



JOSSSELIN JOURNAL

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE JOSSELYN SOCIETY ISSUE NO: 8 WINTER 1994/95

VISIT TO BRAINTREE

A programme and map had been produced and distributed to all who expressed an interest to go, and with the aid of the map and Ben's directions, we all assembled at 11.00 am in the new Braintree and District Museum and Heritage Centre for a guided tour of the museum.

The tour commenced with an interesting talk by a

Sunday 1 May 1994,

At the invitation of Ben Joscelyne
for a tour of the town conducted by
Ben, Brian and Melvin.

member of the museum staff, with us all seated at children's desks (pictured below) in a classroom preserved for historic interest.

The Group then moved to an adjoining assembly hall where a buffet lunch had been laid out for us, after

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

LATE!

Very late in fact,
what can we say but...
Er... Em...
Sorry!

A lot has happened though and for that reason we held back on this issue to include news of our best outing as a society to date, you will find details of it on page 8.

There is also a wealth of new material in this issue, most notably the first instalment of a remarkable story that begins in the late 1800's and perfectly illustrates how the world has changed since that time, it's on pages 4 and 5, read on.

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IT'S BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN FOR THE JOSSELYN SOCIETY AT THE BRAINTREE AND DISTRICT MUSEUM AND HERITAGE CENTRE



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which we had the museum to ourselves to wander around, with Ben, Brian and Melvin providing narratives of Old Braintree.

We then split into 2 groups led by Ben and Melvin for a stroll in the sunshine, to reassemble at the offices of Joscelyne and Sons, Chartered Surveyors, where old deeds and papers etc were displayed, forming a contrast with the current houses and properties for sale. A comprehensive list of Joscelyne business premises dating from 1928 and their history, had been produced by Ben prior to our visit, which proved to be very



useful during our walk.

It was now about 3.00 pm, and we retrieved our cars from the museum car park, and in procession moved to the far end of Bradford Steet and parked on a disused garage forecourt while we admired the many old houses of various designs on each side of the street, aided by a booklet provided by Ben.

The time had passed quickly, and we were now

due for our final visit which was the Bocking End Congregational Church Cemetery. The Joscelyne graves and vaults were pointed out to us by Mr Reg Spurgeon, a Church Elder, who was able to answer questions and relate interesting accidents which had occurred to some vaults in the past.

Refreshments had been provided in the Church Hall, following this we expressed

our sincere thanks to Ben and all the willing helpers who had made the visit so enjoyable and interesting by their attention to detail.

This concluded our visit to Braintree, and we departed homeward about 5.00 pm.

Thank you to all who attended.

BILL JOSCELYNE
Chairman

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL, THE PAST REVEALED

Important discoveries have been made about the early history of Glasgow Cathedral during recent archaeological excavations. Historic Scotland commissioned Glasgow University Archaeological Research Division to carry out investigative work in advance of the installation of an improved heating system at the cathedral. Their findings have surpassed all expectations, as Principal Inspector of Ancient Monuments Richard Fawcett explains:



**WE NEED ARTICLES, STORIES AND
PICTURES FOR PUBLICATION
DON'T FORGET THIS IS YOUR
MAGAZINE!**

If you have anything you feel may be of interest, send it to the Editor:

Peter Josling, 61 Golden Dell,
Welwyn Garden City,
Hertfordshire AL7 4EE

'The architecture of the cathedral is extremely confusing. In the course of building what we now see, it seems that no sooner did one bishop come on the scene than he abandoned the work of his predecessors and started again. We know there was a dedication in 1136 by Bishop John, and another in 1897 by Bishop Jocelyn, but almost all evidence for those buildings was lost in a series of further campaigns in the course of the 13th century. As a result of the recent excavations, however, we know a great deal more about the 12th century buildings than we did before.

