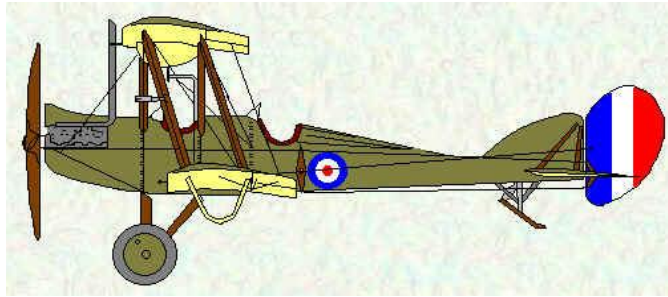


# Stutton Local History Journal



No 30  
2014

## Editor's preface

Welcome to the Local History Journal for 2014. It has been enormous fun drawing together the material for this issue, not least because so many of the articles have not been static but have had additions and refinings as more information became available to the authors.

Of course, that is part of the joy of local history research or indeed any research: the task is never completed and even the facts unearthed can be viewed in all sorts of ways, depending on how you present them, tweak them, emphasise them and your underlying purpose in presenting them. A topical issue is of course this year about just how the first of the major world wars started.

A major part of this journal features items to do with WW1 and we have more in the pipeline to tease out over the next 4 years. Mary Boyton has taken on a gargantuan task of retyping the journal that she introduces on page 2 and this will be uploaded onto our website over the next few months. Do please look at it from time to time. You can be sure that others are, from knowledge of the queries we receive from the general public. Our grateful thanks must go out to the late Greta Gladwell for donating such interesting material to the village. Do you have anything lurking in your attic or under the bed?

Nigel Banham has used and developed the research that Chris Moss undertook for the flying field in Stutton, and has also helped those of us who aren't experts in any sort of planes, never mind WW1 fighter planes, to understand the intricacies of their development. He has also helped with background to the way the Royal Horse Artillery worked during WW1. And he and Mary Boyton are still debating the exact nature of the photograph on page 26 which appears to show a Christmas party probably when the Non-commissioned officers served the other ranks but when, where and who are the faces peering out to us from the decorations?

We haven't forgotten our on-going aim of recording the lives of those who have lived or been associated with the village over the years. This time, we skip to the time after the Second World War when National service was still in operation and hear from Victor Scott his experience serving in the Royal Air Force.

Nor have we forgotten more domestic items like why your house was named as it is, or how domestic houses also once were bases for small businesses, now long gone. Let your articles continue to flow!

*Paul Simmons*

<http://stuttonlocalhistoryresearchgroup.wordpress.com>



## George Henry Gladwell 1894 – 1965

*Mary Boyton*

*Two large volumes of bound typewritten notes about one man's war experiences and thoughts in World War I, along with family birth, marriage and death certificates were passed to the Group at the request of the late Mrs Greta Gladwell in 2013. Included amongst these documents were the remains of a shattered small pocket bible that was kept on active service in the pocket of the author of these papers, George Gladwell, whose life was saved as the bullet deflected to his arm. He had survived almost all of the war unscathed but his injuries meant that he was transported from the Front just two months before the Armistice and spent several months recovering in hospital. Despite a horrific injury, he recovered and lived to the age of 71. He obviously hoped that his lengthy manuscripts would be published as a book at some stage, but only a small proportion of the detailed history has been included in this précis. The first page contains the author's signature with an address 352 West 15th Avenue, New York USA, and how he got there will be apparent at the end of his story. He called his work Scaling the Heights in War and Love.*

George was born on 11 April 1894 and was baptised in the same year. His parents, Richard and Elizabeth Gladwell (*née* Keeble) were married in 1890 and went on to have 11 children. They ran the King's Head pub in Stutton. George was the eldest brother of Frederick, the present Richard Gladwell's father. Bonar Gladwell was the youngest sibling and later he lived in Manningtree Road at *White Gate* (subsequently rebuilt and renamed *Lawlings*) opposite the King's Head. After the First World War, George and his wife Marthe made their home in New York from 1923, but they came across by sea for four holidays during the 1930s and 50s and stayed with Bonar at his house.

George Gladwell was a serving soldier in the 29th Brigade of the Royal Field Artillery (RFA) which at the start of the war had 3 batteries; the 125th, 126th and the 127th (George's), each comprising 6, 18 pounder guns. There would have been about 800 men in the brigade, including officers, and they were attached to the 4th Infantry division.

He stayed with this unit throughout his service until wounded in 1918, completing the war as a corporal and carrying out the roles of a horse minder and orderly to his battery Commanding Officer (CO). However, his primary fighting role was to work as part of the range-finding and gun direction team. The whole brigade was able to move at short

notice – all guns, ammunition and equipment wagons being horse drawn, so that as the infantry front line moved, its artillery support moved with it.

Although George's account covers the outbreak of War right up to the time he was wounded in 1918; this article is written to give a sample of this professional soldier's impressions of the first few months of the conflict, when the British army fought alone with our French allies on the Western Front. Full conscription did not come in until 1916 so until then, only regulars and volunteers were involved.

These extracts from his books are linked to a time-line of the beginning of the War.

#### **4 August 1914:    *The beginning of Britain's involvement in World War I***

George Gladwell was an RFA bombardier at the Artillery Gun Park at Shorncliffe near Cheriton in Kent on 4 August 1914. He relates that he was wheeling a wheelbarrow of oats and trusses of hay for the horses across the yard when one of his fellow soldiers shouted the news that war had been declared. He went immediately to buy a newspaper outside the barracks to confirm the news, and describes how there were no celebrations at the camp, just a quiet determination that it was the right thing to go to war and that each man would do his best to carry out what he considered his duty. Equally, *We knew that the Shroud of Death awaited many...*

Initially, he was sent to Yorkshire by train as there was an apparent threat to the northern coastline, and at every stage, the soldiers were showered with gifts and good wishes to speed them on their way.

Within a fortnight, they came south to Southampton and embarked for France overnight to join the British Expeditionary Force (BEF). Once again, the troops were fêted by those along the route in France with shouts of *Vive L'Angleterre!* However, once they got near to the Front they passed many wounded soldiers retreating from Mons.

"Sad tales were told by those discouraged ones who had already been in the fighting and who believed that our little army was about to be swept off the earth. Still, there was but one urge in us all and that was to go forward into the combat, even though the enemy may be in overwhelming force.

#### **26 August 1914        *Battle of Le Cateau near Mons***

At dawn, hastily harnessing up our horses at an urgent summons to action, we drove like madmen to a gun position behind the village of Ligny...from which position we could

cover the infantry brigades of our division. For some time we fired our guns for all we were worth”.

However, his first experience of fighting resulted in him getting separated from his unit in the chaos of retreat. *(Most of his narrative is written in the third person)*

“Under cover of the earlier menacing stillness, there had been prepared an assault that was terrific. Their guns were firing into us point-blank, and blanketed in powder, shrapnel and smoke, our confusion was desperate. We felt that every man was for himself and in all directions we scattered. The guns limbered up and set out to cross the field, one on this course, one on another. As many wounded men as possible were taken away. His fellow gunners mounted and made off and he tried to follow, but on faster horses they disappeared, leaving him behind and alone. Then behind the lone one appeared a dozen Uhlans\* – charging, coursing, chasing. Running into two French cuirassiers, they beckoned him to follow them. There was a spurring of horses to prevent being overtaken. Every glance behind revealed the Uhlans nearer, their lances closer. With burning steel threatening our necks as never before, the Frenchmen drew their sabres, and a frightened companion took up the right rein to his horse’s bit to bolt if possible from the cosmorama.*(sic)* At this point however, we turned a corner to pass a living sentry with his bayonet drawn. We had won the race, and inside the circle of guards there was safety.

