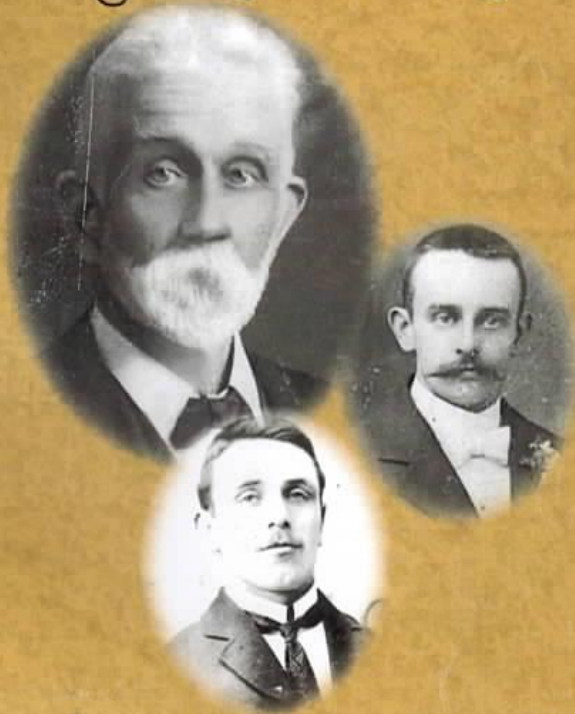




The Joslins



“A Sense of Belonging”

by

Trevor S. Joslin

Introduction

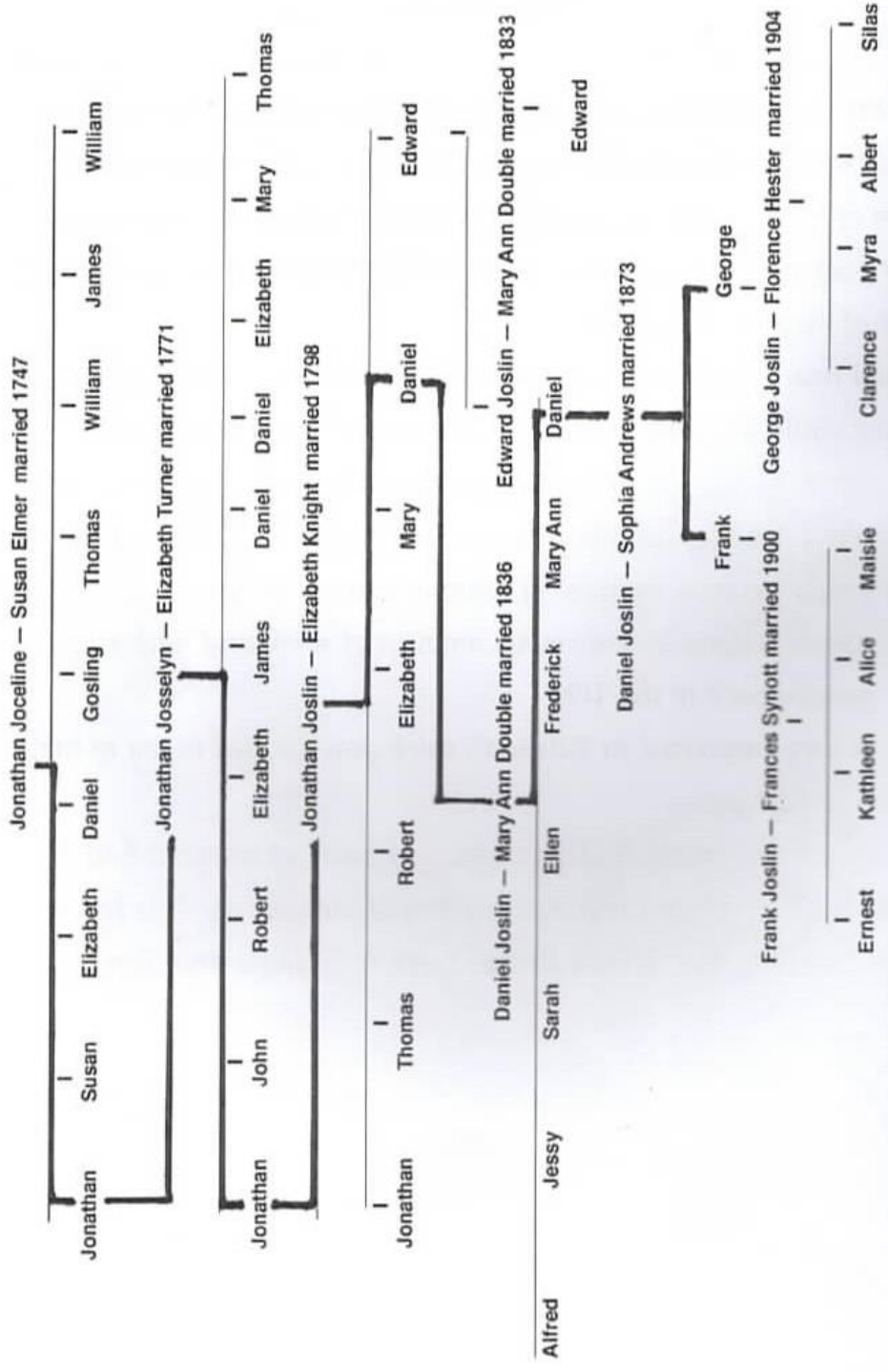
In my early life I was the only Joslin I knew. I married and we had two sons - this led to two grandchildren. Now we had a little clan of Joslins. This was really good, but I wanted to know what our background was, where our family had come from, and what sort of people our ancestors were.

I had heard some stories about my father and his family, but I never really knew them. Then a cousin who lived nearby made contact with me. Val became my initial link with the past as well as a very dear friend. She gave me a copy of the "Joslins in the Antipodes", a book written by another cousin, Allyson.

Allyson had done an enormous amount of work and had traced our family back to the UK.

I was very interested in Allyson's work and decided to try to take it a step further.

I wanted my grandchildren to know the sort of things I had wondered about, and this was my initial motivation. It is for the above reasons that I dedicate this work to Maddie and Ben.



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George Joslin
Clarence Joslin
Myra Joslin
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Terry Joslin

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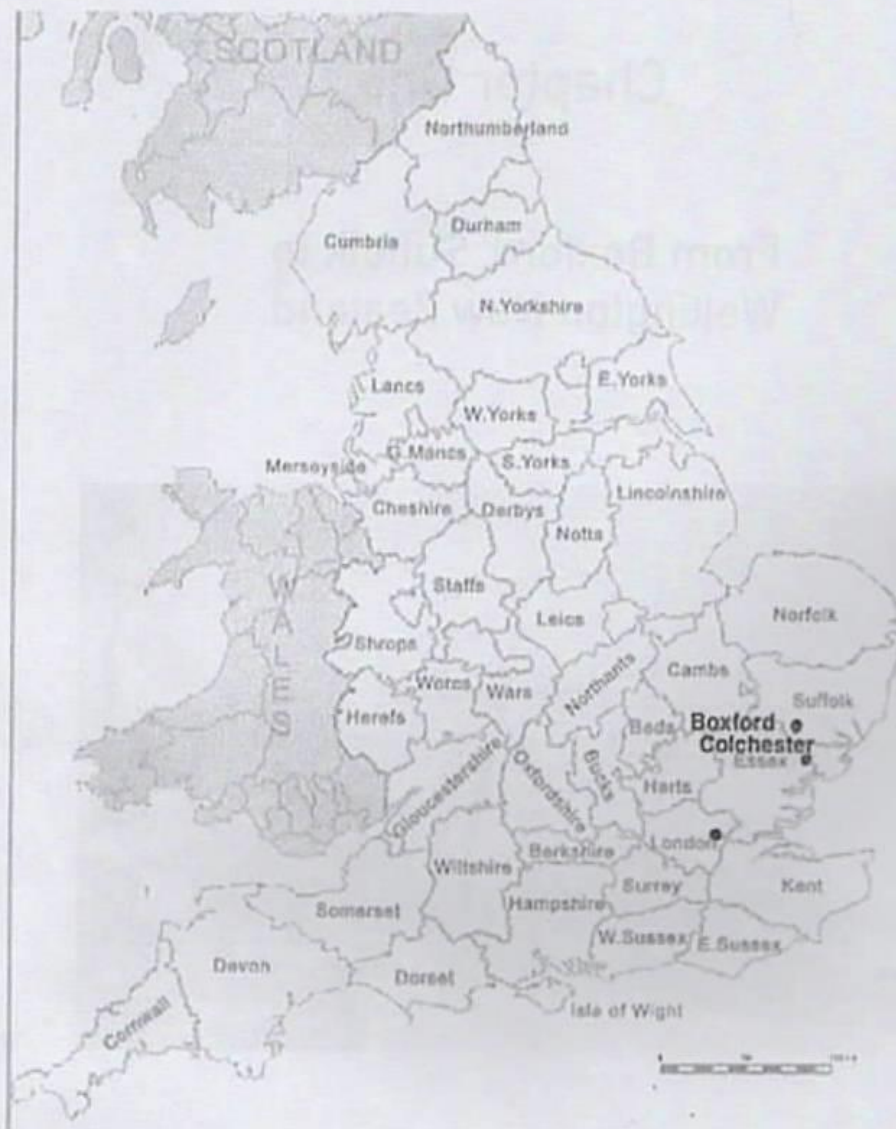
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Chapter One

From Boxford, Suffolk to
Wellington New Zealand.



The ship "British King"



This map shows the approximate locations of Boxford in Suffolk and Colchester in Essex.

A TALE OF THREE JONATHANS

The coach rattled and bumped along the rough windy road, the methodical clip clop of the horses sounded loud in the tranquility of the country. Entering a woods the dim light of dusk became even darker due to the overhanging trees. The sound of birds chirping as they settled in to roost for the night could be heard and they created a comforting mood. All of a sudden the peace was shattered by the sound of shouting, "**stand and deliver**", and the coach came to a jarring halt. Highwaymen! They had become common in England as these were desperate times. The legionary Dick Turpin was caught in 1739, and subsequently tried and hung.

My oldest relative was born during this time. Well not really my oldest in years, but the oldest we can find to date. The year was 1726. King George the First was King of England, and America was a colony of England. Witches were still being burnt at the stake - the last alleged witch was burnt in 1727. All this occurred 96 years before Charles Dickens was born.

Life was very harsh indeed for the common people. Housing was basic. A lot of families lived in one room and survived from day to day with very little food and very basic shelter. Winter in England is cold. It was difficult for the under-privileged people to keep themselves warm without any heating. Families would try to sleep by wearing everything they had and huddling together for warmth.

Working for a land owner was the most common type of employment. It was hard work which paid little. There was scant hope of bettering one's lot, and the emphasis was on survival.

Our relative was born in Boxford, Suffolk, in 1726. His parents named him Jonathan Joceline. To help follow the story I have called him Jonathan (1). Jonathan (1) grew up in Boxford. The girl he married, Susan Elmer, came from a small village nearby called Shelley, and Jonathan (1) married her in 1747 in her home town. In the following year while living in Boxford they had their first baby, a son and following tradition called him Jonathan. Jonathan (1) and Susan went on to have a total of nine children.

Boxford is in the parish of St. Mary in the Babergh district of Suffolk. The village straddles the River Box. The meaning of its name may be "the ford where box trees grow." St. Mary's church in Boxford was mentioned in the "Doomesday Book" meaning it existed in 1086. Inside the church, one of the most famous objects is the striking 17th century font cover. There must have been quite a few Jocelines baptised at this font, including Jonathan Joceline (2) on 19 February 1749.

Jonathan (1) and Susan, the parents of Jonathan (2), both died in 1808. They are probably buried in St. Mary's church graveyard along with some of their children. Jonathan (1) would have been 82 years old when he died, which was a good age for those days. This could be attributed to clean drinking water being available in their village. People did not understand that dirty water carried diseases back in the early 1700's. Cholera was common and the cause is now attributed to drinking bad water. In the latter 1700's, the link between dirty water and disease was finally realised. This led to water supplies being cleaned up by diverting sewerage and other contaminants away from wells, thus improving health dramatically.

