

JOSSELIN JOURNAL

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE JOSSELIN SOCIETY

ISSUE NO: 11 WINTER 1996/97

Fifth Annual General Meeting



A Happy group of members departing the 'Bell' at Horndon-on-the Hill following yet another successful AGM

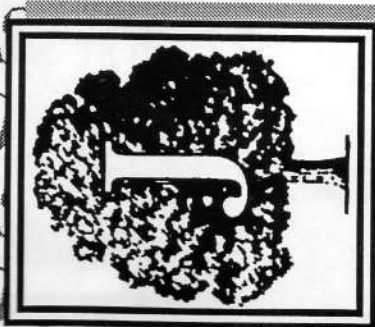
Sunday
13th October 1996

SCELYNE JOSLIN JOSLIN

HELD AT THE BELL INN, HORNDON ON THE HILL, ESSEX

SCELYNE JOSLIN JOSLIN

SCELIN JOSSELYN JOSC





FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING SUNDAY 13 OCTOBER 1996

On the day of our 5th Annual General Meeting the weather was fine and 26 attended our gathering at The Bell Inn, Horndon on the Hill, Essex.

We were pleased to welcome Richard Joscelyne, our President, and his charming wife Rane, who were on a touring holiday from their home in Australia and had planned their schedule to coincide with our meeting. It was a pleasure to see them again.

I had arranged the initial getting together for the usual pre-lunch socialising at 11.30 to 12.00 am, but for lunch to be served in the Function Room where we normally hold the meeting instead of in the bar. Bearing in mind we exceeded ourselves last year with an attendance of 18, of which we had some visitors (now members), I booked 15 for lunch. There was hurried re-organisation by The Bell Inn staff to accommodate the 26 that sat down for the varied and interesting menu for lunch at bar prices, and executed with minimum of disruption to our gathering.

The meeting went well, with very little change of officers or committee, so I won't bore you with the details, although it would have added interest to have received other nominations for posts from you the members we represent.

FUTURE ACTIVITIES

We are arranging a society visit to the Brooklands Race Circuit, Aerodrome and Museum (yes there is a Josselin connection with Brooklands!) on Sunday

the 1st June 1997, and a visit to Terling, west of Witham Essex, which also has Joscelyne connections. Further details will follow later.

Arrangements are also going ahead for another visit to Chateau Josselin, in Brittany, France. The previous visit 8th-11th September 1994 was enjoyed by the 12 who attended (see Special Edition Journal), and the interest, and enthusiasm already shown in a future visit for their Pardon Festival on the same dates is most encouraging. We arranged our own transport last time, and the accommodation was booked by Ann our secretary.

A request has been made for anyone willing to offer a seat in their car on the coming visit to please contact our secretary as soon as possible.

MERCHANDISE

I have received my order of 25 Josselin neckties, see particulars of these on page 4

The venue for our next committee meeting is being organised by Hugh Joscelyne No 44 at Bishops Stortford Sunday March 2nd 1997, please advise Ann our secretary if you will be attending as soon as possible so that meals and suitable accommodation can be booked. All members are welcome, but only Society officers and committee will have a vote on the proceedings.

The Annual General Meeting started at 2.30pm and ended at 4.55 pm.

Thank you to all who attended
Chairman Bill

I am sad to record headlines in two local newspapers,

**PUB OF THE YEAR'S
KITCHEN CATCHES FIRE**

**FOOD IS OFF
BELL'S MENU**

It appears that on the Monday following our meeting they had a disastrous fire which devastated the kitchens now requiring complete renovation, (The Josselin Society disclaim any responsibility!!!)

THE OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE ELECTED FOR THE YEAR 1996-97

PRESIDENT

RICHARD JOSCELYNE NO 38

CHAIRMAN

BILL JOSCELYNE NO 02

VICE CHAIRMAN

PETER W JOSLIN NO 29

SECRETARY

ANN THOMPSON NO 13

HON; TREASURER

BEN JOSCELYNE NO 09

HON; AUDITOR

MELVYN JOSCELYNE NO 08

RESEARCH CO-ORDINATOR/ LIBRARIAN

BILL JOSCELYNE NO 02

EDITOR

BILL JOSCELYNE NO 02

CO-EDITOR/ JOURNAL PUBLISHER

SIMON JOSLIN NO 05

COMMITTEE

RICHARD JOSLIN NO 84

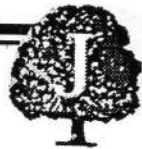
PEGGY JOSLIN NO 84

DEREK KIRBY NO 12

DIANE KIRBY NO 03

SIMON JOSLIN NO 05

WHO'S WHO IN THE SOCIETY NOW YOU CAN PUT A FACE TO THE NAMES



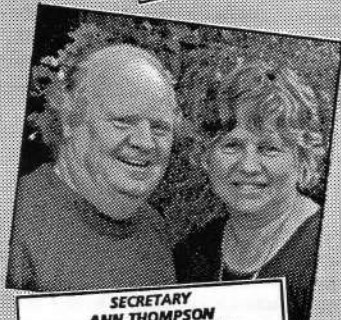
**PRESIDENT
RICHARD JOSCELYNE
(AUSTRALIA)**



**CHAIRMAN
WILLIAM FREDERICK JOSCELYNE
(SOUTH OCKENDON)**



**TREASURER
BEN JOSCELYNE
WITH WIFE MARY
(BRAINTREE)**



**SECRETARY
ANN THOMPSON
WITH HUSBAND DAVE
(STOKE-ON-TRENT)**



**HUGH & CELIA JOSCELYNE
(BISHOPS STORTFORD)**



**BRIAN K. JOSCELYNE
(BRAINTREE)**

**PETER WALTER JOSLIN
& WIFE MARGARET
(MORECAMBE, LANCs)**



**NORMAN & BERYL JOSLIN
(POTTERS BAR)**

**DEREK AND DIANE KIRBY
(COLCHESTER)**



**MICHAEL J. BRILL & MOTHER
ALICE (NEE JOSLIN)
(ONGAR, ESSEX)**

**ARTHUR L. JOSLIN
(FARNBOROUGH, HANTS)
& SON SIMON JOSLIN
(FARNHAM, SURREY)**



**BERNARD GEORGE JOSLIN
& WIFE MARGARET
(EPPING)**



**RICHARD JOSCELYNE
& WIFE RANEE
(AUSTRALIA)**



**MELVYN JOSCELYNE
(COLCHESTER)**



**RICHARD DAVID JOSLIN
& WIFE PEGGY
(WITHAM)**



**We are sorry to report the death of
Mrs Dorothy Joslin
of Morecambe.**

**Dorothy was the mother of
Peter Walter Joslin (member 29)
formally of Heysham Lancashire and of
Paul Michael Joslin (Member 90)
of Pangbourne Berks. She was the widow
of Walter James Joslin. born in
Witham Essex.**



MAYOR'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1996 (belated)

It has been my privilege this year to serve as Mayor of Thurrock and, accompanied by my dear wife Betty, to travel around Thurrock and our surrounding Boroughs and meet many of you, from the youngest to the oldest residents in your many and varied walks of life.

We have in turn, been impressed by all the hard work by the many volunteers, by the carers in the community, and all the others who strive to make Thurrock a better place to live in.

