

## A Trip Down Buttery Lane

By Diane Waugh and Caroline Waugh

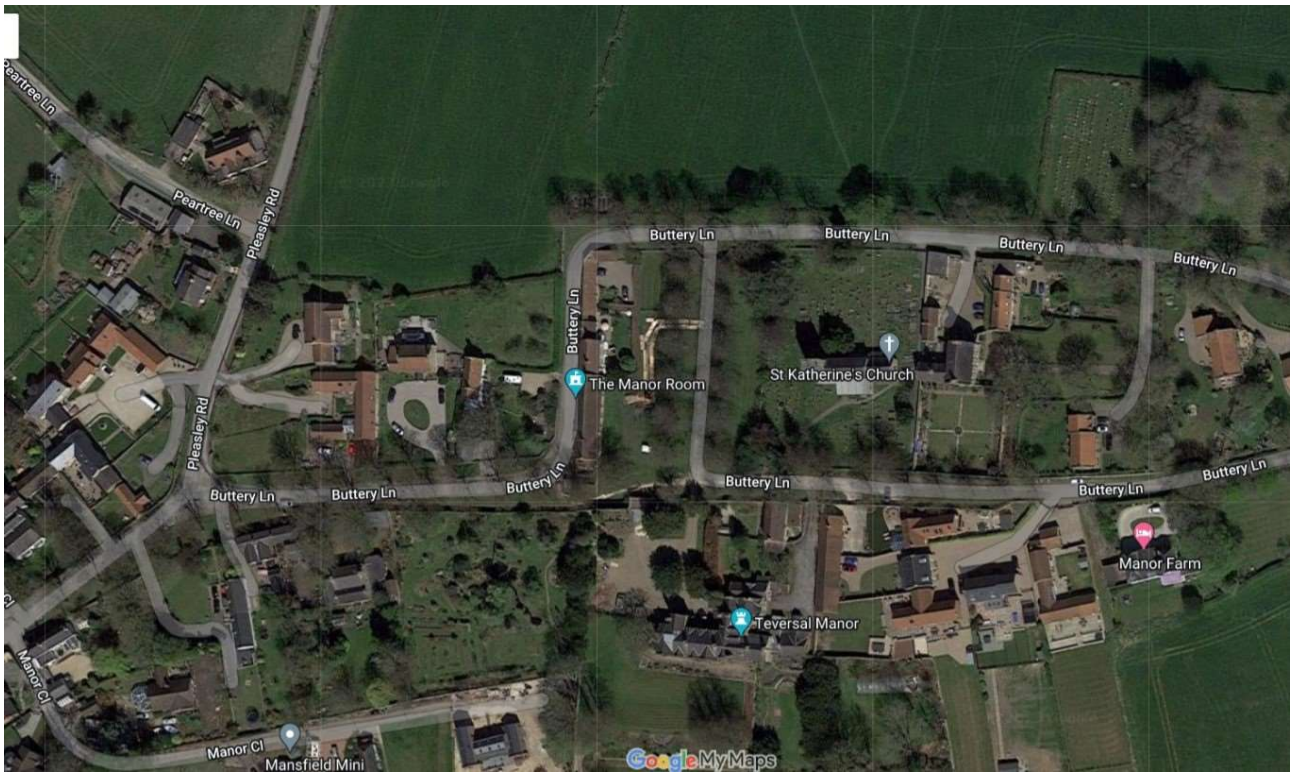


Figure 1: Teversal village and Buttery Lane

Diane Bartley was a young child when her family moved, in the mid 1940's, to Teversal, a small historic English village in Nottinghamshire. She lived there for about seven years, and it was a formative time in her young life. Fifty years or so after leaving Teversal, Diane returned with her husband to show him all the places that she had known so well. As they walked along Buttery Lane, Diane noticed that Teversal “looked exactly the same.” She pointed out the Manor where she had lived, the next-door dairy farm where she had spent many happy hours, St Katherine’s church and graveyard, where she had got up to mischief, and the old schoolhouse where her formal education began. Whilst they were wandering around the churchyard an elderly lady approached and said, “You’re Diane Bartley, aren’t you?”

The Bartley family moved into ‘The Bungalow’ at Teversal Manor, Buttery Lane at the end of World War II. Diane was about four or five years old. Her father had taken a job as an office clerk with a local construction business, Lane Brothers, that was based in the nearby town of Mansfield, only 5 km from Teversal. England was set on restoring the damage and

building housing, after the war. Diane's father had borrowed a car from his employers, an Austin Ten, to help them move into the two-bedroom house that was provided with the job. Diane recalls that she and her sister sat in the back of the car with their two chickens in a box between her and her sister Yvonne, "One was called Ginnie White. I don't know what the other was called." She chuckles, "They ponged. By the time we got from Kettering to Teversal the chickens were a bit on the nose!"

