



Josselin Journal

Issue 69 | May 2022

Welcome Back

As you are aware the last 2 years have been difficult with the COVID pandemic ruling our lives. As such as with many organisations we have been relatively inactive, but as we come out of this we hope to rebuild.

There have been a few changes in the committee Ben Joscelyne has decided to pass on the stewardship of his position as Secretary/Treasurer to Peter Josling who has taken up the reins, Peter was one of the founder members and recently retired and has more time to take on these responsibilities. The committee wishes to say a big thank you for Ben's contribution to the Society over the last few years, he will stay on as a member of the committee.

Also, John Hallum has decided to give up as editor of the Journal and Mike Garrick has taken up the responsibility. Yet again the committee wishes to say a big thank you for John's contribution to the Society over the last few years.

I hope you enjoy this edition of the Journal. We hope it will inspire you to send in articles and enquiries for our next edition. Please forward these to mikegarrick@hotmail.co.uk for entry in the Journal.

It is intended going forward to produce 2 editions of the Journal a year and hopefully have at least 2 meetings/ visits a year plus an AGM in September.

At present membership is free we will be reintroducing a membership fee after the AGM

Other matters, in an attempt to link people to others studying the same line, please forward, if you are able to create one, a Gedcom file of your family line or a tree to Peter Josling at jossocsec@gmail.com, he will endeavour to put you in touch with other members that share your interest, this is subject to privacy rules.

Well, I will say from myself it is good to see the Society back in action and moving forward again.

Derek Joslin.

Chairman Josselin Society.



Content

1. Welcome Back
2. Forward
+ In The Beginning by Peter Josling
3. Josselin Castle by Brenda Joscelyn
4. Obituaries
6. Origins of the name by Peter Josling
+ Newspaper Snippets
7. Famous Faces
8. Attempted Murder Charge at Sudbury by Ben Joscelyne
9. Research - BMD Certificates
10. Research - Resource Centres
11. Josselin Society Publications 2022
12. One Fine May Morning by Arthur William Joscelyne
19. Trouble with Tinternet by Peter Josling

Contacts

Society Chairman

Derek Joslin (124)
derekjuly1960@gmail.com

Secretary & Treasurer

Peter Josling (1)
jossocsec@gmail.com
Mr Peter Josling 12 Pix Court, Arlesey,
Bedfordshire, SG15 6GH

Journal & Website Editor

Mike Garrick (269)
MikeGarrick@hotmail.co.uk
59 Gunners Road, Shoeburyness,
Essex, SS3 9SB

Foreword

Welcome back to the Journal with this the 69 th Edition. I am pleased to have taken up the Editorship and would like to thank John Hallum (137) for his efforts, especially over the last 2 years that have been difficult. As we come out of COVID it is hoped that the Society can move forward and grow. It is hoped we will produce 2 Journals a year. We do however require your input with stories, your area of research etc. In this edition we have introduced several generic articles, such as Notables, highlighting various (Josselins) and their achievements, Source Material, which we will look at various sources, this month being BDMs and Resource Centres, where we will look at various places that have original documents, Essex Record Office where we will be holding a meeting next month is the choice this edition.

If you have any other suggestions for Articles you would like to see us run or any suggestions for Society visits, please get in touch. I hope you enjoy this Journal.

Mike Garrick (269) Editor. mikegarrick@hotmail.co.uk

In the Beginning.

My interest in Family History began after my Father died, I inherited a load of Family Trees plus a notebook compiled by my Grandfather **Arthur George Josling**. His research was mainly of the descendants of the **Lord Roden** (Jocelin) lineage and other linked and Armorial families. My curiosity was aroused, with a big question well that's all well and good but where do I fit in all of this? So began my search.

Having started with the known, my Grandfather my journey took me to Waltham Abbey, Arkley, Barnet, St Albans, Portsmouth and then Little Leighs, Essex. This was the start of many visits to the Essex Record Office, computers and the internet were all in their infancy then, this was about 1986, so I began trawling the Parish Registers and Wills. It was during these visits I came across two names also who appeared to be researching the family name, **William (Bill) Frederick**



William (Bill) Frederick Joscelyne

Joscelyne and Arthur William Joscelyne. The first one I was able to contact was Bill, I at the time was a Company Representative covering North London, Middlesex, Hertfordshire and Essex. Bill worked for the Post Office as a Draughtsman on their Underground rail that carried mail under the streets of London. We arranged to meet up in a Pub, whose name I cannot

remember. Bill bought along a couple of charts and books, he was very interested in the origins of the name from France, Brittany and Normandy, we hit it of straight away despite me being a lot younger than him. From this came an invite to visit

him at his house were in his words "I have got more stuff". Hence a few weeks later I arrived at Bills door where he showed me his "bit more stuff", I have seen less in a library than what he had, folder after folder and loads of tubs all containing charts. To use that good old British word, I thought "Blimey". During our conversation **Arthur Joscelyne** came up and Bill told me he lived in Leigh on Sea and he had regular contact with him. It was arranged that Bill would contact him to organise a visit. So sometime later I received a call from Bill to say that a meet up was arranged.

So it was that day I arrived in Leigh on Sea. I will side track here Arthur wrote a lot of his memoires down one of which was later published "Joscelyne's Tales of Old Leigh and Chalkwell". One of the stories in this, "At the end of the Rainbow" is about his visit to an elderly man in which he wrote his observation "The table was piled at one end with large tattered leather-bound books, still revealing traces of green binding and worn gold lettering. An ancient document, held down by an equally ancient magnifying glass, lay in front of him. Inks, pens, rubbers and other oddments on a tray, bits of paper, containing names, graphs and much I couldn't see, exercise books in abundance, are things I remember. But more perhaps the floor. Large sheets of what I thought was white ceiling lining paper, carpeted odd sections of the floor, mostly covered with lines and names of what I now know to be family pedigrees and all the paraphernalia involved in family history backed up by a miscellaneous assortment of family photographs, smaller books and heraldic signs in little frames on shelves in the chimney breast alcoves." To this extent this could be a description of what was to confront me on this visit.

After the formal introductions we were led into his living room. His wife appeared and offered us a cup of Tea. While she was doing this Bill and I started to spread our bits out across the floor so when she arrived back there was barely

room to lay it down.

So, here we sat three people from different generations, I was in my early 30s, Bill in his Late 50s and Arthur in his mid-80s,



Arthur William Joscelyne

all with a passion for Family History. I will say, Arthur was one of the most interesting people I have met, bright, intelligent and very sharp in the mind considering his age. I had just acquired my first laptop which both bemused and interested both Bill and Arthur as I showed them my tree on it. After several

more teas and some biscuits we bade our farewell. This was the first of many visits to Arthur and it was during one of these

with Bill that it was mooted the idea of starting a one name study group, Bill was already a member of the Tyrrell F H Society. By this time through Bill and Arthur I had met several other Joscelyne's including Ben and others from the Braintree branch of the family, and through my own research some Josling's and Joslin's. So it was that on Sunday 24th 1991 at the Jobbers Rest in Upminster the Josselin Society, the reason for the choice of Josselin was chosen as due to the many different spellings of the name it was neutral, was formed. Those attending that day where **Mr & Mrs D Kirby** of Colchester, **Mr E Joslin & Mr Brian Joslin** of Romford, **Mr Brian Joscelyne & Mr Benjamin Joscelyne** of Braintree, **Mr Melvyn Joscelyne** of Colchester, **Mr David Clarke** (his wife nee' Josling) of Greenhithe, **Mr Peter Josling** of Welwyn Garden City & **Mr Andrew Joscelyne** & company of Battersea.

Peter Josling (member 1)

Josselin Castle

Many have wondered, does Josselin Castle in the town of Josselin, Brittany France have any connection to "The Family".

Miss French and Edith S Wessler claimed that it did in *The Jocelyn-Joslin-Joslyn-Josselyn Family*. Published in 1961.