We are already making great strides in Thurrock, and I am sure that we will go from strength to strength in the future.

I have been proud to represent Thurrock, we have travelled all over Essex and have met with special warmth wherever we have been. We would like to thank you for that and our wish for you all is that you enjoy a happy and peaceful Christmas and for 1997 that you continue to prosper with good health and happiness.

Cllr Sid Josling, Mayor of Thurrock

A FISHY STORY

An article taken from the **DAILY MAIL** Friday, June 26, 1992.

THE NAVY SAILS INTO FISH WAR

The Royal Navy went into action yesterday as the Anglo-French fish war intensified off the Isles of Scilly.

Unarmed crewmen from the fishery protection ship Brecon boarded a French trawler after another battle broke out between rival turbot fleets from Cornwall and Brittany.

French fisheries minister Charles Josselin* promised a full inquiry into the incidents and threatened to impose tough sanctions.

*Maybe he is a relation of the Duke de ROE han? Ed;

A DEB'S DELIGHTS

This is without doubt the year of the reluctant debutante. All 20 participants tonight in that annual anachronism to raise NSPCC funds, the Berkley Dress Show, seem keener to talk of university and travel than prospective husbands. As my tip for Deb Of The Year, Oxford-bound Saskia van Tienhoven, 17, says sternly: 'None of the girls here are Bimbos, Most are doing A-levels at least and are just pleased to help the NSPCC' Show chairwoman (the Season does not have 'chairpersons' thank you very much) is LADY SARA JOCELYN of the old aristocratic school. she is first wife of war hero the EARL OF RODEN'S son JOCELYN, of whom current debts would thoroughly approve - he does not use his Viscount courtesy title.

Even Sara has been unable to persuade her daughter into catwalk exposure: 'She's on the committee instead.' So serious are the debts, a special study area has been set aside. Let us hope any hoorays they do meet can match all this brainpower.

NECKTIES AND LADIES HEADSQUARES

Mens ties are now available for purchase in navy blue polyester with two diagonal woven gold stripes and the Josselin Soc motif (green leaves of an oak tree with a gold capital J superimposed, and brown trunk) printed between the lines.
Price £7.20 each plus postage.

We will be ordering ladies headsquares 27x27 inches in polyester twill with satin borders. Navy blue colour with a Josselin motif in two corners.
Price £5.90 each plus postage.

Please let me know how many you would like and make cheques payable to The Josselin Society.

Write with your order to
Bill Joscelyne,
74 Celandine Close,
South Ockendon. RM15 6JA



OI JOSSO!

The first in a regular series of nickname recollections by Society Members

By Arthur L. Joslin



Nicknames can be either amusing, complimentary or annoying as we will discover, during my early schooldays I was known as 'Jossy', quite acceptable considering the surname. Upon reaching Senior School I was known as 'Jos' but I did run into trouble with my surname, people would study the written word and exclaim 'That's a strange name, haven't seen that before'.

Senior schoolmasters insisted that it was incorrectly spelled and insisted that letter G be appended, how could a simple peasant lad argue with those in authority who 'knew all' in the 1930s?

I had no knowledge of all the other forms of our collective surname, I was always referred to as 'JOZZLING', at school I was a 'LING' but at home I remained a 'LIN'. I did not inform my parents of this new identity in case they thought they had the wrong kid, and in our town there still existed a 'Workhouse' but not so much in name, it being known as 'The London Industrial Colony' but it was nevertheless a gloomy and foreboding edifice possibly designed by one of our past mad Monarchs.

The Colony was inhabited by an army of shabbily dressed men, I imagined I could quite easily end up there as a latter day 'Oliver' - especially as 'Dickens' was on the menu at school - however I left school at the required age, regained my identity and for my working life I was referred as 'Joss'.

But, nothing is forever and I eventually joined the Royal Air Force wherein all aspiring Aircrew were known as Cadets, Cadets being a rank below the lowest Air Force rank, this was a bit too much for the existing peace time drill and discipline NCO's, too much like Westpoint or Heidelberg University they considered, so at the time of being issued with the equipment necessary for the fighting man, briefly knife, fork, spoon and mug, 2 uniforms and an overcoat big enough for two etc, etc, we were also given a nickname, mine being 'Oi You!' if addressed by an NCO or 'That Airman' if addressed by an officer (all the other cadets were issued with the same nicknames) which could be very confusing if walking in a group and were called from



behind whereupon all would 'about turn' and decide which 'Oi You!' was required (besides it was rude to point).

I must point out here that for a long time after 1939, the Government were trying to conduct a 'cut price war', consequently all uniforms appeared to be made in 2 sizes only, 'too big' or 'too small', I was issued with a 'too small size' which in effect was still 'too large' but no problem I thought, the war will be over by Christmas they said, which Christmas though was never specified.

At this point in my service career I was abruptly reminded of the need to avoid all nicknames, one evening my uniform and I were strolling to the NAAFI anticipating a 'Glamorous Night Out' in the company of a dozen 'Oi Yous's' when a call from behind raised the hair on the back of my neck 'OIYOU', I about turned (my uniform followed) and 26 paces away stood the pride of Training Command, Corporal 'X', variously known as Attila the Hun or Vlad The Impaler, the kind of man who made you think, 'if he's on our side what's the enemy like?', a figure of sartorial elegance from his cap to his burnished boots glowing like twin pumas guarding a temple, an extended arm bearing a finger traced my path across the ground indicating the spot upon which I was to stand.

During that short journey my mind was racing, how many days of potato peeling, drilling, kit inspections etc, would this be worth, 'act 'umble' I thought. The regulation notebook and stub of pencil were to hand when I arrived (only officers had full sized pencils, cut price war I mused), 'Name' he snapped, my mind was confused and considering 'could I make the fence before the first bullet?', without thought I blurted out 'Oiyôu Corporal', 'Spell it' he snapped back to me O-I-Y-O-U, A.L. I added (a quick glance at the fence confirmed that it had moved

back 10 feet and gained further 4 feet in height).

'Another one of them Poles* I suppose?' 'No Corporal, that's the only name I've been called since I got here' at this point he became silent, staring right through me with narrowed eyes, and in today's parlance I would have considered he was about to 'throw all of his toys out of the playpen' but as he stared the crimson crept up from his collar, over his face to the hairline, his jaws became white as he clenched his teeth (I considered I should call an ambulance to deal with this in case it became a case of manslaughter 'with ME in the frame'), but ambulances like buses came in twos and the last two had just passed.

I realised I was witnessing the thin line between anger and apoplexy, a ploy often used by this NCO, never to admit defeat by a 'lesser being' his face and eyes relaxed and the crimson disappeared into his shirt and we confirmed my true identity (myself emphasising no 'G'). 'Well Mr Oiyôu Joslin A.L. wiv no G' as he carried out a 360 degree inspection of me 'Wot are yew dressed as?' I explained ref the 2 size uniform on offer but added joyfully 'the hat and the tie fit O.K.'

'Yew cannot go to war in an 'at and a tie can yew?, Yew are a mess, If yew was ever allowed to fly in one of our expensive Heroplanes and yew got your silly self shot down over henemy territory the Germans would not accept you as a P.O.W. dressed like that, Yew would be barred, most likely shot as a badly dressed spy, especially wiv a name like OIYOU'.

