

JOSSELIN JOURNAL

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Saturday June 6th 1998 Church Crawl with Roy Tricker



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FULL REPORT INSIDE BY BILL JOSCELYNE



CHURCH CRAWL WITH ROY TRICKER

Saturday June 6th 1998

That was how we were notified of this Josselin Society day out, and after a tour of three old Essex Churches having had a connection with Joslin/Joscelyne's long gone I cannot imagine a 'Church Crawl' without Roy Tricker.

This gentleman, accompanied by his wife Jenny, introduced himself as an 'old crank' interested in churches since the age of 4'. He set himself a target, to visit four hundred churches each year. He has written numerous Guides and Histories for mainly Suffolk Churches, and conducted many educational classes backed with photographic slides on Old Churches.

The programme prepared by Derek and Diane Kirby members 03 & 12, together with Ben and Mary Joscelyne members 09, was for us all to meet at the Royal Air Force Association Club in Witham at 10.00 a.m., where all 25 people in our group were introduced to Roy and his wife. From this introduction it was obvious we were in for an amusing and enjoyable day with this large, deep voiced, very active guide.

At 10.20 a.m. we left Witham with full cars, leaving some cars behind in the RAFA Club car park. My wife Peggy and myself were pleased to accept an invitation from our secretary Ann Thompson member 13, and husband Dave to travel in their new car purchased the day before, and we set off for Little Baddow Church, built mainly in the 14th Century, but some 11th and 12th Century work still exists.

On arrival at St Mary's, Little Baddow at 10.30 a.m., Roy conducted us around the exterior, darting here and there in order to point out features in the construction. By the time we moved to the interior, I felt quite tired by the enthusiasm and energy he generated and displayed. He took it all in his stride when the vicar brought to our attention things he felt Roy might miss.

Two stained glass windows had been smashed during the Reformation Period, and the pieces buried in the ground for many years until they were found and reconstructed to a different pattern to the original. Roy pointed out two wall paintings of about 1370, and covered with plaster for many

years, to be revealed again in June 1922.

In the grounds of this church is the very prominent headstone of Henry White Joslin who died 11 February 1872 aged 67 years. In the 1841 Census, living at Fallows, were Henry and Eliza Joslin, both 38, and Eliza aged 4 and Sarah aged 2. Henry's occupation being a farmer. In 1851 the family were still there. Apparently there is also a George Joslin buried in the churchyard. Another visit will be made to investigate. The organist of the church about 16 years ago was a Ron Joslin who died about 12 years ago in Wiltshire.

The church was restored in the 1850s to the designs of a William White. Maybe a connection with Henry White Joslin above?

Roy paused for breath at 11.15 a.m. and we moved on to our next church, arriving at St. John The Baptist Church, Danbury at 11.35 a.m. This church replaced a former church destroyed by fire and rebuilt in 1402. It is therefore more modern, and I didn't hear Roy mention any part being 900 years old as with the previous church.

We had our attention drawn to the beautifully carved animal heads at the ends of the pews, and as with all the churches, Roy laughingly suggested that the memorials and effigies that had been defaced and now unknown 'may have been a Joslin'. There are three oak effigies, dating between 1272 and 1307, which may represent members of the Clere family, who built the original church.

The 15th century steeple has been hit by lightning more than once. In 1866 the church was restored by Gilbert Scott, who added new pews, copying the few remaining medieval pews in the centre rear block. A short distance from the church is the 16th Century black-and-white timbered Griffin Inn, where smugglers are said to have hidden their contraband.

Roy told us of a vault found below the Aisle during some building work, and when opened

was found to contain a perfectly preserved body in a fluid, covered in a gown, and it is said the vicar of that time touched a leg with his stick, and the leg separated and floated to another position in the coffin.

We left the church at Danbury at 12.20 p.m. for our lunch booked for us at The Cricketers Arms Danbury Common, where we had a room to ourselves with tables laid for 4. Following a most enjoyable meal, we moved on to church No. 3, St Michael's Church, Woodham Walter, and as one of the last to arrive at 2.50 p.m. found Roy refreshed and enthusiastically in full voice drawing attention to this church built in 1563, which replaced another church built previously elsewhere. Roy pointed out the roof beams, which together with other features of interest were removed from the previous church a little further from the village.

In front of the church in grave No 24 lies mark Joscelyne, who died 2 January 1873, aged 48 Years and 6 months. He was the publican of the Bell Inn just across the road from the church and it is quite possible he died while living at the pub, as on his death certificate he is described as an innkeeper and cattle dealer. Mark is the great, great grandfather of Nick Joscelyne member No 95. Beside mark lies Frances his second wife, who became licensee of The bell after her husband's death until James Overall took over. Frances Joscelyne died in Hornchurch Essex 28 November 1902.

Buried in unmarked graves somewhere in the grounds of the church, are John and Elizabeth Joscelyne, Mark's parents. Also Samuel Joscelyne Mark's brother. Another John Joscelyne aged 17 is the son of Mark and Frances. Just discovered on this visit to the church, Caroline Joscelyne (spelt Joscelin in the records), aged 30, thus being Mark's first wife who died 29 September 1853 of consumption and was buried 9 October 1853.

Whilst in the churchyard, a

parishioner pointed out the grave of Mary Juliana Pyne, who was a nursing sister with Florence Nightingale. Eventually Mary became Matron of Westminster Hospital. Apparently in about 1907 Mary and her medical friends gave talks on Home Nursing, First Aid and Health Care at the newly formed Woodham Walter Women's Club.