However, when a party from the Josselin Society visited Chateau Josselin in Brittany in September 1994, Bill Joscelyne wrote an article in a Special Edition of the Josselin Journal and found out that the Chateau is owned by **Duke de Rohun**, and has been in their possession off and on since 1008. **Guéthénoc, Viscount of Porhoët** gave his second son the name Josselin, and it was him who gave his name to the castle that was being built then, and the town that grew around it. Bill says "So, it's not even a surname".

I have just found the article below which states exactly what Bill said.

Josselin Castle (French: *Château de Josselin*, Breton: *Kastell Josilin*, Latin: *Castellum Joscelini*) is a medieval castle at Josselin, in the Morbihan department of Brittany, France, first built in 1008 by **Guéthénoc, viscount of Porhoët**. The town and castle were named after Guéthénoc's son, **Goscelinus**, and rebuilt at various times since. The current castle was built by **Olivier de Clisson** after 1370. He had acquired the land as part of the dowry on his marriage to **Margaret of Rohan**. It has been designated as a *monument historique* since 1928.

So why call the society Josselin? Only those who were there at the start will be able to tell us.

Brenda Joscelyn (95)

Josselin Castle and the [River Oust](#)



Obituaries

Dr Averil Snodgrass.

After a short illness Dr Christine Averil Snodgrass died peacefully at her home in the early hours of Wednesday 19th May 2021. Widely respected by colleagues she served thirty dedicated years as a surgeon in the National Health, latterly as clinical director of obstetrics and gynaecology throughout the Newcastle General Hospital group. Dearly loved by friends and family, she is very much missed. Averil was a very active member of the society and was Editor of the Journal from 2001 to 2011 and produced 28 issues. She also organised the memorable Alnwick weekend in 2002 when the Society visited the castle and learned about the connection to the Percy's, the Dukes of Northumberland. I am sure everyone will pass their condolences to her family.



Kenneth Roy Joslin CD, BAsC, P Eng, AMBIM LCOL (Ret)

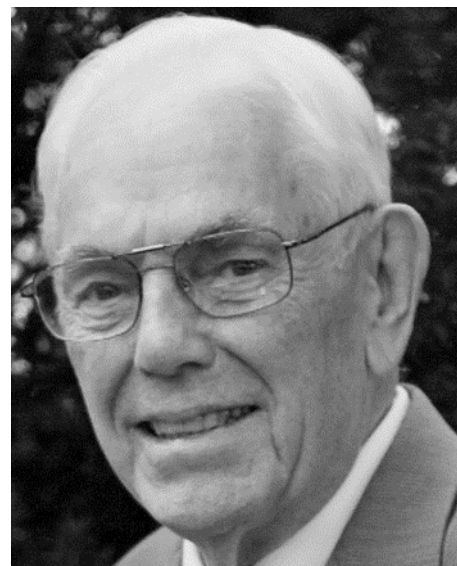


Ken passed away in his 98th year at Orillia Soldiers Memorial Hospital on 12/09/2021. He was the eldest son of Roy and Margaret Joslin, both deceased, from the Orillia, area. He was predeceased by his wife and best friend, Sadie (nee Cook) in 2008 as well his brother Doug and his wife Mary. He leaves to remember him his loving and devoted daughters Linda (Peter Newton) and Karen (Bill Reed), his granddaughters Joslin (Mark Lloyd), Lindsay (Dave Warner), and Beth (Adam Kusch), along with great-granddaughters, Sadie and Rosie Warner and Ella Kusch, as well as numerous nieces, nephews, cousins, colleagues, and friends.

He was born and received his public and high school education in Hamilton. In 1940 he enrolled in the Militia and then in 1943 in the Canadian Army, Active Service Force. He was selected for officer training and commissioned in the Armoured Corps and later transferred to the Royal Canadian Infantry Corps. After the war he entered the University of Toronto to study Mechanical Engineering, graduating with a BAsC in 1950.

He reenrolled in the Canadian Army (Regular) in the Corps of Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers where he served at Units and Headquarters in Canada, England and Germany as an Engineering Officer, Staff Officer and Commanding Officer. In 1956 he attended the Royal Military College of Science in England as a student and returned to the College (1967) as a lecturer. Management Studies in 1965 led to election as an Associate Member of the British Institute of Management. His over 29 years of full-time service as a military Engineer, serving in positions of increased rank and responsibility, resulted in a fulsome, challenging and rewarding career.

He retired, with Sadie, (1975) to 'Bluebell Cottage' on the Severn River where he engaged with the Washago Lions Club and became an active member of Heritage United Church as a choir member and board member. He held office in two Masonic Lodges, Twin Lakes Masonic Lodge and Couchiching Chapter Royal Arch Masons and the order of the Eastern Star in Orillia where he and Sadie served as Worthy Matron and Patron. An officer and a gentleman. Callsign Bluebell "Out".



ERIC F JOSLIN 1914 – 2020

We are saddened to hear of the passing of Eric, member 175 since 2004, who died on 27 December 2020 in South Benfleet, Essex, at the wonderful age of 106. To celebrate his 100th birthday he enjoyed a flight in a light plane and for a time took the controls.

In 2017, Eric assisted Maureen Binks (24) by contributing to an article in Journal 60 about munition factories providing photos of the Chilwell factory where his father worked and where a massive explosion occurred with great loss of life in 1918. That journal issue also included a photo of several generations of Eric's family and one of the auctioneer's and estate agents premises of the firm run by the family in Paddington.

In the article, Maureen commented when meeting Eric: "He has a wonderful sense of humour and joi de vivre. He may no longer be able to do his own gardening but he is still an active member of his Lodge and as such is their almoner. As he told me, this includes checking on the welfare of the elderly, most of whom are widows."

In the Eulogy given at Eric's funeral, his grandson Julian Joslin-Wood, remembers how "witty and quick spoken Eric was and with much humour, laughter and happiness." He recalled his love of gardening, particularly roses, and sea fishing. Eric served his country in the Pioneer Corps in the Second World War and started his working life with the HJ Heinz company. As well as London, the family also have connections to the Banbury area.



Keep Up to Date

Find stories and other information on our Facebook page
 The Josselin Society (Joslin, Joscelyne, Joslyn, Josselyn, Josling, Jocelyn)
www.facebook.com/groups/thejosselinsociety/



Origins Of The Name

As you are all aware there are many spellings of the family name. So, what are the origins. I don't intend to go into depth on the Linage, there are several excellent publications in The Society on this, but just put forward some observations. There is what is called by many the main line from an **Edgidus Jocelyn** who had a son **Gilbert Josselyn**, who supposable came over with William the Conqueror, who in turn had two sons **Jefforey Josselyn**, from whom the Jocelyn line continued in the England, and **Gilbert Josselyn**, who founded the Gilbertine Order in Sempringham, Lincolnshire. Here we come across our first problem as surnames did not come into effect fully until the early 12th Century, Jocelyn was a first name for example Jocelyn the Breton. A good way of seeing this is to look at the Domesday Book of 1086 albeit there are some surnames in it, but not Jocelyn. On this it is worth looking at the Josselin Society publication "Jocelyns in the Domesday Book and Documents of the 11th and 12th Centuries. With entries extracted by Richard Joscelyne (member 40). In this you will see there are yet again many spellings of the name, but just to confuse you they are spelt with a G as Gozelin etc. Going back to the main line there is no Edgidus or his son Gilbert or Gilberts reputed son Jefforey or Gilbert. There is a **Gozelini son of Lambert** who was tenant of considerable land in Lincolnshire and according to K.S.B. Keats – Rohan an eminent Prosopographer in her book Domesday People "Gozelin fitz Lanberti: Tenant in chief in Domesday Lincolnshire who held lands previously held by his father Lambert. Probably a Norman. His son Gilbert had succeeded as lord of Redbourne by 1115/18 (Sanders 74)" NB: this is not the same Gilbert of Sempringham. So is it possible that Gilbert was called Gilbert son Gozelin and with surnames being developed became just **Gilbert Gozelin**. If so, this would imply that the source of the name could have several beginnings across the Country.

