

**OLD GIRLS SOCIETY, ORME GIRLS**  
**AND NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME**  
**SCHOOLS**

**NEWSLETTER 2023**

**Presidents Report.**

It has been a very strange few years owing to the Covid pandemic and our usual routine of planning our annual lunch has had to adapt to circumstances. Our meetings managed to continue under the guidance of our former President, Helen Owen, and it is thanks to Helen and our committee members that the Society is still in existence. It was Helen's enthusiasm that kept up everyone's spirits with informal but frequent meetings at various locations as our usual meeting place at the school was out of bounds.

It was at one of these meetings that Helen suggested a get together of the Society members for a reunion lunch. Owing to data protection rules we had limited means of communication with our members but by using Facebook we were able to arrange a very successful luncheon in October at Newcastle Golf Club. A little over 50 old girls attended and it was at this luncheon that the Presidency passed to me. We also had the pleasure of thanking Maureen Leese for all the hard work that she carries out in preparing our newsletter and presenting Maureen with a gift to show our appreciation. My thanks also go to Kath Miller our treasurer as she took a significant role organising the payments for the lunch and producing the seating plans.

It became clear from the response through Facebook that many Castilians were keen to join us and we look forward to welcoming many of them to our future luncheons.

Our committee is currently in the process of arranging another luncheon for later this year and we shall provide details once we have information from the school.

I have been asked by Rosemary Englander if it is possible to include a mention of the Orme Girls Facebook site. It is packed with members from the school and is entitled Orme Girls' School. They have 614 member both old girls and Castilians.

I look forward to meeting up with many of you later this year.  
Best wishes to everyone.

Shirley Boyle  
President Old Girls' Society Orme Girls' School

**Please see details of the Lunch and how to book at the end of the newsletter.**

**Editors Report.**

Once again we are having to keep in touch digitally but I do miss not having something to hold and read and keep for the future. A library full of memory sticks doesn't have the same appeal as one with leather bound volumes! As Shirley says we do now rely on Facebook, my database which has been built up over the many years I have been on the Committee and the schools willingness to let us use their database. Also we do value your input in both the content and your help in spreading the word to your contacts.



Kath Miller, Maureen Leese  
and Shirley Boyle.

We do not have any further knowledge about what is happening to the Archives, so much hard work went into finding it and establishing it, finding a room and cataloguing it. We owe it all to the members of the OGS committee and a few dedicated volunteers who spent hours of their time and the use of their resources [including their houses] to make sure that the history of the Orme Girls School was not lost and forgotten.

I have once again included some history, this time from 1936. All the past School Magazines are in the Archives, each one has a report from the Old Girls Society showing what a varied and interesting programme they had over the year. The amount of work undertaken by the then committees must have been tremendous. Anyone fancy meeting for country dancing or whist?

Maureen Leese [Kelsall 1944-54]

### **Obituaries.**

We send our condolences to the family and friends of the following Old Girls:-

**Pamela Darlington [Clay 1945-1952]** died 26<sup>th</sup> August 2022.

**Anne Smith [Sherratt 1955-1962]** died 15<sup>th</sup> May 2022. This information was sent to me by Janet Dawson who wrote:- probably you won't have had any obituary information for Anne, who died on 15<sup>th</sup> May this year. I can give you a bit of information from her funeral card, as I went with David Dunlop and Margaret Gleave.

Ann was 78 when she died, which puts her starting year at the Orme as 1955. She attended Royal Holloway, University of London and read History. She taught at Stoke Sixth Form College [I'm not sure of other appointments before that but one might have been Brownhills]. She also had several stints at NULS, where she became not only a colleague but a dear friend.

### **News**

Helen Williams [Lamond] wrote:-

I don't quite know how I got onto the OGS list as I am from Newcastle but did not go to OGS. I attended St Dominic's in Stoke.

However I still enjoyed reading it and would like to continue to receive it if possible. My mother went to OGS I think circa 1928/32 having been born in Nice and I think brought back to England when about 13 and attending there. She was Margot Walker she died in 1993.

My husband's mother, aunt, sister and cousins all went there and he attended NHS. I had a particularly close friend at the school whom I sadly lost contact with when she went to Oxford which may be why I got onto the mailing list as I made enquiries about her some years ago to see if I could get any news of her. Her name was Helen Phillips and she would have been there from about 1955.

