



STUTTON  
LOCAL HISTORY  
GROUP

---

JOURNAL No.14

April 1996

Greetings,

Time passes by, and each new day sees a change which many of us are too busy to notice as we carry out our daily tasks.

Most of us collect something or other, and often these items become mislaid, maybe for months. They can turn up again in the most unusual of places. Slips of paper you have been looking for may return with a borrowed book lent to a friend. Many mislaid items have sentimental value and bring back memories to gladden our hearts.

I carry a camera with me, photography is a hobby I enjoy, and it allows me to keep a record of my memories.

This year as I walk around Alton Water, I see it in a new light. I have watched it change from a green and tranquil valley into the present stretch of water, which ripples in the breeze. I then ask myself the question - did the valley look similar to this in the distant past, when maybe the tide from the Stour reached this far inland ?

The early settlement of Stutton is veiled in the mists of the past. I wonder how much has been lost to coastal erosion, the Church did not always stand alone. This gives food for much thought.

Best Wishes. Philip W. Willis. Chairman. 1996.

\*\*\*\*\*

Officers 1996 :

Chairman.	Mr. Philip Willis.
Secretary.	Mr. Peter Hosking.
Treasurer & Editor.	Mr. Vic Scott.
Membership Secretary.	Mrs. Margaret Scott.
Committee.	Mr. & Mrs. W. Simpson.
	Mrs. P. Hosking.
	Mrs. J. Cook.

\*\*\*\*\*

Note From the Editor.

I would like to thank all the people who have been kind enough to take time to write articles for this Journal, their efforts are greatly appreciated.

This issue is mainly taken up with memories of Stutton, written by people who have at one time lived or stayed in the village, and we are especially fortunate in having the very interesting history of Stutton, and in particular the history of Stutton Hall and the Fison family, which was written by Diana Collins, widow of the late Canon Collins.

I am always in need of articles for future issues, and will be pleased to receive them at any time, whatever their length. Comments on this and previous issues will also be welcome, so please members, let me have your memories and anecdotes to include in the next issue, before they are lost for ever.

Vic Scott.

\*\*\*\*\*

CONTENTS.

	page.
A Short History of a Stutton Family.....	1.
More Village Deeds.....	2.
Tattingstone Hall Farm.....	7.
18th. Century Suffolk Artist.....	8.
Childhood Memories.....	9.
"Thursday Morning".....	13.
"Looking Back".....	14.
Holder of Manor of Crepping Hall.....	15.
Stutton's Coal Mine ! .....	17.
Note on the Mills Family.....	18.
Stutton Hall and Stutton - Memories and Reflections.....	19.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A Short History of a Stutton Family.

Our maternal grandparents, William Alexander Cooke of London, and Ocella Jarrod of Chelmondiston, were married at St Andrews, Chelmondiston in 1904. Our mother Phylis Ocella Lucy was born when they were in service at Oxney Hall in Kent in 1905.

Soon after, they moved to service at Copdock House where she was cook and he was groom/coachman. When he drove the family out in the brougham he wore a livery. Black topper, black coat with crested buttons and a black and white striped waistcoat.

When they left service, and my mother was four years old, they took over the Gardener's Arms, Stutton for Steward and Patterson. Grandfather was a beer seller, not licenced to sell spirits.

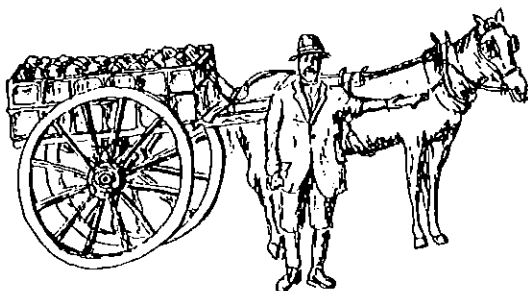
They left the pub in 1926 to live in Watery Lane (Alton Lane). Grandfather died in 1932 and grandmother in 1923. They are buried in Stutton churchyard not far from Findley Baker.

Our mother attended Stutton school and was caretaker there for over twenty years. She died in 1991.

Our paternal grandparents, Elijah Southgate and Rose White of Tattingsstone were married at St. Marys, Tattingsstone in 1858. They lived at 3 Ivy Cottage, now for some reason renamed "Folly Cottage". Father, George Alfred was born here in 1874, one of eight surviving children. He died in 1949 and is buried in Stutton churchyard near our grandparents.

Our uncle, Edward Southgate lived at 3 Ivy Cottage all his life, and rented the corner of the field known as Gt. Wiles's, on the Tattingsstone side.

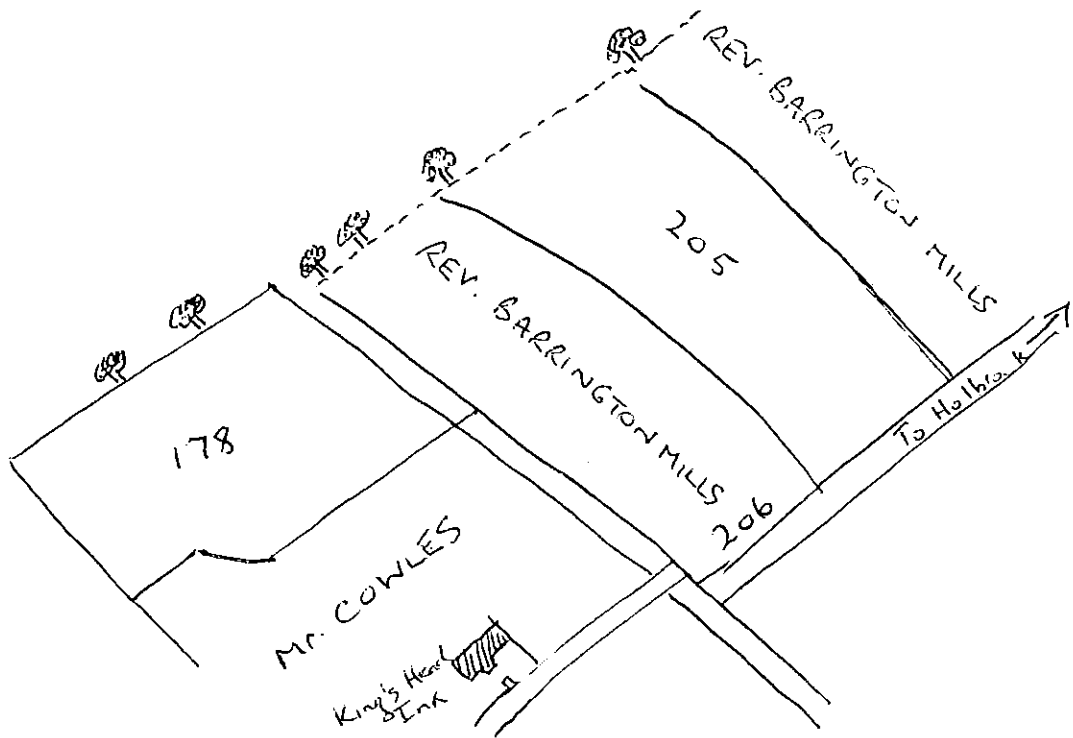
D. Church and R. Palmer.



