

# MOVING TIMES

ENGLAAND! ENGLAAND!

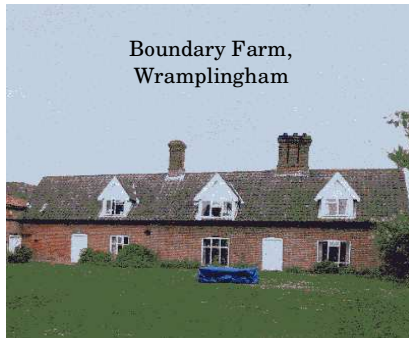
(OOPS!!)

Summer 2006

## DAKIN ESTATES NEWS



All done and dusted at Dullingham with two new sites at Wramplingham near Norwich



Boundary Farm,  
Wramplingham

underway and work commencing at "Mr Funston's other barn" at Gt. Shelford where staff have been pleased to see old friends in the neighbouring properties met while converting Top Barn on the same farm two years ago.

Finally congratulations to Gary on the birth of baby Edith - father and baby doing fine!

**James Dakin (JD)**  
Construction and Administration  
01359 221177

**Nicholas Dakin (ND)**  
Sales & Acquisitions  
01638 508612

**Alan Horne (Big Al)**  
Contracts Manager  
07946 476959

**Thomas Clayton (TC)**  
Consultant  
01638 508612



## Under the Hammer

June was a busy month for Suffolk and Norfolk property auctioneers with Brown & Co's Norwich office opening the batting, (or should that be the gavelling?) on the 8th June selling Stud Farm Barn near Bungay for £176k against a guide of £150k.

Clarke & Simpson achieved a very creditable £615k against a guide of £500k on the 21st June for a 7 bed period vicarage at Hoxne in need of refurbishment with Durrants auction on the same day achieving £390k against a guide of £250k for a set of barns at Metfield with consent for three residential units.

The most staggering result for the month must have been for Irelands who, on the 23rd June, achieved £275k for Black Barn, Morley St. Botolph with consent to conversion to a single dwelling of over 2000 sq ft, against a guide of £130-£150k a result which, though gratifying, may have had them worried lest the buyer knew something they didn't!

## CASH BUYERS!

Thought that would get your attention - everybody loves a Cash Buyer or do they?



Spare a thought for our fellow developer who sold a flat to a Russian family who claimed to be cash buyers.

And so they were - turning up at the solicitors with their exchange deposit of £40,000 in cash(!) only to be told that things weren't done like that and the solicitors couldn't accept it.

Puzzled and confused the Russians trailed round to the agent's office and tried to hand over their deposit there but were similarly rebuffed.

Happily, we are told, the transaction did eventually exchange with funds being transferred by a more conventional method.

**MORAL** - Beware the East European claiming to be a cash buyer - he might be just that!

## VIEW FROM THE HEATH



### *TC muses on one of the disadvantages of horsepower.*

In the late Victorian times someone, apparently, espoused a theory that if traffic in London kept increasing at its, (then), present rate the capital's streets would be several feet deep in horse manure by the 1930s!

Just how wrong can one man be?

This, perhaps, begs the question as to whether we could again live without the internal combustion engine, the invention that's done the most to shape our world (for the worse in many ways). It is not only responsible for pollution on a massive scale, it also caused us to lose most of our local railways and in recent years, has been responsible for the loss of local services and shops.

### IRAQ TO THE NIGER DELTA

Via oil, the internal combustion engine is also responsible for a lot of bad things going on in the World from Iraq to the Niger Delta. It can also be blamed for the ridiculous and environmentally damaging transportation of foodstuffs over huge distances, a concept known as food miles, instead of sourcing and supplying foodstuffs from local suppliers on a seasonal basis.

What would happen if the mechanical equivalent of a super virus suddenly rendered all internal combustion engines inoperable overnight? Panic and considerable hardship at first, (not least in the Clayton camp!), but gradually we could adapt.

People would have to use bicycles, horses or walk. We'd all be a deal fitter and local shops and cottage industries would spring up in places where they closed years ago and would provide local employment as an alternative to commuting to cities and towns to work. Gradually a new transport infrastructure of steam trains and horse drawn and clean fuel vehicles would develop.

