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HERITAGE NEWS

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

LUDLOW'S HUMAN BLOOD SPORT | LAURIE WHITBREAD - A LOCAL HERO | A VIEW FROM THE ARCHIVE

LUDLOW'S HUMAN BLOOD SPORT

It is not known when the annual Shrove Tuesday Rope Pulling Contest, that pitted half the town against the other half, began. It is only known that no quarter was asked for or given, and that it was an occasion looked forward to with both anticipation and trepidation. At noon, the church bells were rung for one hour, the signal for housewives to prepare the mixture for the making of pancakes. It was also the advance warning for shopkeepers to begin boarding up their windows in preparation for the mayhem soon to come.

(Continued overleaf)



Every Boxing Day the modern equivalent of the old rope pulling contest is enacted between the Feathers and Bull Hotels on Corve Street. Tradition lives on.

At 4 p.m. the Mayor would appear at a window in Castle Square when he would pass down to an excited, baying crowd a 36 yard rope that had a large wooden ball attached to either end. One ball was blue and the other red, and the reason for these colours is also not known. What is known is that each end of the rope was received by a team member who sat on the shoulder of another member who in turn sat on the shoulder of yet a third member. Though it was mainly men who participated, women also took part.

The rules were simple. The town's population was divided into two teams, the red team made up of residents from the Broad Street and Castle wards, and the blue team made up of men and women from the Corve Street and Old Street wards. The object was for a team to dip their end of the rope into the river Teme. The Broad Street and Castle wards team had to pull it to the river at the bottom of either Mill Street or Lower Broad Street, whilst the Corve Street and Old Street wards team had to attempt to reach the river via Old Street. It was the best of three pulls. Each time, the losing team had to make a collection in order to raise the money to buy the rope off the winning team so that the next pull could take place. The money was then mainly spent on drink that helped to extend the day's exuberant celebrations after the contest had ended.

Waiting for the rope would be a crowd numbering about two thousand strong, made up of both participants and onlookers. Respect for their 'betters' disappeared on such occasions, and in 1838, when the Mayor teased the crowd by delaying throwing the rope to the waiting mass, he was struck in the face by a well-aimed snowball.

Other than the start and finish there were no other rules, and this was to be the reason for the downfall of this age-old tradition. Violence became a feature of the day and the main attraction for the onlookers. This was a human

blood sport. A journalist, reporting on the 1826 contest, recalls being, 'dragged into the crowd and remaining fully ten minutes borne on the shoulders of others, his feet never touching the ground and, when reaching King Street, the rope, getting round his middle, to escape being cut through, slipped it over his head and fell when hundreds trampled over him and there was no chance of rescue until the bulk of the rabble had passed, when he was removed as dead into a neighbouring shop.'ⁱ

By 1839 the contest was deemed 'more violent than for many a year past, the flooring-down blows countless, [as was] the number of men and boys on their hands and knees or on their backs.'

ⁱⁱ Five years later a reporter again described the viciousness of the fighting: 'Numberless blows are dealt out on the heads and bodies of each other, many are floored, blood scatters about, hats fly in the air, shoes parting from their tenants, coats

torn, men tied up in the rope and lying on the ground, trodden upon and crying for help.'ⁱⁱⁱ

Even the spectators, caught up in the excitement of cheering on their team, often resorted to fighting, much to the delight of those nearby. As was noted during one contest, 'a pugilistic performance amongst the crowd, between a little crabbed-looking tailor...and a huge publican six feet high and more than twenty stone, attracted great attention.'^{iv}

This annual event also once brought all classes of local society together for at least one day a year. However, in 1838 it was noted that the contest did not last as long as in previous years. The cause was claimed to be 'owing chiefly to the smartly-dressed beaux and dandies of Castle and Broad Street wards not being disposed to roll in the snow and mud in which the streets were abundantly covered.'^v This appears to give a clue as to the changing social nature of the



Ludlow Museums Service

Every Shrove Tuesday the area around the old market hall would be thronged with people, spectators and participants alike, waiting for the 36 yard rope to be passed down to them so that the mayhem could begin.