One horse dropped to the ground exhausted. It had been one day’s taste of real war.”

*\*(probably Germans but possibly Prussians, as apparently all enemy cavalry units were called Uhlans by the British troops)*

It took him a couple of days to find his way back to his unit amongst the total mayhem and confusion, whereupon he was promptly arrested for desertion - but it was merely a formality apparently!

The BEF was forced to retreat after suffering 7,812 casualties and was regrouped at Meaux.

### **6 September 1914      *The First Battle of Marne***

This 4 day battle saw the Allies facing the German lines and gradually, village by village, the Germans were forced back in retreat.

“On the morning of 10 September no trace of grey could be found on our front.

The enemy had fled – disappeared. We drove forward, often preceding all in advance, searching out the foe. The Frenchmen, who were with us, were particularly active, darting here and there, clearing out the woods and copses. Villages and towns, filled with delighted French people, were being recovered. Many homes had been burnt out...Old enemy camp-grounds were passed, showing endless equipment and ammunition abandoned. The empty bottles lying about seemed to suggest that Fritz had not forgotten to care for his thirst when in occupation.....

The Army Service Corps kept the distributor of our rations supplied - usually we got our morning lump of cheese and biscuit. But we had difficulty in getting water for ourselves and our horses – only after it had been examined could it be used.”

### **19<sup>th</sup> October    *The First Battle of Ypres***

The Battery was ordered towards the River Aisne. After the surrender of Lille by the French, the Germans started fierce battles for control of the strategic higher-ground ridges from Messines to Passchendaele along the Allied Front. At one stage, there was an area of open ground between Chapelle d’Armentières and the trenches, covered by powerful searchlights at night. It was impossible to get the horses and ammunition wagons across this open ground to supply the guns....

“so the centre and wheel drivers shouldered the shells to enable the firing of the guns. It was dangerous work – the men tore into the dark or into the glare of the searchlights, into the smoke or through the barrage, towards the flashes. Time was precious – but while we served our guns, they were in action.”

**8 November:** “A spotter aircraft found their battery sheltering under the trees in the grounds of Armentières Asylum. A flare was dropped and almost immediately the first shell landed. At that moment, George Gladwell... was taking a bath in a large laundry-tub that he had found in one of the out-buildings. The second shell exploded on impact with the roof above him, crashing the whole thing in. Puffing and blowing against the blinding powder and the suffocating smoke, he fuddled (*sic*) for a second with the latch and was eventually out in the street, quite naked and quite unharmed.

The Farrier Sergeant darted through a hole and took a dive into the Asylum sewer; he had more on him than he wished for.

Jumping from one place to another, the walls were being toppled over like nine-pins as the projectiles arrived. Eventually a safe place was found by the bulk of us behind the main building.... When things grew normal, we searched for our clothes from among the

debris and got comfortably dressed again. In the bombardment, the poor horses that could not escape because of their being tied to the horse-lines, suffered most.

**12 November:** While superintending the running out of a telephone wire to the infantry, a sniper's bullet killed their much respected and popular officer, Lt Rupert Pilener (aged just 23).

We who were plain soldiers recognised our nothingness without leadership – in many a situation without it we would have, without doubt, run away. We claim that at all times, the example of Lt Pilener excited our common admiration and fired our desire to acquit ourselves worthily. ....Fitter Drake made a coffin of planks found near the morgue. Tears filled the eyes of the strongest of us as we glanced for a last time on that brave face; all hearts were borne down with sorrow at the loss of one so popular. Indeed, it was a real upset to us all.

### **Trenches**

By the end of November, the small dug-outs initially excavated by the troops to protect themselves had developed into a large trench formation along the entire Western Front.

The first-line trench was generally thinly held by men who were always on the alert, always ready to fight, always prepared to summon to the fray the bulk of their comrades in the second-line trench perhaps 50 or 100 yards behind. Between the second-line trench and the support trench there might come any number of other trenches, support posts, points for machine-guns, emplacements for bomb-throwers, protective cross-trenches, defence works, redoubts, caves and dug-outs. There had to be shelters for the men, store-places for the ammunition,....first aid stations for the wounded, command centres and observation posts. Dotted everywhere were sentries on duty.....casualties were frequent and men were mightily relieved when their sentry duties were over..... There was no consideration for slackness of any kind whilst on duty. A man might have had no sleep for days; on guard he had not to be tired....To sit down to rest or to doze would have been, not carelessness or negligence, but a crime.

Battalions occupied the line for three to seven days at a time generally. The men tried to sleep during the day as under the cover of night, the work of repairing broken trenches, making new excavations and roofing with iron and soil took place. Despite aeroplanes making frequent reconnaissance sorties, in daylight the aircrew would have seen very little activity and the trenches from above would have seemed unoccupied.

### **Christmas 1914    *The famous football match elsewhere on the Front***

Over all the adversities during the hard weeks the indomitable spirit of the soldiers triumphed. George's battery's first Christmas was spent at Nieppe.

Only a few horses had the shelter of a roof - almost all of them had to be at home on the open lines. And it was in a field near to those horses that we saw this Christmas in. The Major had bought a big fat pig for us.... and we sat on boxes or stood around singing, joking and merry-making as best we could, while the pork was cooked by the battery cooks. Our first war Christmas was remembered well for the glow of those flaming faggots and the pork and the beer provided. By the end of the winter, the British had taken over certain of the line previously held by the French, and were responsible for a front reaching from Givenchy in the south to Langemarck in the north.”

George then spent the next four years on various campaigns including the Somme, Ypres and Passchendaele, being in the thick of the battles (with three short periods of leave back home). Just two months before the end of the war when the fighting was at its height near Arras, he was injured. Shells were bursting all around them and as he was putting his water bottle back after giving a dying Canadian soldier a drink, a piece of shrapnel hit his chest. However, with his pocket bible safely in his breast pocket, it was deflected and his biceps was removed rather than his heart. (The tissue-like paper of the bible was fused into a solid mass by the heat of the metal). He was subsequently shipped back to England and spent several months recuperating in hospital pondering his future.

Back in the spring of 1915, George became Major Maturin's orderly and he regularly passed through the village of Brielen in Belgium *en route* to the Divisional HQ. Amongst the few villagers still there, a girl called Marthe caught his eye. She was a model of domesticity, a bright and capable girl and who along with her grandmother, Lucie, provided a brief “home from home” for the soldiers. They would supply coffee, clean clothes and maybe a chair by the fire, a welcome respite to the horrors of the battlefield. George was a reticent suitor but eventually was credited with “being in love” and they began to correspond. (Initially, this was achieved by giving their mail to soldiers passing to and from the front). Later in 1915, following the advice of the troops and a predicted over-run of the village, Marthe and her grandmother managed to leave Belgium and they emigrated to New York via Bordeaux. Despite keeping in touch for the duration, at the



end of the War George decided he had a higher calling and went to a theological college to study, telling Marthe that he couldn't marry her.

