

Polished CORNERS

QUONDAM FRANCIS HOLLAND REGENT'S PARK ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION



2015 MAGAZINE

Salvete



Charles Fillingham

Dear Quondam Members,

Thank you for asking me to write to introduce myself in your magazine. My name is Charles Fillingham and I am the new Headmaster at Francis Holland School Regent's Park where I start work in January 2016.

I am delighted to have been offered the post. Over the past few months, I have been familiarising myself with the School and I am very much looking forward to the challenge of leading such a prestigious institution.

Vivienne Durham has been an excellent Headmistress, so to say that I will be building on firm foundations is an understatement! Francis Holland School, Regent's Park has never been in better shape. Your School continues to achieve academically just as it continues to achieve success in the vast range of sports, clubs and societies which are thriving.

As you might expect, my philosophy of education has scholarliness at its heart. Girls should continue to expect to leave Francis Holland at the age of eighteen with a clutch of terrific grades. What is more, I hope that they continue to develop a love of learning and an appreciation of culture too. We live in one of the world's greatest cities and it is part of my ambition that the School really helps girls to engage with their surroundings. As Londoners we often take the city for granted as we push on with our busy lives. Francis Holland Regent's Park has a role to play here in helping its pupils to make the most of the capital. Again, the building blocks are in place – theatre trips, museum and gallery visits are already embedded in the experiences of girls at the School.

Valete



Vivienne Durham

Dear Quondam Members,

As I begin my twelfth year - and final term - before retiring as Headmistress, it seems hard to believe that so much time has passed, so quickly, since I wrote my first letter to you. There have been too many highlights to mention, but the acquisition of the Gloucester Arms in 2005 and the royal opening by HRH The Duke of Gloucester in 2009, are two golden memories of many! Above all, the kindness and support I have consistently received from the Quondam Committee, and all Quondam members, has been wonderful.

As you will know, 2014 -2015 has been an important year for the school. We have marked two historic events: the centenary of the relocation of the school to the current Ivor Place site in 1915 and the outbreak of the Great War in 1914.

In September 2014, two evening performances, which incorporated early 20th century music, poetry and readings from the school's archives, chronicled the remarkable story of the current school being built in Ivor Place, whilst the privations and suffering of WW1 descended on London. These unique evenings raised money for the forces charity, SAAFA. The production was written and compiled by key members of staff in the English, History and Music departments, supported by outstanding archival research by Mrs Felicity Forde.

The school governors agreed that the centenary of the school on its current site should be marked by a new major project: the re-building of the swimming pool and changing rooms. Work is due to be completed on the new, state of the art pool by late autumn 2015 and the official opening by a former Olympic swimmer is scheduled for April 2016.

Continued on back page...

Quondam Committee 2014

- Vivienne Durham** - President/Headmistress
- Alison Edelshain née Day (1972)** - Chairman
- Susanne Nedas née Quastel (1971)** - Joint Secretary
- Vivien Rose née Lind (1973)** - Joint Secretary
- Benita Mathews née Thomas (1970)** - Treasurer
- Helen Forbes** - Quondam Development
- Kathryn Whiteman** - Deputy Head
- Jeannine Addinall** - Honorary Staff Member
- Diane Andrée née Miller (1954)**
- Jeanette Cumine née Clark (1954)**
- Nadia Demetriou Ladas (1988)**
- Nina Edelshain (2007)**
- Sara Glace née Gheiace (2003)**
- Georgina Guy née Nedas (1995)**
- Carol Michaelson née Day (1960)**
- Manuela Robson (1989)**
- Jennifer Purchase née Shier (1973)**
- Julia Strauss (1987)**

Acknowledgements

Quondam would like to thank the parents of FHS pupils for their support.

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Contact

Quondam \KWAHN-duhm;
KWAHN-dam\adjective: Having
been formerly; former; sometime.

**Please send us your email
addresses.**

quondam@fhs-nw1.org.uk

Quondam, Francis Holland School
Ivor Place, Regent's Park
London NW1 6XR

Annual Quondam Birthday Lunch November 8th 2014

There was a netball match before the lunch in Regent's Park. Then the lunch itself, which was attended by former pupils and staff of all generations.



LETTER FROM THE QUONDAM CHAIRMAN

Alison Edelshain née Day



Dear Quondam,

I normally start this article by looking back over the previous twelve months' activity for the school, but this year is different. For a start, we will be saying farewell and thank you to Vivienne Durham who has so ably led the school since September 2004 and who is stepping down in December 2015. Vivienne has been an inspirational Head, full of boundless energy and ideas, which she has combined with her deep intelligence and knowledge of education to the benefit of the girls. And all achieved with such panache and style! We thank her for the long hours and dedication she has given to the school and wish her all the very best for the future.

We are also very privileged to welcome Charles Fillingham as the new Head from January 2016 and I am delighted that he has taken the opportunity of this magazine to introduce himself to you. It is interesting to note that Charles' current role is as Deputy to the female Head of City of London Boys' School, so he may well use some of this experience as he joins us as our first male Head. Charles' wide ranging experience and enthusiasm for education comes across very clearly and we look forward to his building on Vivienne's successes.

So far as Quondam business is concerned, we were delighted to take the opportunity to sponsor Rhiannon Adam on her incredibly important and challenging project on the Pitcairn Islands. It was fascinating to read about her experiences there, especially the psychological challenges of living in such an isolated community. It is wonderful that the world now has a lasting pictorial memorial to this rapidly disappearing community. She is certainly a very shining example of a 'Polished Corner' and I hope you enjoy reading about her experiences as much as I did.

This sponsorship was separate from our normal funding of the Quondam Travel Scholarship. This magazine contains the write-up of last year's winner Jinalee De Silva's work on wildlife conservation in Sri Lanka. We shall look forward to reading about the adventures of Bethany Wright, this year's winner, who is travelling to Bolivia to help locals set up a cereal bar business based on the local production of quinoa as well as to help support youth group activities.

Reading the entries to the Quondam essay writing competition is always a pleasure for the committee members and this year was no exception. The 2015 title was: "FHS: 2015-1915. Back to the Future?" and we certainly received a wide-ranging treatment of this title. We are delighted to congratulate Lara Isaacs and Emma Caro who won the Junior and Senior competitions respectively. Their entries can be read on the Quondam section of the school website.

This year's Reminiscences' theme of Music and Drama at the school has attracted some wonderful memories and I am so grateful to all those of you who contributed. We often think we have forgotten some of the details of our schooldays but when reading about the recollections of others, it so often ignites our own memories. I have recently found a box in our attic of all my old school reports, which certainly brought back memories for me. I chuckled as I reread my piano teacher, Miss Newman, (clearly sighing with relief) agreeing that it was probably a good idea that I stopped my lessons since I never practised at home. On the other hand, I loved the drama lessons we had with Prudence Schacke-Andersen and have vivid memories of class and school performances ranging from "The Admirable Crichton" to "Children in Uniform" as well as a highlight of performing in front of Edward Fox, our invited adjudicator of the play competition. The recent school history published to celebrate the 100 years' anniversary of being at the Ivor Place site is another wonderful record of memories and I do urge you to buy your own copy.

Once again I do ask you to make sure we have your e-mail addresses as this is a much more effective way to contact you with news of the school. We would be delighted to hear from you at any time of the year and if you ever wish to arrange a tour of the school and see how much it has changed since your day, please just let us know. I also look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at the Quondam Lunch on Saturday, 7th November 2015 – Vivienne Durham's last Quondam lunch as Headmistress.

QUONDAM PRIZES

The title of the 2015 writing competition was 2015 – 1915 - Back to the Future?

Junior Writing Prize Winner 2015 - Lara Isaacs

Senior Writing Prize Winner 2015 - Emma Caro

Travel Scholarship Winner 2015 - Bethany Wright (2012)

REMINISCENCES *My Memories of Drama and Music at FHS*



Madrigal group 1983

Belinda Webster née Poolman 1936-1940 and 1946-1949.

I began piano lessons with Miss Frances Palmer when I was about four. I loved learning the piano and looked forward to my lessons. After the war, during my first term back at Francis Holland in the summer term of 1946, I returned to Miss Palmer for lessons. I had continued having piano lessons in Australia during the war years. Miss Palmer was a good piano teacher and always kind and I enjoyed having piano lessons with her.

I did not join the acting class during my first post-war term, because I wanted to settle in at FHS first. The pupils I spoke to all reckoned that the best actress was Marigold Eccles and I could see how talented she was the first time I saw her act. She was a couple of years younger than me. That term the play was "Alice in Wonderland" and I remember thinking Joan Collins was good as the Queen.