### ADDICTED TO THE DRUG

Thanks to the internal combustion engine we are addicted to the drug, oil and, perhaps it's time we were weaned away from it. Over the years there have often been rumours about engines being invented that ran on water or air or nothing at all which have been bought out or sabotaged by the big oil companies to protect their interests. If the internal combustion engine were to be rendered useless overnight, surely someone would come up with another source of power. One might even have been invented already.

Although, of course, if it hasn't we would still have the problem of the horse manure.....



## You Couldn't Make It Up!

JD always takes a wry but dispirited interest in the increasing tide of madcap Health and Safety regulations which threaten to engulf us all long before global warming gets a grip.

Amongst measures appearing in the press in recent months are the following:-

North Wales police have been ordered to intervene and stop any children having snowball fights "in case a child gets hurt".

The EU (who else?) are proposing a directive which will force The Royal Artillery to use "quieter" shells when sounding 21 gun salutes.

A company has been set up which sends personal trainers around to schools with the sole aim of teaching children to skip, (yes, with a skipping rope), so that they will be able to skip "safely".

And hats off to St Edmundsbury Council who have carried out a risk assessment on a graveyard(!). Many gravestones were, apparently, found to be in a "dangerous" condition!

As JD observes, (wryly), "You would think that, for most in a graveyard, a risk assessment had come a little late!"

However, if amused by the above, JD positively chuckled out loud at news reports of how, on February 22nd, 21 Health and Safety "experts" attending a meeting to discuss evacuation procedures had a narrow escape .....when the floor of their meeting room collapsed!

You couldn't make it up!

(.....nor should you attempt to without a risk assessment, method statement etc etc.....)



J.D.

## Over Here! — The First Americans

We East Anglians have long been used to the sight of American servicemen but a recent reprint of a handbook issued to servicemen on arrival in World War 2 gives an interesting insight, not only to cultural and social differences encountered by the first GIs, but also to a bygone England in a very different era.

The book starts by warning servicemen, “particularly those from an Irish extraction”, not to dwell on old enmities and that the British are allies not “hated redcoats” of the revolution or “persecutors of the Irish”. It also warns of potential difficulties and advises avoidance of words like “bloody” and “bum” (“just a tip if you are trying to shine in polite society”), but readers, however are told not to worry overmuch about local dialects as “a farmer or villager from Cornwall very often cannot understand a farmer or villager from Yorkshire or Lancashire”.

Railroads are railways, radios are wirelesses and automobiles are motor cars while gas is petrol “If there is any”. Much is made of the confusion caused to foreigners of the pre decimal British coinage system and tables showing the US equivalent to shillings, farthings and halfpenny’s are provided.

Servicemen are also warned (to add to their confusion!), that although they may see prices advertised in guineas “there is no coin or bill of this value” and when they may have heard of gold sovereigns in English literature, they are unlikely to see one.

Britain, the book advises is smaller than North Carolina and Iowa and nowhere is more than 100 miles from the sea - a strange concept to American eyes. The guide refers to other concepts that may seem peculiar such as cricket, warm beer and the fact that British women officers can, (“and often do”), give orders to male private soldiers which the men “obey smartly”. (Evidently such radical working practices were unknown in US forces of the period!).

The book concludes by telling its readers that they will find themselves living amongst “a kindly, quiet, hardworking people” and all in all paints a flattering picture of the British.

One wonders if a similar book today would draw similar conclusions.

*(Instructions for American Servicemen is published by the Bodleian Library).*



## MAJORS

*ND takes an affectionate look at a fast disappearing country character.*



Out on the town with a Slightly Older Acquaintance ND bumped into another, (slightly younger) acquaintance who at the time was a serving major in the army.

After introductions and brief small talk the Slightly Younger Acquaintance moved on to meet other friends. After he'd left the Slightly Older Acquaintance inquired as to what his line of business was. When ND told him the Slightly Older Acquaintance was incredulous.

“That boy is a major!?” he expostulated.

It's true - majors have an image problem. Mention the word “major” to anyone outside of the army and it does not conjure up an image of a fit, young soldier. To most people majors are old buffers with tweed jackets, red faces and moustaches as seen and stereotyped in countless Agatha Christie type TV adaptations and comedy programmes.

Of course, these old-buffer-in-a-tweed-jacket type majors are those that retired from the army at a time when it was still commonplace to use ones military rank in civilian life. In fact there is actually a protocol on this. Officially only those of captain and above are entitled to use their rank in civilian life although, in practice, for captains to do so is considered just a little pompous. (Think Captain Peacock in the 70s sitcom *Are You Being Served*).