At 3.30 p.m. Roy concluded our tour, but I am sure he was enjoying his pet subject and could have gone on for a few more hours, time permitting and so after a quick look at Joslin/Joscelyne gravestones, and group photographs by our professional photographer Peter Joslin Member No 29, we were off back to the RAFA Clubroom for tea and biscuits provided by the RAFA, of which Richard Joslin Member No 84 is Chairman. During our refreshments the Josselin Society Committee members present had a short informal meeting and we dispersed shortly after 5.15 p.m.

This was a most enjoyable day out and I feel sure further churches with a Jos..... connection will be visited in the future (with Roy Tricker I hope). Look for his name in the next Church Guide you pick up.

I would like to record a vote of thanks to our organisers, Ben and Mary Joscelyne, Derek and Diane Kirby and Richard Joslin, not forgetting Roy Tricker and his wife Jenny for their contributions to our memorable day. Also Peter Joslin who usually provides us with photographic prints for our Josselin Journal. Thanks also to Brenda Joscelyne member No 95m who provided information of graves and ancestry in Woodham Walter.

I hope I have been able to project some of the enjoyment experienced during this day for those who unfortunately could not attend.

Bill Joscelyne Member No 2
Editor

SKELETONS

Part I



By Dr. C. A. Snodgrass Member N0 103

When I started investigating family history I was frequently asked if I was afraid of uncovering family secrets best left undiscovered. In fact, unhappy events shed a great deal of light on the social history of the times and help us to give character to the names; although old ideas of what was acceptable behaviour now seem very odd.

As an obstetrician I have seen illegitimacy rates rise from 10% to 50% of total births in the 10 years to 1993. The latter figure is an underestimate as many registered as married are not pregnant to the recorded spouse. Deliberate single parenthood is not thought an aberration now, but is felt to be desirable by many females.

Even in the past there were regional differences in acceptable behaviour. Conception before marriage in farming communities was considered the ideal. "Will ye hae me if I take" being the norm in some border areas even after WWII. It was no good marrying a sterile female when you had a farm to run. In the Northern Regional Health Authority pregnancies to those 15 years and under, ran at twice the national average (14% versus 7% total births) before the Abortion Act and have remained the same thereafter although increasing numbers of legal abortions were carried out. The local mores were/are that "she should be getting on with it at her age", as I was told by a mother of a 15 year old or the child was taken as the grandmother's child and brought up as sister to the biological mother. The latter habit may well give rise to the exorbitant ages of motherhood appearing on some tombstones.

Remarriage, in what appears to be indecent haste, was a social necessity when the maternal mortality was so high. Families of young children had to be tended while the bread winner worked such long hours. A wife's earning capacity at taking in washing, sewing, child minding farm working was economically important despite the poor documentation of the female contribution. Early demise of the male from disease and occupational accident also necessitated early remarriage to avoid the workhouse.

Death certificates may reveal certain diseases, especially infections (now considered *infra dig*) which were endemic and not respecters of social status although the better fed may have more resistance and recover where the malnourished living in poor conditions were more likely to succumb.

Inquests in the 19th century appear to be held in circumstances which were rather variable. The inquest on Jeremiah Orris, for example, would appear quite unnecessary in view of his medical history and age but many children and some adults have no death certifying medical signature. The practice seems variable between registration districts. By today's standards some of the diagnoses may be sheer guesswork. Doubtless many of the childhood deaths were due to infection but the lack of certification in so many, especially those in whom the notifier was an unidentifiable person, does give rise to suspicion of infanticide to which some authorities turned a blind eye. Not all registration districts ignored these deaths. There are newspaper reports of inquests held on very young children. Of course, there was not the recourse to post-mortem examination which would be mandatory in unexplained death today. None of my ancestors' children's unexplained death certificates mention externally diagnosable fetal abnormality; a surprising absence in view of the poverty, intercurrent disease, twinning and high maternal age.

Poverty was considered a terrible thing, not least because of starvation, ill health, disease and death associated with it but because of the punishments which were meted out through the centuries in order to discourage seekers of relief.

A concerted effort to deal with the poor began in 1388 with

an attempt to control vagrancy. A parish unable to maintain a beggar who could not work could send him back to his birthplace. A labourer was prohibited from leaving his own parish unless provided with a testimonial issued by authority of the Justices of the Peace. Vagrants capable of work were severely dealt with. In 1494, whipping, loss of ears and hanging were legal punishments.

By 1530 a begging licence was necessary if the vagrant was incapable of work. In 1535/6, following suppression of the monasteries, the parishes were made responsible for the care of the impotent poor empowering the priest and churchwardens to solicit charitable donations on Sundays. In 1547, vagrants refusing to work were branded with a 'V' and adjudged a slave for two years. If he ran away he was branded with an 'S' on his cheek and adjudged a slave for life. The Poor Law of 1563 allowed for the appointment of 2 able persons or more to gather charitable alms from the rest of the parish. They were given limited powers to compel. It is easy to see how the poor accrued approbation and could be hounded from one place to another. In 1572 the Office of Overseer of the Poor was created. He was appointed by the vestry with Justices of the peace approving. By 1597/8 a Poor Rate was levied on a Parish. Pauper children could be apprenticed wherever possible to avoid being a charge on the parish. There followed the Poor Law Act of 1601. Law of Settlement 1662 and the Poor Law Amendment Act in 1834. It was after this that workhouses were built. The next punishment was the practice of separating couples from each other and from their children. They were seldom allowed to meet. The removal of children

into another parish occurred where they were apprenticed if possible. (vide:- Josling set out below.) No parents are mentioned in the agreement. Bastard children were also removed to another parish from that of the mother. The emphasis continued to be the punishment of the poor to deter the seeking of relief, The labelling of people as 'pauper' did not end until 1929.