Jonathan Josselyn (2), like his father, chose a wife from Shelley. Her name was Elizabeth Turner. Their wedding took place in 1771 at All Saints Church, Shelley. A number of Jocelines were married and baptised in this church. The village of Shelley is located on the banks of the river Brett. The village is within the Denham Vale Area, which boasts outstanding natural beauty. John Constable, one of England's best known artists, was born in nearby East Bergholt, Denham Vale and did a lot of his famous paintings in this area.

While living in Boxford Jonathan (2) and Elizabeth had their first child a boy, It is no surprise they named him Jonathan. Jonathan (3) was baptised in Shelley in 1773.

It was the usual custom for the first born to be baptised in the village church where the bride came from. Some time over the next 2 years Jonathan (2) and Elizabeth, with their two boys Jonathan (3) and second child John, moved from Boxford to Roydon, a distance of about 2km. After resettling in Roydon, they increased their family to 10 children. All born in Roydon except for Jonathan (3) and John. Elizabeth died in 1813, and her husband, Jonathan (2), died in 1830.

Traditions and superstitions played a big part in life back in those days. These are still with us today, although I think to a much lesser extent in most communities. Naming the first born son, after their father seems to have been followed very strictly back then.

Jonathan (3) was baptised in Stratford, St Mary. Jonathan (3) married Elizabeth Knight in East Bergholt, Suffolk in 1798. Another custom of the time was for the wedding to take place in the bride's home village. This custom is still observed in a lot of marriages even today. The couple lived at Holton, a village about 3km south of Raydon. Jonathan (3) and Elizabeth had 7 children. Daniel Joslin was their 6th child, and it is Daniel's life that forms the basis of our next story.

Jonathan (3) was a tenant farmer. Tenant farming involved living and working on the land which was owned by someone else. The owner was usually heavily involved in the running of the farm and would have paid some of the costs involved. The land owners reward was a percentage of the profits, generally 50%. The Josselyn's lived in a cottage on the farm. The cottage was divided into two and another family, lived in the other half. The owner of the land also had an adjacent farm and a man called Dale Double lived and worked on that farm with his family. The method of payment for running and working a tenant farm was generally 50% of the profit, but the law required them to pay a 10% tithe to the church. This would have resulted in a very meagre wage for a family to live on, after the hard effort that most likely involved all the family. When the owner of the land died, the farms were sold and Jonathan and Dale were not only out of work, they also would have lost their homes. Both families had children. The Joslin family included a boy called Edward, and the Doubles, a girl called Mary Ann. These two people were later to marry, and we will catch up with them, as well as Daniel Joslin, again in the next story.

Josselyn, Joceline. We had three relatives who spelt their surname differently to the way it is spelt today. This is because in the 1700s not many people could read or write. This meant that when the village priest was recording names for births, baptisms etc he had to rely on how they sounded to him, and that is the way he would write them down. For this reason misspellings occurred quite frequently. I have found that surnames often change when we look back to this period of history.

From Boxford to Shelley, Shelly to Roydon and Roydon to Holton. This seems to indicate that people moved around in their local area. These four villages are all in Suffolk and within about a 2km radius of each other. It is logical most people knew most of the other inhabitants in their area and probably moved about from village to village, looking for work opportunities, visiting friends and relatives, or sometimes finding food, such as wild berries, or maybe, as with the Jonathans, looking for a spouse. The only transport for most people was walking. You had to be wealthy to own a horse.

To know that some of Jonathan's blood flows through my veins is quite an amazing thing for me to contemplate. To be more scientific it is my genetic blue print, something we all share with our ancestors. I wonder how much of them is still in us. The most obvious signs are family likenesses and other family traits, like mannerisms. I find it interesting that our genetic blueprint has filtered down through all these generations making us the people we are.

Trevor Joslin 22 March 2016

1st Generation

Children of Jonathan Joceline and Susan Elmer, all born in Boxford.

Jonathan christened 19 February 1749 Boxford, Suffolk
 Married 16 July 1771 Shelly, Suffolk Elizabeth Turner
Susan christened 30 September 1750 Boxford, Suffolk
Elizabeth christened 18 March 1751 Boxford, Suffolk
Daniel christened 7 October 1753 Boxford, Suffolk
Gosling christened 8 September 1755 Boxford, Suffolk
Thomas christened 3 June 1759 Boxford, Suffolk
William christened 17 August 1760 Boxford, Suffolk
James christened 6 December 1761 Boxford, Suffolk
William christened 15 December 1765 Boxford, Suffolk

2nd generation

Children of Jonathan Josselyn and Elizabeth Turner.

Jonathan christened 31 January 1773 Shelly, Suffolk born Boxford.
John christened 13 February 1774 Shelley, Suffolk born Boxford.
Robert christened 24 August 1775 Raydon, Suffolk
Elizabeth christened 24 May 1779 Raydon, Suffolk
James christened 28 January 1781 Raydon, Suffolk
Daniel christened 8 June 1783 Raydon, Suffolk (died aged 7 weeks)
Daniel christened 31 November 1784 Raydon, Suffolk
Elizabeth christened 19 December 1786 Raydon, Suffolk
Mary christened 14 August 1791 Raydon, Suffolk
Thomas christened 4 July 1791 Raydon, Suffolk

3rd generation

Children of Jonathan Joslin and Elizabeth Knight

Jonathan christened 1 December 1796 Stratford St Mary
Thomas christened 11 September 1799 Stratford St. Mary
Robert christened 7 November 1800 Holton St Mary
Elizabeth christened 30 September Holton St Mary
Mary christened 26 September 1804 Holton St Mary
Daniel christened 29 April 1806 Holton St Mary
Edward christened 4 April 1809 Holton St Mary



The "Welcome Sailor Inn" shown in recent times

**Children of Daniel and Mary Ann Joslin
all born at the "Welcome Sailor Inn"**

Alfred Joslin born 1837

Jessy Joslin born 1839

Sarah Joslin born 1840

Ellen Joslin born 1840 (Sarah's twin sister died 1841)

Frederick Joslin born 1842

Mary Ann Joslin born 1843

Daniel Joslin born 1846

DANIEL AND MARY ANN JOSLIN

THE INN KEEPERS

If only a building could tell its story, this building would have so much to tell. This old landmark in Colchester has played an important role in my family's history, and also in the life of the many patrons who frequented this establishment. My ancestors lived, loved, fought, and played in its old rooms and corridors. Daniel and Mary Ann Joslin were proprietors of the 'Welcome Sailor Inn'. All of their children were born there, and that includes my great grandfather. The Inn was host to many, its bars filled with life, good humour, conflict and cheer. It has endured the rigours of time and after approximately 180 years, the building still remains, standing proud of its past and enjoying the protection afforded by heritage status.

Daniel Joslin, who was a proprietor of the "Welcome Sailor Inn" was born in 1806 in the village of Holton in Suffolk. As a young man, probably in his 20s, he had lived in Higham, St. Mary, Suffolk. Life for Daniel must have been a struggle to survive because while living there he received a Removal Order. That meant that he was a financial burden on the parish of Higham and for this reason he was being sent back to Holton, his town of birth.

In this time, around 1820, funds had been set up to help the poor to survive. However as the poor became a bigger burden on these limited funds, other measures were adopted to try and cope with the growing poverty problem. This finally led to the establishment of poorhouses. I think Daniel's move to Colchester was an effort to find work. It meant he had to leave the villages he knew and probably loved, but the larger towns was where the work was, in these changing times.

Edward Joslin (the younger brother of Daniel) married Mary Ann Double in 1833 at St. James Church in Colchester. The couple, like Daniel, had moved from country life in neighbouring Suffolk to the bigger town of Colchester in Essex. Edward and Mary Ann, together with their families, had lived next door to each other as young people, while their fathers worked the Tenant farm.

Daniel was at the wedding and made his mark as a witness on the marriage certificate, thus indicating he could not read or write.

Sadly Mary Ann's husband, Edward, died before their first child, a son was born. Edward's burial took place in the churchyard of St. James Church, Colchester in August 1835.

Approximately 16 months later, on Christmas day, 1836, Mary Ann was again in St. James's Church this time marrying Daniel, her brother-in-law. The marriage was by licence, which meant they had to pay for it, and unlike being married by banns, there was little waiting time. Edward's baby was now 1 year old and being a boy, Mary Ann had named him Edward, after his father.

The 1841 census shows Daniel, aged 30, living in East Street, Colchester, and working as a labourer. It states that he was not born in Essex. It also shows Mary Joslin, aged 30, wife, and the following children all born in Essex: Edward aged 6; Alfred aged 4; Sarah aged 1; and Ellen also aged 1. Ellen and Sarah were twins. Ellen died very young - she never made her 2nd birthday.

I think that Daniel's occupation may have been recorded incorrectly on the census, as his occupation on all his children's christening certificates since 1837 had shown him to be a publican.

Edward, Daniel's brother, had been described as a "Victualler" on his son's baptismal certificate. This could mean he supplied ships with food and beverage or it could also mean he was a licensed hotel keeper. Mary Ann would have gained experience in this field while being married to Edward, and probably assisted her new husband Daniel to become a beer retailer. In addition, their

daughter Mary Ann junior was born on the 26th July 1844 at the Welcome Sailor Inn. This means that Daniel and Mary Ann were operating the Welcome Sailor by 1844. Add to this, Daniel was first listed on his son's christening certificate as a publican in 1837. One possible theory is that Edward Joslin and Mary Ann had occupancy of the Welcome Sailor prior to Edward's death, and that Daniel moved in after his marriage to Mary Ann.

When taking into account all the dates and information, it would seem very likely Daniel and Mary Ann occupied the Welcome Sailor Inn from approximately 1836. It is situated on the corner of East Street and Ipswich Road, in Colchester. Having "Inn" in the title usually meant there were rooms available for travellers to stay in. There was no electricity back then so the inn would have been dimly lit, relying on lanterns and candles. The toilet would have been an earth closet in the back yard. There was no running water. Water came from a community well, usually in a local square or similar public place. Because quite a few people would have smoked, the atmosphere inside the pub would have been smokey and quite thick. At least there were gas streetlights to light the way home.

The 1861 census shows there are five children left at home in the inn, Sarah aged 21 is a dress maker, Frederick aged 19 is an apprentice blacksmith, Mary Ann aged 16 did not have an occupation recorded - maybe she was helping her parents run the inn. Daniel aged 15 was an apprentice printer and Joseph aged 11 was at school. I think Daniel and Mary Ann must have been doing very well, due to the fact that two of their sons were apprentices. In this era, apprentices had to pay their employer to be taught their trade. By this time Edward, the only child of Ann and her first husband, was married. He and his wife lived in their own dwelling, which was also in East Street.

Elizabeth Josselyn, Daniel's mother was also living with them in the inn, according to the 1861 census. She is listed as a widow, aged 91, born in Harwich, Essex. She died later that same year, but 91 was a very good age and would have been seen as a long life for anyone to achieve in 1861.

The inn would have been a meeting place for the regulars, and they would have referred to it as 'the local'. It would have bound them together as a community, like members of a club. Working men and women were required to work hard for long hours, often in bad conditions during the industrial revolution. However at least there were jobs. Meeting with friends at the local would have been a great way to socialise and forget about one's hardships for a while.

An incident that involved the landlord, Daniel Joslin, took place in 1868 and was reported in the Chelmsford Chronicle. Daniel was required to give evidence at an inquest into the death of one of his customers of 20 years. The deceased was a pensioner, a retired infantry man, possibly from the Colchester Barracks. He lived in a cottage not far from "The Welcome Sailor Inn." Daniel heard from one of his patrons that the old man had had a fall. Daniel visited his friend and found him quite ill. He had apparently had a bit too much to drink, something he often did. He had subsequently fallen near his house and was badly injured. After Daniel's visit he was hospitalised but died in the hospital. The man had no relatives living, and the court deemed his landlord as the person who best knew the deceased.

Mary Ann died in 1868. She would have been 61 years old, and was married to Daniel for 32 years. It is possible that Mary Ann was the driving force in this relationship. She was literate and Daniel was not. Mary Ann was the one who applied for their marriage licence and it could be possible that she was the owner of the inn after Edward her first husband died.

One year after Mary Ann's death, Daniel married his second wife, Matilda Funnell, in Bromley, Kent. Matilda died in 1873 aged 64. They only had 4 years together.

