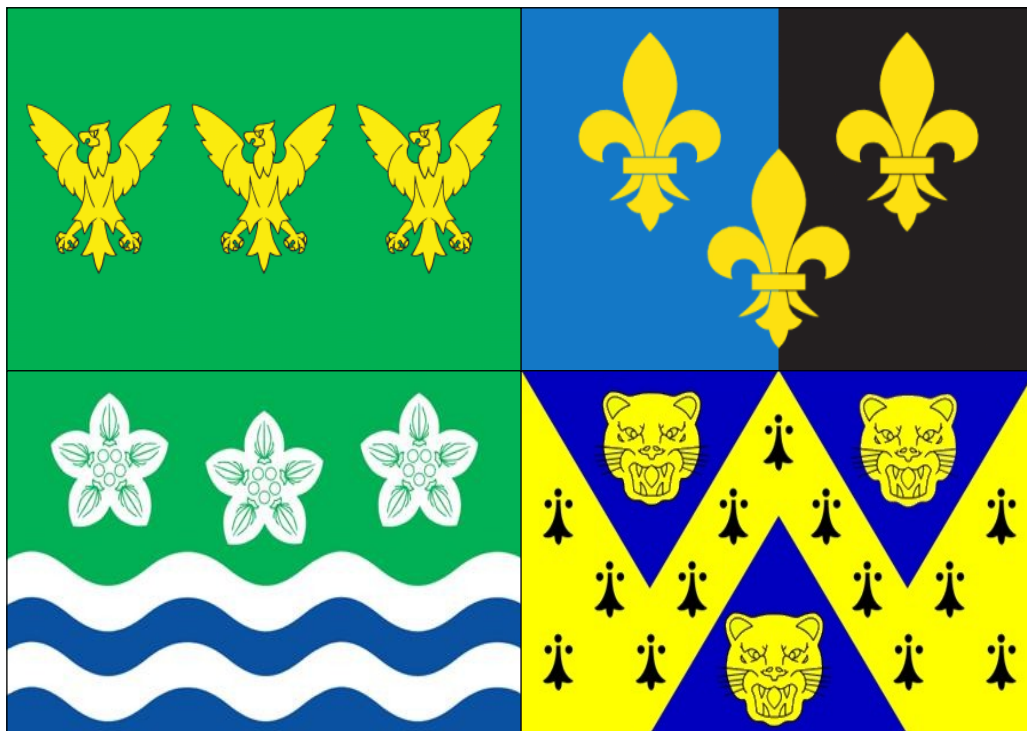


OUR COUNTIES

The Association of British Counties Annual 2013
www.abcounties.com



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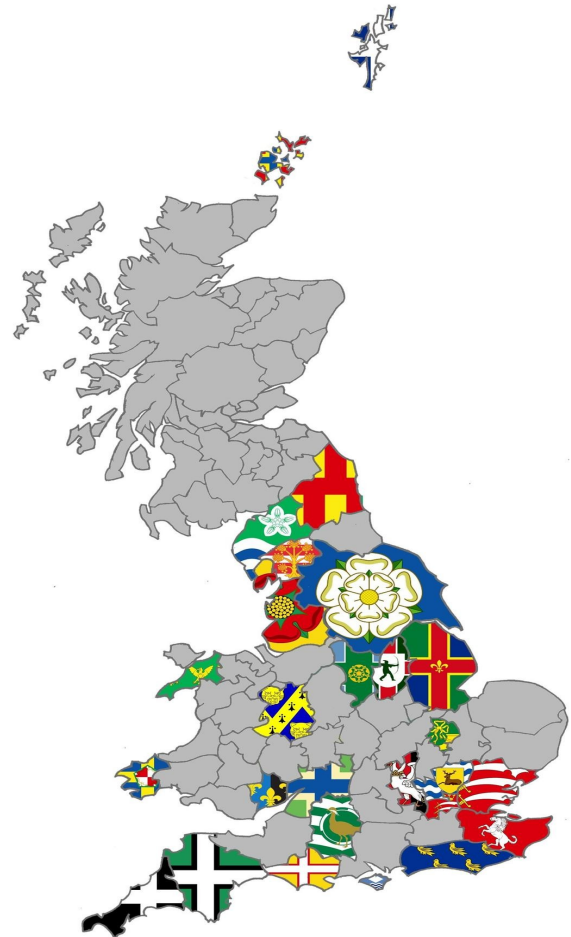
“The new county boundaries are for administrative areas and will not alter the traditional boundaries of counties, nor is it intended that the loyalties of people living in them will change.”

From the Editor: Thank you to those who submitted items for this year's annual. Please remember that it is vital that we have contributions from members if we want to keep this magazine going. I cannot stress that enough.

In October of last year ABC hosted another successful AGM at The Link in Water Orton, Warwickshire. Once again we had several interesting talks from members as well as a guest speaker, John Nicholls from The Milestone Society. Please try to attend this year's meeting if you can. You can meet the people who work tirelessly promoting the counties year after year, hear some fascinating talks, and even have your say about where we go in the fight to preserve that which is so dear to us. We can each, in our own way, have an impact whether it's merely writing letters or participating more actively. It all makes a difference.

Our cover this year contains the four most recently designed/registered flags. Presently, the residents of Worcestershire are voting on which of four designs to use for their new flag. Brady Els, one of our members from Sussex, has a design on the shortlist which was chosen from hundreds of entries. The winner will be

revealed on 8 April. Jason Saber has provided me with this map which highlights the counties that have flags thus far but also shows how many counties still need them.