The Poor Law Amendment Act 1844 gave mother's the right to apply to the Petty Sessions for maintenance of bastard progeny. This also alleviated some of the call upon Parish Relief funds. It must have led to miscarriages of justice. From personal experience of obstetrics I found that the patient had very imaginative ideas of who the father was. It was more likely to be wishful thinking based on performance and supposed income than on the proven fertility and paternity. Proof of the real paternity could be disappointing to the mother. There were no paternity tests in those days and proof of fatherhood seems to have been based on absence of evidence to the contrary.

The fear of losing one's job, especially those paid meagre wages for piece work was paramount. Those born with mental and physical disability and who acquired disease, all fell to the Workhouse. Even the previously relatively affluent could succumb to disabling disease, become bankrupt and die in the Workhouse through no fault of their own. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Local Government Board 1871 was set up to administer the Poor Law but also to deal with Public Health until 1919 when taken over by the Ministry of Health. National Insurance 1911 began the current system of benefits which supervened in 1946.

**THIS VERY
ENLIGHTENING ARTICLE
WILL BE CONCLUDED
IN OUR NEXT ISSUE OF
THE JOSSELIN JOURNAL
NO. 16**



ROOTS OF THE LOYALISTS

The pages reproduced here were sent to us by Paul Dayton Kilburn, Member No. 105, anyone interested in obtaining full sized print outs of these items please contact the Editor Bill Joscelyne Member No. 2.

Roots of the Loyalists

Andrew Joslin: His French, English and American Roots

by Paul Dayton Kilburn

The Joslin Farm at Kings Landing has popularized one of the more well known loyalist names in New Brunswick's early settlement. This particular Joslin name is from Andrew Joslin, formerly Sergeant with the Loyal New Englanders during the American Revolution. Andrew's military activities were limited to the New York area. He left New York City for St. John in 1783 with the first shipment of loyalists, arriving on the "Union" in early 1783. Here he married Priscilla (probably Cook) and soon moved up the St. John River to Prince William, where his children were born.

But before detailing Andrew's life in New Brunswick this paper describes some of the very earliest history of his line and then works forward to York County and his farm in Kings Landing.

I. Joslin Beginnings in France

To explore the Joslin origins one turns first to Brittany or Normandy, France, thence to County Essex near London, England and finally to New England. These ancestral details have been recorded in several genealogical publications and are summarized in a book by Edith Wessler entitled *The Jocelyn-Joslin-Jaslyn-Josselyn Family*.¹ They are further corroborated by the present Josselin Society of England, which takes as its spelling the town of Josselin in Brittany² from where they conclude the original Joslins came. This paper ignores many of the variant spellings that occur, for often father, son and brother used different spellings, and will use the "Jocelyn" spelling prior to emigration to America and "Joslin" thereafter.

Wessler takes the Jocelyn ancestry back past Charlemagne (b

768), through the latter's ancestor the Pepins to Pharamond, Duke of the Franks and later King (418), down to Count Jocelyn who became Count of Brabant, Brittany in 1005 and who lived in the beautiful Chateau de Josselin now considered the ancestral home of the Jocelyns. Count Jocelyn's son Gilbert, b abt 1005, became acquainted with Edward of England in France when the latter was banished there; and returned with him to gain favor in England; his son Gilbert (b abt 1040) fought with William the Conqueror in France and probably at Hastings, for he gained great favor for his assistance and loyalty to William. He was later knighted and given extensive estates in Lincolnshire, England. This story may always remain somewhat conjectural, as documenting genealogy in the distant past may never meet present day standards.

Those who actually fought with William at the Battle of Hastings remain relatively obscure and according to Camp³ only fifteen names are positively identified, though he lists hundreds more that have been recorded by various scholars as participating in the Battle of Hastings. There is no listing of a Joscelyn in this book. Nevertheless, Jocelyn's ownership of extensive estates strongly suggests his close relationship to the Norman cause, unquestionably his reward for allegiance to William. The subsequent records of knightships, offices, taxes and wills have ensured a sound genealogical record for the Joscelyn name until parish baptismal records became common in the 16th century.

II. Joscelyn in England

Little detail is provided by French for the next several generations other than the main line of descent, until Thomas Joscelyn (b abt 1205) married Maude Hide in 1248, and thus came into possession of her father's Hide Hall, frequently spelled Hyde Hall (See Fig. 1), in Hertfordshire. This became the official residence for many Joscelyns for the next 600 years.⁴

Hide Hall was a great estate consisting of the large mansion, extensive outbuildings, large acres of fertile farmland and even ponds and gardens. During the 20th century, after being sold by the last Joscelyn, it has gone through several owners, and today most of the lands



Fig 1. Hyde Hall, near Sawbridgeworth, Herts, England

have been sold. The mansion and other buildings have been remodeled to 29 beautiful privately owned townhomes and condominiums. This has become typical of many old halls and mansions which have been sold to meet taxes and expenses. While very little of original 13th century hall remains, extensive rebuilding and alterations performed in almost every century make the Hall and outbuildings quite spectacular and make the area one of the key places for present Joscelyn ancestors to visit.