Nan Morrell was the drama teacher and she also taught elocution. Miss Morrell

liked her name to be pronounced with the emphasis on the first syllable. She must have been a beautiful young woman and was still striking to look at. She was very stern and nobody would ever dare to play her up. When I joined the acting class the following term I also had elocution lessons with Miss Morrell. Later on when I went to RADA Miss Morrell was one of two voice teachers for the girls, the other being Miss King. Throughout my entire course at RADA I was only in Miss Morrell's class once, being in Miss King's class in every other term. Miss King was always very supportive of me as an actress, which was a great help.

At school in Australia I had won the Best Actress prize twice, so I came to FHS believing that I could act! My first play under the direction of Miss Morrell was "Quality Street". I remember Joan Collins giving an excellent performance as Miss Phoebe and can still remember the way she said some of the lines. I can't remember when Miss Morrell gave up taking the acting class and Miss Ruth Robinson became the drama teacher, so I can't remember who produced "The Cradle Song". Ruth

Robinson was enthusiastic about my acting and gave me some wonderful parts, including King Lear and Admetus in "Alcestis"! We did plays with two casts. Marigold Eccles was playing Admetus with the other cast, but she became ill and so I ended up playing Admetus with both casts. Joan Collins played Admetus's wife Alcestis well, as did Elspeth Knudson, a Danish girl. Ruth Robinson, like Nan Morrell, was also a teacher at RADA.

Louise Nicol, who became and still is a great friend of mine, was an excellent actress. I remember in particular, how well she played Patty, the maid in "Quality Street". Louise, like Joan Collins, became a professional actress and is still acting today in Toronto. I completed the full course at RADA and had loved it, but I am afraid I soon gave up afterwards, as it was so precarious.

Louise Macdonald née Nicol 1949

In J.M.Barrie's Quality Street I played the maid. I remember getting a laugh when I closed the door by standing on

one leg and pulling the door closed with my free foot. Perhaps that was my first laugh in the theatre business!

Susan Levitt née Falk 1951

In the late 1940s "Dramatic Art" as it was then known was a compulsory subject, if I recall correctly. Classes were taken by Miss Nan Morrell. A tall, rather frightening person with a huge, booming voice. She would stand at the back of the Hall whilst we recited and acted out a prepared poem or prose by heart. We were all in awe of Miss Morrell, she taught us how to project our voices and to speak distinctly and correctly. She was a most marvellous teacher and a few of her pupils went on to study at R.A.D.A.

Ann White née Schmiegelow 1953

I arrived at Francis Holland School in March 1946 when I was 11 years old. I was quite amazed at how small my class was, but the school had just reopened after WW2. Everyone was so friendly and I soon was joining in the quite amicable wrestling matches organised by Juliet (née Raphael) in the break period!

I was in the class below Joan Collins. When I saw her acting I immediately thought "Yes! She's got what it takes to be an actress!" When I partnered her in netball I was not quite so impressed. Yes. I too took part in drama. I was so shy that I happily acted as a moveable stone in a French play "Les Treasures de Carnac". I had to face the back of the stage totally covered in cardboard and then waddle off gracefully when the music started, thus revealing the treasure. I could manage that!! It was a vital role, wasn't it?

Joan and I shared the same elocution teacher, Miss Morrell – a lecturer from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I was terrified of her – with her piercing eyes and flowing purple mantle. One day she arranged for some top person from R.A.D.A. to come to FHS to assess her various pupils' performances. We

all had to draft a "thank you" speech for the celebrity. Mine was chosen – maybe because I said such nice polite things. At any rate the day came. I was facing a real ordeal. The lecturer would doubtless be even more terrifying than Miss Morrell. What should I do? Well that morning I simply got on a train going in the opposite direction to school and went for a very, very long walk. Shame! Deep Shame!

Maybe, however, you could say I made up for this when 2 years later F.H.S. insisted on running a Mock election campaign – including the Communist party. No one wanted to be that candidate, so obviously it was up to me. Swathed in my red scarf, I jumped on a chair and addressed the nice little pupils sitting in rows. "Comrades! I've come here straight from Russia for you – the true workers..." and I passionately appealed to them to stick up for their rights, giving them mind-boggling promises. I believe that pupils' parents were quite shocked when the Communists nudged up to the Tories in the following mock election.

As 17 year old sixth formers we laid on our own entertainment for the school. Jill Green (née Gammage) wrote a rousing song for us all: "Everything's up to date at Francis Holland! We've gone about as far as we can go!" to a tune from Oklahoma. Sally Williams (née Harris and bereaved of her father when aged 3) moved us to tears singing "Oh, my beloved Father". Others produced recitations, opera arias, dramas: the lot. We thought it was quite a success and most satisfactory.

Sally Adams 1955

I was a "convincing" Mr Bennett in 1954's production of *Pride and Prejudice* under Mrs Ruth Robinson (Drama teacher). My "wife", Mrs Bennett, was played by the Head Girl Penelope Gore-Smith – and she was brilliant! The production was well received by staff and parents. I also acted as "Death" in the school production of "Alcestis" with Joan Collins taking the leading role! I had a nice costume of inverted black and silver leaves.

Katharine Holland née Welsh 1955

The first recollection I have of drama and performance is winning a prize for reciting poetry with Jill Popper and Jill McKenzie. I cannot remember the poem but we all wanted the same pretty anthology as a prize called "Stars and Primroses", I suspect because it had pictures. I still have my copy. I think we were about 12 so it must have been about 1950; the very fierce elocution teacher was called Miss Morrell.

A bit later on I was in a skit with Susannah Plowright, we were the two redheads and we did a scene which involved throwing our corsets over a screen and then appearing in very modest Edwardian black bathing suits. I suppose we did some sort of cancan. I think we were meant to be the comedy item.

I was also Old Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice" with a very large beard and very few lines. Later I was Lady Catherine de Burgh in "Pride and Prejudice". I remember forgetting my first line and saying a line about good furniture fading in the sun and Sheila Stewart telling me under her breath that it was cut! It was all I could remember at that moment. According to the Art teacher who was called Miss Crickmay I was the comic turn again.

I can still visualise the drama teacher, but I cannot remember her name. I do remember the older girls performing "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" all in French, I think Penny Gore-Smith had a starring role. She also did "Three little maids from school are we" with Claire Hilton as part of a choir evening.

A bit later on we had a costume day for the Sixth Form which was in the Library in our day. We had a costume specialist and she dressed us all in period clothes she had collected, she seemed to be good at matching the faces to the clothes and we did a show for the rest of the school, inevitably as the redhead I was dressed as Queen Elizabeth I, sadly we had no photos or videos in those days.

Later on we were going to do Joan of Arc and I was cast as Peter Cauchon, but it was cancelled, I suspect because it was too big an undertaking for such a small school.

REMINISCENCES *continued*

As Francis Holland's first architect any theatrical skills I may have acquired have not been put to good use but I do sing in a good choir, Lewisham Choral Society; we sang in the Festival Hall in March and the Cadogan Hall in July. I am grateful to Mrs Wickham for piano lessons and for having me in the choir. I regret giving it all up in the usual teenage rebellious phase and still try to play nearly every day. I left school in 1955 aged 17 and went on to Liverpool School of Architecture.

Elizabeth Cookson née Ritblat 1946 – 1957

Drama was my favourite activity from the year I started school. Elocution was with Miss Morrell and theatre with Miss Robinson. We were fortunate to have these great teachers who came from R.A.D.A. I learnt an enormous amount of poetry and was expected

to enunciate well enough to be heard from the stage to the back of the hall. We used to go to poetry competitions somewhere in London which I found very nerve-wracking. My big thrill came when Miss Robinson asked if I would play the non-speaking part of the changeling in the seniors' production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I was then 7 years old. It was tremendously exciting for a child to be in the senior play and to be made up for the part. I would go home on the bus with the make-up still on and hate to take it off.

I think my last play in the VI Form was Shaw's *St. Joan* where Caroline Maud played the title role and I was the Cardinal. Another I remember well. I played the governess Lehzen to Jill Barclay Loeuw's *Victoria*. I don't know who managed the costumes and sets. They would just suddenly appear.