The high summer of the Majors was probably in the 1960s when a second wave of retired Majors created in the War swelled the ranks of those still around from the First World War and busied themselves in village life tending roses, hosting the village fete, organising gymkhanas and sitting on Parish Councils and Magistrates benches. Every village, it seemed, had a Major and not just every village.....

To prove a theory, the comedian Peter Cook once motored from London to Oxford in pre motorway days going into every pub along the way and asking “Is the Major in?”

Replies varied but were all along the lines of “it was too early for the Major”, or “that the Major didn't normally come in on Tuesdays”, or that the Major had been and gone.

In a few pubs they found the major in situ and Cook and Co had to beat a retreat, muttering excuses, under the baleful gaze of the resident Major glaring out, puzzled and indignant, from behind his whisky and cigar.

The point was that in not one of the pubs visited was there any question of there not being a major somewhere. The theory was proven - every pub had a major!

They haven't now, of course. A smaller peacetime army and fewer officers using their army rank in civilian life mean that The Major, once such a common figure in country society and popular fiction, has all but disappeared.

And he will be missed.

N.D.



## WHERE CAN YOU BUY A GREY RUSSIAN SQUIRREL COAT?

Why Corders, of course, the well known department store in Ipswich.

You could in 1936 - anyway for this is just one of the advertisements featured in a facsimile of The East Anglian Daily Times for the 15<sup>th</sup> October 1936, distributed free by The EADT last year and what an interesting snapshot of life in 1930s Suffolk it gives.

As was customary with many newspapers at the time, the front cover is entirely full of advertisements including the coat from Corders and an advert for another long forgotten Ipswich department store, Footmans "The Store of East Anglia" which boasted "a musical duet in its restaurant during coffee and tea time". The thirties was the heyday of the traditional department store.

## "SALE THIS DAY"

Many of the adverts are for auctions, ("Michaelmas sale"), with many of the auctioneer's names, Oxborrow & Son, Cordy & Spurgeon, H.C. Walton, Boardman & Oliver, Spurling & Hempson – still being recognisable to those today who remember Suffolk market town estate agency before the corporate financial institution's takeovers of the 1980s.

In 1936, every market town has a sale yard and by today's standards a huge amount of livestock is traded on market days. "Fat and store swine", "Cumberland Bulls", "Polled Angus", "Pedigree Suffolk mare", "Dutch cow and heifer", "Guernsey's and Jerseys", "Irish store cattle", "1579 head of poultry".

It seems the weekly market days in Suffolk towns seventy years ago saw as great a variety and quantity of livestock as can only be seen at the Grand Parade at The Suffolk show nowadays!

Property, too is auctioned off including "small villa", "eligible building site", "a valuable off-licence for the sale of beers", "a double tenement" and "a detached property" which is being "sold on behalf of the owner", who, (the advert adds ominously), "has left the town".

One article, (to gladden the heart of the male population then and now), advises a series of exercises to give "soft beautiful curves" for "the too thin woman", illustrating how ideas of beauty have changed in 70 years.

The newspaper also gives radio, (sorry, wireless!), schedules consisting mainly of music some of it broadcast from orchestras in London from places such as The Trocadero. Interestingly schedules include "Experimental Transmissions" from "The London Television Station" "by the Baird System". (Yes, in 1936, they had television!).

The newspaper certainly does not confine itself to East Anglian news alone. Nationally there is a report on Stanley Baldwins government's refusal to meet the Jarrow hunger marchers and, internationally, American market prices are quoted for old fashioned sounding commodities such as items of Kerosene, Turpentine and Tallow. There is also a large photograph published of The Grand Parade from Adelaide Centenary Show in Australia.

## FLYING BOAT TO THE TROPICS

However, while gentlefolk sipped tea in old fashioned Ipswich department stores and life in rural Suffolk still revolved, as it had for a thousand years, around farming with horses, animal husbandry and weekly market days high adventure was afoot.

A report announces that five RAF flying boats are to commence an eight thousand mile flight from Plymouth to Singapore via, amongst others, Bordeaux, Malta, Abouleir, Basra, Karach, Allabad and Calcutta and "are due to reach Singapore early next month".

What a journey that must have been back in 1936 (pure Biggles!) something the airmen would be able to tell their grandchildren about. An epic voyage to the exotic far side of a very different world. A world now vanished but into which this reproduced newspaper gives us a fascinating glimpse.