'I can't afford a tailor Corporal, perhaps I'd better leave' I said 'Oh No' he said 'we 'ave on this camp a Tayler' (I like to think that is how he would have spelled it), 'He will transform you into a recognisable member of H.M. Forces and it will not cost you one penny of the generous salary you are paid' (all of 1 shilling and

sixpence a day as I recall) 'Then' he continued, 'After being transformed by the aforementioned tradesman you will present yourself to me at 0700 hrs the following day' (which I did for the following three 0700 hrs just to ensure I hadn't slipped back into 'sloppy civilian ways,) to end the instruction and lecture he stated 'Now you will about turn and march away in an Airman like manner to whatever you had planned for your evenings delight, about turn... EFT ITE EFT ITE etc etc'.

Now I have always considered that 'Quick Marching' to be a tiring method of transportation but the military mind deemed it an inexpensive way to transport a body of personell from A to B, we couldn't all have horses as per high ranking officers. Marching in the RAF consisted upon the order, left foot forward-right arm raised horizontally etc etc with many, and myself in particular, after the first 10 paces, the brain, being a fickle organ, refuses to have anything to do with arms and legs 'not my job pal' and retires to some dark corner of the skull and waits to see what happens, result, the left arm moves in unison with the left leg and ditto the right arm with the right leg, progress along the line of march became a swaying Zig-Zag, thus satisfied, the brain asserts itself and instructs the arms to move in unison with each other, both forward both back, thus the brain gave birth to the 'SILLY WALK'.

Naturally this did happen upon my departure from the Corporal, but fortunately he had departed to the Corporals Club to claim another victory before I was thus stricken. The only cure for this malady is to lie down and take an aspirin or hide.

Although I am generally addressed as 'Arthur' these days I do on some occasions hear the call of 'OIYOU' whereupon I smile and prefer to be called 'Jos'

Arthur L. Joslin
Farnborough 1996

*Poles, i.e. Polish Airman along with Czechoslovakian and Free French Nationals volunteered to fly along with British Aircrew in the RAF during the Second World War aerial offensive against Nazi Germany.



THE SPORTS CAR THAT NEVER WAS. PART I

By Simon Joslin

An amusing tale, one of several accounts of my adventures and experiences in the London world of advertising during the late 1970s, 80s and early 1990's

There are events that occur in the advertising industry that are known as Fiascos, these usually happen outside the office or the controlled environment of the studio and are usually the result of lack of communication, I have had my fair share of fiascos but that is not to say that I was unable to handle them, the thing that separates the men from the boys in the business is how well one copes with the problems that always crop up, a general rule of thumb as far as I am concerned is one that I learned from my father, that is, if anything can possibly go wrong, it will, or in his own words, "There's always bloody something".

This may all sound a bit pessimistic but I am convinced that being a pessimist is one of the reasons that I have survived as long as I have. In my entire career I have never as a result of my own actions missed a deadline, lost a piece of artwork, or lost an account, I have seen it happen to other people quite often and it has been quite entertaining I can assure you, but all pale into insignificance compared to this story, it is without doubt the most glorious example of a). Misinformation, b). Bungling and interfering account executives and C). A complete waste of time, effort, creativity and ideas, and, if it had not been for the professionalism and pure dedication to getting the job done on the part of three other people to whom I will be eternally grateful, it probably would have resulted in a complete and total unmitigated disaster.

The time was Autumn 1989, and it was during my stint as Creative Director at R.D.D.A. Marketing Communications. Roy Day the Chairman, quite often played tennis with the Chief Executive of The Reliant Group Plc, a Mr Carl Turpin, and had been asked by the same if R.D.D.A. would like to pitch for the group's advertising and design account, naturally Roy jumped at the chance and to be fair to him (although I find it difficult to be charitable to such an ignorant person as Roy Day), realised that if R.D.D.A. didn't diversify away from the reinsurance market in which it

was firmly entrenched, the company would end up with big problems. Reliant provided the opportunity for us to move into the Automotive and Marine advertising markets, it was too good an opportunity to turn down, especially with my experience in those two areas.

I was given on the face of it quite an extensive briefing by Roy on all the aspects of the group, by 1988 Reliant had developed into quite an impressive multi faceted operation, manufacturing everything from refrigerator components to speedboats to taxi cabs with a strong presence in property and construction, the group had in fact come about as a result of a reverse takeover when Wiseoak Homes of Bromley, Kent had bid for Reliant, but this was at the start of the property slump and subsequently the two groups merged, with Carl Turpin, then chairman of Wiseoak winding up as Chief Executive of the entire operation with a completely new management team in place.

We were asked to submit proposals for the group's 1990-91 Annual Report, it being the most urgent requirement, annual reports are generally published around March, at the time of the briefing it was early November, which although it sounds like a decent amount of time was not really the case when one considered what the Group required. The document had to promote every aspect of the Group's now extensive range of operations, it had to be very stylish, competent, strong in terms of concept and it had to sell the group abroad, mainly to the United States, it also had to be printed by the middle of January 1990 which when one considers that the U.K. shuts down for two weeks at Christmas effectively gave me 6 working weeks, still a decent amount of time?, not so, for a number of interesting factors gradually emerged.

To begin with the Group's 'extensive photographic library', (the words of Roy Day), turned out to be half a dozen brown paper envelopes containing a mixture of dog eared black and white photographs of the Reliant Robin, a few rolls of very dark out of focus 35mm transparencies of

the speed boats and a handful of incompetently shot Hassleblad colour prints of the the Scimitar SS1. We had, to coin a phrase, "a bit of a problem".

