STUTTON LOCAL HISTORY GROUP

JOURNAL No.9

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Dear Friends,

A New Year and another beginning; snow once again covers the fields reaching out beyond the settlement area. It has been with us for two weeks; the thaw has started but where there has been drifting it will take a while to go away. This is winter as known in the past, the ways have been kept open and we carry on the daily tasks.

Last year we saw the Barn renovatd at Quarhams, now with its red tile roof where once was slate and looking quite smart on the corner of the ways, nearby the Gates to Stutton House. The Green south, that leads down to the Church, looking good.

At the end of January, Sunday 27th, the new Rector Canon Tony Jones preached at his first service in St. Peters. At the aproach one can see cars of multiple colours in rows, reaching down to the end of the green on both sides, our forebears, surely a gasp in wonder. What of the Danes who came to plunder? One can only imagine. Still all goes well and one looks for warmer days.

As we go forward, thanks are due to the Committee, Members and all who join in at the meetings. We welcome others to come along. There is interest for all, it has been a successful year.

1991 offers us many possiblities and a chance to strengthen the knowledge gained.

Best Wishes for all and Happy Days.

Philip W. Willis
Chairman

Contents

	Page
Tobias Rustat	1
Stutton Almshouses	4
Mrs. Potter's Reminiscences contd.	7
R.I.P.	13
Deeds from Church Lane	15
A Local Man	18
Methodist Chapel 1840 - 1990	21
Methodist Women's Fellowship	25
Strange Markings	28

TOBIAS RUSTAT - LINKS WITH GAINSBOROUGH

Mention of the Mills Manuscript has often been made in these pages: it is one of the few documents still in existence belongng to the village, and once again it has proved invaluable.

Earlier this year it was announced that two paintings by Thomas Gainsborough had been placed on display at Gainsborough`s House in Sudbury; one of Tobias Rustat, a gift to the Society, and one of Sarah Paige, wife of Tobias, on loan from the Crowfoot family. It was remembered that the Mills Mss. contains a photograph of these two portraits, so a trip was made to Sudbury to see if they were indeed the same paintings. The curator there was most interested to hear about Stutton`s links with the Rustats, and put the Group in touch with Dr. Philip Lewin, who has been researching the family for some time. As a result of this contact, Dr. Lewin was able to include an old print of Stutton Rectory(now Stutton House) in his article for the Annual Report of the Gainsborough`s House Society, and our Group has been able to learn more about the Rustat family from his research.

"Our" Tobias Rustat was Rector of Stutton from 1748 to 1793, and was responsible for either building or re-building what is now Stutton House, at that time the Rectory. Sadly, Dr. Lewin`s research does not answer the query as to how much Tobias was responsible for building, as it has long been wondered if he built up on an older structure to make his home in Stutton as it appears in this print, and as it was rebuilt after the fire in 1988 destroyed the Dutch style gables added by Thomas Mills in the 1820s.

Fig. 11. W. Walton, *Stutton Rectory, c.* 1830, lithograph. Suffolk Record Office (Ipswich Branch).

Dr. Lewin tells us that eight Rustats have borne the name Tobias, ours being the eighth. The first Tobias was initially apprenticed to a barber surgeon in the seventeenth century, becoming a servant to Charles II, sharing his privations abroad during Cromwell`s time and later becoming Yeoman of the Robes and assistant Housekeeper of Hampton Court after the Restoration. He became very rich, no one knowing exactly how, and there exists today a Rustat Trust administered by Jesus College, Cambridge, to help with the education of children of the clergy. His great-nephew, Tobias, settled at Withersfield in Suffolk, where he had two wives and fourteen children. It is interesting, after disclosures made in the study of our own Parish Records in previous issues of this Journal about the infant and maternal mortality of these years, that by his first wife Tobias had eight children with an average gap of 1 year and 5 weeks between them, and that the wife died a few days after producing her eighth child!

After an interval of twelve years, Tobias married Frances Tipping, the daughter of the Rector of Western Colville. A slightly more generous gap of 1 year and 4 months produced a further six children, the eldest born on 22nd March 1716, being "our" Tobias. He went to schools in Saffron Walden and Bury St. Edmunds before taking his degree at Jesus College in 1739, being ordained in the same year. The Tipping family had acquired the right to the living of Stutton in 1713, and after the death of the Rev. Richard White, Tobias was presented to the living in 1748.

Five years later he married a thirty-year old heiress, Sarah Paige. They lived in the Rectory, and laid out the gardens on an impressive scale with some fine examples of exotic trees. These "pleasure grounds" were famous and later photographed with copies sent to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. Tobias and Sarah had no children and when Tobias died in 1793 their considerable land holdings in Suffolk (not just around Stutton) were shared between his nephews, one of whose descendants married into the Crowfoot family who have so generously given Tobias` portrait to the museum.

What of our photographs in the Mills Mss.? Close study reveals them to be of unframed paintings, taken against a background of what appears to be a brick wall. Were they, perhaps, photographed before they were claimed by Tobias` heirs or were they found, unframed, when Thomas Mills became Rector and owner of Stutton Rectory and later sold by him or his descendants? We don`t know. We still have the photos; the original painting of Tobias can be seen hanging in Gainsborough`s House. We are grateful to Dr. Lewin for allowing us to make use of his research into the Rustats, and to Thomas Mills for his invaluable manuscript record of Stutton.

Mills Mss IDF

Dr. P. Lewin: The Rev`d Tobias Rustat of Stutton and his family. Gainsborough`s House Society Annual Report 1989/90

Sarah Paige

Tobias Rustat

STUTTON ALMSHOUSES.

Built during the second half of the 19th. century, the almshouses are situated a few hundred yards into the Bentley lane.

Constructed of red brick with many gables and heavy chimneys, they are surrounded by a red brick wall of the same period. Three sides of this wall are plain brick, about waist high. The front wall running along the public road is much higher, and includes heavy brick pillars supporting a wrought iron gate. The wall itself being decorated with many small arches and ledges.

Findley Baker in his notes made this comment on the almshouses - "The architectural design is sufficiently ornamental to be pleasing to the eye".

BAKERS ALMSHOUSES.

To be accurate, the almshouses are listed as "The Charity of Elizabeth and Harriet Baker, known as Baker's Almshouses, founded by deed of trust dated 27th. May 1863". They were built the same year with money left by their brother, the Rev. George Baker.

Over the door in the centre of the building is a commemorative slab with the following inscription - "These almshouses for poor inhabitants were erected and endowed in memory of the Rev. George Baker B.A. late of this parish. By his surviving sisters in affectionate compliance with his express wish to them in his lifetime.1863".

A coat of arms may be found nearby, and there is a stained glass window to his memory in St. Peter's church.

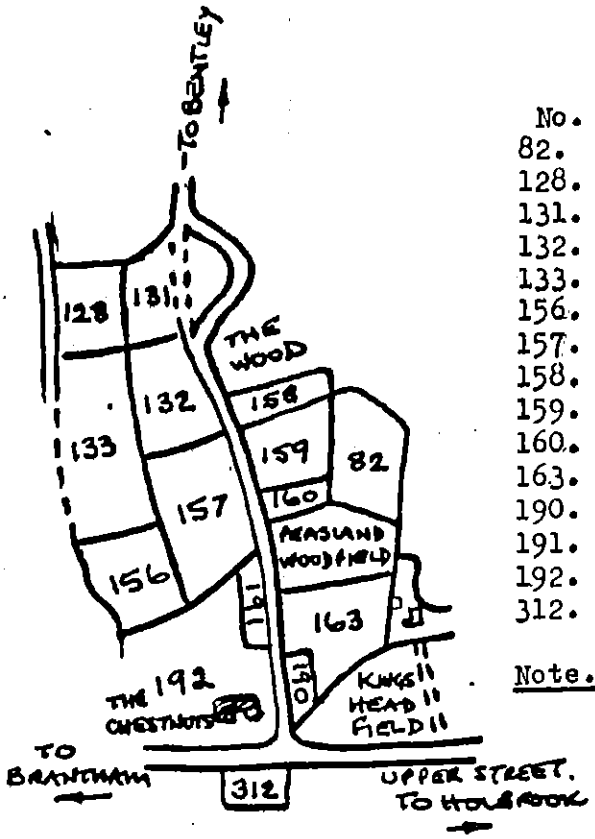
The Rev. George Baker who was curate for Stutton, first officiated in St. Peter's church on 12th. June 1831, and gave his last sermon there on 26th. December 1847. He subsequently died on 10th. February 1862 aged 64 years.

Findley Baker described him as - "An eccentric individual, warm hearted and probably the greatest benefactor the village ever had. He deprived himself of luxuries in order that he might benefit future

generations, these being people who through age and infirmity could no longer support themselves. At his death he left a sufficient sum to build six two roomed dwellings, and also to endow each dwelling with seven shillings per week ".

The Rev. George Baker lived in the Chestnuts on the corner of Bentley lane, this has been known for some years as Stutton Lodge, and is the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Fishwick.