'We have found what seems to be the lower walling of the west front of the cathedral dedicated to Bishop John. It also now appears that his cathedral was considerably bigger than anyone thought, since sections of cylindrical columns from it have been re used in later works

'The most extensive evidence found is for the

church built by Bishop Jocelyn. Extensive stretches of the walls of his nave have been traced on each side of the existing nave, although we do not yet know if it had an aisle along each flank. Equally exciting has been the finding of large numbers of discarded carved and painted stones from Jocelyn's church, which were re-used in the foundations of the elongated crypt built by Bishop Bondington in the mid 13th century.

'Tradition has it that St Kentigern founded his cathedral at Glasgow in the late 6th century within a burial ground that had earlier been founded by St Ninian but never used. That story is likely to be a 12th-century fabrication. But it is also worth noting that evidence has been found of burials and drainage channels that appear to pre-date any of the recorded cathedral buildings and it now looks as if the site a longer ecclesiastical history than we thought.'



CAPTAIN THE EARL OF RODEN

Captain the 9th Earl of Roden, who has died aged 83, was, as Viscount Jocelyn, one of the Navy's most experienced wartime destroyer officers. His first command in 1940 was the destroyer *Achates* in the Home Fleet, taking part in the chase and destruction of the German battleship *Bismarck* in May 1941.

In July *Achates* was part of the escort for the carriers *Victorious* and *Furious*, whose aircraft were to carry out a politically inspired and disastrous strike against enemy shipping and installations in the North Norwegian harbours of Kirkenes and Petsamo.

On the 25th *Achates* crossed the corner of a British minefield off Iceland where a mine badly damaged her bows and killed 65 of her ship's company.

By good seamanship and damage control, *Achates* was kept afloat and towed into Seidisfjord by the destroyer *Anthony*. Jocelyn was mentioned in despatches.

In 1941 he took command of the new destroyer *Panther* and was mentioned in despatches a second time after *Panther* beat off an Italian air attack, shooting down one bomber in January 1943.

Later *Panther* took part in the Battle of the Atlantic, including the epic 10 day struggle against the U-boats in defence of Convoy ONS5 in May, and was in the support force for the invasion of Sicily in July. *Panther* was sunk by German dive bombers in the Scarpanto Strait off Rhodes in October. Jocelyn then took over his third wartime command the new destroyer *Quality*, serving in the



CAPTAIN THE EARL OF RODEN 1910 - 1993

Bill Roden:
Salt Horse

Indian Ocean and with the British Pacific Fleet in operations off Okinawa and Japan in 1945. He was again mentioned in despatches.

Robert William Jocelyn was born on Dec 4 1909, the elder son of the 8th Earl of Roden, then seated at Tollymore Park, Co Down.

The family descends from the 1st Viscount Jocelyn, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, whose son was created Earl of Roden in 1771.

Young Bill styled Viscount Jocelyn until he succeeded his father in the Earldom of Roden in 1956. He joined the Navy as a cadet at Dartmouth in 1922. He never specialised but served as a "salt horse" in the 1930s in

the destroyers *Westcott*, *Fame* (which patrolled the Spanish coast during the Civil War) and *Ashanti*.

After the war he had two more sea commands: the destroyer *Verulam* in 1948 and the monitor *Abercrombie* in 1949. He served in the tactical and staff division of the Admiralty from 1952 to 1954 and was captain of HMS *Cochrane*, the naval base at Rosyth from 1955 to 1956.

On retirement he returned to Northern Ireland and settled at Bryansford, Tollymore having been taken over as a National Forest Park, and the house demolished. Roden became closely involved in the life of the community, taking an

active part in the ANLI, Scouting and the local church. He was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Co. Down in 1961.

In 1990 he was alone in his house having recently suffered the death of his wife, the former Clodagh Kennedy when he was attacked by four masked intruders. They tied him to a chair for an entire night while they rifled through the contents and made off with family silver and other heirlooms.

Although, in his determined way, he came to accept that experience, and moved on to deal with the problems of the hour, his health deteriorated from that time.

Undoubtedly a complex character, Bill Roden was not easy to know or deflect from a viewpoint taken up, no matter how much at variance with majority opinion. Yet his position was always respected as he acted from motives honestly held and courageously pursued.

His natural reticence was no barrier to the helpful, practical gestures of kindness which he made so often, so speedily and so quietly.