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Front cover (clockwise from top left): The flags of Caernarfonshire, Monmouthshire, Shropshire and Cumberland.

THE GREAT UNTITLED

Matthew Engel

I have just finished No. 24: Nottinghamshire, and as I write this am preparing for No. 25: Northumberland. No. 26: Middlesex is planned for April. After that, only another 14 to go...

...which sounds encouraging, except that the job has to be completed by this time next year, which means I have to knock off a county every three-and-a-half weeks. That includes research, up to a week on the spot, and then writing. And I do have other work to do, and only one lifetime. I bet it was never like this on the VCH. So it might be a bit daunting, except for one thing: I am having enormous fun. My book about the counties is the most fascinating and stimulating project I have ever undertaken.

It arose from a conversation with Andrew Franklin, boss of the small but well-respected publishers Profile Books, early in 2011. One book idea had just fallen through and we were mulling over other possibilities. Finally I said, "Well, there is one thing I've always wanted to do..." Within weeks I was in Worcestershire, at the start of my quest.

The book will have a chapter about each of the historic counties: some, obviously, somewhat longer than others. Essentially, it's a travel book but that might be misleading. It is travel informed by research, as many conversations as possible and my own gut feeling. It's a personal book and not a work of reference. The aim, above all, is to convey the *essence* of the place, its unique character and qualities. Sometimes that character is a very strong one: Cornwall, Devon, Lancashire, Surrey, Essex, Cheshire... Sometimes it's extremely strong but very hard to encapsulate; Yorkshire being the most obvious. Sometimes it's a little trickier to grasp because the county has no clear idea of itself: Hertfordshire, which I undertook in the snows of January, was a challenge in more ways than one. I still enjoyed it, as I have enjoyed them all.

There is logic to the order, but not a logic that would be obvious to anyone else. I quickly rejected the idea of alphabetical order (the profusion of Ms and Ns in my immediate schedule is merely a coincidence) or regional groupings. I am terrified that potential readers will take one look at a copy in the bookshop, skim through their own county and put it down. I want them to share my enthusiasm for all the counties, and their place in the bedrock of the English character. Also, there were some counties I wanted to do at particular times of year or to coincide with particular events. It's not a continuous journey, but I want it to have that sense. It takes place against the background of the changing seasons and the austere economics of the early 2010s, and I hope in a sense it will be a portrait of England in these times.

For me, the practice of writing this book has been easier than the theory. We know a county when we see one, as distinct from a county corporate of a made-up 1974 one, but coming up with a robust definition is harder to track down. Can anyone recommend the perfect reference book? As a general guide I am using the ABC gazetteer and the 1955 AA book, which was chosen for two reasons: (a) it predates the first serious muckabout of county boundaries, the formation of the GLC; and (b) I happen to have a copy. But even this creates anomalies: for instance, the status of the Isle of Wight, which I am not treating as a separate county. London, however, is getting a chapter of its own. Frankly, there is a commercial imperative: a great many of the nation's book buyers live there. It would also be a little difficult to persuade a modern audience that Middlesex extends to Westminster Bridge.

I would dearly like now to reveal the name of my magnum opus but I cannot. Unfortunately, Andrew Franklin and I have yet to reach an agreement. Ideas will be gratefully received on this too, and the right answer would definitely be worth a free copy. In the meantime, please

excuse me: I have to get to Berwick upon Tweed.

Matthew Engel is a columnist on the Financial Times and formerly wrote for The Guardian. He was also editor of Wisden Cricketers' Almanack for 12 years. His last book was

Eleven Minutes Late: A Train Journey to the Soul of Britain.

(Ed. Note: Details of the release of this book and how to obtain it will be available on our website when that information becomes available.)

THE HISTORIC COUNTIES: OUR HERITAGE, PRESENT AND FUTURE

Michael Garber

Arguably, one of the biggest and most significant changes over the past decade is the way news and ideas are disseminated. The internet continues to develop and provide further avenues to a wider audience.

We as an organisation can now reach far more people, far more simply. Through social networks such as Facebook and Twitter, we can communicate, interact and ultimately raise the profile of the historic counties. We are, however, presented with a challenge: to maintain interest and maximise the possibility of someone passing on our message, we need a regular stream of succinct news and commentary.

It is here that your help as members of the Association is needed. If you are sharing any county news elsewhere, it is worth it appearing on the new website and/or social media. Perhaps you may have spotted county confusion in the media or elsewhere. Articles (be they commentary or about a county-related project) add welcome variety to the news.

Yet in all we do, we must maintain a strong and professional identity. Such an identity will not only add credibility to our message, but also draw attention to the Association and provide a memorable image.

The new website (www.abcounties.com) seeks to not only reinforce our identity, but also our message. It is currently being beta tested and all content is being revised. As part of this project, those who attended the October 2012 AGM were asked for their feedback. Please do

have a look and tell us what you think: admin@abcounties.com.

A significant part of the new website is the County-Wise site. With the County-Wise campaign, we hope to further reach out by simply and clearly communicating our message. The objective of the campaign is to have a website and collection of information sheets and leaflets which we can use to spread our message. The hypothesis is that the next time you see or hear county confusion in the media, you will be able to send in an audience-specific leaflet.

If our message is clearly communicated and we make it easy to use the Historic Counties, our task of increasing their use will be easier. Over the years, our members have campaigned and lobbied in many different ways with varying degrees of success. The great thing about the opportunities that our new website and social media provide is that we can reach out to the public in new ways.

It remains important that we communicate our message and do so in as many ways as we can. With increased engagement in the county flag movement (flags.abcounties.com) and the advent of sites such as WikiShire and County-Wise we can continue to reach out to members and other supporters. To this end, back issues of this magazine are available on the new website.