An old newspaper clipping regarding the Inn, gives us a glimpse into the daily routine of those who worked looking after the guests as well as serving at the bars.

"During the Anglo French war of 1870, soldiers were billeted at the "Welcome Sailor Inn" Matilda, (Daniel's second wife), was paid 4d a head with strict military orders regarding clean beds. Matilda was paid a further 6d a head for providing three meals a day." It sounds like a lot of work these days, for the equivalent of 1shilling per soldier per day but in 1870 it would have been a value addition to the weekly takings.

In the 1871 census the couple were living in Ipswich Road, and Daniel gave his occupation as Labourer.

Daniel held this position as landlord of the "Welcome Sailor Inn" for 35 years.

The building ceased trading as an inn in 1981. Today it has been transformed into an Indian restaurant and possibly smells more of curries than ale and tobacco. However, such is its standing in this historic city of Colchester, that it enjoys heritage protection for future generations.

Two years after once again becoming a widower, Daniel married Mary Gladwin at St James Church, Colchester. Mary was 20 years his junior being 49 years old. On their marriage certificate he gave his occupation as Publican.

The Essex Standard reported on 7 August 1875, that at the Annual Brewster's sessions, "Unexceptional tenant Daniel Joslin of Sawyers Arms Inn, Magdalen Street in Colchester was granted a licence". From this it would appear that Daniel again became a publican, taking over the Sawyers Arms when aged about 69. He held this position for the next 6 years.

By the 1881 census Mary (nee Gladwin) and Daniel are living in the Gift Houses, Donyland Road, Colchester and Daniel is shown as a retired Innkeeper.

By all accounts Daniel was a staunch Liberal and took politics very seriously. Being a land owner, and also being male, meant he was one of the privileged people who were allowed to vote. It was not until 1918, that the law finally changed, making it possible for all men to vote in the U.K. Women had to wait a further 10 years. In 1928 women finally got the same voting rights as men.

Daniel died in 1893 aged 86. Mary died in 1909 aged 78. We believe they are both buried in Colchester cemetery.

Trevor Joslin 30 March 2016

DANIEL EMIGRATES TO NEW ZEALAND

Daniel was the son of Mary Ann and Daniel Joslin. He was born in the "Welcome Sailor Inn" in Colchester, on New Years Day, 1846. Daniel was their sixth child, and one of seven siblings.

Growing up in an inn would have been different. I expect certain areas could have been out of bounds to the younger children. Having four older sisters to look after him would have had some advantages, and having his mother there, even though she would have been busy, was better than having a mother who had to go out to work.

This was during the industrial revolution and life for most people was changing. There were more jobs were available than ever before. Attitudes towards wages and conditions were changing slowly and this was leading to a higher standard of living for a lot of people. Schools were basic, but not compulsory. Even the hours children attended were flexible, and a lot of children worked to help support their families, and only attended part time. I think Daniel and Mary Ann would have sent their children to school, because in the 1861 census Daniel's younger brother was listed as "Scholar". Daniel was listed as "Apprentice Printer, and he would have required some educational skills to be able to work in that vocation. He was 15 when the census was taken, but probably began work at a younger age.

Some time during the next 10 years, Daniel moved to London. The census in 1871 showed that Daniel was boarding with a young couple, Edmund and Cecilia Hall, in Islington. It was during this time that he met the Andrews family, who also resided in Islington. George the oldest son was a printer like Daniel. Could Daniel have met George through working in the same printing office?

George Andrews had a sister, Sophia. Daniel and Sophia were attracted to each other and eventually they married. The marriage took place in St. Andrews Anglican Church, in Barnsbury Islington, on Sophia's birthday, 2 August 1873. The newly weds moved into No 76 John Street Islington, the same street that Sophia's parents lived in. Their first child, Frank Daniel Joslin was born in 1877. Their second son, George Frederick Joslin, came about 2 years later.

The 1870's was the Victorian era, a time of growth and new inventions. England was leading the world in the industrial era. A lot of this advancement was made possible by the refining of the steam engine. It replaced the water wheel as a source of power and was soon widely used in factories all over the country. The steam engine had other applications as well, like railway engines. Ships also embraced steam power. There were benefits for farming, with steam powered tractors able to replace horses and provide improved power.

In 1881 the census shows Daniel, Sophia, and son Frank still living at 76 John Street. Daniel is aged 35, Sophia 34, and Frank is 5 years old. George, aged 3, was not living with his parents, but was being cared for by Daniel's sister, Mary Ann Stoneham. She lived in Essex. It must have been about this time that the couple started having marriage problems, because some time over the next two years the marriage ended.

Daniel, with his two young sons, boarded a ship, the "British King", in Plymouth, and departed from British shores on the 28 January 1883. This was drastic action. He had left his wife of 10 years and was sailing for New Zealand, taking with him just their two small children. There are a lot of questions still to answer regarding Sophia, and some will be answered in her story.

The ship crossed the Bay of Biscay in a heavy storm and headed for Cape Town. The "British King" was an early example of a steam ship. She also had masts of the square rig type to use when the winds were favourable, due to the fact that the ship could not carry enough coal for the whole length of the journey. Their first and only stop on the voyage was the port of Cape Town, which they sailed into on 22 February, making a total of 25 days at sea so far. After replenishing their

supplies and no doubt some stretching of legs on shore, they set off for Wellington, New Zealand. The sails would have come into their own on this leg of the journey due to the reliable roaring 40's winds behind them. Sailors have taken advantage of these winds for a very long time. The "British King" arrived in Wellington 19 march. Total voyage time 52 days.

The first impressions of their new country would have been favourable, due to Wellington having a very beautiful and safe natural harbour. In those days the bush came right down to the beaches, and the hills almost surrounding the large harbour formed a green back drop, giving the newcomers a feeling of peace and tranquility. Daniel was not disembarking at Wellington but carrying on to Lyttleton in New Zealand's South Island. I suspect he had arranged a job with the "Lyttleton Times" before he left England.

Daniel worked in the jobbing room of the "Lyttleton Times" but only stayed there one year. He was fortunate to get employment with the Government Printing Office in Christchurch, and so relocated there. In Christchurch Daniel lived at 227 Montreal Street, north Christchurch. His occupation at that time was a compositor.

Printing had become a very sought-after trade. Newspapers were very popular because people had become much better educated, and now most were able to read and write. The population on the whole wanted to be informed of what was happening in their world. In 1851 a printing press capable of producing 5,000 copies in one hour of the popular periodical the "Illustrated London News" was displayed at the Great Exhibition in London, showing the major advances the printing trade was experiencing.

Life in New Zealand must have seemed slow after the hustle and bustle of London. We have not been able to find where the boys were billeted, but they do not show up as living with Daniel, so I suspect they may have been in an institution, maybe a boarding school?

By 1890 Daniel had moved again, this time to Wellington. He remained in the employment of the Government Printing Office. His address in Wellington was Cottleville Terrace, Wellington. It was during this time that he was involved in the setting up of the Thorndon Swimming Club. He was a founding member and remained heavily involved with the club during the time he lived in Wellington.

The 1896 electoral roll shows that his oldest son, Frank, was now living with him, and Frank's occupation was cited as "Tinsmith". Frank married in 1900, and moved into his own accommodation with his wife. Daniel moved again this time to 6 Wellington Terrace, Wellington. Daniel seems to have been very civic minded, as well as very much into physical fitness, as his involvement in swimming, cycling and walking shows.

Daniel remained in the printing trade for the whole of his working life, and would have been familiar with all aspects of his trade. His time working for the government printing office spanned about 30 years.

On several occasions his name came up in the local news papers, sometimes with sport but also with social events. One such occasion was when he was master of ceremony at a benefit concert held for a recently widowed woman and her family. Another was a report on a wedding which stated Mr. Joslin gave the bride away and also proposed a toast to the bride and groom. The Free Lance news paper produced a picture of Daniel at a fancy dress ball posing as Lord Roberts in a splendid military-like uniform. Daniel also came to light when mentioned as being at the Printers' social where he gave a speech regarding the Printers' union. He also, and I quote, "contributed to the enjoyment of the evening with a vocal selection". This event took place in 1909. It would appear Daniel also had a pleasant singing voice and was not shy to use it.

In 1911, after retiring from work at the age of 65, Daniel left for England. He planned to spend his declining years on the superannuation he received from the New Zealand government and to live out the remainder of his life back in the "old country". On arrival Daniel proceeded to London and visited the High Commissioner's Office, presumably to renew his English citizenship. For reasons unknown Daniel didn't stay in England very long but returned to Wellington. Some time over the next few years Daniel decided to move to Wanganui, which is 188 km north of Wellington, situated on the west coast.

Daniel had moved to 42 no 3 line by 1919. This address is in Wanganui East, on the opposite side of the Wanganui river to the town. It is however connected by a bridge and was not a long way from anywhere by bike. Daniel never owned his own house. It would seem he was happy to rent.

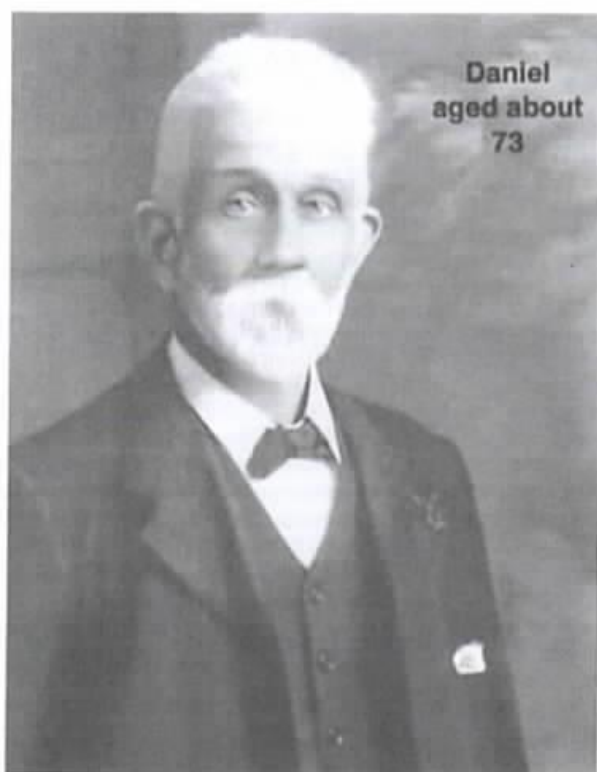
Daniel again got itchy feet and he sailed from Wellington bound for Sydney in 1920. He boarded a ship in Sydney called the "Orontes", and sailed out of Sydney harbour on the 17th of August that year. Daniel travelled as a third class passenger. This voyage reads like a cruise ship itinerary. From Sydney the ship sailed to Melbourne, Adelaide and Fremantle. The "Orontes" then steamed up the Pacific and into the Indian Ocean to Colombo, the capital of Sri Lanka, (known at that time as Ceylon). From there the ship steamed across the Indian Ocean into the Arabian Sea and on to the Suez Canal. They passed through the canal, calling at Port Said. Sailing on they entered the Mediterranean sea. The next stop was Naples in Italy, then on to Toulon in the south of France, followed by Gibraltar, after which the ship reached her destination of Plymouth on the 12 June 1920. The journey had taken 8 weeks.

Daniel was now 74, but obviously still agile and fit. In London he stayed with his married sister Sarah Trowles, at 38a Boundary road, South Hampstead, London. Sarah was 4 years older than Daniel, I think they were close, because Daniel must have kept in touch to know she had moved to London. Daniel had departed England aged 37, meaning he had lived half his life in New Zealand. There would have been a lot of growth and change in those years and England would have been a very different place to the one he had left. I think he would have gone back to Colchester to visit family. Colchester was by now an easy commute from London by train. His parents were already dead but he came from a family of eight children and I expect several of them would still have been in Colchester. His former home the "Welcome Sailor Inn" was still trading as an inn, but no longer under Joslin management.

Daniel stayed in England for 17 months. He boarded the "Ruahine" in Southampton on 10 November 1921 and returned to New Zealand. This time he went via the Panama Canal, and in so doing he had completed an around the world journey. He arrived back in Wellington on 20 December 1921.