MORE VILLAGE DEEDS.

Some of you may have seen at the Local History Day in the Community Hall last September, a bundle of deeds belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Daniels, who live at "Homelea" on the Holbrook Road. With their kind permission, closer reading reveals, not only information about previous ownership of the land on which their house was built, and of the surrounding land, but an interesting glimpse into the family life and finances of previous owners of Alton Hall and Tattingstone Place. These deeds also provide proof of the existence of the Manor of Holbrook as late as the 1840s, and give names of previous owners of all the places mentioned. Quite a find!

The straightforward documents give the title, or in other words, prove the right, of the owners in 1897 to be able to sell the land in question to Mr. Richard Gladwell of Stutton, described as "Carpenter and Innkeeper", whom we have encountered before in issues of this Journal as the then proprietor of the Kings Head, and whose family still live in the village. The land was the plot marked "205" below:



The venders are named as being Sir Thomas Charles Callis Western, of Sunny Bank, Teddington in the County of Middlesex; William Charles Western, of No. 33 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington in the County of London, a retired Lt. Colonel in Her Majesty's Army; and Caroline Western of No. 20 Eaton Terrace in the County of London, Spinster, all of whom were legatees under the will of Sir Thomas Sutton Western of Felix Hall in the County of Essex, who had himself inherited the land from J.B. Western who had bought it as part of what he called the Alton Hall Estate at auction in 1844 for £18,820.

Mr. Gladwell paid £280 for the plot, described as "All that piece or parcel of arable land containing by then recent admeasurement 7 acres, 3 rods, 8p (perches), situate in the parish of Stutton as the same was then in occupation of William Clarke as yearly tenant and was bounded on the N. by land then recently purchased by Roger Kerrison Esq., on the E & W by land the property of the Reverend Barrington Mills & on the S by the Road leading from Stutton to Holbrook".

All these names should be familiar to us : Roger Kerrison lived in Tattlingstone; The Reverend Barrington Mills was the son of Thomas Mills, who built Stutton School and who has been mentioned many times in earlier numbers of this Journal, while the Westerns appear in Stutton records of both Church and village.

"Homelea" was built on part of the 7 acres Richard Gladwell bought in 1897, for the plot as a whole encompasses one side of what is now Larksfield Road, and extends back from the Holbrook Road at least as far as the end of Larksfield, as can be seen from the plan. The extra documents forming part of this bundle, however, detail the ownership, not only of this plot, but also of most of the land which formed what are now Alton Hall, Tattlingstone Place, Stutton Mill and the Manor of Tattlingstone. The actual dwellings of Alton Hall, Alton Mill and Tattlingstone Hall are all swallowed up by Alton Water, but here in these deeds is recorded ownership and descent of ownership dating right back to the 17th. century.

The first name mentioned is that of James Sewell, Gent. who was High Sheriff of Suffolk in the mid 1700s, and whose family is recorded in our Parish Registers from 1694. By his third marriage, James had a daughter, Elizabeth, who in 1794 married in St. Peter's Church, Stutton, one William Deane of Erwarton, and after her father's death in 1806, Elizabeth inherited -

"The manor house of Alton Hall, alias Alpheton Hall, formerly in the occupation of John Sparrow, Gent, then Abraham Cole, then Walter Keeble, then James Sewell, 269 acres in the parishes of Stutton, Tattlingstone and Holbrook, also elsewhere (formerly the estate of Samuel Lucas, Esquire).

Also the house etc. in Stutton in the tenure or occupation of Daniel Wiles, also lands and water mill etc. previously occupied by David Ellingford, then Henry Whitmore, then William Deane, and William Crouch.

Also land in Stutton known as Level Down, Half Acre Piece & Watery Way Piece 7 acres 1 rod 0 perches occupied by Edward Bentley, then James Sewell, then William Deane, abutting to N. land belonging to James Sewell & E. by the river or brook running from Tattlingstone to Stutton on S, upon road leading from a house owned by Edward Bentley leading to Stutton Street on W. and were part of the estate purchased by Thomas White from Jonathan Bass Gent. and then purchased by James Sewell.

Also land in Holbrook called Woodfield next to Hales Grove, and other lands in Tattlingstone.

Meadland 1 acre next to the river, next to lands of Mr. Mills."

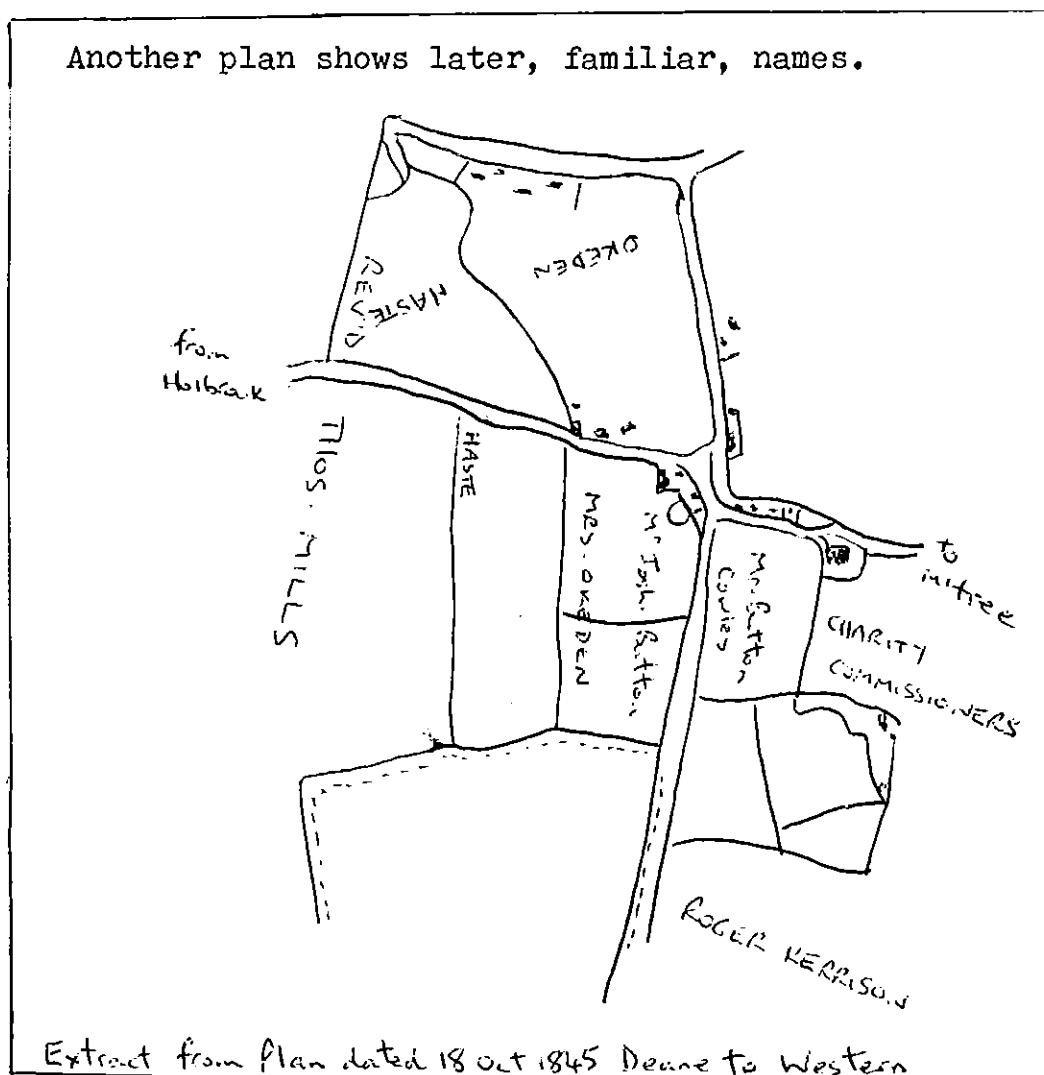
This made Elizabeth quite an heiress, but think what a great deal of information about land ownership locally is contained in that description ! Again the names are familiar : John Sparrow - Sparrow's House (The Ancient House in Ipswich) ; the water mill - Stutton's Mill, now re-erected at The Museum of Rural Life in Stowmarket; Watery Way Piece - was this Watery Lane, now so sadly called Alton Hall Lane ?; Thomas White, who built The Wonder at Tattlingstone so that he could look out of his window at Tattlingstone Place and see a Church; Land of Mr. Mills - father of our Reverend Thomas Mills, who played such a prominent part in the life of Stutton in the 1800s. There are monuments and tombs and mementoes in Stutton Church of the Sewell, Deane and Western families, as well as the Mills family.