Helen sent this further information:-

My husband's mother and aunt were at OGS they were Nora Watson, Nora was born in 1908 and died in 1994 and Patricia I think was younger, she died, I think, about 2000. Their brother Ken Watson went to the High. I think he was a little older and died 1966.

My husband John ROB Williams was at the High and his three nephews Adam, Jonathon and Toby Aspin, all sons of Margaret [Williams] who went to OGS. My husband, born in 1946, nephews born circa 1957, 1959 and 1961. Margaret Williams was born in 1929 and died in 1979.

My uncle Thomas Walker also born in Nice was brought back to England and went to the High. He was born in 1918 and died in 2004.

Three of Rob's cousins also went to OGS they were Lorna Mills and Margaret Mills (Pam) and Anna Mills. All born in 1930s. Anna died in 2020.

Sorry if this seems to ramble and that some of the detail is a bit sketchy.

We now live in Shropshire near Church Stretton.

*[I am sure that you will agree that Helen deserves a copy of the newsletter!-Ed.]*

**Carolyn Casserley** was delighted to receive the newsletter:-‘thank you for including me in the post list. I am meeting up with girls from my year group on 17<sup>th</sup> September at The Carlton Club in Newcastle and I will take a copy for them to read.

Wishing all the ‘Old Girls’ well and my thanks to those who form the Committee.’

*[For those of you who are not local, The Carlton Club is now in Merrial Street in the old Conservative Club building]*

The School got in touch to say that a **Mrs Anna Meredith [nee Renshaw]** had been in touch. She asked for her contact details to be passed on. She is a lifetime member of the Old Girls but unfortunately is one who we can no longer keep in touch with as she is not on the internet.

**Jennifer Roberts wrote:-**

‘I understand from Orme Girls old girl, Wendy Wood that the Old Girls’ Society sends out newsletters to those for whom it holds email addresses. I wonder if I might please be added to the list. I believe I have lifelong membership of the Old Girls’ Society dating back to 1970. I used to receive the annual newsletter before it became digital. I was at the school in the 1960s and I do still live locally.

**Gill Whiting [Bailey 1969-1976]**

A friend has forwarded the latest newsletter to me, and I see at the bottom of the letter that I need to contact you if I would like to receive future copies... yes, please! I shall be so grateful if you will add my details to your address list. Many thanks in advance

**Clews [Hilary-Jane Clews]** wrote from Muscat, Oman:-

I hope this finds you well. I have not received any news recently and wondered if I had somehow dropped off the list.

I believe I can ask to be added to the list for a copy of the newsletter.



**Sandra Hand [1968-73]**

I haven't received the newsletter before in either form but will look forward to receiving my first one! I live within walking distance of Newcastle Golf Club so that would be very convenient for the meetings!

No, I wasn't an OG but did attend the NHS as was! My late first wife **Ann Grant** as was died nearly 20 years ago and you carried an appropriate memorial in your magazine. Thought you might like to know that, very recently, her name [Ann Millward nee Grant] has been entered into a special Book of Remembrance at Lichfield Cathedral. [With which, now living in Lichfield with my second wife Janet, I am actively involved]. Last year, the Cathedral had commissioned a new Shrine dedicated to its Patron St. Chad. The congregation were invited to make donations in memory of a loved one, so I decided so to do. Part of the plans were the commissioning of 5/6 icons “written” in a studio in Bethlehem so one of those is in Ann's memory.

Kind Regards

Andrew Millward

**From Mandy Gaughan;** we are a group of old girls that have stayed friends since leaving the Orme. Indeed several of us also went to the same Junior school. As well as attending an annual lunch at the school, we have for many years have regular get togethers both Summer & Winter and meet up in lots of places - Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham and locally in Stone.

To celebrate our 60<sup>th</sup>'s in 2019 we all went to Krakow for the 1959 babies extensively exploring the city, Wawel Castle and also visited Auschwitz & Birkenau, Schindler's Factory - Sharon's sister Melanie was

also there at the time with her husband. Then we all got together for a lovely long weekend in Bakewell for the 1960 babies postponed from 2020 due to the pandemic but finally going in 2021 doing some beautiful walks and having a great day out at Chatsworth too – despite the rainy weather.