Priscilla Bernard (née Gray) 1960

As I was academically "challenged" during my time at Francis Holland, I welcomed the opportunity to shine in something; that something was drama. Mrs Shacke Andersen had faith in my ability and helped me to develop my love of the spoken word although, I am ashamed to say, I still mumbled, along with most of the rest of my form, when called upon to read aloud in class! My ability to learn lines but not French verbs was remarked on by Mademoiselle, when a group of my form mates and I decided to rehearse and put on a short play called "A Room In the Tower", in which I played Lady Jane Grey. I recall that we had quite a good sized audience of fellow pupils, who we charged a nominal sum to give up part of their lunch break to attend our performance. I hasten to add that we donated the proceeds to a charity! I also have fond memories of playing the role of Lydia Languish in a major school production of "The Rivals" shortly before I left school, first to go through the obligatory secretarial training and then on to drama school for two wonderful years before embarking on my acting career.

Rosemary Conliffe (née Palairt) 1962

These photographs are from the 1960 production of *The Rivals*. The production was put on by our English teacher, Mrs Duckworth, and our brilliant art teacher Miss Dickie, who designed all the sets and costumes.

Cathy Norgren Costume designer 1972

I have been trying to decide what I want to be when I grow up for quite a few years now. I am both an artist and a teacher, a costume designer and a university professor. Currently I am also an administrator, serving as Senior Associate Dean in a College of Arts and Sciences at a major "Research 1" university. My career has encouraged me to trust in process as much as in product. So far, touch wood, that has worked a treat. Since





Joan Collins DBE,
by Gladys Perrint Palmer

I cannot comfortably recommend that which I have not myself attempted, I encourage my students to do the same: take one desirable, and well-researched, step at a time. Couple aspiration with inspiration, articulate the journey and do not fear detours or tangents. Review and revise often. My career is one you might label “reactive” rather than pre-planned. Even though I have not always had a clear objective I have tried to follow heart and intellect simultaneously.

Memory plays tricks. Nevertheless, even reframed circumstances are composed from recollections that remain constant. I am not certain I can recount, accurately, exactly how I got to “here”. But I can say, categorically, that when “here” was “there” it always included elements of drawing, or teaching, or both. You might say even that some form of administration was inevitable for a child as bossy as I was. A constant memory of mine is of the first theatrical production I attended (perhaps in LIV, perhaps earlier) on a school outing. A missing memory is the theatre in which we saw the show, and whether it was a production of *Troilus and Cressida*, or *Henry V*. It was definitely Shakespeare. Perhaps it was both, but possibly not in the same year. I am certain we saw productions of each. The reliable memory is one of a raked stage composed of wide, polished wooden planks. There was no proscenium, and

no curtain. I had time before the lights dimmed to notice the rhythm of wide planks and the narrow gaps between them. I was entranced by the gleaming surface. I believe, but am less certain, that the planks were laid horizontally from high to low, spilling towards us in the first few rows of the stalls. To me they evoked a hillside that fell away in two directions. With vocabulary I did not then possess, I believe now that I fell in love with a complex (double) rake, likely painted by artisans and not nearly as real as I then thought. I have absolutely no recollection of anything above the floor! But a true and unchanging recollection is the beauty of those empty planks, awaiting actors. I wanted to know who decided, and who built, these things? Later than this first trip to the theatre I have clear memories of swans and willows and picnics by the Avon, of piling out of a coach after an early morning trip from Clarence Gate to Stratford-upon-Avon. This memory is also anchored by a single strong image, of two important teachers: Mrs. Brigstocke and Miss Dickie (as she was then) in the sun-drenched first row of the coach, reading headlines that reported the assassination of Bobby Kennedy. I was more impressed by their somber mood on such a bright day than I was aware of the impact of the headlines. I remember winning a painting competition when I was about twelve or thirteen; I remember failing my

Art “O” level, and yet being allowed by Miss Dickie to take the “A” level course anyway (I passed). I remember our Form’s participation in the inaugural School drama competitions, our pride from the hard work we all put in, and the sting of coming second. These memories are a small part of a large collage of images, not necessarily complete or tidy, and not always in chronological order, but frequently anchored by theatrical design, or Very Important Teachers. These many memories have stayed with me; they form the foundation of my career.

My love of going to the theatre, my curiosity about how a production came together, and the wealth of baccalaureate programs, in theatre, available in the United States (and of course the fact that I am an American citizen) meant a logical path for me to pursue after Francis Holland was a university degree in America. Despite my citizenship nearly a decade at Clarence Gate categorized me as a foreign student, no doubt providing cachet to my applications. I was accepted to a top of the line four-year liberal arts program, where I chose to major in two of my favorite subjects: Theatre (of course) and English Literature. I took a (very) brief detour through Art and Art History, where the time commitment between working on productions in the Theatre department and scheduling kiln and forge availability proved too much of a conflict. I had a full schedule of classes and extracurricular responsibilities that combined everything that made me happy: reading, drawing, sewing, sawing, and working as part of a team. I have very few reliable memories of actual time in class, but many solid and happy recollections of working backstage. One of the strongest memories is proof that pleasure and pain can co-mingle: I machine-stitched right through my index finger at 2 a.m. (having been in the costume shop since just after dinner) whilst guiding leather pieces through the machine to transform a pair of shoes into Victorian boots. My finger didn’t bleed, so I kept stitching. I was immensely proud of those beautiful boots.

REMINISCENCES *continued*



School Orchestra 1991

Post baccalaureate I revised the follow-my-heart plan and made a practical choice, I thought, about earning a living. I spent the next three years careening through a series of career-starter options (read: horrible entry-level drudgery jobs). I was a representative for an educational sales firm (hated the sales, loved the teaching). I apprenticed (read: minimum wage) with a window display artist (I thought I was better – and nicer – than the boss). I was a receptionist (and did sewing alterations for other staff for extra money). At one point I was desperate to pay the rent and equally desperate to “do” theatre. Abandoning practicality I volunteered to serve as stage manager, after work hours, for a group of friends who were starting a new theatrical troupe. I learned a great deal about other people’s priorities, the value of being on time, and the need for verbal agreements to be confirmed in writing so they became contracts kept to by both parties. I was searching diligently for a career but slow to realize that I was least miserable when even a menial job had some teaching or some theatre to it. I also realized that unless I wanted an endless string of odd jobs (hardly definable as a career) I needed to re-join heart and intellect, process and product, in order to shape a

sustainable future. I determined that a Master of Fine Arts (MFA) degree in theatre design would do nicely, thank you, as a combination of all the essential factors. In the United States an MFA in theatre design is a terminal degree. This means it is the highest degree one can earn in the field, equivalent to a Doctorate. Such a degree is qualification to teach at the university level. As I once explained to my current boss (the Dean, and a PhD mathematician) the difference between an MFA and a PhD, in the Arts, is the MFAs make the work and the PhDs write about the work, often in the form of a book. To me personally it meant I again combined everything that made me happy: reading, drawing, sewing, sawing, and working as part of a team. Add to that I was earning a qualification to teach! What in heaven’s name had taken me so long to get to this point? Happily, once again, I was fortunate to be admitted to, and able to attend, a top school in my chosen field. Off I went to graduate school, which turned out to be almost as difficult as the odd jobs part of my “career”. Class work and obligations on building productions required more hours than exist in a day. We pulled frequent all-nighters, drank rivers of caffeine, and learned to draw, paint, and sew very very quickly; beyond that I have

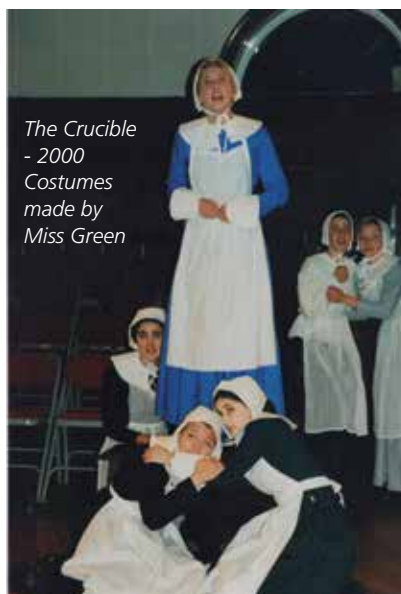
almost no reliable memories. For three years the pace was relentless. At the end I was exhausted and glad to be done. Finally career-ready I had not a single prospect.