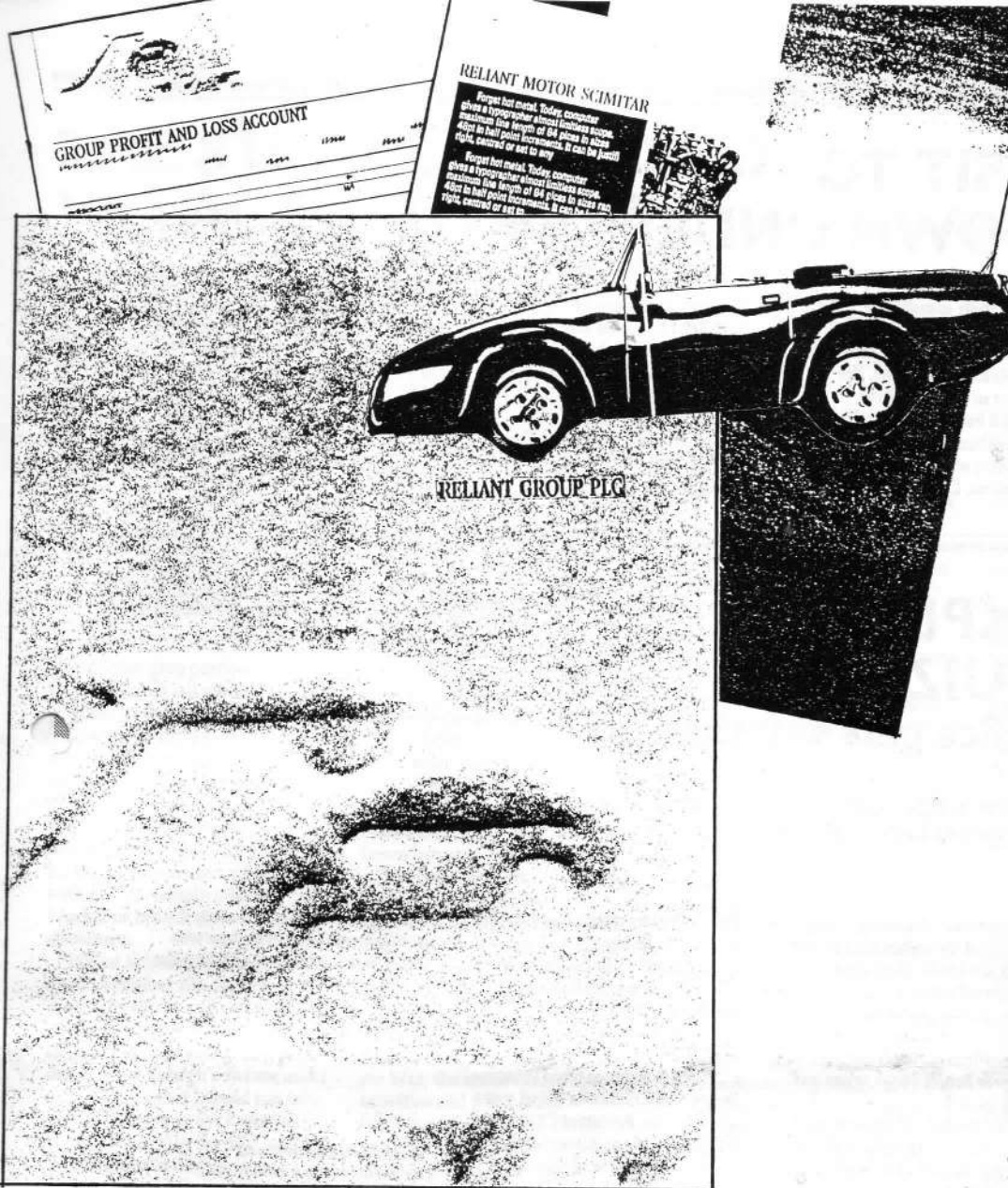
This together with the fact that the Group were about to launch a brand new sports car, the Scimitar SST in spring 1990 which also had to be photographed for the report, and, the fact that the group had just opened a new "High Tech Space Age Production Line at Tamworth" (again the words of Roy Day), in which the SST was to be built which also had to be photographed for the report posed quite an exercise in logistics. It clearly would be quite wrong to use any of the existing photographic material and rely on the group to organise the remaining photography using a local photographer as this was obviously what had been happening already and was not really suitable for what the group were trying to achieve. They were looking to us as their new prospective advertising agency for the answers to their complex image problem.

Roy and I decided there and then to junk all the existing photography and start from scratch, again I always give credit where credit is due one of the few things about Roy that I liked, (and there weren't many) was that he always knew a load of rubbish when he saw it and if there was a case for junking a load of unsuitable material that had been supplied by a client and the creative team felt it was not working then he would back us up to the hilt, we felt that no matter how good a design concept I or anybody else for that matter came up with, it would be let down by the mediocre and incompetent examples of photography we had been given, this document had to be good, the photography would make or break it regardless of the design, all aspects of the group's operation should appear unified in terms of style and quality, this then formed the basis of our presentation.

Looking again at the timescale of six working weeks and things do not seem so rosy, deduct 2 weeks for repro, proofing & printing,

1 week for artwork and authors corrections, 3 days for design, visuals and copywriting, 1 weeks buggeration factor (i.e. client sitting on the job, changes to content etc) and we are left with just 7 working days to organize the photography, 7 days to produce in the region of 60 different shots 6 of which were to be used as major double page spreads and that meant large format controlled photography, expensive and time consuming. The shots would involve 5 different locations, 1, Tamworth for the bulk of the photography covering all the automotive aspects i.e. car production line, paint shop, research and development and Marine 4/5 days. 2 locations in North Wales to photograph the New Scimitar SST, 2 days. and 2 locations in Kent to photograph the property division Wiseoak Homes, 1 day. A bit tight to say the least, but I enjoy a challenge.

The design stage was duly completed and presented to the client along with complete costings, I took the precaution of allowing an extra day of both my time and the photographer's for a reconnaissance trip because I had the nagging feeling that I always get when people paint a very rosy picture of things and say how great they are and tell me not to worry like Roy Day had been doing, I wanted to see for myself what this clients space age operation was like before I turned up on the first day of the shoot with a London photographer and assistant both on day's fee with the clock ticking along and Christ knows how much gear on hire, I got it in the neck though for "bumping up the budget so that I could have a day's skive out of the office", my reply was along the lines of "If there is anyone in this company who thinks it's worth risking a £10-15,000 photographic shoot plus losing a client before we've even won the account then be my guest, I'll stay here and they can art direct the shoot, but don't come crying to me and ask me to bail them out when they can't find a power socket in the assembly plant", the last remark was just a hint of the sort of problems that always crop up on location, car factories for instance



Above: One of my design proposals in page mock-up form for the Reliant Group 1989 Report and Accounts, even as recent as 1993, design mock-ups, despite the increasing use of computers, still had to be hand drawn.

use air tools as part of the safety regulations, there 'aint no 240 volts anywhere in a car factory and this was just one of the minor problems that I and the photographer would be sorting out on our skive out of the office, needless to say there were no takers.

There was also another reason for my prudent attitude apart from ensuring that the shoot went o.k. on the day, we had been commended for producing such an excellent design for the annual report that the client had invited us to pitch for the Scimitar SST Sports Car launch campaign, this meant big bucks in terms of advertising spend and production costs that R.D.D.A. were going to be committing itself to and if I was going to say wonderful things about this car, then I wanted to be

convinced myself that this client was on the level and could actually supply it, one of the things a designer at the senior level such as the position I hold has to be capable of is assessing a client company's ability to fulfil the claims that it is making and those which subsequently one's company will be making on that client's behalf, this is of the utmost importance because despite what is generally accepted about advertising, honesty and truth are central to the whole issue, creative people, and I mean real creative people don't just draw pictures and choose colours, one has to get inside one's client's business and learn it, only then can one begin to approach the problem.

I and the advertising photographer Mark French, with whom I had worked several times

in the past and who was one of the best location photographers in the business at that time, (this job was going to be a swine and I wasn't taking any chances) arrived one cold and wet Monday morning early in December at the Two Gates factory in Tamworth, a depressing collection of 1930's and 40's structures that straddle the A5 west of the town centre, we were met by the personnel manager Trevor McIltrick who was to give us a tour of the group's Midland operation.

During the course of our tour it became plainly obvious to Mark and myself that Reliant had quite a few problems, apart from being totally disorganised in general, their production line for the Metrocab Taxi was in great difficulties with component shortages, machinery breakdowns

and to top it all off, the production line was just not adequate enough to produce the vehicle, in fact the number of Metrocabs being produced was around 5 per month, the official target was 15. After taking all this in I was then very disturbed to learn that the bog standard light industrial unit that the Metro Cab was being assembled in was in fact the brand new Space Age Hi Tech assembly plant that I had been told about by Roy Day!, it was then that I realised that Roy Day had obviously not seen the place for himself or perhaps (I thought briefly) he had been shown round another site, I assumed the worst, which was a good job because this was just the tip of a very big, cold, and extremely slippery iceberg.