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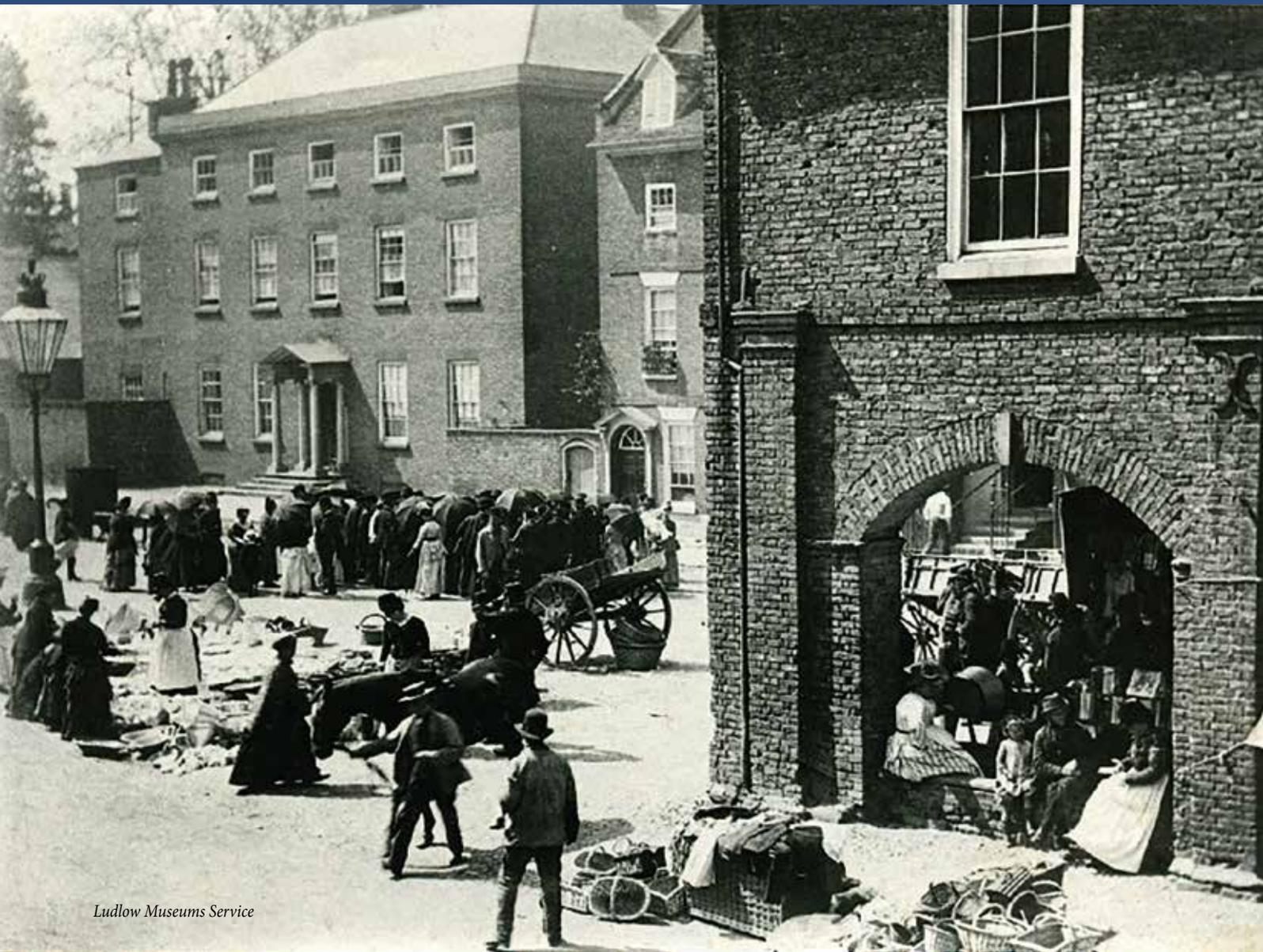
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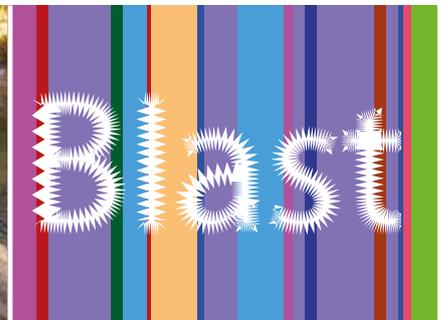
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From the safety of the rooms above the market hall, the mayor would appear at a window and lower the rope to the chosen leaders of the two teams below, ensuring that each had their correct coloured end.



