

GIBBONS

— SOLICITORS —

Howard at Wattisham Air Museum



Hello dear Readers. I had quite a lot of reaction from my story last month about the ridiculous proposal to squash houses into the immediate back garden of an Elizabethan Cottage in Kersey. Even a regional newspaper made contact. I suggest that the people of Kersey should raise their profile on the issue. Publicity is everything.

I do try to take you to some interesting places when I am out "on location". For April, I am only up the "frog and toad" – at RAF Wattisham; in fact the Wattisham Station Heritage Museum. I was in a massive hangar, enormous doors had been rolled asunder and two planes were on show. You see me in the picture with a Hunter XG194 with call-sign Blackjack Red One. I gather that during the Cold War, planes stood in hangars dotted about RAF Wattisham with their engines ticking over and ready to take flight at a moment's notice. I am grateful to my friends Peter and Julie Bamford for escorting me at RAF Wattisham and indeed for providing the beautiful flying jacket. The morning of the photo-shoot was particularly cold but even so the jacket was monstrously heavy. There is a separate museum with plenty to see. The hangar was several miles from the museum.

You will need to book in advance through the museum www.wattishamstationheritage.org and the Sunday opening dates (11 am to 4 pm) are 3 April, 1 May, 5 June, 3 July, 7 August and 4 September. Just before going to print, my chauffeur Frank pointed a long platinum and titanium coloured bonnet towards Cheltenham Race Course. Frank says that his knees are not up to these long hauls. It was St Patrick's Day as the traffic parted to allow us to our resting place. As you know, I am not a great racing man and I was once again disappointed. One could not move for people – a tide of race-goers ebbed and flowed as a race started and finished. There will be a picture in a future column. I met a lady in Hadleigh one evening recently who was taking her ferret for a walk. Not something that one would want up a trouser leg – or a weasel come to that! The ferret was pure white and on a harness. Apparently, in days of yore, a pet ferret was a sign of great wealth.

As with many firms of Solicitors we have been very busy on the property front as those purchasing property other than their residence have sought to complete before Stamp Duty Land Tax rates are loaded by 3% after 31 March. We can offer you a service with the benefit of over 30 years of experience, sadly lacking so often these days. Lasting Powers of Attorney are a good thing – allowing your affairs to be run after losing mental capacity. Why not speak to us about them.

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