

# Clare Lockwood

Born 13.11.1955

Life story by Clare and her three siblings.

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*This life story was extracted in 2020, with permission, from The Watts Family Chronicle, a family history compiled by Gordon and Veronica Watts's four children: Anthony (Tony), Paul, Veronica Mary and Clare. It is one of seven life stories extracted from the same source: the others are of Gordon Watts (their father), Veronica Watts (their mother), Patrick Thompson (their stepfather) and Clare's siblings Anthony Watts, Paul Watts, Veronica Mary Price (née Watts) and Clare Lockwood (née Watts).*

# 1. Preface

We have written this family history for our children and grandchildren, so that they can know more about their forebears, and the family of which they are a part. We have written it together, drawing upon our different memories and the various photographs and mementoes which we each possess. Veronica Mary carried out most of the research, using Ancestry and other sources; Anthony has co-ordinated the writing and selection of photographs. But we have all contributed, and have shared and approved the drafts.

The text is inevitably somewhat uneven. On our ancestors our information is often scanty, and confined to official records. We have included all of this, so that the book can be used as a source of reference. We have also leavened it where we can with some photographs and contextual detail. On more recent times we have more documents, a lot more photographs, and our own memories (increasingly erratic as they are). We regret, however, the many documents that have been destroyed, and the lost opportunities to collect family stories from our parents and grandparents. This is why we have decided to pull together what we know now, while we still can!

For the purposes of the Lives Retold website, we have split the collective family narrative into seven separate biographies. Some parts only appear in one of the biographies, but others appear in two or more, in order to make each biography as self-sufficient as possible.

The four families from which we were derived were named Watts, Goodliffe, Wells and Griffiths. We have traced back each of them in turn, drawing from parish records, census data, family mementoes, and other sources. The details are included in the biographies of our father Gordon Watts (for the Watts and Goodliffe families) and our mother Veronica Watts (for the Wells and Griffiths families), also available on this website.

From what we have learned about these families, three general conclusions can be drawn.

First, each of the four families was remarkably stable geographically, all in the south of England and in the midlands. Despite some mischievous comments from Veronica Mary that we should recognise the Welsh roots of the Griffiths family by supporting Wales in rugby matches against England, we have been unable to find any evidence of such roots (much to the relief of her brothers). Indeed, we have not found any member of the family who was born or died outside England – or even, indeed, in the north of England.

Second, extraordinarily, the roots of the four families are in the parts of the country where each of us now lives. The Watts family came predominantly from Somerset, where Veronica Mary now lives (in Frome); the Goodliffe family from Cambridgeshire, where Anthony now lives (in Cambridge); the Wells family from

Middlesex and Kent, where Clare now lives (in Chiddingstone, Kent); and the Griffiths family from Warwickshire, where Paul now lives (in Dunchurch). This is totally accidental: our childhood was in many other locations, and each of us has moved to where we now are for a variety of reasons, that have nothing to do with our family roots – of which we were in any case largely unaware until recently. But it represents, in our view, a very happy set of coincidences.

Third, we come from good solid working-class stock – as do most English families, of course. Any hopes that we might find traces of nobility or wealth have been unfulfilled. We owe a great deal to our parents and grandparents for providing us with opportunities that would have been inconceivable to their forebears.

Our family has had some difficult times, as most if not all families have, and we have tried to be open about this, disinterring some skeletons and seeking to lay them gently to rest. But there has been much happiness too. We all feel very fortunate to be part of such a close and loving family.

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## 2. Childhood: The Family Chronicle

Clare Alecia Watts was born in an RAF hospital in Delmenhorst, Germany, on 13 November 1955. We were there because our father, Gordon, having previously served in the occupation of Germany between 1946 and 1950, was posted back to BAOR (British Army of the Rhine), serving in Oldenburg and then (from July 1955) in Adelheide, just outside Delmenhorst, near Bremen. He was a Major in the Royal Artillery, in the 35<sup>th</sup> LAA Regiment (see separate biography of Gordon Watts). We stayed there until 1958, though Anthony and Paul went to boarding school in England during this period, returning home in the school holidays.

*The Chronicle of the Watts Family* had been started by Anthony in August 1954 and continued until September 1958 (it was retitled *The Family Chronicle* in December 1957). The Chronicle provides a detailed picture of our family life during the years 1954-58. It contained family and school news, articles (on topics like current affairs, sport, hobbies, the makes of local cars, etc.), results of family games (reported in great detail), and book and film reviews. Much of it was written by Anthony, but other members of the family contributed, including Veronica (our mother), Paul and Veronica Mary.