Teversal Manor is situated in Old Teversal village and dates from the 16<sup>th</sup> century. It is an attractive two-storey stone building spread across three wings with a steeply gabled slate roof that houses an attic level. Over the centuries it has been altered, extended, partitioned, and modernised yet retains many original features.

Figure 2: The original Manor building and main entrance to Teversal Manor



In 1764 the house was altered, and then remodelled in 1896 by MacVicar Anderson and a west wing added. In 1830 the Manor passed from the ancient Norman Molyneux family into the aristocratic Carnarvon family through marriage. Considered a modest country seat in comparison with the Carnarvon's principal property Highclere Castle, it was often leased, or used for events like weekend shooting parties, family celebrations and then



during the first world war, as a recuperation home for soldiers. On the death of Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, to whom it was left by the 4th Earl of Carnarvon, Teversal Manor was sold around 1929. From the 1930's onwards the Manor was partitioned into separate apartments that were rented to individuals and to the local businesses to accommodate their staff and in 1930, the west wing was advertised as:

“... a separate and complete entity with all modern conveniences. The terraces and lawns are a delightful feature. The accommodation includes panelled Dining Room, Drawing Room and Library, etc., and seven Bedrooms. Sale or letting terms very attractive ...”

Figure 3: The garden view of Teversal Manor showing the west and east wings



Diane's family lived in the single-storied building attached to the east end of the Manor. A newspaper advertisement for a two-bedroom apartment in Teversal Manor in 1941 included one lounge, bathroom, kitchen, garage, garden, electricity and telephone for 2 pounds 10 shillings per week. Diane noted that this sounded like their home except that they did not have a telephone. In describing their home Diane noted that:

“The area that had been the billiard hall and games room ... was our lounge. There was a little kitchen off that with a coal cooker and I think the coals heated the water because the bathroom backed onto that. ... We just used to sit around the stove in the winter.”

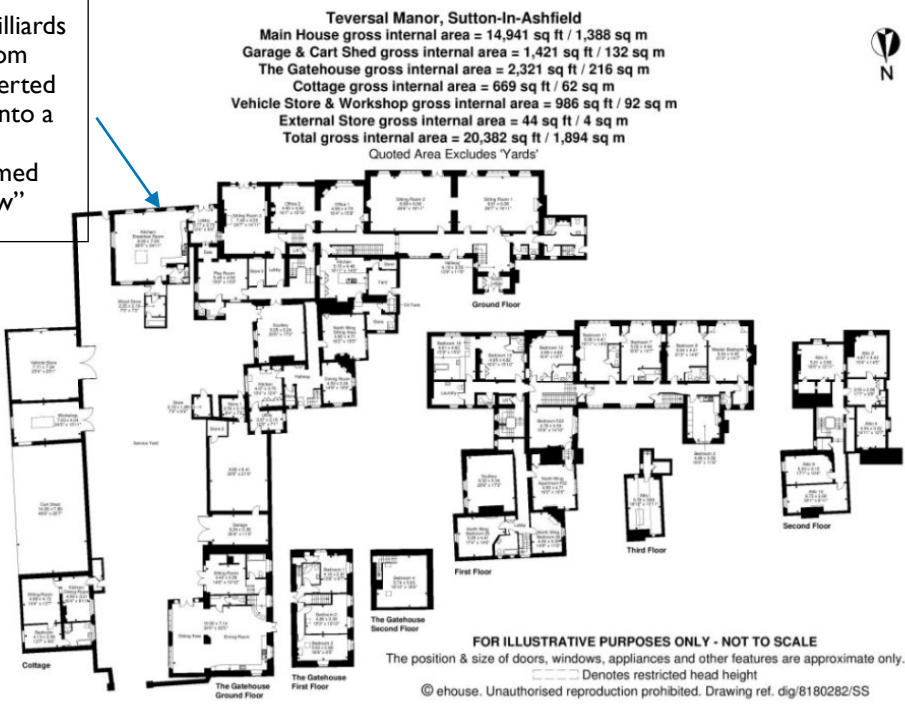


One particularly brutal winter, snow had dropped from the roof and collected in the metre- wide area between their bathroom and the wall of another wing, which froze into a solid block of ice that lasted all winter. Diane laughs, “By gee, you didn’t stay long in the bath!”