Elizabeth and William Deane had a large family, all baptised in Stutton Church; William, Charles, Henry, Edward, Mary, Rose, Sarah, Charlotte and Louise, who shared the estate when Elizabeth died in 1840.

The papers relating to this inheritance state specifically

that "at a Court held for the Manor of Holbrook on 24th September 1840, Edward Deane was admitted tenant of all the copyhold lands in Holbrook formerly belonging to the estate of Robert Glenfield", thus showing that the Manor of Holbrook was still functioning as such, holding Courts, even as late as this.

William Deane died in 1844, and the estate was sold for £18,820 to Thomas Burch Western, described as "of Tattingstone Place", presumably as a tenant of the Deane family, and with some of the land being shared with Thomas Sutton Western, presumably his son, or brother, also of Tattingstone Place. Each of the Deane children received £2,290 from the sale.



Now starts an interesting saga, for Thomas Western seems to have used this land and houses as surety for a series of loans which he was eventually unable to pay back, and for which his heirs became bankrupt in 1883. The route to bankruptcy is an interesting one! By 1864 Thomas Burch Western had become a baronet, and when he died in 1874 he left his estate to his son, Thomas Sutton Western.



This son died shortly afterwards, in 1877, leaving the estate to his son, Thomas Charles Callis Western, who continued the borrowing. By 1883, when he was declared bankrupt, he had married a Miss Elizabeth Ellen Newton, and owned property called Felix Hall, in Essex. In 1885, however, his son, Edward Young Western, redeemed his father's debts, paid all that was owing, thus enabling his father still to be one of the owners who sold the land in Stutton to Richard Gladwell. By now Sir Thomas Charles Callis Western was living in Teddington.

This sequence of deaths and inheritances provoked the Inland Revenue to assess the estates for death duties - yes, there were death duties levied as early as this! In 1874, after Thomas Sutton Western died, the Inland Revenue Account assessed duty on the whole estate at £3,000 7s. 11d :

The Manor of Tattingsstone Hall	£13. 15s. 11d
The Mansion House called Tattingsstone Place	£310. 0s. 0d
Alton Hall Farm, in occupation of J. South	£650. 0s. 0d
Stutton Mill & land	£55. 0s. 0d

The amount for the Manor of Tattingsstone Hall seems very low. With various allowances deducted from the total, the heirs had to pay £18. 16s instalments until the full sum was paid. By 1878, when the next Western died, the amounts had risen :

The Manor of Tattingsstone Hall	£310. 0s. 0d
Alton Hall Farm	£666. 0s. 0d
Stutton Mill & land	£53. 0s. 0d

and this was paid in instalments of £27. 9s. 1d. The estate seems now to have been rented out, as details are given of the rents received. Tattingsstone Place was let at £450 per annum; Wallers Farm at £241 p.a.; Alton Hall Farm £680 p.a.; Stutton Mill and land at £50 p.a. There is at this time a reference to Alton Hall Farm being known as Deanes.

So a set of deeds for what is now one house in Stutton, can give us a great deal of information about a variety of properties, lives, and legal deals. Even the back of the documents yields information, for a memorandum on the reverse of one of these deeds states that part of the original purchase by Richard Gladwell was conveyed (sold) by him in October 1897 to Robert Haste, with yet another part sold in 1911 for £280, less a rate of £20 per acre for "that retained by Mrs. Gladwell in house and garden".

We are most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Daniels for being able to extract so much information from their deeds.

I.D.F.





ST. PETER, STUTTON.

18th. Century Suffolk Artist.

George Frost lived from 1744 to 1821, spending most of his life in Ipswich where he worked for a coaching company.

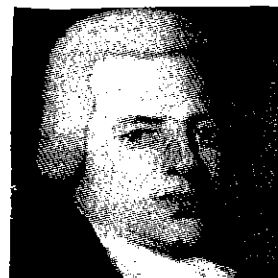
He was a well-known landscape artist and a close friend of John Constable, who lived at Flatford.

Most of his paintings were of Ipswich subjects, but he also painted the view of Stutton Church seen above.

There are several of his paintings in the Christchurch Mansion collection, although only one is currently on display.

Now we see that a new housing development near Christchurch Park, on the site of the old Ipswich High School for girls, is to be called "George Frost Close".

The new close leads off Constable Road and is near Gainsborough Road, and it seems appropriate that another local artist should be honoured in this way.



George Frost.

## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES.

The following letter was written to the editor by a lady living in Yoxford, and recalls her childhood holidays spent in Stutton, while staying at Orchard House.

10th. April 1994.

Dear Mr. Scott,

Thank you very much for your letter and the articles you wrote about Stutton, I found them very interesting and there are names there that ring bells with me. I really feel I should do the same thing about Yoxford, once the older folk have gone - especially in ones own family, there is no-one to ask.