As the day wore on, Mark and I began to get very depressed but it was tinged with a certain amount of relief, relief because we had had the sense not to be persuaded from not coming on this recce, we formulated a good plan, basically due to the awful state of the Tamworth location we decided that it would be a good idea to build a temporary studio and photograph as many of the products there in the Metro Cab factory as there was a bit of space that was eventually to be occupied by Reliant Marine, this would enable us to have complete control over the conditions as we felt that if we tried to move our equipment round the site we would end up with no end of problems and also waste an enormous amount of time, this way we could get a hell of a lot done in a short time thus leaving us with plenty of time to tackle the tricky bits that would have to be photographed in situ such as the G.R.P. plant, the Research and Development building and the Paint Spray shop, the latter was to figure quite prominently towards the end of the shoot!!!!!!

**RAIN, ILLUSIVE
WORKFORCE,
JOBSWORTHS,
SKULDUGGERY AND A
COMPANY CHAIRMAN
WHO CANNOT BE
CONTACTED, SOUNDS
LIKE FUN? NOT WITH
TIME RUNNING OUT IT
WASN'T, FIND OUT
WHAT HAPPENED IN
OUR NEXT ISSUE**



THREE LOSSES IN THREE MONTHS

On August 11th 1996 my second cousin Raymond Josselyn died in Ipswich Hospital aged 72 years. He leaves a widow Elsie, children Tina, Trevor, Sandra, Angela and Linda, plus grandchildren.

Then on October 23rd 1996, the last of my father's brothers died, William Josselyn, in Ipswich Hospital, aged 72 years. His heart was tired and could beat no more. He leaves a widow Kitty (Kathleen), son Peter, daughter-in-law Barbara and grandchildren Christopher and Sarah.

Finally, on November 16th 1996 Florence Kate Josselin, at home in Ardleigh, Essex, aged 83 years, mother of Peter Charles, mother-in-law of Nicky. Not a relative although the same spelling, and living in the next village to myself, Peter can trace his family back to Sawbridgeworth & the main line.

Diane Kirby
(nee Josselyn) No 03

CHANGE OF ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER

PETER WALTER
AND
MARGARET JOSLIN
FORMALLY OF
HEYSHAM
HAVE MOVED TO:
11 MARINE COURT,
SANDYLANDS
PROMENADE,
MORECAMBE,
LANCS. LA3 1DN
TELEPHONE
01524 420841

VISIT TO 'DOWN UNDER'

On their recent trip 'Down Under', Mary and Ben Joscelyne met no less than 42 descendants of Benjamin Joscelyne, the founder of the Braintree England business, ten of whom are members of the society.

Contact was made in Adelaide, Melbourne, Launceston

(Tasmania), Cairns and Sydney.

Hosted by Chris and Katy Joscelyne at their home near Sydney, David Joscelyne had arranged a gathering of 30 members of the family, plus others. Ages ranged from over 80 (Bill, Port Macquarie) to under one, (Skye).

David has promised an article for the Journal on the Australian branch of the family whose history in that country dates from 1853

Ben Joscelyne

EXPLOSION FEARS, WOMAN QUIZZED

Office gets smashed up

Report in East Anglian Daily Times,
September 1996 by Rod Williams.

A woman was today being questioned by police after it was feared she could blow up an Ipswich solicitors office.

The woman, who has not been named, was causing a disturbance in the offices of Josselyns solicitors in Lower Brook Street when gas was detected.

Police sealed off the road and fire crews were immediately on the scene in case of an explosion.

According to two cleaners who were in the building she had locked herself inside and was smashing property.

One of the cleaners, who preferred to be known simply as Mick said: 'we came here to tidy up after they moved some furniture in there but a woman was going around smashing the place up.'

'She has thrown a fire extinguisher out of the window and there may be gas leak.'

'I gave the firemen plans of the basement where the gas boiler is and got out of there'

Within minutes of yesterday's incident one of the partners in the firm of solicitors, Tony Dunford, was called.

'the police said there was a woman causing a disturbance and I had better get down here straight away, but I can't comment on what has happened'

The woman was safely talked out of the building by police and was immediately taken to Ipswich

Police Station where she was still being held today.

A policeman at the scene said: 'The lady came out voluntarily and has been taken away to the station where we will be talking to her'

Three fire crews from Princess Street and Colchester Road were at the scene. Assistant Divisional Officer, David Atkinson said: 'We ensured the gas was safe and cleared all members of the public and people in the building from

the area. The gas board were notified and once everyone was out it was a case of ventilating the building.

'everything came to a satisfactory conclusion in the end.

Sealed off: Lower Brook Street after the incident at Josselyns solicitors incident





THE STORY OF AN ESSEX VILLAGE LAD PART 3

By Fred Joslin

THE 1914-18 CONFLICT NOW OVER, FRED JOSLIN PONDERES HIS PEACE TIME FUTURE AND IS NOT EXACTLY SURE THAT LIFE ON THE FARM SUITS HIM

I will now give particulars of how a country lad who had left England at the age of 18 years and who went straight into action against the enemy, was badly wounded, and left for dead, went through another Battle engagement and returned to England at the age of 22 years having now to decide what to do with his life, remain a Farm Worker or branch out and see life elsewhere.

Whilst at home on leave, I went to our Battalion Headquarters at Warley Barracks and obtained my Discharge from the Army. I started work at Terling Hall Farm, one of Lord Raleigh's Farms, and I soon realised that I could not take that life permanently. I was in conversation with the two largest businessmen in Terling, apart from Lord Raleigh, and they both advised me to join the Essex Constabulary. Both gave me a reference and I applied to the Police Headquarters at Chelmsford and, on 2nd June 1919, I was in the first class of recruits to join the Essex Force after the War.

After two months training at Police Headquarters, we were sent out to various stations on two years probation. My first station was at Romford with three other recruits. We settled down at our first station and usually went around with an older Policeman for the first month. I there found my first girlfriend, Emma (known as Jack) Smith. She was Manageress of a restaurant in London Road, Romford. At Christmas, 1919, we became engaged and early 1920, I put in an application for permission to get married. As was usual in those days, my young lady and her family, who were bakers and kept the village shop, were vetted by a

Police Officer to report as to the suitability of Emma as the wife of a Police Officer, I don't think that practice is now adopted.

Permission was granted and I was moved to a two man beat at Hadleigh, near Southend, as soon as arrangements could be made, I found half of a house to let in Hadleigh. It consisted of a kitchen, living room, bathroom and one bedroom. I was rather pleased with it. We were married on the 12th October 1920 and moved into our residence after a fortnight's honeymoon at Clacton-on-Sea.

I liked my new station and soon settled down. There was an elderly Policeman stationed there, the other also elderly Policeman having been moved from there to make room for me. One Officer worked from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 10 p.m., the other one from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. and five hours between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m.