Figure 4: "The Bungalow" and terrace



The original billiards and games room that was converted in the 1930's into a self-contained apartment named "The Bungalow"



- The Moncur's lived in an apartment in the east wing. Mr Moncur was a pit manager for the local colliery at Silver Hill whose apartment was provided by his employer, the National Coal Board. Diane recalls being taken for a drive by Mrs Moncur in her car. When Diane's mother informed her that Diane suffered from motion sickness Mrs Moncur replied, "Oh, we'll put Diane in the front, so she gets the smell of petrol and then she won't be carsick." Diane remembers that her mother and sister and Jane Moncur sat in the back. She recalls that Jane was much younger than her and quite a sickly child.
- Mrs Durance (a widow) and her daughter Doreen occupied an apartment in the north wing. Diane thinks that Doreen would have been in her late 30's or "maybe older. You don't have a perception of age when you're young. Anyone over 16 is old!" Mrs Durance lived in the Manor until her death at the age of 90 in 1960.
- The Waltons owned and lived in the original and largest part of the Manor "directly opposite the big gate." They ran Walton Hosiery a successful manufacturing business in nearby Sutton-in-Ashfield. John George Walton died in 1975 and "left his property mostly for his widow and family. His Renault 16 car was left to his chauffeur."

The Manor is set in parkland grounds surrounded by high stone walls. "There was a great big garden, and our section had a garden down to a huge wall. Di saw the photo [figure 4.] and said that when they lived in the Bungalow, they did not have access to this terraced garden directly from their dwelling [figure 6a]. Their allotment was through a side gate in the stone walls and around the back. She remembered that "there was a big stone wall right across the end of the garden. And then the next section ... the garden was subdivided. My dad was a great gardener and he set up a vegetable garden in the bottom section." To get to this allotment they usually passed through a gateway into the adjoining field that belonged to Manor Farm, but Diane recalls a time when the gateway had been nailed up, presumably because "Billy" the bull was in the field, "Poor mum had to climb up a ladder one side, and down a ladder the other side to feed the chickens and fetch the vegetables."



Figure 6a and 6b: Diane, her sister and mother in the Manor gardens. Their bungalow and tall stone walls are in the background

Diane and her sister used to go and play at Manor Farm:

It was just over the wall. They were old stone walls that were quite easy to climb over. Mr Porter was [known as] ‘Uncle Dick’ - an old gentleman. All the family called him Uncle Dick, so he was just known as Uncle Dick. He was the only one who could handle Billy, a huge bull ... I remember he was a big, huge, enormous blighter, and I was used to cows!”

It was at Manor Farm that Diane learned to muck out the cow sheds, feed the calves, milk the cows and drive the tractor:

They were harvesting. It was just, ‘get up on there and drive it.’ I’d been standing on the tractor watching them for ages. I knew what to do. I was about nine! Needs must.

They also had a working blacksmith shop over at the farm:

There were things that were banned from touching and other things we were allowed to play with. They had a hand machine that drilled holes in metal. You could put a piece of metal down and it was like a huge Grayson bit, and you would wind it through the metal. We were allowed to use it ... Well, I suppose we were allowed to use it!”

Diane also remembers “the boys” who worked on the farm. She named George as the eldest, then Bernard who had two little children, Horace who had a son named Timothy or “little Timmy”, and finally Frank the

youngest. She said that they all worked at Manor Farm and also on Hill Farm on the road to Pleasley from Teversal. Diane recalls that Timmy used to come with his father and then either she or her sister had to take him home for tea and that he used to like tomato sauce sandwiches. “His mother was always asking ‘what would you like on your bread?’ and he’d say ‘sauce’.”

Teversal was a playground for Diane. She laughs, “I was never doing what I was supposed to be doing.” The gardens around the Manor was filled with trees that she loved to climb, particularly the prickly hawthorn trees, “a great big red ... flowering hawthorn bush in the garden and I used to climb up that. It was a prickly blighter. The actual trunk is very prickly. Still, we used to climb that. ... Probably to get the flowers.” There were also plane trees and damson trees in the gardens and the Manor drive was lined with flowering lime trees.

Diane’s friend, Jeremy, lived at the Rectory next to the church, just opposite Teversal Manor. The pair of them addressed the Rector, Jeremy’s grandfather, as “Pop” and they adopted the church and churchyard as their playground. St Katherine’s Church is Norman in origin, a stone building attached to a square bell tower that houses five bells. Parts of the structure date from medieval times and it is the oldest surviving building in Teversal. One day Diane and Jeremy climbed up the tower’s internal stairs to the bells to play on the bell ropes. Taking turns, they leapt at a rope and allowed their weight to pull it down. As one dropped the other leapt and so the bell rang out! Diane recalls that they “got a right telling off because in those days the ringing of the bell announced a death in the village!” She also remembers them playing the church organ by pulling out the stops and pumping the pedals whilst thumping out a tune. The churchyard was just as much fun, “There was one great big gravestone and we used to climb up and jump on it.” And another time after “cleaning out the gutters” in the graveyard they came home filthy!