Daniel spent his last years living with his son Frank, and daughter-in-law Fanny, at their house in 26 Gloucester Street Wanganui. The house is still there today and remains relatively unchanged from the outside, although it is no longer in the Joslin family. He continued to play bowls and lead an active life. Daniel died on 21 August 1925, after a short illness, as the result of an enlarged prostate. He was aged 79. He never remarried after leaving Sophia. Daniel is buried at Aramoho Cemetery in Wanganui.

Trevor Joslin
19 November 2015



**George and Frank
beside their father's grave**



PAPERS PAST

An attempt to glimpse into the personality of the Daniel Joslin through newspaper reports.

The Evening Post February 1891 The location was Wellington New Zealand. Three men were before the court. The charge was read out and it went like this: "On the morning of the 30th Jan 1891, between the hours of 6am and 7pm, the defendants were seen to undress themselves on the Esplanade, near the band rotunda, and then take a bath with no other covering upon them than that provided by mother nature." At the conclusion of the evidence the judge suggested that if the defendants were willing to give an undertaking to wear suitable clothing in the future, the case could be withdrawn. One of these three men was my great grandfather Daniel Joslin. He was definitely the outdoor type. He worked for the Government Printing Office, but his leisure time was mostly spent in the great outdoors. He lived in Wellington, and being a very keen swimmer, was the key player in setting up the Thorndon Swimming Club in Wellington in about 1898. He held several positions on the committee, and could be relied upon to be there and do his share when working bees were held or people were needed to help run the annual carnival. Swimming was not his only sport, he was quite a keen cyclist as the next clipping details.

The New Zealand Free Lance 1905 ran this article and I quote "Mr Joslin is quite white haired and 60 years of age, but is absolutely kittenish in his activity. He at present rejoices in the possession of a very sun-burnt face, for on his holiday he rode per bike from Picton to Westport in five days, a distance of around 600 km return. Feeling pretty fit when he got back, the sexagenarian took a ride out to Trentham and back." Daniel had a son (George) and a daughter-in-law living in Westport at this time. They had had a baby who had just turned one. Visiting his grandson would have been the motivation for Daniel to travel to Westport. There was also a ferry ride required to get from Wellington to Picton as these two places are on either side of Cook Strait.

The Evening Post 1908 ran an article on the Thorndon Club's Annual Swimming Carnival and it read like this. "The 10th annual carnival for the amateur swimming club was held at the Thorndon baths on Saturday afternoon, in ideal weather. There was a large attendance, including a fair sprinkling of ladies, the staging enclosing the bath being crowded. During the afternoon the Vitella string band rendered selections, and afternoon tea was provided. The various events were keenly contested, and some exciting finishes were witnessed. A feature of the program was the promptitude with which events were got off, there being no waits." It then goes on to list all the officials and Daniel's name came up a few times, but one in particular stood out, "Costume Steward Dan Joslin." I wanted to know more about what this job entailed, so googled "costume steward." Google told me that the job entailed ensuring people were suitably attired. Well, from being charged with skinny dipping, to costume steward is quite a promotion one might think.

The New Zealand Herald ran an article on Daniel in 1910 in which it said Mr Joslin used to bathe all year round. "Despite his advanced age, he is still of a vigorous athletic type and loves to indulge in long walks. In his own way he has done a lot for swimming. Mr Dan Joslin of the Thorndon club, one of the real enthusiasts of the veteran brigade, will shortly return to the old country," says the Wellington correspondent. "He will spend his declining years on the superannuation he will receive from the New Zealand Government." Daniel duly departed for England in 1911 aged 65. For reasons unknown Daniel did not stay long in England but returned to New Zealand, to a town north of Wellington called Wanganui. He had two sons and one of them Frank, lived in Wanganui. In 1921 he again visited the UK. He returned to New Zealand from Southampton on the 10th November 1921, arriving in Wellington on board the Ruahine. On arrival he returned to Wanganui. There he became involved in the St. Johns bowling club, both in its construction and as a regular player. The new green opened in February 1914. Quoting in part from his obituary in **The Chronicle 1925** "When the club was first started and working bees were formed to level the ground, Mr Joslin was always there to do his bit." When he died at age 79 he was one of the oldest bowlers in the St. Johns club.

Daniel would be pleased to know, that he has a great grand daughter who is a member of the St. Johns club, and that it is still going strong in 2015.

21 August 2015 Trevor Joslin

SOPHIA JOSLIN

Finding Sophia

Sophia Andrews was born on the 2nd August 1848. Her father's name was George Andrews and her mother's name was Maria Andrews. They lived at 32 Cold Bath Square, Clerkenwell, Middlesex. Sophia had two brothers, George who was 4 years older than her, and Charles who was 5 years older. In the 1871 census they had moved to Islington, London. Sophia was now 22 years old.

Nineteen months before Sophia's birth, on 1 January 1847, Daniel Joslin was born. Daniel was to become Sophia's husband 26 years later. He was the seventh child of Daniel and Mary Ann Joslin. The Joslins lived at the Welcome Sailer Inn on East Street in Colchester, Essex. Daniel's father was the proprietor. When Daniel was old enough he obtained employment in the printing trade and became a compositor. He worked in Colchester for about five years, before moving to London, where he continued working in the printing trade. In 1871 the census shows Daniel, in London, and living at Islington, this was the same neighbourhood as the Andrews family.

We can only guess about how Daniel and Sophia met. But interestingly Sophia's brother George was also employed in the printing industry. It is possible that Daniel and George worked together and maybe George introduced the pair. Daniel and Sophia courted and they married on Sophia's birthday, the 2nd August 1873. The couple moved in to 76 John Street, the street that Sophia's parents lived in.

Their first child, Frank Daniel, was born 15th October 1875, and their second son, George Frederick, was born about 2 years later. In 1881, the census shows Daniel, Sophia and son Frank still living at 76 John Street. Daniel was now aged 35, Sophia would have been 34, and their son Frank about 5. Young George aged 3 was not living with his parents, He was being cared for by an aunt, Mary Ann Stoneham, who lived in Essex. It must have been about this time, we assume, that the couple started having marriage problems because some time over the next 2 years they split up.

On the 28th January 1883 Daniel left England. He departed from Plymouth on a ship called the "British King", and sailed to New Zealand. Daniel took with him their two young sons, Frank now aged about seven and George about five.

How did Sophia cope with her two boys being taken away from her. Had she agreed to this.? Or was she grief stricken. Did she know where they had gone, or did Daniel stealthily take them away? My cousin Jan, who lives in New Zealand, was also interested in finding out what became of Sophia and we were working on this together. However we were stuck - all attempts to find Sophia had so far failed.

Cousin Jan decided this called for drastic action. Thinking outside the box, she came up with a very unorthodox method which provided us with the breakthrough we so desperately needed. Jan consulted a psychic friend called Lucy. After the usual meet and greet in which Jan told her nothing of her reason for the visit, Lucy described a man to Jan and asked her who he was. It took Jan a minute to realise she was talking about her father. Lucy said he was there and that he was enjoying her trip into the past. Then Lucy told Jan there was a woman there also, and the woman was glad someone was wanting to tell her story. Lucy told Jan that the woman had had two sons and then a daughter who died very young. It was the death of this little girl that caused their marriage break down. After Sophia's husband had left with their sons she became restless, left England and sailed to New York.

Now I know that psychics do not qualify as legitimate researchers when looking at family history, and I also realise that some people will scoff at this. I also understand that nothing Lucy said can

be accepted until it checks out. But at least we had a new direction to focus on, and so the checking started. I checked for a birth certificate for the baby girl and found nothing. We looked for Sophia on passenger lists - again, nothing. Then came the break-through, Jan found in US immigration information that a Sophia Andrews had crossed the US border into Canada. Andrews was Sophia's maiden name, but at first I thought this is just another Sophia Andrews, probably someone with the same name. Then on further investigation we found that this lady was travelling with her brother, and his name was George Henry Andrews. George Henry Andrews was indeed Sophia's brother, and so at last we had something that looked like it stacked up. It appeared Lucy had steered us in the right direction and without her input we would not have been looking for Sophia in America. Jan also found that an S. Joslin had applied for a passport in 1883, the same year her husband Daniel left for New Zealand. We tried to get a copy of the passport but that was proving difficult. What we did discover was that Sophia crossed the US border from Detroit into Ontario, Canada, between 1908 and 1909, using her maiden name. We also found her brother George Henry Andrews died 30th Nov 1909 in Carlton Ontario. We had found out quite a bit but wanted to know more.

After all my attempts to find the ship she departed on or the destination she sailed to had come to nothing, I decided to employ an expert in the UK. My researcher named Judith, reported that she did not think the person who applied for a passport was Sophia. There was little information attached to the application except the applicant was wanting to travel to the Continent and not the US. Judith had the same difficulties as we had had and could not find any records that showed Sophia's departure from England. However Judith found that the Canadian census, confirmed that George Henry Andrews (Sophia's brother) emigrated to Canada in 1870. She also discovered, that George had married on the 3 June 1871 aged 27. This was one year after his arrival in Canada. The wedding took place at Ottawa, and the bride was Rebecca Barry aged 25. The marriage certificate states that George was the son of George and Maria Andrews, and George (Sophia's brother) was a printer. The marriage certificate certainly proved we had the right people. One of George and Rebecca's children was a girl and they named her Armenella Sophia Andrews, the Sophia part presumably after George's sister. The 1881 census and consequent censuses showed George Henry Andrews's address as the township of Gloucester district of Russell, Province of Ontario. It would appear George was content and had settled well into his new life in Canada having lived at the same address for more than 20 years.

George brought Sophia from Detroit USA across to Ontario, Canada about 1908, just one year before he died. Sophia would have been about 60 years old then. I think George may have been on a rescue mission to save his sister, and this so close to the time of his own death. Judith felt that Sophia had not reverted to her maiden name because of the Joslin name on her death certificate. Judith thought Andrews appeared on the border crossing documents because she was travelling with her brother, and it had been assumed they were both Andrews.

Cousin Jan found Sophia had ended up in a Home for Friendless Women. The home was run by the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union and was located on Cambridge Ave Ottawa. She died 12th October 1916, aged 68. Sophia is buried at Beechwood Cemetery in Ottawa. The name on her internment record is Sophia Joslin, her married name. It is good that we now know how she spent her last days, even though it does sound quite tragic. What we still need to know is how long Sophia had been in the US, where she had been and how she had supported herself up until this point and prior to going into the Home for Friendless Women. The gap in her life has now narrowed to about 26 years.

Meanwhile, Daniel and the boys had made a new life in New Zealand. Daniel had brought up the boys on his own, although we think he must have sent them to a boarding school, or something like that, because they do not appear on any census as living with him during their school years. He was employed at the Government Printing Office for almost all his working life in New Zealand. It seems Daniel never divorced Sophia, and so never married again. He returned to England when

boys were doing OK? He returned to England again in 1921 now aged 74. He stayed with his sister Sarah Trowles (nee Joslin) at 38a Boundary Road South Hampstead, which is a suburb of London. He returned to Wanganui New Zealand on 10th November 1921. Daniel died 4 years later, on the 21st August 1925. aged 79

There is some speculation in this story, and so many possibilities. We may never know the reason Daniel immigrated to New Zealand with their young children, but we have uncovered quite a bit of Sophia's life after Daniel. Finding Sophia has been very much a joint effort. Brenda from the Josselin society in England has been a great help. My cousin Jan in New Zealand has also put in a lot of effort and given me loads of encouragement. Jan is the granddaughter of Frank Joslin, the oldest of the two little boys who were taken away from their mother. I am the grandson of the other little boy, George Joslin. We will continue to work together searching for our great grandmother Sophia, and maybe, there will be a further story.

Trevor Joslin 27 January 2016



Sophia's last resting place

My wife, Paulene and I visited Ottawa's Beachwood Cemetery while on a visit to Canada in September 2016. Armed with the details I had already found on the internet of both Sophia's grave and also her brother George's we visited the office to get directions. We were surprised how efficient and well run the Cemetery was. The lady at the front desk handed my information to another person who asked us to wait while she checked the records. She came back after a short while with maps and a photo of the head stone. She told me that Sophia had not been buried in the plot described on her interment record, but had been buried with her brother. I was quite surprised, but on reading the information that the lady gave me, I was able to see that George Andrews together with his wife, plus Sophia and also George's daughter were all interned together. However the stone only shows George and his wife.

