



CHESS MOVES

CAMBERWELL HIGH EX-STUDENTS' SOCIETY

<http://www.chessmoves.com>

March 2005

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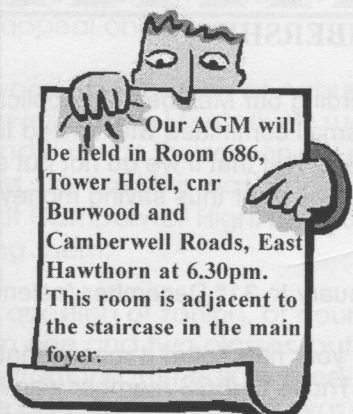
CHESS MEETINGS:

April 11th (AGM)

June 20th

August 8th

October 10th



We are now holding our meetings bi-monthly. Anyone interested in joining us at a local restaurant, please ring Bernard on 9416-3155 (W) or 0407-300678.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Dear fellow CHESS members for March 2005

2005 Goals for CHESS

Have the school song scored and recorded (see below).

A reunion for the 1940's and 1950's - our AGM night will be held at the Tower so we can 'trial' a suitable venue. Please come to Room 686 at the Tower, 6.30pm on April 11th.

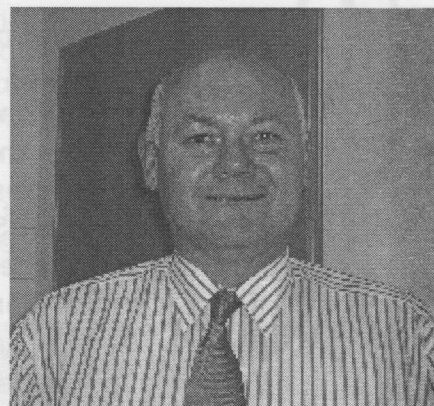
Continue with the plan for rehousing archives at the school by liaising with school council on this matter.

The most emotional challenge for us is to preserve the words and music and hopefully work to have a CD recording of the school song. I have met students from the first days of Camberwell High who do not remember a school song, other students who sing it without the descant and others again without the Disco Consuliere Aliis. Does any ex student have a recording studio? The school song is not on record and this would be a fine project. Please contact me on email bc@corserproperty.com.au if you have any contributions to this matter.

Yours truly,

Bernard Corser
Class 71

Disco Consulere Aliis



40S & 50S COCKTAIL PARTY

Possible venue - the Tower Hotel, Hawthorn.

5 - 7pm, Friday, October 21st, 2005.

Neat Casual.

Drinks at bar prices.

Estimated cost of entry \$10 - \$15 to cover finger food and venue booking.

MORE NEWS IN JULY ISSUE

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We welcome any contributions from past students. Please contact Deb by post or email with any written articles. Also, if any CHESS members wish to place ads, please contact Bernard. Also please consider our chessmoves website for your advertising!

**CHESSMOVES
DEADLINE FOR NEXT
ISSUE:**

June 15th, 2005.
Send all articles to
Debs.

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

We welcomed back Assistant Principal, Glen Linton, who was absent on sick leave from mid-October until January 24th. He is still undergoing treatment but courageously has returned, and the school is benefiting from his presence, wisdom and knowledge, and his work with students, staff and our facilities. Welcome back Glen Linton!

At the same time our new Assistant Principal, Isabelle McKenzie has commenced work in her own right, having done an excellent job last term as acting AP in Glen's absence. We welcome Isabelle to her new position and I can assure you that her contribution to the leadership and running of the school, and her work ethic, are outstanding. Our new Head of Junior School, from Mentone Girls SC, Elizabeth Foulds, is also working extremely hard and effectively as leader of over 600 students and of many staff, and we welcome her warmly to her new school.

Year 7 students and staff enjoyed a friendship-making experience at the Year 7 Camp at Portsea and I acknowledge the safe return of the members of the Music Tour of USA, led by Jemima Bunn, and it was, by all accounts, a highly successful and totally memorable (for the right reasons!) international adventure. Well done all!

Our VCE results were very pleasing overall, with 20% of students gaining ENTER scores over 90, and a very high proportion gaining first round offers to universities. Dux Rebecca Lunnon (ENTER 99.85) won a prestigious scholarship to Monash University, some students gained 'perfect' study scores and our results in some subjects were quite outstanding by any measure. I congratulate our graduates and teachers.

Elida Brereton
Principal

**MEMBERSHIP**

We have had a lot of queries regarding our Membership Application/Renewal form. As we are only a small committee with limited finance we have combined both these forms and find that if we do not put a year on the form we can use them from year to year thus saving money in printing.

