had to rent, we could not own.

To buy a house you had to be  
In business with a salary.  
Not by the hour, and weekly paid,  
The money spent as it was made.

Our child was born, she was a girl  
With hair so black, and many a curl.  
She was the 'apple of our eye'.  
Why was it Lord, she had to die?

We tried again, and had a son.  
He was not Jane, but he was one  
great lad who Peg and I could love,  
For he was sent by Him above.

We named him Peter, he was our rock.  
Then Simon born into our flock.  
And Andrew followed in two years,  
But still no Jane to stem the tears.

Five years passed to dull the pain,  
Peg felt she would not see again  
A daughter she could dress so sweet  
To be the envy of our street.

Her prayer was answered then you know,  
As to the hospital she did go.  
Our daughter was a lovely treat,  
and made our family complete.

We were so proud, as our children grew  
And we taught them what they should do.  
Be honest, trustworthy and good.  
We hoped they learned and understood.

our sons have grown, and they've left home  
And now have families of their own.  
Our daughter also lives away  
Our house is once more quiet each day.

as older folk we now can see  
The many times that used to be.  
We could not then appreciate  
How our own kids might irritate.

How noise could upset Mum or Dad,  
And maybe times when they were glad,  
Delighted and so pleased we came.  
But welcomed back their peace again.

How can you teach a child to know  
What they will feel as old they grow?  
It's difficult to understand  
The shake that comes into the hand.

But one thing I can pass to you,  
That you'll judge others by what you do.  
You'll hate the 'road-hog' who won't give way,  
Then race with death the very next day.

The tool you look for, but hard to find,  
That evil thought that comes to mind,  
I bet young Peter's helped himself,  
But then you find it on a shelf.

Things are not always what they seem,  
and cruel things said, not what we mean.  
So if no good things we recall,  
It's better to say nowt at all.

The car in front that slows us down  
we try to overtake this clown.  
But some day we might drive this slow,  
Unsure ourselves which way to go.

Just look at slow old folk and see  
that though you're young, some day you'll be  
A slow old folk yourself one day,  
Unable then to run and play.

But with God's grace you'll quickly know  
How to help the folk who show  
That they can't think as quick as you,  
and don't respond as they used to do.

This is the end of my story long.  
The writing stops, but life goes on.  
I'll wake again to another day,  
And 'Thank You God' is what I'll say.

How fast the years go drifting by,  
The days so short, the months do fly.  
And twenty years pass as a dream  
When I look back on what has been.

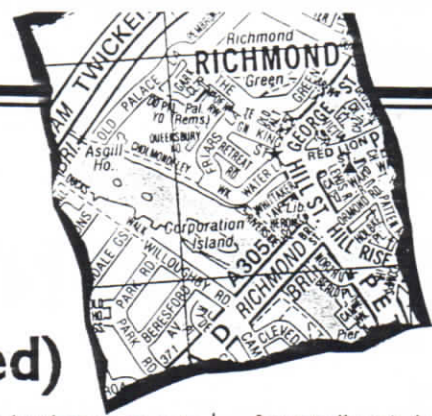
One day soon He'll take my hand  
And hopefully will bid me stand  
Say 'your forgiven for your sin'.  
'The gates are open, come on in'.

Bill Joscelyne  
29 March 1993





# THE SECRET OF THE CELTIC HARP (Continued)



**THE STORY SO FAR  
THE HEAT IS ON WITH  
DEADLINES LOOMING,  
BUT LURKING JUST  
AROUND THE CORNER  
ARE PROBLEMS.**

As our new packaging and label designs had been approved by Park Royal and were scheduled to go into production the following day and as we had not yet received the new corporate identity manual (a corporate identity manual is a big hard bound book of instructions for designers and art directors on how to use a company's trademark), the new specifications governing the use of the brand image were faxed to us from Dublin, fax machines in those days were nowhere near as good as they are now but despite the poor transmission we could make out most of the new instructions and phone calls to Dublin filled in the gaps, most of the new specifications were not much of a problem as we already had first generation master copies of the lettering which had not changed in itself, it was mainly the staging and alignment that had to be altered, the famous signature of the Great Man himself had not changed either only it's size in relation to the main brand name, the chain links around the edge of the labels however had to be moved and the number of links reduced, not a problem. The big headache facing us was the Harp, we could tell from the fax that it had undergone quite a few changes and we did not have a first generation master of it, that of course was still in Ireland. What do we do now? we asked ourselves, with a range of new pack designs ready to go on to a waiting printing press midday the following day and no up to date trademark, the post from Dublin

was out of the question as in those days it could quite easily take a week and it is not much better now, and a courier would not get here until the following afternoon if we were lucky.