The Hall is located just outside the quaint and ancient town of Sawbridgeworth (See Fig. 2), whose large and ancient parish church dates from the 13th century, with aisles and the upper part of the tower added in the 15th c. The church resembles many English parish churches that were constructed, indeed reconstructed, over several hundred years following the Conquest. The church houses several Jocelyn artifacts. There is the stone tomb of John Jocelyn d 1525 in the far corner of the chancel; on the wall at the east end of the nave are two wall marble plates to another Jocelyn church benefactor. But perhaps most

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leave and establish their own smaller estate farms. The town and hall are just west of the Essex County line, and it is in this county that many Joscelyn descendants lived, farmed and worshipped. It is situated northeast of London, south of Suffolk, forming the southern county of East Anglia, where the Josselin Society was founded and where most of its members reside.

The Andrew Joslin line almost moved to a new village each generation: John (b abt 1430) at Sheering; his son Ralph (b 1475) was buried at Much Cap; his son Ralph (b abt 1503) buried at Fyfield; his son John (b abt 1

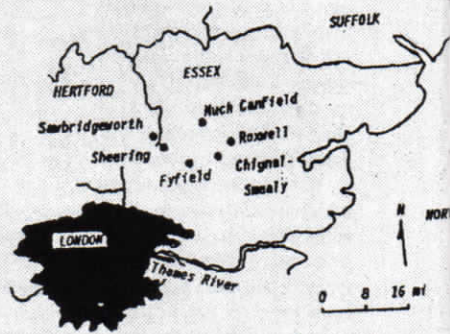


Fig 2. Josselin Villages in Essex, England

interesting is the brass plate on the floor of the chancel depicting Geoffrey (great-grandson of Thomas and b abt 1375) and his two wives. This brass plate is kept covered and hidden by a rug. Fortunately a workman pointed it out to my wife and I was able to at least photograph it, though unfortunately not make a rubbing. The family were major contributors to the church for many years as attested by these memorials.

Ancestors of the Andrew Joslin line were born, lived and died at Hide Hall for four generations, but eventually younger sons had to

born and buried at Fyfield son Ralph (b abt 1556) at Smealy and no doubt buried rare brick font in the love church. John lived in his called Bollinghat in the Roxwell where his eleven were born. All of these were within five-ten miles of It was Ralph's (b 1551) Thomas (b 1592) who is grant ancestor. Leaving London, he married Rel Marlowe in 1615. It was several of their children they moved to Barham where their seventh chi

born in 1634. A year later they sailed for New England as part of the Great Migration of English people to New England in the decade of the 1630's.

The Great Migration is the term given to the exodus from England of about 20,000 people to New England during this ten year period. The 102 emigrants of the Mayflower had formed the new outpost of Plymouth, Massachusetts in 1620, and for a decade the Plymouth colony survived and slowly grew to perhaps 1000 people. Their survival showed to people remaining in England that life could be sustained on the new continent. As the religious oppression of King Charles I intensified, large numbers of families, and often entire church congregations, sailed with their rectors to Boston and settled throughout coastal New England.

Thomas and his family were part of this group. With his emigration, over five centuries of life in England by the Andrew Joslin line ended.

III. The Joslins in Early New England

Thomas sailed to New England with his wife, a maid, and five of his seven children. The two older boys, Abraham (16) and Joseph (14) remained in England for schooling. They eventually joined the family, who by now were located in Sudbury, MA just south of Concord, a town located on the edge of the wilderness.

Thomas "Joslin" was listed a husbandman, aged 43 and embarked from London to Boston 17 April 1635 on the ship "Increase" from London to Boston. Wessler (p 77) describes his arrival and subsequent settlement as follows:

"On his arrival in New England, the ship docked at Boston. Thomas went first to Watertown, Massachusetts. The settlers there heard the glowing report of the

Musketquid valley, the long lush meadows, the tall swamp grass, the rolling hills with timber. The fish were plentiful in the stream. The natural clearings could be planted without the drudgery of stump-pulling and wood cutting.

As... [more] immigrants arrived from England... in 1637... they [moved] to a [new] plantation upon the River which runs to Concord" [called Sudbury].

The new town was just south of Concord (See Fig. 3), and Thomas remained there with his family until he emigrated in 1645 to Hingham, a town southeast of Boston. Hingham, later to become the home of John Adams, was one of the earliest towns to be settled having inhabitants since 1633. Thomas was listed as a husbandman and pioneer, a man of business ability and generous disposition. Wessler has this to say about the town at that time (p 78):

"The town consisted of perhaps less than one hundred homes, and a half dozen streets such as North Street where the Josselyns lived, South Street, Main Street, Spring Street and Bachelor Row. These were not the kind of streets we have today. They were unimproved: merely grassy lanes with deep-cut ruts from farm wagons and other vehicles. There were no sidewalks. Paths led from house to house and from farm to farm.

All the families were large. The women wove the cloth that made their garments. We would say their clothes were homespun. Farming seems to have been the chief business at that time. Commercial relations were not always carried on by payments in money, but sometimes wholly or in part, in produce."