Our membership runs from 1st January to 31st December (calendar year)

If you receive a renewal form with your newsletter it means that your membership for that year is due. Those CHESS member who have paid will not receive a renewal form. If your details have not changed since last year there is no need to fill this section of the renewal form.

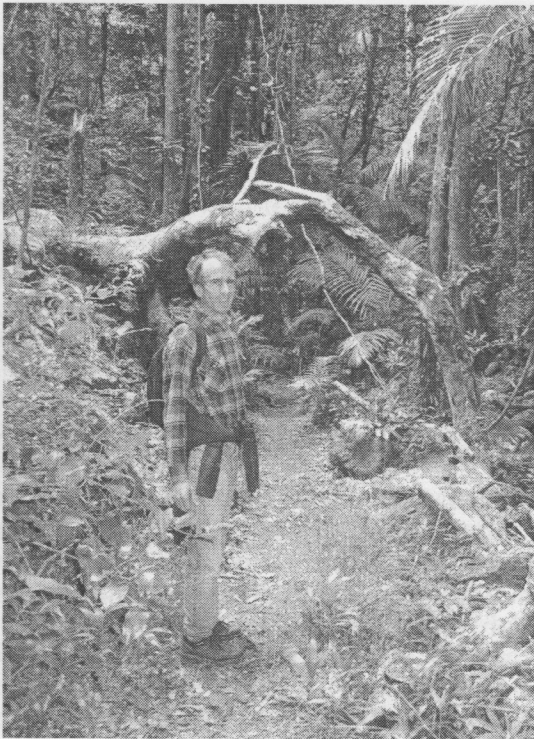
We are always on the look out for ex-students address to up-date our database so if you can help please let us know.

I hope that this clears up any questions that you might have had.
Pat Douglas

Disco Consulere Aliis

penned by Frank Pagram (1970-1975) after the Jubilee Celebrations

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Frank in Lamington National Park

I must point out that I had to check the spelling of this Latin phrase. Because it was written in so many places throughout the school, including on our green blazers, there was rarely any cause to actually **write** it ourselves. I did remember that there were two i's in Aliis, a fact which was overlooked when the new wing of the school was completed and the words "Disco Consulere Allis" were placed on the northern wall for all the world to see.

Did I learn to consider others at Camberwell High? At times, I thought I learned the very opposite: how to keep one's property safe, how to push through crowded corridors to get to one's class on time, how to please teachers and so avoid getting "picked on", how to generally "get by" without too many scars. If I learned anything, it was how to look after oneself.

I commenced my time at Camberwell High in 1970. I had been at Auburn South Primary School - a school which we were constantly told was one of the best in the district (and since I had nothing to compare it with, I had no reason to think otherwise). My parents and I often passed Camberwell High on our way to see relatives, and from the outside it looked like a "modern" school (the cream bricks had something to do with that), and so I looked forward with a little trepidation to my time there.

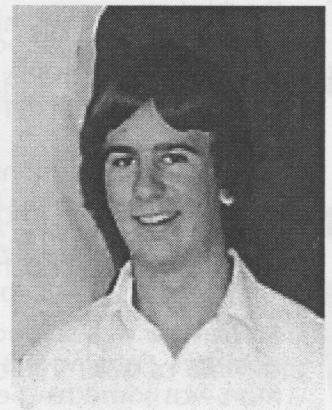
There was a hitch, however. In grade six we were told we had to select which secondary school we wanted to go to the following year. My teacher (for whom I had a great deal of respect) said that, unless boys wanted to be doctors, bankers or teachers, they should go to a junior technical school. The technical school in the area was Swinburne, and I did not fancy the idea of going there (partly because one of my ex-classmates whom I loathed was a student at Swinburne).

So Camberwell High was my choice. I had wanted to be a teacher, anyway, since the age of six, so there seemed no problems about being in the right school (I even knew that I had to go to Toorak Teachers' College after I finished my Matriculation). The hitch, however, was that we were told that we may have to spend two years at Camberwell Central before going on to Camberwell High. This idea did not appeal one bit.

Mrs Attwood, the librarian at Auburn South, kept saying that we should be able to go straight to Camberwell. When I tentatively suggested that there might not be any form one and two classes held there, and this was the reason we might have to go to a central school for two years, she said this was rubbish: there were certainly form one and two classes at Camberwell High, because she knew people whose children were attending them.