Ironically, at first it was back to menial odd jobs. The good news at least was this time around the jobs felt more related to my interests and skills: I stitched silk garments for a Knightsbridge boutique; I cut patterns for a professional theatre company; I taught sewing to university students. And, finally, gloriously, I was actually hired to design costumes. And Shakespeare on top of it. Two shows, *Romeo and Juliet* (vaguely pre-Raphaelite) and *The Taming of the Shrew* (Suffragette-inspired). I did full size renderings for every character, and was well-rewarded for it with a gallery exhibit timed to coincide with the run of the shows. The company performed outdoors, for free, in an inner city park. I could not have been happier. Of course there was no real budget, and no real staff – just me and a volunteer stitcher. It turns out that one of the major skills I gained in graduate school was stamina – we built both shows from the ground up, dyeing tights for *Montagues and Capulets* in saucepans on a two-ring burner. The following summer I was asked back, and had two volunteer stitchers. I designed *Measure*

for *Measure* (a Victorian nightmare) and *Twelfth Night* (a Rococo fantasia). Shakespeare also played a part in securing my first faculty position at a university: I went to help a friend from graduate school on a very elaborate production of *Shrew* – and ended up interviewing for the position she was leaving. Never underestimate the value of being in the right place at the right time; I was offered the job on the spot. For the next five years I added at least four shows a year to my portfolio (your work cannot help but improve with that much drawing and painting) while also developing courses in costume history and design. I designed more Shakespeare, and added newly-written plays and musicals to my repertoire. Specific memories for each production are once again phantoms, but the reliable constant is the trust that existed between us, enabling loud and impassioned discussions in preparation for each production, leading to a clear conceptual approach agreed upon by all. I was fortunate, so early in my career, to have generous colleagues who focused on teamwork and process rather than ego and product. The most important lessons learned were the ones about aesthetic and collaboration.

I also learned that teaching happens all the time, not just in the classroom. Our students designed productions as well as helped to build them. We traveled to regional conferences, and to Washington, D.C., to participate in the Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival (KCACTF). KCACTF is a national organization, divided into eight Regions. It is dedicated to bridging the gap between the professional and the academic theatre. My colleagues and I toured full productions (with students), and presented workshops at both the regional and national levels. Again, being in the right place at the right time proved effective. I am convinced that familiarity with my work at KCACTF was every bit as important a factor in the design jobs I was offered, if not more so, than showing my portfolio. I was soon spending my summer months designing shows at professional theatres – with fully

staffed costume shops, and paid stitchers. I designed for a number of professional companies, including three more (different) Shakespeare ones, and had another exhibit of my renderings – not connected to the timing of the production, in a different city, major enough to be covered by *Watercolor* magazine. By then I had changed jobs, moving from my first position at a small, private, liberal arts, teaching-oriented institution to my current position at a large, public, research-oriented one. My design career was shifting from Shakespearean to smaller more contemporary plays, but at more prestigious venues. Serendipitously, or perhaps not, this led to four costume designs (over two years) at Actors Theater of Louisville's prestigious Humana Festival of New Plays. Working with living writers became a whole new adventure with which to fall in love. But the economics of new play development are fragile,



*The Crucible
- 2000
Costumes
made by
Miss Green*

and the politics of hiring designers are fickle. New play development frequently focuses on product at the expense of process. And yet, the KCACTF community is as equally about teaching as it is about professional work. Imperceptibly, through KCACTF, my summers became less about my own designs and more about teaching design to playwrights. And without knowing it KCACTF had also set me on the path to my current administrative position: after the

experiences in my first faculty appointment, and in a different region now, I volunteered for office and was elected to serve first as Design Chair and subsequently as Regional Chair. Eventually I was elected to a three-year term as National Chair of the entire organization. And somewhere between Regional Chair and National Chair I helped establish the now-ubiquitous Ten-Minute Play Festival. Some of these offices were a result of willingness to pitch in when needed, and many were the result of sustained work and the trust of my colleagues, and were a sort of reward or recognition for productions I designed or workshops I taught.

My memory loses sight of the chronology of these events. Somewhere in this progression I learned about dance, and had opportunities to design for it. I was invited to submit a chapter on *Designing Costumes for Dance* for a textbook, and added "published author" to my curriculum vitae. I marked milestones of academic life: I was granted tenure and promoted from Assistant Professor to Associate Professor; I was promoted again, to Full Professor, some time later. I was made Associate Dean in the College of Arts and Sciences, and then Senior Associate Dean, the outline of responsibilities for which I could rattle off numbers: 26 departments, 490-some faculty, 200-plus staff, 80 per cent of undergraduate education, 60 per cent of graduate education, and so on. It is part of my job to be a voice for process generally, and an advocate for all the Arts. Is this a detour or a tangent? A whole new journey? I think not. It is a natural result of paying attention. It is a conscious revision that takes advantage of options within a process. My CV is replete with accomplishments to be sure, but none compare with the unrecorded but unfaded memory of a young actor looking at herself in the mirror during a fitting, taking the pose from my costume rendering, and "finding" her character after weeks of struggling in rehearsal; or the time a much more experienced actor picked up a rendering at the first read-through rehearsal to acknowledge that my rendering gave him both pause and food for thought

REMINISCENCES *continued*

about a character interpretation he had already “decided” upon – and changed his mind. I have a terrible habit of lumping all former students into the same basket – in my mind they all know each other, regardless of their current age or in what years I had them in class. And yet nothing is more sharply etched, nor compares with the happiness I feel over their accomplishments: a first realized design, acceptance to a graduate program, the start of a professional career, or their academic milestones as former students themselves chose to teach, and are awarded tenure.

My career as a theatrical costume designer has been rewarding, if not entirely pre-planned. I would not characterize it as an Important Career – I have not won any major awards (nor have I really aspired to that); I have not been “just” a professional designer (teaching is every bit as important to me as designing); I have not designed a television show or a film, let alone one you might recognize or have seen; I have not costumed any terribly famous stars (although I could dine out on a couple of good “personality” stories). But I have been proud of almost all of my work, and experienced absolute joy from much of it; I have a great many wonderful friends, and some tremendously talented students, as a result of it; and would not have met my husband (of almost 30 years) without it. Whilst it feels as though there is still

time to “be” something else when I finally grow up – a photographer or poet maybe – I have no reason to stop what I am doing, and every reason to carry on. I can only wish such satisfaction to all.

Jane Armstrong 1959–72

My earliest recollections of school music have a very 1950s/60s feel. In Transition, music was a whole-class activity; drums, cymbals, triangles and tambourines were handed out by Miss Newman so that we could learn to read and play rhythms, and to beat in time in different key signatures - it seemed an almost impossible feat of co-ordination and left/right orientation. A couple of years later we were learning to sing in two parts - English folk songs such as ‘The Lincolnshire Poacher’ (‘Oh.....’Tis my delight on a shiny night, in the season of the year’, sung with gusto), and the medieval English round ‘Sumer is icomen in’, difficult to negotiate musically and with strange words, but fascinatingly old. Later on I remember the ‘Agincourt Carol’, which was easier to sing and energetically accompanied with drums. The singing was good musical training, and it began to dawn on me that there was a long tradition of music that belonged to England. I’m glad to have learned some of those songs then, as I am to be familiar with the traditional tunes to which we danced Strip the Willow, the Petronella and the

Eightsome Reel in Ballroom Dancing.

The first school music teacher to make her mark as far as I was concerned was Miss Glass. She boldly (given the modest forces available) took the small school orchestra in hand (she may even have established it), and in the spirit of the 1960s got us to do group improvisations, which was definitely harder for conventionally taught schoolgirls than playing simplified Mozart and Haydn. Miss Glass, later followed by Mr Pinkney, also held listening classes, in the Hall with a gramophone.

Outside school, FHS took part in the Ernest Read concerts which combined choirs from girls’ schools to sing arrangements of works such as Haydn’s Creation and Bach’s Magnificat rescored for women’s voices in three parts. We sang in the Festival Hall, which was exciting both musically and as an outing. I remember being one of several hundred schoolgirls singing ‘With Verdure Clad’, a solo soprano aria from the Creation, ornamentation and all, in unison. Before and after the rehearsal we rushed around the hidden performers’ corridors of the Festival Hall, thus introduced to the thrill of belonging backstage. In the sixth form, during Mrs Brigstocke’s era, a few of us went along once a week to sing with a choir at Westminster School, which of course was much more glamorous as it involved Boys.

When it came to going to musical events, earlier on we had the chance to go to the Robert Mayer concerts, and later someone wonderful signed FHS up to a scheme for low-price opera tickets for schools. I went to many different operas and it was a great opportunity to hear a range of works.