Jan Arnold had given me a stone for the grave the last time I visited her. She had painted it and written on it, "Sophia, love from your great grandchildren Jan and Trevor." I glued it to the head stone and now Sophia has her name there also. Jan pointed out that it nice that Sophia is buried with her brother who she appears to have loved very much, and is not alone anymore.



Chapter Two

Frank Daniel Joslin and his descendants



A recent photo of Frank and Fanny's former house
at 26 Gloucester Street, Wanganui.



Frank and Fanny



Alice, Frank, Fanny and Kathleen

FRANK DANIEL JOSLIN

Frank was born to Sophia and Daniel Joslin on the 15 October 1875, at Islington London England. In the 1881 census it shows Frank aged five and living with his parents at 76 John Street Islington. Frank emigrated with his Father and younger brother George to Lyttleton New Zealand aboard the "British King" which departed from Plymouth 28 January 1883. On arrival in New Zealand Frank's father Daniel worked for the Lyttleton times.

About a year later their Father managed to get a job with the Government Printing Office. This required moving to Christchurch. Once again it only lasted for about a year as Daniel got a transfer to Wellington with the Government Printing Office. The 1890 Census shows Daniel living at Cottleville Tce Wellington on his own. Frank would have been 15 years old then and brother George just 13 years old, but they are not shown on the census. Jan has tried to find where the boys went to school, but this has proved very difficult. She is widening her search, to include orphanages. Daniel was a single parent and some one had to be caring for the boys.

1896 Frank shows up living with his father at Cottleville Tce. He is still there in 1900 but this is the year of his marriage and it appears that after getting married he and his wife lived elsewhere. Frank met a lady, when passing by in the street. She worked for a family a couple of doors down the street, from his fathers house. That was the beginning of a happy life together. Frank married Frances Maud Synott on the 3 March 1900. Frances was born in 1878 to Josephine Synott in Hobart Tasmania.

I have no idea why they chose Wanganui to live, but it could have been that houses were cheaper than in Wellington and that Frank was able to get employment in his trade as a tinsmith. Frank is shown on the property roll as being the owner of 26 Gloucester Street Wanganui in 1905. However they moved into their house a couple of years before that census. They did well, to be in their own house after just 2 years of married life.

Jan Arnold who is Frank's granddaughter drew me a very detailed plan of the house. It is typical of a house of that time, having three bedrooms, a front room with a bay window and open fire which was the lounge. The passage ran from the front door down the middle that led to the back of the house where the kitchen, dining area and bathroom were situated. The toilet was outside next to the laundry and Frank's shed. Frank had a good size vegetable garden in the back yard. The house is still there and has changed very little from the outside. It has a large silver birch tree in the front yard and is an attractive house even today.

Jan also recorded her memories of her grandparents. The love and emotion shows through so strongly I decided I needed to copy it word for word.

I am the youngest child of Frank and Fanny Joslin and have very fond memories of both my grandparents and the family home in Gloucester Street. They were fair minded folks, and treated all the grandchildren equally, no matter what we did or didn't achieve.

They both had honest solid values and lived their lives with compassion and dignity, welcoming friends and family to their humble home and we, the grandchildren loved spending time with them and learned much about life skills in the process.

Granddad Frank played the accordion in the family room in the evenings, while Granny knitted socks for all of us. Often I would sit on the floor between them being utterly fascinated with both skills. Later on I would learn to play the piano accordion and I still knit socks Granny's way to this day, the old fashioned style without a pattern on four small needles, turning the heels as she did, so deftly. Frank taught me how to win at cards playing Euchre and Five hundred. He was a sweet man. He made me a carousel out of tin when I was about seven and cousin Mary (also seven) got

a ferris wheel at the same time, both could be activated by turning the handle to give motion to the work of art. Sadly I have no idea where either of the toys ended up.

One of the memories that lingers is the smell of Fanny's bread. She never brought a loaf in her entire married life of over 50 years, but made a 1/2 loaf every day. The yeast was made with hops from the local brewery and she would grow it then use half for the next loaf, only buying new yeast occasionally. It is a long time since I have smelled that wonderful aroma of well made bread her way.

Very thrifty, she could make a meal out of nothing it would seem, simply adding more vegetables from the large garden Frank tended in their backyard. They took in both Frank's father Daniel in his last years and Granny Fox for 25 years to live with them, both ending their lives in the family home.

Fanny was proud of us all and we would stay with them in a heartbeat, especially if you were the only one at the time and get all their attention. The oldest of the grandchildren, Jocelyn would accompany them to Wellington to see Uncle George and once to the exhibition of 1940.

Frank died in 1956 and although I wasn't allowed to go to the funeral, he was the first person I had seen laid out in a coffin which was in the front room. My father encouraged me to say goodbye. Fanny passed away in 1965 one month after our wedding. We left the ceremony and the bridal party went to the hospital to see a dear old lady so precious to us. She knew me and just smiled. I knew I had done the right thing because I never saw her again. They both have a chunk of my heart and always will.

Frank and Fanny had four children. They were all born at 26 Gloucester Street Wanganui

Ernest Bellwood born 26 December 1900	Died 1927 aged 27
Kathleen Sofia born 26 October 1901	Died 1972 aged 71
Alice Frances Born 2 February 1907	Died 1997 aged 90
Maisie Josephine born 12 August 1913	Died 2008 aged 95 (Jan's Mum)

Frank retired in 1935 aged 60. Soon after he retired he was diagnosed with diabetes. For the rest of his life Fanny tested his blood sugar levels every morning and worked out his insulin levels for him. He was a gentle man and went about his daily life quietly and without any fuss. He enjoyed spending time in his shed where he made toys for the grandchildren as well as working on small orders for cream cans. These he made for a local plumbing company.

Frank loved his family and enjoyed nothing better than a walk with them all, up to Virginia Lake, on a Sunday afternoon. Jan said, her mother Maisie spoke fondly of those times, as the outings were etched in her memory for the rest of her life. Maisie doted on her dad and was very protective of him.

Frank died 20 August 1956. Frances (Fanny) died April 1965. Fanny continued living at 26 Gloucester Street for the whole 9 years after Franks death, but often stayed with her daughters in turn as she became increasingly fragile. She went into hospital one month prior to her death and then to the Jubilee home where she died. The jubilee home was situated on Somme Parade near the Aramoho Cemetery. It has since been demolished.

They are both buried in the family grave at Aramoho Wanganui, along with their son Ernest, Daughter Maisie and Frank's father Daniel.

Jan Arnold
3 December 2015

ERNEST BELLWOOD JOSLIN



Aged 18 years

Ernest Bellwood Joslin was born 26th December 1900, one day after his mother's twenty second birthday, at 26 Gloucester Street, Wanganui. He was the first born child and only son of Frank and Fanny Joslin. Ernest was usually referred to as having delicate health and he was adored by all three of his sisters as they were raised in a loving family environment.

Quiet natured like his father, Ernest took up door to door selling as a way of contributing to the household and gaining some meaningful independence. It was a time of conscription in New Zealand, but we can find no record of any registration relating to time spent in the armed services. Therefore, we can only surmise that he may have been exempt for health reasons.

Ernest passed away June 15th 1928 aged 27 years. The family believe he died from consumption, but that fact remains unproven.

The undertakers are listed as Symes and Roberts.

KATHLEEN SOPHIA JOSLIN

Kathleen Sophia, the eldest daughter of Frank and Fanny Joslin was born on the 26th October 1901 at 26 Gloucester Street, Wanganui. She arrived just 11 months after her brother Ernest, making life for their mother very busy indeed. Kathleen was a spirited child, the opposite in nature to her much quieter brother, but together they had a lot of fun sharing their days for the next six years until another sibling arrived in the household.

As a teenager, Kathleen was very social and often stayed out beyond her curfew, causing worry to her mother as to her whereabouts. After a while Frank and Fanny decided it would be better for her to find employment away from home. Kathleen left Wanganui Girls College, where she was a student and went to Ngaruru near Hunterville to a live in job as a Nanny for the child of Mr and Mrs Donald Hammond. This proved to be a challenge for the strong minded Kathleen as she did not like the family and they were horrid to her. This must have been a shock, considering that she, herself had been raised in a loving environment.

Kathleen left this job and together with a good friend created a tearoom in Levin. Kathleen was an excellent cook like her mother and the enterprise was a success. Not one to rest on her laurels, Kathleen moved on to work in a large home on an estate in Martinborough as the cook. She catered for many social functions as well as feeding the many farmworkers on the property.

On the adjacent farm, workers were bought in as immigrants mainly from Great Britain and Europe to work for less money than their New Zealand counterparts as they were on assisted passages from their homeland. One young man of Irish descent was smitten by the wonderful cook on the nearby farm, eventually plucking up the courage to ask her out. They got on very well and she agreed to marry Patrick Landon, known as Nuki, so named by the Maori co-workers for the funny way he spoke. For the rest of Kathleen's years, Nuki was a devoted husband who never left the table without thanking his wife for a delicious meal. Kathleen continued to play the piano up to her death in 1972 aged 71 and Nuki would sing. Together their rendition of 'I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen' would bring tears to the eyes of anyone listening. It was so sincere and beautiful to witness the love they held for each other. The only argument they would show in public was over which one of them would die first.....it was to be Kathleen. The pipe smoking Nuki died some years later of tongue cancer, attributed by some to his lifelong habit.

After marriage they moved to the district of Rere near Gisborne on the East coast of New Zealand. Three children were born to them; Brian and 18months later twins Cushla and Robin. All of the children rode horseback to the local school, then attended boarding schools in Wellington for their secondary education. Brian succumbed to Leukemia and died aged 26, an enormous blow to his parents. Robin was the rebel of the family and a lot of fun to be around. He would ride in rodeos and was a friend of John Hore (Grenell) the singer. Together they would create all manner of mischief.....maybe a little of his mother in him. Cushla went on to be a cartographer until she married a policeman and had to shift around the country according to his placements.

Kathleen and Nuki moved to Gladstone Road, Gisborne to live out their retirement. When she married, Kathleen converted to Catholicism and became a staunch follower of the faith, gifting much in the way of regular payments to the church fund. My aunt Kathleen had an innate sense of humour and I remember her with great fondness.

Jan Arnold 2016



Kathleen Sophia Joslin

(She shared her grandmother's name Sophia)



Alice's wedding

Sisters Kathleen on the right and Maisie on the left.
The flower girl was Ron's niece Clara Robinson.

ALICE FRANCES JOSLIN

My mother was the third child of Frank and Fanny Joslin born in Wanganui at 26 Gloucester Street on the second of February 1907. She was named Alice after Fanny's great friend Alice Wright (nee Cottle) whom she had known in Wellington when single. The family called her Aunty Alice. Frances was her mother's given name.

She was an attractive little girl, an extrovert and from a young age liked to perform: give recitations and she had a love for music and dance. This charmed her grandparents, especially her grandfather who by that time was retired, lived in Wanganui East and was a frequent visitor to his son Frank's home.

Alice went to Keith Street Primary School, The Avenue School, then to Wanganui Technical College and took the commercial course. At 16 she got a job in the office of Mason Struthers, a large busy hardware shop in Victoria Avenue. She went to "Night Tech" and took a course in metalwork. An example of her work are two round mirror frames, hand crafted and designed in pewter. They are treasured today by family members. After a few months she was successful in getting a position as a shorthand typist for Mr Dick Howie, a lawyer in the city. She had a great respect for him and his family. She enjoyed the work, especially the Court work.

She was very social in her single life. She played tennis and belonged to the "Tennis Set". In Wanganui there was a small group of theatrical young people known as "The Concert Party" and Alice became a member. They were invited to perform mainly at private parties. She was also very proud of the fact that with friends she had climbed to the summit of Mount Egmont (now Mount Taranaki).

At a house party in Matarawa (a small settlement between Wanganui and Fordell), the concert party were present and there she met a farmer from Fordell, Ronald William Stewart. He was considerably older than her – 12 years. He was a returned soldier from World War 1. He had been gassed and before returning to New Zealand was in hospital in Cologne Germany.