At the time of Clare's birth we were living at 25 Franz-Schubert-Strasse in Delmenhorst. The first issue of the *Chronicle* in the 1955 Christmas holidays reported that:

The main event was the birth of Clare Alecia on the 13<sup>th</sup> of November. She is a lovely baby and very good. (24 December 1955)

The first issue of the 1956 Easter holidays included comments on 'the girls':

Clare is much more fun these holidays – laughing, talking, and crying rumbustiously – and had her first Rusk on Friday for tea. She has Farex regularly. (31 March 1956)

Veronica Mary provided some 'news' for the Chronicle (adroitly taken from her English book at school). Entries included:

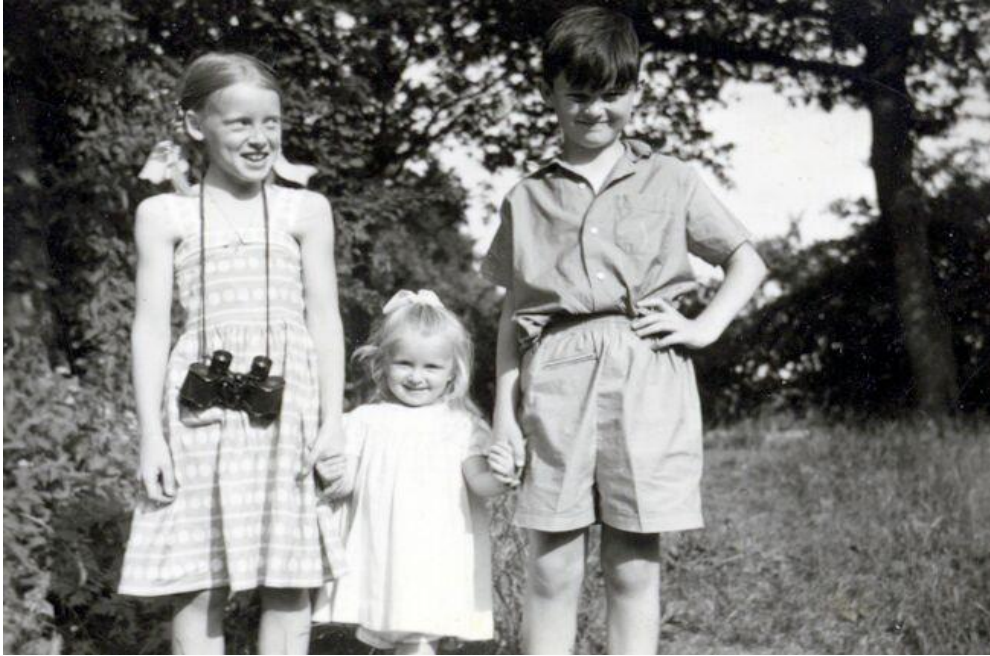
June 12<sup>th</sup>. I took my baby [Clare or doll?] for a walk when I came back from school and she laughed because she loves it. Afterwards I helped Mummy do Clare. (28 July 1956)

A subsequent letter from Veronica to Anthony and Paul on 8 February 1957 reported:

Clare took three steps quite alone the other day and then the excitement was too much for her and she collapsed on the floor in laughter. (13 April 1957)

Soon after this, Anthony reported:

Clare has now been walking for two or three months, and is always up to some mischief. Mummy declares that she is the worst of the four babies she has had – she is sweet but naughty. ‘Issy’ is her name for Veronica Mary, derived, Mummy tells me, from her saying ‘Where is she?’ (4 May 1957)



*Veronica Mary with her first boyfriend (John Strain) and Clare in 1957*

This was followed by a note about ‘Corn Flakes’:

It will be remembered that Veronica Mary used to call Corn Flakes: ‘cumfits’. Clare now calls them ‘tooth-ache’!! But Anthony and Paul sensibly called them simply Corn Flakes! (4 January 1958)

Clare’s vocabulary was growing:

Clare has been rather ill this week with measles, but now has recovered her usual mischievousness and buoyancy. Some of her new words include ‘Bello’ (her new name for virtually anybody and everybody), and ‘no’ which she uses invariably when asked a question, whether the negative or the affirmative is meant. (20 July 1957)

She missed her brothers when they returned to school. Veronica recorded in a letter to them on 16 September 1957:

Clare cried as the train went out and all the way back until she fell asleep she said ‘Where’s Paul, where’s Anthony?’ and it must be almost a hundred times she’s asked it since you went – even when I went in to her at 2am yesterday. (28 December 1957)

By now the Army was beginning to reduce its presence in Germany, linked to the general defence cuts:

Delmenhorst Garrison is now diminishing rapidly, and soon only 35 Regt. at Adelheide will remain, as 77 Regt. and 30 Regt. are returning to England to disband. It appears probable that 35 Regt. will be doing likewise in October – we hope so – but this has not been officially confirmed yet. (28 December 1957)

The first issue of 1958 contained a plaintive and rather poignant editorial:

The family's life since its inception in 1940 has been unsettled, nomadic but happy. However, the lack of a settled home, of 'roots', has created in many of us a desire for these things. We want to settle down in England, to have a real home, to have a stable environment. Let us hope that, through the grace of God, 1958 will see these hopes realised. (4 January 1958)

Before this, however, we were moving into a new house in Bachstrasse, just round the corner, which gained general approval:

It is one of four new houses recently built ostensibly for colonels, and the proposal that we should apply for one [presumably because we were such a large family] was suggested some months ago. It was, however, shelved, as we felt we might well be moving in the near future. But after the decision to remain in Delmenhorst, Daddy applied, and 26 Bachstrasse is the result... We are all very ecstatic about it. (4 January 1958)

The move went well, although:

Clare was rather frightened by it all: it's a new experience for her – but not for us! (4 January 1958)

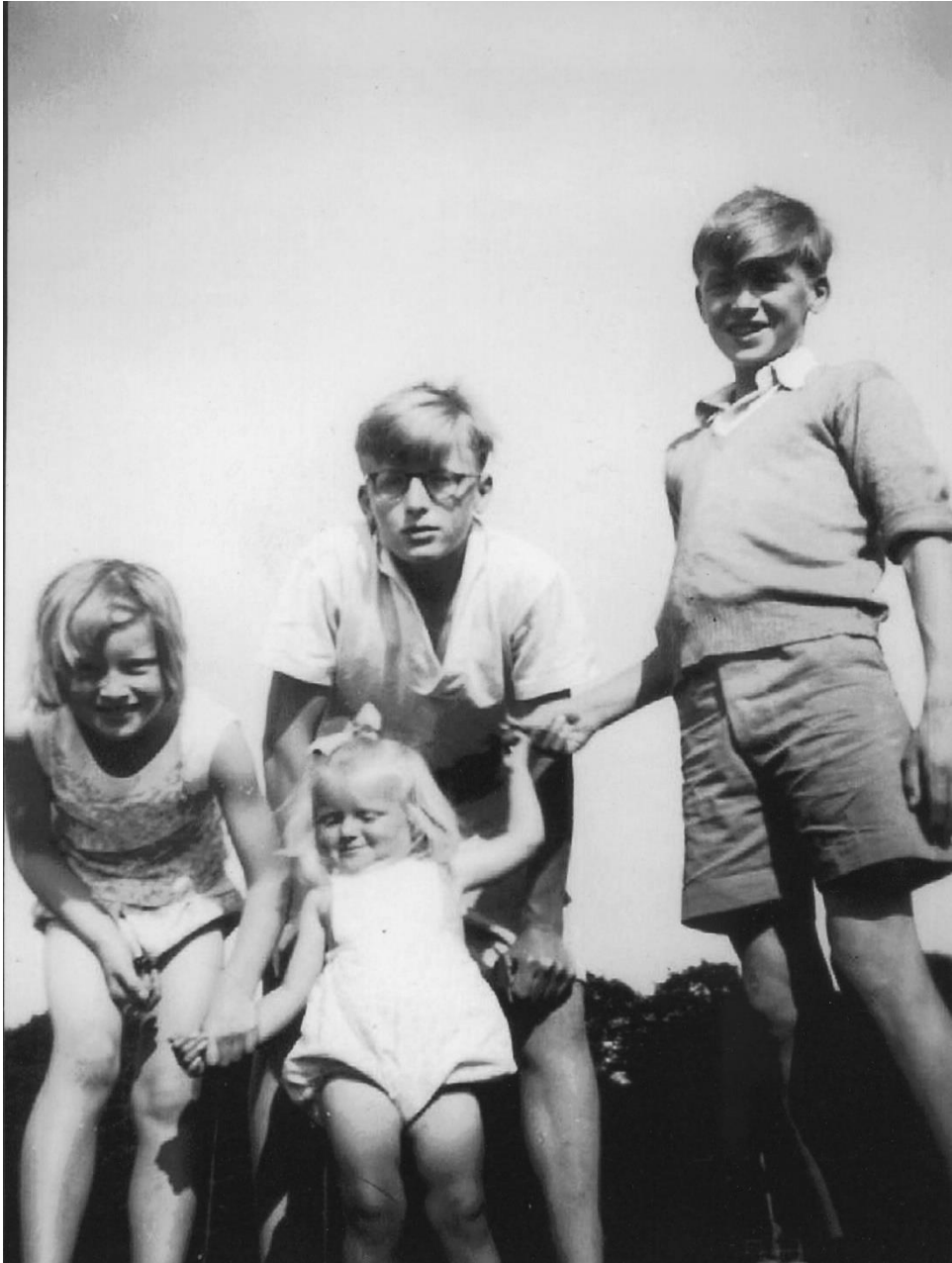
During the 1958 Easter holidays news arrived at last of a posting back to England:

At last Daddy has been posted – as adjutant to a TA regiment in Leeds. For over a year now we have been expecting a posting, and for much longer than that we have been longing to go back to England. From most points-of-view, Yorkshire is the worst possible county we could go to: it is at the opposite end of England to all our relatives and friends, the country is not so picturesque [sic!], and we will be a long way from the boys' school. But on the other hand, as Daddy points out, there will be much more likelihood of his getting a good job in the north than in the south after his probable 'retirement' from the army in 1961. (26 April 1958)

And then, on April 23<sup>rd</sup>:

Clare put on her 'best' coat and decided to go to school to see Issy [Veronica Mary]. She was round the corner before Paul caught her. (26 April 1958)

At the time of this early independent expedition, Clare was under 2½ years old!



*Veronica Mary, Anthony, Paul and Clare around 1957-8*

The next issue of the Chronicle announced the family's arrival in Leeds:

At long last, after four long years, the family has returned permanently to England. Our enthusiasm at this long-looked-forward-to event was somewhat dampened when we saw the filthy conditions of our new house in Lidgett Lane, Leeds 8. But the whole family has set to work with a will, and now it is beginning to look clean, attractive and ours... It is furnished, but the junk left behind by the last occupants – and what a lot of it there was! – has been thrown out, and the more hideous of the furnishings have been removed into the attic. (27 August 1958)

A couple of weeks later, the Chronicle reported:

The first few weeks of our stay in Leeds are over and we can be justly proud of our achievements. The house has been thoroughly cleaned and reorganised, our own belongings have been unpacked and put tidily away, the kitchen has been transformed by a few tins of red and white paint from the ugliest room in the house (always excluding the 'Black Hole of Calcutta' next to the dining room) to the prettiest, the garden has received a surprising amount of attention – the flower beds have been weeded and dug up, and the lawns mowed regularly – and supper times are now actually approaching the ever-elusive daily time of 7.30. Achievements indeed! (13 September 1958)

We also had a new *au pair* girl:

At Easter we mentioned the possibility of Maria Holm, a young Greenland girl living in Copenhagen, coming to England with us to learn English and in return to help with housework. This finally materialised, and very fortunately so, for, as Mummy says, she doesn't know where she would have been without her. She has worked extremely hard and uncomplainingly, and with her unfailing good nature and humour has befriended us all. But we hope she is also learning some English! (7 September 1958)

In addition, there was an article about a visit to the Yorkshire countryside with Mr and Mrs Cribb, which removed some negative stereotypes:

What beautiful countryside it is: high hills, deep valleys, long views of rustic quiet and grandeur, wide expanses of cultivated fields, the harvest ruined but beautiful still. (13 September 1958)

This was the final full issue of the Chronicle. There was a very brief issue in January 1959, but it contained only family sport results.

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### 3. Our Family in Transition

Like many couples during the War, our parents Veronica and Gordon married when they were very young, and probably before they knew themselves or each other very well. During the traumas of the War they lived very separate lives, Gordon in the Army and Veronica raising very small children. When they joined up in Germany after the War, there were difficulties between them, exacerbated by the fact that Gordon drank a lot (mainly gin) and smoked a lot (around 40 cigarettes a day). This was not uncommon in the Armed Services at the time: both were accessible very cheaply, initially at least. Gordon had a strong temper, particularly when he had been drinking. He and Veronica had other relationship problems. While, as the Family Chronicle indicates, there were many happy times during this period, it is clear, in retrospect, that there continued to be underlying tensions between them.

Throughout the 1950s Veronica had severe financial worries. She kept detailed accounts of every transaction, and was always looking for ways to economise. A visit to a shop near our house in Frome to buy ice-creams was a great 'treat'. The worries continued when we reunited with Gordon in Germany. In addition to the school fees, Gordon's expenditure on drink and cigarettes was a significant drain on financial resources.