The Policeman stationed at my home village of Terling was associated with all village social activities, was known and liked by everyone and I tried to model myself and work on his lines. I got on very well with all the people of Hadleigh, adults and youngsters alike. It being immediately after the War, the usual village sporting activities and other social functions had not been started, so this is where I was able to get to know and work with people interested in these matters.

I was a founder Member of the Hadleigh and Thundersley Branch of the British Legion, our first Chairman being a Major Crosby of Thundersley. We had no hall, so all our meetings were held at Committee Member's private houses. My wife was a Founder Member of the Ladies Section, Mrs Crosby being their first Chairman.

I then approached several interested persons and a Horticultural Association was formed. I was also instrumental in starting the local Cricket and Football Clubs and was Cricket Captain for the first year. I have only mentioned all this to illustrate how I went out of my way and gave up a lot of my time just to keep good relations with the general public and it certainly worked. I only wish the general public and the Police today were brought into closer contact with each other, show greater respect for each other and combine to

uphold Law and Order. I am sure the Police would be only too willing to play their part. When I see stones, bricks and timber thrown at Police who are only carrying out orders to maintain Law and Order, it makes me very sad.

Whilst on the subject of Police relationship with the general public, I would like to mention an incident which made me very pleased. About 25 years after I had left Hadleigh and had retired from the Police Force, I was with my wife in the Saloon Bar of the Crown Hotel, Hadleigh, when I saw two tall well-built young men in the Public Bar and it was obvious they were talking about me. Soon afterwards, these two young men came into the Saloon bar and approached me. They were two men I certainly did not want trouble with. One said to me, 'You're Mr. Joslin aren't you?' I said I was and he said 'You have chased us round this village many times and put your gloves round our ears but you did not do us any harm and we would like to buy you a drink.' I was relieved and very pleased and said to them, 'I appreciate what you have said and I will buy you a drink instead.' I bought them a pint of beer each and they returned to the Public Bar and were surrounded by several other young men to whom they were relating what had happened.

For the first year, I was at Hadleigh I had to deal with several young men returning home from the Services who had some money to spend before commencing work and, of course, that money was usually spent in the three Public Houses. On several occasions I was called to eject a man from one of the Public Houses for causing a disturbance. At first they would show resentment at a Policeman as young as I was to order them about, but by and large I did not have a lot of trouble. What did annoy me more than anything else would say (not too politely) 'We have been fighting this so and so war for the likes of you.'

During January 1926, I was still enjoying my Job in uniform at Hadleigh and had no wish to change it when a letter was sent out from Police Headquarters asking for Applicants who wished to join a new department called A.D.D. which was for Service in plain clothes from which after 12

months Probation an officer could be selected and transferred to the Detective and Enquiry Department which is now called C.I.D.

I was not interested and did not apply for the transfer. Shortly after the names wishing to join this new Department (and there were plenty) had been received, my Superintendent at Brentwood sent me a copy of a memo he had received from the Chief Constable which read 'Re A.D.D. an application from P.C. Joslin would be favourably received.' I consulted one or two Senior Officers who told me that it would not be in my interest to refuse. I applied for the transfer and on 1st February 1926, I was appointed a member of this new Department. There was no C.I.D. member in Rochford Sub-Division, so I took over plain clothes duties for that Sub-Division and remained in my house at Hadleigh. I soon began to like that sort of work and after serving only six months instead of one year, I was transferred permanently to the D. & E. Department and handed by uniform in. On the 10th January 1927, I sat for and passed my Examination for Promotion.

On the 1st February 1929, I moved from Hadleigh to Rochford. I had a very busy time as Detective Constable and the area I was responsible for included Rochford, Shoeburyness

Hadleigh, South Benfleet and Canvey Island. I was successful in making many arrests, too many to mention individually, but I will refer to one or two later. Most of my time was spent on Canvey Island which meant that I was many hours each day away from home at Rochford. But the more I was involved the better I liked it.

My first son, Robert, was born at Hadleigh on 21st March 1923. My second son, Bryan, was born at Hadleigh on 16th April 1928, so that when I moved to Rochford in February 1929, we had two children. In November 1931, our third son, Frank, was born in a Nursing Home at Hadleigh, my fourth son, Peter, being born at the same Nursing Home at Hadleigh on 26th October 1933.

On the 1st October 1933, I was promoted to Uniform Sergeant and on the 3rd October 1933, I moved to Canvey Island to take over that Section which included South Benfleet.



Of the many cases I had to deal with whilst in the D. & E. Department, there is one I would like to mention, a long term Fraud. I liked that kind of case although it involved a lot of work.

I completed my enquiries into the long Firm Fraud case, which involved the taking of many statements in many parts of Essex. Statements were also taken at my request from Witnesses in six other Counties. Altogether there were 41 Witnesses called, there were 116 Exhibits and the Depositions covered 175 pages. The hearing before Committal to Quarter Sessions lasted for six days.

When my enquiries were completed, I received a Warrant for the arrest of the man and his wife. I circulated their description and that of the car they had hired locally and they were arrested in Edinburgh, Scotland. With my wife as Matron, I collected the man and his wife from Police at Edinburgh and conveyed them to Rochford, where I charged them with the offences mentioned in the Warrant.

I am pleased to relate the following observations made by the Chairman of the Bench, Sir Frederick Senior to Mr. Jefferies, Prosecution Solicitor. 'Before the Justices rise they would like to say they had been greatly impressed throughout these long Proceedings by the preparation of the several charges of the case by Detective Constable Joslin.' He said that he thought Jefferies would agree that in his presentation of the several charges, he had been considerably assisted by the way in which Detective Joslin had marshalled the whole facts. During the whole of the Proceedings in fact, Mr. Jefferies had had the equivalent of a legal Junior and the Bench would like to congratulate Inspector Sach on having such a capable officer in the D vision Mr. Jefferies replied 'Detective Joslin. had acquired an extraordinary knowledge of the case and had assisted him very materially. I am very glad the Bench have seen fit to commend him and I wish to add my own appreciation' Not bad for a young Constable.

At his trial at the Essex Quarter Sessions, the man was sentenced to imprisonment by Sir Henry Curtis Bennett K.C. and Sir Henry highly commended me again.

There is another case I was involved in I would like to

mention. There had been many complaints about the larceny of money taken from the Ladies Cloakroom during dances held at the Village Hall at Thundersley, for several years, but it had not been possible to obtain a detection owing to the usual dances being very crowded and no observation could be kept in the Cloakroom. We did not have Women Police in those days. This was the first time I had been instructed to investigate these larcenies. When I had visited Scotland Yard previously, I had made friends with the Officer in charge of Fingerprint Department and I obtained from him a small quantity of invisible powder used for detecting the larceny of goods, usually coins and the like. The effect of the powder was to stain the person of anyone coming into contact with it.