After two years he decided that, after all, perhaps he could, and luckily for him, she was still waiting for him. He went to New York in 1921 on the SS *Saxonia* and records show that Marthe R Assel was married to George Henry Gladwell on 27 October 1923 in Manhattan.

Both Marthe and George arrived in Southampton for a visit on 23 August 1930 when he was described on the Ship's passenger list as a "Clerk" plus Marthe was a "housewife". She was 3 years older than him, (born on 17 November 1880).

They came back again to Southampton on 29 September 1937, on the *Queen Mary* no less, where he was still described as a "Clerk"....and they gave their address in the UK as "White Gate, Stutton" – Bonar's house.

And then again, on 8 July 1952 they came back on the SS *United States* when they were 58 and 61, but this time he described himself as an "Operator" and was heading once more to White Gate. They both came back in 1959 on the SS *United States* in July for 2 months. We understand that Bonar corresponded with George regularly for many years until his death in Manhattan on 1 October 1965 aged 71. Marthe died in Manhattan 17 years later on 1 May 1982 aged 91.

Mary Boyton

Additional research by Catherine Kent and Nigel Banham



The Miraculous Bible



Fused pages – dent of the shrapnel



Grooming the horses in the lines



18 pound gun and crew at Armentières



The Field Artillery at the start of war

*To coincide with the anniversary of the outbreak of World War I, the first few chapters of his story will be available on our website: <http://stuttonlocalhistoryresearchgroup.wordpress.com>, and then further instalments will be uploaded over the following months.*

### **Royal Field Artillery**

RFA units operated medium artillery as close support for the infantry divisions of the British army. They were organised into brigades – usually three or four per division and comprised three or four batteries of guns. In George Gladwell's case 29th Brigade had three batteries at the start of the war; the 125th, 126th and the 127th, each comprising six 18 pounder guns. There would have been about 800 men in the brigade, including officers, and they were attached to the 4th Infantry division. He stayed with this unit throughout his service, until wounded in 1918, completing the war as a corporal and carrying out the roles of a horse minder and batman to his battery CO. However, his primary fighting role was to work as part of the range-finding and gun direction team. The whole brigade was able to move at short notice – all guns, ammunition and equipment wagons being horse drawn, so that as the infantry front line moved, its artillery support moved with it.

The key to success with artillery is accurate information and feedback in spotting for the guns. Before the first war and in the early phases, any high point or tower would be used to check and correct the fall of the shells, but later, tethered balloons and aircraft were used. In fact, the only parachutes used in air fighting in WW1 were used by those balloon crews, because they were in constant danger of being attacked by enemy aircraft and so needed to bale out quickly. The main danger to George and his comrades would be from the enemy artillery, so guns often needed to be dug in and camouflaged to try to conceal their positions and big artillery duels were common. In major attacks, artillery was used to lay down a creeping barrage, which moved forward in front of the infantry, to hopefully destroy the wire and the enemy positions in front of them. It was therefore vitally important that this was done very accurately, both in timing and position. Get that wrong and you either kill your own men or if you stop too soon, the enemy has time to come out of the deep dugout and re-man the line and machine guns.

The advent of the tank brought more mobility back to the battlefield later in the war but integrated and skilled use of artillery remained key to the eventual success of the allied armies in the final stages of the conflict.

*Nigel Banham*



Gun crew of an RFA 18 pounder battery prepare to open fire Near Meteren during the fighting for Hazebrouck. 13 April 1918.

Steel helmets were not issued until 1916

## **A Soldier of the Great War from Stutton.**

*Victor Scott*

The Battle of Mons in Belgium was the first major action of the British Expeditionary Force (BEF) in the first World War of 1914 - 1918. At Mons, the British Army attempted to hold the line of the Mons - Conde canal against the advancing German 1st Army. Although the British fought well and inflicted a great number of casualties on the greatly superior German forces, they were eventually forced to retreat due both to the greater strength of the German army and the sudden retreat of the French 5th Army, which exposed the British right flank. Originally planned as a simple tactical withdrawal and executed in good order, the British retreat from Mons lasted for two weeks and took the BEF to the outskirts of Paris before it counter-attacked with the French at the Battle of the Marne. During the retreat many British soldiers were killed and buried where they fell, among them was Private **Walter Stanley Bennett** from Stutton.

Walter's parents, Charlotte and Walter senior, were married in 1887 and Walter Stanley was born in 1890 at Brantham, Charlotte's home. Soon the family moved to Stutton, the home of Walter senior, and lived at 43 Manningtree Road; later they are recorded living in Stanton House which stayed in their family for many years. Stanton House was situated next to the Methodist Chapel and in recent years has been demolished and replaced by a modern building.

Little is known about Walter Stanley Bennett until he joined the Bedfordshire Regiment in 1907 at the age of 17. Already in the army when hostilities broke out in 1914, Walter would have been with some of the first to be shipped out to the front; and in August found himself involved in the Battle of Mons. A few miles from Mons is the village of Quaregnon, It was here on 24 August 1914 that Private Walter Stanley Bennett aged 24 of the Bedfordshire Regiment was killed and buried.

In October 2013, as Stutton History Recorder, I received an e-mail from Philippe Caudron, a history teacher at the college in Quaregnon, asking for confirmation that W S Bennett had come from Stutton, and also any knowledge of relations of his still in the village. There were eight British graves in his village from the Great War, and W S Bennett's had been identified. Philippe had been in touch with the Bedfordshire

Regiment and found that Private Bennett had come from Stutton, Nr Ipswich. I was able to confirm that Private Bennett's name was recorded on the war memorial in Stutton Church, and that his name was read out with others at the annual Remembrance Sunday Service. I also told him that Private Bennett's niece, Miss Margaret Bennett still lived in the village. Several e-mails passed between us, and it was while sending an e-mail that I thought to ask if a photo of the grave was available; ten minutes later the photograph of Private W S Bennett's present grave arrived.



Apparently in 1953 the British Embassy removed all the graves from Quaregnon and reburied them in a large War Grave Cemetery at Langemark, Belgium, in Flanders Fields. I was able to give a copy of the photograph to Miss Bennett, who was delighted to find out where her uncle had been buried

. Recently I received from Philippe Caudron an invitation for myself and Miss Bennett to join the people of Quaregnon in November 2014 for their Great War Commemorations. As we are both in our 80s, we shall have to wait and see.

### **Others who died from Stutton in The Great War**

#### **Second Lieutenant E J Cutting**

an extract from an Obituary in the *East Anglian Daily Times* of 28 October 1918

“Second Lieutenant E. J. Cutting, who was killed in action on 9 October 1918, was the second son of Mr and Mrs William Cutting of Stutton. He received a commission in the Royal Berkshire Regiment in March 1918, and went to France in May, and was slightly wounded on 22 July. He was killed on 9 October, whilst leading his men to take a machine-gun post.