The next real reference we have to the surname is the Visitations of Essex between 1552 to 1634 some 500 years later, although by then the surname Josselin/Josselyn seems

to have been established in the Essex area. It is worth here referring you to a publication by the Josselin Society "The Jocelins of Hyde Hall 1200 to 1525" this an excellent thoroughly researched piece of work by **Richard Joscelyne** (member 40). In this he is able to get back to a **Ralph Jocelin c1160-1200** with any certainly. Also, Richard notes under the title "Early appearances of the surname from 1185 giving several examples not linked to the Hyde Hall Jocelins which I think does indicate there were more than one origin lineage to the surname.

If we move forward to more modern times, we appear to have the following main spellings of the name; Joslin, Joscelyne, Josling and Josselyns with several variations of these. When looking at Parish registers before the late 18th early 19th Centuries we must remember a good majority of people were illiterate and the Priest or Parish Scribe wrote names as he heard them. Joslin seems to be the most common modern-day spelling, that aside there is a big presence in Devon and Cornwall indicating a possible different origin line. Joscelyne and Josling seems to originate from the Braintree and surrounding areas. From my own research and DNA results they appear to be the same family. It did occur in the late 18th early 19th Centuries, and I used to have the theory that Josling was an Anglicisation of the name due to our conflict with the French at the time, as the Royal Family did with their German name in WW1. But that does not explain the other half of the family choosing the more French sounding name Joscelyne. There is though evidence that both sides were literate and able to sign their names themselves, so, it appears to have been a conscious decision, but as to why they chose different spellings we might never know. As to Josselyn it seems very prominent in Suffolk and there at present seems no link with the Essex line so possibly another line.

As a footnote and to put a fly in the ointment, what about the Goslins & Goslings where do they fit in?

Peter Josling (1)

Newspaper Snippets

Hertford Mercury and Reformer Saturday 09 June 1888

Marriage Licences Granted By the Bishop of London.

1619 Nov. 20 Robert Josselyn, of Sawbridgeworth, Esq., above 20, son of Richard Josselyn, Esq., dec. (with consent of Sir Wm. Maynard, Knt., and Dame Susan Maynard, wid., to whom he is ward) – Bridget, about 20, daughter of Sir William Smith, of Theydon Mount, Essex, Knt. Her father's consent attested by Mr John Atkinson, of London, gent and William Smith, Esq., brother of said Bridget. St Botolph, Aldersgate.

On Josselyn Pedigree chart Page 2 Sir Robert I 1600-1664 of Hyde Hall.

Brenda Joscelyne (95)

Famous Faces

James Howard Joslin

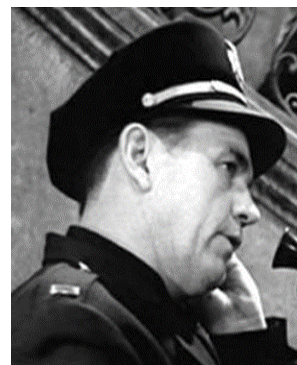
James Howard Joslin born 8th October 1907 , died 1st August 1975. Known as Howard Joslin, he was a direct descendant of **Thomas Josselyn and Rebecca Jude**.

He had a long career in Hollywood as an actor, production manager, assistant director

Here are just a few of the films he was in:

- 1968 - The Thomas Crown Affair - Unit Manager
- 1967 - In the Heat of the Night - Production manager for Alfred Hitchcock
- 1964 - Roustabout - Actor (with Elvis Presley)
- 1959 - The Jayhawkers! - Officer (with Jeff Chandler)
- 1957 - The Outlaw - Assistant Director
- 1955 - The Man Who Knew Too Much -Assistant Director
- 1955 - Oklahoma! - Assistant Director
- 1954 - The Country Girl - Actor (with Grace Kelly)

- 1953 - Pony Express - Actor (with Charlton Heston)
- 1952 - Somebody Loves Me -Actor (with Betty Hutton)
- 1952 - Son of Paleface - Actor (with Bob Hope)
- 1951 - Detective Story - Actor (with Kirk Douglas)
- 1951 - The Racket - Actor (with Robert Mitchum, Robert Ryan)
- 1950 - High Lonesome - Actor (with John Barrymore)
- 1936 - Murder with Pictures - Actor - Policeman



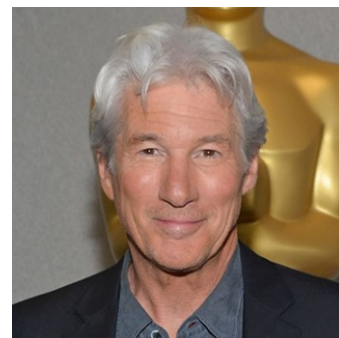
Richard Gere

Richard Tiffany Gere born 31st August 1949 in Philadelphia is a famous American actor. His 12x great grandmother was **Mary Josselyn (1545 – 1610)**, the daughter of **Thomas Josselyn (1506 – 1562) and Dorothy Gates (1508 – 1582)**.

Here are just a few of the films he has been in:

- 2015 - The Second Best Exotic Marigold Hotel
- 2009 - Brooklyn's Finest
- 2004 - Shall We Dance
- 2002 - Chicago
- 1999 - Runaway Bride

- 1996 - Primal Fear
- 1995 - First Knight
- 1993 - Sommersby
- 1990 - Pretty Woman
- 1984 - The Cotton Club
- 1983 - Breathless
- 1982 - An Officer and a Gentleman
- 1980 - American Gigolo
- 1979 - Yanks
- 1978 - Days of Heaven



Marlon Brando

Marlon Brando (April 3, 1924 – July 1, 2004) was an American actor. Considered one of the most influential actors of the 20th century, he received numerous accolades throughout his career, which spanned six decades, including two Academy Awards, two Golden Globe Awards, and three British Academy Film Awards. Brando was also an activist for many causes, notably the civil rights movement and various Native American movements. Having studied with Stella Adler in the 1940s, he is credited with being one of the first actors to bring the Stanislavski system of acting and method acting.

Marlon Brando's great grandmother was **Nancy Hannah Josselyn (1825 – 1880)**, the daughter of **James Josselyn (a direct descendant of Thomas Josselyn and Rebecca Jude)** and **Charity Denslow**. Nancy married **James Henry Brando (1818 – 1860)** in Oswego, New York in 1842.

Marlon Brando's older sister **Jocelyn Brando** was also an actress.

Marlon Brando's film career spanned many years commencing in 1950 including such classics as

- 1951 - A Streetcar named desire
- 1952 - Viva Zapata
- 1953 - Julius Caesar
- 1954 - On the waterfront
- 1962 - Mutiny on the Bounty
- 1972 - The Godfather series
- 1979 - Apocalypse Now



From the Halstead Gazette of 22 March 1940

ATTEMPTED MURDER CHARGE AT SUDBURY

MAN ACCUSED OF SHOOTING AT SISTER

Ernest Patrick Downey of Bulmer Road, Sudbury, a school teacher was at an Occasional Court at Sudbury on Monday charged with shooting at **Edith May Joscelyn** with intent to murder her on March 16th.

The charge followed an incident which resulted in the wounding of a child at 2, Ballingdon Street, Sudbury, the residence of **Mr and Mrs Richard Joscelyn**, Mrs Joscelyn, the person mentioned in the charge, being sister of Mrs Downey.

Pc F J Pratten stated that at 1.30pm on Saturday he was on duty at Sudbury Police Station when Downey, the accused, opened the door and said "I want to give myself up. I believe I have shot a kiddie".

Supt. Hurst: "Upon that evidence I ask that the accused be remanded in custody for eight days".

The Magistrates Clerk (Mr. Alan Phillips) "I think we had better hear a little more".

Supt. Hurst: "This man has made a statement, but I do not propose to put it in today".

Pc Pratten: "On hearing what Downey said, I called Sergt. Saunders immediately. Sergt. Saunders visited the house with a doctor and a child was conveyed to St. Leonard's Hospital suffering from gunshot wounds. The name of the child was **Valentia May Joscelyn**, aged 8 years. She lived at No.2 Ballingdon Street"

Supt. Hurst: "On that evidence I ask for a remand until Tuesday week"

The Chairman (Mr C C Grimwood) to Downey: "Have you any reason to give why you should not be remanded?"