Veronica's faith was an enormous support to her in all her struggles. Her belief in God was strong and deep. She prayed a great deal, and always tried to do what was right and good.

Veronica met Patrick in Delmenhorst when he was a Catholic army chaplain in Delmenhorst. He was a regular visitor to our family. It is clear from the many letters we have to Veronica from Patrick that they had fallen deeply in love with one another and were beginning to plan a life together before the events that led to Gordon's court-martial for a trivial financial offence in June 1959 (for details of this and of our subsequent relationship with our father, see separate biography of Gordon Watts). They had even started to write some short stories together, to provide a possible future source of income. The court-martial was, in a sense, a final straw in the breakdown of the relationship between Veronica and Gordon, but it also provided a rationale for Veronica to commit herself to what she was already wanting to do.

When Veronica decided to leave Gordon in March 1959, she wrote a series of letters about the court-martial to which there were replies that she kept as mementos. Two were from Prior Park: one from Brother Dalton, the President, assuring her that 'Prior Park will not let you down'; the second from Brother Beattie, the Housemaster of St Paul's (the senior house), stating that 'We all sympathise with you in your great trouble' and making practical suggestions about approaching Somerset County Council for help with the school fees.

Some time in March/April 1959 Veronica must have found the house at 53 Kimberley Road, Southsea, to which we then moved, with financial support from Patrick.



*Veronica with Veronica Mary and Clare at Kimberley Road in 1959*

Patrick provided great support to Veronica, both emotionally and financially, when she made the decision to leave Gordon and move to Southsea. He had for some time been experiencing doubts about his vocation as a priest, chiefly on the issue of contraception, on which he struggled to accept the Church's teaching. Eventually he decided to leave the priesthood and came to live with us, in Southsea. We all accepted him, without any question: we never doubted that our mother Veronica would do what was right and best for all of us. He changed his surname by deed poll from Thompson to Watts, to reduce the chances of scandal (this was still a morally repressive time in England). We thereafter always called him Poppa.

After an interval, through the good offices of Bill Delvin – a close friend of our family – Anthony and Paul made contact with Gordon, who had gone to live for a time with his parents in Fareham. Veronica agreed, on the strict understanding that Anthony and Paul did not reveal her whereabouts to Gordon. She also felt, however, that Veronica Mary should not meet him until they were older. Eventually, once Veronica Mary was married, Gordon visited her. Later, Anthony arranged for Clare to meet him, and came to her school to inform her and make the arrangements. But Gordon died during the following week (on 5 March 1974), before the meeting could take place. Anthony adds:

‘It never occurred to Paul or me that for a long time Clare did not know that Poppa was not her father. We do not recall ever being instructed not to tell her this. We just assumed she knew.’

Meanwhile, in 1962 the family moved to Miller’s Cottage, Rustington, Sussex. It was here that Veronica and Patrick set up Arun Tutors, to provide individual tuition for a small number of students, often with personal as well as learning problems. They soon decided that they needed a larger house to house the students as boarders, so they moved to Hurstbourne Tarrant in Hampshire – first to The Rookery (1964-66) and then to Dole’s Lodge at the entry to a manor estate, where the students were lodged at the manor (1966-67) – and thence to The Manor at Linkenholt nearby. In 1982 they decided to retire and moved to Countryman, Cardinals Green, Cambridgeshire and later to a bungalow in West Wrating, Cambridgeshire (see biographies of Veronica Watts and Patrick Watts for details of all these developments).



*Paul, Clare, Veronica Mary and Anthony at The Rookery*

Clare writes:

I have no memories of my childhood without Poppa being there, although when I was very small I don't think he was very involved in day-to-day things. I think that as a little child I was a bit frightened of him. I remember calling him Father and always being desperate to call him Daddy. I was never told anything about our family history but I always sensed that my relationship

with him wasn't the same as other children had with their fathers although I couldn't understand why.

This was a big problem for me. It was not until I was much older, probably about 12, that I was finally told the truth about what had happened. I am very aware that this was done to protect me but I feel very, very strongly that it was not the correct decision. It was not correct that *all* the family knew but not me as one of the children.

I think once I was told, it put things into place. As parents you love your children equally and share the enjoyment of their upbringing. For Poppa it was different. His first and I suppose in many ways his only consideration was Mummy. It was probably a bit annoying for him to have to bring up a little child as well. I finally realised why our relationship wasn't that of a normal father and daughter.



*Patrick with Clare and Veronica Mary at South Harting Hill in October 1959*

Poppa did his very best but his own upbringing wasn't conducive to understanding young children. He and Mummy were also very busy trying to establish Arun Tutors, so there was very little time available. I went to boarding school when I was seven. As I said in my memories of Mummy, I was very unhappy about this but looking back it was probably one less thing for them to worry about.