Send in news, articles and details of events:

www.abcounties.com/news/submit

Email: county-news@abcounties.com

IN MEMORIAM: HILARY HOLT, ABC COMMITTEE MEMBER

We are very sorry to announce the death, at the age of 67, of a dear colleague, Hilary Holt, a founder member of the Yorkshire Ridings Society, on Wednesday, 11 July 2012. Her passing puts us in mind of the very beginning, for on 5 November 1974 she and her husband Colin hosted a bonfire party at which friends hatched a different kind of plot from their fellow-Yorkshireman Guy Fawkes. Nothing illegal was planned and no explosives were involved, just a resolve to protect the beloved old county's identity. And some weeks later, following recruitment by letter and through press notices, the Yorkshire Ridings Society was launched at the King's Head Hotel, Beverley, in the East Riding. For almost 38 years Hilary served the Society with unfailing calmness, energy and loyalty, sometimes in the roles of magazine editor and minutes secretary, always in devoted support of Colin, the Society's first publicity officer, then its Chairman. Indeed, though Colin had a West Riding upbringing and she herself came from Oxfordshire, Hilary's enthusiasm for the White Rose cause and her knowledge of the Broad Acres lost nothing in comparison with his. While both of them had professional responsibilities as teachers, the paper work and travel involved in meetings with the Boundary Commission, in running the YRS, and in representing it at ABC gatherings up and down the country seemed almost an extra full-time job.



Latterly it was most impressive to see Hilary's resilience and commitment to the Society in the years following the cruelly sudden death of her husband. Her letters in the Yorkshire Post putting people right about the county's geography were a regular feature almost to the end.

Taking a stand on anything requires independence of mind and it came out in the Holts' preference for the unconventional. It showed in their choice of transport - the ancient Morris van, so much restored that it seemed almost home-made, in which they travelled long distances to meetings at their own pace, sometimes arriving only after 'matters arising' had been dealt with! It showed in their choice of place to live, a million miles from Oxford and Leeds where they started - the faraway tiny West Riding village of Fenwick up a peaceful lane that leads you there and then leads you back again - there's nowhere else to go. Country life suited Hilary and she gave a lot to the friendly, peaceful community. Friendliness was indeed the 'default' setting of her life. There were no hidden agendas with her, no sharp edges with which to cope. A natural counsellor and reconciler, she was the one who did the coping - with others. She will always be remembered for her smiling countenance, her wide knowledge and her strong commitment to the counties movement. In hospital, the day before she died, a visitor told her of an ABC meeting to be held a few days later. Barely conscious, and hardly able to speak, Hilary sent best wishes and urged people to carry on working in the cause.

COUNTY QUOTE

"A county, as the locals say, cut off on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth by British Rail."

Malcolm Bradbury of Norfolk (*In the Air*, BBC radio programme, 1982)

CRICKET AND THE COUNTIES

Mari Foster

Although a loyal and passionate England supporter, my greatest joy lies in spending endless spring, summer and early autumn days watching county cricket. A keen Hampshire supporter I make many pilgrimages down to the holy land of the Rose Bowl and also travel around the country following my team, even having had the privilege of attending a Friends Provident Trophy final at Lord's in 2009. I'm happy to brag that currently, Hampshire hold the 20, 40 and 50-over titles. Next: promotion.

I began wondering why cricket is divided into county teams and why it still exists intact despite the attempts of so many to realign our borders and calls for franchises especially with regard to shorter formats of the game. Glamorgan, who for the purposes of short form cricket in 2012, were referring to themselves as the 'Welsh Dragons' but have now reverted back to their county name for which one can only breathe a sigh of relief.

It isn't really clear why cricket is divided into counties and no amount of research either via the internet or from my own library could answer that question. All we do know was that the first county matches began in the early 18th century. On 25 June 1709 Kent played Surrey although at that time they were probably not known as county sides in the modern sense. The earliest surviving scorecard is from 1773 when those the same two counties faced each other. Though as far as can be established it was probably Essex who had the first actual county side, in 1790. But unfortunately for the game, inter-county competition seems to have faded away until around 1825 when Sussex played Kent. It was at this point when the seeds of a county competition finally began to grow. Although nothing very solid was established, many 'county champions' were declared depending on who was reporting the matches. As an example, in 1837 when Kent beat Nottinghamshire, the *Maidstone Journal* declared it a 'contest for the championship'. Mid 19th century county cricket always featured Middlesex, Kent, Surrey

and Sussex with occasional appearances by Nottinghamshire, Lancashire and Yorkshire. Besides deciding who were champions the media were also responsible for introducing merit tables although these were somewhat contentious.

Then, on the 16th of December 1889 the first meeting was held by the secretaries of the main counties and a points system was agreed. One point was to be given for a win and a point deducted for a loss with draws being ignored. So it was entirely conceivable that teams would end up on minus points and several did with Sussex propping up the 1890 table with -10 points! The first "official" match took place from 12-14 May 1890 and was played between Gloucestershire and Yorkshire but little mention was made of it in the press. Yorkshire won easily and became the first leaders of the County Championship. They went on to finish joint 3rd with Kent. It was Surrey who took the title that year and the press again failed to cover what was to be an intriguing title race between Surrey and Lancashire.