Returning to the larcenies from the Dance Hall at Thundersley, A Dance was arranged there and I had two tickets for my wife and myself, and we attended. I had acquainted the organisers who I was and the purpose of my presence and She co-operated, I placed some marked coins which had been doctored with the invisible powder in my wife's handbag which was left in the Ladies Cloakroom. My wife was to examine it from time to time to report if any of the coins had been taken. During late evening, my wife reported to me that the doctored coins were missing from the handbag, I admit that at the moment I felt awful. I had only just been transferred to the Plain Clothes Department and was short of experience. I stopped the Band and asked the dancers to line up around the Dance Hall with their hands extended, I explained what had happened. I

walked round examining the hands of the dancers and had examined more than half of them and I was not feeling too happy, but when I approached a woman who had one hand on her shoulder and the other hand was facing the floor, I asked her to show me her hands and she asked me to see her outside. We went to the Ladies Cloakroom, where I saw one of her hands heavily stained. She admitted the theft and I recovered the marked coins from her handbag. She was later charged with the larceny and after she had been Bound Over for twelve months, the Chairman of the Bench, A. Steel, Esq., said 'I wish to compliment Detective Joslin for his judicious handling of the case.'

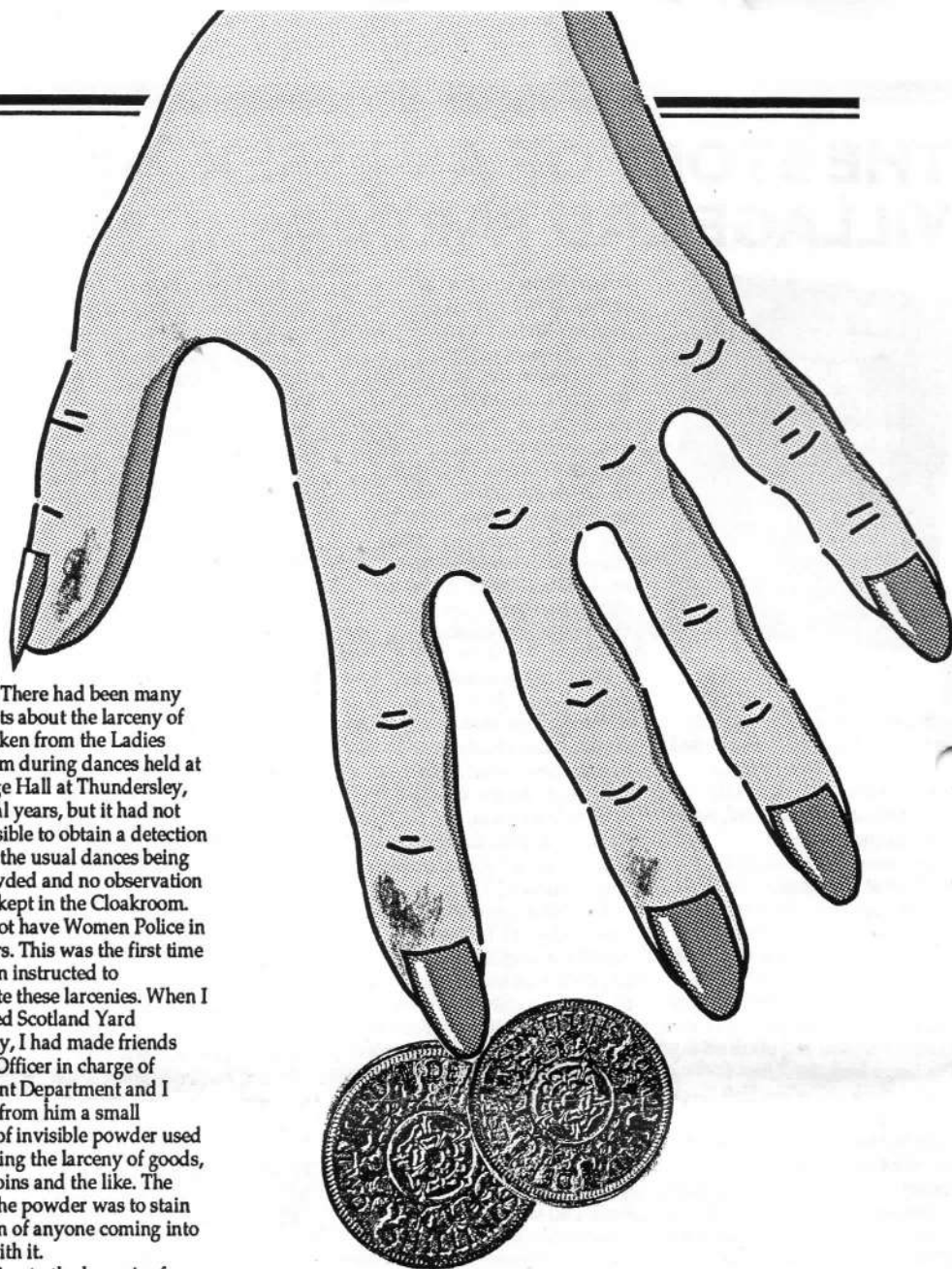
Shortly after, this case was the subject of the weekly Church Army Publication. It was headed 'Be sure your sins will find you

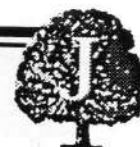
out.' followed by a sketch depicting me in Evening Dress with several ladies and gentlemen standing around with their hands extended and across the sketch was written 'Show Your Hands.'

Until I used this powder, no other Policeman knew I possessed it.

I remained at Canvey Island from 3rd October 1933 to November 1936, when I was moved to Chelmsford Town, still as Uniform Sergeant. Our family then consisted of four sons and we have always been a very happy family.

During early 1939, I was taken to Chelmsford Hospital for an urgent operation, when I had my Gall Bladder removed. A week later, the Second World War broke out and that impaired my recovery considerably, knowing my wife was at home with the four boys.





My eldest son Robert, age 16½, was then a Prefect at the Technical College, Chelmsford, and he had just won a Scholarship to attend a one year's Course in London, studying Business Management. Because of me being in hospital and the War having started, he came to a momentous decision on his own, he cancelled the Scholarship and obtained work in the Office of a local Timber Merchant so that he could be at home to help his mother and look after the three other children, ages 11, 8 and 6 years. Although my wife and I had not mentioned it to Bob, we thought it was a magnanimous decision on his part and were both very grateful.

I did not get on very well at the Hospital, worrying about the family and the Surgeon would not allow me to go home, so with the help of my local Doctor (Doctor Henry), I got my discharge by signing a form to say I was leaving at my own risk.

With the help of the District Nurse, I improved in health straightaway and by taking a light job in the Office, I was able to resume my work just before three months was up. After this time, I would have had to pass a medical examination. I am certain that I would not have passed it.

In May 1940, I evacuated my

wife and three boys to a farm in Devon and remained at home with my eldest son, Robert, until I was allowed to retire on 31st December 1945.

The family was not happy in Devon and all wanted to come home, so after about six months, I collected them and brought them back. About a fortnight after they returned home, several bombs were dropped on our Police Headquarters and the Prison, only about 200 or 300 yards from where we were living in Hill Crescent.

When my son Bob was 18½ years old, he thought he would join the Army before he was 19 years old, so that he could choose the regiment of his choice and he joined the Rifle brigade. After about 18 months, he was sent to O.C.T.U. where he obtained a Commission into the Essex Regiment. He was immediately seconded to the Dorset Regiment and had to take a draught of recruits out to Burma where the Dorset Regiment were fighting. Bob served in the front line against the Japs until the end of the war when he was demobilised with the rank of Captain. Again, not bad for a young Joslin.