Lord Roden had three sons, of whom the second, Thomas, went missing at sea in 1991. The heir to the earldom is the eldest son, Robert John Jocelyn, born in 1938.

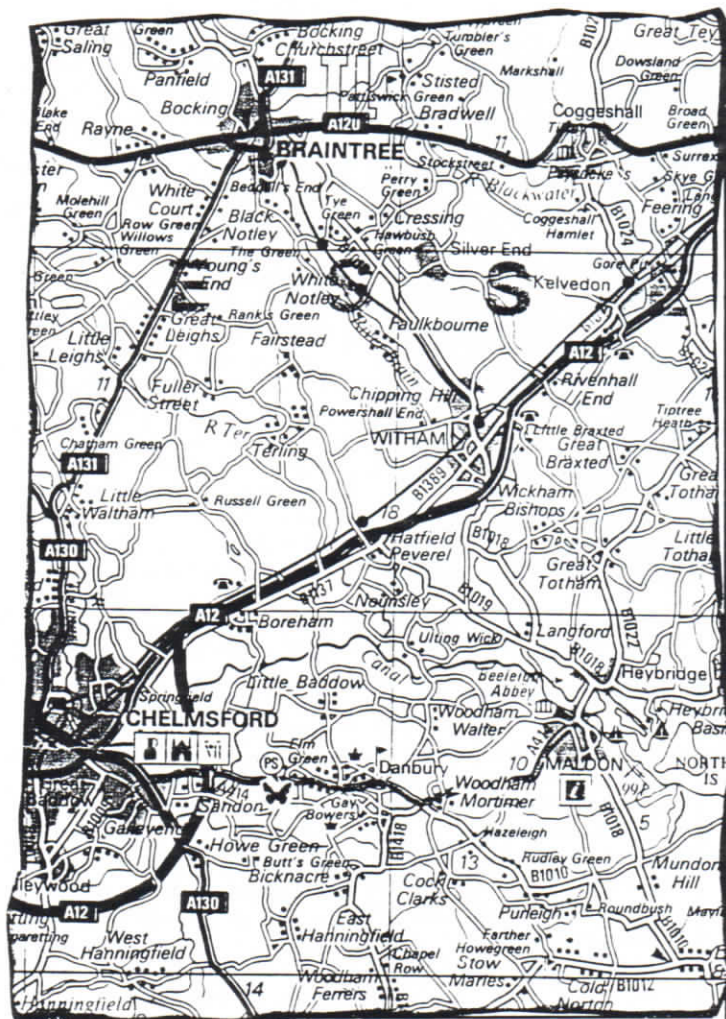
DAILY TELEGRAPH
21 October 1993

**WE WOULD LIKE TO WISH
ALL OUR MEMBERS
A HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR**



A STORY OF AN ESSEX VILLAGE LAD Part I

He was born in 1896, left for dead in the First World war, and is still alive today in his 94th year



William Frederick Joslin was born on 25th November 1896, third child of a family of eight at the country village of Terling about six miles from Chelmsford.

My father was a Horseman employed at a nearby farm, at Terling. I think his usual wage was about 35/- to £2 per week. We lived in an end cottage of three with a large garden and a large space where he had a large barn, pig sties, fowl houses and rabbit hutches. He also had a large allotment adjoining his garden where he grew enough vegetables to last our large family for a whole year, bred his own pigs, several in number, and had plenty of eggs from his poultry.

VILLAGE LIFE

He came home from work at 5 p.m. six days each week and after his evening meal he would spend all light hours attending his stock and gardening. He went to the farm twice on Sunday to attend to his horses. He worked in all weathers and I never remember him being ill or having a holiday. My father was not the only one in the family who worked hard and often, my mother had a full day bringing up a family of eight children. She was about 5 ft. 9 ins. tall and very strongly built. Apart from when having us children, I never knew her to be absent from her chores, ill, or even have a holiday. She

was a wonderful cook and there was a hot meal every evening for the whole family.