There was only one thing for it we decided, the Harp would have to be completely redrawn from scratch, quite an undertaking, and so as I was the most experienced person at drawing trademarks I subsequently got the task, this was because I had drawn the Celtic Harp many times when producing mock ups of new package and label designs so it was very familiar to me and with the fax of the new version as reference I set about the job, it took most of that afternoon and into the evening and I completed the master artwork at around 8.30 pm. I was meeting a friend that night in the pub across the road The Famous Queen Victoria on Richmond Hill and just as I was leaving I noticed an inconsistency that to my trained eye stood out like a sore thumb, I quickly made a note of it and left it on top of the artwork meaning to correct it the following morning before the prints were taken from it for the artwork of the new labels that were going to the printers.

When I got into the office the following morning to my horror the new artwork of the Harp was not on my desk and the note about the correction needed was on the floor, blown off by the wind from the open window, (this was in the days before Post it Notes). What had happened was that one of my colleagues had got in early and had very conscientiously with good intentions decided to help me out as I had been working late the night before and had taken the prints required of the Harp and stuck them down onto the new label and packaging artwork which had been picked up earlier by the printer, my colleague had also sent a set of prints of the Harp to another printer who

was waiting for them to go onto artwork that they were producing.

A phone call to the printers about the status of the job revealed that the plates were already being produced and realising that any delay now would seriously jeopardise the whole product launch and would be very very expensive, so I decided not to say anything, there was a good chance no one would notice I thought, and I was right, the brand itself would be protected because of Arthur Guinness' signature which was 100% correct, however I was worried for quite some time afterwards though.

I quickly rectified the Master artwork of the beloved instrument and all subsequent packaging and label artwork went out correctly, however heaven, and Arthur Guinness himself alone know how many bottles and packages went into circulation with the inconsistency on the Harp.

During the course of writing this article I have found myself reflecting on a few things. When I started in the business there were very few graphic design companies and there wasn't the internecine warfare of office politics that wrecks peoples lives and careers that is now so commonplace, that was still to come.

Some years later as Creative Director of a company that was part of one of the biggest communication groups in Europe, I found myself in a top level meeting with a dozen or so Account Executives, Marketing Executives, Design Managers etc etc and their assistants all discussing a Ten page brief from Calor Gas telling us that they wanted us to produce a single sheet sales letter that was to go out to all their dealers. With a pile of paperwork and administration on my desk that had nothing at all to do with creative design and art direction I decided that I just didn't want to do it anymore.

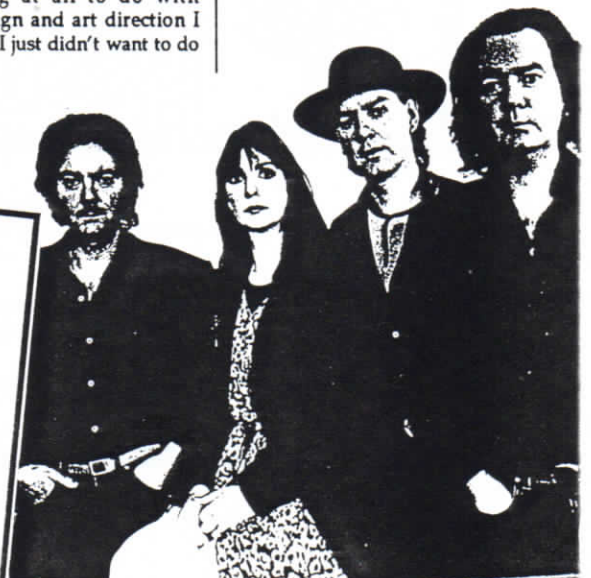
I eventually quit the high flying, glamorous world of London advertising and I now work in publishing, true it has its ups and downs, but I would never go back, I have worked with a lot of great people and I have come up against some monstrous ones as well, but I wouldn't have had it any other way, I also owe a lot to that little Harp and it's magic because working on the Guinness account in the formative years of my career most probably taught me everything that I know about marketing, corporate identity and package design and I know that I'm very lucky to have gained that experience, also the Harp trademark was created at a time when there was no such thing as research and no such thing as design managers and no such thing as account executives, but it worked and it has continued to work for more than a century.

Over the years I have spotted a few of those 'Special Harps' about and still to this day it always makes me smile, also when I listen to the music of some of Ireland's other famous exports such as the Cheiftains and Clannad, I often think back to those early days of my career, I am always reminded of a very happy time working on the Guinness account with a lot of fondness, for life was a lot simpler then.

So the next time you're in the pub, or in the off licence, take a good look at the Guinness labels and see if you can spot the mistake, there are still a few about, the prize I will offer the first person to spot it is..... you guessed it, four bottles of Guinness and that, I'm sure, is not bad now is it?