It was a question of zoning, of course. Certainly, Camberwell High School had form one and two classes, but traditionally had only taken form one students from the immediate area, with schools like Camberwell Central filling the gap. Fortunately, all was resolved. The rules were changed and Camberwell Central was no longer going to have form one and two classes, so we could go straight to Camberwell High. What good luck!

I should point out here that never had the thought crossed my mind that I should or could go to a private school. Private schools were for the rich kids, and I was not one of them. In any case, I liked the state school system: I was used to it and I had learned a lot up until now. There was no reason to believe that high school would be any different.



Frank in his Form 6A photo

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We had our Orientation Day at Camberwell High in 1969, while I was still in grade 6. The first room that we were ushered into was Room 3. What a shock! Auburn South may have been an old school, but at least the paint on the walls wasn't peeling off, the desks were not vandalised, and the blackboards were clean. Camberwell High was just the opposite! Was this indicative of the whole school, I wondered? Looks can be deceiving, and my expectations of Camberwell High as a "modern" school were beginning to change.

The main point of Orientation Day seemed to be to meet the Principal, Mr Slattery, and fill out the obligatory forms. We were given some information and allocated Houses (mine was Macarthur), but we certainly did not go on a comprehensive tour of the school. All I knew was that I was glad to get back to Auburn South the next day, where everything seemed clean and fresh and we were the top grade.

I guess my ideas of what a high school would be like were gleaned from watching programs like the Patty Duke Show, and talking to people like my cousin, who was already in secondary school. I had imagined that each teacher had his or her own special room, which was kept in pristine condition, and students went from room to room for each class. So, history would be in the history room with the history teacher, English in the English room, and so on. I thought that each teacher was somehow permanently attached to his or her room, and this way discipline would prevail and everything would be kept "nice". How wrong I was!

My first full day at Camberwell High was in February. My uniform was nicely pressed by my mother, and I had the big adventure of riding alone on a tram for the first time. Not long after I arrived, an older boy came up to me and asked if he could look at my tie. Before I could say yes or no, he grabbed the tie and ripped the label off. I was humiliated. How dare he do this to me? But I later learned that everyone had to suffer this as a form of initiation, which was quite mild compared to what I've heard about initiations at some other schools.

Of course, things at Camberwell High were chaotic, as is apparently the case at the beginning of any year. The new wing was still under construction and there was the usual noise and mess that occurs when building is going on. I can remember sitting at the back of the oval on the first day, perhaps trying to get as far away from the school as possible, eating lunch with other similarly disoriented students who had come from Auburn South. Even though we weren't all exactly close friends, there was a sense of security in being together at this stage.

During my first few months at Camberwell High, there was a lot of overcrowding at the school, as the new wing neared completion. Assemblies were still held on the basketball court, but because of the hot northerly we often didn't hear much of the information. We had some classes in the prefabs and some on the ground floor of the old building, but for the first few weeks (or was it months!) we spent most of our time in another location. Mrs Edwards, the Form One co-ordinator, told us that we were very privileged because we were going to be the first students in the whole school to be taught in the new building. You can imagine our surprise when she went on to say that we would be having lessons in the canteen!

I cannot remember how many students were in form one in 1970. Suffice to say that there were five form one classes each of about thirty students, and it was not uncommon for several different lessons to be held in the canteen at any one time. It wasn't easy trying to remember Mrs Thomas's French when Mr Hardenberg's voice was bellowing Latin next door, Mrs Edwards was teaching English further across, and Mrs Button (former wife of the Senator) was getting historical in the far corner. I was shocked to hear news reports in the 1960s about overcrowded schools where classes were held in corridors. Were we any better off in this "privileged" canteen, I wondered? The only good thing about it, I guess, was that it gave us, as form one, a sense of togetherness.

On the rare occasions that we went to the main (old) school building, the congestion in the corridors and blaring PA announcements of Miss Milne were quite intimidating. We had science with Mrs Nichol (who talked like Ita Buttrose but was really lovely), art with Mr Hannan, woodwork (or, more likely, Yorkshire jokes) with Mr Shipley, library with Mrs Candella, and music with Mr Trevare.

Mr Trevare was someone to be feared. His domain was room one at the northern end of the main corridor. Entering this room was like entering a different world. The furniture was different, but the man was something else again. He always seemed to wear a black suit and tie, and his dark hair was swept back like some famous composer.