According to the tithe map of Stutton for 1844, he owned and farmed approximately fifty acres of land in Stutton, split up into various plots. (see plan and list below)



Extract from tithe map P461/245

No.			A.R.P.
82.	Seven Acres.	Arable.	6.2.11
128.	Hogs.	"	4.1.8
131.	Crosspath Field.	"	5.- 36
132.	Pond Piece.	"	2.2.20
133.	Six Acres.	"	6.2.32
156.	Brakey Lay.	"	4.2.3
157.	Upper Wood Field.	"	4.1.8
158.	The Spong.	Pasture.	1.30
159.	Lower Wood Field.	Arable.	4.1.6
160.	Paddock.		1.22
163.	Glebe Piece.		4.2.36
190.	Stackyard.		1.11
191.	Yards & Buildings.		.21
192.	House & Lawn.		6 - 32
312.	Garden.		1.5

Note. The sum of £14.14.9 was paid to Rev. Thomas Mills as tithe.

FORMALLY KNOWN AS "THE CHESTNUTS"

The original qualifications required to obtain an almshouse when one became available stated that "The Almspeople shall be poor persons of good character who (except in special cases) are resident in the Parish of Stutton at the time of appointment. Preference will be given to applicants qualified as aforesaid who are communicant members of the Church of England".

The interpretation of this is now at the discretion of the trustees when interviewing applicants. There are five Trustees, "one of which shall be the rector for the time being of the Ecclesiastical Parish of St. Peter, Stutton".

Since their construction, the original six units have been reduced to five to allow the inclusion of bathrooms etc. Oil fired central heating was installed in 1973 and updated in 1990.

During 1974 the roofs were made good and 1982 saw the large chimneys repointed. The roof space being treated for woodworm in 1985 and insulated at the same time.

The ornate front brick wall having deteriorated over the years, had to be repointed and made safe during 1986, and as part of the almshouse complex now a listed building, a grant was obtained towards the cost from Babergh District Council. Recently the remaining three walls have also been made good.

Telephones and smoke alarms have been installed in each unit, and residents contribute a nominal weekly ammount towards upkeep and heating. Although there is no provision for a resident warden, regular visits are made by the trustees, who organise any maintenance required.

As a charity and member of the National Association of Almshouses, an audited ballance sheet is presented to the annual public meeting of the Parish Council each Spring.

It is encouraging to note that when one of the units becomes available, it is not left empty for long, and this must prove that there is a need for this charity, and the Rev. George Baker is still carrying out his desire to benefit future generations.

Vic Scott. Trustee Bakers Almshouses Stutton.

Thanks to Philip Willis for extracts from notes by Findley Baker and details from the 1844 Tithe map of Stutton held in the Suffolk Record Office.

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REMINISCENCES ; STUTTON AROUND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

Mrs. Potter's memoirs continue with tales of her schooldays:

"My schoolmaster was a man who came from Somerset, a Mr. Baker. He had come to Stutton when my father was a boy and taught both my parents. His wife took classes of sewing etc and when I went to school one of her daughters taught me to sew. She was very strict, and as it was wartime we had to unpick all our sewing and use the cotton again. It was bright red so as to be able to see all the mistakes we had made! We had to count the threads of the material before we put the needle in. I have won a lot of competitions for hand sewing, because I was taught so well.

Every evening when dad came home for his tea, his first words were "What did Mr. Baker say about the war today?" and we had to tell him whether Mr. Baker thought we were winning or losing, as he thought it must be right if Mr. Baker said it. A lot of men were killed from Stutton as you can see by the names on the War Memorial.

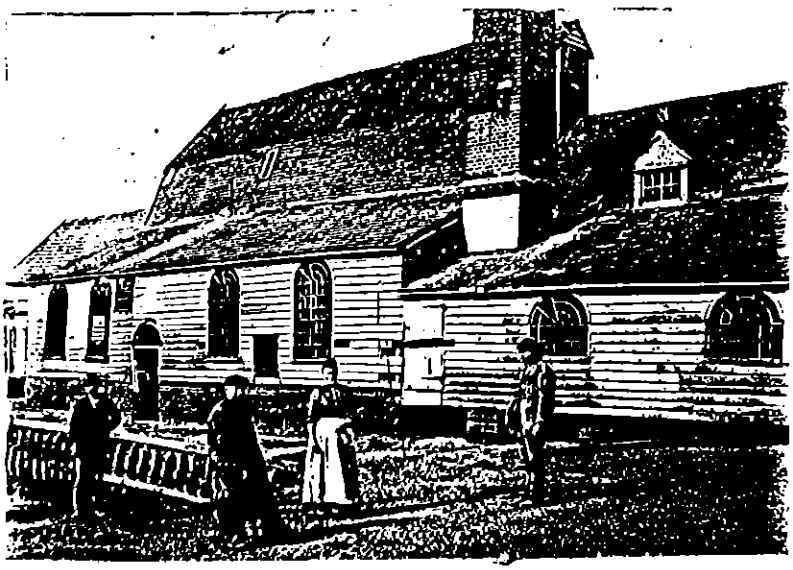
Mr. Baker was very patriotic and we learned all the songs about the Empire and also our Allies National Anthems. Most of these I can still remember, there was nothing much to do on winter nights at the Old Mill, and we used to sing all the old songs over and over until we knew them. We also used to learn a lot of poetry and sing it to Hymn tunes. One was the Wreck of the Hesperus, and also Poor Fisherfolk. Mr. Baker was very musical, as were most of his children, he had 3 boys and 3 girls. The youngest gave piano lessons, and mother wanted us girls to learn to play. She even bought us a second hand piano but we would not go to lessons.

We were very shy children, as living so far away from the village we did not mix much. We had to behave, and if we went on a visit with mother we had to sit still on a chair until it was time to go.

At school we all had slates to write on with slate pencils and I often dig up a piece of slate pencil in the garden at Charity Farm. We used to fill up old scent bottles with water and keep them in our desks with a piece of rag to clean the slates, but I have seen a lot of the boys spit on their slates and wipe them clean with their jersey sleeves Mrs Baker was very good and used to let us keep a toasting fork at school to toast our bread and dripping on cold days over the classroom fire, in charge of the older girls.

The children used to go to school until the age of 14 years unless they wanted to go on to further education for school teaching etc. Then they sat a special exam to go on to a higher

school. I was asked if I would like to sit for the exam, but my father said that as long as I could read and write and do my sums it would be enough, but I wish I had gone to an exam so that I could have taken a paid job.



Stutton Mill
Newspaper

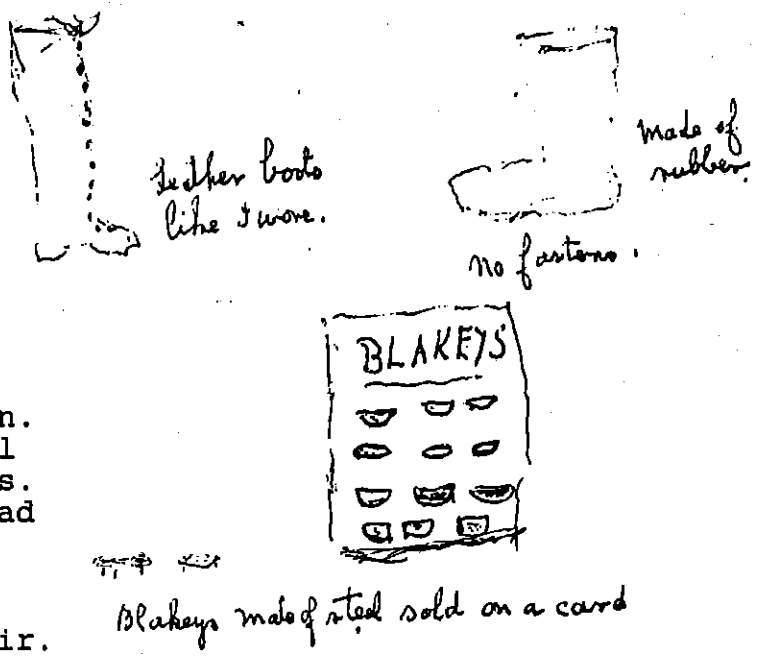
There were about eight of us from outlying houses and we used to have good times on the way home from school, also in the dinner time. When we had eaten our dinner we used to go for a walk, sometimes up to Stutton Drift that leads to the Church. Halfway down there used to be a pond and we used to go sliding on it when it was frozen. It was deep and dangerous as it was under trees. In the spring, primroses grew round its sides. On the way home from school there used to be three more ponds on which we used to have fun. One was opposite the Kings Head, another was down Lewis Lane, and another next door to a builder and called Dunnetts Pond.

The water used to flood some of the meadows down at the Mill, and we used to slide on them by Moonlight. I remember my sister and I getting Mother onto the ice and holding her each side so she could have a slide. About that time and for a few years after, the meadows (called the Marshes) down by Belstead Brook were flooded by the farmer at Thorrington Hall during the winter so that people could go skating. There was a hut there supplying hot coffee. I expect it brought in a good sum as only the well off went skating in those times.