Diane attended kindergarten at School House Cottage, just a short walk from the Manor along Buttery Lane. At lunch time they walked home, “we didn’t have school dinners at my school. We just had milk. Milk for morning tea and we went home for dinner. Lunch. And dad used to come home for lunch.” Diane’s father rode his motorbike to his work at Lane



Brothers five km away in Mansfield during the week. Sometimes he would take her for rides on his motorbike where she sat on the petrol tank! Her mother worked as a school cook at a local school, but not at Diane's school.



Figure 7: Diane (in the front) with Jeremy Elkington, her sister and two other friends in the Manor garden

After kindergarten, she moved to the newer school building just up the road. "Every morning at the start of school you'd sit in your desk and read the Bible. And I read the same page in the Bible every day!" Diane recalls her teachers, Mrs Herring, Mrs Harpam and Miss Tucker, and shares a story about learning to write with pen and ink:

I remember getting in trouble for – oh, that would have been Mrs Harpam - she sent me to show Mrs Herring the page of work I'd done because it was so dreadful. So messy. It was always so messy. There was the inkwell and the ink. You'd spill a blob and then you'd get it on your finger and then you'd get it everywhere.



The school children were occasionally treated to day trips around the local counties, and Diane recalls going to Bournemouth for a week with the school:

Horrible. A whole miserable week. I don't remember much about it except the sea water was cold and we were in a boarding house - a bit like a prison with beds in a row - a dormitory. I didn't enjoy that at all. We had to write letters home... letters would get there the next morning in those days.

Diane remember performing with the Teversal school choir at local eisteddfods and winning many prizes. "We used to go all over the place for Eisteddfod's." A photograph of the choir in 1950 displays the happy singers holding the results of their most recent Eisteddfod triumph - a trophy and shield.

Teversal school choir 1950's



Back row (left to right) Brian Wilman, Isabelle Tomlinson, Jean Thorpe, Diane Barclay, Ann Bircumshaw, Joan Linacre, Evelyn Brunt, Thomas Hill, Graham Darby

2<sup>nd</sup> row (left to right) Mary Deeming, Yvonne Barclay, Gillian Harpum, Janet Rickers, Maureen Poole, Valerie Thompson, Pansy Neale, Valerie Keightley, Hilary Gee, Dorothy Chadwick

3<sup>rd</sup> row (left to right) Sylvia Hayes, Margaret Bee, Pauline Matthews (with cup), Marie Redshaw, Audrey Rickers, Winifred Heathcote, Tony Poole, Pat Salisbury

Front row (seated) Peter Fell, Keith Henshaw, Terry Poole, Christine Penford, Michael Redshaw (with shield), Michael Davy, Keith Glasby, Bernard Brunt

Figure 8: Teversal School Choir 1950

Diane recognises herself, standing in the middle in the top row, four along from the left, and her sister Yvonne in the second row from the back, second from the left (she notes that their surname is incorrect and should

read Bartley, not Barclay. She points to her friend Hilary Gee (second row, second from the right), “she’s the one I gave my black doll to when I left England.” She distinctly remembers being told that she could not take that doll to Australia because of the White Australia Policy. In 1952 the Bartley family emigrated to Australia, settled in Tasmania, and built a home that they named “Teversal”. As a parting gift, her friends the Misses Porter of Manor Farm gave her a Swan fountain pen. A gift that she still treasures and uses. Imagine her surprise when the elderly lady who recognised her in St Katherine’s churchyard, fifty years after she had moved away from Teversal, turned out to be Miss Beatrice Porter from Manor Farm.

After decades of partitioned and rented apartments, the Manor was in need of a serious restoration. It was purchased privately in the 1990’s, renovated and advertised as a wedding and function venue. However, it has recently been sold and planning permission has approved its division once more the three separate wings!

It is seventy-one years since Diane departed Teversal. Teversal Manor is now protected as a Grade II heritage-listed building. In fact, many of the old buildings that Diane once frequented are preserved in this way: Teversal Manor Farmhouse, School House Cottage, The Church of St Katherine, and the old Rectory. So if Diane decides to take another trip down Buttery Lane, she will once again be able to affirm that Teversal still looks “exactly the same.”

Disclaimer: I hope you enjoyed reading ‘A Trip Down Buttery Lane’ – a collaborative memoir and research project. Diane Waugh (nee Bartley) is now 82 years old. Her memories of this time in her childhood are still very clear however she asked me to make sure that people understand that these are her memories and impressions of Teversal from this time and may differ from others who also knew Teversal in the 1940’s.

Caroline Waugh 17 August 2023

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