In the mid 1920's he was farming with his brother in Fordell. Ron and Alice were attracted to each other, engaged within a few months and married in St Pauls Church on 25th June 1930.

Fordell is 8 ½ miles east of Wanganui but Alice thought she was "buried in the country". However, she found the village had a friendly close community and soon made many friends and some became life-long friends. There were many trips to Wanganui, especially to 26 Gloucester Street. Jocelyn was born on 4th September 1931. This was in "The Depression Years". They were hard times.

Money was "tight". Ron had to have the telephone taken out. They had a small old car.

Two years later son David Barry was born. They were thrilled. Another baby girl was born three years later and all seemed well but the baby named Helen died suddenly. She was three days old. The cause was a blood incompatibility. Lindsay, another baby girl was born on 21st September 1939. She was healthy, lively and a much welcomed addition to the family. Four years later Lindsay had a baby sister Mary born 28th November 1943.

When Mary was 15 months old, Ron was approached by his Uncle, William Peat (who wished to retire from farming) to form a partnership "Peat and Stewart". This meant the

family would come and live in a big farmhouse at the Aramoho end of the farm. The house was in the city boundary and the farm of 730 acres, known as Pickwick Farm extended from Aramoho to Westmere. The Fordell farm would be included. This was a great opportunity for Alice, Ron and family and in mid-1945 they shifted to 71 Kaikokopu Road, Aramoho.

Alice was very pleased as her sister Maisie lived just a walk away and her parents in Gloucester Street were near.

Alice and Ron came from very different backgrounds. Ron had a strict, formal upbringing of Victorian style. One stood on ceremony and you certainly did not "wear your heart on your sleeve". In times of hardship you were very stoical. He did have a great admiration for his mother. She did not have an easy life but had managed her big family extremely well.

Ron, I think enjoyed the relaxed, welcoming home of Fanny and Frank. He was certainly very fond of them both and they of him.

Early in 1948 Alice had another baby girl. Sadly, she also died a few days old due to a malfunction of the heart. She was named Jane Peat.

The next year Jocelyn left home to go to Teachers College in Wellington. In the holidays Alice told her she was going to get her Drivers licence. Ron was due to have minor surgery in Braemar Private Hospital and while he was absent Alice made an appointment for her Drivers test. Ron had been teaching her to drive for some time but always said she was not ready to go for licence. She went ahead and proudly showed him the result. Ron then bought her a Morris 12 car of her own. She was delighted and made very good use of it!

Frank and Fanny celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1950 and a big party of friends and extended family was held at Alice and Ron's home.

In early 1955, Jocelyn married Peter McIntyre who was managing a farm for his father in the Rangitikei. In the middle of 1956 Frank died, he was 80 years old, but had welcomed his great grandson, John six months before. He had suffered with sugar diabetes since he was 60 years old. Fanny was meticulous about his strict diet. He had insulin each day and Fanny gave him wonderful care.

There was a big change in 1960. Ron wanted to retire from his hill country farm. He planned to buy a house in town for him and Alice. He wished to go on an overseas trip with Alice to the UK and Europe to see again places he had known in wartime and to see his sister in London.

Alice was not so interested in travel and was rather reluctant to agree. It so happened that Barry, who was on his OE would be in London flatting with friends at this time. This fact persuaded Alice to be more enthusiastic and she finally agreed to go. They travelled with a friend of Ron's and his wife.

For 4 ½ weeks Barry drove them on an extensive tour of the UK. They visited many historical places and others of spectacular scenery. They also had a number of addresses of people to look up and visited graves of friend's sons who had lost their lives in World War 2. They stayed at Bed and Breakfast accommodation. Alice commented in her trip book "It was a wonderful holiday in near perfect weather". In July they went on a conducted tour of Europe, visited a number of countries, returned to London and then boarded the ship for return to New Zealand. They berthed in Wellington in mid-December and Alice's words "It was the end of a great experience".

After their return and renting Alice and Ron bought a big house at 20 Heads Road, not far from the Hospital. Both Barry and Lindsay married not long afterwards. Mary lived at home and after training secured a position as a Laboratory Technician at the hospital.

Ron liked to visit the farms and took a great interest in activities there. Alice was a member of a number of Women's Groups and enjoyed the company of old friends and meeting new ones. She was a staunch member of St Pauls Church. She enjoyed her grandchildren and they her. In the late 1960's Ron became unwell and after sometime he was diagnosed with throat cancer. There was surgery followed by treatment for some months. Early in 1970 his condition had worsened and he died in hospital on Good Friday 1970 aged 74 years.

Mary had married just a week before. With love and support of family and friends Alice who was 62, continued living in the house with the help of a part time gardener.

When her eldest sister Kathleen died suddenly in Gisborne her younger sister Maisie, who had lived with Kathleen for some time, came back to Wanganui to be nearer her daughter and family and moved in with Alice. She sold the house and moved to a townhouse with a small section very near the city. Maisie shifted with her and continued to work.

Eventually Maisie bought her own house and in 1984, Alice bought a unit in Campbell Street where she lived happily for a number of years. The house was in good location and she had friendly neighbours.

In the mid-1990's it became apparent Alice needed help and some care. Her memory was failing. In the end full time care was needed and Alice became a resident in Hikurangi, a home for the elderly. While there she had her 90th birthday and a big party for family and friends was held at Jocelyn and Peter's home. This was a very happy occasion. A few months later she was placed in Special Care as she went wandering at times. After a short time, Alice got a chest infection which turned to pneumonia and she died in hospital on Queens Birthday 1997. She was 90 years old. Her funeral service was held at St Pauls Church where she and Ron were married. She was cremated and her ashes are buried in the Stewart plot at the Aramoho Cemetery. She is remembered with much love. She had a very bright personality and a keen sense of humour and could tell great stories (sometimes a little exaggerated to make them more colourful!).

She and Ron were very different in nature but they made a great team. The Family enjoyed a secure, loving and happy home life and for that are forever grateful to Alice and Ron.

This was written on what would have been Alice's 109th birthday. 2.02.2016

Jocelyn McIntyre

**Sisters
Maisie and Alice**



**Alice and Ron
Stewart
in New Plymouth
with friend Kitty Smyth
on the left.**

**The family grave at
Aramoho cemetery.
Wanganui**



The last resting place of the following people,

**Daniel Joslin
Ernest Bellwood Joslin
Frank Daniel Joslin
Frances Maude Joslin
Maisie Josephine Relph**

Maisie and Stewart Relph



Flower girl is Jocelyn McIntyre and the best man is the brother-in-law of Stewart.

MAISIE JOSEPHINE JOSLIN

Maisie was the third and last born daughter of Frank and Fanny Joslin. Born at 26 Gloucester Street, Wanganui 12.08.1913 weighing 7lb 10oz she had a massive head of dark hair. This turned out to be her crowning glory as all the family were amazed that anyone could have had such long hair at such a tender age.

Her father Frank named her Maisie Josephine, a favourite name of his and her second name from Fanny's mother who was living with them at the time. Maisie grew up with a strong dislike for the name wishing she had been called Josephine as a first choice. Over the years, as it was in those days, other names were applied to her. Jo from her sisters was her preference.

Maisie was different in nature and appearance from her older sisters. She was a quiet and obedient child who loved her family, a trait which was apparent until her dying day. While her sisters were outgoing, Maisie would just sit and watch, maybe the six year gap had something to do with it. Frank was a quiet, peaceful man and Maisie adored him. Maisie loved the domestic skills of cooking, sewing, knitting, and embroidery, sharing this time with her mother, while her sisters were out socialising, dancing and an array of theatrics.

She went to Keith Street School, Wanganui Intermediate, and then Wanganui Technical College training as a Secretary. She was a top typist and found work with Wrightstephenson and Co, a farm supply business on Taupo Quay in Wanganui. At 16 and starting work, she wanted to cut her hair, to be more in keeping with the fashion and look her age, but was afraid her mother would be upset. One night she brushed and plaited her long locks (she could sit on them at this stage), took the shears to it and cut off the plait in one go. With trepidation she went to her sister Alice's room and waved the plait around the door. Alice was horrified, but together they decided to trim the remaining hair before Fanny saw it, giggling as only sisters do and style it to a ladylike look, then face Fanny together. Fanny just looked and said she was surprised Maisie had not done that a long time ago. Maisie had grown up.

She continued working, acted as bridesmaid for both her sisters and took lots of pleasure in the grandchildren that followed, babysitting and making clothes for her nieces and nephews. A close friend decided that she needed to get out and mix with others, find herself a mate and create her own nest. Maisie went to a dance at St Peters Church in Gonville and sat quietly by the piano while her friend played for the dancers. One handsome young man ventured over to ask her for a dance which she accepted but then she began to worry that she was cutting in on the beautiful young woman attending the evening with him. As the night wore on and he was very attentive towards her, she mentioned this to her friend who could not stop laughing. The young woman was his younger sister! A romance ensued and she married Stewart Campbell Relph in 1938. For many years Stewart named her Tops and that is how she was known to their friends. They discovered they both had ancestors named Joslin and realised they could be related. Would this cause a problem with a marriage licence and they went to the courthouse to get the necessary permission to marry. Stewart was called up for war service, but was not allowed to go away due to a club foot which would prevent him going on the long marches required. He said it was just as hard being home

and called a coward for not fighting, even being given a white feather by a customer whose son had just been killed in battle. Stewart could do nothing; he had a kind heart and knew she was suffering

Their first son was born 7.08.1940. The birth was difficult and a caesarean section was performed. John Stewart Relph was tucked up in a crib, while Maisie went to the ward to recover. A few hours later John was declared dead in his crib...water on the lung was the verdict. Two years later Stewart and Maisie had another son Graham Campbell 29.06.1942, but he too died after a 3 day labour and 6 weeks overdue apparently from the cord being around the neck. A doctor's negligence was blamed. Distraught after two babies lost, Maisie went back to work, then two years later was pregnant again, this time the outcome was much better. Janet was born 15.05.1944, a textbook delivery and a healthy baby. At last all was well and Maisie relished her time as a mother.

Maisie and Stewart lived a good life for a while. First house was a flat in Heads Road near his parent's home, then another house in Seddon Street Aramoho near Gloucester Street. They tried their hand at a lifestyle block at Westmere near Wanganui raising 1000 Rhode Island Red Chickens, breeding them and selling the eggs. There were 7 milking cows and other livestock, but Stewart still worked in town as a butcher as well as tending to the farm tasks. It was hard work. Choosing to try another venture, Stewart wanted to go dairy farming at Manganoho near Hunterville for Hector McIntyre. The family moved into the farm cottage for the next year and daughter Janet moved school for the fourth time in her 7 years of life, travelling the 22 miles each day in the school bus. Maisie did not like the rural life and they moved back to town to live, this time to May Street, Gonville for two years. From there they bought a Grocery business next door to the Castlecliff Hotel and lived in the derelict flat at the back of the building. A few years later they built a new home a few doors up the road.

Their marriage was failing and in 1965 they parted company. In a space of 3 months daughter Janet got married, Fanny died and Stewart moved to Morrinsville. Maisie moved to Gisborne to live with her oldest sister Kathleen for the next seven years only returning to Wanganui when Kathleen passed away. By then her granddaughters were 7 & 5, and she enjoyed their antics as they grew up.

Maisie moved in with Alice, her second sister for the next 7 years of her life, but eventually decided she wanted her own things around her and bought a small home in Springvale a block away from her daughter and family. This arrangement lasted about 25 years, then Maisie had a health issue and she went into care, passing away in 2008, her death recorded as old age gradual. It was peaceful and she was ready to move on. While in the home she forgave Stewart for leaving her. She found her peace again and is buried with her beloved parents, brother and grandfather Daniel, in Aramoho Cemetery, Wanganui.

Maisie was my dearly beloved mother.

Jan Arnold 24.01.2016

Chapter Three

George Frederick Joslin
and his descendants



George and Florence's house at
12 Pembroke Road Northland



**George and Florence about the
time of their marriage
1904**



GEORGE FREDERICK JOSLIN

I would have met George Joslin when I was around one or two years old, but of course I do not remember him. I lost track of my father's side of the family when my parents divorced. I was fortunate to know my Auntie Myra, a daughter of my grandfather George and grandmother Florence, and a sister of my father. Over the years I learnt little things about my paternal side of the family from her and also a little from my mother. Unfortunately that generation has now passed on.