I am pleased you knew Miss Cole also. My mother died when I was three, and I was brought up with the help of my Aunt Ida who's best friend was Gert Cole, hence she became my "Auntie Gert", and was a real sucker for small children. She "collected" them wherever she went. As well as her nephew Paul Fincham, her niece Joanne also had her holidays there. I kept in touch with "Auntie Gert" until her death. She moved to the "Orchards" at Raydon when she married Joe Dunningham, and after his death, spent the remainder of her days in a bungalow at Sproughton, near Ipswich. Paul was living at Shingle Street at the time of her death with Norman Scarfe - the Suffolk writer, but they now live at 3, Birkett Road, Woodbridge. I have no photographs of my days at Stutton, but perhaps Paul might have - if you ever need any, for your History projects.

I listened to the broadcast with John Eley from Stutton on Monday, and that also jogged my memory. I really don't think I have anything new for you to add to your 1995 Journal - you all seem to have it very well covered !! I can only write for you my very happy, carefree memories of childhood holidays spent at Stutton, (Probably through "rose coloured glasses" !!)

When my mother died I had to go and live at "The King's Head" Yoxford with my Grandparents and a maiden Aunt. Although I had a very happy childhood, it was always a very busy life, with not too much time for play, so to go on holiday for the first time in my life at the age of ten, and to stay there alone for two whole weeks was greeted with apprehension, but the minute I arrived by bus at "Orchard House" it was like stepping into another world. Auntie Gert always had time for us, she got us all involved in the work in the

house, so it didn't seem like work - just fun, and then she had more time for "play".

The main thing I remember about Orchard House was the flat roof in the front, which could be reached via sash windows from the bedrooms. We were not really supposed to play out there, but I particularly remember one incident when Paul's brother Joe arrived to spend the day with us - he was in the Army and came in uniform. He played hide and seek with us, and I hid on the flat roof, and when he found me, he closed the window and I was left stranded outside !

Facing the house, there were brick buildings, accessible from the garden, these housed farm wagons etc. I think Aunt Gert must have rented these buildings out to a farmer as we were not allowed to play in there. The trees in the orchard at the back of the house were great fun for climbing, swings and hammocks. I remember falling from the swing, bruising my arm and having my first introduction to TCP !! There were standard roses down each side of the path to the front door. One day a very upright soldier in uniform called at the house and asked Aunt Gert if she could possibly spare him a few roses. She picked some for him and was rewarded with a very smart salute, and he went on his way.

On one occasion us children organised a concert for the grown-ups, and Aunt Gert invited some of her friends. I remember plainly writing out the programme in green crayon with the heading saying PROGRAM, and had Aunt Gert whisper in my ear to add ME on the end as there was a school teacher among her friends, and it would be better if I got it right - was the teacher's name Esther ? (Yes ! she was Esther Barber and my teacher - Ed.) She did come from the local school - one good thing came of that, I've never forgotten how to spell programme ! (Could do with a few more lessons in spelling like that).

Opposite Orchard House were a pair of houses with the left hand one being occupied by a lady who could have been Mrs. Bennett. I had the impression this lady looked after her mother. She had very black hair - either cut short or tied back in a bun. For some unknown reason I was always in awe of this lady, and would never go over with a message unless one of the others came with me. I think she reminded me of a lady in Yoxford who was always very severe.

At the bottom left hand corner of the orchard was a gate which lead out onto allotments, a footpath through the middle of these was a short cut to Catchpole's Shop. I seem to remember there were

a few allotments on the right hand side of the path, and several more on the left hand side. On one of the right hand ones was grown a lot of cornflowers and a gentleman - who I think was Mr. Catchpole allowed me to pick some of these to take home to Aunt Gert. I seem to think he did odd jobs and gardening for Aunt Gert. We were allowed to go to Catchpole's shop on our own. I think it was almost daily to spend our pocket money. I remember it being small, wooden, and very dark and dull, and smelling of paraffin. There were usually two ladies in there. I remember Flo Catchpole very well - I always picture her wearing an overall or floral pinafore. The last day of one holiday I went there and bought a tie pin for 6d for my father as a present. There was another shop also where groceries were bought, but we didn't go there on our own. I seem to remember a van calling selling bread and also another van selling hardware.

Apart from trips by bus to Flatford Mill, and occasionally into Ipswich - where Paul's home was, the highlight of the holiday to me was the picnics spent down on the shore of the river Stour. Auntie Gert was a really marvellous cook - her sponge cakes melted in your mouth and "Scotch Eggs" - like TCP- were another "first" for me. We were all allowed to go in the kitchen and help prepare the picnic, each being responsible for carrying something besides our own clothes etc. The route we took was through a farm yard and I always had the impression this was not a public footpath, but we were allowed to go at the farmers discession. We all had to go quietly and walk in an orderly fashion. The journey to the shore didn't seem to take too long. and the journey at the end was a childs paradise - all those gnarled oak trees with their roots exposed. There seemed to be little bays of sand between each tree. If the tide was out there was mud and reeds between the sand and the water, so our picnics always had to be according to the tide. I remember looking over the river and seeing Barrage Balloons these must have been at Harwich as it was still wartime. We always hung on till the last moment before we made for home. I remember a thunderstorm once and we had to shelter under some of the tree roots which seemed like little caves to us children. The trek home at the end of the day seemed to take for ages for tired little legs, and although the food had been consumed, the bags seemed heavier than ever, but oh ! it was worth every minute !!

Well Mr. Scott, I had better put my "rose coloured glasses" back in their case. It's lovely to get them out though isn't it ? - with all the hassell there is in life today !!

I apologise for the scrawling writing and mistakes, but I have had several stops and starts in writing this and hope it makes sense to you, and I havn't got time at present to rewrite it. At least it proves to you that I have very happy memories of times spent in your village.

I expect like Yoxford - where I have lived all my life - you have seen lots of changes in Stutton - not always for the better, (It's all these foreigners !!!) but no-one can ever take away all those happy childhood thoughts.

With best wishes

Sincerely

(Mrs.) Janet E. Pearce.

P.S. As you can gather Auntie Gert was very special to me, and I have a constant reminder as my eldest son was born on her birthday - April 16th.

P.P.S. I note "Orchard House" is still going strong - a letter appears in the E.A.D.T. occasionally from the occupier. (The present occupier is Austin Farrar. Ed.)



ORCHARD HOUSE.

Y.S.

THURSDAY MORNING.

By D. Church.

I sat on the tumbled oak  
And watched the tide rush in.  
It roared.  
The noise filled all the corners of the air.  
Far out, under the cloudless autumn sky,  
There were diamonds sparkling on the water.  
Closer to my feet the waves curled  
Like liquid glass  
And deposited their cappuccino lace  
On the sand.

