

Londonshire?

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Now here's a how-de-do.

Some idiot - I have restrained myself from something stronger - at an outfit called the North Northants Development Corporation, [so the Daily Telegraph reports](#), is to launch a campaign whose aim is to rebrand, without so much as by your leave, the fair county of Northamptonshire as "North Londonshire". I mean, just how obnoxious can you get?

Apethorpe Hall, Near Stamford

Northamptonshire is one of the undiscovered gems of England (and long may it remain so) with some quintessentially English countryside and villages within its borders. Now some wazzock comes along and wants to associate it in everyone's mind with London.

You know, without having to delve too deep, that the [North Northants Development Corporation](#) is part of the Petit Quangoisie, but just in case you missed the point, here is part of their rubric:

North Northants Development Company (NNDC) was created in May 2006 by the merger of Catalyst Corby (Urban Regeneration Company) and the North Northants Together partnership.

As part of the Milton Keynes and South Midlands Growth Area, identified within the Government's Sustainable Communities Plan, NNDC seeks to drive, co-ordinate and manage the delivery of sustainable growth across North Northamptonshire through the procurement of infrastructure and the regeneration of communities.

Quick, pass the sickbag, please!

Here we have it in all its glory, another tentacle of that fat Socialist pig John Prescott's plan to have his revenge on the shires of England by concreting them all over.

Now Northamptonshire has long been my stamping ground and I resent this sort of thing enormously as I suspect do most of its denizens. One's loathing of this sort of thing is enhanced by having Chief Quangocrat, Simon Evans put out a whingeing defence of his efforts. We know it is going to cause offence, but blah-blah-blah.

I reckon he is lucky that he is not at this moment being hustled out of the County by an angry pitchfork-bearing mob. At the least the message ought to be.....oh well, decorum prevents me from offering a pithy thought on what he might care to do for himself, so supply your own bit of rudery as you wish.

Lyveden New Bield

And while we are at it, perhaps those folk who want [to plant a five-turbine windfarm](#) on the doorstep of [Lyveden New Bield](#), might also care to sling their hook at the same time.

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