Back in school, there were regular school concerts made up mainly of short individual items, and I remember doing quite a lot of music informally in small groups. Highlights with larger groups were Blow’s Venus and Adonis and Mozart’s early opera Bastien and Bastienne, featuring Emily Bonham-Carter, Susan Watts and my sister, Teresa, and the strangely memorable and useful line: ‘If you chance to meet



Marquis de Sade
1991



him, greet him with calm indifference.' But the experience which was in some ways most useful for me was being one of a team of pianists who played for Prayers every morning in the Hall (I was just about up to it...). We could play anything we liked while people filed in and out, which was a good chance to try pieces out without the pressure of having to get them perfect; and we accompanied the hymns, a very good discipline as you had to get the speed right and then keep going. If the hymn of the day had four flats it was just your tough luck.

After having had violin lessons outside school and piano lessons in school (Miss Room, with beautiful blue eye make-up and a perfect beehive hairdo), I decided in the sixth form to do Music A level. With wonderful timing for me, Nicola LeFanu arrived at Francis Holland to teach music. Nicola was not much older than me, already a composer (as well as the daughter of a composer), and a revelation. We began with two of us, but Rosemary Davies switched to another subject, leaving me with one-to-one lessons. These were a challenge of the best kind, and I felt I had to work hard and think hard to live up to them. Nicola encouraged me to

think beyond the music syllabus into other arts and historical events, and paid as much attention to how I wrote as to what I was saying. Individual lessons enabled her to teach in what I was aware was a different way; later on, I realised her lessons had been more like university tutorials than school classes. Under Nicola, and her colleague Patti Palmer, the orchestra continued to perform contemporary music, and Teresa remembers being sent off with her cello to a Harrison Birtwistle workshop in Lisson Grove.

As a small school, Francis Holland wasn't able to field a large orchestra or sizeable choir, and we didn't put on many major concerts, but there were many smaller ones, and some adventurous choices were made; overall, it was a happy musical time.

Jane Sebba 1974

During my 'O' level years, which I spent at South Hampstead High, I became increasingly interested in contemporary music and was excited by news of the dynamic Nicola LeFanu at Francis Holland. I applied to join the school and was thrilled to be accepted. The following week, Nicola resigned. I had to make do with Patricia Palmer.

Forty years later, Patti is still one of my dearest friends. She became much more than my music teacher. Our one-to-one lessons – I was the only student in my year to take music 'A' level – were a revelation. From her I learnt how music was tied in with art, dance, architecture and science; with Life, in fact. She taught me how to write an essay, how to deconstruct a symphony, how to enjoy learning. We explored Webern and Wozzeck and listed fruit and vegetables that begin with 'a' (artichoke, avocado, aubergine... such things make a lasting impression on a 17 year old). I gathered together thirteen musicians to play one of my set works – the Mozart 13 wind serenade – and she conducted us in the triangular hall. She invited me to play the Mozart bassoon concerto; she wrote a bassoon part for every piece the orchestra played. She dug up a Victorian drawing-room song called 'The Bassoon' and Teresa Armstrong sang it to my bassoon obligato.

Since school days Patti and I have holidayed together in France, Canada and Australia, and she and her family stay with me when they're in London. Oh, and I got an 'A' for my A level.

OLD GIRL NEWS

1940-1949

1949 Sally Williams née Harris

sally@williams24.plus.com

*I published my second book *Sailing in the Wind or Nutty as a Fruitcake* in 2013 just before celebrating my 80th birthday. Last year went nowhere, but this year has and is full of travel. Turkey, visiting Pergamon, Troy and Ephesus and then in May, the 1st W.W. Battlefields and visiting some of the Graves of the Poets. Just had my garden open for the NSPCC. I'm still in touch with Gillian Cockburn, Judy Taylor and Jill Green but sadly miss Tubby (Margaret Proctor née Graham) - we came together to FHS in 1948.*

*Please contact me if you would like a copy of *Sailing in the Wind* - I'm selling it in aid of Holy Trinity Church, Cuckfield, refurbishment fund at £12.50 - nearly 400 pages and it's about my life and the adventures I've had.*

1950-1959

1953 Ann White née Schmiegelow

Events and Achievements since leaving F.H.S.

On leaving F.H.S. in 1953, I spent 6 months at Lausanne University, staying with a delightful family where the other boarders spoke only French. Then I began my 5 years articles to a Solicitor in a huge London firm. It was dreary, unpaid and there was so much prejudice against me as a woman. But joining the Lawyer Christian Fellowship was a great help. I had accepted Christ as my Saviour when 12 years of age so the care and help by fellow believers was a great encouragement. I also enjoyed the company of Robena Lund, a classmate from F.H.S. whose articles ran parallel with mine.

On qualifying as a solicitor in 1958, I worked briefly in Watford and then returned to work for 2 years in the City. There was such variety in my work that I became a legal Jack-of-all-trades and

a-master-of-none. Then for the following 7 years I had a very comfortable job as Solicitor to an American company - Mobil Oil Co. at their head office in Westminster.



Ann at her desk as Solicitor to Mobil Oil Company 1965

In 1968 when I was 33 years old I married Ron White. He is a keen Christian and was a government Civil Servant in the Department of International Development. He had fascinating assignments all over the world and we communicated by fax. Now we have had 47+ years of happy marriage and the joy of 4, healthy, intelligent and good sons. They were born within 6 years of each other. I ceased working when pregnant with my first son and only returned to law when my youngest was 16.

Challenging the Guinness Book of Records

In 1990 I got offered a local job as a solicitor in litigious work. I quickly studied up modern civil and criminal law and regained my Practising Certificate. I reckoned I had broken the Guinness record for a lawyer staying out of law for 22 years and then returning with a practising Certificate! In the main my job centred round caring for gypsies. Many were exceedingly poor and desolate. I felt that as Christ was so compassionate to the needy, this work was right for me and far more fulfilling than working for an oil company. Consequently after studying Planning Law and Government circulars I won a Planning Appeal so that Gypsies could lawfully live on their own land. I also conducted some Judicial Review cases in the High Court challenging decisions by local authorities on their treatment

of gypsies and learned to write letters to them in advance, threatening them with judicial reviews for their maltreatment of gypsies. They soon altered the treatment, knowing the cost of High Court proceedings.

5 of my gypsy clients were accepted by the European Court of Human Rights when I applied on their behalf. But when I gave up defending gypsies in criminal cases, Ron was disappointed as he found the stories I brought home highly entertaining. My other jobs included divorce cases in which I learnt from close involvement the pain, abuse, injustice, loneliness and sometimes degradation suffered by many divorcees. I was really distressed just to listen to the stories and cried out in my heart "What are people doing about this suffering? Is there no help?"

Retirement and Opportunities

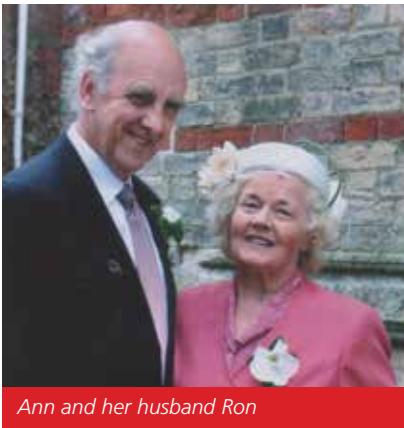
I retired from the office in 1998. Then another opportunity opened up, the answer to my earlier cries. Ron and I learned about an American Christian organisation called "Divorce Care" which laid on sessions to be attended by people going through the trauma of divorce or separation. (See www.divorcecare.org). They formed support groups and listened to DVDs on many subjects exploring aspects of divorce and separation, giving advice from experts and counsellors and also those who had come to terms with their own divorce. The idea was that all who attended these sessions could open up their problems and support each other with complete confidentiality. Ron and I were keen to set up such a facility. Since 2000 we have had the satisfaction of many people coming to our home and being helped. A few marriages have been restored, but mostly people have made good friends and felt encouraged and loved. These sessions are still current...

Well, here I am at 80 years of age. I have so much to be grateful for. Our 4 sons are all responsible, kind citizens. They all married warm-hearted Christian wives. 3 of them live nearby and attend the same church as we do, so we see 6 of our 8 grandchildren most weeks. I am particularly grateful

for my husband – a youthful 71 years of age busy with many interests and activities.

My health is fair and I have many joys – including playing the piano at the lovely communion service at church as we remember Jesus, His death and His future return.

Francis Holland School gave me a good educational start in life, happy memories and good friends... May this be the experience of many other former and present pupils!