The butcher from Witham called about three days a week in a pony and cart. No knocking on the door, he would lift the latch and walk straight in. Quite often he would bring what he thought my mother would want, without waiting for an order from her. A fish salesman would call nearly every Saturday, travelling by pony or donkey and cart. There was a small grocer's shop, with an off-licence, two or three hundred yards from the house, but regularly my mother walked one mile to the main stores in The Street, Terling, to get her main groceries. She wanted a large bag to hold them all, but that did not cause much trouble, as she was usually pushing a pram. I still remember clearly that every time mother went for her weekly shopping, there would be a bag of mixed boiled sweets, about 1lb. for us children and I never knew her to miss buying them. My mother's parents lived in Hatfield Peverel, about five miles away, and every month or so my mother would walk that distance to see them. Usually, one or two children went with her, but there was never any transport.

SCHOOLDAYS

My parents did not have hobbies or pastimes, but when the children had all gone to bed, they would often play a game of draughts. I have a photograph of them playing that game. I think my parents were wonderful. They insisted that, every night, we all say our prayers before getting into bed. We lived about one mile from the village school. I started school at three years, along

with all the other children in the village. We spent the first three years in the Infants' School and then advanced to Standard 1. The top Standard was the Sixth, which you reached at the age of 12 years, that is if you advanced each year, as I did. Although I say it myself, I was rather bright and quite a good scholar I won many prizes, mostly books. The only one I remember is the one I won during my last year at school in Standard VI, and which I still have in my possession. It is a Bible and it is inscribed 'Fred Joslin, from Lady Raleigh. 6th Standard Scripture Prize, Terling School, Aug. 1908'.

TERLING PLACE

Lord and Lady Raleigh lived at a large mansion known as 'Terling Place'. Lord Raleigh owned about 34 farms in and around Terling and they owned nearly all the houses, land and buildings in Terling. (About 80% of the residents worked for Lord Raleigh's farms). They were really Great Benefactors to the village and each Christmas, every villager received two or three loaves of bread and a large joint of beef.

When I was 11 years of age, in Standard 5, I was one of the only two children even to have been selected to sit for a Scholarship. I and the other scholar - a girl 'Lottie Stokes' - attended the examinations at Witham and we both passed. Lottie went to a College and eventually became a teacher. My parents could not afford to send me to College, so I commenced work at the age of 13 years, being unable to pursue an academic career.

My first job was to relieve my brother David at his job at Whitelands Lord Raleigh's Farms Headquarter Offices. I was in charge of an Egg Packing, Testing and



Grading Office. I was in charge because I was the only person employed in that office. All the 34 farms would send their collection of eggs to my office, I would lamp test each one, grade them and box them up to be sent to London daily. Sometimes I would have an order come through for one or two roasting fowls, I would have to kill, pluck and truss these birds and send them to the customer.

I have mentioned the work I had to do because at the time of 13, boys have now to stay at school for several years. For doing my work, I was paid the sum of seven or eight shillings a week. My work place was situated three miles by road from my home, but by going across meadows and fields, I could get home in about two miles. Travelling to and from work was not included in working hours.

I did not complain, I liked my responsible job and thought I was lucky to have it. Otherwise, I would have been working outdoors at one of the farms. Life was altogether different to what it is today. No-one was ever out of work. If a man finished at one farm he would always be taken on at another. There was never any crime and no-one ever locked their doors at night, not many of the houses would have a key. Nor during my stay at Terling did I ever hear of one divorce taking place.

After working at my first job at Whitelands for about three years, I was given quite a different job. Mr. Gerald Strutt, nephew of Lord Raleigh, who was Managing Director of the Farms, married

Rhoda, daughter of Collingwood Hope K.C. of Crix, Hatfield Peverel, and they came to live at New House, Terling, about 200 or 300 yards from my home.

Without me applying for the job, or even knowing that the job existed, I was sent there to work as Houseboy for the newlyweds. I had met Mr. Strutt occasionally during my work at Whitelands, but did not know he would be interested to employ me personally. It was a nice clean job, near home and quite interesting. Mrs. Strutt was a charming person and was most kind to me. About the beginning of 1914, I was moved to Terling Hall Farm where I was employed as part-time Book-keeper, entailing the booking out of all feed-stuffs to the Cowman, Stockman and Horsemen and in my spare time look after a Hunter used by one of the Farm Managers, named Fairweather.