Letters have been received from his Colonel and Captain assuring his parents that he was a keen and brave officer, having more thought for his men than for his own personal safety. His Captain writes: *He was always devoting part of his spare time in the improvement of the men's comfort, his first care was always for his platoon.*

Part of his Obituary from the Parish Magazine of November 1918  
written by Mrs St John of Stutton House.

“There is little that need to be told to the people of Stutton of the childhood and youth of Edward Cutting, for he grew up amongst them (his parents lived in Church Farm, now named Quarhams). For 18 years he worked at a bank in London, during which by his personality, as well as his capability, he made himself loved and looked up to by all with whom he worked.

Then came 1914. Rejected three times, yet he persevered in answer to the great call of the Country, and finally was accepted for the ASC\* in August 1915. Transferred to the infantry in 1917, he received a commission in the R. Berks, in March this year (1918), and went to France in May, attached to the Northhamptons. Out there as ever, he gave of his best, and it was a very great best too as one realises when one reads the heart broken letters of his many friends *a splendid example of what a clean - living young Englishman could be, and a true friend. Can there be greater praise in these days?* His men were devoted to him, his first thought was for them, and he died for them. He was taking part in an attack on a strongly-held village, and it was significant that his was chosen to be the leading platoon. The advance was held up by machine-gun fire, and they were playing havoc with his men. With a mere handful behind him he dashed out to “down” that machine-gun post, and gave his life for his God, his Country and his men.

We know how proud are those who love him so dearly, and Stutton would share in that pride, glad to have had the honour of knowing him. All Stutton, too, I know, offer a great sympathy to those who must sorrow so deeply, and not least to Miss Mary Knott, whose dream of wedded happiness lies buried in a grave east of Cambrai.

*both excerpts provided by Victor Scott.*

\*ASC: Army Service Corps, renamed after 1918 Royal Army Service Corps, *Editor*

### **Private Maurice Edward Garnham**

The son of William & Mary Ann Garnham, 7 Manningtree Road, he enlisted 12 May 1916 in Perth, Western Australia. He had arrived in Australia aged 26 years. He was single, an Anglican and worked as a farm labourer, giving his address as Wickopin, Western Australia. He joined the 43rd Battalion, 4th Reinforcement, which embarked from Fremantle, Western Australia, on board HMAT A16 *Port Melbourne* on 30 October 1916 at Fremantle disembarking at Devonport, England, 28 December 1916; and marched into 11th Training Battalion 29 December 1916.

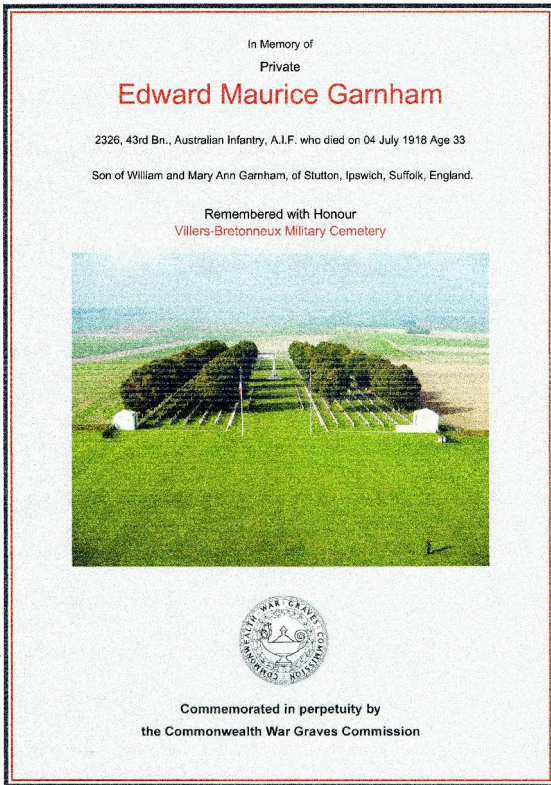
He is then recorded as proceeding overseas to France, 19 April 1917; marching into 3rd Australian Divisional Base Depot, Etaples, 20 April 1917. He proceeded to his unit, 23 April 1917; taken on strength of 43rd Battalion, in the field, 24 April 1917. On 29 September 1917, he was detached to the Trench Mortar School and rejoined 43rd Battalion, 31 October 1917.

He had a spell on leave to England, 13 January 1918; rejoining his unit, 16 February 1918. He obviously overstayed his leave (did he come back to Stutton to see his parents? girl friend? *Editor*) Found guilty, 18 February 1918, of being absent without leave from 0730 hours, 28 January 1918, until 0730 hours, 15 February 1918: awarded 28 days' Field Punishment No 2, and total forfeiture of 47 days' pay.


He must have returned to France as he was killed in action, 4 July 1918 at Hamel, France. Here he is recorded as being 33 years old. He was buried at Villers-Bretonneux Military Cemetery (Plot III, Row B, Grave No. I), Fouilloy, France.

This source also gives some personal details about him: He was 5' 4¼" tall and weighed 135lb. He was awarded the British War Medal and the Victory Medal





*Certificate*  
*1918*

**D** 47687 **AUSTRALIAN**  **MILITARY FORCES.**  
**AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.**

Attestation Paper of Persons Enlisted for Service Abroad.  
No. 2326. Name GARNHAM Edward Maurice  
Unit 43rd Bn. 168 Depot.  
Joined on 27-3-16 12. 5. 16

Questions to be put to the Person Enlisting before Attestation.

1. What is your Name? Edward Maurice Garnham
2. In the Parish of Ipswich in or near the Town of Ipswich in the County of Suffolk, England.
3. Are you a natural born British Subject or a Naturalized British Subject? (N.B.—If the latter, papers to be shown.) Yes
4. What is your Age? 30 1/2
5. What is your Trade or Calling? Farm Labourer
6. Are you, or have you been, an Apprentice? If so, where, to whom, and for what period? No
7. Are you married? No
8. Who is your next of kin? (Address to be stated) Father, William Garnham Ipswich, Suffolk, England.
9. Have you ever been convicted by the Civil Power? No
10. Have you ever been discharged from any part of His Majesty's Forces, with Ignominy, or as Inscrutable and Worthless, or on account of Conviction of Felony, or of a Sentence of Penal Servitude, or have you been dismissed with Disgrace from the Navy? No
11. Do you now belong to, or have you ever served in, His Majesty's Army, the Marines, the Militia, the Militia Reserve, the Territorial Force, Royal Navy, or Colonial Forces? If so, state which, and if not now serving, state cause of discharge. No
12. Have you stated the whole, if any, of your previous service? Yes
13. Have you ever been rejected as unfit for His Majesty's Service? If so, on what grounds? No
14. (For married men, widowers with children, and soldiers who are the sole support of widowed mother)—Do you understand that no separation allowance will be issued in respect of your service beyond an amount which together with pay would reach eight shillings per day? No
15. Are you prepared to undergo inoculation against small pox and enteric fever? Yes

I, Edward Maurice Garnham do solemnly declare that the above answers made by me to the above questions are true, and I am willing and hereby voluntarily agree to serve in the Military Forces of the Commonwealth of Australia within or beyond the limits of the Commonwealth.

AND I further agree to allot not less than two-fifths of the pay payable to me from time to time during my service for the support of my wife and children.