It reached it's limit.  
Quietly, with no hesitation,  
The undertow took over from the waves  
And began to draw away the water  
Leaving the beach washed clean  
Below the watermark  
As the water drained away, a quiet whispering  
Could be heard in the sand and pebbles,  
Desperate to finish their conversation  
Before they dried.



Stour. Stutton. '93



LOOKING BACK.

We met and married a long time ago,  
We worked long hours when wages were low.  
No TV, no wireless, no bath; times were hard,  
Just a cold water tap and a walk up the yard.  
No holidays abroad, no posh carpets on floors,  
But we'd got coal on the fire and we didn't lock doors.  
Our children arrived, no pill in those days,  
And we brought them all up without state aid.  
They were safe to go out and play in the park,  
Old folks could go for a walk after dark.  
No valium, no drugs, no LSD,  
We cured our ills with a good cup of tea.  
But if you were sick you were treated at once,  
Not "fill in that form" and come back in six months.  
No vandals, no muggings, there was nothing to rob,  
But we felt very rich with a couple of bob.  
People seemed happier in those far off days,  
Kinder and caring in so many ways.  
Milkmen and paper-boys would whistle and sing,  
And most were grateful for any small thing.  
We all got our share of trouble and strife,  
And just had to face it, that's the pattern of life.  
But now I'm alone I look back through the years,  
I don't think of the bad times, the trouble and tears.  
I remember the blessings, our house and our love,  
And we shared them together. I thank God above.

Author unknown - copied from a notice board in  
sheltered accommodation.

Holder of Manor of Crepping Hall - Stutton.

Crepping, Wm. de, 1275 to Walter Woolverston. Eliz. d 1420  
(will 1417) to dau. - Fulthorp.

Fulthorp, Thos. d 1428.

Wingfield Humphrey 1545 to John about 1680.

May, Geo. about 1800 to dau. Mary - Badeley.

Gill Badeley of Bath d 1815 to dau. Sophia 1839.

The Manor Property of Wm. de Crepping - died 1286. He claimed view of Frankpledge (direct, honest, promise, word of honour). Then Saier de Crepping seems to have held it of : Humphrey de Bohun Earl of Hereford.

And after this Walter de Creppinge.

Later Elizabeth Wolferston widow of Rafer had this Manor in her will 1417, she gave to Beatrice her daughter. Beatrice married Thomas Fulthrop. (see list of Rectors and Patrons inside St. Marys Church Tattingstone.

John de Vere 13th. Earl of Oxford was cousin and heir of Walter de Creppinge. And in 1437 had a grant of free warren (Davy seems to think he was Lord).

The Manor then seems to be vested in the Priory of Earls Colne in Essex.

On it's suppression it passed to the Crown by whom in 1537 it was granted to Humphrey Wingfield in tail. Humphrey Wingfield died on 23rd. Oct. 1545.

The Manor passed in the same course as the Manor of Brantham Hall to the time of John Wingfield who succeeded his father Humphrey in 1612.

The Manor was next vested in George May son of Nathaniel May of Stutton and Elizabeth his wife. George May married 9th. May 1734 Mary Chenery of Ipswich. George died 9th. Feb. 1764 at the age of 59 when the Manor passed to his daughter Mary married to Gill Badeley of Bath. Badeley died 26th. Nov. 1815, his widow survived and held the Manor until 30th. Aug. 1821, when the Manor devolved upon her unmarried daughter and co-heir Sophia Badeley who died a spinster in 1839.

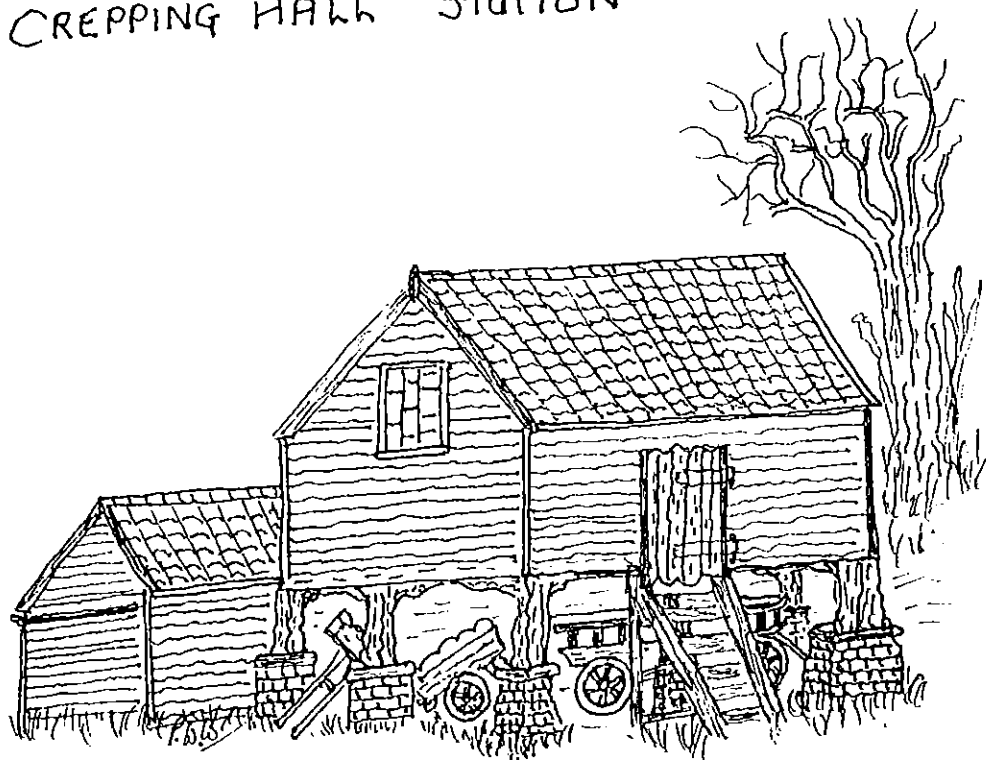
Taken from The Manors of Suffolk, Copinger Vol. VI.

Note : Crepping Hall was the property of William Isaac Graham in 1910.

Philip Willis.



CREPPING HALL STUTTON



OPEN CART SHED  
WITH GRANARY OVER



BRICK, TIMBER,  
AND THATCHED  
DOUBLE-BAY BARN.

Sketch made from memory of  
some of the Buildings that  
stood near the Green

Stutton local history Group made a  
visit to Crepping Hall on Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup> Aug 1991  
Walking round the Garden a lovely Evening.  
Philip W. Willis

## Stutton's Coal Mine !

Many of you will have heard mentioned, or read something about the drilling for coal at Stutton. The following information was taken from a lecture by W. Whitaker, B.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., given to the Geological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Ipswich in 1895. The lecture was entitled "Underground in Suffolk and it's Borders."