Downey: "None at all, sir"

The Clerk: "You will have an opportunity on the remand to ask the constable any questions on what he has said. In your own interests, it will be best for you not to say anything today".

Accused stated that he did not intend to consult a

solicitor and refused the offer of legal aid.

He was remanded in custody to Sudbury Petty Sessions on March 26th.

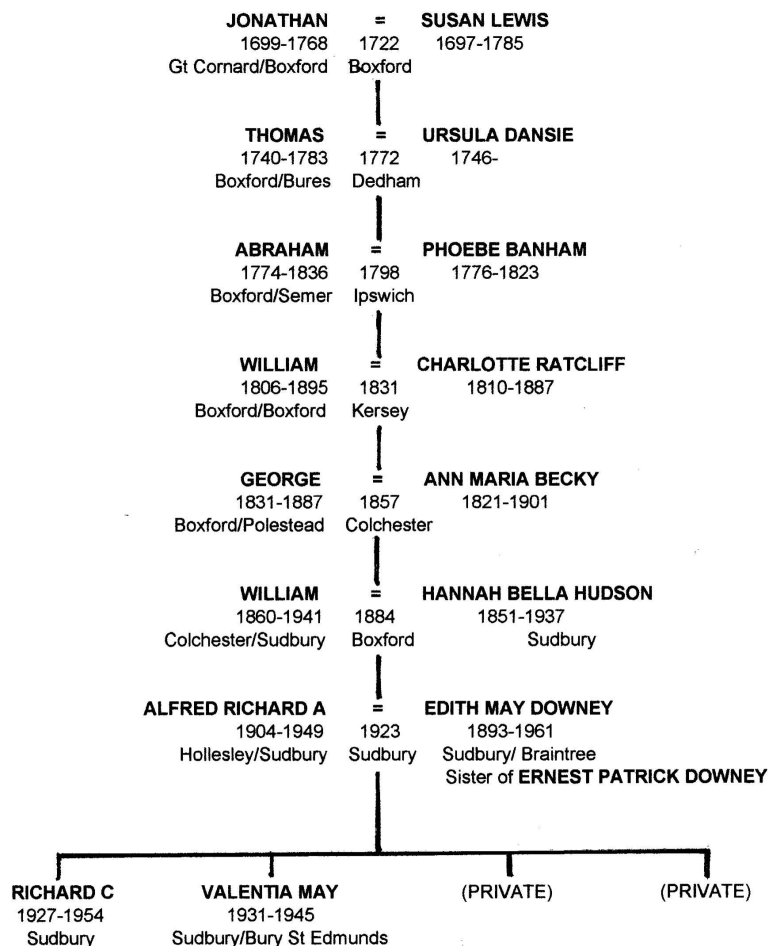
In the following weeks paper, the spelling of **Joscelyn** was changed to **Joslin**.

Unfortunately, my informant has not been able to find the result of the case.

My research online with www.Ancestry.co.uk has found a Public Family Tree giving extensive information back to a Jonathan Joscelyn at Great Cornard, near Sudbury, Suffolk, born in 1699. The abridged line of descent linking to the family above is shown below.

Ben Joscelyne (09)

DESCENT of a JOSCELYN/JOSLIN FAMILY of BOXFORD and SUDBURY, SUFFOLK



Research

BDM Certificates.

When starting a Family Tree, we normally start with the known i.e. close relatives, Father, Mother, Grandparents etc. One useful source to enhance and further the information gleaned is Birth, Death and Marriage certificates. So, what do they tell us and how do we get them?

First a bit of history. In the UK civil registration took over from religious registration of Birth, Death and Marriages on 1st September 1837 following an act of Parliament. This was overseen by the General Registry Office (GRO) which is now a subsidiary of the Home Office. Local Registry Offices were set up around the UK to record the information. From every three months, at the end of March, June, September and December, the superintendent registrars send a copy of each entry of birth, marriage and death registered by their office in that quarter, to the Registrar General in London. From these returns the GRO produced indexes. These indexes were initially kept at Somerset House then St Catherine's House where you could physically look at them. They were copied onto microfiche and can now be viewed at the National Archives, Major Libraries, County Record Offices and LDS Family History Centres and can also be searched on a pay-per-view basis on several family history websites. However, the good news is there is a free, searchable index online on the FreeBMD website which is an ongoing project to transcribe the whole GRO Index. Albeit not yet complete it has a good coverage up to 1987.

Once you have located the person in the event, Birth, Death or Marriage, that you are looking for you need to take a note of the quarter, the district, the volume and the page, i.e. using my Grandfathers Birth as example, "Births Sept 1864", Surname "Josling" First Name(s) "Arthur George", District "Hackney" Vol "1b", Page "402". Once you have this information you already have the year he was born, in which area and which quarter of the year. Now you can order a certificate by going to <https://www.gov.uk/order-copy-birth-death-marriage-certificate> A note of warning here do not go to many of the online of services offering to do this for you. All you need is the information from the index a current Credit/Debit card, it costs £11.00 and will be delivered after 4 days. So, what can you learn from the certificates?

Birth Certificate:

the registration district and sub-district;

the entry number;

the name of the child (if already bestowed);

the date and place of birth;

the sex;

the name of the father;

the name and maiden name of the mother;

and the profession or occupation of the father;

the name, address and position of the informant (e.g. mother)

the date of registration and the name of the registrar

a name given after registration e.g. if they were given a different name after baptism if within 12 months of the birth being registered.

Marriage Certificate:

the date and place of solemnisation of the marriage;

the names, addresses and condition (e.g. bachelor or widower) of both the bride and groom;

the rank or profession of both their fathers;

the name of at least two witnesses and the officiating minister or registrar;

whether the marriage was by banns, licence or registrar's certificate.

Death Certificate:

the registration district and sub-district

the entry number;

name of the deceased, their supposed age at death and occupation

the cause of death

date and place of death

the informant and their relationship to the deceased

the name of the registrar;

from 1969 death certificates also record the date and place of birth of the deceased and, if applicable, the maiden name of a woman.

Also, a thing not mentioned above on a Marriage Certificate the couple has to sign, this gives you an indication as to whether they are literate, as if note they mark X. As well as this check the witnesses often members of the family.

Other Countries such as USA, Canada, Australia and New Zealand have similar systems online to order certificates that can be accessed via the relevant websites.

Resource Centres

Prior to the Internet one of the main places for researching was the County Record Offices, I feel it still holds its place as you can touch and feel the History.

Record offices the earliest Record Office was Bedfordshire in 1913 these have since spread over the Country and often link up with Archives in local Libraries.

Essex Record Office opened in 1938, moving to its present premises in Wharf Rd, in 2000. It holds almost 1,000 years of Essex History in nearly 8 miles of shelving and is one of the largest in the country.

For family historians it is a must to visit if your ancestors come from Essex as many of those from our society do. In its holds it has the following records, Civil registration, Parish registers, Bishops' transcripts, Nonconformist registers, Roman Catholic registers, Census returns, Marriage licences, Wills, Electoral registers, Tax and rate records, Poor Law records - accounts, settlement, Militia ,Tithe Maps and much more.

An example of the records it holds relevant to the society, most of the research carried out by the late Arthur William Joscelyne (Member 15) is held here including the typescript transcripts of 89 wills and probate copies of wills executed by members of the Joslin alias Joscelyne family of Essex, 1465, 1525-1832.

To avail yourself of a full search of all resources you will need to register for an Archives Card, (a day pass is available but gives limited access) This can be ordered online or on your visit. There is a copying service available and also you can get permission to photograph resources for a fee of £13.25 (as at 08/04/22). Before visiting you might like to visit their website <https://www.essexrecordoffice.co.uk/> and make a note of the document reference no of what you wish to see. Also available in the search room is access to both Find My Past and Ancestry websites. Remember if ordering documents these can take up to 15 mins to arrive. In the search room you are allowed to take laptops and tables, for taking manual notes you can take a pad and pencil (pens not allowed).