Last year's Christmas saw us at Alvaston Hall for a Soul & Motown break with lots of dancing and general merriment involved.

Our group is – as shown in the Chatsworth picture left to right: Kim Keary [Hughes], Louise Bullen-Spicer [Tomkinson], Anne Johnston [Steventon], Wendy Linnell, Lesley Beff [Grimes].

Back of pic:- Sharon Wozniak [Piggott], Mandy Gaughan and Karen Sokelenko [Tams].



Many times when we have been out altogether and have mentioned that we've known each other since our school days people are surprised. We are a little spread out with Lesley in Narbeth, Pembrokeshire, the furthest away, Kim near Leicester, Louise just outside Nottingham and Anne in Altrincham, however Sharon lives in Cheddleton, Leek, Wendy the Westlands and myself & Karen in Stone – so the local girls do get together more regularly for lunch / walks & coffee.

Happy to have this included and indeed some of the girls – Sharon, Karen, Anne & Kim's mums also all went to the Orme too.

**We have a number of photographs taken at the Lunch last year taken by Liz Crofts so here are a selection:-**





*The history of the Orme Girls School is very important to me and, I hope, other former pupils so I have copied some items out of the 1937 Magazine which was the Schools Diamond Jubilee. I hope you enjoy reading them.*

### THE OLD GIRLS' DIAMOND JUBILEE PARTY 29th FEBRUARY, 1936

(as seen by the Old Girl)

A "Full House," but on this occasion no one was turned away. The array of old faithfuls who bridged the years 1876-1936 were merely entreated by the Head Mistress to spread themselves a little about the building and partake of the various diversions planned for them.

Was there ever known in the history of the School such an active demonstration of disobedience? With the best of intentions the chattering crowd just ignored the request, holding tightly together in the library, lost to the world in renewed acquaintances and reminiscences of the past. An energetic few betook themselves to the gymnasium to dance, and others to the studio where refreshments supplied a continuous programme. And while the moment is opportune, let us on this occasion praise famous women, especially one, Miss Nance, one of the School's oldest Old Girls (may one with due deference put it that way?), for the creation of such an elegant and satisfying spread. "Perfection, nothing less."

The guests at this supper were certainly not lacking as in "Cleopatra's Dinner-Party," a short play acted by the Staff, who also most admirably gave us the "Toy Symphony." They must have worked hard! But was it not ever so?

Form VI, in very high spirits, presented "Gertrude the Governess," which was much enjoyed.

Some two hundred and sixty people were not kept away by the inclement weather, but what of the rest? We would point out that the School is really quite large now and there would have been plenty of room. Among those who were present it was delightful to see so many former members of the Staff, and at least one who took the first entrance examination and was among the first 50 pupils.

It is fatal to become sentimental, but difficult to avoid doing so when one realizes that O.G.S. is now 60 years old, and one of the oldest girls' schools in England, and that despite its many changes the earliest members are still its firmest friends. Great tribute is due to its succession of Head Mistresses—Miss Martin, Miss Powell and Miss Sprunt—for the preservation of such continuity.

We know that there is much more to say, but do not feel

that we are saying it very well. We would just add this. If you know that for this marvellous party you did anything which deserves thanks, accept them now—and may we meet again at the Centenary, "Forty Years On."

Lorna Walker.  
Norah K. Chesworth.

### THE OLD GIRLS' DIAMOND JUBILEE PARTY

(as seen by the Present Girl)

Never before has the School witnessed such a "Cavalcade" of the Past, as on February 29th, when the Old Girls' Jubilee Party was held. An account of the programme has been given elsewhere, and we are chiefly concerned in giving the Present-girls'-eye-view of this unique reunion evening. As soon as we entered the School we sensed something strange in the atmosphere; an under-current of excitement, rejuvenation and new life, seemed to be in the air. In our cloakroom we felt rather like an exhibit, as strange faces peered in at us, seeing in us the Present School, which at one time they had helped to represent.