As I said before, my early memories of Poppa were of a very formal, respectful relationship. Then came the teenage years at Norfolk Gardens. These were not the best of times. Poppa was obviously trying his hardest to bring me up but he was very strict. I was not allowed to go out with friends even when I was 16, 17, 18. I would be invited to parties. I would then ask Mummy if I could go and she would then pick her time to ask Poppa but the answer was always no. I am not sure why this was the case. This caused huge arguments and poor Mummy was stuck in the middle.

Poppa was very kind to me when I was studying for my A-levels. I think I was probably very conscientious and worked very hard. Poppa used to come into my bedroom with toast and tea as a treat, often late in the evening. Sometimes he used to tell me that I was working too hard and should stop. There was one occasion when he removed the light bulb from my bedside light to stop me revising. He always made breakfast for me. It would be a little pile of toast with the crusts cut off. I think there was a time when we were only allowed butter if we put nothing on the toast. If we put jam or marmite on we were only allowed margarine.

He taught me English for my A-levels. Funnily enough when I had a school reunion recently people were talking about him and how they used to try to distract him from Shakespeare or Keats. This was *very* easy. He would go off at a tangent and talk about all sorts of other things, politics etc. Sometimes we would have a lesson where we just did the crossword: this was great fun.

Life continued to be tricky until I left school and went to university. I can remember vividly Poppa changing from that day and becoming more relaxed. It was as if he felt his job was done. That is not to say that there weren't still problems. I remember wanting to learn to drive when I was about 20. A boyfriend had taught me but I needed to practise during the holidays. Poppa wouldn't let me. I think he was worried that I would crash the car. This caused huge arguments. Eventually Uncle spoke to him and somehow persuaded him to allow me to be insured on the car and Mummy was able to take me out for some extra practice.

Once I was in my twenties the relationship with Poppa improved hugely. He mellowed and I grew up, so it was much better all round. When I used to visit, he always sat quietly in the background letting me chatter away to Mummy. I think that we all found this. He would prepare the meals and all sorts of other things while we talked. He was totally and utterly in love with Mummy and she was at the forefront of his thoughts at all times. He would do anything and everything for her.

When Mummy died he was of course devastated and suddenly vulnerable. He had always been fit and healthy apart from having diabetes diagnosed. After Mummy died he began to have more health problems himself. It was almost as if he had kept himself going in order to look after Mummy. He suffered a



*Clare and Patrick at Countryman, Cardinals Green, in 1983*

heart attack while staying with us which was awful. He then spent time in Pembury Hospital. It was during this time that I became much closer to him. He had lost Mummy and suddenly the rest of the family became the focus of his life. When he came to stay he would always do all the ironing for me and lots of other little jobs. He became much gentler and easier to talk to.

I saw him the day before he died. He was so grateful that I was there. We had just returned to Stansted from a holiday and we popped in on the way back. I realised he wasn't well and said that I would take the children home and drive back immediately. Sadly by the time I got home the carer had telephoned to say he had been taken to hospital. I think Jane was with him just before he died. The nurse rang me straight after she left to say he was a bit better and then rang back five minutes later to say he had suddenly died. I was very sad not to have been with him.

To sum up, Poppa loved Mummy without any reserve. She was at the centre of his thoughts all day every day and he would have done anything for her. Theirs was a true love story. He had a brilliant mind and devoured knowledge. He was a massive help to me with all my work when I was at university. As a step-father he did his very best. It was probably not easy for him, especially as he had not had a normal childhood himself having been sent away to be educated in Belgium and not seeing his own family for seven years. He was probably over-zealous in his strictness but that was as a result of his own background. Though times were very difficult during the early years, we became much closer as time went on, especially after Mummy died. It is in the latter years that I have been able to appreciate what he did for us all. His

judgements might not always have been right but no one can put a claim to that. He did his very best for all of us and loved us all very much.

Of our mother, Veronica, Clare writes:

In many ways I was brought up as an only child although I had three wonderful grown-up siblings who I used to see during the holidays. I do have some memories of growing up with Veronica but even those are few. Because of this I felt very close to Mummy and I would describe her as my very best friend. Poppa and I didn't always have an easy relationship, I was probably very annoying but I adored Mummy as did all of us. We used to have such a lot of fun together and I could always talk to her about anything.

I used to get up in the morning and immediately climb into bed with her and we would just talk for ages. I still did this in my thirties, the only difference was that my children would climb in too!!