JOSSELIN SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS 2022

The Society has published several works on the Origins and Linage of the various spellings of the name as listed below.

Pedigree of Joscelyne in England. A chart with maps from Emperor Charlemagne to 1200 AD in Europe and 1100 to 1900 in England. By **Bill Joscelyne** (02), **Arthur William Joscelyne** (15) and **Wayne Joslin** (28). The charts will be sent folded. NB The early entries are highly speculative.

The Joslins of Essex under the Tudors and Stuarts. A very detailed study of 4 family groups in the Rayne, Felsted, Notley and Braintree areas of Essex in the 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries to 1750 by **Richard Joscelyne** (38). This study also shows the probable link between the "Leigh-on-Sea" and the "Braintree" Joscelynes, also the American Joslins. Published in 2008 as a revised version of "The Joslins of Rayne" which it supersedes.

Ten Generations – Robert Jostlin to Richard Joscelyne 1700 - 2000 The Descent of **Richard Joscelyne** (38) traced from **Richard Jostlin** of Felsted baptised in Rayne in 1644/5. This shows the links from his "Leigh-on-Sea" branch of the Joscelynes to the "Braintree" branch and to the lines of members **Donald Joscelyne** (128), **Nick and Brenda Joscelyne** (95), **Averil Snodgrass** (103) and **Clare Harvey** (60), daughter of the late **Arthur William Joscelyne** (15). Published in 2004.

The Descent of Elizabeth Carr Josselyn. Documenting the descent of Elizabeth Sullivan (144) of North Carolina, USA, from **Thomas and Rebecca Josselyn** through their son Abraham. The family were largely resident in Massachusetts and Elizabeth's father, **General Gordon Sullivan**, had a distinguished military career as Chief of Staff of the US Army. 12 pages plus illustrations, published by the Society in 2003.

The Descendants of Hugh Josselyn of Mount Bures. Documenting some members of the Josselyn family from **Hugh Josselyn** baptised 1691 at Little Horkesley, Essex, England, through 4 generations, including members of the Cornell, Pettit and Viall families and others. Comprises of 15 pages by Bea Byrne, (101), published in 2005 with a supplement by Brenda Joscelyne. (95).

"Jocelyns" In the Domesday Book and Documents of the 11th and 12th Centuries. A 10-page booklet by **Richard Joscelyne** (38) abstracting Jocelyns mentioned in the Domesday Book, also extracts from the writings of K. S. B. Keats-Rohan and Charles Travis Clay about early Jocelyns. Published by the Society in 2005.

The Visitations of Essex from 1552 to 1634 A 16-page booklet of selected extracts with Miscellaneous Essex Pedigrees from Harleian Manuscripts published by Walter C Metcalfe in 1878 showing limited pedigrees of the principal families. Prepared by Averil Snodgrass (103)

Parish Records for Devon and Cornwall including Census Records for Cornwall. Devon Baptisms 1813-1839, Devon Marriages 1754-1837, Plymouth Marriages 1837-1972, Devon Burials 1813 to 1837, Ford Park Cemetery, Plymouth, 1854-1870. Some Census information 1851-1901. Prepared by Averil Snodgrass (103)

The Jocelins of Hyde Hall (Issued to members on joining) A 26-page booklet plus coloured photographs, map and chart detailing in considerable depth the origins and ancestors of the principal Jocelin family from 1200 to the early 16th Century. By **Richard Joscelyne** (38) further revised in 2014 from the 2007 original.

The Jocelins and The Besevilles. (Issued on joining) An 8-page booklet by **Richard Joscelyne** (38) and **Kimball Anderson** (236) in 2013 giving more detail relating to the link between the Beseville and Jocelin families as outlined in **Richards Joscelynes** (38) "Jocelins of Hyde Hall" linking back to **Eustace II, Count of Boulogne** and **Geoffrey de Mandeville**.

The 1911 Census - England, Wales and Ireland Booklet detailing 2550 Josselin names in the Census abstracted by Peter Joslin (29) in 2009. It is indexed by first name and shows birth date and where the person was living.

All Josselin Society Publications can be ordered from Derek Joslin (member 124) Society Chairman. email: derekjuly1960@gmail.com. Please supply your name and address as these are posted.

One Fine May Morning

Between the 24th May – 4th June 1940 the British & French Armies were evacuated from the Beaches of Dunkirk by what became known as “The Little Ships” Below is the memoirs of the late Arthur William Jocelyne (member 15) and his involvement in this event.



INTRODUCTION

It Occurs to me, having recently listened on Radio London to recollections of

The evacuation of Dunkirk by some of the survivors who are still alive, that perhaps my own very small part in this operation, that was so important in Britain’s survival and eventual victory in World War II, might be of interest in the years to come – if only to my two grandsons (Ben and Daniel).

THE START

I had just come downstairs at around 7:30am on Friday 24th May 1940, when I heard a knock at the door of Flat 9, Allington Court, Nelson Road, Leigh-on-Sea where we lived at this time (the flats were built by my brother and myself). On the doorstep were my two brothers Harold and Vincent. It was obvious from their anxious and urgent expressions that something important was happening. “Would I volunteer for something secret”. Nothing more. Just a vague hint that it was to do with small boats, something I had been familiar with all my life. I had not read the morning papers and knew nothing of the tragedy that was happening across the Channel. It had not been broadcast on the early news programme on the radio. Neither could I possibly know until much later that my four brothers-in-law – Hen, Steve, Jack and Fred were in dire straits amongst the sand dunes of Dunkirk. Fred who was only just 18 told later of escaping across the dykes on the borders of Belgium. He could not swim and was saved he said only because he had looted tins of tobacco which were stuffed in his jacket and kept him afloat.

Little did I think that when I said “Yes” the following day would find us in the midst of the horror of real bloody war.

DAY ONE

The orders were to go to the Thames Control Offices at the Royal Terrace in Southend by 9:00am. We were signed on into the Navy for a period of time as civilians could not be sent to war, issued with an army type gas mask and a tin helmet and told to report immediately to Southend Pier Head where boats of all types wer assembled. A naval officer was allocating volunteers to various boats. Harold and I found ourselves in charge of the Leigh cockle boat “Renown” together with two of her regular crew. Vincent was allocated to another cockle boat – the “Resolute”. We were about to cast the “Renown” off when her skipper and

mate plus a Naval rating boarded her to take over. Seven of us were too many and I was glad to get off because I had an uncanny feeling that something would happen if we remained. We clambered back onto the Pier and the "Renown" cast off beneath us – never to return. As we stood there a naval officer approached and asked if we were volunteers. If so, would we take charge of a sailing barge – one of four lying moored in line of the pier head. These were "Ada Mary", "Haste Away", "Burton" and "Shannon".

We boarded the Gravesend tug Sun III, one of the Sun Line, which was also lying alongside the pier head. I well remember a naval rating at work fixing a machine gun onto a stand in the bows. I think this was the moment of truth when I realised the full significance of the situation. It was too late now, we were completely committed, so gathering up our gas masks and helmets together with a pack of army issue rations thrown to us by an unknown friend, we were dumped aboard the last barge in line – the "Shannon" (one of Theobald's barges of Leigh). Our job was to steer the rear end of the convoy in the wake of Sun III.

The sea was calm as the tug and four barges made their way towards Ramsgate at about four knots. The day was warm and a mist hung over the sea. Later the Walton and Clacton Lifeboats passed us. Further out we passed smaller groups of brown sailed fishing boats loaded with refugees – possibly from Belgium or Holland – on their way to England. These appeared to be open boats, less than eighteen feet long and so crowded that only the calm sea saved them on their hazardous journey. An ancient destroyer – looking as if it had just come from the scrapyards – steamed past. We proceeded at a snail's pace to Ramsgate but didn't, as far as I remember, stop there.

Still later we met up with a small tug called the "Prince" which after being attacked by enemy aircraft had abandoned its tow – an old ferry boat which had sunk. She relieved us of two of the barges and we were transferred to the rear one of the remaining two. Our progress was slightly faster after this.