I can't remember a winter when I was young when we did not have snow and ice. I think it was just before the Great War that there was a terrible thunderstorm about March, and a hailstorm with hailstones nearly as big as pigeons eggs, and some broke some of the school windows. Mr. Baker sent a boy into the playground to pick some up before they could melt so that he could take photos of them. I had a photo of them for years but

somehow it got mislaid. He also preserved some of them for a day or two in a box of sawdust. When we went home from school that afternoon we saw that the lightning had struck a tall elm near the Mill Farm Gate and tore a strip of bark off it from top to bottom.

We liked to have blakeys in our boots so that we could slide better Sometimes the boys made a slide in the road and as soon as they had gone home to tea women used to put ashes on them to keep people from falling over. Of course the boys were annoyed in the morning. There were no rubber boots about before 1914 but when I went to Tattingstone School about 1920, Mother bought me a pair on Ipswich Market, the first we had seen. I had my leg pulled at school and called all sorts of names. After a time most children had them on wet days but had to change them to plimsolls for lessons as they said it was bad for the feet to get no air.



I do not remember having shoes with a strap until I was fifteen and went to London. I always wore buttoned boots and black woollen stockings for school and brown ones for Sundays.

There was always something to do on the farm. Father had 2 ten acre pieces of land up the village main road owned by our same landlord. Very poor soil. We had to pull weeds and scrape mangolds for the cows. Then we had to put them into a hopper of a hand machine and grind them up into pieces like potato chips are today. These were mixed with chaff and middlings and given to the cows in a manger. They ate them while they were being milked.

We gathered watercress, blackberries and mushrooms and chestnuts and hazelnuts. Mother used to ask if she could go and get chestnuts at Brantham Spinney. Just as it was dawn she would wake us and we would have a cup of tea and go across the meadow walls and over a plank of a stream and along two large meadows and up a field into the spinney. The chestnuts there were very large. We used to get bushels and they used to be spread out in a large empty room at home. Mother often went in and moved them about with her hands so that they would not get mouldy. We used to have a small saucepan full of these boiled every evening during the winter.

During the first war there was a jam factory at Manningtree and people used to sell their blackberries there. We sold ours to a local Market Gardener to go to Ipswich Flower, Fruit and Vegetable Market at the Corn Exchange. It is now used for entertainment. We always got a good price for them because they were clean and not squashed. We used to buy a basket of windfall eating pears for about 4 pence to take home. We had four pear trees at the Mill; two stewing and two eating but they were a late variety. The trees were very tall, and I remember one time when my father was gathering them he put his foot on a *sere branch and it broke off and fell and hit mother on the forehead as she was standing at the foot of the ladder. There was a gash and a lot of blood and it may have been the cause of all the headaches she had for the rest of her life.

She used to bind her head with a wrapper and vinegar. What we called a wrapper was a large square used by the men round their necks - a neckerchief. My father used to have his cut in half cornerways. Most were red and white spotted, but dad wore a blue one, with a white one for Sundays. He wore a stiff collar and front when he wore his suit to go to Church etc. but cows have to be milked twice on Sundays so he could not get out regular. Mother used to be late for Church most Sundays but she always said it did not matter as long as she got there for the sermon. When my father went to the White City Exhibition with the Church Choir he bought a white wrapper and also a large white handkerchief with Georgina embroidered on it. It was my mother's first name.

The stewing pears in the garden were very large and used to keep all winter. We had some stewed in the oven with cloves in an earthen pot and sometimes baked them whole. We used also to have a tray of apples baked every week.

Just before the war a lot of Dutch men came over to show us how to grow sugar beet, I was only small but I remember the beets growing in our field opposite Stutton Hall drive and my Aunt Milly chopping the tops off.

One Saturday morning when I was riding home with my mother in the pony cart after doing the milk round when we saw things that resembled small boats coming up the river with the tide -

the water was as calm as a mill pond, and as soon as we had put the pony in the stable we hurried along the shore to see what they were They turned out to be trusses of stover+, one third of which was below water level and the two thirds above was quite dry. We lost not time in wading out to those that were near shore and getting them on to dry ground. We cut the strings and spread the wet parts to dry out along the banks. We carted the dry parts home for our cows and horses. Some floated right up to Manningtree but when the tide turned they floated back. A few got stranded on the mud. I expect we got about 40. It seemed that a barge with a large deck cargo of stover was coming up the river when the hay slipped and we saw the barge hove to, securing the rest of the trusses between Wrabness and Parkstone. It was a lovely smelling stover and lasted us for a long time. Sometimes boats and punts slipped their moorings and floated to our side of the river.

Mother kept a lot of turkeys and game. She sent to Yorkshire for a posh white gander and when we had young geese about he was very fierce. Strangers were afraid of him and even the mother geese used to hiss and go after people. Just before Christmas we used to pluck the poultry to go to a butcher`s shop at Ipswich as well as a lot of private orders, and we used to sit up half the night plucking them. I have had very sore fingers and we got into a row if we rent the breast, so we used to do all the rough parts and leave mother to finish them off. At one time there was a swan on the river which used to attack our young geese and drown them, so my father shot it and I plucked it and mother made a nice cushion from the down.

As there were no buses in those days, mother got a licence to take passengers to and fro in a large governess cart. She used to charge half a crown to go to Bentley Station from the village. Most of her passengers were servants and their luggage going for their holidays from the big houses in the village. She kept the money separate from other monies. She also used to store peoples furniture as the house was so big, the rooms were as big as four of ours today. Mother was always going to auction sales and buying all sorts of things. She had a passion for ornaments and vases and what she had would have filled a china shop.

There were not many motor cars about in the early 1900s and at a fete in 1903 money was made by giving young people rides on one up and down Stutton Street, just as they have pony and donkey rides today. When I went to Sunday School or Church, I was often given a lift in their motor by the Miss Fisons of Stutton Hall, that would be about 1910 to 1914. When the ladies were riding in these large open cars they would keep their hats on by tying large scarves under their chins.

Most of the young ladies and gentlemen played tennis and rode horses but the working class did not have much time for leisure. Workmen went to work at 6.30 a.m. and left off at

6 p.m. on the farms, Saturdays included. People went to Church or Chapel on Sundays and most children went to Sunday School. I used to go to Sunday School in the Mission Room, consecrated so that people would not have to go all the way down to the Church which was on the borders of Holbrook - as we lived on the borders of Brantham, it was a three mile walk to Church. If we went from home to Church we used to go by footpaths, which was a little shorter. After we had been to Sunday School we walked in pairs to the Church service at 11 a.m. If our parents were there we sat with them, but most of us sat in the seats at the rear of the font with the Sunday School teachers. I thought a lot of my teacher, and when she married, mother bought a pair of little china slippers for me to give her as a wedding present. As I was hurrying to Sunday School with them, I stumbled and fell and I was very upset in case I had broken them. They were O.K. I fell just before Stutton Manor and I could point out that spot now.

When we wanted a doctor we had to walk to Holbrook about 5 miles from my home. For years we had Dr. Carey, a plump Irishman. He used to pull teeth as well, and my mother had some of hers out there without an anaesthetic and it must have been very painful. My father used to have quinsies every winter and so did my Uncle Walter. Walter was advised to grow a beard which he did, and still had it when he died at 90 years old. He was a quiet and religious man and was Church Clerk and gravedigger for many years. At one time he was the Parson`s gardener and was a great authority on the growing of roses. He also did some gardening at The Grove (the old Curacy) and I remember passing it one day and he was cutting a high holly hedge, so tall he had to have a ladder. I can see him now with a little stick in his hand flicking the little pieces he had cut off on to the ground. He had a boy the same age as me, but when only a schoolboy he had a wasting disease and died at the age of 10 years.

The village shop was kept by a strict man called William Wiseman and his grandson keeps it now. We used to call in every school day for an ounce of boiled sweets for a halfpenny. I bought little skeins of rainbow wool there for a farthing a skein and knitted myself a long thin scarf while I was staying at my Grandmother Whinneys at Holly Lane. I was about seven years old; when I had knitted up a skein I asked my Gran for another farthing and went to the shop to get some more. I also bought a slate with a wooden frame and I still write messages on it with chalk.

to be continued ....

Mrs. Potter MSS

* sere: dried & withered
+ stover: bales of hay

R.I.P.

Like myself I`m sure that many readers enjoy walking round Churchyards, looking at the names, dates and longevity of those interred beneath the gravestones and trying to visualise what they were like as people and what was the style of life they enjoyed, or endured, during their sometimes very short life.

Until the establishment of municipal cemeteries over 100 years ago, almost all interments were made in churchyards, and this means that most of our ancestors from the seventh century onwards lie in a burial ground attached to a Parish Church. Until recent times, graveyards remained the same virtually for generations, and except for burials the land was rarely disturbed, individual tombstones being very rare before the 1700s. The land filled with unmarked graves was used over and over again, there being a large Wooden Cross at the gate to indicate that the land had been consecrated. Of course, there were those with sufficient money and influence to ensure that they were laid to rest within the confines of the Church, either in the actual walls, under the floor, or in specially constructed vaults.