Date 27-3-16. E Garnham  
Signature of person enlisted.

\* This clause should be struck out in the case of unmarried men or widowers without children under 21 years of age.  
† Two-fifths must be allotted to the wife, and if there are children three-fifths must be allotted.

See <https://www.aif.adfa.edu.au/showPerson?pid=107831>



## Charles Edward Garnham

Coincidence or relative?

Catherine Kent responded to Roy Garnham tracing his family history: unfortunately she received no reply.

"I've seen a list that shows that Charles Edward Garnham was a private in the Suffolk Regiment and was killed in action on 8 February 1916. His parents possibly lived in Holbrook Road in Stutton; unfortunately that was all the information I was given. In 1916, there would only have been one of 4 or 5 cottages in Holbrook Road.

I have now "googled" his name and regiment and Charles Edward Garnham appears amongst the names on the Middlesbrough War Memorial, but as **Garnhaw C E**. However, Robert Coulson (1952-2008) compiled a Roll of Honour and this is his summary:

*An incorrect spelling on the memorial, Charles Edward **Garnham** was born in Ipswich and enlisted in Middlesbrough into the 9th battalion of the Suffolk Regiment.*

*Private Garnham was killed in action on February 8th 1916 at the age of 32 and he lies today in White House Cemetery to the north east of Ypres in Belgium.*

*Charles Garnham was the son of Stephen and Maria Garnham of Ipswich and husband of Emma J Garnham of 17 McCreton Street in North Ormesby."*

There is no record of Charles Edward Garnham in Mrs Ida Fryer's extensive index on the Garnhams living in Stutton. *Editor*

## **National Service in the Royal Air Force**

*Victor Scott*

Having left school at Christmas 1946 age 14years, I started work for Austin Farrar at Woolverstone Shipyard, and after eight months I began a six year apprenticeship as a boat builder. As I was serving an apprenticeship, my call-up for National Service was deferred until I completed the six years and received my trade certificate.

The letter for my call-up arrived a few weeks before my twenty-first birthday, and on 15 July 1953 I attended a Medical Board in Ipswich, passing as grade A1. I applied to join either the Navy or the Royal Air Force, and as the powers that be were not taking recruits for the Navy on that day, my assignment was for the RAF. My papers to join the RAF arrived, and on 9 September 1953 I packed a small suitcase with the few things I would need, said goodbye to my parents and friends and caught a train from Ipswich station. My destination was the reception unit at RAF Cardington in Bedfordshire, where thousands of conscripts were issued with uniforms and kit. Everything had to be stamped with our identity number, and we were given a forces haircut and inoculations for typhoid, tetanus and smallpox etc. Our civilian clothes were packed into our suitcases and sent home. RAF Cardington was also the site of the airship hangers built in 1915.

After a few days we were posted to various square-bashing units; with a few others I was sent to No 4 School of Recruit Training at RAF Wilmslow in Cheshire. We spent eight weeks there being smartened up. We were drilled, marched, and taken on the firing range firing Bren guns and 303 rifles etc. We also went through the gas chamber. This took place on the day there was a thick fog and our great coats got very damp, in the gas chamber we had to take our masks off and when we came out the gas that had clung to our coats made our eyes continue streaming for quite a while afterwards. We went over the assault course and did a route march to an aircraft factory about five miles from the camp. Here we saw Shackleton and Canberra aircraft under construction. On the runway at the factory was the prototype delta wing Vulcan bomber.

We attended education classes to assess our level of knowledge and intelligence; this helped to allocate us our units at the end of our square-bashing. My posting came through to send me as a fighter plotter to RAF Middle Wallop in Hampshire; unfortunately, or fortunately as it turned out, I had been on guard duty all night at the main gate, coming off duty the next morning and not feeling too good, I went to the sick

bay where they found I had a very high temperature and was suffering from tonsillitis. This kept me in the sick bay for several days and by the time I came out I had lost my posting and had to spend an extra week awaiting a new one. When it finally came through, to my delight it was one I had originally hoped for, to the newly established Marine Craft Training School at RAF Mount Batten, Plymouth, Devon. After the passing out parade at RAF Wilmslow I was sent home on my first leave with travel permits and documentation etc to report to RAF Mount Batten.

From 1928 there had been a variety of flying boats stationed at RAF Mount Batten and in 1935 it became a Fleet Air Arm base. When the Second World War started in September 1939 there were six Sunderland flying boats stationed there, their job to carry out attacks on German U-Boats. RAF Mount Batten overlooked Plymouth Sound, and in the run-up to the D-Day landings on 6 June 1944, the Sound became crowded with vessels awaiting the crossing, and the flying boats were watching for any enemy vessels or aircraft seen approaching. In September 1953 the Marine Craft Training School took over Mount Batten and remained there for over thirty years.

On my arrival I was shown my billet etc and the next morning I was introduced to my trade instructor and the other chaps on the course. The first thing the instructor told me was so long as I could write down and explain the RAF method of boat repairing, I could do the work the way I had been taught back at Woolverstone Shipyard. We were entered for a course of eight weeks with the chance of promotion at the end, we had all been AC2 (Airmen 2<sup>nd</sup> Class) on our arrival. The noticeable difference from the camp we had just left was the relaxed atmosphere, and this was to increase during the two years of National Service. In the evenings we were free to catch the Oreston and Turnchapel ferry outside the camp, this took us across the Sound to Plymouth for the sum of a brass threepenny piece. In Plymouth we went to the large NAAFI Club where we could meet up with friends and have a drink and a meal. Plymouth still had a lot of bomb damage when I was there. On completion of the trade course, those who passed with 60% marks were made AC1 (Airmen First Class), those who passed with over 80% were made up to LAC (Leading Aircraftsmen) of which I was fortunate to be one. This gave a slight increase to my weekly basic pay of 27/- (twenty-seven shillings).

My posting for a permanent camp was to 238 Maintenance Unit at RAF Calshot near Southampton. RAF Calshot was one of the oldest RAF camps in the country, having

been established in 1913 by the Royal Flying Corps, as Calshot Naval Air Station. Calshot also became home to the High Speed Flight as it prepared for the Schnieder Trophy competitions in 1927, 1929 and finally 1931 when a Supermarine S.6B from Calshot won the Trophy outright. Aircraftsman Shaw, also known as T E Lawrence, or Lawrence of Arabia, was detached to RAF Calshot to assist in the 1929 races. He was seconded to the British Power Boat Company factory at Hythe, and worked closely with the owner, Hubert Scott-Paine in the development of early seaplane tenders. He was killed in a motorcycle accident in 1935.

On my arrival at RAF Calshot I was allocated a bed space in Hut B8, a Nissen hut with 24 beds, a highly polished lino covered floor and a cast iron Tortoise stove in the middle. I soon made friends with the other occupants of the hut, some having homes in Ipswich or nearby. I joined a Senior Technician, a Warrant Officer and a Flight Lieutenant in an office dealing with the survey of damaged marine craft, checking on the completion of repairs and going on test runs before the craft was sent back to its unit. This involved numerous reports and forms to fill in as RAF Calshot was the main maintenance unit for the marine craft from units all round the world at that time.