*Veronica with Clare preparing for Clare's First Holy Communion in 1962*

My most vivid memories are of Norfolk Gardens. We used to watch a television programme, I think it was called *Face the Music*, a panel game about classical music. Afterwards Mummy and I would dance and sing round the house together, although she had to be careful because of her back.

Mummy occasionally played the organ at St Catherine's Church in Littlehampton. At the time in question she was rather out of practice. I think it was Midnight Mass and the normal organist was ill. Mummy was asked to stand in but she wasn't very confident. I went up with her to the organ loft to help. Mass started and she asked me to pull out some stops. Unfortunately every time I pulled out a stop it came away in my hand. Mummy and I started to giggle. This got worse and worse as the pile of stops on the floor got bigger and bigger. By the end we were quite hysterical. The organ playing wasn't the best and I remember us making a hasty retreat after mass before anyone could find out who had been playing.

I also remember summer evenings. We would occasionally have a bottle of wine. This was very rare as it was too expensive but sometimes Poppa would buy a bottle of Niersteiner Gutes Domtal, I think it was a Liebfraumilch. We would sit in the garden and listen to Albinoni.

She taught at the convent and was my German teacher. She examined me for my German oral. It was very funny because she asked me how many brothers and sisters I had and whether I had any pets and where I lived. Unlike other people I couldn't make up the answers as she knew the truth! Luckily she gave me an A!

I remember one outing to Portsmouth when I was about 15 and about to do my O-levels. She made me speak German *all* the way in the car, which was a long journey, to practise for my oral. I don't think I really wanted to but she was insistent. Actually it was hilarious. Somehow she always made everything enjoyable.

The best times were when we used to go shopping together. We would go for the day either to Portsmouth, Southampton or latterly Cambridge. Poppa would pack us off after breakfast for the day and we would have a wonderful time meandering through John Lewis persuading each other to buy things. When I was grown up she was always saying 'Darling you *must* buy that, you might not find anything so nice again' and so I would. It used to cost a fortune and we would arrive home laden with bags. Poppa would then make a cup of tea and would have to endure us trying everything on for him to see. I think it must have been very boring for him but he always appeared to enjoy it and say how nice it all was. Funnily enough I think Veronica has the same outings with Vicky and I do with Lissie.

I have absolutely *no* memories whatsoever of Mummy ever getting cross with me. We would talk about anything and everything and we always had lots of fun. I think I would probably describe myself as a Mummy's girl. Even when



I was little I used to cry when I went to stay with Nanna and Uncle which probably wasn't very nice for them and may account for the fact that I was the least close to them of the four of us. It must have been very annoying. I think being sent off to boarding school when I was seven was pretty devastating for that reason but I never, ever, blamed Mummy in any way. I suppose as a child you just accept it.

Then there was the time I ran away from school. I was extremely unhappy for various reasons and eventually couldn't stand it any more and ran away at break time. I had no money with me and went into town to the arcade and found a telephone box to make a reverse charge call to the Manor. Mummy picked up the phone and immediately knew something was wrong. We weren't allowed to make phone calls home. She said she would come down immediately. I returned to school; I don't think anyone knew I had run away. She telephoned Paul and they both came down that afternoon. Mummy talked to Reverend Mother and Paul helped me to pack. He was looking very handsome in his Army uniform, and as we passed some of the girls he said: 'Are you the ones who have been horrible to my sister?' We went home and I then lived at home for a year going to a local convent (before going back to boarding school). Incidentally that was an occasion when Poppa was amazing. I walked in through the door and he asked what I would like for supper. I don't think there was ever any discussion about it again.

One or two memories about James and Lissie with Mummy. Obviously they were very young when she died and she was really not very well for several years beforehand but two memories stand out very clearly. When they were very little I always used to go up and stay with Motti and Poppa when Richard went off on a trip. This was obviously very often, so I suppose I went once or twice a month for a few days at a time. James made up some game where Mummy had to be his prisoner for some reason. They were living in Countryman at the time. He locked her in the bathroom for hours. She stayed there quite happily while he passed food and drinks through the door. Strange boy! She always loved playing make-believe games.

The other thing she did was to play schools with them in bed. By this time Mummy was in bed quite a lot. The children used to go in with all their dolls and teddy bears and they would *all* be on the bed. They would then spend hours playing schools. I think Mummy was always the headmistress in order to keep some control!

I could go on and on about various memories although some of them have obviously faded over the years. As I said earlier, Mummy wasn't just my mother: she was my very best friend. She was always so kind, loving, interested, fun, I could go on and on with superlatives. We were all so lucky to have such a wonderful person as our mother: no family could have had anyone better. I still miss her enormously.