After some time of lessons in the canteen, the day came when we were told we were going to

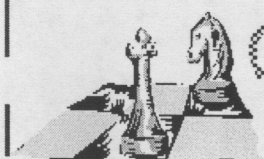
have one subject in an actual classroom of the new building! We were ushered into the corridor adjoining the canteen, taken along it, and up some stairs to room 105 - the music room! The entrance to room 105 was the foyer of the new assembly hall, and we gasped in awe as this new world of previously out-of-bounds territory unfolded. I can remember the distinctive new smell of the building, the polished floor boards, the quietness, and . . . the isolation. Here was to be our new music room! Trevare would be in heaven.

Gradually, more and more of the new wing was opened up, which meant that there was space for us in the old wing and the canteen could actually be used for its intended purpose (I'm sure Mrs Campbell and the mothers were happy to get out of their "temporary" home at the north end of the gymnasium). Eventually, a new timetable was drawn up by Mr Markham, the Senior Master, and most of our lessons now took place in the old building. However, I soon came to learn (if I hadn't already) that teachers, rooms and subjects had no direct correlation: classes were held where there was space, and so it was not uncommon to be surrounded by sinks, taps and bunsen burners for a lesson in anything but science.

We were asked to convey our impressions of the new school in an early form one essay. I wrote that the buildings needed renovation, the desks were vandalised, the blinds were torn, the gymnasium needed painting, and things weren't nearly as good as I had hoped! Twenty-one years later, returning for the Golden Jubilee of the school, a number of improvements can be seen, but still many of the old problems remain. There are carpets where there used to be lino, but they are now stained and grotty; in some cases the torn blinds are gone, only to be replaced by torn curtains; the old pipe-like heaters probably have the same post-war pieces of chewing gum lurking in every crevice; the lockers are the very ones we had, now so battered one would think they had been attacked with baseball bats, and most with padlocks as well as the regular "locks" which probably haven't worked for years. What struck me most, I guess, was the remark made by a slightly older Miss Rusden (our HSC physics teacher, now Principal), that what they refer to as the "new building" was "new" twenty years ago. Yes, in another ten years it will be the same age as the "old" building was when we first entered it.

It was fitting, I guess, that copies of the new book on the history of Camberwell High School were being sold (and signed) in room 3, the very first room I entered, and room 1, the lair of Trevare, was decked out as the "Hall of Fame", with photos and stories of those Camberwell High students who have "made it", including Brian Naylor, Paul Lyneham and Kylie Minogue. I wonder how their memories compared with mine?

Frank Pagram (1991)



chessmoves committee news

As you have read in Bernard's letter, we are have three major objectives on the go at the moment....

Y Getting the 40s and 50s reunion up and running. Our next meeting will be at the Tower where we will assess suitability for our proposed cocktail party. In 2006, we will have our semi-formal all-years dinner at the Kelvin Club, which will run in alternate years. And the 60s reunion in 2007.

☞ Encouraging the school to provide a secure, suitable archives room. Currently, they are housed in the dusty fan room. Bernard has written to school council, enclosing photos that I've taken, plus specifications/measurements of the space required.

♪ Getting the school song scored for posterity, then recorded and distributed to students - with input from former school pianists and choir conductors.

DISCOurse

Our 13 question questionnaire.....

Replies from Gary Newton (1969 – 1970)

Radio Announcer and Voiceovers

Which teacher inspired you at CHS?

Roy Bragge, real good bloke.

Your funniest school memory?

On Stage with Ahab the Arab during School Concert.

What subject did you hate and why?

Geography coz the teacher was an old fart! zzzz...not to mention BORING.

What school house were you in?

Didn't know they had Houses.

Can you hit the high note at the end of the school song?

Didn't know there was a school song (You gotta remember I was there in the 60's man!

Do you still have any school library books?

Why? What would the Late Fee be after 35 years if I did?

Your favourite sport or, conversely, what sport did you try to get out of?

Think I got out of all of them (Told em I had a bung leg)

What did you do on the last day of school? (we won't tell the police)

Have NO IDEA!!

Who was your best friend at school?

Russ Dunstan.

What book are you reading now?

What right now? Actually I'm not.

Did you have a crush on a classmate?

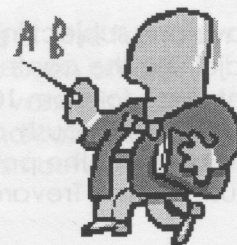
Oooh yeh! Had the HOTS for Caroline Locke but sadly it was all in my mind!

What classroom prank can you recall? (we know nothing)

Pass.

Did CHS have a lasting influence on your life?

Absolutely...a GREAT experience!



Gary at Eildon
(before the drought!!)