Lord's: Home to Middlesex CCC

A compelling competition is also held yearly for teams who do not have first class status (which currently stands at 18 counties). This is called the Minor Counties Cricket Championship and began in 1895. Four teams which previously played in the minor counties have been elevated to first-class status over the intervening years: Worcestershire (1899), Northamptonshire (1905), Glamorgan (1921)

and Durham (1992). Many Second XIs of the first-class counties used to take part in the Minor Counties competition until the Second XI Championship was established in 1959. Indeed, Somerset were the last first-class county to withdraw from the competition, doing so at the end of the 1987 season.

We should not forget that the ECB is actually the “England and Wales Cricket Board”. Although Glamorgan are currently Wales’ only representative in first-class cricket there have been other Welsh county sides. Several were formed in the mid-1800s with Carmarthenshire (1864) being one of the most successful. There were also sides representing Radnorshire, Monmouthshire and Breconshire. The 1890s saw Monmouthshire joining the Minor County Championship followed around 10 years later by Carmarthenshire and then Denbighshire between the wars. Unfortunately these latter two teams suffered many heavy defeats and could not really be competitive enough to remain in the league. Bad fortune plagued Monmouthshire as well and they were forced to merge with Glamorgan in 1934. Thus, Glamorgan could play some of their first-class matches in Monmouthshire and have also played games throughout Wales; recently matches have been played at Colwyn Bay in Denbighshire.

The fallacy that there is no interest in cricket north of the border has been dismissed by inclusion of Scotland in the CB40 competition in England. The Scottish Counties Championship was established in 1902 and the most successful and perhaps most well known of Scottish cricket counties was Perthshire who won the title a staggering 29 times between 1902 and 1995. Perth CCC was founded in 1826 and the popularity of cricket in Scotland was born out by their pre-Second World War “Roses” matches with Forfarshire (Angus) that brought in crowds of almost 10,000.

Both Peeblesshire and Aberdeenshire were established in 1857 and both also enjoyed success in the SCC. Indeed, Aberdeenshire is still going strongly and its ground can even hold One Day Internationals today. In 1957, Aberdeen CCC played its centenary celebration

match against Surrey who were then county champions. Other counties like Stirlingshire and even tiny Clackmannanshire have teams, and although the Scottish Counties Championship is now defunct, many of these counties still maintain teams which play in somewhat more localised leagues.



Aberdeenshire CC

There are often discussions nowadays about the amount of foreign players in sports like football and this is no different in cricket although more measures have been taken to assure that mostly home grown players play county cricket. Kolpak (not unlike the Bosman ruling) came into force in 2003 when the European Court of Justice ruled “*that anyone with a work permit from a country which has an associate trading agreement with the EU had the same rights as a European worker. This means that county clubs can sign cricketers from around 100 countries, including South Africa and Zimbabwe, without having to designate them as overseas players as long as they have not represented their country in the past year. Kolpak players then only need a working holiday visa to play.*” Yes, it all seems rather silly but that’s the law. Although the ECB has introduced initiatives to get counties to play home-grown players, such as giving money those counties who play a certain number of under-23s, the reliance on foreign players is still a problem.

How things have changed! In the past counties did not have players from outside the county no less outside the country. In counties like Lancashire in particular you can even see the names of players reflected in the place names of that county. Michael Atherton is one, more recent, example but the most prolific name is Tyldesley, there having been six with that surname who have represented the county.

Indeed, it was once very difficult for players born in one county to even represent another. One of my cricketing heroes, the great Walter Hammond, was born in Kent but when starting

his career at Gloucestershire was forced to serve a two-year qualification period before being allowed to play for his adopted county. It left bad feelings between the counties and frustrated the brilliant batsman.

These days, the most pressing matter affecting the true counties as they are represented in cricket is how long they will remain as the underlying formation of cricket teams. Twenty-20 cricket has brought the occasional call for “franchises” such as in India but as soon as this idea is approached it is shot down by many purists (myself included).

Sources:

www.cricinfo.com

www.glamorgancricket.com

Brooke, Robert; *A History of the County Cricket Championship*; Guinness Pub. 1991.



A county cricket must: New Road, Worcester.

Even those defending the counties aren't even aware or concerned by their erosion in everyday life. They just care about “county” cricket. But at least that's something.

BOUNDARIES

Valerie Flatman

Let's not forget the County names
their hills and rivers, city spires;
each holds, distinguished and entire
its folklore, dialect and terrain.

Westmorland mists and craggy heights,
the spreading green of Yorkshire moors,
damp Norfolk Broads and Suffolk shores,
where sea and sky reflect clear lights.

Sussex Downs, chalk cliffs and shingle coast,
trees clumped on Surrey hills in haze
and Kent's pink blossoms, hops, byways
that curve unthinking then are lost.

Small signs mark hedged West Country lanes,
not postcodes, map references or squares;
Dorset meets Somerset down there
near Wiltshire's fringes to the Plain.

We cannot let this disappear,
in England, we must keep those signs.
Overhanging leaves may screen their lines,
but that's how we do things here.

THE MILESTONE SOCIETY

As I pass it nearly every day on my way to work, it did not take me long to realise that the milestone marker in my village was suddenly looking a lot more sprightly. Now it shone in the sunlight where previously it had looked like a tired old unloved stone. The message was clear now, only $2\frac{3}{4}$ mi. from this point to Leigh and in the other direction, a mere 8 miles further to Warrington. It also told me something I didn't know: that our much moved village (in a council-run sense) is part of the Township of Culcheth the nearby village. So I then began to



wonder who is responsible for the revitalisation of these important monuments.