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contest. As the years passed, the rope pulling was being seen more and more as an occasion for the working classes and one that was no longer fit for members of the 'respectable' classes. The county and town social worthies were now viewing it as a savage relic of the past and one that pandered to the vices of the lower orders. 'During the contest many persons were hurt and many angry blows exchanged and ended in fighting and drunkenness, which invariably follows this obsolete custom. It is high time that the authorities should put an end to the custom and that Ludlow should take her stand among her more civilised neighbours, for so long as this barbarous folly is perpetrated so long will Ludlow

be considered behind in the march of civilised refinement.'^{vi}

This plea was repeated again two years later when it was noted that the rope pulling, 'was attended with the usual fighting and drunkenness among the lower part of the inhabitants. It is time this foolish and barbarous practice was done away with, but it is feared it will not be until someone is killed.'^{vii}

This prophecy was not fulfilled as Ludlow's leaders acted first and banned any further contests. 1853 had seen the last of them. Victorian respectability had won the day.

There was a belated attempt to revive the contest as part of the celebrations for the

coronation of Edward VIII, but the organising committee squashed the idea fearing they would not be able to control it. In the late twentieth century, however, the contest was resurrected in a new form and can still be witnessed each year on Boxing Day. The participants are the patrons of the Bull Hotel and the Feathers Hotel, the two buildings facing each other across Corve Street. The winner is the team that pulls the other into their respective old carriage entrances. It may be a much smaller and less barbarous version of that which preceded it, but at least Ludlow is attempting to keep this age-old tradition alive

Derek Beattie

i Ludlow Advertiser, 21st June 1902.

ii Hereford Times, 16th February 1839.

iii Hereford Times, 24th February 1844.

iv Hereford Times, 16th February 1839.

v Hereford Times, 3rd March 1838.

vi Shrewsbury Chronicle, 21st March 1851.

vii Shrewsbury Chronicle, 11th February 1853.



Robert Filbrandt, landlord of The Bull Hotel.

Iden Ford Photography

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A LOCAL HERO: LAURIE WHITBREAD

I grew up in Ludlow in the early 1960s at a time when children could be out of sight of their parents in a way that would be almost unthinkable now. From the tender age of five upwards, I was allowed to walk the half mile or so to play with friends. Often, I'd take a short cut through the local cemetery. By the path next to the chapel was a distinctive white headstone at which I always paused. I still pause there today, more than half a century later.

The tablet of Portland stone marks the final resting place of Pilot Officer Laurie Whitbread, a Royal Air Force Spitfire pilot who, during the Battle of Britain, became the first Ludlovian to lay down his life in the Second World War.

Laurie was my boyhood hero and one of the principal inspirations for my thirty-two year career in the RAF. He also inspired my Battle of Britain novel, 'Wings Over Summer', which is dedicated to his memory. Since its publication, I've learnt much more about him, and been struck by some of the parallels in our lives – and the differences. I've also become increasingly keen for others to hear his story.

Laurie Whitbread was born in Ludlow on 21st August 1914. He grew up in Linney View, where he lived with his parents and sister, Vera, whom I knew as Mrs Bodenham when she was one of my junior school teachers. Like me, Laurie went to Ludlow Grammar School, where he was a popular pupil who excelled at sport, notably boxing, rugby and hockey, at which he represented Shropshire.

On leaving school, we both became apprentices, me in the RAF, Laurie with Fisher and Ludlow of Birmingham, a company that manufactured sheet metal for the car industry. In January 1939,

as war with Germany looked inevitable, Laurie applied to the Air Ministry and left his job to take up a short service commission in the RAF as a potential pilot. Forty years later, I trod the same path, passing the equivalent of the Air Ministry tests and embarking on my own quest for the coveted RAF pilot badge.