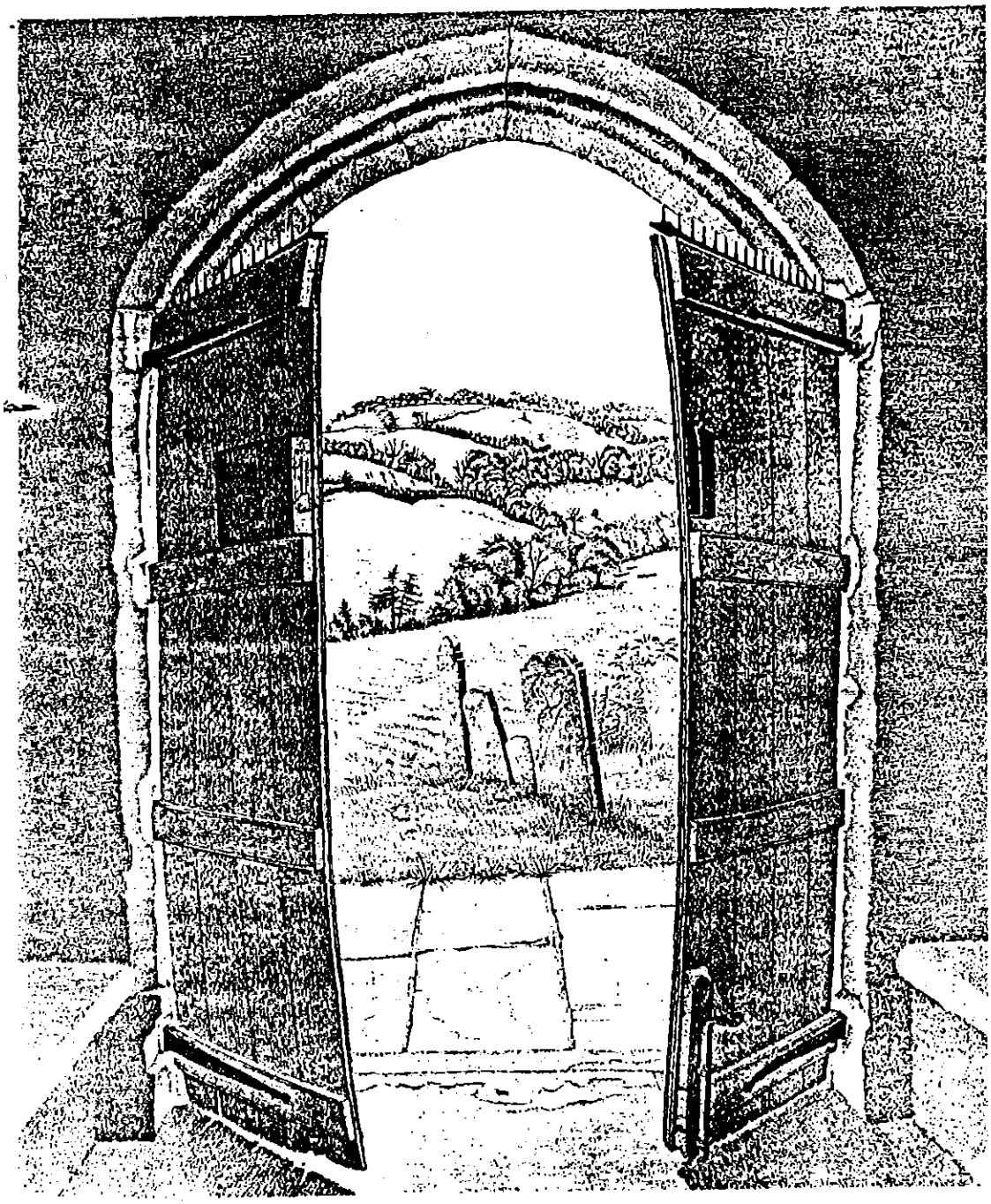
There were many customs associated with funerals, some long forgotten, but some remnants of others still remain with us today. Funerals were not necessarily solemn occasions, a variety of entertainments being expected by villagers when a member of the gentry was laid to rest. A rich widower was obliged to spend more on his wife`s burial than on marrying off a daughter, and the poor of the parish had to be invited to a fashionable funeral where they received food and drink as well as a small amount of money. Sometimes a pauper was employed as a Sin Eater; sitting at the front door of the deceased, he was given a coin and a lump of bread, and agreed to take upon himself all the wrong doings of the corpse, thus ensuring for him eternal peace.

Mourners from all sections of society accompanied a coffin to the grave, making sure that the body was carried feet first. The East/West position for the grave was considered to be of great importance, the body being laid with the head to the West. A North/South burial was considered unseemly, while the land on the North side of the Church was rarely used for ordinary burials, being cold and dark. It was used as a last resting place for the unbaptised and those who had been executed or who had taken their own lives, and so not until recent times did distrust of the northern part of a churchyard begin to fade.

In the 1750s a law was passed to ensure support for the Wool Industry, which decreed that all burial shrouds were to be made from wool. No thread or ribbon were permitted, and a note was often made in the Parish burial register to the effect that the law had been obeyed.

The next time you visit a remote village church with the churchyard overgrown, take consolation from the fact that the wild flowers and grasses growing there were known by our forefathers, and that at your feet are centuries of history and those who participated in it, and think kindly of them.

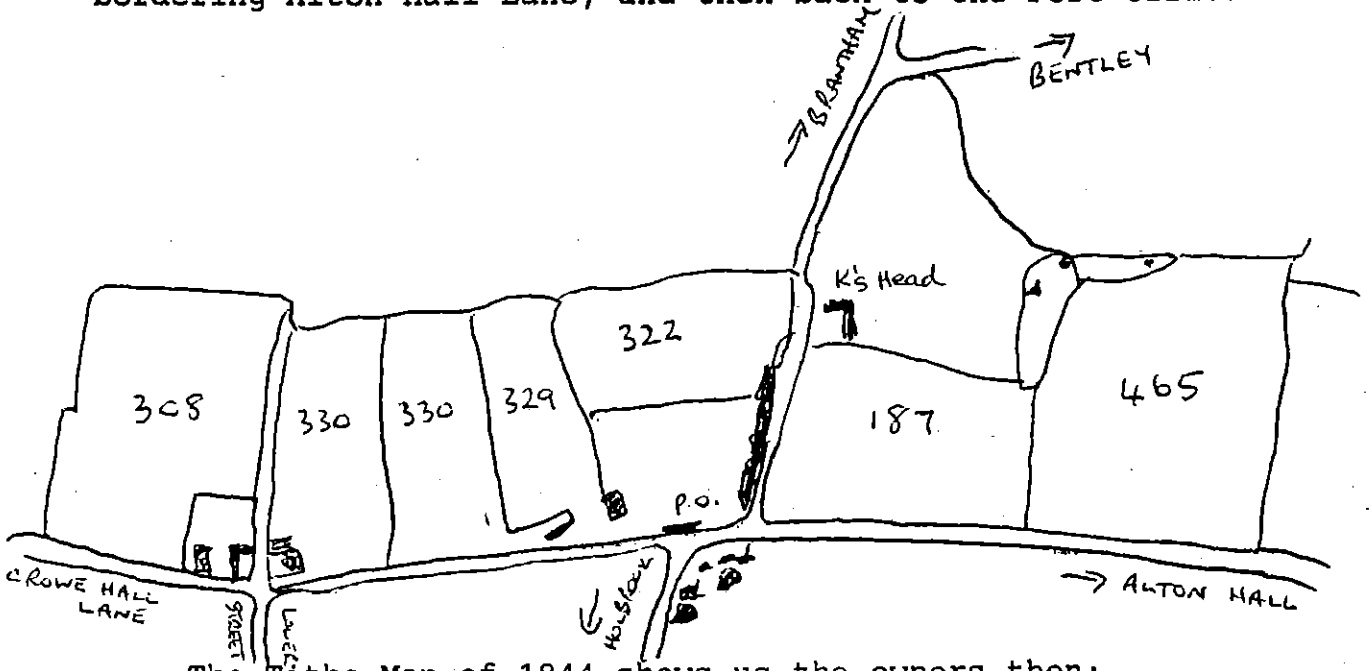
Ron Cobb



DEEDS RELATING TO LAND ON THE WEST SIDE OF CHURCH ROAD

It has been noted before how most of the deeds which have become available to the Group relate to holdings once part of Crepping Hall Manor: we have examined deeds of properties bounded by Manningtree Road, Manor Lane and the land still part of the Crepping Hall Estate. So when the opportunity was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cozens to inspect deeds relating to land behind what is now called Church Road, it was tempting to hope that this would perhaps complete the square, and again be related to Crepping Hall. Once again, however, assumptions have to give way to evidence, or the lack of it! and although there is no evidence here to prove that this land did not belong at one time to the Manor of Crepping, there is unfortunately no evidence to prove that it did. What we have in this latest set of deeds is another part of the jigsaw puzzle which is the history of Stutton.

As can be seen from the plan, the land in question extends right down from the corner by the Post Office, across Hyams Lane to the boundary of the property called "Barnfield", back up the drunkard`s path to the main road, and also across Manningtree Road back from the Kings Head to the end of the built up area bordering Alton Hall Lane, and then back to the Post Office.