At the last ABC general meeting I finally learned who is responsible for the preservation of mile markers. They are the Milestone Society. One of their members, John Nicholls, came to our annual general meeting last October to impress us with his commitment to the conservation of these markers. The tireless dedication of these people ensures that this slice of history is maintained throughout the country. For more information about The Milestone Society, please visit their website: www.milestonesociety.co.uk

SUSSEX BOUNDARY STONES

Rupert Barnes

An odd little stone pillar, standing between the Military Road and the canal, it is alone in the vastness of Romney Marsh. This old pillar though bears witness to something most precious, for it marks where Sussex begins.

Boundary stones are a fascinating jumble; they are not all of one monotonous, regulated pattern like our road signs but have been erected at different times as folk thought best. They are stones, pillars, plaques, 'lollypop' posts and bridge markers, in stone, cast iron or concrete, built, cast and graven, all these and many other varieties may be found across the land. Some were placed there unbidden by a parish to mark its bounds, or by county justices, some by a munificent landowner, some perhaps in settlement of a long-forgotten land dispute between estates in rival counties. A programme of boundary-marking was launched by the Ordnance Survey Act of 1841, which sent officers around the country mapping counties and hundreds and with power "to fix and place any such object, post, stone, or boundary mark". A trip around the edges of a county may reveal interesting markers for many ages which might have been forgotten, and which may be in danger.

Some boundary stones are overgrown, neglected, unpainted. Many are in danger from

development or "tidying-up": revamping of street furniture and new entrances to new buildings bursting across the pavements will call for a clearance of clutter, and those precious witnesses of ancient counties are often swept up and away. Some are now protected by listing: a rough, two-foot boundary stone near me is Grade II listed, but the more important heritage asset is not the stone itself but the ancient county to which it bears witness. I understand that county boundary stones are now rare on the edges of Sussex, so we should all do what we can to preserve those which remain.

Why care about Sussex boundaries in the hurley-burley of modernity? It comes back to that word "heritage" again, which is not history but the present day. History is that which has gone but heritage is that which we have received from our forebears and which we hope to leave to our children. Sussex is more than a name; it is engraved upon the collective memory but it is still in danger of disappearing from our heritage if disregarded. It is a county. It is not gone and it is not divided. County councils have existed only since 1889; fifteen centuries after Sussex came into being. The ancient counties have not been replaced by these youngsters; the Local Government Acts created new areas but there is not a line in them

abolishing nor altering the ancient shires, so Sussex lives and should be celebrated. This is a good reason to protect, restore and re-erect its markers.

I have an interest in preserving and replacing boundary stones as a trustee of the Historic Counties Trust. Another body dedicated to such stones is the Milestone Society, founded in 2001 with the aim to “identify, record, research, conserve and interpret for public benefit the milestones and other way markers of the British Isles”. Its interests spread far wider than just milestones, for way markers include boundary markers, fingerposts, coal posts and much else besides. It is good to see that all these are loved.

The Milestone Society has published heritage walks, conservation guides and postcards. The conservation guidance is particularly useful: where a way mark has fallen into a poor condition, highway authorities rarely know what to do as it is not their usual fare. If you want to restore a decayed marker, you may wait for a man in a council van to come along eating up money or you may try to sort it out yourself, but however it is done, experience practical guidance is invaluable. I found this recently when getting a local fingerpost fixed: the Hertfordshire branch of the Milestone Society determined how the post would have looked in its original condition and advised on how to clean and mend it, and it is being restored accordingly.

Fingerposts are still found all across Sussex. They used to stand at every junction, erected from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. They had local variants; in the west the typical style was a white post with the top, the finial, in a vase shape topped with a ring. The east decided to be distinctive, with a squat, octagonal post with a plain cap. Though new designs for road signs saw most of the fingerposts swept away, they are now being conserved as their value to our heritage has been recognised. My particular interest may be boundary stones, but I urge you to look after your fingerposts too. They are far more elegant than any placard sign and fit better into the scene of a pretty Sussex village.

If stones to mark the county boundary are regrettably few, Sussex does have a wealth of other boundary stones, in particular those of parishes. These have great variety among them and can take some tracking down, but they tell something of our forbears’ keenness to mark their place in the world. A number of studies have been published on these stones, which I need not repeat (and this, I think, shows our generation’s keenness too).

Go and look for boundary markers, but do not take boundaries for granted. The collective bounds of the administrative entities of East and West do approximate the extent of Sussex, but the civil servants have moved lines about for their convenience and walking down a road we may not know we are stepping across a line laid down 1500 years ago.

There are oddities around the borders of Sussex. Keen genealogists will know from church records how the voracious clerics of the Middle Ages left a patchwork of parishes and peculiars in northern Sussex; the county was mainly under the Bishop of Chichester (as it is today) but the Archbishop grabbed bits here and there which formed peculiars under his jurisdiction. This has not affected the bounds of the county itself but makes family history something of a challenge. The county boundary itself, the real county that is, has remained as best we can tell, unmoved for a thousand years. However even where you think you know the county boundary, the map can be deceptive and the current local government boundary is not always a match to the ancient edges of the county.

Take a look, for example, at the borders of Sussex with Hampshire and Surrey. They may seem clear enough, picking their way through the Wealden woods, the line of the border in turns dabbling its foot in a stream or hiding in the forest, sometimes marked by a little bridge and no more. It can be fascinating and worth exploring. The border of the real county is close to that of the administrative boundaries but the latter have been tidied up somewhat where a development has strayed north or south of the line, while the real county boundary is married to the soil. For example,

near where the three counties meet in the woods, there is a sudden spur of Sussex northwards. At Langley the border with Hampshire ceases to follow the easy curve southwest (which is indeed the council boundary) but turns suddenly northwards encompassing fields as far as Conford and makes a hook of Sussex curving round toward Liphook. This might look untidy on a map, but it follows immemorial lines on the ground; the spur follows the valley of the infant Holly Water, a headwater of the River Wey. This defies the logic of paper lines but may have far deeper sense in it as the land lies. Perhaps I am wrong: go and have a look and see what you think, and see if you can find any trace of the boundary on the ground. Why was the border set here? Draw your own conclusions.

