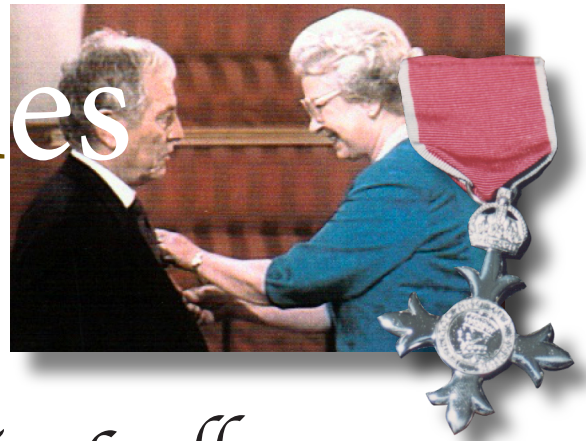


Personal Stories

from Our Parish



Kenneth Edwin Ludlow M.B.E.

Honorary Parish Alderman

13th August 1928 - 9th November 2017

Kenneth Edwin Ludlow was born on the 13th of August 1928 in Salisbury Infirmary in Fisherton Street. His mother, Hilda May Ludlow, was born in Winterslow in 1899 and his dad, Frederick John Ludlow, was born in Marlow, Buckinghamshire also in 1899. Ken's mum and dad always called him 'Our Tad'.

They lived with Hilda's mother, Mary Jane Lanham, Auntie Minnie and cousin Frank Willis. Mary Jane was a widow with five children who made her living selling home grown vegetables, fruit, eggs, chickens and logs to customers in Salisbury around the St. Mark's area which she accessed with a horse and van. Fred helped her for a while but things didn't work out so he moved with Hilda, baby Ken and Frank to St. Kilda, a rented cottage in Middle

Winterslow. Fred bought a van and he and Frank, both very good gardeners, started a market gardening business around the army camps, taking young Ken along for the ride.

In the early thirties Hilda discovered that Hope Cottage in Livery Road, Winterslow was for sale, so a mortgage was arranged and the family moved in. Fred decided to work at Porton Camp and Frank found work at Winterborne Camp.

Ken grew up at Hope Cottage and in 1934 was joined by a sister, Freda Alice. Both went to Winterslow School. Ken had many friends to get up to mischief with: Squirt Drew, Snitchy Parsons, Rumpy Russell and Ken was known as Spud Ludlow. He had a much loved ferret called Monty, but that's another story.

Ken left Winterslow School and joined Highbury Avenue School in Salisbury. He wasn't very happy at first, being used to the country but made new friends and settled down. He left school aged 15 and went to work at Fred Fry's at the Old Manor, West Winterslow, as an apprentice carpenter with Jim Hiscock, making coffins and doing building work. He soon took an interest in plumbing and began working with Ivor Fry at Fry's.

He bought a Corgi scooter and had a nasty accident in the village and was taken to Salisbury Infirmary and was unconscious for eighteen hours. He had a girlfriend called Joyce who he'd met at Old Time Dancing in Salisbury and they got engaged, so Ken decided to build a house at West Winterslow on land which his father had bought. He left working for Fred Fry and got a job plumbing at Porton Camp where his dad worked. Ken went to college and was soon teaching plumbing himself at Salisbury College.

He married Joyce Helen Marcia Palmer at St. Martin's Church, Salisbury on the 1st of December 1951 and they lived with Joyce's mother, Katherine Palmer, at Milford Hill, Salisbury.

Their son, Paul Anthony, was born in 1953, another, Nicholas John, in 1956 and their daughter, Amanda Jane, was born in 1961. They had then moved into the bungalow which Ken built, South View, Weston Lane, Winterslow.



Ken received the M.B.E. in 2000 for his unstinting services to the community for more than 50 years. As a parish councillor he was involved with maintaining the 30 miles of footpaths, establishing play areas in the village, creating the village pond on the corner of the Common, worked tirelessly at All Saints Church and chaired the Winterslow Land and Allotments Committee, formally the Winterslow Poor Folks Committee. The latter was a charity established to manage land and housing in Winterslow for the benefit of needy villagers. In 2016 the Parish Council awarded Ken the title of Honorary Alderman in recognition of his service to the community and longevity as a Parish Councillor.

Joyce had died in 1974 at home, but Ken managed with the help of his family. He was a keen gardener and started to go on cruises all over the world with his friend, Jean from Yorkshire, and when he became older he still enjoyed keeping his garden up together and was very well looked after by his son, Paul, and his wife, Heather, who had built a house in the old garden.



Ken showing his new pond to Winterslow School children

Ken died on the 9th of November 2017 at Salisbury Hospice with his family gathered around.

I still miss 'Our Tad' living around the corner in Weston Lane.

Freda Alice

Acknowledgement: Mick Brown