The Tithe Map of 1844 shows us the owners then:

from left to right

308 : Barnfield, owned by John Page Reade of Crowe Hall
330 : Cottage Pightle and Drakes, owned by Henry Bacon Hall
329 ; Garden Piece, owned by Joseph Button
322 : Pond Piece, owned by Joseph Button
187 : Blacksmith`s Shop Field, owned by Henry Bacon Hall but let to Joseph Button
465 : Garden Field, belonging to Susanna Mills, wife of Thomas

Henry Bacon Hall was a descendant of the family who inherited the Vale Farm Estate from Samuel Sackett, while Joseph Button was a butcher, descended from a family originally in the village in the 17th Century. The circled numbers come from a map of 1947 relating to Post Office Farm.

By 1879, Robert Cowles owned Post Office Farm, having bought land from Elizabeth Andrews and James M. Buton, descendants of Joseph Button, and from Lady Mary Stuart Reade, widow of John Page Reade. When Robert died in 1911, his will dated 1906 left, free of encumbrance, to Ernest Jasper Cowles, his son, Hannah Cowles, his second wife, and Fanny Elizabeth Knights, his daughter:

1) Captain`s meadow (land bordering Manor Lane)
2) Cottage Pightle and Drakes (No. 330 on Tithe Map)
3) Cottage Pightle (part of 331), Barn Field (part of 308) and Blacksmith`s Shop Field (187)
4) Four pieces of land with a house and outbuildings (322, 328, 328a, 329)

these last being all previously owned by Joseph Button and forming the blacksmith`s shop and the land all round the back of the Post Office and Post Office Farm itself, land which today remains part of Post Office Farm except for the area now occupied by the new shops.

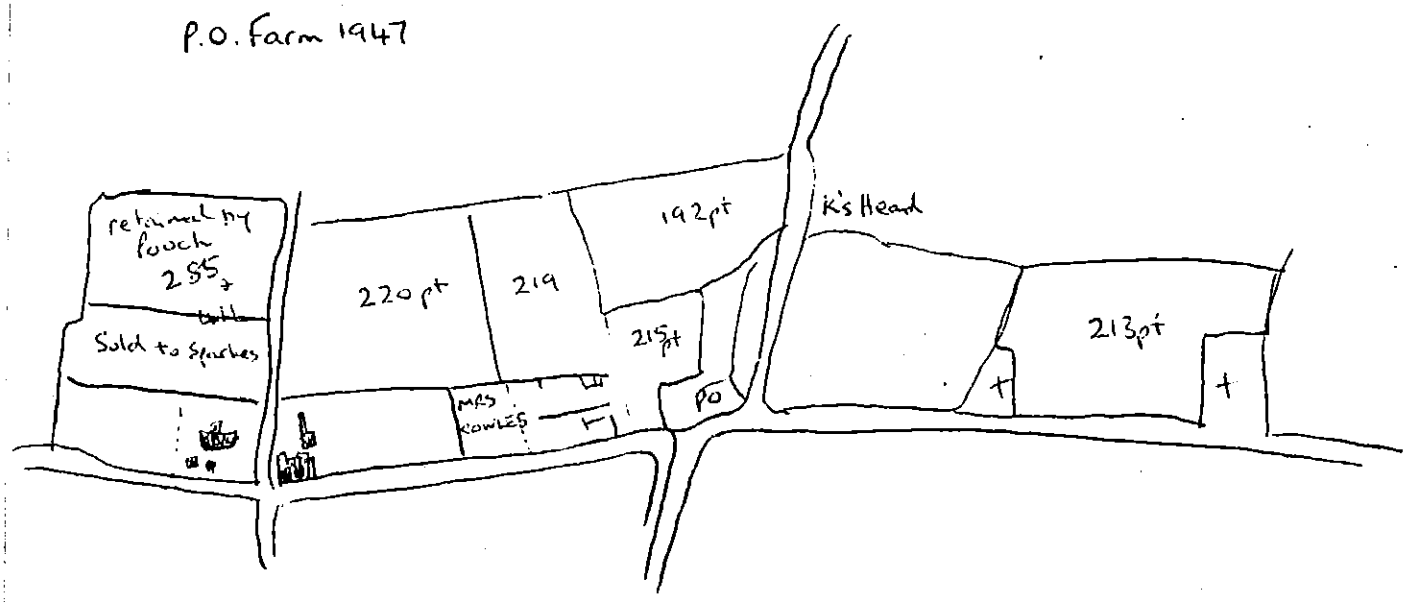
Numbers 1.2 and 3 above went to Fanny Knights, and No. 4 (Post Office Farm) to Hannah Cowles, presumably to be farmed by her son Ernest, though this is not specified. However it belonged to Ernest certainly after his mother died in 1922, for when he died in 1934 he left it to his own wife Amelia Marian Cowles.

By 1953, some of the land belonged to another member of the Cowles family, Ernest Jasper Robert, and he sold 285 and 414 circled on the plan to Ivy Ada Emma Pooch of Ivy Cottage, Upper Street (now Manningtree Road), Stutton, for £325. She immediately sold half of this to Frederick William Sparkes, and this is what we now know as Drakesfield. Upon the half she retained she partly built a bungalow called Caber Feidh.

Here the prices start to rise! Mrs. Pooch sold her property in 1957 for £2,100 to a Mr. Phillips of Beechcroft Road in Ipswich, who sold it on in 1962 to a brother and sister from Cambridge, Albert Mervyn Parish and Mabel Ruth Parish. By now the price was £3,750, despite the fact that the roof was of poor quality. In 1968, the property, now called Beechcroft, became the possession of Pat and Arthur Cozens, who have improved it, and still live there today.

Any study of local history always seems to open up more questions than it solves, and these deeds are no exception! In 1936 Amelia Cowles and Fanny Knights sold to Charles Suckling a frontage of 150 feet from their holdings along what was then Watery Lane (Alton Hall lane) part of which went to Mr. A. J. E. Dunnett, and in 1952 sold part of what is marked 213 to Charles Suckling. A map with Mr. Cozens' deeds dated 1947 and marked "1927 Ed." shows Post Office Farm and 285 which then belonged to Amelia Cowles. A pencilled note says "Land sold to Suckling", but there are no conveyances to this effect, and, as is shown above, the land was legally sold in 1953 to Ivy Pooch.. Perhaps we shall never know what really happened!

Deeds belonging to Mr. and Mrs. A. Cozens IDF



A LOCAL MAN

Some years ago, a journalist called Lawrence Easterbrook came to live at Stutton House, and to farm its land while still writing for various journals and for the old News Chronicle. He wrote the following article about one of Stutton's inhabitants; how many of you can identify him?

"B G s father was a village builder and carpenter, so was his grandfather and great grandfather. There is hardly a house or a cottage in his village that does not owe something to his family's skill. He has followed in the tradition, having inherited the business.

At one time he employed a number of men, but is more at home handling wood, plaster and brick than what is now called "labour", for his outlook dates back to the time when master and men worked as partners in a creative enterprise. He is one of the race that built the cathedrals.

FREEDOM

Working to the clock is something outside his consciousness, and the thought of breaking down his craft into sharply defined departments, where a mason musn't handle a paintbrush, and a wood-worker must never look at a lead pipe, was something so foreign to his nature that it filled him with anger and unhappiness when trade union regulations insisted on these distinctions.

"One morning I decided that this sort of thing was spoiling my life", he told me. "So I sacked six men I was employing and have felt a free man ever since. It was the best thing I ever did". Since then he has adopted us. As we had taken on an estate that had fallen on bad times, there was no lack of scope for his skills. He is not on the farm payroll; he remains an independent craftsman whom we have to bully for months before we can extract a bill.

When I see him looking tired out and edgy I know that the bill is at last in the process of gestation, with B burning the midnight amps in agony as he works out to the nearest halfpenny the answer to 17½ per cent on £11 14 6. Seventeen and a half per cent will I think be written on his heart, for it is part of an elaborate system of reckoning to decide how much should be added to the cost of a job to allow for the changed value of money.

A man with less exacting standards would make a fair guess at the adjusted rate, and that is what would appear on the bill. Not so B G . The first cost is shown, and then underneath each item, in his neat handwriting, is the entry: "Extry £2 7s 10d". These bills are things of wonder. They are scrolls 26 inches in length recording every detail. We have no sort of agreement with B . He found the place needed attention; we required someone to give it; and so he decided he would make its rehabilitation his work.

PRIDE

He looks with pride on the new pig houses, the concreted cow yard, the new gates in the fields, the renovated cottages, the deep litter houses, and rejoices to think that order has sprung to life under his hand. No man could be more a part of a farm.

Sometimes he has a day off. That means going to do a job for an old friend. "I shan`t be here Tuesday week" he`ll say. "I promised Mrs. Blank I would distemper her scullery. I`ve always looked after her".

We first contacted him when we wanted the hall redecorated. The ceiling is about 35 feet above the stone floor below, and when we approached more conventional firms they put in alarming estimates to include scaffolding.