To the east of Midhurst there is a real oddity. South Ambersham is a tiny place, a farming hamlet running down to the green banks of the Rother, but historically it has been Hampshire detached-locally situate in Sussex. A long finger of land reaching from the northern edge of Sussex down to South Ambersham was always accounted a part of the Tything Steep in Hampshire, though it is within Sussex and arguably always seen as Sussex land. Again, one may ask how a slither of land without towns or villages found itself in a tussle between two shires; and we find that in 963 King Edgar granted 8 hides of land there to the church of St Andrew at Meon in Hampshire.

Bland modernity may have the arrogance to dismiss ancient bounds, but such things do not disappear entirely at the stroke of an official pen. Recently members of the Sussex Association visited Tunbridge Wells, usually thought of as a Kentish town, but is built on and across the county border. The town is all in one local government area, but the real county border has endured for over a thousand years and no statute has revoked it nor grubbed up the clues within the town. The border runs through the streets close to the town centre. It darts through a former theatre: in its heyday the actors stood in Sussex and the audience watched from Kent, as a plaque on the building records. The border runs by a pub named

the Sussex Arms standing on Sussex Mews. A brook running through the gardens of some of the smart houses of the town marks the border still, and even where it is culverted, there is a dotted line of drain covers, brick markers and at one point a tiny parish boundary stone embedded in a wall. There on the ground in Tunbridge Wells is the ancient boundary as clear as day for those who care to look.

How then do we know where the county actually is? The Historic Counties Trust has published the boundary in the form of electronic data; the *County Borders* project. We want to see it on the ground though. Remarkably, there seem to be very few Sussex boundary stones left. There are many old parish boundary stones, but around the edges of Sussex all one will find are those flimsy tin signs welcoming all and sundry to half the county. Why mark these stunted halves? For all the utility of local government areas, the bureaucrats having done their day job pack up and go home while we live in real places. I have never heard anyone sing “*West Sussex By the Sea*”.

Protection for county boundary markers is vital, but we need to find them first, and we cannot do that from the comfort of our living rooms. I have said there are no boundary stones left but do try to prove me wrong. This is your challenge: get out into the lanes, comb over the boundaries and find these witnesses to county heritage, and tell The Historic Counties Trust or the Milestone Society (which keeps a database). We may be able to assist to get a threatened boundary stone listed, and save it.

Another thing we can do is reverse the vandalism of modernity and to put new boundary stones in. I will try to negotiate to do so in Tunbridge Wells. In the countryside, who can object to restoring what once might have stood in the ground, bearing witness to an ancient county?

Boundary Stones are heritage items in themselves but even more so are the counties which they mark and this heritage must be defended. I would encourage everyone to do whatever you can to protect them.

JUST THE TICKET-REFLECTIONS ON LANCASHIRE'S BUSES

Stephen Caunce

I grew up in Newton-le-Willows, but now work in Preston and the other day it struck me how pleasant it is that the buses in the city are still (despite a hiccup a couple of years ago) mostly operated by a firm called *Prestonbus*, rather than the ubiquitous *Stagecoach* or *First Group*. They still have a distinctive blue livery as well, and we also see rather handsome green buses run by Fishwicks of Leyland between Preston and Wigan. In the early 1960s, when few ordinary families had cars of their own, buses were the essential transport system of the urban mass that stretched between Liverpool and Manchester. Most were owned and operated by the local council, or corporation as most called them. Filling in the gaps were *Ribble*, based in Frenchwood, Preston and *Lancashire United Transport*, based in Atherton and who provided the bulk of the services we relied on in Newton. They were a very unusual service in having no town bigger than Newton within their own patch, and the corporations always seemed very unsure whether they really approved of them so you got dropped off in odd place more often than going into a central bus station. In Warrington we weren't allowed past Central Station, for instance. *Crosville* extended the service down into Cheshire for those going that way, though we generally felt ordinary Lancashire people weren't really welcome in Knutsford and Lymm.

Bus spotting was a very minor hobby, but everyone travelled on them and knew the routes that mattered to them. In my case, Newton was the place where several corporations met up and so its bus station-a grand name for several bus stops close together on either side of the road with a public toilet and a little enquiry office attached-saw a variety of liveries paying visits. Some other routes passed through the town without calling there. Officially the bus station was located in Southworth Road, but local people just called it 'the Bottom'. *Lancashire United* buses were red and grey; I always thought them very natty. Warrington Corporation were a brighter red and white, while Leigh's were blue and white,

and most of their buses seemed like antiques. Ribble were a very dark red, and swished through on their long-distance Route 39 that we used to get to Liverpool when the train fare seemed to dear. St Helens were red and cream and Wigan were a handsome plum. On trips to Liverpool you saw fleets of striking green buses, often looking very different in construction from the Leyland models that all the local towns seemed to use. They also had complex route numbers that were very disconcerting, even thought they all seemed to end up at the Pier Head. There were also green buses in Salford and more red ones in Manchester. We never went to Bolton, but old photographs suggest they were a very dark purple and there were others in places like Rochdale and Oldham that I never saw.