CLOUDS OF WAR

The First world War broke out in August that year, 1914 and several of my mates and

I became restless and thought it might be a good chance to travel and see what life was like away from our country village. So five of us decided to join the Army. I was then 17 years of age and the others were more or less the same age.

On a Monday near the end of August 1914, we travelled to Chelmsford to enlist. We had all upset our families by making this decision and I was blamed by some of the parents of the other boys because they thought I had persuaded them to join up. When we appeared at the Recruiting Office I was the first to see the Doctor. I was quite tall but very thin. The Doctor rejected me because of my weight. I pleaded with him, telling him how I had upset my parents and that I was blamed by the parents of my other four mates. He said 'Come in and see me after I have seen the other four lads'. They were all accepted into the 1st. Batt. Essex

Regular Battalion. I went in again but after I had gone on to the scales he again rejected me. He could see I was upset so he said 'Come and see me after lunch'.

I saw the Doctor after lunch and he told me that they were recruiting to form a 2nd Batt. of the 5th Essex Territorial Regiment to reinforce the 1st 5th Batt. which had been called up for regular service. He said, after taking all my particulars, 'You go home, we will send for you when we have recruited a few more men'. My pals laughed at me saying, 'That's one way of getting rid of you'. I was not too sure about it.

GALLIPOOLI

At the end of that week I received Lodging Allowance from the Army which made me feel much better. I think the Allowance was about 8/- to 10/- (50p in today's money) per week. By the end of the second week, I had been called up to start training at Chelmsford and after about one month's training, they asked for volunteers to join the 1st 5th Batt. in Norfolk, and I was one of the volunteers. I later volunteered for Active Service when the Battalion was ordered to move abroad to take part in the landing of Gallipoli in the Dardanelles, I had to put my age up a year as I was only 18 and you had to be 19 before you could be sent on Active Service.



THERE WE
LEAVE WILLIAM
FREDERICK'S
TALE FOR NOW,
YOU CAN FIND
OUT WHAT
HAPPENS IN
OUR NEXT
ISSUE



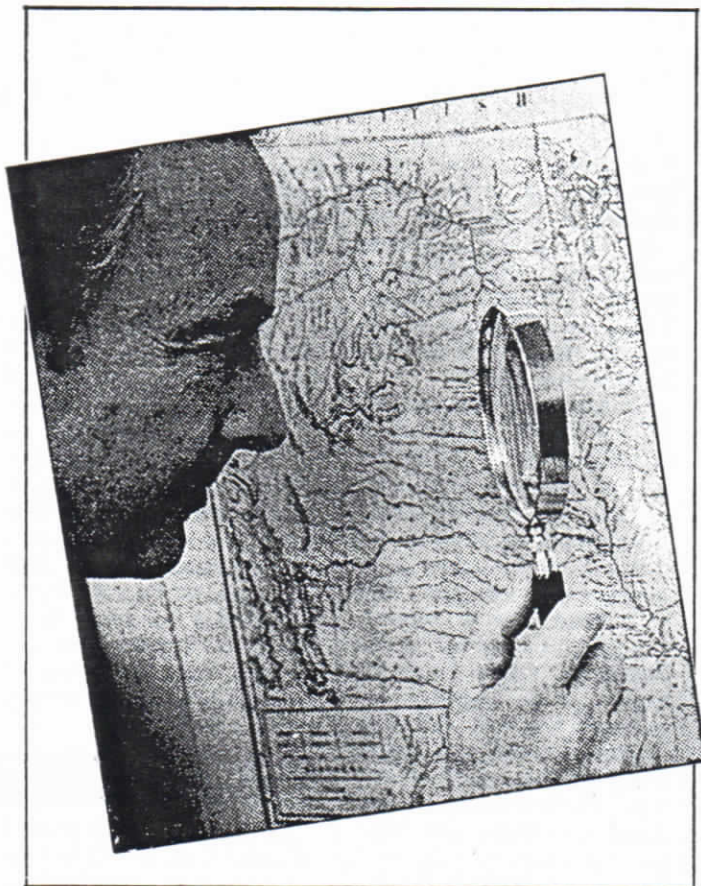
RARE MAP PLATES REACH JOURNEYS END

A long lost engraving plate of an historically important map of North America has been discovered in the basement of a museum. The find has excited scholars because it completes a set of 81 plates that form a unique record of the American Indian culture.