We asked B G . He came and looked up at it. "Well", he said, "I`ll have a go", and quoted a price that was about half anyone else`s. Single-handed he rigged up an incredible arrangement of ladders, steps and planks by which he zigzagged to the top, like a cat burglar, or a spider climbing up its web. My blood ran cold when I watched him. But he managed it, though afterwards I heard that they had told him in the village he would be mad to attempt it.

Of poor physique, he can hardly weigh eight stone. Modest and diffident in his address, his frail body conceals the heart of a lion. Nothing deters him. I took him once to see Canterbury Cathedral. As we stood in the nave, its grandeur left him speechless for some minutes. Then he said, "Coo! Fancy being given the job of building that!" Then I caught the gleam in his eye I had seen before, and knew that if I`d said to him "Will you build a Canterbury Cathedral in Suffolk?" he would, as like as not, have replied: "Well, I`ll give it a go".

He also keeps pigs, and is a noted local authority on them. I frequently seek his advice about them. Pigs and a few poultry are a further buttress to that personal independence he so greatly prizes. If it came to the worst, they would always keep him. But this makes him even more useful as an estate handy man, for he understands the condition in which pigs and poultry like to live.

HAPPY

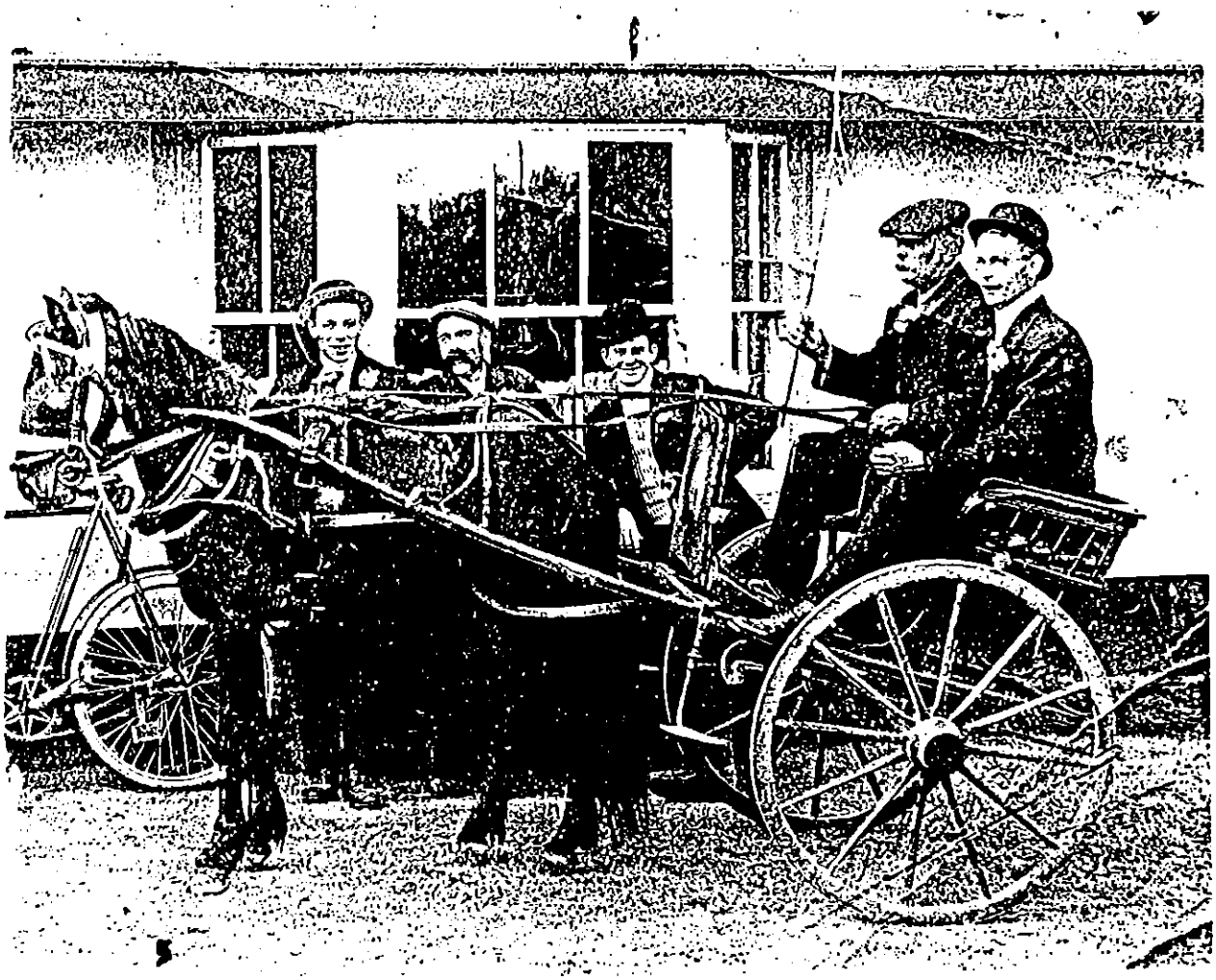
Pigs and a little local history are his hobbies, so far as a man so utterly happy in his work can be said to have other hobbies. By ordinary reckoning he has not been over lucky in his life. His wife is extremely delicate and there is many a day when he himself feels none too grand. A mistake in an uncle`s will left him without the nest egg that would have meant much in sense of security to a little man standing on his own. Nothing had ever gone quite right for him. Yet he is always cheerful and appears to live a life of complete contentment. You see, he is at peace with his own surroundings.

He lives in the village and even in the house where his father and grandfather lived before him, and so he has the sense of belonging somewhere and is spared that inner restlessness of those who move from job to job and from place to place. Confident in his many skills, he has learnt to rely on himself. In love with his work, the days and weeks slip by with time all too short to do all he would like to do. He needs only to walk round the farm and through the village to see the seemly products of his hands and the justification of his life. He would not willingly change places with any other person in the wide world.

What a lucky day it was for us when he came and looked at that hall ceiling and said: "Well, I`ll have a go".

Lawrence Easterbrook

How many people have an appreciation like that written about them while they are still alive?



STUTTON METHODIST CHAPEL 1840 - 1990

In 1800 the Methodist movement was alive and flourishing. Meeting Houses were established at Tattingstone and Holbrook, also in other places. Stutton people, followers of the Wesleyan Movement were sharing the meetings held in the outside villages. Public worship was held at various times on a Sunday, and one would be able to attend one or more of the services. The Preacher travelling on horseback, sometimes to one village then another. Meetings, Morning, Afternoon and Evening.

It would be good to have a meeting in Stutton, the members were growing and there were preachers resident at Holbrook.

In 1810 Methodist preaching began in a Hay Loft thought to have been at Queech Farm, on the western part of the village at the top of the hill from Brantham.

In 1819 Stutton is included in the Itinerant and Local Preachers Plan for the Ipswich Circuit. Worship at six o`clock in the evening. Before this time help came from Essex and the Colchester Circuit.

The call for a Meeting House became crucial, as the society grew, the movement was strengthened by friends from Brantham Street led by Samuel Taylor, shoemaker and victualler, from the Bull Inn, who later became a trustee. At this time a way down to the river along the bank via the New Mill and up into the village was in prominent use. The Meeting House at Brantham Street being small, these people looked to Stutton, and gave support. Later Mary King secured a cottage and had it licensed for preaching. In 1840 she obtained a site for a Chapel for £20 and began to collect money towards a place of worship, it was not easy. A Chapel was built and opened for Public Worship in September of that year.