Thomas sold his dwelling house, barn and three acres of land in 1653 and moved to the new town of Lancaster, MA, near Concord, on the "western outpost of civilization," known formerly by its Indian name "Naashaway". Thomas purchased 50 acres of upland and 20 acres of swamp-land in these remote wilds. Thomas died in 1661

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in Lancaster. His will provided an inheritance for Rebecca, his wife, his sons, Abraham and Nathaniel, two daughters, Rebecca and Elizabeth, son-in-law, Roger Sumner, and grandson, Abraham.

His eldest son Abraham (b 1619 at Roxwell) remained in England with a relative, attended Corpus Christi school in London, and married Beatrice Hampson (b London abt 1623) probably just before emigrating and joining his father in Hingham about 1643. His first recorded son, Abraham was baptized at Hingham in 1649. He was to have seven more children

Virginia in 1670.

His eldest son Abraham (b 1649 at Hingham, MA) remained at Lancaster to run the family farm. This Abraham was the older brother of Thomas, the progenitor of the New Brunswick Joslins, and the story of his fate is pertinent to the story. It is here that he married Ann Hudson (b 1649 Lancaster) and where his only child, a daughter, was born in 1674. In the next year the severe and bloody King Philip's war broke out between the Indians and settlers. Seventeen towns were wholly or partially destroyed, including Lancaster, where

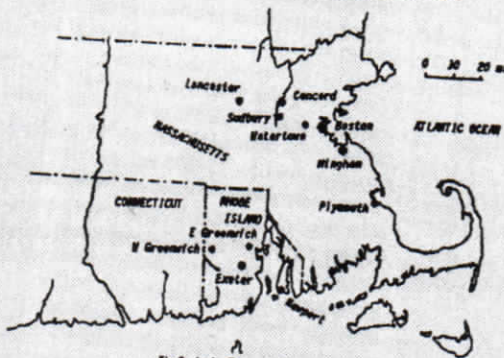


Fig 3. Joslin Towns in New England

over the next twenty years, five boys and two girls. The fourth son, Thomas, b 1658 at Scarborough, ME, was the progenitor of the Andrew Joslin line.

The elder Abraham was always torn between a life at sea and a life as a farmer. He left Hingham for Scarborough, Maine before 1652 where he probably owned several ships which traded with England. He rejoined his father in Lancaster by 1663 where his last two children were born. But even though he retained his home in Lancaster for the remainder of his life, he returned to the sea. He eventually died aboard ship off the coast of

Abraham was killed along with 40 of the 41 other men who were in the village at that time. His wife and daughter were captured and later tortured and killed. Mary Rowlandson's book *The Captive* vividly describes the raid on the town, widow Joslin and her young daughter's subsequent imprisonment and death. The book states on page 17:

"She [Ann Joslin] having much grief upon her spirit about her miserable condition, being so near her time, would be often asking the Indians to let her go home. They not being willing to do that, and yet vexed with her importu-

To be continued in Journal No 16

RECEIVED FROM
YVONNE WATTERSON,
12 LORRINA CLOSE,
WEST PENNANT HILLS,
2125 SYDNEY N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA.

Dear Editor

I refer to the article submitted by Michael Brill and published on page 11 of the Summer/Autumn 1998 "Joslins Stonemasons hold Royal Warrant."

The history of the Joslin family behind this company is included in "Joslins in the Antipodes" (ref A6/JOS/1A. 1B. 1C.) which I researched & deposited with Society Australian Genealogists in 1993.

Benjamin Joslin born 1800, Braintree, Essex, the son of Benjamin Joslin, Gentleman, was the first to begin as a Stonemason & three generations of the family followed him in the trade. They operated from Nunhead and Highgate cemeteries for a long time and also lived in London, around Peckham.

In late 1990, Joslin Memorials of 238 High Road, east Finchley, London (the current company), told me they held no history regarding the Joslin connection, as the Company had changed dealing titles three times in the previous 18 months, becoming part of a large international concern.

The news of the Royal warrant is wonderful!

Yours sincerely,

Yvonne Watterson, Member No. 100

Thank you Yvonne, this is just the sort of feedback we need, Ed:



OY JOSSO - AN UNUSUAL SURNAME Part 2

A personal profile By Simon Joslin

IT IS THE WINTER OF 1970 AND COLLEGE LIFE IS PROVING TO BE VERY ENJOYABLE FOR SIMON JOSLIN. HOWEVER THE OBJECTS OF HIS, AND HIS FELLOW MALE COLLEAGUES' ATTENTIONS WERE NOT QUITE SO ENTHUSIASTIC

DAVE AND HOWARD

There was a girl called Amanda Latham in our second year who I went around with for a bit, but my college mates Howard Jeffs and Dave Mair were also interested in her and as a result, life started to get a bit difficult, later on it got a lot worse, and then worse still! It became very very complicated, anyway Mandy finally got tired of Dave, Howard and myself making her life a misery and went off with a bloke who looked like Marc Bolan, he was a few years older than us, quite well off and had a sports car, a Triumph Spitfire, which, when I think about it, was a bit of an advantage over us lot, because we had no money and couldn't drive. Heartbroken and on the rebound, I got friendly with a really nice Welsh girl called Shirley Moore who was studying textile design, she was a friend of Lou The Sinner and had a brilliant sense of humour, everything went great for ages but sadly it didn't last because she dropped out of college at the end of term and went down to St Ives on the back of a scooter with one of the Mods from Liverpool and I never saw her again! I was heartbroken once more but it wasn't long before it healed... because a girl called Heather Lawrence turned up.