Nothing says more about the task faced by young men such as Laurie than a comparison of our flying training. When, at the start of the Falklands War I joined No. 24 Squadron, flying C-130 Hercules transport aircraft out of Lyneham in Wiltshire, I'd received 300 hours of training on four different aircraft types. It had taken three years.

Laurie reached the front line in just nine months, having received less than 200 hours' training on two different types. Later in my career, I became a flying instructor and taught hundreds of young men like Laurie to fly. I would never have dreamt of sending even the best of them to the front line after 200 hours.



But those were different times. In November 1939, just two months after the declaration of war, Laurie joined No. 222 Squadron, a night fighter unit, flying twin-engined Bristol Blenheims out of RAF Duxford in Cambridgeshire. His squadron commander described him as a cheerful character, pleasant, well-mannered and quiet. In short, Laurie was what in my day we called 'a good guy', an accolade that, in the understated language of the RAF is more impressive than it sounds.

For his first few months he flew convoy patrols over the North Sea. These could be monotonous affairs. But not always. On 14th December, his diary states, 'Narrowest escape to date, nearly spun in while night flying.'

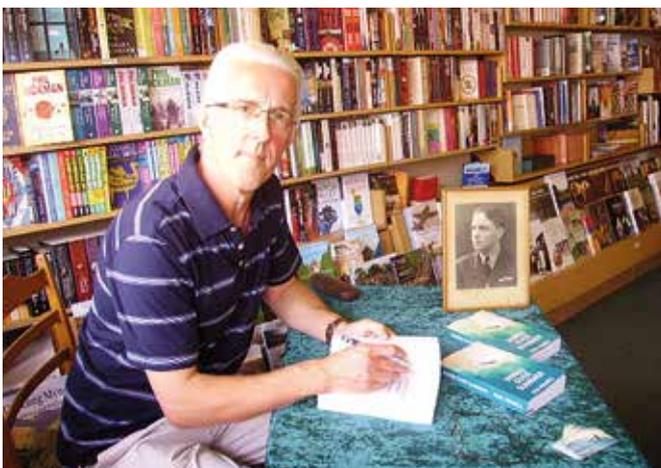
In March 1940, the squadron was delighted to be chosen to convert to Spitfires. Again, during my time, such a conversion would take several weeks, if not months, and include ground school, many hours in a simulator and flying dual with an instructor. For Laurie and his contemporaries there was no simulator and no dual control Spitfire on which to practise. He flew only two short training

flights in a single engined trainer before being sent solo in the most advanced fighter of its day. He received no further instruction, and the squadron began practising the attack profiles they expected to employ against the Luftwaffe.

The Phoney War came to an end on 10th May when Hitler's forces began their sweep through Holland, Belgium and northern France to the Channel coast. At the end of the month, Laurie and his squadron, which now included Flight Lieutenant Douglas Bader, flew over the Dunkirk beaches and the evacuation fleet. By the time 338,000 troops had been evacuated on 4th June, 222 Squadron had lost four pilots killed and one missing.

After a few quieter months moving between several airfields in the north of England, on August 29th 222 Squadron moved to RAF Hornchurch in Essex, an airfield in the front line of the Battle of Britain. In their first twenty-four hours there, they lost several aircraft and pilots. Laurie became one of three pilots chosen to fly Tail End Charlie, becoming the eyes of his squadron. It was a position of great responsibility and danger.

On August 31st Laurie was



involved in an attack on twenty-four Messerschmitt Bf109s protecting a force of Heinkel bombers. He closed to within fifty yards of one, firing into its fuselage 'from tail to cockpit'. The German fighter rolled onto its back, issuing white smoke, but Laurie had to disengage. No-one saw the Messerschmitt crash, so the kill could not be confirmed.

September opened with a pattern of numerous scrambles and interceptions. On September 7th the Luftwaffe began to bomb London. Fighter Command was caught by surprise and 222 Squadron was one of the few units to intercept the bombers that day. Laurie engaged a force of Bf109s at 27,000 feet over the capital, but became separated from the rest of the squadron. Nevertheless,



he found a force of twenty-five to thirty Dornier bombers and dived down on a straggler, setting its right engine on fire. Machine gun fire from the other bombers forced him to pull away and, once again, the fate of his target could not be confirmed.