MISS MARY KING

to LEASE FOR A YEAR

MR. BENJAMIN KING AND OTHERS 7th MAY 1841

CONVEYANCE OF A PIECE OF FREEHOLD LAND SITUATE IN STUTTON IN THE COUNTY OF SUFFOLK 8th MAY 1841

See No. 6 Stutton Local History Journal

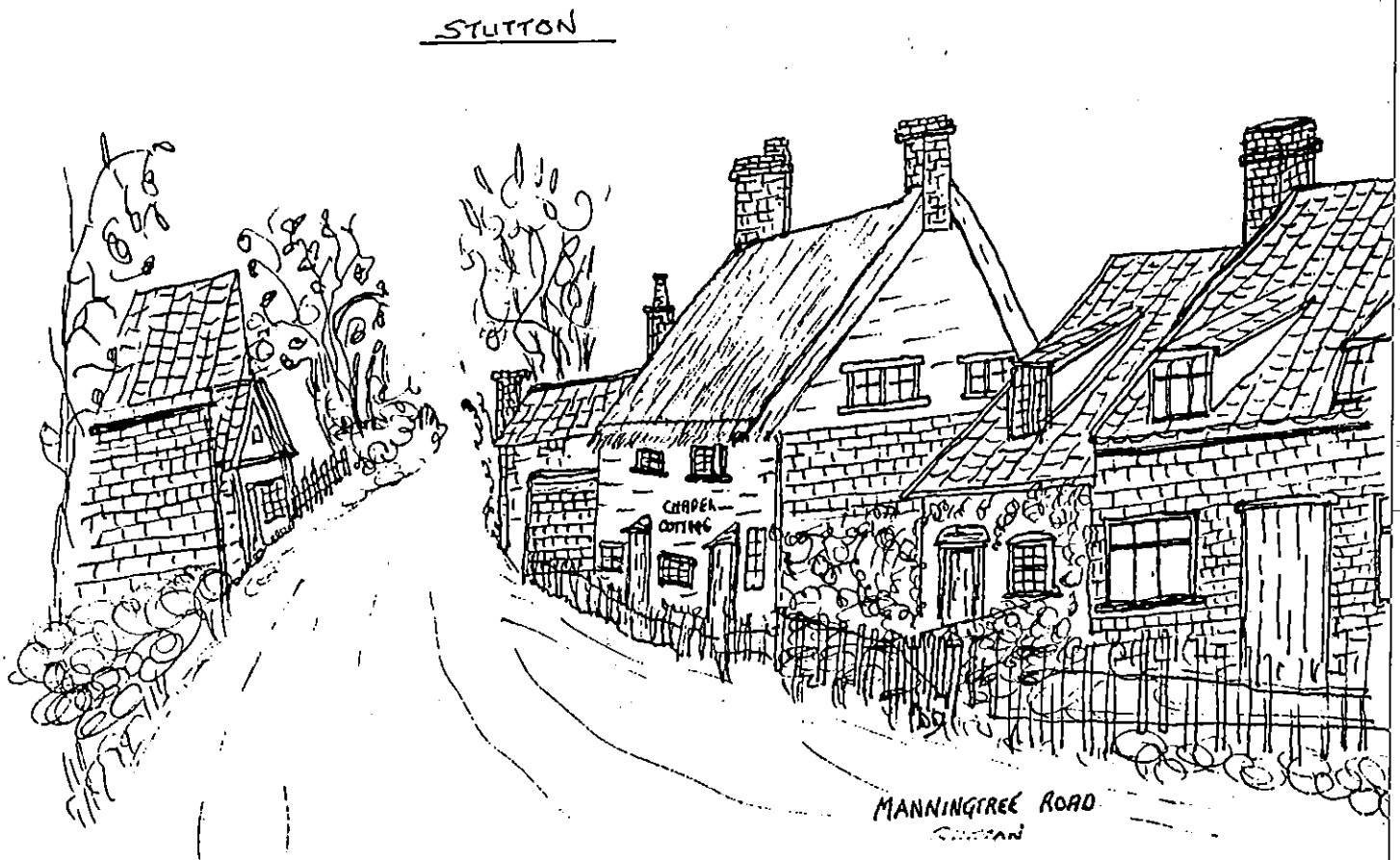
During this time the Class Leaders Thomas Cook and Thomas Norfolk were among the chief workers.

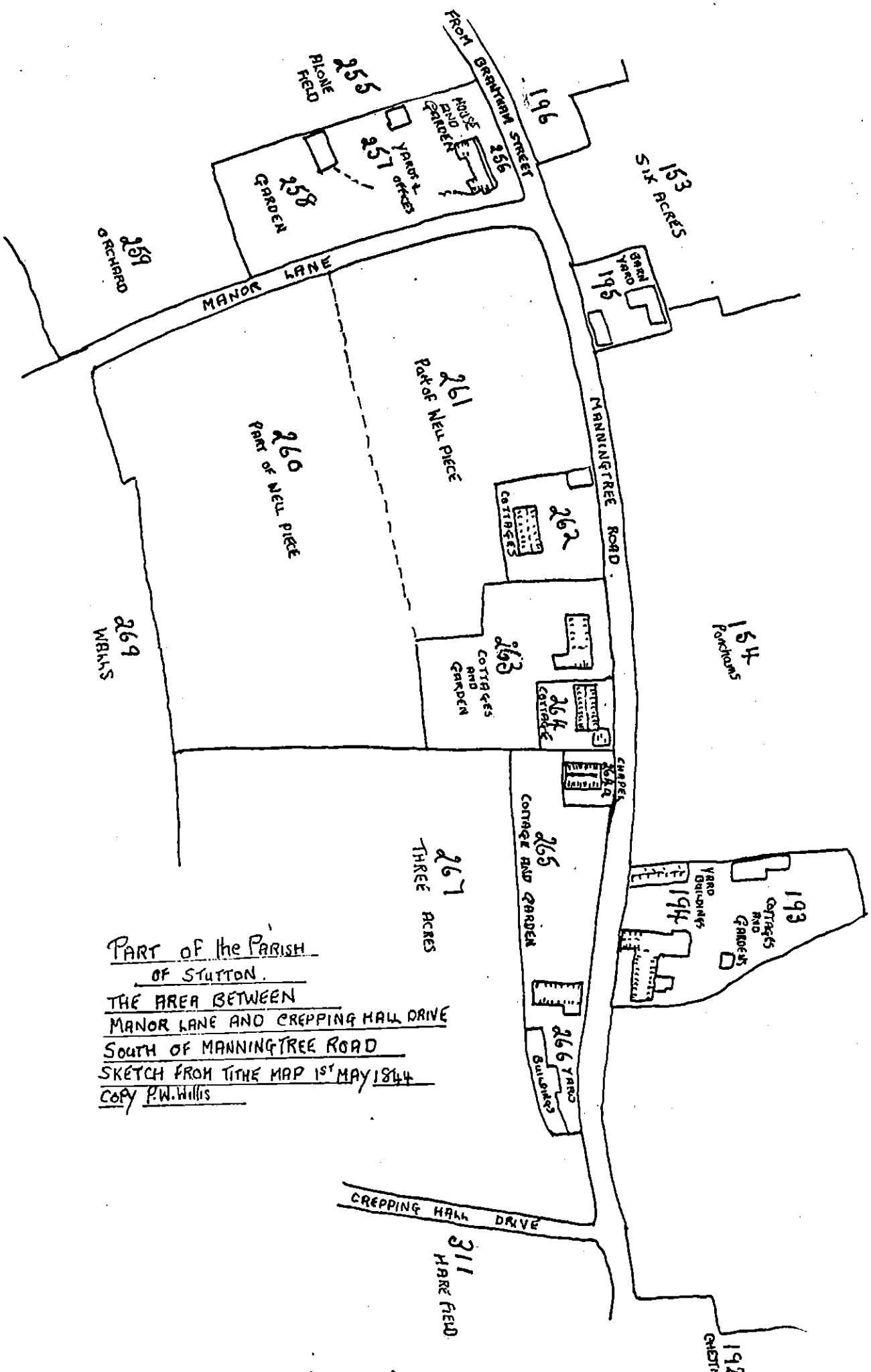
1861 The present Chapel was built for a little over £370, seating about 200.

1841-1991 At this time so much was not recorded but we celebrate the 150 years forward into 1991 FELLOWSHIP.

It was the early pioneers who pointed the way and the work continues.

Philip W. Willis 1991





PART OF the PARISH OF STUTTON.
THE AREA BETWEEN MANOR LANE AND CREPPING HALL DRIVE SOUTH OF MANNINGTREE ROAD
SKETCH FROM TITHE MAP 1ST MAY 1844
COPY P.W. Willis

KEY (GUIDE) TO THE SKETCH FROM THE TITHE MAP 1844

		A.	R.	P.
193 194	Thomas Allsopp Owner and Occupier			38 10
153	Arable	5	3	7
195	Henry Bacon Hall Owner, occ. Joseph Button			12
256			1	17
257				25
258				39
259	Henry Bacon Hall Owner, occ. James McFarland		2	39
260	Pasture	2	3	4
261	Pasture	1	-	25
264	A. Benjamin King and Others Meeting House & Yard Occ. The Public			3
262	Henry Bacon Hall Owner, occ. James Alderton and others			20
154		13	1	38
255		7	3	1
267	Rebecca O'Mally, Owner, occ. Daniel Packard	2	2	37
269		14	2	27
311		11	3	22
263	Rebecca O'Mally, Owner, occ. John Southgate and others		1	31
265 266	Owner Occupier Isaac Webb			24 5

White's Directory 1944 describes:
Thomas Allsopp, Butcher Gideon Clarke, Shoemaker
Captain James McFarland R.N. of Stutton Lodge
Daniel Packard, Farmer and Chief Constable, of Crepping Hall

The Methodist Chapel Women's Fellowship

Celebrating its 150th Anniversary this year is Stutton Methodist Chapel, and celebrating its 50th Anniversary is the associated Women's Fellowship.

