

Mrs. Power-Clutterbuck.

Further reminiscences – Miss Jill Penley (92)
Mrs. Isabel Smith (88) Frances Penley (83)

Mrs. P.C.'s interests were music and gardening. She had a grand piano in the drawing room and had a parrot – name not remembered. She used to go to Cheltenham for concerts, and possibly to private houses.

Mrs. Highley and 3 daughters lived at Buckle House, Uley. One daughter played and taught the piano – another the violin and the third painted. Mrs. P.C. and the two musical ones may well have had musical soirees. They all died in the 30s or during W.W.II.

She kept a Daimler, no doubt after the carriage was put down, and the Coachman became the Chauffeur. It was always called "She". "She has such beautiful lines". On Sundays she was driven to Church at Ozleworth. This all ended with W.W.II and petrol rationing and she became very much a recluse. She must have had her spending power reduced by the Financial Crisis of 1929 and the very slow economic recovery in the 30s, and by the heavy taxation from 1939 onwards to which she was very vulnerable.

J.P. and I.S. remember her as very well upholstered and corseted. J.P. remembers her in a two-seater car with her son looking very proud – He was probably on his last leave; Also knitting socks for deep sea fishermen of oiled wool. She used to go to séances with a Mrs. Owen, who lived in Woodmancote, Dursley. I.S. remembers her as being very nice to her and her sisters as children. Once she wanted to offer a shrub to their mother and said to one, "You will remember "Wy" and to the other, "You will remember "Geila", making Wygeila.

In the 20s and 30s there were still families in and around Dursley with whom she was at least on calling terms – Cliffords at Chestal, followed by Lady Brooke, Col. and Mrs. Parry at Ferney Hill, and many more in the range, which "She" could cover.

I think it will be worth your while to contact my first Cousin, Kitty Cobham, now living at Hunters Care Centre at Cirencester (own phone 01285 653707). Her memory is good. Her father and my Uncle Wilfred Murray-Browne joined my father in about 1924 as a Land Agent. In those days established firms of Solicitors did a great deal of estate management. He, I think, would have acted as Agent for Newark and probably discussed repairs and with Mrs. C. until about 1932, when he retired and my father took D.S. Milward into partnership.

Kitty also knew the Miss Kings well. I think their Solicitors were Meade King of Bristol. Wilfred M.B. lived in Uley at Went House on the Green. Kitty mostly lived at home until W.W.II. She was very keen on riding and hunting and racing which would fit in with the Kings and Mrs. C.

18.11.99.

F.C.P.

Mrs. Clutterbuck.

Mrs. Clutterbuck gave me her nursery fireguard after our eldest child was born in 1946, a wonderful gift, totally unobtainable at that post-war time. I also have her copper coal scuttle and shovel, which I bought at the sale after her death.

I remember Mrs. Clutters as a very upright lady, below average height and fairly well upholstered in figure. I never saw her without her hat, of the perched variety, and black. She moved about indoors painfully but uncomplainingly saying it was good for her to move about.

I used to go and call on her from time to time. She was always home. She was mostly sitting in her drawing room, upright. Sometimes the mantelpiece clock would be lying on its side. She told me it would only go like that as periodically the house shifted, which made the clock stop.

On one occasion when I called she was sitting at her desk in the dining room, sorting out some change. This was to give the gardener who would give it to the local bookie with whom she placed her quite frequent bets, of a shilling a time.

I sometimes took our small daughter with me. On one visit, as we were leaving – she always came to the front door with us – she produced a strange object from under a piece of furniture near the door and waved it around for Prue's entertainment. It made an appalling din and Prue was terrified. It was a World War I rattle to warn of poison gas.

She was looked after by May, who was also pretty elderly, devoted to Mrs. C. and very frugal. I think May was the last domestic servant I knew who always wore a white cap pinned on her head and had a white apron with bib over a blue cotton dress. The aprons were very patched and darned. There was also Carter, her gardener, who lived in the village. In earlier times she had employed a coachman, a man named Brown, who lived with his family in one of the Rockstowes cottages.

I remember her telling me that her (very steep) drive used to be rolled regularly with a garden roller, from side to side to prevent the gravel washing down the hill.

Her only son was a World War I pilot and was shot down by the famous German pilot Count von Richthoven(?) Strangely she made it sound as if this was quite an honour.

She told me that as a baby she was carried in a litter through the Khyber Pass in Northern India, her father being Surgeon General in the Indian Army. She always referred to him as "Daddy".

There was a very large painting of Newark and its grounds hanging in the dining room.

I have no recollection of her clothes, but her skirts were long and black. She was diabetic and finally was gangrenous from the daily injections. She was a courageous old lady.

K.P.

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