At RAF Calshot there were two of the three prototype Princess Flying Boats laid up and cocooned ashore; they were never commissioned and were eventually scrapped. While at RAF Calshot I was able to attend the 1954 Farnborough Air Show. Here the De Havilland Comet and the Vulcan Delta Wing Bomber made their debut. RAF Calshot was in fact two camps joined by a narrow causeway, the part with the living quarters, cookhouse, church, sick bay and officers' quarters was on the mainland, with the working part at the end of the causeway sticking out into Southampton Water. This causeway was often covered by the sea at extreme high tide. Because of the distance from one part of the camp to the other, we were issued with bicycles. This was quite good as it allowed me to explore the locality, visiting the New Forest, Beaulieu Abbey and other places on my days off. The camp was over-run with New Forest ponies and foals. While still at RAF Calshot I was sent back to RAF Mount Batten three times to take trade tests for promotion to SAC (Senior Aircraftsman), J/T (Junior Technician) and finally CPL/T (Corporal Technician). At this time I was in charge of billet B8. For two weeks I was also sent on attachment to RAF Felixstowe. The camp was in the area now occupied by the large container terminal. The hangers built for the early experimental

flying boats were used to store various seaplane tenders etc. There was also in one hanger a Walrus Seaplane used in the film *The Sea Shall Not Have Them*; this was about the work of the Air Sea Rescue boats.

Back at RAF Calshot, one of my daily duties involved having a crew with a marine tender take me out into Southampton Water to check the seaplane tenders, bomb scows, pinnaces, refuellers, target towing launches etc moored there. This included filling in and signing a log for each one. Because the work camp was a spit of land sticking out into Southampton Water, all the large liners entering and leaving Southampton docks passed close to my office. I kept a small camera with me, and was able to take photographs of them all, this included the liners *Queen Elizabeth*, *Queen Mary*, *America*, *United States*, the *Mauretania* and others. They are all gone now, but I have my photographs.

(On leave during 1955 I was invited to a cousin's wedding at Holbrook, the reception was held at Stutton in the old Victory Hall, and it was here that I met my wife Margaret, she was one of the bridesmaids, her brother had married my cousin.)

Back at RAF Calshot on 8 September 1955 I received my certificate of discharge from the RAF having completed two years' National Service, and after signing the Official Secrets Act, I was put on Class "H" Reserve until 8 March 1959 when I was transferred to General Reserve. I travelled home on 9 September 1955, and after a short holiday returned to my old job at Woolverstone Shipyard with Austin Farrar. The name was changed to Woolverstone Marina in 1958 when Austin sold the business. It changed owners several times in the years to follow, notably to Leisure Caravan Parks, Butlin's, Rank Marine, and finally Marina Developments Limited.

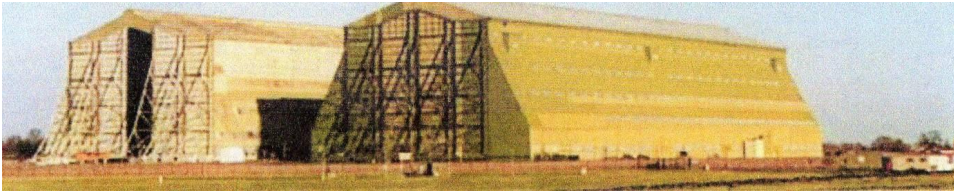
Margaret and I married in 1958 and I stayed at Woolverstone Marina for a total of 56 years, running the workshops as assistant manager and later as Chandler, retiring fully on my 70th birthday. I am still in contact with some of my RAF friends and also friends from the Marina.



RAF rescue launch



Jnr/Tech V Scott RAF 1955



Airship hangars at Cardington



Princess flying boat  
RAF Calshot 1954

## The Flying Field at Stutton

*Nigel Banham*

During the WW1 in 1917, the War Office established a Royal Flying Corps (RFC) night landing ground (NLG) in Stutton. There had been a number of Zeppelin and bomber attacks on London and the objective of these fields was to form a ring of fighter defence around the capital.

Our field's southern boundary was the Holbrook road between Larksfield and the Alton Water entrance, as now, which follows the old field boundary roughly as far as the Café. The northern limit is less certain, but we know that the depth of the airfield was 550 yards, which takes it to the track alongside Alton Water, which was, of course not there at the time. The western limit is unlikely to be beyond Larksfield as there are mature trees in that area which pre-date the field. The bungalows were not there then, nor was the Royal Hospital School. The main road to Holbrook was Church Road/Lower Street. Walter Whinney who was the local sexton, records that Mr William Cutting's fields on Holbrook Road known as "Hayslings"(2.9 acres and 19 acres) were claimed by the government in 1917 for an "aerial field". Unfortunately, the tithe map held by Vic Scott names the fields that we believe were involved, as "Hither" and "Hither Hawthorn" as well as others. The War Office record has the airfield as 52 acres so there must have been other fields in addition to these two. Soldiers cut down the fence and trees all round the field and "Mill Field Covey" – wherever that was!!

The field was ploughed and planted again with oats in 1920. Margaret Ellen Baxter (née Allen) records that when she was a girl it was a village tradition on Empire Day (25 May) to use the flying field for sports. She also records that it is now built on (presumably the bungalows along Holbrook Road). The field (or part of it) was also used in the late 1930s by visiting light aircraft. Vic Scott tells of his father, gardener at "The Grove" guarding an aircraft here for a visitor to the house.

According to the archives at Flixton Museum, it was classed as a night landing ground, which means that it did not have any resident squadrons but that there were staff there to light a flare-path if needed. Common practice with these was that they were laid out in an "L" shape with the shaft of the letter into the wind. The pilot then landed alongside it. Judging such landings was far from easy with the inevitable regular accidents. If you wish to know what this was like, a good description is in *Sagittarius Rising* by Cecil Lewis. He flew fighters (Scouts) for at least three years in WW1 and by some miracle he survived it at a time when a pilot's life expectancy was measured in weeks. Aircraft were

probably sent to such fields on nights when raids were expected and the visibility was good, or when there was a need to re-fuel and re-arm away from base. They probably had a fuel/ammunition store in wooden huts and some tents for accommodation, but little else. They also had a telephone – the number was Holbrook 11. Vic Scott has speculated that the wooden huts may have “contributed” to the building of the village “Victory Hall” which was on the site of the existing community hall and was built after the war.

The field would have been of rough grass with no runways and aircraft would have taken off and landed according to the wind. There may have been “tent” (“Bessonneau”) hangers for aircraft at some of these airfields and there were many such fields. Some may remember the model of the flying field constructed by Philip Evans and exhibited in the Community Hall at the millennium; it shows these tent hangers in use. Other local NLGs were at Levington (Royal Naval Air Service) and Covehithe; there was also a kite balloon unit at Shotley, presumably to add protection to the port of Harwich and seaplane base at Felixstowe. There were more permanent airfields at Hadleigh and Elmswell with aircraft stationed on them. Most of these fields were decommissioned at the war’s end in December 1918 and returned to agriculture, although in Stutton’s case it may have been later.

The units reported to have used it were 75 and 37 Squadrons; 75 was formed at Goldington on 1 October 1916 and then moved to Elmswell. It was equipped with BE2c and BE2e aircraft, later changing these for FE2bs (see note). It was meant for both day and night fighting – it was not until late in the war that squadrons began to specialise and were equipped with aircraft modified for the role. They flew 16 interception sorties in the winter of 1917-1918 but failed to engage the enemy.