Simon Joslin  
Frensham, Surrey August 1992

*Pictured below: the famous label itself along with some of the Emerald Isle's other famous exports that I also enjoy, The Cheiftains and Clannad masters of Celtic music both past and present.*







# A PERSONAL PROFILE

By Diane Kirby 1993

**M**y name is Diane Kirby, I was born on Saturday 15th January 1949 at Wherstead, Suffolk. My mother was not very fond of the local vicar - I was therefore taken to St Peter's church in Ipswich to be christened. Mother is Vera, daughter of Albert Edward Keeble and Maud Minnie nee Jessup of Stowmarket, Suffolk. Father was Jack Josselyn one of 10 children of Harry Josselyn and Maud Emily nee Fisk. Dad was born on 25th June 1918 at Wherstead. He was a carpenter and worked for the R & W Paul estate at Wherstead, as did his father who was also a carpenter.

My great grandfather was Thomas who married Susan Ridgeon 18th March 1880 at Wherstead, a year after their first son was born. They moved into a house in The Street, Wherstead in 1880 where he carried on his trade as a Wheelwright / Carpenter. This lath and plaster house, although being a 'tied cottage', has passed down father to son till we moved in when I was six years old.

Mother was very reluctant to move in until the house had been modernised. Grandmother had used a kitchen range to cook on and had a 'copper' in the corner of the kitchen cum living room to do the weekly wash. A cold water stand pipe just inside the back door was I suppose an improvement on using the well in the next door garden. There were only two bedrooms and a large landing upstairs. Father said the five boys slept head to toe in a double bed on this landing. I

can remember the bedroom floors sloping badly, due to the settlement of the house, which when it was classed as a listed building a few years ago was deemed to be a 17th century building.

Father joined the Navy in 1939 as a joiner and spent most of the next four years on HMS Pembroke, Woolwich, Valkyrie and Arethusa as they escorted merchant shipping around the world. In 1943 he was stationed for a while at Douglas, Isle of Man. Mother joined him there and in June 1944 my brother David was born.

In his late 40s father began to suffer with Angina, but managed to keep working, plant and tend his beloved garden and generally lead a fairly active life, retiring in 1985. He died in March 1987 age 67.

I left school at 15 and started my first job as general clerk in Josselyn and Sons solicitors in Ipswich. There were none of the actual family still working

there then, but I have since found a descendant of this family (George Josselyn) working as a solicitor in London. After leaving Josselyn's I had various other jobs, including cutter at a Jaeger's factory and clerical for the MOD at an American Air Base. Since 1976 I have worked for BT Labs, at Martlesham, Suffolk.

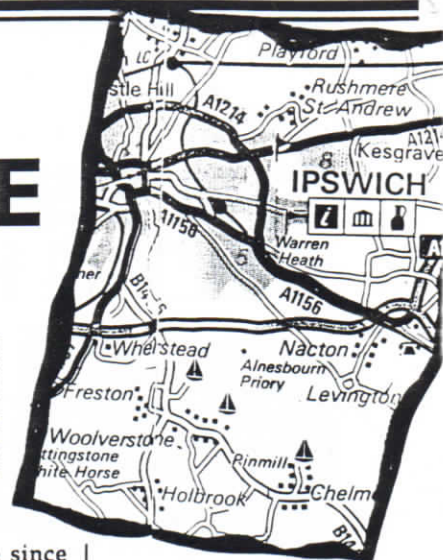
My first marriage in 1967 ended in divorce 3 yrs later. I have now been married to Derek Leonard Kirby for 12 yrs. I have no children of my own, but do have two step children, Martin 26 and Moira 25.

My brother David is still single, therefore I rely on my cousins Michael Josselyn who has 5 sons and Peter Josselyn who has a son and daughter to carry on the family name.

Derek and I live in a bungalow in Langham, Colchester, which luckily has a large garden. Like my father, I am a keen gardener, growing most of our own veg and soft

fruit. We have planted many shrubs and trees which now they are established, attract a wide variety of birds and animals. My cat is finding it difficult to control the rabbit population.

I belong to two Horticultural clubs, I am a committee member of the local W.I. and I run the raffle at the Ipswich branch of the Suffolk Family History Society. Taking an odd days holiday, I still spend time at Ipswich Record Office, trying to find the whereabouts of 3 missing Great Uncies. Robert Josselyn born 24.12.1882, John Albert Josselyn born 22.7.1867, last known reference, 1881 census. And Robert Andrew Josselyn born 9.10.1829, last known reference 1861 census. These missing souls have plagued me for the last 15 yrs. I would like to lay them to rest - hopefully with the help of the Josselin Society - I will.



## OUR THANKS

Thanks are once again due to all of those who contributed to this rather delayed issue, nevertheless we hope you have enjoyed it, please keep the articles coming we depend on them.

If you have any interesting photographs or other visual material that could accompany your articles or profiles then do submit them, we promise to look after anything you send in.

Goodbye for now.

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