We had an apparently unique privilege in that we could get an LUT transfer single that allowed us to change buses in Newton, and often get the second leg for free as the fare was the same. As a child we could also buy special scholars' return tickets for 2d instead of having to pay for two singles costing three halfpence each. Of course, you had to hang onto transfer singles and these returns, and make sure you didn't mix the up with your collections of lucky tickets where the four digit serial numbers added up to 21. I don't think they ever brought me any luck, but lots of children had wads of them. The bus crew always seemed friendly, and of course there were conductors as well as drivers to help mothers folding up tansads while struggling with shopping bags. You weren't allowed to touch the bell however; that was the conductor's privilege alone. You had to make very sure they saw you in time for your stop. It was disconcerting to go to London and find the rules were the exact opposite. Several stops were missed while learning this. The day we went over to one-man operation with new buses with doors in the middle to exit through saw astonishment and confusion reign. Late buses were also very rare-people didn't go far after tea mostly- but Atherton seemed to have an astonishing service as all the buses wended their way back to the garage at the end

of the day. It always seemed to me that half the town must work for LUT, though I am probably wrong on that. Another place that suddenly seemed to get good service on busy days was 'Duplicate' when regular services were overwhelmed and extra buses laid on as required. The route number was a mysterious destination.

Another link with buses was that Leyland Motors, then apparently the supreme bus builder, used to despatch them in an unfinished state for buyers who wanted to build their own bodies. Each bare chassis heading south (before the M6 was opened) used to come down Newton High Street. The drivers had little or no protection or indeed comfort since there was yet no cab. They were usually well padded to keep out the cold, and it must have been a very difficult job, especially as it was a very busy road then with no motorway to take the strain.

Returning to the corporation bus service, however, they have always symbolised an aspect of Lancashire that is now in danger of being forgotten. Though most people were very

proud of being Lancastrian, few travelled very widely then and the country as a whole was somewhat of a vague concept. Yet the towns delivered nearly all the services you needed and felt like little republics. Even if electricity was part of a national grid by my time, at least Norweb still felt light years away from the faceless, graceless multi-nationals who have now taken over the reservoirs, gas mains and power lines. You certainly knew that Warrington had its own gas works (before North Sea gas came in) as our bus went right past and even on a good day the stench was almost unbearable - windows were slammed shut no matter how hot it was. If you add to that the Co-operative shops that had such a huge presence and all bore the name of the town, this is where people's first loyalties lay. People cared about local politics because so much of life was lived at that level. Gracie Fields once recalled that as a child she thought the most important people in her life were God, the King and the Mayor of Rochdale, though later she changed her mind and put the mayor above the king! It is no wonder that voting for local councils has fallen sharply as the influence they have over ordinary life have similarly collapsed.

HOW TO RENAME A MOUNTAIN

Rupert Barnes

The summer evening wind off the Menai waters presses in among the mountains whose slopes tower to over three thousand feet above the sea, the eternal rock unheeding of the events passing among fragile men beneath. In a hall in Abergwyngregyn crying rends the air. The women of the household are weeping because a great lady lies dead, but through all the voices pierces the single cry of a newborn baby. The lady who has given her all for new life is a queen, Eleanor de Montfort, Princess of Wales and King John's granddaughter. The baby, her first and only child, is a daughter, Gwenllian. The father simultaneously bereft and blessed is Llywelyn, known to history as Llewelyn the Last.

Before the year was out, the child was orphaned, her father overtaken and slain at

Builth Wells. Her uncle, Dafydd, took Gwenllian in hand until he in turn was captured and executed in the next year for his rebellion. Thus Gwenllian was just one year old when she passed into the power of her other uncle, the victorious King Edward I of England. Edward brought the child away safely, she who had the most dangerous womb in Wales, and placed her in a nunnery at Sempringham in Lincolnshire (little of which remains today).

Gwenllian was not forgotten and Sempringham received gifts in honour of "the Lady Wencilian", who lived out her life as a nun, producing no heirs for the ancient House of Gwynedd. In 1996 The Princess Gwenllian Society was founded to perpetuate her memory, and it is this society whose audacity has changed the name of a mountain.

How do you rename a mountain? The idea that a vital piece of landscape can be relabelled at a whim rebels against the senses of a traditionalist. A mountain cannot sign a deed poll thus a name attached to it *is* its name. Should any man presume to rename Snowdon (and there are those who would try at least to efface the English name) then there would be outrage, and the mountain would still be known as Snowdon. The names on the landscape are not playthings.

Running across the midst of Caernarfonshire, Snowdonia is a long ridge of mountains with 15 peaks reaching over 3,000 ft. (914 m), a height otherwise only reached in the Highlands and in Cumberland. The Princess Gwenllian Society noticed that in the group know as the Carneddau are mountains named ‘Carnedd Llywelyn’, ‘Yr Elen’ and ‘Carnedd Dafydd’; here then (perhaps by coincidence) are the names of Gwenllian’s father, mother and uncle. Beside them is a top which bore the dull name of ‘Carnedd Uchaf’ (‘highest cairn’). It is 3,038 ft at the head of a path leading down to Abergwyngregyn, and upon this they fixed their gaze.

Determination is the key to success. They found the landowners-the National Trust and a quarrying company-and lobbied them hard but kindly to have Carnedd Uchaf’s name changed. They spoke to community councils, and had to speak to all with an interest in the mountain’s slopes, right down to farmers with grazing rights, and they kept at it despite all the obstacles.