THE FORTIES GIRL

I still can't remember exactly when I met Heather Lawrence, one minute I was on my own at a night club in Chester where all us art students used to hang out and the next minute this gorgeous girl said to me that her younger sister wanted to go out with me, it turned out that this girl's sister had been wanting to meet me for ages but was too shy to say anything.

Heather Lawrence - that was her name - was a very lovely girl, with beautiful long light brown wavy hair which was almost down to her waist when I first met her, she was also extremely quiet but very well spoken. When I first started going out with Heather she was only 17 and still at the

City High Grammar school in Chester, she was the first girl that I ever really went out on proper dates with.

Heather liked to go to night clubs and loved dancing, she was also quite sophisticated with an extremely good fashion sense - which is what we used to call it in those days - she also had ideas about going to art school too like me however she wanted to be a photographic fashion stylist, the fashion at that time, 1971-72 was a revival of the early 1940s and her older sister ran a clothes shop in Chester that was very much a part of that revival, so Heather - having access to this extended wardrobe - quite often looked as if she had just walked off the set of some old black and white war movie, the big difference of course, was that she was 3 dimensional and in colour!

Heather really enjoyed being glamorous and she tried very hard almost to the point of obsession, for instance she wouldn't leave the house until she was sure everything was just right even down to the colour of her stockings or nail varnish, which when I think about it now, was quite unusual for a girl of that age in those days, but Heather's obsession with how she looked started to get a bit out of proportion. I remember one hilarious occasion when we were halfway from Hoole where she lived going into Chester and we had to go all the way back to her house in Linden Grove so she could change her dress because she didn't think she looked right, she looked fabulous, and always did, but I don't think I could ever have lived with her!

LADYTRON

It was about that time that we started to hear about a band from the North East of England called *Roxy Music*. In those days the music business was nowhere near as 'sophisticated' as it is now, then, pop groups just sort of happened and kids picked up on them if they were any good, it was a word of mouth sort of thing. *Roxy Music* looked and sounded completely different from all of the bands at the time, their songs dealt with subjects never really covered before such as the moral breakdown of western society, 'In Every Dream Home a Heartache', dehumanisation and isolation 'Chance Meeting', juxtaposed with the banality and



shallowness of the International Fashion/Catwalk scene 'Ladytron' and 'Editions of You'.

Roxy Music were the first live band that I ever saw, it was just after their first album came out, not long after that I saw *David Bowie* in concert and I was never the same again, I don't think anyone of my age and generation was either after that.

It was a very strange time then, *The Beatles* had long gone, McCartney was forming *Wings* with his wife Linda, - now sadly deceased - John Lennon was protesting at just about everything that moved, George Harrison was going very peculiar, but Ringo Starr, thankfully, was still Ringo, however the *Rolling Stones* and the *Faces* were more or less a bunch of boring old zombies. Kids like us and younger wanted something else, music was just on the verge of heading for a big change which was long overdue and *Roxy Music*, *David Bowie*, *Kilburn and the Highroads* (later

to become *Ian Dury and the Blockheads*), *Dr Feelgood*, *Lou Reed*, *Midge Ure's Slik* and others that are probably forgotten now, anticipated that change, they were the 'Avante Garde'

Above: Cover of the mysteriously titled first L.P. record album by *Roxy Music* in 1972, (a favourite of mine at that time) the brainchild of Newcastle Fine Art Graduate Bryan Ferry. Velvet Underground inspired, *Roxy Music* along with their contemporaries including *David Bowie*, *Cockney Rebel* and *Sparks* influenced a whole new generation of teenagers and bands in the early 1970s such as *Generation X*, *The Sex Pistols*, *Ultravox*, *The Buzzcocks*, *Souxsie and the Banshees*, *The Clash*, *Human League* and many others.

Below: *Ultravox*, - my all time favourite band - formerly mid-1970s Punk Rock group *Tiger Lily*, led by Yorkshireman John Foxx, aka Denis Leigh (second from left). Dozens of the 'New Romantic' scene, *Ultravox* achieved huge chart success in the winter of 1980/81 with the L.P. record *Vienna* and the single of the same name, the band, by then, fronted by Scottish guitarist and singer James 'Midge' Ure, b. Glasgow 1953, formerly of teenybopper band *Slik* and subsequently *Thin Lizzy*, went on to dominate the British record charts for most of that decade.

Below right: *Ultravox* in Concert at the Hammersmith Odeon, 1982. *Midge Ure* (centre), along with Londoner *Chris Allen* Bass/synthetiser (left), Classically trained pianist/violinist *William Currie* from Bradford (right), and, obscured by the dry ice electronic percussionist, Canadian born *Warren Cann*. *Ultravox's* success as a live performing band culminated in 1985 with their appearance at 'Live Aid' the fund raising initiative for famine relief in Ethiopia led by *Midge Ure* and his friend, Irishman *Bob Geldorf*.





of an explosion of creativity, design and fashion that was still some 3 years away. A world that little did I know at the time, I was to become a part of.

EXAMS

By the 1972 Winter Term I decided that I just HAD to stop fooling around and try and get some work done because finals were only a few months away, I was in danger of falling behind a bit and I knew I had to qualify as a corporate identity designer if I was going to get anywhere in life, anyway, I managed to keep away from girls for a while but it wasn't easy because of a lady that kept distracting me by hanging around the college design studio when I was working late, she was called Sally-Anne Adair, she was attending the business studies course and she was fascinated by Graphic Designers, what's more, she looked like a young Meryl Streep, I didn't know what Meryl Streep looked like then, but today, that's the best way to describe Sally-Anne, anyway, despite the attentions of this attractive young woman, I managed to pass all my exams and I achieved decent passes in most subjects particularly Advertising Design and Creative Visual Communication.