Communication was poor but we had gained the impression that our mission was to form a log jetty or pier with the four barges and the ferry at the end, out of the beaches of Dunkirk to the deeper water, so that the larger boats could pick up troops. With the loss of the ferry it would seem that this scheme was abandoned.

Nevertheless, we continued towards the sound of ever increasing gunfire. Overhead, four hundred feet or so above the water Hudsons of Coastal Command kept up a constant patrol. Every time we saw a plane we dived down into the after cabin expecting them to be enemy planes about to attack us. We were not born to be heroes – just ordinary working blokes. We had lost all sense of time, living in a timeless capsule of fear and apprehension, until at last, night closed in and we continued under a star lit sky with a phosphorus wad all around us. We suddenly awoke to the fact that we had not eaten or drunk anything since starting out.

The night was chilled and we had not thought to bring coats. We were tired, cold, hungry and thirsty. All the mattresses and bedding had been removed from the cabins so there was little hope of sleep on the bare boarded bunks. We had our ration packs, but to this day I don't remember what they contained. I don't remember having any fresh water – my mind was a blank except for the misery of trying to sleep in circumstances so far removed from anything I had ever experienced.

DAY TWO

I was grateful when the sky lightened to dawn. There were intermittent bursts of gun and machine gun fire. A huge cloud of black smoke to starboard mingled with the heavy mist that shrouded a quiet, oily sea. Here and there it was dotted with bits of flotsam which served as resting places for gulls. We sailed on to a large buoy, then changed course due west at the same slow

pace, a sitting target for the first German plane to spot us.

We didn't have long to wait – five German Stukas roared out of the mist and passed over us before realising we were there. At that moment the mist lifted a little and some five hundred yards away was a small destroyer. Rising in line above it the Stukas circled and one after the other screamed vertically down – their bombs bursting all around it, throwing up columns of water, completely obscuring it. As this cleared, I was surprised to see her still there apparently intact. I can only assume that the water cushioned the bombs and no direct hit was scored. The Stukas circled again, meeting heavy machine gun fire from the little ship. My attention was distracted to a path of water, bubbling and boiling about fifty yards away. I pointed it out to Harold, suggesting that it looked like a shoal of mackerel or other fish. His reply was "Don't be silly, its shrapnel, get down before we get it".

There was the drone of many aircraft above. A large squadron of Hurricanes passed over us. Two or three detached themselves and dived on the circling Stukas. With the rattle of machine guns, both pursuers and pursued disappeared into the mist. It was then that I realised we had only been fifty yards from death. We searched the sea and sky with fear and apprehension, tinged with frustration and almost a feeling of anger that we had no means of defending ourselves or fighting back. Even our tug had not opened fire with its solitary machine gun. Maybe it was all too sudden or perhaps it had jammed – we shall never know.

We just steamed along not really knowing what we were supposed to be doing. We could hear shells exploding and gunfire. Occasionally the mist lifted enough to show low lying land. Heavy black smoke was filling the sky in places, then the mist would come down again and blot it all out.

Out of the mist a ship's longboat took shape, it was full of soldiers, almost down to its gunwales because it was so overloaded. A cheer went up and the boat nearly capsized as the tug took them alongside. An officer with drawn revolver shepherded the lads aboard, in fear that they might panic. They were eventually all brought to safety. For many of them it was probably their first experience of small boats and this in itself was an achievement. In spite of the fact that many were soaking wet, most of them were fast asleep almost immediately anywhere it was possible to lie down on the deck. We continued on our painfully slow way.

Sometime after a Hudson of Coastal Command swept overhead only a few yards above us. He circled us twice and made off in the opposite direction, firing a few short bursts with his gun. Plainly he wished us to follow, so we took his direction. Visibility was now about half a mile. After what seemed a lifetime, we found the objects of his efforts.

A small naval cutter filled with sailors, mostly young boys, many wounded and badly burned. We got them aboard and did what we could to help them. They were the survivors of the destroyer "Basilisk" – now broken and crippled with fire sweeping through below decks. They had been sheltering from constant aircraft attack above deck with the ship sinking beneath them. They were boys, most of them probably just left training school, who had learned too soon the meaning of fear and real terror. A lesson they would never forget as long as they lived. Later they were transferred to the tug and the comfort of the large cabin beneath the bridge.

For the first time we were given a jug of strong brown tea and a sandwich by a member of the crew before we began the journey back towards England – still not knowing what we were doing and the purpose of our voyage.

The mist lifted and closed in again. At one of the infrequent intervals when we could see a little distance, Harold spotted what

he thought was a plane lying on the water. It was just a momentary sighting and we shouted to our tug that we had seen something. At first the skipper ignored our signals. By fortunate chance the mist cleared again and the object was visible again. We changed course towards it and as we drew nearer our “plane” took shape – it turned out to be a very large ships lifeboat, crowded with soldiers. They were resting on their oars which stuck out horizontally – giving the impression of wings.

This larger boat was being towed by a smaller one full of dark-skinned excited foreigners who we later discovered were members of the Spanish Labour Corps. They had it seems attached themselves to the British soldiers in the hope that they might lead them to England, but as it turned out it was the Spaniards doing all the work whilst our lads sat and watched. I could be misjudging them because they too were on their beam ends with fatigue.

We got them safely aboard and I was particularly intrigued by one Spaniard. He had a small attaché case of brown leather. That he treasured it was obvious, what it contained I cannot imagine but he hung on to it as though his life depended on it. It was not clear whether he feared his Spanish companions or the British soldiers but he seemed bent on guarding the case come what may. It is strange how a small incident like this can take precedence in one’s mind over the much bigger and more serious situation we were all in. I still wonder what was in that case.

We had been steaming around the North Sea for two days. I had lost all idea of time and place and continued to wonder what we were supposed to be doing and where we fitted into the scheme of things. There we were, Harold and I, stuck on a sailing barge roped to another barge and being towed by a tug out in the North Sea. No food, no drink, dirty and tired. Any moment could be our last. At least we now did have company – soldiers – nearly all asleep and most of them too tired to talk. What little we did learn was frightening, depressing and heart-breaking.

I began to wonder if I would ever see my wife and home again. As night fell, I felt that I never wanted to see, or go near, the sea again. I had loved it – now I hated this misty dangerous place.

As we sat there, Harold and I, in the gathering dusk my heart stood still. I nudged Harold too frightened to speak. There, just three feet away was a large object just showing on the surface. It glided past and only our wash held us apart. Terrified we watched as it slid into the darkness. We turned to each other. “That was a mine” Harold said – speaking my thoughts. How either the tug or barges missed it God only knows. I say with all reverence that I am convinced that throughout that nightmare we were being watched over, from the time we left the “Renown” until the time we arrived home, by some guardian angel or supreme being.

DAY THREE

We suffered yet another night – cold, hungry and sleepless. I have no recollection of anything to eat or drink and the soldiers were in the same plight. I welcomed the dawn which was I think at about four o’clock, but dreaded another day to live through. Perhaps we might get home.

Harold and I discussed our chances should our tug get sunk by another mine. Would she sink dragging the other barge with her and if they both sank; how could we free ourselves of the heavy chains joining us together? Would we then be able to set the sails and find our way home? Where were we? If we sailed due west, would we hit land or go merrily off sailing down the English Channel? We agreed that a north-west course might be more certain, but where we should land, we didn’t know.

Our contemplations were rudely interrupted. A lean grey shape roared up and stopped about two hundred yards on our port

side. I think it was a corvette, but unfamiliar to me. My heart sank like a stone – we had endured fear, anxiety and the ever-present dread of what lay ahead. Now nearing home and in the hope of seeing England again I felt crushed, for in my heart I was sure that this was a German E-boat and that we should be blown out of the water.

There were far too many of us, servicemen and crew, to be taken prisoner. For a second or two I pictured Harold and myself in a prison camp somewhere in Germany. Our tug slowed and stopped. None of the soldiers moved, perhaps they were so used to obeying orders even though no officer was around. Surprisingly a crewman of the Sun III – an old man maybe a veteran of the First World War – grabbed a rifle which was lying on the tug's deck and stood defiantly facing the newcomer.