## 4. Education and Early Career

After moving to Southsea in Hampshire, Clare attended a small primary school for a short time before moving to Littlehampton in Sussex. She then went to St Catherine's Primary School for about a year before going to the Convent of the Holy Family at the age of 7 in 1963, becoming a boarder when Veronica and Patrick moved to Hampshire. These were not very happy years, as she suffered badly from homesickness. When she was 13 she ran away again, this time from school. She lived at home for the next year, attending a local convent – St Benedict's Convent School in Penton Mewsey – where the education was somewhat limited. A year later she returned to the convent at Littlehampton, in a much happier state of mind. She remained there until her A-levels and became Head Girl in her final year.



*Paul taking Clare for an outing from the convent school in Littlehampton in 1966*

Having gained three A-levels in History, French and English, Clare went to the University of Southampton from 1974 to 1977 to read Theology. She then went to the University of Exeter for one year (1977-78), gaining a Postgraduate Certificate in Education. During her university career she travelled a lot and worked on a kibbutz in Israel, very near to the Gaza border. She remembers walking through Gaza and being very conspicuous as a young, blonde English girl. It was probably not the safest place to visit. She also travelled all round Europe on Inter-Rail. Clare writes:

I went with a girlfriend. We had very little money and spent a lot of time sleeping on beaches and rounding up left-overs from the odd nights we could afford to spend in a youth hostel. Thank goodness Mummy didn't know about it. When I returned home she took one look at me and made me have several baths in disinfectant before cooking me scrambled eggs with nine

pieces of toast! We had not washed or eaten properly for over a week, having travelled back from Greece after having our sleeping bags stolen and completely running out of money.

After university Clare taught at Hardley Secondary School near Southampton for two years from 1978 to 1980 and also spent two long summer holidays working in America for Camp America.



*Clare in East Sussex in 1981*

In 1980 she left teaching to join British Caledonian Airways, initially as cabin crew. Then, as a forerunner to a graduate scheme, she went into advertising at head office where she was responsible for all advertising in North and South America.



*Clare in her British Caledonian (BCal) uniform in 1982*

## 5. Married Life

Clare married Richard Lockwood in 1982. During her children's early childhood Clare continued to work, doing various supply-teaching jobs. Once the children were at school, she was employed by West Kent Education Authority as a tutor, her task being to enable school phobics and children with various illnesses to return to mainstream school or special schools that would meet their specific needs. In the early 1990s, through a personal contact, she was asked to do some home tutoring in Mathematics. This quickly grew into a thriving business and Clare eventually stopped all other work to concentrate on this, tutoring children in Mathematics and preparing them for Common Entrance examinations and 11-plus examinations (which have continued in Kent, unlike most other parts of the country).

This business continued until September 2010, when Clare was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukaemia. This necessitated a six-month stay in hospital, with a lot of chemotherapy, before receiving a bone-marrow transplant from Anthony on 3 March 2011. A long and difficult recovery began. She did not return to work, as children and reduced immunity did not fit well together. Her body gradually grew stronger. After several positive check-ups, she was finally 'discharged' by her specialist haematologist in June 2016.

Clare now enjoys life to the full, playing tennis and bridge, belonging to a reading group, and sailing her and Richard's boat, which is based in Sardinia, Italy.

Clare and Richard have two children: James and Alecia. They and their partners and children are a very important part of Clare's and Richard's lives.



*Clare in holiday in Franschoek, South Africa, in 2013*

## 6. Epilogue

Clare writes:

Families are very precious. Sadly, in many families the bond between its members does not survive. In our own family there were ups and downs especially during our childhood which have left scars on us all.

Our mother was, as we have all said in our own tributes to her, a truly inspirational person and someone we all adored. I think her greatest legacy was to instil, in us all, the importance of our relationship with each other.

At the traumatic time of Mummy's final illness and death, we were all together and supported each other. It was as if Mummy was preparing us and showing how important we all are to each other. From that time, our closeness has never diminished. We do not see each other often, but we all speak very frequently on the telephone: supporting, amusing, sometimes bickering, but ultimately loving each other.

My relationship with Ant, Paul and Veronica is one of the most important things in my life; we are also hugely fortunate to be able to share the closeness with all our spouses. Their support for me, Richard and our children ten years ago was unquantifiable. Ant literally saved my life with his stem-cell donation. I thank them all from the bottom of my heart for everything. I love you all.

Thank you, Ant, for the wonderful Family Chronicle. It will be a relief for the time deadlines to be over!

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