My grandfather George Frederick Joslin was born in Islington London, on the 19 December 1877. His father had a brother called Frederick so I assume that is the reason he was given that name. He had a brother Frank who was 2 years his senior. George and Frank's father, Daniel decided to immigrate to New Zealand, but his wife and the boys' mother, Sophia, remained in England. The threesome arrived in Lyttleton in 1883 when George was 5 years old and brother Frank 7.

The first home in New Zealand for George's father, Daniel, was in Lyttleton, where he worked as a compositor at The Lyttleton Times. However census forms from that time do not show George and Frank as living with their father. Possibly they were in a boarding school or institution.

I was not able to find any records for George for quite a few years, but he turned up in the 1900 census, as living in Pahiatua, in the Wairarapa aged 23 and working as a porter. From his marriage certificate I was able to see that 4 years later George married Florence Hester, who came from Napier, which is about 168 km north of Pahiatua. I wonder if they could have met while working together in the hospitality industry in Pahiatua.

After their marriage they went to live in Westport, which is in the South Island of New Zealand. Family members recall this story regarding George and Florence, that they had a fish and chip shop in Westport, and served their takeaways on china plates. The customers were supposed to bring the plates back but they mostly didn't. Needless to say their business eventually went broke.

George and Florence had four children, the first was Clarence, followed by Myra, then came Albert (but for some reason always known by his middle name, Roy) and lastly, Silas, who was always known as Terry. Terry was to become my father.

In 1914 the census shows the family had moved to Lower Hutt in the Wellington district. My cousin Val, who remembers the stories her mother Myra told her, said that George had taken a one-way job on a coastal freighter and worked his way to Wellington, where he obtained work as a labourer and sent money back so Florence and the children could follow. My father was born in 1914 so he would have been a babe-in-arms when my grandmother left Westport with her 4 children and sailed to Wellington to be reunited with her husband. This was also the year the Great War began. In 1917 George was enrolled in the army reserve. He was now 40 years old. The Great War ended one year later.

From 1916 to 1927 the family lived at 304 Tinakori Road, Wellington, and George worked as a cleaner. George's father, Daniel Joslin, lived with his other son, Frank, in Wanganui. Daniel died in Wanganui in 1925.

Val told me she can remember George cleaning shop windows in Wellington and she thought he went door to door with his bucket asking shop owners if they would like their windows cleaned. Things must have become better, because in 1927 the couple had a house built at 12 Pembroke Road, Northland, which is a suburb of Wellington.

The 1935 census shows that by that time only Aunty Myra had left home. She left to get married, while the rest of the family remained living at Pembroke Road. George was then aged 58, his occupation being cleaning contractor. His wife Florence was aged 55. Oldest son Clarence, was

aged 30 with the occupation of carpenter. Roy was aged 26 and was a butcher. Terry was aged 21 and listed as a driver.

Granddad lived through two World Wars and the Great Depression, a tough period of time in our history. Added to this, he lost his wife, Florence, in 1945, aged 68. Florence was known as Ging, to most people. When the Second World War came in 1939, Terry was 25 and deemed unfit for military service because he was an asthma sufferer. I have yet to find out if Clarence or Roy took part in the war.

The 1940 Centennial Exhibition ran from November 1939 - May 1940 and was held near Rongotai Airport in Wellington. The fair was a physical demonstration of the wonders of material progress. Inside the buildings were endless displays of modern technological wonders. 1940 also signified the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi with the Maori people, and also a hundred years of membership in the British Empire.

Jocelyn McIntyre remembers staying with George and Florence Joslin when her grandparents, Frank and Fanny Joslin, took her from Wanganui to Wellington on a train to visit the Centennial Exhibition. Jocelyn remembered George and Florence making them all very welcome.

My father Terry married my mother, Florence, in 1943 and I was born in 1944. I was the only child of their marriage. George was now my granddad.

By 1946 Roy Joslin, with his wife, Effie and granddad George were the only adults still at Pembroke Road. Roy and Effie had 4 children, according to 1946 census, and went on to have 4 more. Cousin Val remembers going to visit our grandparents and being amazed at so many children in the house. Val said the wee one was quite shy and peeped at her around the door. She made me laugh when she said the next time she visited, the wee one had grown up and there was a new wee one peeping at her around the door. Cousin Allyson was the third child of Uncle Roy and Auntie Effie. Allyson can remember helping her mum care for granddad during his battle with cancer. Allyson was only 10 when he died, Val would have been 18. Granddad died in 1954 aged 76. His older brother Frank outlived him, dying 2 years later.

I would have been 10 years old when granddad died. I was living only about an hour's drive away. It would have been nice if I could have known him. Granddad willed his house to Roy and Effie as they had stayed with him and looked after him in his declining years. The remainder of his estate was divided equally among his other 3 children.

Trevor Joslin
March 2015



**Florence
(Always known as Ging)**

**Florence, George
and neighbour**



**George and Florence's
Grave at Karori cemetery
In Wellington**

The marriage of Clarence and Isabella



George
Joslin

Vera
Harding
Joslin

Clarence
Joslin

Isabella
Joslin

Silas
Joslin

CLARENCE GEORGE JOSLIN

Clarence was born to George and Florence Joslin on 3 July 1905 in Westport, which is located on the north-west coast of the South Island of New Zealand. From the photo below Westport resembles a frontier town. There are power poles running down the street so it is clear that electricity was available at that time. The town looks quiet and sleepy, with almost no transport to be seen. Coal mining has always been the main stay of Westport. Although gold was mined in that region, it was never found in big quantities.

Clarence was George and Florence's first child and he had three siblings, Myra born 1907, Roy born 1908 and Terry born 1914. The family moved to Wellington about 1915. Clarence went to school at the Terrace State School. In December 1917 he received a certificate for good attendance.

In 1931 Clarence aged 26 and Roy aged 22 got into trouble with the law. The Evening Post reported that the two were taxi drivers and were charged with stealing a car wheel. Clarence changed occupations and became a builder. He married Isabella Murdock Clunie who had been born in June 1905 in Motherwell, Scotland. She was a war widow and had a son, Thomas Flett, born in 1928. Clarence and Isabel had a son born December 1940 who they named Kevin Clarence Joslin.

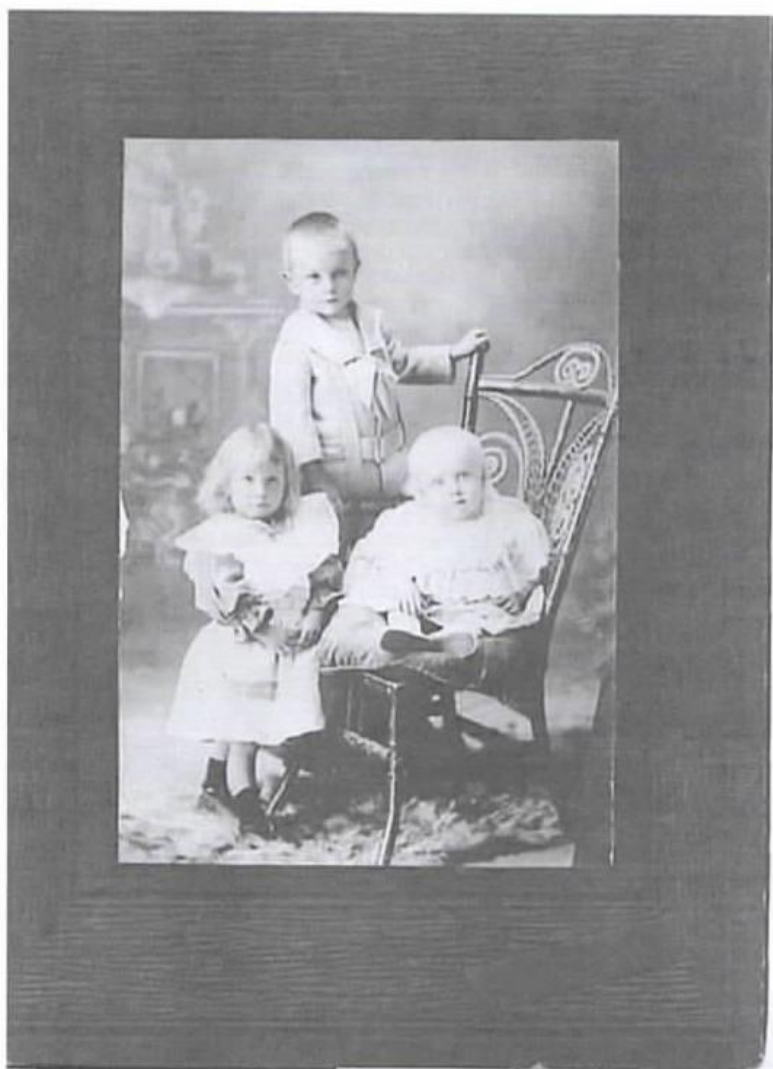
Isabel died October 1979, aged 74. She was cremated and her remains are at Karori cemetery in Wellington. Clarence died August 1991 aged 86, and was cremated. His ashes are also at Karori Cemetery in Wellington. Thomas Flett died in September 1999 and Kevin Joslin in June 2003.

Westport Circa 1900

George and Florence with their children lived in Wakefield Street from 1904- 1916



Trevor Joslin June 2016



Clarence,
Myra
and Roy
1909

Florence (Gloria)
Joslin with Myra
Weeds (nee Joslin)



MYRA FLORENCE JOSLIN

Myra was born 14 January 1907 in Westport, New Zealand. She was the second child of George and Florence Joslin. She was christened Florence Myra which was a mistake by her father. Clarence her older brother was born 3 July 1905. Her next sibling was Roy born 4 November 1908 and completing the family was Terry born 5 April 1914. They left Westport when Terry was a babe in arms, so probably towards the end of 1914. Myra would have been close to 8 years old. Her mum, Florence (known as Ging), had rheumatic fever and had to be taken by stretcher, with the children hanging on to the side. Their father had left earlier and was living in Petone (Lower Hutt) with Ging's relatives, the Hesters. Myra and her family stayed in Lower Hutt for about 2 years.

From Lower Hutt they moved to Wellington and the family rented at 308 Tinakori Road from 1916 to 1927. Myra's father George worked as a school caretaker and also as a cleaner during his time in Wellington, so it would have been one of these occupations he was working at. The children went to the Terrace State School. In December 1917 the Evening Post reported that Myra, Roy and Clarence had all received certificates of attendance.

Myra's mother, Ging, was a good runner and in her youth had won two figurines for running, a matching man and woman, which her granddaughter Val still cherishes. She has them on display in her china cabinet. Like all children Myra and her brothers got into mischief. On one occasion after watching a man plant onions they waited till he left and then proceeded to pull them all out. They got chased by the police who caught the boys and marched them home to face the music. Myra said they told her parents "we caught the boys but we couldn't catch that little cat." She must have inherited her running ability from her mother.

Myra enjoyed ballroom dancing and used to go to dances with her friends. She had started work and was employed as a trouser machinist in Wellington. When Myra was about 16 she was travelling on a ferry (the Fare-mile) with a girl friend from Wellington to Days Bay. There were some boys on the boat and they were flirting with the girls. One of them was teasing Myra about the pattern on her skirt looking like a draft board. His name was Ted Weeds and that was the start of a 6 year pursuit by him to woo Myra. She was not really very interested in him because he didn't like dancing. Eventually Ted won Myra's heart and they were married on the 27th July 1927 in Wellington. They started life together in a flat at Oriental Bay.

Ted, his name was Edward, had started his working life with the British United Shoe Machine Company after he left school in about 1920. A short time after their marriage Ted was transferred to Christchurch to set up an office there. They found accommodation at Rutland Street in the suburb of St. Albans. For the first few months the company office was the front room of their house. It wasn't long before Myra found she was pregnant, She carried her little boy till she was 2 weeks overdue. Sadly the baby was stillborn. Gloria Jocelyn Weeds was born 4 December 1934 and Valerie Florence followed on 16 February 1936. All of Myra's children were born while she and Ted lived in Christchurch.