Ann and her husband Ron

1955 Sally Adams

Here are Sally's contact details:
69, Onslow Gardens, Muswell Hill,
London N10 3JY

1956 Gladys Perint Palmer

My working news is attached. Please click on links under my name. I write, draw & teach. If anyone would like to see my Facebook, please send friend request as my best posts are on the friend page, not fan page. <https://www.facebook.com/GPerintPalmer>

Private news - my elder son, Tim Palmer BSC, lives in London, makes films, my younger son Barnaby Palmer is a conductor based in Shanghai. Tim has three children James, 10, going through the hurdle to get into a good school (so much easier in my day); Thomas 8 (won a national Christmas card competition for London Zoo and the following year a story he wrote was included in a national book of best stories by children) and Elizabeth 3 - we are all hoping will become a Polished Corner. My husband Simon

is totally involved in voluntary work on Denman Island - clean water, affordable housing and a thriving outfit called Denman Works! (the exclamation mark is part of the name).

I do keep in touch with Caroline Pugh, née Maud, we try to remember each other's birthdays - though I would dearly like to forget mine - but I am sure no one else remembers me at FHS because I excelled at nothing. My mother was advised that I would be best suited to manual work as I was not very bright and rather disruptive. But then, we had Miss Joslin who was very different from Vivienne Durham.

Adam & Yves by Gladys Perint Palmer (Firefall Media)

www.gladysperintpalmer.com

Facebook Tumblr Twitter Instagram

Illustrations Prints:

<http://www.pinterest.com/search/?q=Gladys+Perint+Palmer>

1957 Yvonne Fisher (née Crisp)

Mny-fisher@hotmail.com

Still enjoying retirement. We manage to travel several times a year. Still keep in touch with Betty Sifleet. I look forward to reading the news of my contemporaries.

32, Huntsmans Meadow, Ascot, Berkshire SL5 7PF

1958 Diana Carlton née Wilson

carlton.jim@bigpond.com

I last wrote a piece for 'Polished Corners' in 2013. I wrote then about the wonderful reunion the group of 1958 had when they met for dinner at Janet (Henry) Politi's. At this dinner I was able to tell them all that, through an extraordinary stroke of luck, whilst staying at a wonderful home, Hilton Park, in Ireland, I had found another of



Back Row L to R: Ann (Wigg) Charlton, Celia (Vaughan-Lee) Read, Joan (Behrman) Mushin, Janet (Henry) Politi, Roz (Machray) Wheeler, Elizabeth (Wheeler) Cownden
Front Row L to R: Alison (Baxter) Brooke, Rosemary (Wiggins) Mackey, Diana (Wilson) Carlton, Caroline Williams (Shepley- Cuthbert)



Looking at an old school photo.

OLD GIRL NEWS *continued*

our class, Caroline (Shepley-Cuthbert) Williams. Lucy (Skene) and John Madden, owners of Hilton Park, were able to send me Caroline's email address. Lucy was younger than us but was at Francis Holland. However, it was many months later that I finally contacted Caroline. All my emails were being sent to her 'junk' file! It took Caroline some months to realise she had a junk file.

Last November, the weekend of the school birthday lunch, I was again in London, staying for the weekend with Alison (Baxter) Brooke. Rosemary (Wiggins) Mackey from New York was also in town with her daughter and grand-daughter. Alison, Janet, Roz (Machray) Wheeler, Ann (Wigg) Charlton, Rosemary and I were all at the lunch which was a very nice occasion.

On Monday night there was a reunion of the group that included Joan (Behrman) and Alan Mushin, Janet (Henry) Politi and her sister Elizabeth (Henry) Balcon, Ann (Wigg) and Robin Charlton, Roz (Machray) and John Wheeler, Celia (Vaughan-Lee) Read, Elizabeth (Wheeler) Cownden, Alison (Baxter) Brooke, Rosemary (Wiggins) Mackey. Sadly, Jane (Llewellyn) Parsons was unable to come, BUT Caroline (Shepley-Cuthbert) Williams was there! So after all the years of searching and not having seen Caroline for 50 + years, here we all were having dinner at Browns Hotel in Mayfair, reminiscing and looking at school photos. It was a wonderful evening. Unfortunately, Lucy (Skene) Madden was not able to come, but we hope she will be with us when we all meet again on Sunday, October 4th 2015 for a lunch party. We also hope that Jane (Llewellyn) Parsons will be able to come. Rosemary and her husband, Irv, are coming over from New York, and my husband, Jim will also be there.

Caroline has found another of our group, Deborah (Walker-Smith) Sinclair-Stevenson. We all hope that she will be able to join us. A room at Hardy's in Dorset Street has been booked and we look forward to another great gathering of the year of 1958. How lucky we have all been to

have stayed in touch and have had so many memorable reunions. Modern technology has, of course, helped us. We are always on the lookout for others who were in our class.

Rosemary Mackey née Wiggins

Rosemary fulfilling a long held wish to sit on the stage in the Head's chair! With her are her daughter Catharine and granddaughter Sydney.



Rosemary Mackey née Wiggins

1960-1969

1960 Priscilla Bernard née Gray

priscillagray@virgin.net

Although I still love live theatre, line learning and retention is getting harder, so I accept few stage jobs these days. However, over the past few years, I have played leading and supporting roles in several feature and short films (some award winning) and also worked on radio and in the corporate world, so I can still claim to be a working actor! It is now 10 years since our year's reunion lunch at the school and it would be lovely to hear from some of you, who I am not in regular contact with, again.

50 Solent Road, West Hampstead, London NW6 1TX



Priscilla Bernard née Gray

1963 Penelope Ironmonger née Vickery

Penjohn.iron@gmail.com

6, Rodney Way, Guilford GU1 2NY

1965 Susan Emlyn Williams née Newbald

semlyns@gmail.com

Susan has moved and has a new address:

1, Ashfield Close, Petersham, Richmond TW10 7AF

07785 363635

1970-1979

1970 Anne Astaire née Lind

Anne_astaire@hotmail.com

I now have 5 grandchildren – which include 2 sets of twins!!! They all keep me very busy. Would love to hear from some of my contemporaries.

1974 Alexandra Wright née Levitt

alexandra@Kvish.co.uk

1977 Katy Green née Sayers

Katyruthgreen@aol.com

I am still working as a Fine Artist under the name Katy Sayers Green. I have recently returned to live in London (from Norfolk) and have been taken on by The Gallery Notting Hill. (www.thegallerynottinghill.com) It would be lovely to hear from anybody who remembers me.

1979 Melanie Stern

I left FHS after 'O' levels in 1979 (I think!) to do 'A' levels at a.n.other school. I studied dentistry at UCL and in due course went on to specialise in Orthodontics. To complete my training, I moved 'oop North' to Sheffield, fully intending to move back down to London but, I met my husband hereand am now very happily settled in beautiful Yorkshire juggling a fascinating job, married life and being Mum to our 3 children, now 10, 12 and 13.

It would be lovely to catch up with old friends and I would be very happy to give whatever advice I can to any FHS girls thinking of going into dentistry.

Consultant in Orthodontics,
Charles Clifford Dental Hospital,
Wellesley Road, Sheffield S10 2SZ

0114 271 7879

1980-1989

1982 Camilla Charles née Grafton-Robinson

camilla@mcha.co.uk

I am currently working as a Principal Exam Invigilator at Magdalen College School, Oxford and in the non-exam season, I am a Volunteer on a Gerontology ward at the John Radcliffe Hospital. Our son, Henry (18) is hopefully off to university in September to read History and Alice (15) is just about to start her GCSE courses at Rye St. Anthony, Oxford. Amusingly they have a very similar uniform to the one I wore at FHS!! I would love to hear from anyone who remembers me.

The Garden House, Brashfield House,
Bicester, OXON OX27 8RE.

1990-1999

1990 Victoria Slinger née Seifert

I started at Francis Holland in 1983 in 3J. (Sophie Alexander, Alice Larkin, Louisa Taylor, Olivia Bradford were some of my classmates.)

I am still very friendly with Abbie Joseph (Gulperin), Lucinda Barry and Louisa Weinstein (Taylor). I still hear occasionally from Sophie Guarasci (Alexander).

I married Andrew Slinger in March

2000 and we have 4 gorgeous children - William, Mimi, Lucy and Edward. We have been living in Singapore for 12 years and we return to live in Richmond, UK this summer. I hope to be able to pop in to the school once I am back- I have heard that it has changed!

1991 Delia Cardnell

penonpaper@hotmail.com

My twins are toddling and we are beginning to get some sleep. It would be good to catch up with more friends from the past.

1993 Josephine Stockbridge née Legge

dophie@hotmail.com

About to go on maternity leave to have a baby early September.

1994 Natalie Goldin- Wilkinson

Natalie.goldin@comohotels.com

Natalie has asked for her contact details to be included in the newsletter.