On September 9th, he had better luck. The Squadron attacked a force of Bf109s escorting bombers flying west at 20,000 feet. Laurie fired a four-second burst at a fighter, shooting off its right aileron and sending it into a spiralling descent. This time, someone saw the German pilot bale out and Laurie was credited with a kill.

On September 14th he wrote to his mother in Ludlow. He said everything was fine although he was getting over a touch of frostbite in his left hand, the result of flying in intense cold at high altitude. On September 18th he was meant to go on a week's leave, but was called on to fly a patrol over Canterbury. His leave obviously fell by the wayside because he stayed on at Hornchurch.

On the morning of September 20th, the squadron was scrambled to meet an incoming raid. As they clambered for height above the Thames Estuary, a formation of Bf109s fell on them. Laurie's Spitfire, N3203, was hit. It seems that he unstrapped and attempted to bale out, but was shot in the left side and fell back into the cockpit. At 11.15 the aircraft crashed near Rochester in Kent. Laurie was thrown clear of the wreckage but



died instantly. It is unlikely that he saw his nemesis, an Oberleutnant Hans 'Assi' Hahn.

Laurie was buried in Ludlow Cemetery with full military honours. Chiselled into his Commonwealth War Graves headstone are the RAF badge and the words, Pilot Officer H L Whitbread, Pilot, Royal Air Force, 20th September 1940, Age 26. Below these details is a phrase from a speech Winston Churchill gave to the House of Commons in August 1940: 'Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.'

As a result of these words, Laurie and his fellow pilots have gone down in history as the Few. He was one of the 544 who died, and although he has remained largely unheralded by the wider world, he has a legacy in Ludlow.

The childhood friends I used to walk past his grave to meet lived in Whitbread Road, named in his honour. And the tower of St Laurence's Church is illuminated on the anniversary of his death every year. I still visit his grave at least once a month – my parents are buried nearby – and, at a book signing in Ludlow, his nephew, Delme Whitbread, told me of his family's delight at the dedication in 'Wings Over Summer'. Delme also presented me with a picture of his uncle that sits on my desk as I write this article.

To me, Laurie seems the very epitome of a local hero, gone but not forgotten.

Group Captain Ron Powell RAF
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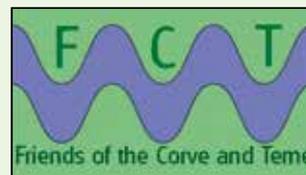


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JUBILEE GARDEN MONTAGE



A VIEW FROM THE ARCHIVE

History doesn't repeat itself but it often rhymes' Mark Twain is reputed to have said. A dip into this magazine's archives shows us just how much has changed over the years...and how much continues to rhyme today.

In 1984 the Society had been going for 30 years when it decided to start a magazine called *Heritage News* to be produced jointly with the Historical Research Group. The first issue was four pages of dense type – albeit with photographs – and went on sale for the princely sum of 10p. Within five years, it had become a more professionally produced eight page magazine with erudite articles, a logo and advertising. Sadly, inflation had pushed the magazine price up to 50p.

Reading the first ten issues – which are now available on our website – reminds us just how much Ludlow has changed in a generation. The town centre was dominated by the Town Hall – a large late-Victorian building which obviously divided opinion in the

town – standing where the market is today. It was in a bad state of repair, having been poorly built, and was finally demolished in 1987, provoking a vigorous debate about what should replace it.

It is hard now to look at the open market square and the grand views it affords of the buildings surrounding it, including the Castle, and imagine putting a large new market hall in the middle of it. But these were the arguments raging in the late 1980s. Looking back with the mellowing effect of time this all seems such a storm in a teacup to us now, or as the Bard put it, 'It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing' (in which I play the idiot).

As always, history provides a welcome lesson for us – perhaps our own current vociferous debates will

seem far less important when seen with the perspective of a few more decades hence.