The 150-year-old copper plate shows the route taken by the German anthropologist and botanist Prince Maximilian on his epic journey into the American west between 1832 and 1834. The engravings were taken from a series of watercolours by Karl Bodmer, the expedition's 24-year-old Swiss artist, and form the first accurate account of the Indians' ceremonies, dress and villages. They were the source of designs for Indian costumes in the Kevin Costner film *Dances with Wolves*. Francis Herbert, curator of maps at the Royal Geographical Society, said the map contained a wealth of ethnographic information. 'Very few of the many copperplates of maps and

charts produced by private publishers from the 17th to the 19th centuries survive. 'For the curious it will be seen that Bodmer includes longitude from both Washington and Greenwich along the top and bottom borders.' The plates were feared destroyed during the French revolution in 1848, but the engraver had hidden them under his bed. They eventually found their way to the Joslyn Art Museum in Nebraska America, but one was mislabelled and remained unidentified in the museum's basement until now. No more than 100 prints were taken from the engraving & which is in pristine condition.

THE TIMES
19 February 1993



KEVIN COSTNER PICTURED IN A SCENE FROM THE HOLLYWOOD MOVIE 'DANCES WITH WOLVES'.



SURREY MAN GOES BACK TO HIS ROOTS

By Arthur Joslin

For those interested I have recently moved from Chester to Farnborough, an exercise I would not recommend to anybody contemplating such an undertaking more than once over the age of 73 years. I had a move in mind for some years since my wife died in 1983, such a move would take me from a 'minus' to a 'plus' situation inasmuch I would be nearer close members of my family. (how did I become a long term resident of Chester being by birth a Surrey man?). Answered in three words, The War, My Work, Housing and Money. (six words actually).

A vacant flat was offered me at very short notice, a swift dash by intercity to overnight with Simon and Yvonne in Frensham, a visit to view and accept tenancy of the flat and an unbelievably slow dash back to Chester caused by the IRA who hearing of my intended move had caused a bomb alert at Basingstoke Station, (remember, this was in the days before that organisation had taken the 'Courageous' move to stop killing people!) meaning I was to take the 'long way' back to Chester, not as I had hoped the 'pretty way'. I had the feeling that 'Forces' were at work against me at an early stage in my move, I had a word with St Christopher the Patron Saint of 'travellers and movers' but it transpired that his department was overworked/understaffed.

Back in Chester I realised I was now facing a panic evacuation, not a simple change of address, two weeks in which to organise the exercise, quotes from two removal companies stated that for a Princely sum they would transport all my Chattels and myself to my desired destination, being a pauper not a prince I assumed that they had misconstrued my destination as Los Angeles or Kuala Lumpur, I declined their offers and found myself back to square one. I quickly dismissed the thought of a handcart, (silly old fool, you wont make Watford gap) Simon solved the problem by saying he would rent a Luton van locally to him, being D.I.Y. removal experts would enable an addition to his C.V. But I was now faced with the problem how does one fit the accumulated possessions of over 30 years

of married life already occupying a massive 2 bedroom flat into a Luton van and hopefully into a one bedroom flat 200 miles away?, answer, quite a lot has to go, here I had my first lesson in commerce, articles of furniture etc which friends assured me would 'fetch a few quid' did not, various 'second-hand men' surveyed the 'Goods on Offer' shaking their heads sadly saying 'not a lot of call for those chum' or 'I'll have it on my hands for years pal' Needless to say none departed empty handed, and not a lot lighter in their pockets, but I did manage a few good deals, sometime I must take a course on 'How to get into a sellers market', however I managed to arrive at what I judged to be a Luton Vanfull and the day of the removal arrived.