1997 Clare Wrigglesworth

Clare.wrigglesworth@zoopla.co.uk

Clare also sent us her contact details.
49 Wakeman Road, London NW10 5BJ

2000-2015

2004 Eliza K Orme

Here are Eliza's contact details:

514, Deering Avenue 4, Portland ME,
04103 USA

2006 Sarah Rick Harris

Congratulations to Sarah who has gained a scholarship at the University of California, Hastings College of Law, to study for a Masters in Law.

2008 Emma Marshall

Emma read Chinese and German at Edinburgh University and will start training as a solicitor at Clifford Chance in 2016. Meanwhile she is doing Law conversion courses and has spent time in China to improve further her Chinese.

Emily Seward

Emily is in the middle of a PhD at Oxford University, using computers to

analyse the way parasites adapt their genomes to suit their host environment. She is finding this very interesting.

2009 Letty Steer

I completed my MA at UCL in Principles of Conservation (2014) and am now completing the MSc (the second half of my qualification) in Conservation for Archaeology and Museums. Next year I will be interning at The Wallace Collection and Historic Royal Palaces prior to presenting my dissertation.

I had a year working between Undergrad and Postgrad courses at Buckingham Palace in the Royal Collection, becoming a team leader and giving tours of the Buckingham Palace gardens. In my spare time I have been selected to compete for Great Britain in fencing in satellite events and later this summer will be competing for England in Dublin in the 5 Nations.

2010 Meera Rokad

I passed the Bar Training Course in June last year and was called to the Bar officially as a barrister in July.

2011 Danae Quek

I have just started my first official job after months of internships and graduating last summer, and in a field I didn't think I'd ever enter - financial P.R. It's a wonderful company, although the financial jargon is proving tough for this History graduate! I am also embracing my geeky side by writing for a website in Singapore.

2014 Rebecca Kent

Rebecca is studying at Bristol and has been cast as Beatrice in the university's production of Much Ado About Nothing.

Katie Rafter

Katie is studying at Dartmouth College. She is also a student journalist for The Dartmouth, America's oldest college newspaper, founded in 1799. Her recent articles can be seen on

<http://thedartmouth.com/author/katie-rafter/>

Zoe Suerdem

While completing her Art Foundation course, Zoe was a finalist in an Art competition and her work was displayed at the Strand Gallery last year. One of her paintings was sold at auction.

NEWS FROM THE STAFF ROOM



Martha Bachle Morris

Martha joined the English and Drama department in 2008 and quickly established herself as an outstanding classroom teacher who has been extremely popular with the girls for her excellent subject knowledge, her warm and approachable manner and her sense of humour. She can just as easily enthuse the Thirds about Shakespeare as much as she can make Jacobean tragedy come alive with the Sixth Form. She has also taught Theatre Studies A Level and the girls in her care have always felt supported in their theatrical endeavours.

Martha has also played an enormous part in the wider life of the school. She ran the weekly Junior Drama Club, helped to run the annual Inter-form Drama Competition with aplomb and ably assisted Kate Oakley backstage for productions as diverse as *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Amadeus*, providing invaluable support and guidance in her unflappable calm way. A key achievement is the fact that

she introduced the Junior Plays in the summer term; such as *The Tempest*, *Daisy Pulls it Off*, *Lord of the Flies* and *Teachers*.

Martha is leaving us to become a full-time mother to her two delightful children, Bess and Kit but she also plans to write a set of travel guides for very young children as a way of introducing them to different cultures and languages. Martha will be dearly missed by us all, but we wish her every success.

Ms Emma Williams

Maggie Watson

Maggie joined the school in 2012 as a member of the Music Department, then led by Mrs Rolfe Johnson, (the two are seen here at ERJ's leaving party) and later led by Mr Robert Patterson. She was a calm and friendly member of staff, especially popular with the singers of Junior Choir, and also with her tutor group. She has left FHS to care for her baby daughter Jemima and we send her good wishes for the future.



Ms Helen Last

Helen, who taught at FHS for nineteen years, contacted the school to make a kind donation to the hardship fund, to help girls who might have financial difficulties. She left FHS to teach at Queenswood School but told us that she has now left there and is currently taking time out from teaching. She said she is looking forward to reading the new FHS biography.

Obituaries

Sheila Seddon née Proudlock Dunbar

Mrs Seddon's son, David, wrote to the school to say that he believes that his mother attended FHS before the Second World War. She went up to Girton College, Cambridge in 1941. Mrs Seddon died on January 15th, 2015, aged 91.

Stay in touch:

 /Francis Holland Regent's Park Alumnae Association-Quondam

 /Francis Holland Regent's Park Alumnae Association

RHIANNON ADAM'S TRIP TO PITCAIRN ISLAND

In February 2015, I embarked on a journey that would take me more than 9000 miles away from London, to a tiny volcanic island in the middle of the South Pacific which would be my home for three full months. It sounds idyllic, but Pitcairn, the island in question, is far from any South Pacific fantasy.

It is one of the world's most remote locations, and measures just two miles long by one mile wide. It is also the world's smallest country in terms of population – for the duration of my visit, only 37 islanders remained, with an additional 7 off island professionals bringing the grand total to a minuscule 44. Pitcairn is Britain's last remaining Overseas Territory in the Pacific, and survives on budgetary aid from the UK.

Though the island seems, on paper, to be diminutive and insignificant, it has a fascinating history. The Bounty mutineers and their Tahitian followers first settled Pitcairn Island in 1790, and as well as being the focus of numerous books, the island has been romanticised by Hollywood for much of the 21st century. A decade ago however, a new scandal broke, which transformed Pitcairn's image from utopia to a dystopian *Lord of the Flies*. Pitcairn emerged as a hotbed of child sexual abuse, with many of the island's men being accused or convicted, and many of their wives, sisters, cousins, mothers and daughters and granddaughters being the victims. It is partly for this reason that the island's population is swiftly declining – most children now leave at 15 to pursue their education

in New Zealand, never to return. The population is rapidly ageing and within 5 years, 80% of the population will be supported by just 20%.

I had always wanted to visit Pitcairn Island, and felt that it really was now or never. The island is in a fragile and precious state – caught between a dark past and an uncertain future. For those that knew me in school, you may remember that I grew up on a boat, and it was there that my interest in Pitcairn began. Before we left to sail the world, my father gave me a copy of the *Mutiny on the Bounty* to instil a sense of adventure, obviously hoping I would catch the sailing bug. Ever since, Pitcairn has been the holy grail of travel. A place so extreme and bizarre, almost mythical – the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Since I left Francis Holland, my work as an art photographer has taken me to many an obscure place. Pitcairn has always been one location that has seemed to slip through my fingers – it is extremely prohibitive in terms of cost as well as in terms of the time taken to reach it. When we went sailing aboard our boat, *Jannes*, I had envisaged we would one day reach the island. Instead we mainly sailed the Atlantic, and Pitcairn remained an enigma.

My nomadic childhood has had lasting effects on my life, and in fact inspired my love of recording. Without it I may never have become a photographer. In my work, I am rather specialised, preferring to use expired Polaroid film.



The film I use is now at a point where it too may soon be a thing of the past – my aim was to create a body of work that drew out a parallel between the dying film and the dying place, a place which indirectly inspired my choice of vocation. It seemed like a fitting goodbye to the medium that I love.



For those interested in following the project as it progressed, I kept an intermittent blog: <https://rhiannonsetsoff.wordpress.com/>

The Journey of a Lifetime programme will broadcast on the BBC in September and will be available on iPlayer.

With many thanks to Jo Green, Alison Edelshain, Susanne Nedas, and of course, Quondam. Thank you so much for your support, I couldn't have got there without you.

(Rhiannon will attend the Quondam Lunch on November 7th 2015)

QUONDAM TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP 2014

Jinalee De Silva won the 2014 Travel Scholarship



Jinalee De Silva won the 2014 Travel Scholarship. She wrote to us "I am delighted to tell you that I have gained the most invaluable experience from my time in Sri Lanka and I cannot tell you in words how grateful I am for the opportunity given to me by the Quondam committee." Her wonderful report is too long to include in full here, but can be found on the Quondam section of the school website.

Elephants never forget and neither will I...

Through my binoculars, I have been intently observing for the past ten minutes what I believe is a questionable looking dark greyish boulder, obscured by surrounding vegetation. Or it is in fact my first sighting of a wild Asian elephant? My suspicion is confirmed when this dark shape stealthily moves forward into a clearing in the trees. Fingers tighten around binoculars. Camera lenses snap into focus. We fall silent in our open safari jeep, which is sitting in an ancient elephant corridor. These majestic beings have used this ancient migratory route for generations and we attentively watch this gentle giant grazing peacefully. (We can identify that he is a bull elephant, because he is alone. Elephant herds are strongly matriarchal and once the males have reached maturity they go off by themselves).