Everywhere we could see and hear excited greetings, confused cries of recognition and eager talkers reviewing all their past experiences in the School. In vain did the pallid and foreboding Library notices "Silence" frown upon the uproar—the evening was too short for pauses. When we showed people the new arrangements in the School, the walls and colours seemed to fade and dislimn, to form again in the old traditions of many years back, as we listened to the horrified exclamations of those who found their favourite form-rooms turned into a laboratory and cookery room, and Miss Sprunt's room invaded by Form II; and listened to the amused descriptions of those who had had to leave lessons camping out on the wooden stairs, class-roomless and chairless. No longer did we see a Past, but a Present—intensely alive and alert. This feeling grew with the evening, and as we stood at the end listening to these "elder comrades" cheering the School, we realized how intimate the School had become to each one of them. And now—we're waiting for the Centenary!

Laudatores temporis acti.

D. Dudley, Upper VI.

### THE OLD GIRLS' SOCIETY

The Diamond Jubilee Year 1936 is remarkable in many ways in the annals of our Society. A record number of Old Girls of every date, some 250 odd, were gathered at the Jubilee Party on February 29th. This has been reported fully elsewhere in the Magazine, so I will refrain from giving any account here, merely referring in passing to the delightful spirit of good fellowship that prevailed.

Another event set on foot in order to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee is the portrait of Miss Sprunt, which the Old Girls have decided to present to the School. The portrait has been undertaken by Miss G. Tydeman, of the Slade School, Paris, whose work has been hung in the Paris Salon and by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, London. The portrait is now finished, and is to be presented to the Governors of the School on July 24th.

We must mention, too, among outstanding events of the year, the Hockey match between the School and the Old Girls, which it has so often in the past proved impossible to arrange. It actually took place on March 30th, resulting in a win for the School by 4-1.

In other respects our programme has been much as usual. The annual Tennis match, Past v. Present, was played at the School on Monday, July 22nd, 1935, and resulted in a victory for the Old Girls by 5 events to 1, three events being drawn. The players for the Old Girls were Betty and Margot Stinton, M. Forrester, Dorothy Ryles, Joan Kent and Sheila Boyd.

The Winter Reunion, which was held on Wednesday, December 18th, took a new form this year; a Christmas Party took the place of the usual dance, while a Military Whist Drive was run, as last year. The programme of games, dances, competitions and charades, arranged by Miss Thody, Mary Mason and Vida Oxen, was entered into with much enthusiasm, and the Whist Drive, organized this year by Mabel Sandbach, was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part.

The big event of the Easter Term was the dramatic entertainment given at the Boys' High School on May 18th and 19th which resulted from combining the resources of our Old Girls and the Old Boys of the High School. The play produced was "The Cheerful Knave," by Keble Howard, an amusing farce. The audience showed its appreciation by the prolonged laughter with which they responded to the many humorous situations. The following old members of the

School took part: Joan Millward, Kathleen Bell, Eileen Ferrey, Dorothy Martin, Margot Walker, Beryl Spencer-Jones and Miss Heath.

This was followed by a meeting on Monday, June 8th, when a joint Dramatic Society, now to be known as "The Old Newcastleilians' Dramatic Society," was given its formal inception.

The following officers were elected:—

Presidents: Miss Sprunt and Mr. T. Stinton.  
Chairman: Mr. D. F. W. Bishop.  
Vice-Chairman: Miss Welland.  
Secretaries: Mr. Cecil Barker and Miss Alice Owen.  
Treasurer: Mr. Roger Marshall.

The annual subscription is to be 3s. A general meeting to adopt rules for the Society and a Play Reading will be held later in the year. I should be pleased to hear from Old Girls who would like to join.

Alice Owen (*Hon. Secretary*).

### NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

*Camilla Wedgwood* is Principal of the Women's College, Sydney University, New South Wales, and has sent to the School Magazine an account of her life amongst natives on Manam Island, off the coast of New Guinea.

*Miss M. Bickley* is President of the North Staffordshire Field Club this year.

*Doris Boulton* has had one of her paintings bought by the Egyptian Government.

*Maira Forsyth* has had accepted for the Royal Academy Exhibition her drawing of the stained glass window representing "The Adoration of the Magi," which was placed in Wolstanton Parish Church in memory of Marjorie Webster; also a water-colour painting, "Taking in the Nets, Polperro."

*Molly Gibson* is spending six months in the Blue Nile Province, Sudan, as private governess in a family.

*Phyllis Goldstraw* is now a fully qualified optician.