37 Squadron was an experimental unit, formed at Orfordness in April 1916, then disbanded and re-formed at Woodham Mortimer in Essex. It operated out of airfields in East Anglia, defending London, and we may assume that ours was one of those airfields.

They had more success than 75 Squadron and brought down Zeppelin airship L48 which, after bombing Harwich, was shot down at Theberton near Leiston on 17 June 1917 by Captain Saundby and a Canadian, Lt L P Watkins who earned the MC for this action and who was killed later in the war. Incidentally, Gordon Kinsey, who has written several books on aviation in East Anglia, believes that Lt Watkin’s aircraft was built at



the Ransome Sims and Jeffries works in Ipswich, so there is some element of “local” retribution here! It was common in both world wars for all engineering facilities such as car makers and coachbuilders to be producing munitions for the war effort. Saundby rose to high rank in the RAF and became the right hand man to Air Marshal “Bomber” Harris in WW2.

A literature search has revealed that in response to a raid on London on 25 September 1917, 15 Gotha bombers attacked the capital and 20 fighter sorties were flown in defence. There was some ground mist on most of our airfields during the evening and few aircraft located the bombers. Suffolk born pilot, Capt Arthur Dennis, likewise of 37 Squadron and based at Goldhanger, took off from his base at 19.09hr flying a BE2d aircraft and later landed at Stutton Airfield because of bad weather. He landed back at his base at 22.26hr. One enemy bomber was probably shot down by a Sopwith 1½ Strutter from Suttons Farm airfield (later called RAF Hornchurch) and we know that nine civilians were killed in the raid with 23 injured and £16,394 in damage costs. It is a measure of the dangers of night and poor weather flying that two defending fighters crashed on landing.

We also know that Capt Dennis was involved in an action against a German “Giant” bomber on the night of 29 January 1918 near Hertford, although his own aircraft, a BE12 fighter was seriously damaged by return fire and he had to break off and land. His name also appears as belonging to B flight of 37 Squadron at Stow Maries airfield near Maldon; again, one of the defensive ring of airfields around London.

Like all RFC and Royal Naval Air Station (RNAS) squadrons, they became part of the new “RAF” in 1918 and moved to Biggin Hill in Kent to re-equip although Arthur Dennis did not go with them, but moved back to France, and joined 151 Squadron for the rest of the war. He survived and left the service in September 1919, presumably returning to Clare, where he was born.

It can be seen that there was a great deal of local air activity here during the latter stages of the first war and the locals must have had to grow used to the sight and sound of aircraft in what must previously have been a very peaceful backwater.

It has to be said that early in the war, the home defence squadrons were, in some cases, much more poorly equipped and trained than the front line squadrons in France. This led to much bad feeling in the air force, with questions being asked in the House of

Commons, with many hundreds of guns being stationed in London and some crack fighter units being brought back from France to boost the home strength. The pilots considered it wonderful; trips to London instead of the remote muddy airfields of France and Belgium!

The use of WW1 anti-aircraft guns also had its dangers for the population, with shrapnel casualties common after every raid in addition those caused by the bombs.

I can recommend a visit to Stow Maries airfield; it is the only original WW1 airfield still existing and has several original buildings and an interesting museum with very helpful staff. There is quite a lot of information about many other Suffolk/Norfolk airfields, but not much about Stutton's. Anything relevant to fill in the gaps will be useful and appreciated.

With assistance from Geoff Bryant, Victor Scott, Philip Evans and Chris Moss-all of Stutton; Flixton Air Museum, Eric Simonelli of Stow Maries Museum and The National Archives at Kew.

#### References

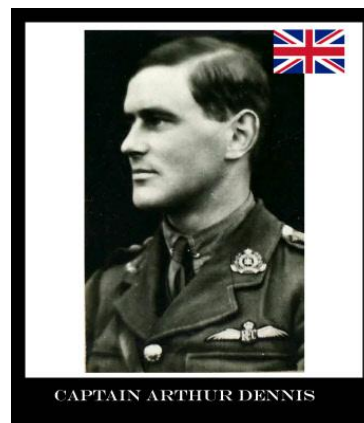
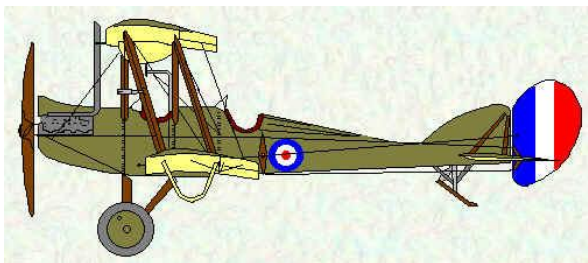
*Sagittarius Rising*; Cecil Lewis, 1936

*The Air Defence of Britain 1914-1918*; C Cole, Eric Franklin Cheeseman, Putnam 1984

Stutton History Journal 11, *Childhood Memories-Margaret Ellen Baxter –née Allen* p1

*Aviation – Flight Over the Eastern Counties Since 1937*, Gordon Kinsey, Terence Dalton 1984

BE 2d Aircraft image [also on front cover] is by kind permission of the "Cross and Cockade" (The First World War Aviation Historical Society)



#### Note

The BE2 aircraft was designed by Geoffrey De Havilland and built in large numbers by several different factories. It first flew in 1912 and was used in many different roles throughout the war, largely due to lack of suitable replacements. Less well known than famous types like the Sopwith

Camel and the SE5a it nevertheless did much useful work. By 1917 it was obsolete and its performance was not adequate against the Gotha bombers of the German air force, although it had earlier had some successes against the Zeppelins. The first airship downed over Britain was with a BE2c flown by William Leefe-Roberston in September 1916, after a year of night raids and five further airships were destroyed by BE2c squadrons in December, effectively putting an end to the airship threat until re-design allowed them to fly higher.

The BE2d flown by Capt Dennis was very similar except that it had dual controls and larger fuel tanks.

One can only marvel at the stamina of these young men, often flying at night for many hours in open cockpits maybe with torches to see their instruments, and without parachutes or oxygen.

Cecil Lewis, a fighter pilot and the author of "Sagittarius Rising" referred to in the text is one of the interviewees in the "Great War Interviews" compiled by Max Hastings and currently available to view on "i- player". The interviews were recorded in the 1960s and have never before been shown. <http://www.bbc.co.uk/bbcfour/collections/p01tbj6p/the-great-war-interviews>

### **Help needed!**

An undated, unscripted photograph found in the collection of papers of Greta Gladwell. We are researching where it might have been taken, and of whom. All we can see is that it is a celebration of Christmas in a unit from the Royal Field Artillery. Can you help?



## **Celebration of 100 years of Bell-ringing in Stutton**

*Eric Bull writes:*

One hundred years ago, on the 19th October 1913 the restored bells of St Peter's church were dedicated by the Bishop of Norwich. It was a peal of six bells hung in a new steel frame. The first peal rung on those bells was on 30th November 1913. To celebrate those events, members of the Suffolk Guild of ringers rang a full peal of a method called "Stutton Surprise Minor" that had never previously been rung and which lasted 2 hours 28 minutes of continuous ringing. So what is a "Method"? It is a way of ringing all the possible number of changes that can be rung on a given number of bells without repeating a single change; a change being that all the bells are rung once but in a different order each change. Our tower has six bells and the number of possible permutations is 720. The total number of changes in a full peal is about 5040 changes or 30,240 bongs. Wow!!