"Red Crag and Drift (River Gravel) occur plentifully in this area, and form the staple interest of East Anglian geology, but the object of this address is to carry you below the surface, and to point out how much knowledge of the geology of the county in which we meet has been advanced by workers in another field, by engineers and others in their search for water (and coal). This kind of evidence has chiefly accumulated since the meeting of the Association at Ipswich in 1851; for of the 476 Suffolk wells of which an account, with some geological information, has been published, only 68 were noticed before that year."

The address goes on to list wells drilled at Leiston, Southwold, and Woodbridge, and gives the various thicknesses of Red Crag and Drift encountered, with a great thickness of Chalk underneath. At Harwich the thickness of Chalk measured 890 feet.

It would appear that the boring undertaken at Stutton was one of a very few that went below the Chalk bed, and reached the Gault clay, which at Harwich was presumed to be between 50 and 60 feet thick. No Lower Greensand was found at Harwich or Stutton. The Gault thickness at Stutton measured  $49\frac{1}{2}$  feet, below which was Palaeozoic Rock, and although this was pierced to a depth of 350 feet, no fossils were found.

Much of the information and detail of the underground formations gathered is due to explorations for water, and the more valuable coal. In other areas where trial borings were carried out, coal was located at very great depth, notably at Dover. At the time of this address the speaker stated that he "could not say if the Stutton boring was a success or a failure as far as coal was concerned, but he was quite ready to accept the latter without being discouraged, and we should remember that every boring

is almost certain to give some knowledge that may help in future work.."

Well, as we know, coal was not found at Stutton and the trial boring was abandoned. If anyone is interested, both Philip Willis and Vic Scott have samples from the drilling cores.

Details of the boring at Stutton are listed below, and it will be seen that the total depth reached was 994 feet.

V.M.S.

*The Trial-boring at Stutton. By W. WHITAKER, F.R.S.*

This, the first attempt of the Eastern Counties Coal-boring Association, is in the low ground southward of Crepping Hall, and has been successful in reaching the base of the Cretaceous beds at the depth of 994 feet, and in proving that these are at once underlain by a much older rock. The Tertiary and Cretaceous beds passed through are as follows:—

	Feet
Drift (River Gravel) . . . . .	16
London Clay and Reading Beds . . . . .	64
Upper and Middle Chalk . . . . .	720
Lower Chalk, with very glauconitic marl at the base (almost a greensand) . . . . .	154½
Gault . . . . .	49½

Beneath this is Palaeozoic Rock, with a high dip, which has been pierced to the depth of over 350 feet.  
 The thickness of both Chalk and Gault is slightly less than at Harwich, and there is also a little less of the Tertiary beds.  
 A full account will be brought before the Geological Society.

\*\*\*\*\*

Note on the Mills Family.

When our Group visited Erwarton Church not so long ago, we were able to purchase copies of the Church history. One section listing the monuments and memorials was of special interest to us, for this stated that the monuments were so disfigured by endless coats of whitewash, that in 1824 Mrs. Ann Mills, wife of the rector of Stutton, was commissioned by the then rector, to supervise their cleaning and restoration.

Ann Mills was the first wife of the Reverend Thomas Mills, she died three years later in 1827, and is buried in St. Peter's Church Stutton.

\*\*\*\*\*

On August 13th. 1917 I was born at Stutton Hall, the home of my maternal grandparents, James and Lucy Fison. They had six children, Lorimer, Madeleine, Clavering, Vere (my mother), Sylvia (Tilly), and John.

My father Ian Elliot, on the outbreak of war, had enlisted in the Suffolk regiment with the three Fison brothers. All were fighting in France throughout.

I am told that on the evening of my arrival, a large silver object, a kind of aerial whale, was seen cruising up the river Stour, suspicious, but serenely beautiful in the evening light. It was, of course, a German Zeppelin, presumably heading for London.

After the war, though my parents lived in London, where my brother David was born in 1919, we children seem to have spent a great deal of our childhood with our spoiling grandparents at Stutton Hall. For us, the house, it's surrounding gardens, fields and woods, the tidal river Stour, with it's exciting shore-line and teeming birdlife, as well as the wilder marshlands to the west, all seemed as beautiful, romantic and magical as we could possibly imagine. Even now, some of that magic lingers. But before I get too carried away, here is a little history.

In 1543 Sir John Jermy purchased a tumbledown farmhouse cum hunting lodge with several surrounding farmlands, and a magnificent view of the Stour estuary. He set about building a house worthy of his social standing and evident wealth. So the humble building was elevated to Stutton Hall, standing grandly in the Stutton Hall estate.

The Hall was timber framed and plastered, with brick for three groups of ornamental chimney stacks and their buttresses. "The first requisite of an important Tudor gentleman's house was a stately entrance". This had to be on the north, since it was believed that illness or maybe devils, were inclined to enter houses by way of sunshine. So to the north is the attractive and interesting brick gatehouse, suggesting some of the fashionable early Renaissance influence. Visitors passed into a brick walled rectangular area along a modest avenue, said to have been lined with oak trees, and leading to the front door of the Hall.

In architectural language "the gatehouse has on top four honeycombed pinnacles with spiked onion tops, which are echoed at intervals round the battlemented walls"

A history of the Hall mentions "some very fine oaks and other trees extending from the house to the river". Bricks were mixed and kilned on the estate, brickearth was easily available from Stutton Ness by the river, and the kiln was sited in what is still called "Kiln Spinney", now home to the largest heronry in East Anglia.

Stutton Hall and the estate remained in the Jermy family for some 200 years, their family memorials are in Stutton church, and their coat of arms is carved and painted on the main fireplace in the house. After the departure of the Jermys, the house passed

to various owners, fell into disrepair, until, on July 12th.1887, the house and estate were bought by my grandfather, James Oliver Fison, for £10,000. However many noughts would we have to add to bring that in line with our inflated modern currency ? The estate was substantial, and presumably profitable with it's farms, houses and cottages. James was a shrewd business man.

As the Fison family grew up, the house became too small for them all, as well as for the customary retinue of living-in servants, so shortly before the first World War, James had a whole new wing added to the west end of the house. He took immense trouble to ensure that the new work should be in keeping with the original house, and the Tudor chimneys were faithfully copied in specially selected bricks. At the time James might have been considered very old fashioned in his determination to preserve and copy the original features. As well as in the way he furnished his home with, to our eyes beautiful antique furniture. Witness Crowe Hall, which around 1825, was transformed into a Gothic style edifice in keeping with fashionable romantic medievalism. Fashion has now swung back in favour of James Fison. No doubt it will change again.



*Gateway at Stutton Hall.*

The war of 1914 - 1917 devastated Stutton village as it did towns and villages all over Great Britain.

Lorimer Fison, the adored eldest son and heir to the family property, died from gas poisoning, Clavering, John and my father were wounded.

Some years ago my cousin Gay Strutt and I sorted through an old trunk full of family letters that had been discovered in one of the outhouses at Stutton Hall. Some of the most interesting are those written by the boys from the Western Front.