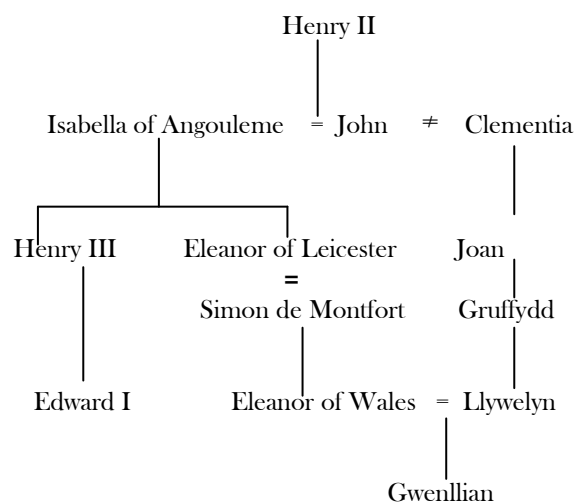
Elsewhere, it has proven easier for a hill to sport a new name. Amongst the Malvern Hills, the dramatic ridge which parts Herefordshire from Worcestershire, are summits called ‘Millennium Hill’ and ‘Jubilee Hill’, the names appearing in 2000 and 2002 respectively. This was the work of the Malvern Hills Conservators, who are a trust established by an Act of Parliament to own the hills and maintain their wild beauty. If truth be told, Millennium Hill is just a secondary top of the Herefordshire Beacon and Jubilee Hill is Pinnacle Hill’s north top so they were previously un-named summits. (Walkers would have

stormed the heights had the Conservators tried to rename the main hill.) Here then, by a simple decision of a landowner, two new hills appeared on the Herefordshire-Worcestershire border.

In Caernarfonshire the game was harder fought, and a less determined team would have given up long since; the National Park Authority, the Snowdonia Society, climbers’ groups, councils, all had to be won over and had a single interested person objected, the effort would have been lost. The Ordnance Survey began to be won over, seeing the unanimous consent of the landowners, farmers and the long list of those similarly won over.

On 26 September 2009 across the water in Anglesey, a ceremony was held to confer the new name, and now the maps of Caernarfonshire show ‘Carnedd Gwenllian’ on the hill overlooking her birthplace.

We have often bewailed the imposition of newly invented names on randomly devised areas, and the thieving of old, honourable names for dishonourable service, but here in Snowdonia something honest has been achieved and by an effort of will from which we should learn lessons. The Association of British Counties seeks to honour the heritage of many generations across the land; the Princess Gwenllian Society achieved something for the memory of a single, lost princess. I hope that we can emulate that dedication and achievement.



COUNTY CROSTIC

Mari Foster

Fill in the answers to the clues then transfer the letters into the grid to achieve a county quote and its author. **Answer on page 16.**

A. Damage the health of

4 20 57 22

B. Home to Bexhill-on-Sea

8 51 18 53 42 35

C. A series of unwelcome things

9 44 65 12

D. Deva to the Romans

11 54 26 32 40 37 61

E. The ability to do something well

33 39 5 58 7

F. Caernarfonshire peninsula

1 46 15 59 30

G. Stiffly correct

63 23 14 43

H. Formerly Queen's County

21 47 2 29 36

I. A piece of deep-fried potato

19 50 62 64

J. Ouse, Wyre or Ness

27 10 25 31 52

K. Past tense of draw

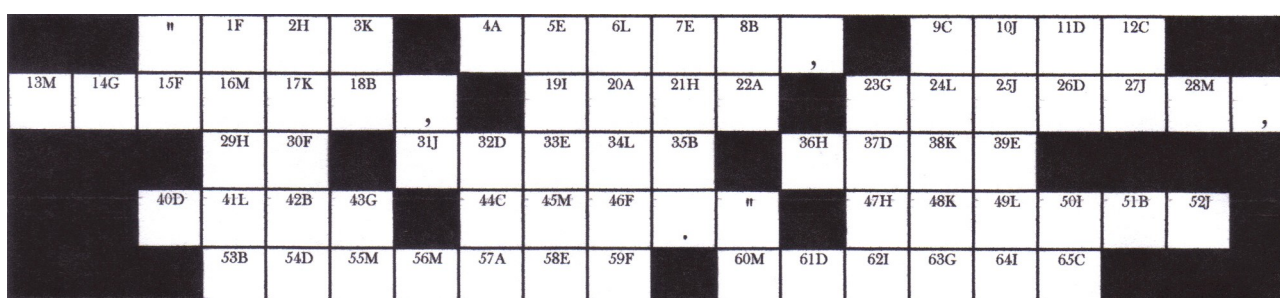
17 48 38 3

L. Midlothian port

6 34 24 49 41

M. Cumberland peak, _____ Pike

28 60 56 13 55 45 16



COUNTY FACT

Sussex Pond Pudding looks like any other suet type pudding until you cut into it, revealing a pool of lemon-flavoured liquid. The casing contains a whole lemon along with copious amounts of butter and brown sugar. The lemon softens upon boiling thus producing the sauce.

Source: *A Sussex Miscellany*, Sophie Collins

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There is also the incredibly useful **Gazetteer of British Place Names** which is the standard reference source for UK geography.

Get the correct county for postal addresses via the **Traditional County Postal Directory**:
www.postal-counties.co.uk

The historic county borders of England and Wales can be downloaded in GoogleEarth (kmz) format from the **Historic Counties Trust's County Border Project**: *www.county-border.co.uk*. The county borders can also be displayed within GoogleMaps by typing the following into the search box at the top of the screen and clicking 'search':
http://www.county-borders.co.uk/Historic_Counties.kmz.

Input your own information on the counties at **WikiShire**:
www.wikishire.co.uk

County-Wise: *www.county-wise.abcountries.com*

County Crostic Answer (from previous page): "Low hills, rich fields, calm rivers, in Essex seek them all." Arthur Shearly Cripps

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