*Cicely Ingham* is teaching at a new open-air school in Shrewsbury.

*Vera Williams* has a post in the Union Bank of Manchester Ltd., at Patricroft.

On 20th February, 1936, at Trentham Parish Church, Harry Walter Mitchell to Dorothy Templeman.

On March 11th, at Wolstanton Parish Church, Eric Francis Senox to Vera Kathleen Wood.

On April 15th, at St. George's Church, Newcastle, Reginald Statham to Zilpha Eley.

On April 23rd, at St. Paul's Church, Burslem, William Henry Bailey to Irene Dukes.

On May 9th, at Holy Trinity Church, Meir, Arthur Green to Jean Jolly.

On May 30th, at Hartshill Parish Church, Frederick James Williams to Dorothy Redfern.

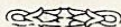
On June 2nd, at Bourne Church, Longton, Herbert Stuart to Stella Beswick.

On June 6th, at Trentham Parish Church, Frank Edward Cheetham to Margaret Elaine Faram.

#### IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Blakeman (Jessie Rimell), of Hartshill, who died on 28th November, 1935.

Flora Dorothea Jackson, of Trentham, who died on 6th December, 1935.



#### GLIMPSES INTO THE WORK OF SOME OF OUR "OLD GIRLS"

It was felt that as this issue of the Magazine was to celebrate the School's Diamond Jubilee it would be of special interest to learn what some of our Old Girls were doing and into what different countries and occupations they had found their way.

The accounts of their work by a number of Old Girls which follow show how varied their careers have proved.

We begin with a letter from Camilla Wedgwood, describing some of her experiences while she was living among the natives on Manam Island, off the coast of New Guinea:—

It is curious what far reaching effects trifling incidents may have. Once, because I had nothing better to do, I picked up and began to read a book with the attractive title, *The Golden Bough*. It was about the ancient mythologies of Greece and Egypt, and the strange customs of tribes living to-day in little-known parts of the world. As a direct result of this casual reading I found myself, fifteen years later, sitting in a rough shelter on a small island off the coast of New Guinea, watching the pinnace which had brought me thither growing smaller and smaller as it went on its return journey to the mainland. The shelter was only a raised platform roofed with a thatch of plaited coconut palm leaves. Piled about the floor were packing cases of all sizes containing my camp equipment and stores, and around me was gathered a crowd of about two hundred natives—men, women and children—all staring at me and talking in a language of which I knew about three words. That was my first real introduction to "field-work." I had studied the customs of natives in books; now I was going to study them in real life.

My kind friends from the mainland, who had brought me over to the island, had told the natives to build me a house and had left with me two native servants. The day after my arrival it was finished, and I and my "boys" were busily engaged in turning packing-cases into cupboards and storing away my goods. It was a very simple dwelling with walls and roof of coconut leaves and a floor of black sand. Three rooms sufficed: a living room in which I worked and received my native visitors; a small bedroom and an even smaller kitchen, in which my trusty Joseph (the "boy" who remained with me throughout my stay on the island) built a most ingenious kitchen fire-place out of half an old oil-drum. The roof of the kitchen was made of some sheets of corrugated iron, and from this the rain-water was caught in a

small tank. This was necessary, for there was only one spring on the island, and that was about four miles away from where I lived. The natives used to get their water by digging for it on the beach just above high-water level, and though this was drinkable it was sometimes too brackish for developing photographs and was very hard for washing clothes.

Since I have returned from New Guinea people have often asked me whether I was not afraid of living alone among the natives. I might have been afraid if they had not always been so charming and friendly towards me. Actually I was only nervous on two occasions: once when I found a snake under my bed (Joseph came and shot it), and once when the volcano became mildly active and clouds of brown dust came rolling down over the upper slopes of the mountain. For the island was volcanic, and not infrequently a noise like the boom of a distant cannon would be heard, a noise to which the natives paid scant attention beyond perhaps saying of it "Manam is talking." In the native language the name of the island is Manam, but on account of the volcano the early European explorers called it Vulcan Island. Because of the volcano the soil is mostly black sand and cinders, and is so porous that there are no streams, but only narrow gullies seaming the mountain sides, gullies which for perhaps two hours after a heavy storm of rain turn into rushing torrents.