There is a letter from Clavering written to his uncle Herbert Fison, he wished to spare his mother any of the true horrors. This is an account of the defence of Ypres and Neuve Chappelle. Clavering, then a young Captain, describes how 30 wagon loads of supplies were dragged up to the front by horses. The brigade advanced under constant shelling, and passed "a continual stream of stretcher bearers carrying in the wounded". Clavering got his men up onto a ridge 250 yards from the German lines, and there the Colonel's orders were "to make a stand" (they must have been a sitting target). They were shelled continuously for the whole day, the slope in front of them "littered with dead and wounded, some 150 men". "Our brigade" wrote Clavering, went in 30,000 strong and came out just under 15,000, the 1st Indian Regiment went in with 11 officers and came out with one.

At 3 a.m. the exhausted men, having held the position and pushed the Germans back, were relieved. Clavering wrote "the trees are coming out, and things look more cheerful now. Through the night I heard one or two nightingales singing, they refreshed me more than anything else I believe. All the same I could still hear the guns going in the distance - rather a contrast".

Inside the Hall many original features survive, "A room over the hall wainscotted in contemporary chestnut or walnut, the stair - cases, fireplaces and decorative plasterwork on the ceilings, that in the drawing room being particularly beautiful".

The entrance to the house was conveniently moved to the south facing front, and at the back my grandparents made a beautiful and flower filled walled garden. The entrance hall had panelling of a later date, and here used to stand the Christmas tree. Somehow or other Father Christmas with his sack of toys would appear in the wide chimney place. I don't know how it was managed, but for a time it seemed entirely convincing to David and me.





*Stutton Hall: general view from the south.*

The new part of the house was where David and I with our Nanny, slept, ate and played. It was shut off from the front by a substantial green baize door, and here the servants also ate and slept. They were our great friends, especially the butler, Mr. Vinall who was endlessly kind and patient to children however much we pestered him.

Even after the war, this remained very much a Victorian household. Our grandfather regularly withdrew into his study, a room which the young Fisons, with the exception of Lorimer, hardly dared to enter. He was a typically stern father.

Our grandmother was a well of unfailing love and care, and as far as her grandchildren were concerned of doting indulgence, of which of course we took advantage. I was told, and soon saw for myself how much our grandmother was loved in the village, and the cottages that she used to visit. The Mother's Union, which she ran, was very popular, as was the yearly tea party in the walled garden. During the war, she personally sent parcels of Christmas goodies to every man from the village who was serving abroad.

When I was about five or six, nanny used to take us to visit some of her village friends. I remember a Mrs. Gildersleeves, a rather solid and impressive lady who produced wonderful cakes and

biscuits. With her Dutch name she lived appropriately in a Dutch style gabled house on the main street. She must have been a descendant of the Dutch Huguenots who fled from religious persecution in the 15th. and 16th. centuries, and settled in East Anglia. I wonder if there are any parish records ?

Then there was a small active lady, Mrs. Ling, who lived in one of the cottages by Manor Farm. Mrs. Ling did the laundry for the Hall. I look back in amazement as to how she could have managed it. There was no electricity or water laid on in the cottage. Mrs. Ling had a huge copper cauldron, under which a fire had to be lighted, and a mangle to wring out the clothes. Flat irons had to be heated, the clothes dried, and water fetched from somewhere. I think she had children to help, I remember Ivy Ling who worked at the Hall. Mrs. Ling was a widow, and no doubt was glad of the money, but it seems shaming when we look back at the grinding hard work and physical hardships of the poor. We have all grown soft.

Another favourite character was Miss. Catchpole (Catchie) who kept a small shop down Lower Street. David and I used to love to walk there with our nanny. Catchie had a round, rosy, cheerful face, and was very kind to children, always giving us extra sweets and goodies. It was such a dear, cosy little thatched cottage of a shop.

Church of course, played a considerable part in our lives. Mattins on Sunday morning, and Sunday School in the afternoon. We tried to skip mattins whenever we could, but we rather enjoyed Sunday School in the Mission Room next to the village school. We were escorted there by Mr. Vinall's daughter Ella. The school was run by Mrs. Spencer, the Rector's wife, and was rather a jolly affair. We sang well known hymns. One of my favourites, which nanny had taught me when I went to bed was "All things bright and beautiful" which contains the decidedly "politically incorrect" verse : "The Rich man in his castle, The Poor man at his gate, God made them high and lowly, And ordered their estate". Since God had decreed it, there was no need, it might even be wrong, to do anything to change the system for the benefit of the poor. There was of course, the duty of the charitable giving which my grandparents took seriously. I heard talk about the "deserving" and the "undeserving" poor, the former were to be assisted, but it wouldn't be a good idea to encourage the latter in their bad ways.

I understand that as the Mission Room was underused, the Church decided that it should be sold. It got into the hands of a bad lot who turned it into a drug factory. Is that a sign of the times ?

When I look back, I am amazed at the amount well off people ate. Early morning tea with slices of bread and butter, a substantial cooked breakfast, after mid morning tea and cakes, a substantial lunch, and even more substantial dinner.

There was plenty of outdoor exercise, walking, riding, shooting in season, swimming in the river, tennis, very popular with the Fisons. My mother at 18 won the all England Junior Tennis Singles, and later got into the last eight of the Women's Singles at Wimbledon. But in those early days, tennis was truly amateur. I remember too the mixed hockey matches played against neighbouring villages.

It was the great wide world of out of doors that enthralled David and me. My grandparents were passionate gardeners, and had laid out and planted beautiful gardens in which we could run wild. The orchards and fruit garden to the west of the house were a paradise for greedy children. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines, grapes, strawberries, raspberries, red, black and white currants, figs - my brother managed to eat some 50 of these one day without, as far as I remember suffering any dire consequences. Beyond was Home Farm, with three or four Jersey cows. We used to go and watch the milking, and be given mugs of fresh warm creamy milk - hygienists and dieticians would be appalled !

Further on was a large wood where we could watch those long departed red squirrels. Peacocks roamed the gardens, occasionally dropping their magnificent tail feathers, which we eagerly collected. They must have been some



St. Peter's Church, Stutton.

kind of status symbol, evidence of imperial grandeur when large portions of the world were coloured red.

It was the river and the shore that were our greatest pleasure. Picnics were a substantial affair, no self help there. The indefatigable Mr. Vinall and his footman would carry all the food and equipment, including a large kettle in which after building a fire, they would boil up water for tea.

We learned to swim in the river, we climbed about on the sandy cliffs, we collected shells and pebbles, and even winkles which we ate for tea off Nanny's hat pins. During the 1939 - 45 war there were exceptionally high tides that knocked down great chunks of the cliffs, and we found the fossilized bones bones of long extinct animals - mammals, tiger and the antler of a huge stag, as well as numerous bits. Some of our finds are now in the Ipswich Museum.