All too soon, this serene moment is broken when a farmer enters the scene and unexpectedly lights a firecracker, there is an explosive sound and smoke fills the air. We jump; startled by the

Bull crossing the elephant corridor, seemingly indifferent to the sound of the explosive firecracker that was just pulled.

sound. Apparently, this was a necessary move to carry out to scare the innocent bull elephant away in order for the farmer to reach his livestock.

I have just witnessed my first encounter of "Human-Elephant conflict" (HEC).

I am in Sri Lanka, more specifically in the Wasgamuwa region, where I will spend just over a month volunteering with The Sri Lankan Wildlife Conservation Society (SLWCS). HEC is responsible for the plight of the Asian elephant (*Elephas maximus*) in Sri Lanka. In this case, this elephant was not hurt but seeing that he did not so much as flinch shows that this unfortunate incident is not an uncommon one. This is a perennial cycle where both people and elephants suffer. SLWCS aims to mitigate this conflict by working closely with local communities and wildlife, and by addressing environmental, social, economic and land use issues - in other words "helping elephants by helping people".

No two days are the same when volunteering with SLWCS. My days entail adventures of trekking (sometimes up to 4 miles!) through scrub jungle, in sweltering heat with temperatures coming up to 40°C, through grass so tall it feels like something out of "Honey, I Shrank the Kids". Jostling and bumping in our seats, the journey to our location of research is only half the fun. We travel along a great off road stretch, skirting paddy fields so vibrant that the grass is almost glowing, passing cormorants sunning their wings, while pairs of Alexandrine parakeets and Malabar pied hornbills soar above me.

At the end of each day, I would be completely exhausted from our work, returning to our fieldhouse but I always found myself eager to wake up at five o'clock the next morning to go bird watching. You will catch the most spectacular sun rises over prehistoric looking jungle; an ethereal haze hangs over the mosaic of dark emeralds and yellow-green hues. We are surrounded by an orchestra of birdsong, frequently seen are paradise flycatchers, drongos, black-hooded orioles and Indian rollers. It feels thrillingly remote, on our crowded planet, it is a privilege indeed to be here. Sri Lanka's rich biodiversity of unique flora and fauna will never cease to amaze me. I have often heard that elephants are the gardeners of the forest, if we want to save the elephants; we also have to conserve the ecosystem they live in. This doesn't apply to just elephants but to all the world's exotic and magnificent species that are on the decline. It is all the more important to preserve natural beauty such as this.



Numerous scars from gunshot wounds inflicted onto the body of the Bull. The use of guns is an incredibly dangerous method used by farmers to deter roaming wild elephants - resulting in the death of 200 elephants and 60 people last year.

UNIVERSITY DESTINATIONS for Leavers 2015

Hanna Bayoudhi	Post A Level application	
Clara Bodicoat	Exeter	Ecology
Deanna Chaytor	Edinburgh	Geography
Rachel Cowan	Sheffield	History
Danah Cred	Sussex	History of Art
Emily Dadoun	City	Psychology
Lily Dogmetchi	Bristol	Dentistry
Rim Douba	Sussex	English
DD Etherton	Reading	Graphic Design
Zoe Evangelou	Southampton	Medicine
Shivani Gohil	Bristol	French and Italian
Hannah Haine	Leeds	Fine Art
Helena Hains	Bristol	French and Italian
Dina Hamade	Leeds	Neuroscience
Mariam Hanna	Sussex	Neuroscience and Psychology
Zoe Harrowell Daniels	Durham	Modern Languages
Flo Hastings	Leeds	History
Rebekah Hornsby	Cambridge	Classics
Sabrina Jaffer	Nottingham	Medical Physiology and Therapeutics
Sarah Kehoe	Warwick	Medical Engineering
Lorena Levi		Art Foundation
Yihuan Lim	Nottingham	English
Katie Lowe	Post A level Application	
Estella Macchi di Cellere	Edinburgh	Architecture
Katharine Marris	Aberdeen	Biochemistry
Rosie Minderides	Exeter	Geography
Aine Monaghan	Queen Mary	English
Stella Moore	Edinburgh	History and Politics
Georgia Morris	Durham	Anthropology
Alisha Mukherjee	Edinburgh	Biology
Cordelia Nagle	UCL	German and Philosophy
Katia Pagano	Imperial	Physics
Nancy Paul	Sussex	Sociology
Zoya Pervez	Queen Mary	Business Management
Barbara Prunas	Leeds	Geography and Sociology
Tilly Ruback	UCL	Anthropology
Sabina Sadh	Nottingham	Geography
Ruby Sam Russell	Warwick	Maths
Nina Sarin	Southampton	Graphic Design
Reem Satti	UCL	Biomedical Science
Grace Schneiderman	Nottingham	Philosophy
Izzy Shirley	Leeds	Psychology
Margot Smith	Cambridge	Natural Sciences
Celia Stolper	Edinburgh	Art
Lucy Streeton	Oxford	History
Olivia Turner	Lancaster	Natural Sciences
Yasi Ullah	SOAS	International Management
Natasha Waddell	St Andrews	Art History
Penny Whitehead	Durham	Modern Languages
POST A LEVEL		
Cora Catford	King's	Philosophy
Dakota Hoven	Manchester	Criminology
Orla Kelly	Bristol	History of Art
Leila McGarel Groves	UWE	Psychology

Continued from front page - Charles Fillingham

One of the other aspects of twenty-first century life and therefore a characteristic of good, modern education is a growing spirit of internationalism. As we prepare our pupils for adulthood it is in the knowledge that their lives may involve more time spent overseas than any generation which has preceded them. Francis Holland already has numerous international links and teaches languages to all of its pupils – the next steps here will offer exciting opportunities!

One key element to be remembered in taking up this new post at Francis Holland is that it is already a terrific school. It is well-known across London for its caring and nurturing ethos. It is a school where girls can enjoy learning and have fun. So, whilst there will be initiatives, an important task of the new Headmaster is to ensure that the distinctive spirit of the School is retained. Francis Holland School will continue to be a place where daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple!

I hope to meet some of you in person at Quondam events in the future.

With very best wishes,

Charles Fillingham

Continued from front page - Vivienne Durham

My thanks to all of you who contributed memories and reminiscences for the official history of the school which has been written by Pamela Hartshorne. "Polished Corners" is the most comprehensive record of the school ever to have been commissioned and the book offers a truly fascinating insight into the pioneering work of those who founded the school in the 1870s, right up to our current age of online education. The "polished corner" ethos has remained strong through successive generations! I hope all Quondam members will take advantage of the discounted rate that is currently available to them.

I very much look forward to meeting many of you at my last Quondam lunch on Saturday November 7th.

With very best wishes,

Vivienne Durham

Quondam Reunion and Lunch

Saturday 7th November 2015

12 noon AGM

12.30 for 1.00 Lunch

**Come and say thank you and farewell
to Mrs Vivienne Durham,
who has been Head from 2004 until 2015.**

There will be a short Quondam AGM before lunch, to which all members are welcome, Tours of the school will be available, and then the annual reception and lunch will take place.

Rhiannon Adam will be attending to talk about her experiences on Pitcairn Island.

*Invitation and reply card are enclosed.
RSVP by October 29th, with acceptances only.*

quondam@fhs-nw1.org.uk



**JOIN US FOR THE 4th ANNUAL
OLD GIRLS' NETBALL GAME
BEFORE THE QUONDAM
REUNION & LUNCH**

Saturday 7 November 2015

'Spirited' would perhaps be the best way to describe the now epic annual old girls' netball game, so if you fancy a bit of a run around, dubious tactics and not so polished on-court behaviour, come and join us!

There are no requirements for any skill, ability or fitness - just a desire to have some fun on the netball court.

The game usually kicks off at 10.20 leaving plenty of time to return to school and change in time for the annual lunch.

We need 14 or more old girls willing to take part. We will leave the gates of FHS at 10.00 and walk over to the netball courts together, or you can meet us there, for a 10.20 start.

The game will last an hour so there will be time to change on your return to school ready for drinks and lunch.

We need to gauge numbers so if you would like to play please contact Manuela Robson at manuelaruk@yahoo.co.uk by 24 October 2015 with your year of leaving so that we can work out the teams.

Spectators always welcome.