During my Service in the C.I.D. at Chelmsford, I became involved in several cases of crime, one of

which I would like to mention because it shows that when giving evidence, I was not afraid of losing a case by mentioning what I knew in the Prisoner's favour. I had arrested three soldiers for stealing some motor tyres from their depot and a Garage Proprietor for receiving them. The soldiers were convicted and the case against the Garage Proprietor dismissed. I said quite a few things in his favour regarding his good character. The following morning, I was instructed to appear before the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, Mr. Linton Thorpe K.C. I was rather worried because this usually happens when you have done or said something wrong. I appeared before the Chairman in Open Court and he said to me, 'My Colleagues and I wish to say publicly that we were greatly impressed by the capable manner in which you conducted your enquiries in this case. We especially noted the impartial and fair way in which you gave your evidence.' The press cutting concludes 'Det.Sergt. Joslin: Thank you Sir.'

After I had completed my term of Service on 2nd June 1945, I made four separate attempts to obtain the Chief Constable's permission to retire, as I had a

good job waiting for me and I wanted to get out whilst young enough to hold a good job. I told him I did not wish or seek promotion but each time, he turned me down. In December 1945, an Act of Parliament was passed enabling any Police Officer who had completed his full term of Service to be allowed to retire. My fifth Application was sent in directly I saw this announcement in an evening paper and I retired on the 31st December 1945.



**FRED JOSLIN'S
RETIREMENT FROM
THE ESSEX POLICE
FORCE AND HIS
SUBSEQUENT
EXPERIENCES WILL BE
CONCLUDED IN OUR
NEXT ISSUE**

PEER'S SON MISSING

A peer's son has vanished aboard his yacht in a Bermuda Triangle-style mystery. The Hon Tom Jocelyn, second son of the Earl of Roden of Co Down, Northern Ireland, set off from the island of Rhodes on January 16, for what should have been a 25 minute trip to a boatyard.

But the 49-year-old former Royal Navy Officer never arrived, and no trace of him or his brown and white yacht Nikaun has been found.

Sunday Express 7.4.91

Yacht Suicide Riddle

by Alex Lindsay

A huge search has been launched for the son of an earl who has vanished after sending what is believed to be a bizarre suicide note to a former girlfriend.

Police have been given a copy of a nautical chart, acquired by the Sunday Express, on which the Hon Tom Jocelyn scribbled a sad message which friends believe holds the clue to his disappearance.

They fear the 49-year-old second son of the Earl of Roden may have deliberately sunk his 36 ft yacht Nikaun and gone down with her off the island of Rhodes.

A radio alert has gone out to all shipping along the Greek and Turkish coasts.

Mr Jocelyn sent a photocopy of the nautical chart to former girlfriend Shenagh Briony, who lives in Ireland before he disappeared.

On it he made a circle labelled 'target area' off Mandraki Harbour, Rhodes. He wrote: 'perhaps it would be better to put everything in a fire, I am sorry. Tom'

He vanished in a calm sea on January 16

Mr Jocelyn, a former Royal Navy Lieutenant Commander, was regarded as a top yachtsman. His boat was fitted with the latest safety equipment.

Close friend Bernard Thompson, of East Grinstead, Sussex, said: 'Tom was missing for weeks before

anyone became suspicious. It was thought he was living on his yacht in the Mandraki boatyard.'

Mr Jocelyn's 82 year old father lives in Bryansford, County Down, Northern Ireland.

Sunday Express 21.4.91





VISIT TO BROOKLANDS MUSEUM SUNDAY 1 JUNE 1997

We are organising a visit to the legendary Brooklands Museum in Weybridge, Surrey, birthplace of British Motor Racing and Aviation, all members are invited to attend on what promises to be an interesting and enjoyable day out.

The Josselin Society connection takes the form of Member No 14, Arthur L. Joslin of Farnborough, who will be giving talks on some of the veteran aircraft on display at the museum on which he both worked on and flew in during his 30 year career in the aircraft industry.



Sunday 1st June 1997 is also British Sports Car Day, so there will be lots to see both in action and in the static museum.

Anne Thompson our secretary will be sending out detailed information about the visit very soon, we hope to see you all at Brooklands in June!

NEW ADDITIONS

It is with great pleasure we can announce the birth of Samuel Mark on the 12 December 1996 to Paul and Lisa Joscelyne-Manning No 22.

Paul and Lisa have also moved home from Moore Avenue, Grays to:
17 Lenmore Avenue, Grays, Thurrock. RM17 5NY.

A WORD FROM CANADA

By Mollie Dewing

You may wonder how a Dewing is linked to the Josselin Society?

I was born in Braintree, Essex, to Marjorie, only daughter of Lewis Henry Joscelyne. I am the eldest of his grandchildren and cousin to Ben No 9, Brian No 6 and Melvyn No 8.

My strangest meeting with another Joscelyne occurred in 1967 in Arvida, Quebec, where we were living, my husband was working for Alcan there. Some engineers from the new Australian Alcan Plant came for training. I saw a photo of a Ron Joscelyne. We contacted him, but he had never heard of relations in Braintree. However, through my

Uncle Hilton I discovered we were fourth cousins! Ron No 73, had not expected that, in the wilds of Northern French speaking Quebec.

Subsequently we visited him and his wife Pam near Sydney, Australia in 1980, and have maintained contact with them ever since. While on that trip, we also met Nan Hart, my mother's third cousin, who I knew when she, and her mother and sister lived in England in the 1950s.

We have lived in Canada for forty years and have produced more remote 'Josselin' connections, 2 sons and a daughter as shown in the chart below.

1. Michael Dewing

Born: 13.9.58 at Arvida, Quebec, Canada.
Occupation: Research Assistant, Library of Parliament.
Married: 5.6.93 to Christina Russo (9.2.64)

Children

a. Jane Maria

Born: 9.10.96 in Ottawa, Canada

2. Christine (Dewing) Dickinson

Born: 26.2.61 at Arvida, Quebec, Canada.
Occupation: Secretary of Killam Trust.
Married: 21.4.84 to Christopher Dickinson (31.1.263) R.C.N.

Children

a. Alexander

Born: 6.2.92 in Halifax N.S. Canada.

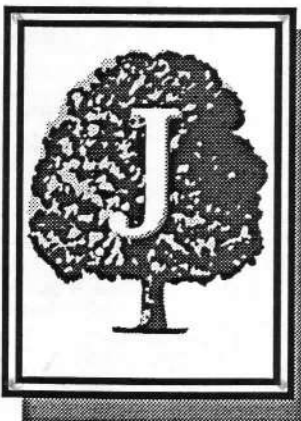
b. Fay

Born: 13.3.95 in Den Helder, Holland.

3 Keith Dewing

Born: 14.7.64 at Arvida, Quebec, Canada.
Occupation: Geologist.

I have a copy of the family of Joseph Joscelyne of Braintree, which I am going to correct, update and return to Ben.



OUR THANKS

Many thanks to those members who helped out with articles and pictures in this our 11th issue, in particular Peter Walter Joslin for his excellent photographs taken at the Annual General Meeting last October. It is this kind of contribution that is vital to the Josselin Journal, it is you, the readers who make the magazine possible, without your stories, articles there would be nothing to publish so please send in anything you can that may be of interest, if you have any pictures to accompany your articles don't hesitate to submit them we promise to look after them.

Goodbye for now

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

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