The Society has always taken an active and hands-on role in attempting to improve the town for residents and visitors alike, and the Autumn edition for 1988 (pictured) seems incredibly prescient of the Autumn 2018 issue exactly thirty years on. The front page celebrates the Society's work in creating a new public garden by St Laurence's.

The Church had installed a new heating system in 1860, and needed a place to store the solid fuel and somewhere to spread the clinker from the boiler, and the area next to the south porch was selected for this. In due time the heating system was changed again, but the site by the entrance was left untended and so it gently degraded, becoming an overgrown plot used as a bin store and general dumping ground for almost a century.

By the 1980s it was indeed an eyesore and the Civic Society worked closely with the then Rector to devise a plan to improve it. Years of compacted cinders had badly impaired drainage whilst allowing invasive weeds to thrive. A lot of work was required to level the area, bury drainage pipes, lay flagstones and build a raised flowerbed. The cost was expected to be £5,000, towards which the Society contributed £1,000.

By 1988 the area had been turned into a pleasant seating area, furnished with memorial benches and a stone plaque thanking the donors and remembering Samuel Burgess who had been Chairman of the Friends of St Laurence's and a keen supporter of the town's Summer Festival.

How sad then that we see history repeating itself in a thirty year cycle. Just as we are celebrating the opening of our own Jubilee Garden a few yards away, we see the amenity area by the Church has once again become a junkyard, home to yet another heating system, and the smart commemorative plaque obscured by bins.

I am sure that this time it will take less than a century to clean it up again, but it does provide a timely reminder that our own efforts to improve the town can slip backwards if they are not maintained. In his speech at the opening, Sir Roy Strong urged us to make sure the new Jubilee Garden was actively used to give it a life for the future. Your committee took his words to heart and we are keen to find more ways to make sure it gets the use and activity it deserves.

I encourage everyone to explore these old editions of the magazine, not just because of the glimpse it gives us into the town's recent past, but also because 'those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it'.

Alan Layng

Novelist Stanley Weyman (1855-1928) was born and worked at Ludlow's 54 Broad St. He was, in his day, as famous as Dickens, although now largely forgotten. His novel *Ovington's Bank* is considered his best and is set in a fictional Shrewsbury. Re-issued by Ludlow publishers Merlin Unwin Books, it is now available from Castle Bookshop.

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Ludlow Heritage News

No.10 September 1988

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We hope members have visited and approve the new amenity area which has been created on the south side of the Parish Church. This has been a major contribution towards the improvement of the Conservation Area as at present designated in Ludlow, and we were delighted to have received invitations to the dedication of this area which was held during the Ludlow Festival fortnight.

Another item of 'home conservation' has been the mounting block in Brand Lane. Many older members can remember this being in regular use when the Atherden family was resident at 27 Broad Street. This was the family responsible for the installation of electric lighting in the Parish Church, and even from the great distance of Broad Street, attended church by carriage. The mounting block was restored at the instigation of members of the Society.



The mounting block now protected from further damage by a tub of flowers.

Some members of the Society were delighted to hear that the two red telephone boxes in Castle Square have been 'listed' grade II. While it is pleasant to hear that these examples are to be protected, it would be even better to hear that they were to be cleaned regularly.

Membership of the Society is generally concerned about the amount of litter and dirt on our street and footpaths, and the Committee has even volunteered (cost permitting) to provide an extra litter bin to help cut down this problem. However, the Committee has first asked for reassurance on the regularity of servicing the bins – overflowing bins only add to the problem.

With regard to the fouling of footpaths by dogs, Jeanne Rhodes was on holiday in East Anglia during the summer and returned with the following photograph. She tells us that there was an obvious difference between North Norfolk and South Shropshire, both rural communities, but North Norfolk being much cleaner.



Notice under sign reads – Please do not allow your dog to foul the footways – Penalty £50 fine



Readers should, by now, have noticed the new plaque which has been placed in Broad Street to mark the birth place of James Vashon 1742 – 1828. This plaque has been generously donated by the new owners of 29 Broad Street.