The natives live in scattered villages built near the sea, and my house was on the outskirts of one of these villages. Seven miles away from where I lived was a Roman Catholic mission station, and about once a month I used to go over there and spend a couple of nights with the Reverend Sisters, whose kindness and help have made me indebted to them for life. They spoke only German and the native language, and at first our efforts at conversation were rather absurd, but after a while the work which Miss Reeve had expended in teaching me German at school bore fruit, and as I also gradually picked up the native language, we were able in a few months to carry on quite fluent conversations in a mixture of the two tongues, with a little pidgin English thrown in here and there when my vocabulary failed me. (Pidgin English is not broken English, but a language in itself, composed mostly of English words pronounced in a most un-English manner and a grammatical structure based on that of the West Pacific languages.)

Learning a language which has no written grammar is not easy, but it is remarkable how quickly a working knowledge of it can be acquired when that language is the only

means of communicating with one's fellows. A few of the natives spoke pidgin English, but hardly any of the women and children did so, and as I was constantly with the women and children I fairly soon learnt to understand and speak about every-day things. At first, naturally enough, the natives were rather shy of me, and were afraid that I was a Government spy, but after a couple of months they decided that though I might be queer I was harmless, and since the children were friendly from the first, their parents gradually came to trust me. For the way to a native's heart is through his or her children. One little girl of about fourteen years old became my especial friend, and through her I became practically adopted into the community. For I called her my younger sister, and behold forthwith her father was my father, and all her relations were my relations. This was of the very greatest help to me in my work, since I was thereby enabled to enter into the life of the village, and to learn by first-hand experience about the rights and duties of kin towards one another. On one or two occasions I was made ashamed by being gently reproved for not having behaved as I should towards some kinsman, and on the other hand I received certain privileges as a daughter, sister or aunt. Sometimes a woman would say to me: "Our sister is going to plant her new garden to-morrow; are you coming?", and as a good sister (and a good "field-worker") of course I went, had a most delightful if strenuous day, and learnt quite a lot about gardening and garden magic. It is the general practice of European women in New Guinea to leave all manual labour to be done by native servants, and I was rather ashamed of the opinion concerning Europeans which the natives implied when they showed surprise that I was capable of digging or planting or weeding. One day a friend of mine came to see me, accompanied by a woman from a village on the far side of the island whither I had not yet been. The stranger sat eyeing me rather doubtfully while she listened to what her companion had to say about me. I was not paying much attention to their conversation, for they were talking too fast and too colloquially for me to follow it, but suddenly I did hear my friend say as though with pride: "Yes. She is a true woman; she wails and she cooks!" Whenever anyone has suffered a serious misfortune or accident, when someone has died, or a girl is leaving her home to get married, all the female kinsfolk gather at the house, and there sing wailing songs and weep. I had several times attended these visits of condolence, and used to join in the singing when I could. Sometimes, too, I had helped the women of my village to peel bananas and taro in preparation for a feast.

And thus I had, apparently, acquired the reputation of being a womanly woman! Perhaps the greatest compliment which I ever received was on the occasion of the funeral of the only child of a village chief and a woman of noble rank who was a "cousin" and close friend of mine. I went to the hut where the little body was lying, with the mother, aunts and grandmothers wailing over it. In correct native fashion I intended to stand for a minute or two at the entrance and then take my place with the other mourning visitors outside. "Come up inside, you are one of us," said the old grandmother, and, with a throb of pride at being thus included in the family group, I went in.

Life in the tropics, especially in the wet season, when it rains and rains and the mosquitoes and other insects seem to get ever more numerous and more vicious, is occasionally rather trying. I confess that the strain of always conversing in a language which I could only partially understand, and the complete absence of privacy which the life I was leading entailed, often made me very short-tempered. But the natives always forgave me my sulkiness, charitably ascribing it to fever, or more generally dismissing it philosophically as "the fashion of the white man." The lack of privacy was perhaps the hardest thing to bear. At any time from sunrise until sometimes eleven o'clock at night people would come to my house to pass the time of day, to cadge a light for their cigarettes (of native-grown tobacco), to exchange coconuts or other food for fish-hooks, matches or razor blades, to shelter from the rain and gossip with me and my "boy," or, particularly at night, to listen to the gramophone. Every morning and evening I spent about half an hour dressing sores; for the people suffered very badly from horrible tropical ulcers, the results of cuts and scratches which had become septic. From the point of view of my work this constant coming and going of natives about my house was very valuable for it kept me in close touch with village news, and I was able to hear the opinions of different people on current events. But I used often to long to be alone for a time, and would try to go for a walk by myself in the bush. Once, however, my "father" met me on a bush track about a mile from the village, and gave me a serious lecture on the danger of wandering about by myself. Did I not know what risks I was running; did I not know that there is always the likelihood of a sorcerer lurking in the bush ready to work his death magic on any incautious solitary wanderer? And he made me promise that I would never be so foolhardy again. Since I do not believe in sorcerers and death magic, I am afraid that I did on one or two occasions break my promise,