The ringers were: (Treble) David G Salter - who conducted the peal, Revd Geoffrey Clement, Colin F Salter, Jon Waters, Ian J Culham, (Tenor) George M Salter.

(see p33 Stutton Local History Journal 29, 2012)

New members for our team are always welcome so, if you are interested please come along to any practice session on Wednesdays at 8pm. Eric Bull - Tower Captain.



## **Stutton Hairdressers and Fish and Chip Shop, mid- 1940s – 1950s**

*Ann Bowden*

When buying 'Ashville' from Ann and Ted Larkin in the 1990s, I learnt that the extension had been a hairdressers', and a fish and chip shop in the past.

As the old woodchip wallpaper was removed, I could see oil-stained walls and smell a strong aroma of fish and chips! This piqued my interest and I wanted to learn more.

Recently, local historian Mr Phillip Willis, Mrs Dorothy Burgess, Mrs Jean Hinton and Mrs Margaret Arthey (née Sheppard); all responded to a request in *Stutton Roundabout* for more information. They have kindly shared their memories, to help solve some of the 'Fish and Chip shop mystery'....

Mrs Violetta Willis who sold newspapers and sweets, moved to Ashville from Crowe Hall Cottages, with her daughter Vera. Originally she started a hairdressers' shop and

possibly a tea room, then later a fish and chip shop. Vera's daughter Margaret Arthey, remembers her grandmother Violetta as being 'her own woman' and something of an entrepreneur. Philip Willis said that Vera, his cousin, married Mr Henry Sheppard and later moved to Great Finborough. Vera is now 98yrs old and still lives in Suffolk.

There appears to be a little confusion with names and dates of owners, as Mrs Burgess who married in October 1947, remembers Ashville being the hairdressers' house with Violet and Vera, until the 1950s when it became a fish and chip shop which also sold wet fish around the village. Mrs Hinton thinks that it became a fish shop in 1946 when a Mr Sage moved in and Mrs Willis moved out. Mr Sage later moved to Holbrook and then she thinks that a Mr Mullaney moved in. Mrs Arthey remembers a Mr Mullet as fish and chip man, followed by a Mr Mulloy and says there was no longer a shop in 1955.

Mrs Arthey went to Stutton School and remembers the blacksmith's shop opposite Ashville, the horses and the 'rat a tat tat' from the blacksmith's. After marriage she first lived at 'Verdun' and later moved next door to 'Oaklea' in 1960. Unfortunately she has no photos of the shop but still has the apron her mother wore whilst working in the shop.

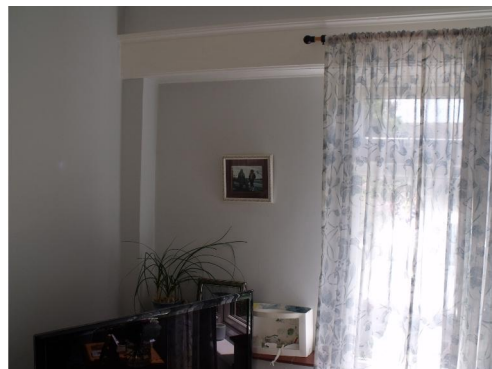
The mystery continues....

- Has anyone got any photos of either shop?
- Are Mr Mullet, Mr Mulloy and Mr Mullaney the same man or do they all just have similar surnames?
- Philip Willis believes that Violetta originally bought the Blacksmith's Field upon which 'Ashville', 'Oaklea' and two other houses in Alton hall Lane were built. Who built them and was Violetta involved?



On the outside, you can see above the window, an angled board, painted blue, which is the name board for the shop. To the right of the window was the door, now bricked up but still showing different mortar from the

rest of the house brickwork. At the base is the concrete step.



On the inside, the door on the left is still shown by a bricked up alcove in the wall.

## ORIGIN OF HOUSE NAMES IN STUTTON

We were very pleased that so many residents responded to our attempt to make a register of the origins of house names in Stutton.

Most houses seem to have been named after favourite holiday destinations, after trees, flowers or other plants either being on site when the house was built or being favourites of the residents, and very many residents have just kept the name they inherited when they moved in.

A couple of the names are a translation into other languages of "Our House" or Bungalow – and there were several interesting origins such as "Stella Maris" which was built as a rectory for an adjacent proposed Catholic church which never materialised. (One title of the Virgin Mary is "Our Lady, Star of the Sea").

Several of the older properties have had at least one name change, such as "Tudor Cottage" from "White Horse Cottages", "Primrose Cottage" from "Lucerne" and "Rosevine House" from "The Wilderness".

We are very grateful for all the information we have received and we have placed a record in our archives of the current names which will be a useful research resource in the future. Thank you.

*Mary Boyton*

### ***Boldavon and Barnfield***

*Catherine Kent*

When Oliver and I moved to Stutton, the bungalow we bought on Holbrook Road was called "Boldavon". It remained that name for many years after we had moved, until recently it was renamed "The Flying Field" by its present owners, Fran and Ian Flowers. Why was it renamed "The Flying Field"? \*

Before WW1, the fields on either side of Holbrook Road were farmed. None of the houses and bungalows had yet been built except for the 2 cottages called "The Retreat" and "Homeville". "Orchard House", "Primrose Cottage", "School Cottages" and the Mission Room were on the other side of the road.

And so there was a reason for a change of name relating to the history of Stutton for the bungalow.

\* see also Nigel Banham's article on page 22 *Editor*

Why was the bungalow previously called “Boldavon”? Nothing to do with any history of Stutton, but whilst sorting through various bits and pieces left in the loft by a previous owner, I came across a cardboard tube with an address on it : “ Newbold on Avon”.

Having lived at “Boldavon” for many years, our family moved to “Barnfield”, which lies between Hyams Lane and Crowe Hall Lane. “Barnfield”, originally built as a single house in the early 15th century, has an interesting history. But why “Barnfield”? There was no barn to be seen and where was the field?

I spent many hours at the Ipswich Record Office, looking at old maps and records of Stutton and found the answer to my puzzle.

A well known farmer called Robert Cowles farmed 32 acres in Stutton, and one of the fields he owned in the 1880s was called “Barnfield”. The entrance to this field was along Crowe Hall Lane. This field was later divided up and now forms the additional garden of “Barnfield”, and the properties of “Drakesfield” and “Beechcroft” along Hyams Lane

As a listed house, “Barnfield” has a long history. It was once called “Astells” and consisted of 8 acres. It is older than “Bay Tree Farm” and over the years was changed many times, beginning as a single house, then turned into a number of cottages, then into three cottages, then two and now back to one home. At one time, it was also called “Barnfield Cottages”.

Perhaps this article will inspire you to find out about the naming of your home, too. The Stutton Research History Group is still compiling a list for the Ipswich Record Office and any information you may have about the history of your home should be sent to any member of the History Group.

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