Ted was once again transferred. This time they were off to Auckland. Val would have been 9 months old, Gloria almost 3, Myra about 30, and Ted 32. They lived at 58 Duke Street in Mt Roskill. Gloria and Val attended Three Kings State School. On 10 January 1942 Myra's brother Silas (known as Terry) married Florence Crossman. The bridal party included two flower girls, one of whom was Myra's daughter, Gloria. When Gloria was 8 years old, and only two months after being a flower girl, she developed appendicitis. She was in hospital, but because she was not operated on straight away, it turned to peritonitis and Gloria died on 11 March 1942. This would, I assume, have been an extremely hard time for Ted, Myra and Val. Val was a "daddy's girl", and she also developed a close relationship with her Aunty Alice - Alice was a Hester, and sister of grandmother Ging.

Around 1952 Ted and Myra had their first overseas trip when Ted took Myra on a holiday to the Gold Coast. Little did she know then that later she would call the Gold Coast home.

About 1954, Myra decided she would like to drive a car. She didn't tell anyone, but had driving lessons and obtained her Drivers Licence. That night when serving up the evening meal she handed Ted a plate with her licence on it. When he enquired 'what is this!' she replied "it's my Drivers Licence and I want a car". She duly got her car, a second hand black Austin Eight. Now that she had transport she decided to take up golf which she played at the Huapi Golf Club until she switched to croquet. Myra's croquet club was at Avondale in Auckland. She continued driving until she was 78 or 79.

On the 29 December 1956 Val married Brian Riddell, leaving from her home at Duke Street, Mt. Roskill. This house was originally a State House that Ted and Myra had rented. However the Government gave renters the opportunity to buy their houses, and Ted had taken up the offer. Ted and Myra's first grandchild, Steven, was born 19 September 1959. Val and Brian were living in a house they built at 19 Brains Road, Kelston, in Auckland. In 1960 Ted once again accepted a transfer, this time back to Wellington. It not only meant leaving their grandson behind, but also selling their family house, and this they did.

Myra's new home was at Huntley Park Way at Ngaio Wellington. Ted had worked his way up the corporate ladder and was now Managing Director for British United Shoe Machine Company. In 1961 there was another addition to Val and Brian's family, daughter Deborah, born on 2 March. Ted and Myra once again returned to Auckland after this latest stint in Wellington, which lasted almost 9 years. Their return to Auckland was about 18 months prior to Ted's 65 birthday. Ted had always said he would retire when he was 65, and true to his word he did. He had a big birthday/retirement party on the 20 November 1970. If Ted had chosen to work another 3 months he would have completed 50 years with British United Shoe Machine Company, quite an accomplishment and unheard of in today's world. Ted only had 9 years to enjoy his retirement, dying aged 74

Myra's daughter, Val and her husband Brian, moved to the Gold Coast in Australia in 1980. Myra, now a widow, came with them. She had to return every 3 months in order to stay eligible for her Age Pension. On 22 June 1994 she obtained her Australian citizenship. This meant she now received an Australian pension. Val and Brian had purchased a very nice large house at Paradise Point and Brian turned part of it into a flat for Myra. Brian had a soft spot for Myra and she also for him. Myra eventually went into care in 1997 aged 90 years old. She resided at St. James Aged Care Home at Helensville on the northern part of the Gold Coast. In St. James's she made friends quickly, and had a special friend called Dougal. They enjoyed each other's company and usually sat together to talk and also had meals and outings together.

Val Riddell
23 January 2016

footnote
Trevor Joslin

I was fortunate to know Auntie Myra as she and my mother were friends. My mother also lived on the Gold Coast in her latter years and often got together with Aunty Myra. My impressions of my auntie were that she was a very friendly lady. She often talked to me about my Joslin family. I liked her very much and thought she was a perfect lady in the way she dressed, spoke and carried herself. I visited her a couple of times in the aged care home and was very sad when she died. I thought it a tragedy that she could die from choking, after living such a long and healthy life. Had this not have happened, I think she may have easily made 100.

Myra died at St. James's aged care home on the 28th July 2002 She was 95 years old, still getting around OK and in sound mind. Myra was cremated and her ashes, along with her husband Ted's, are contained in their daughter Gloria's grave at Hillsborough Cemetery in Auckland, New Zealand.

ALBERT ROY JOSLIN

Always known as Roy, he was born in Westport, New Zealand on the 4th October, 1908. Roy's younger life was a bit of a mystery. He never talked much about it except to say it had been a hard life. Roy's father ran a fish and chip shop in Westport, he struggled to make a living from it, and having four children under 9 would have meant there was little money to spare.

They moved to Wellington where Roy's father got work as a cleaner. Roy would have been about 6 years old then. The family lived in Petone for a short time, with his maternal grandmother's side of the family - (Hester) They later moved to 308 Tinakori Road in Wellington. When Roy was 19 the family moved to a new house at 12 Pembroke Road in Northland, Wellington. Roy's parents, George and Florence, had the house built for 60 pounds, a lot of money in 1927.

Roy had started his working life as an apprentice butcher with the local butcher in Tinakori Road.

He unfortunately lost the index finger on his left hand in a mincing machine while making sausages. (You never know what you might get in a sausage.)

Roy met and married Effie Collins. How and where they met we do not know. They married on 22nd February 1937 at the Methodist Church in Molesworth Street, Wellington. After their wedding they went back to live with Roy's parents at Pembroke Road. Roy and Effie had eight children, four boys and four girls.

When her mother-in-law, Florence, became ill, Effie looked after her until she died. She also cared for her father-in-law, George, until his death.

They never talked about their younger days, only to tell us how hard it had been growing up during the depression. We children recall growing up with a life size picture of Mickey Savage (the then Labor Prime Minister) on the kitchen wall. Micky Savage was recognised as the architect of the welfare system and was revered by many.

Roy had several jobs and worked during the day at the Beatty factory making washing machines. He would then go to his second job, which was office cleaning, and did not get home till 8 o'clock at night. Effie would have his dinner waiting for him on the stove.

He loved gambling on racehorses, so Saturdays were spent listening to the radio, and if he won, the family would get a treat of fish and chips.

Roy and Effie and their four youngest children moved to Auckland in 1967, due to Effie's failing health. Effie died in October 1967.

Roy was still working until he was 69. Upon retired he remaining in Auckland. Roy died 24th March 1993.

Allyson November 2015



Neil Joslin and Kevin Joslin at the funeral of
Kevin's father Clarence Joslin 1993

Children of Roy and Effie Joslin

Joyzelle June born 20/7/1937
Mervyn Roy born 11/3/1941
Allyson Carole born 22/10/1943
Fay Dawn born 20/11/1945
Albert Wayne born 7/3/1950
Sandra May born 25/1/1951
Gavin Phillip born 25/12/1953
Jeffery Allen born 4/8/1958

SILAS FRANK JOSLIN

“THE BLACK SHEEP”

“The black sheep of the family.” That is the way his sister, Myra described my father to me. She loved him, despite his reputation. That was part of the problem, he was so likeable. He was born in Westport, New Zealand, in 1914. He was the youngest child, and had three siblings, Clarence, Myra and Roy. His parents moved to Wellington when Silas was a new baby. The three older children attended the Terrace School and I assume Silas also went to school there. The family rented a house at 304 Tinakori Road. The house was a high narrow house of at least three stories. When Silas was about 14, his father had a new house built for the family. This very striking house was situated at 12 Pembroke Road in Northland Wellington.

Everyone knew him as Terry but his real name was Silas. It seems it was quite common around that period to choose an unofficial name, as several people in my family had done this, including my mother. Terry, then aged 15 was reported in the “Evening Post” as having been fined 5 shillings for, I quote, “Zig Zagging on a motor-cycle just for fun.” I never knew he had motor cycles before I read this article, but its easy to imagine, as he went on to have a very keen interest in cars. His choice of car was very much up market.

As I follow through the scraps of information I have found about him I come to the census taken about 1933, here we see Terry listed as living at home, his occupation was listed as driver. He would have been 19 then.

Terry had a reputation as a fun kind of man, very much the life of the party. He was also attributed to having a very good singing voice and enjoyed nothing better than a sing-along while someone played a piano. He was the type of person that people liked to be around. He was average height, had a bit of a beer tummy, but always at ease and enjoying life. He only saw the bright side of any situation and was always smiling or laughing. His only problem was he was greatly attracted to the opposite sex.

Terry married a lady called Vera Hardy. He was then 21 years old. They named their first child Barry. Tragically Barry died from choking on a bone, just 15 days short of his first birthday. Neil was born a year later and Warren a year after that. The marriage did not last, with Vera leaving Terry and the boys. Terry went back to live with his parents, and his

mother, Florence, looked after the boys. Florence was known as Ging, a name given to her by her grandchildren. Terry obtained a divorce from Vera in 1941.

Terry met Florence Crossman through her brother, Jack. Jack and Terry were friends and shared an interest in cars. The couple met when Florence, (who liked to be known as Gloria) was 19. Terry was 6 years older, but Gloria was greatly attracted to Terry and his boys and imagined herself being their step mother. They had a lot of good times together including travelling all over the North Island of New Zealand in Terry's shiny black Buick, with Gloria's mum and dad also coming along. They enjoyed singing around a camp fire in the evenings. It is not hard to imagine Terry the party animal in this situation. He had installed a gas producer on the running board of the Buick to overcome the petrol shortages. These were war years and Terry had been turned down by the army due to being an asthmatic.

Terry and Gloria married in 1942. Gloria was 21 and Terry 27. The ceremony took place at St. Andrews Presbyterian Church in Wellington. The newly weds rented a flat at Berhampore, in Wellington for approximately 18 months. Gloria became pregnant and they moved to a house at 91 Roxburgh Street, which is on Mount Victoria, a suburb of Wellington. On 15th January 1944 Gloria and Terry had a son whom they named Trevor Steven— that was me. Once my mother had settled in with me her new baby, Neil and Warren came to live with us. The boys were now 4 and 3 years old. I can remember playing with Neil and Warren and even remember the layout of the house, even though I could only have been 2 years old, at this time. Caring for three small boys was a lot for a young mother to cope with. Gloria battled on, but knowing Terry was keeping company with other women was too much. The marriage fell apart after 5 years. Gloria returned to her parents in Stokes Valley taking me with her. Later she told me it broke her heart leaving Neil and Warren behind, but they were not her children. In addition, being a single mother she had to support me, and she received no financial assistance from my father.

One of the women Terry was keeping company with was called Dawn. There is suspicion that there was a daughter born to Terry and Dawn about the same time that I was born. A second daughter is rumoured to have been born 2 years later. Terry never married Dawn and these births cannot be verified so far. At this time in his life, Terry worked for a company called Hutton's. He drove a delivery van and distributed ham and small goods to shops.

About 1946 Terry married Enid Slater, wife number 3. Together they had three children, Murray Terrence born 1947, Yvonne Carole born 1953, and Jennifer born 1955. This marriage did not last either.

By now Terry had another partner, Joan Parslow. They had two children together while Terry was still married to Enid. Kevin was born in 1954 and Shelley was born in 1955. Both these children were adopted out. At some point in the future Terry and Joan were married. By then Terry had his own car valet business, cleaning cars for professionals - doctors, lawyers etc. He built up a good clientele and had a good reputation. His premises were in the heart of the city. He worked alone and was the first person in Wellington to install new state of the art automatic car cleaning equipment.

Eventually Terry left the business and together with Joan, went to Australia. They did not stay a long time, I think about 12 months, before returning to New Zealand. They bought a country hotel in a small town called Makari, in the Wairarapa district which is about 2 hours north of Wellington. The hotel doubled as a post office and a petrol station. This business venture also seems to have been successful. Joan and Terry had two further children, Sonya born in 1956 and Averill born in 1958. Joan and Terry adopted out Averill, and Sonya was the only child of their four that they kept. This marriage eventually ended about 1970 and the business was sold.

Terry and his third wife, Enid Slater, got back together again and Enid nursed Terry through his illness with cancer until his death. Terry died in Tauranga 19 January 1978 aged 64.

Trevor Joslin
25/3/2015



**1937 Buick
Terry's car**



**Florence Ada Joslin
aged about 21**

Florence and Silas Joslin



From the left
Jack Crossman, Silas Joslin, Florence Crossman, Myra Bramble, Roy Joslin
Jessy Murray, Joy Joslin, Gloria Weeds.

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