James Vashon was the youngest son of the Preacher of Ludlow who was the Rector of Eye; he served under Captain Cornwall of The Revenge – Captain Cornwall was Lord of the Manor of Berrington (and Eye). Remaining a midshipman until the age of 33, when he was made a Lieutenant, James Vashon received further promotion – to Commander – in 1776 when he captured a warship during the American War. At the Battle of the Saints – All Saints Day 1780 – he was again promoted this time to Flag Captain and as such was able to receive a share of the prize money. With this money he returned to Ludlow and bought 39 Broad Street – the house opposite his former home.

In 1792 the Flag Captain returned to sea, but unfortunately for promotion prospects had the rather dull job of blockading the French Coast during the Napoleonic wars; for 11 years he was almost continually at sea. However, in 1804 he received promotion to Rear Admiral of the White, and then made steady progression – 1805 – Rear Admiral of the Red, 1808 Vice Admiral of the Blue, 1810 Vice Admiral of the Red, 1814 Admiral of the Blue, and 1826 – just two years before his death, Admiral of the White.

He had retired to Ludlow in 1810 to live in yet another Broad Street House, No 54 – the present offices of the Ludlow Conservative Association. Admiral Vashon was on the 'active' list in the Royal Navy for a total of 54 years and was a friend of Lord Nelson.

We are privileged in this issue of Heritage News to have contributions from two of our loyal members. Dr Martin Speight, former Chairman of the Society has kindly contributed an article explaining the history of Whitcliffe, and James Moxon, OBE, has permitted members of the Civic Society to be the first to read of his researches into the forgotten Battle of Standard Oak.

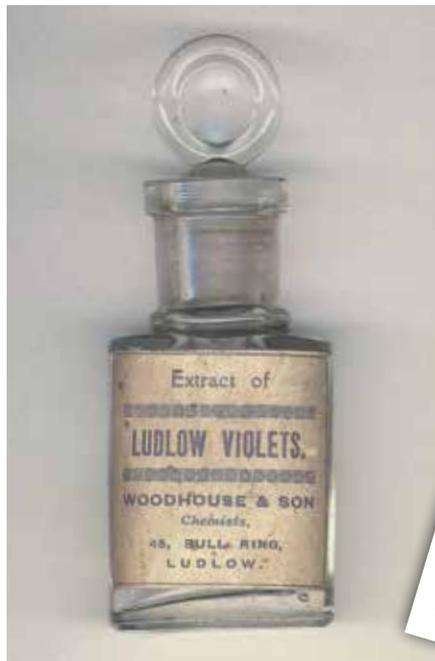
PLANNING TO GIVE A LITTLE PERFUME AS A PRESENT ANYTIME SOON?

We are publishing this piece as a tribute to David Edwards who died last year and who had contributed several articles to Heritage News over the years. He referred to this type of article as a 'filler' and was always producing them to fill spaces in our newsletter.

These Starry-eyed lovers in the postcard illustrated below may well be inhaling the aroma of our own 'Ludlow Violets'. As the bottle illustrated below shows it was sold – and

probably made – by Woodhouse & Son, the Bull Ring chemists. The owner of the photograph cannot now remember where the bottle is located – hopefully in the museum store – and the card

may be a 'spoof' to coincide with St Valentine's Day. Printing techniques may have advanced along with glass manufacture but doesn't the whole look attractive? What lady member of the society and even gentleman would not be pleased to receive as a gift a bottle of this or any other locally produced perfume?



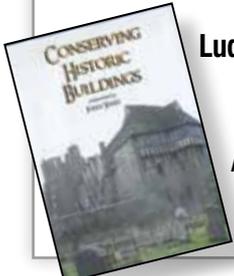
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COMMITTEE NEWS

CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

You will probably be aware of our plans to renovate a trial patch of cobbles in Broad Street. This has been enabled by the generosity of members, but the original hope of starting last autumn was delayed by the complications of getting permission – a task almost more daunting than the job itself. However, the fee and paperwork (in triplicate) is now gathering dust in some Council office and we expect to commence shortly.

Following the successful move of our annual drinks from winter to summer, we are again considering a similar event in a possibly different venue. We hope details may have been worked out by publication date.

More productively, the new time for our monthly talks seems to be proving a popular idea, and our thanks, as ever, go to Jane and Gaye for all their work on 'events'. The pinnacle of their achievement this year may well be the trip to Leicester on May 1st to visit the Richard III

exhibition. Tickets are limited, and nobody is to mention the princes!