Simon arrived from Frensham at approx 3.30 pm Saturday and after only a few hours rest on his part loading commenced, here I must mention that Simon did most of the loading, some difficulty arose due to the fact that I was vacating a third floor flat which entailed hijacking the lift, I

had also previously informed a friend that he had 'Volunteers' to assist, he being older than I, in fact only one incident manifested itself, having loaded the lift to capacity it promptly disappeared to the 10th floor much to the disgust, I imagine of the person who had summoned the lift as it was promptly despatched to the ground floor, some minutes elapsed before we finally captured it fully expecting it to be empty with the exception of a note saying 'thank you'.

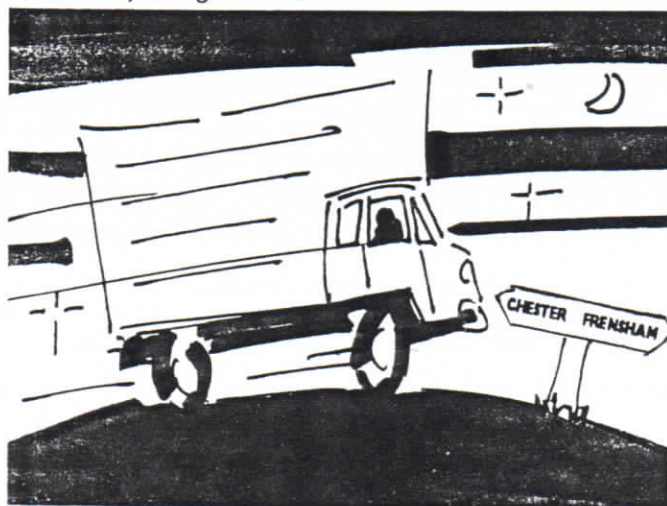
Quite soon after loading commenced all the rain clouds which had been replenishing the lakes in N. Wales had heard about my move and raced over to Chester to watch us, and in fact stayed with us to the junction of the M1/M6.

Loading was completed by 9pm, after a fish and chip supper in the van the journey commenced, several stops were required because because I could not share the driving, the van hire company not insuring people over the age of 70, (although in my estimation many between the ages of 17 to 70 should not be insured

either) after stops for dozing and coffee in rain swept service areas (the most inhospitable and undesirable places on Earth) we arrived in Frensham at approx. 4am Sunday, slept for some hours and then hence to Farnborough to unload, thanks to Simon not a breakage occurred.

Happy to return to 'roots' I find the most disturbing factor being the traffic, being used to several years driving casually in N. Wales where the only hazards are wayward sheep and Po faced German tourists, it is difficult to accept that 75% of drivers south of Milton Keynes seem to have the undisputed right to be first at, and away from traffic lights and any lane at roundabouts will do preferably straight across but for the cars suspension. White knuckles on the steering wheel and burning rubber seems to be the norm.

Having disposed of my car some time ago I have discovered the joys of the light controlled pedestrian crossing, for a few seconds I can control up to 6 lanes of traffic with my forefinger and study the features and actions of the assorted drivers, The steering Wheel Tappers, The Nervous Accelerator footed Ones, The Habitual engine Stallers, The Automatics Dying to Burn Rubber To The Rims, The Off Roaders (why are they on the road then?) and The Creepers who discover they have over anticipated the flashing light and look sheepish, they are all there, so when you are held up at crossings remember, it could be me



ARTHUR JOSLIN
Farnborough, August 1994



Josselin

STOP PRESS

THIS JUST IN...

We are pleased to report that the Josselin Society's visit to the town of Josselin, Brittany was a great success, all who attended had a marvellous time on this long awaited excursion which had been in the planning for many months.

A full report by our Chairman, Bill Joscelyne, is to be found in the Josselin Journal Special Edition.



OUR THANKS

That's it then, another issue completed we hope you have enjoyed it and once again thanks to all those who helped out, 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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Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire AL7 4EE

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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 police of the Josselin Society in general