Lights flashed from the bridge and five or so minutes passed in silence while we waited for something to happen. Every moment a lifetime. Then to my relief the stranger's engines roared into life and with a foaming wake behind her she disappeared back into the sea mist from whence she had suddenly appeared. I can't remember seeing a flag, but fortunately she must have been one of ours and we could all breathe freely again.

DAY FOUR

I felt that we must be nearing home and sure enough, later that morning, Ramsgate Harbour came into view. Drawing alongside we unloaded the troops and sailors into the care of those awaiting them. Here again one of those little incidents that remain in our minds occurred. As a soldier passed me on deck, he pulled out a large revolver. "What about a souvenir Guv, I got it off a dead German, its worth fifteen bob". I refused for several reasons. I dislike firearms, we should most certainly be searched on coming ashore, it also looked uncommonly like the one in the officer's possession earlier, but the deciding factor was that we had left home in such a hurry that I had very little money – a fact which also prevented us trying to slip ashore with the rest at Ramsgate and get home.

We were under strict instructions to stay on board. Whether this was for secrecy, or as I heard later to keep us ready to assist the evacuation of Calais, which was also about to happen, I have no means of knowing, but keep us they did. Immediately our human cargo had been discharged, we steamed off to an anchorage just off one of the Goodwin light ships. I cannot remember whether it was North or South Goodwin. The tug men now came aboard and tied our two barges together broadside. This was almost the only time we had contact with them. Soon after they were back on the tug again, leaving Harold and I alone. The afternoon showed a gradual change in the weather conditions. The mist gave way to a cool wind from the east. As it cleared the sea's calmness was turning to an ever-increasing swell. The barges began to roll broadside which added to our discomfort. This continued until darkness descended.

The sound of a large twin-engine plane could be heard, it circled for sometime and although it was too dark to actually see it, its navigation lights, red and green about thirty feet apart, were plainly visible, coming lower and lower. It eventually landed on the water. Sometime later the drone of a single engine plane was heard. It went back and forth several times before disappearing for a while, then returned much closer. There was the sharp angry sound of a machine gun as the increasing roar of the engine indicated that it was diving or gaining speed. Immediately a stream of tracer bullets or shells arose from between the red and green lights on the water. I was struck by the effect of the tracers as they wavered about in the air, much like water being propelled from a hose pipe. This action only lasted for a short time then the sound of the plane's engine got fainter and was lost. Once again everything was quiet except that there were no longer any red or green lights on the water. It all took place in the dark and I can only guess what happened.

The rest of the night was pure and utter misery. The swell increased and the two barges rubbed and ground together. The rigging and spars creaked, the bare boards of the bunks made it impossible to rest or get any sleep. Immediately dawn broke I

was at the hatch to see if anything remained of the drama we had witnessed during the night. There was nothing there – just the sea – so we shall never know what happened.

DAY FIVE

On the horizon another scene was unfolding. The whole skyline was alive with ships which appeared to be proceeding in a straight line. Big ships, small ships, all sorts of craft and vessels, silhouetted against the morning sky. All travelling north but where they went, I don't know. I now realise that on that early June morning I witnessed the final withdrawal from Dunkirk.

We lay rolling at anchor all that day in the ever-present fear that we should have to face the same ordeal by going back, this time to Calais. I dreaded every minute that we should receive orders to be on our way once again to France. Nothing happened other than the sound of the everlasting grinding of the two barges. Already the lee boards were smashed and broken which would render the vessels almost impossible to handle. Barges were made to sit on the mud in our shallow estuary waters with a draught of only around 2ft. to get up shallow creeks and waterways. They have no centre board like most sailing ships to prevent them skimming sideways across the top of the water and it is only the lee boards which give any stability and steerage. After another night of misery, the dawn sunshine and a calmer sea cheered us a little, but not nearly as much as the sound of Sun III hoisting her anchor.

We were once again under way and by the direction I knew that we were heading for home at last. The journey seemed never ending and it wasn't until late in the afternoon that we saw familiar landmarks – Warden's Point, Havengore Bridge and South-end Pier. I knew then that we were truly home at last.

It was late in the afternoon when we finally set foot on the Pier again and I well remember how strange it seemed when we reported to the little office to advise them of our return. We gave our names and the young man rushed off into an inner office and brought out an officer – all gold and braid and obviously important. He grasped our hands in warm handshakes, smiling with delight. "I'm so glad to see you both", he said as if he had known us all our lives. I thought how nice of him to be so friendly and kind – little realising that we had been reported missing. According to naval records we were aboard the "Renown" which had sadly hit a mine with all hands lost.

I asked if I might use the phone as Harold was one of the few people to have a telephone installed in his home in those days. I was immediately connected to Harold's flat. Rhoda, his wife answered. I said we were back. She shouted to my wife "Rose, Rose". No words can describe the next five minutes because the girls had thought we were dead.

The pier trains were running and somehow, we got to the top of Pier Hill. I asked a motorist for a lift to the top of the High Street – he gave us one look and refused.

Haggard and filthy, we made our way on foot to the top of the High Street – Dunkirk was a long way from Southend. We caught a tram and life around us was just the same as it had always been. It wasn't until I was indoors that I saw myself as the car driver must have seen me. Five days growth of beard, smoke blackened from the Sun III's funnel, clothes crumpled and dirty from the barge's cargo and tired to death – we looked a sorry sight. With a bath and wonderful tea prepared by Rose my wife, it was off to bed for the longest sleep of my life. My ordeal, by the grace of God, ended happily.

FURTHER THOUGHTS – 30TH MAY 1980

Forty years have passed since these events took place. Some of the memories still remain vividly in my mind, others equally

obscure and in some details I may be confused. The fact that we were mostly shrouded in mist, I think, saved our lives. That we had food and drink from some sources is possible but other than the initial one lot of naval rations and later cup of tea when the troops were with us, I have not the slightest recollection that we did. I think in situations of danger perhaps one closes down and does not think much of food, just becomes numb. The days seemed endless, full of fear and danger, mines, air attack or enemy craft. The nights, though short seemed full of discomfort and misery. To be flung without warning, training or experience from a comfortable, carefree life into this situation was extremely difficult to adjust to but I think in retrospect that I benefited from the experience.

I am grateful for these extra years, but I am still somewhat confused over our mission. Communication was so poor and things were so disorganized, secret and hurried. I was under the impression, as I have said earlier, that it was intended to form a type of bridge or pier from the beach to the deeper water so that the troops could get onto the ferry boat at the offshore end and transfer to larger boats such as trawlers and drifters lying further off. Whether the barges dividing into two separate sections made this impossible I do not know.

An undertaking of this sort would surely have needed a large crew, additional anchors, chains and cables etc. There were to my knowledge none of these items. The tug drew considerably more water than the barges and could only have operated at high tide in the shallow waters off the Dunkirk beaches. So, it would seem in my estimation to have been somewhat impracticable.

But there again the whole venture of Dunkirk was of a like character. By the miracle of calm seas, heavy mist and remarkable courage, but even more of Divine intervention, it somehow succeeded. As God made no personal appearance that fact seems sadly overlooked by our historians!

We on the other hand, could have patrolled with our barges along the shore and collected troops from the small boats plying back and forth – even after dividing our barges this could have been done. Instead we embarked on this equally dangerous and hazardous journey many miles further – almost it seemed to Holland.

Published with permission of Clara Harvey (60)



Trouble with Tinternet.