'A lady in Canada' very kindly sent our Vice Chairman, Tony Mahalski, a watercolour/gouache painting of Lane's Asylum in Old Street. Tony has equally kindly now had this framed and the LCS are presenting it for display in the Assembly Rooms when their alterations are completed. Lane seems to be becoming a popular subject. Last year Mr Warr of Winchester sent us a small booklet describing aspects of Lane's Charity, compiled by Mr H.T. Leake, his late father-in-law, who held the position of Registrar in Ludlow around 1970. After transcription, we handed it on to the Historical Research Group.

Lane's legacy is more tangible than the facts of his existence which are seemingly: Thomas Lane, Gent. fl. 1650, dead by 1674, possibly alderman in Ludlow Corporation, was described in the will of Sir Job Charlton as 'his grateful servant'. Lane's own will established a charity 'to be advantageous to the poore of this Towne'. The Old Gatehouse

and the adjoining Lane's House were used as a Workhouse and House of Correction from 1676 until 1837, after which they were known as Lane's Asylum and used as almshouses.

Whilst Ludlow dances in and out of the 'popular places to live' surveys, the approval of several current housing schemes will add over 800 homes, rising to a target of 1,000, holding 2,400 people according to the Office of Statistics. The design is 'to respect the historic design of Ludlow' in line with the latest government planning rules. I seem to recall that Milton Keynes was a government-planned town.

It is within the scope of organisations other than the LCS to question the impact of this on the town's infrastructure, especially with regard to the contentious question of parking. At least Richard III had a car park to himself! As the bard had him say. 'I am not in the giving vein today.'

Richard Hurlock

MEMBERSHIP, TALKS AND EVENTS

When I come to gather my thoughts each new year about the membership and our efforts to sustain their interest in talks and visits, I try to look back a little but also to describe what is soon to come. Firstly, the members this year have excelled themselves in renewing their annual membership with great energy, and we have many new members.

My thanks, of course, go to Alan Layng, our Treasurer, without whose amazing computer software and efficient database, the tasks would be much harder. Thanks, as ever, go to our sub-committee: Gaye Smith, John Cartwright, Tony Mahalski and Roy Thwaites for working hard all year long, setting up the evening talks, excursions and summer party.

The new time of 4 p.m. to start our talks seems to be well received as shown by the record attendance for Colin Richards's talk on Ludlow's renaissance in the later half of the twentieth century. We shall receive the second half of the story from Colin on 10th April, with more fascinating

stories and pictures. To finish the current programme, May will bring a flourish of talks on art history and Georgian architecture.

The delights being lined up this year include a trip to the Richard III Experience in Leicester in May, and our summer party in July. The new programme from September 2019 will have the usual number of talks but will include two excursions (yet to be revealed!) set up to please and interest the members in equal parts. Don't forget to make a date in your diary for the Ludlow Civic Society's Summer Lunch Party on Thursday 11th July (see insert for more details).

From my dual role of membership and 'entertainment', I only need now to thank the members themselves who do not just join and sit back, but who support and become involved in all that we do.

Jane Hunt



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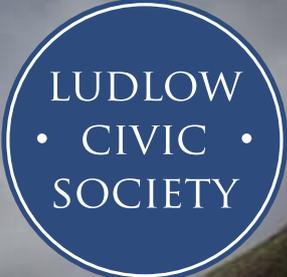
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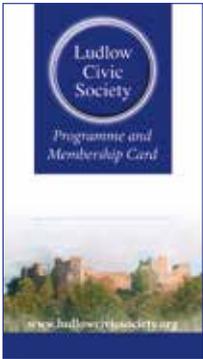
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To: The Membership Secretary, Ludlow Civic Society,
51 Julian Road, Ludlow SY8 1HD
Please accept my/our application to join the society.
Annual membership subscription is £13 per person. £24.50 per couple - normally due on September 1st. I enclose £ to cover.
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BECOME A MEMBER - JOIN NOW

If you care about Ludlow and its surroundings and if you wish to join, please complete the form opposite.

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