When Mrs. Kemp, of Lewis Lane, moved to Stutton from Tattingstone she enquired about a Women's Fellowship, and when she found there was no such thing, she took steps to start one. She has written this account:

"We commenced our Fellowship in 1941, with Sister Golder and Mrs. Cowles as leaders. We had a good number of members, averaging 30, over the years. In 1967 the names on the Register were:

Mrs. W. Smith
Mrs. S. Smith
Mrs. P. Willis
Mrs. A. Ace
Mrs. L. Ace
Mrs. B. Last
Mrs. Whittle
Miss S. Gladwell
Mrs. W. Bennett
Mrs. Smart
Mrs. Ridgewell
Mrs. L. White
Mrs. V. Scott
Mrs. E. Kemp
Mrs. Fenestane
Mrs. Vaughan
Mrs. Stanley
Mrs. O. Smith
Mrs. Dakin
Mrs. Brown
Mrs. Hatcher
Mrs. Burrows
Mrs. Richards

with others at various times including

Mrs. Munson
Mrs. Cowles
Mrs. Pepper
Mrs. Heffer
Mrs. C. Haste
Mrs. Townsend
Miss Golder
Mrs. Bromley
Mrs. Thaseter
Mrs. Billings
Mrs. Ramplin
Mrs. W. White
Mrs. Pooley
Mrs. J. Abbott
Mrs. Miller
Mrs. Grimwood
Mrs. Parvin
Mrs. Smart
Mrs. Robinson

Mrs. P. Willis was our faithful organist and we were all a happy fellowship, co-workers together, and that's the Christian spirit.

We were able to get good speakers, for which we were very thankful, who gave us the true message from the Word of God. We commence with Hymns and Prayers, and reading of the Scriptures, and then the Message, and lastly a Hymn, finishing with a cup of tea etc.

Over the years we had a Tuesday evening meeting, quite a good choir and singers, with Mr. Ace and Mr. Stanley and others, all very enjoyable. At that time the Chapel had a large Sunday School, Mr. Peter Willis being the Superintendent for many years, with Mrs. Vaughan helping, so the Chapel has been a great blessing I`m sure to many who have since been called home. Now that we are coming up to our 50 years we will still carry on God`s work, with His help.

We are thankful for all the Ministers over the years, and now with the Reverend Malcolm Sharrock our new Minister giving us Bible Studies in the Chapel on our Tuesday afternoon meetings."

Mrs. Kemp has herself spoken at meetings of Women`s Fellowships at Chantry, Bentley, Botesdale, Kemball Street, Heacham and Lowestoft.

As the Fellowship started during the war, its members gathered at Stutton Manor with other ladies from the village to work for the Red Cross, making various garments for the forces. Once a week, during 1942 to 43, the ladies spent the afternoon making mittens for Poland, khaki socks, face flannels, pyjamas, bed-jackets, black shawls for Poland and shirts for prisoners of war. In 1942 Dr. Crosby came from Holbrook to give lectures on first aid. In later years, the ladies of the Fellowship have made blankets for St. Mary`s Hospital, and baby and other clothes for the London City Mission, and other missionary organisations. From her own personal records Mrs. Kemp can compare prices in 1943 with those of today: 2 dozen nappies then cost £1 8s 0d; a pram £7 15s 0d; its canopy 15s 6d; a cot and mattress £3 2s 8d.

She has passed on a recipe for cough mixture:

Take and mix equal parts of glycerine, ipececuana wine and syrup of squills

and one for Ginger Wine:

4 drams essence of ginger
2 drams essence of cayenne
1 lb burnt sugar
3 lbs granulated sugar
5 pints of boiling water

When almost cold add 3/4 oz. tartaric acid, then stir well and bottle.

Today, as well as knitting vests for Oxfam and baby clothes for the Polish family supported by St. Peter`s Church, the Fellowship still maintains its regular meetings with hymns, prayer and a speaker. Long may it continue!

Mrs. Kemp`s own records.

Women's Fellowship

Methodist Sunday School Teas

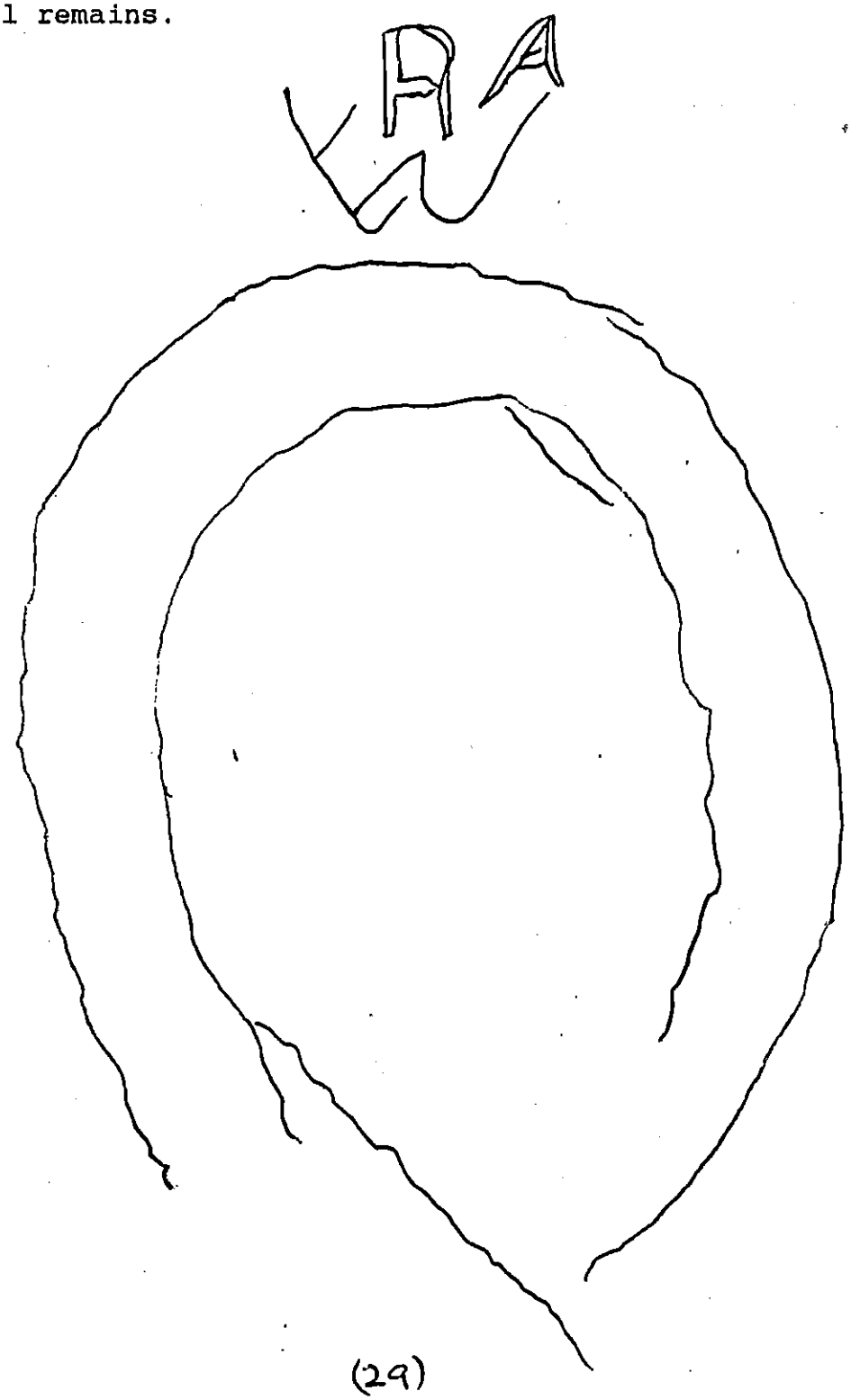
STRANGE MARKINGS

The house now called Quarhams, once known as Church Farm, is one of the oldest surviving ones in Stutton. Situated next to the Church, it is even possible that it was the village's earliest Rectory, for we know only that Tobias Rustat built or re-built the house opposite, now Stutton House in 1748 and the structure of Quarhams is obviously earlier.

The barn which stands at right angles to the house has recently been restored: its slate roof re-placed with tiles, its wooden sides re-furbished, and its great doors replaced. It has an interesting history - during the last century, when Thomas Mills owned Church Farm, it provided shelter for the teas enjoyed by school children during their annual treat given by the Rector, and for the other meals on special occasions by the adults in the village. During part of this century, when Quarhams was rented out, the barn was once used as an artist's studio, and village gossip has it that the large window exposed on its east side during the recent renovation (and covered up again) had to be covered at that time to conceal what was considered to be a too advanced form of art - paintings in the nude! Until only a couple of years ago the barn was the jaunt of a family of barn owls who could be seen and heard on dusky summer evenings.

About a year ago, Philip Willis pointed out some strange markings on the small side door, and there was natural concern that the door might be removed or destroyed during the renovations. Mrs. Parham, the owner, assured the Group that the door would not suffer, although she had not herself known about the markings, but your Secretary, with her knowledge, took some impressions:

The marks appear to have been gouged out in some way: the horse-shoe marks are not impressions as though horses shoes had been nailed on to the door; rather they, and the other marks, have almost been carved. There are no dates, but there are two clues: the style of horse is exactly the same as that on the earliest known map of the village, the 17th century one of the manor of Argents; while the style of lettering is exactly the same as marks found on the woodwork of one of the village's earliest houses - the 14th century part of "Utopia", on the Manningtree Road.

The door itself ? it <u>was</u> removed, and discovered under a pile of rubbish by your Secretary, who persuaded the builders to stand it well inside the main part of the barn, where, hopefully, it still remains.

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