RK JONES

After leaving college I had to do something about getting a job, I went to interviews in Liverpool and Manchester which was where the North West's Advertising industry was centred, there was a recession in progress at the time - a recession that had been planned for quite a while - as a result, jobs were hard to come by, also there was a Catch! in order to get a job in advertising, you had to have experience, the only way to get experience was to have had a job in advertising, but if you had just left college the chances are you didn't have any experience and so you couldn't get a job. That was 'One Hell Of A Catch That One', and college leavers such as myself were constantly, and, gleefully reminded of this by our interviewers!

All was not lost however because my dad knew a bloke called Ted Lee who owned a big decorating and paint retail business, he was friends with a chap called R.K. Jones who had a small interior design business in Chester, he also had a small advertising company and the designer who worked there was leaving to go and work in Liverpool. Ted Lee said that it might be a good idea if I went to see Mr Jones and so he told my dad that he would...

... 'Have a Word with Him'...

RK Jones was very impressed with my portfolio and offered me the job with a salary of £48 per month, a lot of money in 1973, I was on my way, I very quickly got used to the routine of running a small studio, putting together adverts, designing logos, Invoicing clients etc and dealing with the advertising departments of not just the local Chester papers, but the larger City ones such as the Liverpool Echo, The Wrexham Leader and the Manchester Evening News

I was still seeing Sally-Anne at that time, she had a twin sister, Carol-Anne, they were both really pleasant girls with blonde hair and grey/green eyes, Carol-Anne knew a guy called Alan Smith, his sister Julie and his girl friend Wendy who by coincidence lived not far from where I lived, I sort of knew Alan from school - he was a year below me - and he also knew some of my old gang from Art School as well and so we all started to get together at each others houses listening to music and reading books and magazines etc etc, we went to parties and get togethers all over Chester and the surrounding area, anywhere in fact where there was a 'Scene' going on, we also went to Rock Concerts, at one point during the Autumn of 73 we were going to see 2-3 bands a week, some new and unknown and some famous and established, it was the newer younger bands that were nearer our age that played music with a much harder edge such as *Squeeze*, *Tiger Lily* - later to become one of the top 1980s bands

Ultravox - who we had heard about, and by that time old favourites *Dr Feelgood*, that appealed to us although we were still very impressed by *Genesis*, who out of all the old wave bands, were just about acceptable.

WE CAN BE HEROES

The newspaper headlines at that time were extremely disturbing, Communist expansion was becoming very worrying, Brezhnev was a formidable Russian leader and the media were painting him in exactly the same light as Lenin.

YVONNE

It was after I had been working in my first job for a few months that I met the lady who was eventually to become my wife, Yvonne Shone was helping out at my Aunt's nursery in Wallasey, she was training to become a nursery nurse and her mother worked with my mum in the same hospital and so had arranged for her to get some work experience as part of her college course. As I mentioned in part one of this 'epic adventure', I was smitten by Yvonne the first minute I ever saw her, there was a kindness in her eyes and a glow in her face that I'd never seen in a girl before, and yes, it's still there, even after all these years and the many rotten things that have happened to her. How she ever fell for a guy who wore nothing but black Tee shirts and black jeans, along with an RAF greatcoat, dark glasses most of the time and had a hairstyle like *Lou Reed* I will never ever know but she did, however it was a long time before we eventually tied the knot, because we had our careers and our lives to sort out.

In the meantime though, Yvonne persuaded me to go to a hairdresser in Chester who transformed my then unruly *Velvet Underground* styled mane into something a bit more on the *Bryan Ferry* side!

Yvonne was only 18 when I first met her, she had just left boarding school and was studying at college for an NNEB certificate. I didn't see her for ages after that because she was very busy and lived with her Mum, Anne Shone, in a little village called Ashton which was quite a way out of Chester and so distance was a bit of a problem.

I had just got a new job with an advertising agency called Whitefriars, again based in Chester, I had been very lucky as I was now a junior art director on £1,200 p.a. which was a real step up the ladder of success. I bumped into Yvonne one day when I was going to see the Advertising Manager at the Chester Chronicle, she was on her way home from college and accused me of 'Skiving', we only

talked for a little while but it somehow seemed very special, anyway a few weeks after that I invited Yvonne out with me to see *Roxy Music* who were playing in Liverpool, *Roxy Music* were in the middle of their 1973 tour to promote their third album 'Stranded', unfortunately Yvonne had to go into hospital at the last minute with tonsillitis and so I ended up going to the concert with a girl called Linda James from Handbridge which was a little village on the other side of the River Dee, although Linda was a very nice girl she didn't like that sort of music really - *Roxy Music*, *Bowie* etc - but put up with it (she liked Heavy Metal!)

Later on that Autumn, Yvonne invited ME out! which was unusual, she was sorry she missed our first date and wanted to make it up to me, or something like that, anyway she and her old school friend Lesley Hitchcock with whom she was now sharing a flat in Chester had got three tickets to a really posh night club in Frodsham Street and asked me to meet them there, I can still see Yvonne now in the pink and white long evening dress that she had borrowed and her white platform shoes, Yvonne didn't have much money in those days but she really made an effort to look nice for me and I've never forgotten that evening.