My best outdoor friend was a wonderful old man called John Brookes who did the hedging and ditching on the estate. I spent hours with him, there was nothing he did not know about nature, birds, animals, insects, wild flowers. He showed me rare nests and brought me rare eggs, caterpillars and wild flowers. He was not only a wonderfully observant nature lover, he was also one of nature's philosophers. As a rather precocious six or seven year old, I was fascinated by long discussions that seemed deep and philosophical to my childish mind, he was wise as well as knowledgeable. I really loved John Brookes.

Our mother and her brothers and sisters had been passionate collectors, and so were we. We collected birds eggs, butterflies and moths, and wild flowers, everything that is now forbidden. There were strict rules about birds nesting, always leave at least one egg in the nest, and it was deep disgrace to cause a bird to desert it's nest. The garden was full of nests, willow-warblers, chiff chaffs, willow-wrens, chaffinches, bullfinches, flycatchers, lots of all species including the intricately decorated nests of the longtailed tits - linettes, hedge sparrows, pied wagtails, much favoured by cuckoos, we found several of their eggs. Further afield towards the river were nightingales and a mass of other wilder small birds. So many nightingales sang at nights, they could keep us awake. On ploughed fields we found plovers eggs, and in the marshes on the western boundry of the estate there were all kinds of new birds - sedge-warblers and reed buntings with their little nests cleverly strung between three or four tall reeds. This list is by no means inclusive, in fact it is hard not to turn this into a lamment for so much that has disappeared.

Spring was for the bird's nests, summer and early autumn for the butterflies and moths. Among the family letters that Gay and I sorted, was one from six year old Lorimer to his parents on holiday in Switzerland. Our grandfather was one of the early British mountaineers, and granny was also a keen butterfly and moth collector, and in large childish handwriting Lorie wrote - "Annie has caught a Camberwell Beauty in the boot house". You can almost feel the excitement of that little letter - "must tell mother and father at once". For the uninitiated the Camberwell Beauty even then was one of the rarest of British butterflies, and is now extinct in the British Isles.

David and I never caught anything as exciting as that, but there was one glorious summer when legions of migrant Clouded Yellow butterflies descended on a large clover field. David and I spent every day in it, rushing backwards and forwards with our butterfly nets and collecting jars. We caught all kinds of rare varieties, as well as the much prized pale Clouded Yellows. To our great disgust our grandmother insisted upon giving some of our precious catches to a visiting entomologist, then Bishop of Ipswich - That really put me off Bishops !

We trapped a number of moths by smearing tree trunks with a mixture of beer and sugar, and then sallying forth with our torches to collect the unfortunate inebriated insects. I am afraid they were quickly and mercifully despatched and ended up being "set" and pinned in rows in our collecting cabinet. I couldn't and wouldn't want to do anything like that now.

Time in this idyllic period passed all too quickly. Our mother died of double pneumonia in 1925. Soon after that, the last Fison left at home, Aunt Tilly, got married. Stutton Hall was too large and sad and lonely for granny on her own, so the Hall was let, and Little Hall was built, on what was unpromisingly called "Stony Field", but it did have a marvellous view of the river. Here David and I lived with granny until 1939, when I got married and David went off to become a soldier. We were desolate at leaving Stutton Hall to strangers, but we did settle at Little Hall.

That first spring there were five nightingales nests in the bramble and nettle filled ditch that ran along the garden boundry. Here, in spite of the unpromising terrain, my green-fingered grandmother created another lovely flower filled garden, and planted many of the same fruit trees which we were able to enjoy as they matured.



THE RIVER STOUR FROM THE HALL.

Uncle Clavering and his wife Aunt Evelyn moved into Stutton Hall when the lease ran out, and after a year or two of war, with my husband away as an R.A.F. Chaplain, and David away on military duties, and my father and family in America, Clavering and Evelyn kindly offered me a home at Stutton Hall for the duration. Granny's memory was sadly failing by then and she soon began to need nursing care as well as a housekeeper.

Stutton Hall was full of refugees from London and our relatives displaced by the war. At one time Evelyn held 22 ration books.

Now instead of the quiet Zeppelins we had far more threatening and noisy bombers flying up the river to London. A land mine exploded close enough to destroy one of the original Tudor chimneys. Like his father before him Clavering took the greatest trouble to have the chimney restored, so that it now looks just like the original.

One of the temporary residents was Aunt Evelyn's sister-in-law Nancy Bland, and her son James was born there in 1942, three weeks before our son Andrew, so they grew up almost as brothers, and Nancy and I became close friends.

One evening two rather senior Army officers arrived and spent some time conferring with Uncle Clavering. This was a period when a German invasion remained a real possibility, so contingency plans had to be made. It was probable that the invasion would be launched from Holland upon the East Coast, and German armies would be likely to overrun several miles inland, and that would include Stutton.

It was necessary to recruit people who could collect and transmit information about the whereabouts, number and movements of German troops, and Stutton Hall might well appear to be an ideal German Headquarters. No good recruiting someone like Uncle Clavering, he would probably be detained anyway. What about Nancy Bland and me ?

We would be trained to send out and receive coded messages. We were told that if discovered we would be treated as spies, probably tortured and shot. I felt rather heroic in agreeing to be recruited, like joining a "mum's army"! I was really annoyed to be told that I would have to have my husband's permission. However, we both agreed, and were accepted, and a secret wireless transmitter was installed in an old shepherd's hut that stood by the woods on the edge of what is now the football and cricket field.

We learned our codes and took most careful precautions to avoid being seen entering the hut, we sent off our messages and were told when to attend to receive further instructions. Despite all our efforts at secrecy, Aunt Evelyn assured us that everyone in the village knew that there were strange goings on in that hut.

I rather hoped that I might meet with some wounded German who had to bale out of an aeroplane, so I could send a genuine live message without incurring any danger. Nothing like that happened and there was no invasion for which I was devoutly thankful. I would have been very frightened, and although I quite fancied myself as a heroine of the Resistance, I wouldn't have been at all heroic.

1944 was a sad year. Nancy Bland's brother Dick and my brother David were killed in Italy within three weeks of each other, and we all lost friends and family connections. The Doodlebugs and then the V2's began to arrive rather unpleasantly. Four year old Andrew and James used to play "Dooglebugs" in the drawing room emitting loud siren wails and then rushing for cover under the grand piano. They thought it all great fun.

So this begins and ends with war, human history that tragically goes on repeating it'self. When will we ever learn ?

Family patterns go on repeating themselves as well. As Clavering and Evelyn grew old. they moved back into the smaller Crepping Hall that had been their first married home. Their daughter Gay and her husband Peter Strutt and their family moved into Stutton Hall. Now Gay and Peter have created and moved into the Garden House, in the Stutton Hall fruit and vegetable garden, and their son Henry and his wife and family have moved into Stutton Hall. I wonder if the Fison occupation will ever rival the 200 years of the Jermy family ?

\*\*\*\*\*