This began when I was contacted by a Genealogist called Laura Kristina Brown who was looking into a Josling link for a client. She had been put in touch with me by **Ben Joscelyne** (9) she had also been in touch with **Elizabeth Evans** (304) who is my 6th cousin once removed. Our common ancestry is **John Joceline = Jane Sawen** Married Dec 2nd 1711 Great Leighs. Essex. Her question was: "I am working on a tree for a client, Her 3 times great grandmother was **Isabella Turner Josling** who married **Samuel Rayner**. Isabella's parents were **Elizabeth Manton & James Josling**. James' parents were **Samuel Stapleton Josling & Sarah Crow**. I believe that these Joslings are likely descended from **John Joscelyne** and his wife **Jane Sawen**. There seem to be different spellings of the name. I am not sure which of the branches on the website are the ones that Isabelle would descend from & was hoping that you would be able to advise?" "The first thing I pointed out was that **Samuel Stapleton Josling** did not marry **Sarah Crow** it was a **Samuel Josling** born in 1779 in Great Waltham not 1781. In the meantime, a lady from Australia had got in touch with Laura insisting **Samuel Stapleton** was correct, Laura put her onto me, she was very insistent indeed, where had she got her information, from some Ancestry Trees, I leave that here for now we shall return to it. This was my reply after lots of research." Right first let's deal with **Samuel Stapleton Joslin**. Samuel Stapleton and Sarah had the following children according to Family Search the information for these are mostly from a christening in 1837 at St Peters Independent. Maldon. Essex. William b 14th Feb 1805, James Joslin b 9th July 1811, Mary b 22 July 1813, Charlotte b 17th Nov 1817, Samuel Stapleton b 1828 d 1834 and Ruth Jane b 19th April 1829. Right the key is **James Josling** born about 1812 according to all the census returns, attached all Census returns according from 1851 - 1881. Note here on the 1861 census it shows his Sister **Martha Josling** age 57 year born in Lt Waltham as was James. There is not a Martha in Samuel Stapletons children. Next, we look at the Parish registers for Lt Waltham and we have under Christenings: Rebbecca b 1801, George b 1803, John b 1805, Joseph b 1807, Martha b 1809, James b 1812, Robert b 1814 and Charles b 1817. I have Attached entries in Parish Register for Lt Waltham. Also, we have in the Marriages in 1800 the Wedding of **Samuel to Sarah Crow**. Attached. Also, in the Christening on 28th July 1779 the birth of Samuel to **John and Dorothy Josling**. Also, on the 1841 Census for Samuel & Sarah we have one child showing Martha hence a continues link. Further to this James from Samuel Stapleton's side married a **Miranda Money Morris** on 14th July 1844 so not our James." I attached to this all the relevant source documents, not room to put all on here. Finally, the Australian Lady had to agree I was correct and Laura agreed and both altered their relevant trees. And there it might have rested.

But there was more to come, according to the Australian lady her link to the Josling family was through an **Annie Emily Jarvis** daughter of **Samuel W Jarvis = Ann E Josling** marrying a **Harry Samuels** on 20th February 1900 at Bethnal Green. I had not noticed, then I got an email from **Elizabeth Evans** (304) ringing alarm bells. Firstly, Her Marriage Certificate.

1900. Marriage solemnized at <u>St Philip's Church</u> in the parish of <u>Bethnal Green</u> in the County of <u>London</u>								
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
57	Feb 11 th 1900	George Joseph Honeywell	25	Bachelor	French Polisher	44 Mount St	George Honeywell	French Polisher
		Elizabeth Smith	19	Spinster	Sea-packer	44 Mount St	William Smith	General Dealer
Married in the <u>above church</u> according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the <u>Church of England</u> by <u>Thomas Berry</u> or after <u>Canon</u> by me, <u>W. J. Jarvis</u>								
This Marriage was solemnized between us, <u>George Joseph Honeywell</u> and <u>Elizabeth Smith</u> in the Presence of us, <u>Thomas Berry</u> and <u>Harriette Berry</u>								
18 1900 Marriage solemnized at <u>St Philip's Church</u> in the parish of <u>Bethnal Green</u> in the County of <u>London</u>								
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
58	February 20 th 18 1900	Harry Samuels	20	Bachelor	Sailor	93 Hering Building	Harry Samuels	Labourer
		Annie Jarvis	21	Spinster		16 Mount St	Charles Jarvis	Labourer
Married in the <u>above church</u> according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the <u>Church of England</u> by <u>W. J. Jarvis</u> or after <u>Canon</u> by me, <u>W. J. Jarvis</u>								
This Marriage was solemnized between us, <u>Harry Samuels</u> and <u>Annie Jarvis</u> in the Presence of us, <u>W. J. Jarvis</u> and <u>Harriet Jones</u>								

Here her father is shown as Charles Jarvis not **Samuel W Jarvis** and he is a Labourer, Samuel is shown to be a Railway Signalman on all the Census reports from 1871 to 1901. Too add further to this **Annie Emily Jarvis** daughter of **Samuel W and Annie E Jarvis nee' Josling**. was living with her Mother Annie (Now Widowed) and her siblings Sarah, Frederick, Adolphus, Emily & Leonard, she is age 32 and listed as Single, in the 1911 Census, meaning she was not the Annie Emily Jarvis who married Harry Samuels in 1900.

CENSUS OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1911.

Number of Schedule 216
(To be filled up by the Enumerator after collection.)

Before writing on this Schedule please read the Examples and the Instructions given on the other side of the paper, as well as the headings of the Columns. The entries should be written in Ink.

The contents of the Schedule will be treated as confidential. Strict care will be taken that no information is disclosed with regard to individual persons. The returns are not to be used for proof of age, or in connection with Old Age Pensions, or for any other purpose than the preparation of Statistical Tables.

NAME AND SURNAME	RELATIONSHIP to Head of Family	AGE last Birthday and SEX	PARTICULARS as to MARRIAGE				PROFESSION or OCCUPATION of Person aged ten years and upwards			BIRTHPLACE of every person	NATIONALITY of every Person born in a Foreign Country	INFIRMITY
			Single	Married	Widow	Divorced	Personal Occupation	Industry or Service with which worker is connected	Whether Employer, or Working on Own Account			
1. Annie Jarvis	Head	61	Widow	9	5	1				London, Middlesex		
2. Annie E. Jarvis	Daughter	32	Single				Seamstress, Blouse, White	Household work	Employer	London, Middlesex		
3. Sarah Jarvis	Daughter	30	Single				Seamstress, Blouse, White	Household work	Employer	London, Middlesex		
4. Frederick Jarvis	Son	28	Single				Seamstress, Blouse, White	Household work	Employer	London, Middlesex		
5. Adolphus Jarvis	Son	26	Single				Labourer, Railway	Labourer, Railway	Employer	London, Middlesex		
6. Emily Jarvis	Daughter	23	Single				Seamstress, Blouse, White	Household work	Employer	London, Middlesex		
7. Leonard Jarvis	Son	17	Single				Seamstress, Blouse, White	Household work	Employer	London, Middlesex		

(To be filled up by the Enumerator.)

1. Verify that all the names on this Schedule are entered in the proper order and column.

2. I have traced the names and families in Column 3 and if necessary, will have appended their names with the local number of entries in the Schedule when appeared in the Directory, and have appended such as appeared in the Directory.

Initials of Enumerator: *J.S.*

Sex	Female	Male
	3	4
Total	7	

(To be filled up by, or on behalf of, the Head of Family or other person in occupation, or in charge, of this dwelling.)

Write below the Number of Rooms in this Dwelling (Kitchens, Transoms, or Apartments). Deduct the kitchen as a room but do not count cellars, landing, lobby, closets, bathrooms, and warehouses, office, shop.

I declare that this Schedule is correctly filled up to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signature: *Adolphus Henry Jarvis*

Postal Address: *56, Piccadilly Avenue, London, W.1*

So yet Annie I have to get in touch with the Australian lady to inform her not only had she got the wrong Samuel she was not in fact related to the Josling's at all.

So, what do we learn from this, as I said previously the Australian Lady got all her information from Ancestry Trees, I am on My Heritage and I checked on there, the same, several trees with the wrong information. The problem is I think that one person puts on wrong information and then several people without checking just copy the tree making the assumption it is correct. Another thing is it is always good to get someone else to look over what you have entered on your tree. Also always be aware of transcribed material, check the original copy.

Thank you, Elizabeth, for spotting the error.
Remember just because it's on Tinternet doesn't mean it's true!!

Peter Josling (1)

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

Thank you

Thank you to all those that contributed to this edition. I look forward to receiving your articles for the next edition. Please send them to:

MikeGarrick@hotmail.co.uk