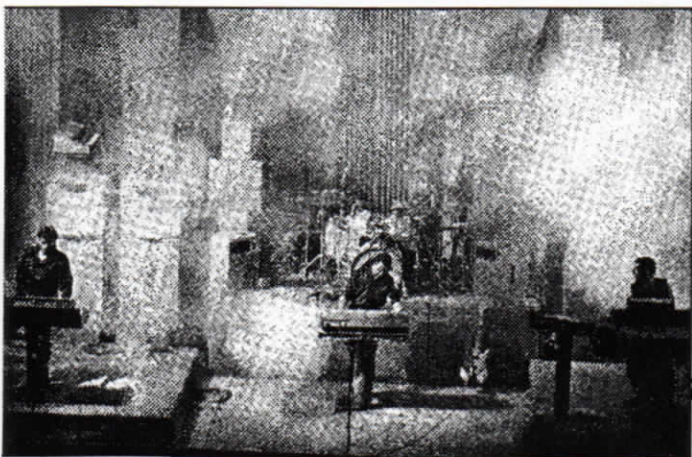
The following year was fantastic, we went out loads of times to films, discos and restaurants, we even went to Chester's Gateway theatre to see some plays, one of them was by Alan Ayckbourn. Yvonne and Lesley cooked meals for me and my mate Alan Smith in her flat, we went to Alton Towers and Port Sunlight for some long and lovely lazy days.

During the summer of 1974 Yvonne and Lesley got asked to look after Lesley's boss' house out in the Cheshire countryside for a month while he was on holiday in Spain, he was an architect and his place was absolutely brilliant, there was a swimming pool, fields and...horses...

Yvonne liked to ride...

... I didn't!

POWER CUTS, FOOD SHORTAGES, THE FUEL CRISIS, PRESIDENTIAL IMPEACHMENT IN THE USA. YES... THE 1970s REALLY WERE A BARREL OF LAUGHS. BUT THINGS STARTED TO GET SERIOUS AND EVENTUALLY WE ALL STOPPED LAUGHING. FIND OUT WHY IN PART 3





JEFFREY JOCELIN BRASS RUBBING

Many American Joslins trace their Ancestry to this man, Galfridus Joslyne, buried in 1471 at Sawbridgeworth, Herts, England with his two wives and commemorated by a memorial brass on the floor showing both Jeffrey and wives Katherine and Joan. The 500 plus year old brass can be photographed, as can the ancient 13th-16th century Great St Mary's Church which houses the brass. Inasmuch as pencil or crayon rubbings are no longer possible to make from brasses in these old churches of England, it is indeed good news that a rubbing of this brass is now available.

The actual brass is 45" x 36". A rubbing has been made by a church member who can sell and send one a copy (naturally not an original rubbing). A brass rubbing of the Joslyne memorial figures had to be taken individually owing to the large size.

A black and white copy of the trio has been obtained from the three rubbings reduced to 75% with all three figures together on a manageable

24" x 24" sheet and including Latin and English inscriptions. All profits will be donated to Great St Mary's. Copies can be sent as follows:

- A. Flat packed in three folds, suitable for family history files: £5 Sterling including packing and postage.
- B. Rolled tubular post pack: £7 Sterling, including packing and postage.

Send a cheque in Sterling to Janet Berry, 29 Coney Green, Sawbridgeworth, Herts CM21 0DA, England. Contact Ms Berry if you have any further questions

Paul Dayton Kilburn
member 105
17425 West 57th Avenue,
Golden, Co USA



JOSCELYNE AND SONS AMALGAMATE WITH JOHN CHASE & CO

Joscelyne Chase
Established 1777

Chartered Surveyors, Valuers,
Estate Agents and Auctioneers
18-20 Bank Street
Braintree Essex CM7 1UP
Facsimile 01376 551431
Telephone 01376 522222

JOSCELYNE & SONS and JOHN CHASE & CO are pleased to announce their amalgamation from 1st November 1998 and will be practising as JOSCELYNE CHASE from 18-20 Bank Street, Braintree, Essex.

John Chase joins Christopher Woodhouse as co-partner. Benjamin Joscelyne, the Senior Partner, retires after 37 years at Joscelyne & Sons, but will continue as a consultant to assist with commercial work until the Spring of 1999. John Chase will take responsibility for commercial work pending the appointment of a commercial surveyor.

Brian Joscelyne becomes a consultant and will continue to be in charge of the residential agency department.

JOSCELYNE CHASE look forward to providing all existing clients with a continuing service. John Chase, a Chartered Surveyor with much local experience, will in particular strengthen the growing survey and valuation department.



OUR THANKS

Many thanks to those members who helped out with articles material and pictures in this our 15th issue. We cannot say enough how vital your contributions are to the Josselin Journal, it is you, the readers who make the magazine possible, without your stories, articles there would be nothing to publish so please send in anything you can that may be of interest, if you have any pictures to accompany your articles don't hesitate to submit them we promise to look after them.

Goodbye for now

Any articles, pictures etc for publication in the Josselin Journal should be sent to the Editor: Bill Joscelyne, 74 Celandine Close, South Ockendon. RM15 6JA

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

Christopher E. Woodhouse FRICS
John A. Chase BSc (Hons) FRICS
B. K. Joscelyne BSc. FRICS (Consultant)
A. Joscelyne BSc. FRICS (Consultant)