but rarely, for had my "father" known that I had done so, he would have been very much upset. He was the Government headman of the village, and therefore felt himself especially responsible for my well-being.

I learnt a lot in the twelve months which I spent on Manam. If ever I am cast ashore, like the Swiss Family Robinson, on a desert island, I shall know just how to build a house, how to cook bananas, breadfruit and taro, how to make delicious cakes of sago and young coconuts, and I ought to be able to build and sail a canoe. I could even perform the necessary magic for curing headaches and making bananas grow. But the principal thing which I learnt is how very greatly human beings resemble each other whatever the colour of their skin, whatever their customs or religious beliefs. Their outward forms are different, but fundamentally the "natives" of Manam differ little from the "natives" of the British Isles. At the end of my stay on the island, when I was waiting, surrounded by my friends, for the pinnace to fetch me away, I realized what is the really unpleasant aspect of field-work: it is that you stay with people, learn to love them, and then have to leave them without any hope of seeing or hearing of them again.

Camilla Hildegard Wedgwood (1901-1955), anthropologist and educationist, was born on 25 March 1901 at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, fifth of seven children of Josiah Clement Wedgwood, a naval architect, and his wife Ethel Kate, nee Bowen. Camilla was a 5<sup>th</sup> generation descendent of Josiah Wedgwood (1730-1795), the master potter.

After attending the Orme Girls' School, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire, she followed her two brothers to Bedales School in Hampshire. At the age of 17 she entered Bedford College for Women, University of London, where she developed lifelong interests in debating and drama, Icelandic studies and Old Norse. Her rugged, independent bearing, as well as her sympathy for 'primitive' peoples, earned her the sobriquet of 'The Ancient Briton'. In 1932-34 she studied the lives of women and children on Manam, a volcanic island of 4000 inhabitants off the northern coast of New Guinea.

Camilla Wedgwood died of cancer on 17 May 1955 at Royal North Shore Hospital, St Leonards, and was cremated.

**Our annual lunch will be held on Saturday 14th October 2023** 12.30pm for 1.00pm in the Memorial Hall on the boys' high school site as the library is currently being converted into a theatre for the school. We estimate that the lunch will end by 4.00pm.

It will be a buffet lunch catered for us by the school caterers consisting of salads, quiches, cold meats etc., with desserts, tea and coffee. Allergies and dietary requirements can be discussed once the full menu is available. We are still awaiting details but hope to have more information in early September. We estimate a cost of between £20 - £25 but this is just guesswork at the moment.

There is ample parking both at the school and in the roads close by.

I would appreciate it if you would speak to your friends and help to spread the word about the lunch, especially those old girls not on Facebook as we want to reach as many former pupils as possible.

Would you please contact me on my email address or message me on my mobile to reserve a place or places providing your maiden name and years at school. This will assist us with the seating arrangements.

Looking forward to receiving your support and meeting up with you in person.

Shirley Boyle

President Old Girls' Society Mobile. 07956031248

Email. [shirley.boyle48@gmail.com](mailto:shirley.boyle48@gmail.com)

If I have sent this to you by mistake please accept my apologies and perhaps you would send me an email to let me know so I can cross you off my list.

Please keep sending me your news and views, I hope that you have enjoyed reading the memories of those who took the trouble to send them in this year. I thank them for their contributions.

E-mail me on [MSL35@TALKTALK.NET](mailto:MSL35@TALKTALK.NET)

Maureen Leese [Kelsall 1944-1954]