Form 5M, 1970. Gary is in the second row, second from the left.

DISCOurse (continued)

Gary Newton (1969 – 1970)

A bit about me....

Born in Melbourne, November 1952. Grew up in Surrey Hills (Essex Road) and attended CHS from 1969 to 1970. (Yes, just two short years but what great years they were)

Had a burning ambition from the age of 15 to be a Radio Announcer (despite more people telling me that someone who had a disability like mine - Polio - could not make it in that field), so during my time at CHS, I also attended Lee Murray's Radio School in Exhibition Street, Melbourne, two nights a week.

On achieving my Leaving Standard, I promptly got a job as a DJ in March, 1971, way out of town (5RM, Berri, SA), and I worked for the next 12 months on getting back to Melbourne, where I started at 3KZ (the station with the 'million dollar sound' and 'the most happy fellas'.....Remember? You're older than you look!)

Since then, I have worked 'on-air' at a number of stations, including 7HT (Hobart), 3MP, GoldFM (Melbourne) and 3GL (Geelong).

These days, I run my own Audio Services business in Geelong, providing a large number of businesses around Australia with Telephone Messages On Hold, Corporate Narrations, Internet Audio and voiceovers for TV and radio.

I am currently the (eee-easy!) 'voice' for Clive Peeters Superstores in Victoria and Queensland.

If you need a voiceover or a message on hold.....give me a call!

Phone: 0409 239773

PO Box 5331, North Geelong, VIC, 3215

Email: gary@voiceopus.com

~VALE~

Michael (Mike) Aikman, former teacher at Camberwell High School in the mid-50s, passed away on February 16th. After leaving CHS, he went to Haileybury College where he was Principal for 25 years. He was a champion rower and represented Australia in the 1956 Olympics. Ballarat, where some CHS students watched him compete. He is seen here on the far left.



This morning, sitting at the computer with little work to do, in idle curiosity I entered "Camberwell High School" into a search engine and lo and behold! Up came your website. It was truly amazing to see a few familiar faces from my callow youth in the very early 1960's suddenly appear on my screen, notably the best English teacher of all time, Joe Rich, who had the remarkable propensity for coercing cigarettes out of me whenever the craving for a smoke overtook him. I remember a Mr Hobill and have vague recollections of a few other teachers and students.

For your interest and possibly the interest of other students that might remember me, I dropped out of high school prematurely, due to a number of personal reasons and problems within my family, however I made my way in the world quite nicely in the end. After a brief stint in the electronics and photography business, I became a professional musician playing the guitar, then a concert performer on the club circuit in Sydney and in fact travelled all over the world in this profession. I have been based in Sydney since 1972 or so and am still performing my shows.



Originally I had studied piano since I was very small and had completed the exams at the Conservatorium, however I broke my mother's heart when I did not become a concert pianist, but decided to take up guitar. However she eventually realised that the guitar was capable of being played with far more than three chords, so she came around to my side. Elijah Moshinsky, one of my piano teachers, also studied with one of my piano teachers.

I also became, and still am a commercial pilot and operate a one-man flying charter business, marketing Sydney scenic joyflights and some corporate charter. Having been very heavily involved in electronics, I became a ham radio operator (callsign VK2TN) a long time ago and through this interest, fell into computers when they hit the desktop. I now operate a computer consultancy on the side, but as much as I love flying, electronics and computers, music is my first love and I think I will die with the guitar in my hands. I think I've already done this more than a few times in my performing career, judging by the responses of some difficult audiences.

In any case, I suppose it would be interesting to know what happened to a few of my classmates. The names that spring to this rusty old brain are:

Julian Pop - The class heartthrob who had all the girls slaving over him, to my complete chagrin and envy.

Ian Mouser - Julian's mate, who picked up Julian's girl overflow (just kidding here)

Rona Robinson - Nice girl, everybody's friend. But I think she hated me, as did all the other girls in the class.

Janis Whitehead - the best looking babe in the entire school and on whom I had a major crush - and who never paid me the slightest bit of attention.

Howard Wright - whose brother lent me a home-made guitar and whom I can now blame for kicking off my career.

The rest of this era is a complete blur, however if any of your readers remember a little ugly and very unpopular classmate, it would be nice to catch up with them and jog my memory.

Best regards,

Ziggy Malter

ziggy@ziggy.com.au or ziggyzap@hotmail.com

The views expressed by contributors to every Chessmoves are the reflections of private individuals and not those of the committee. All articles are edited for grammatical purposes only...and we accept articles in good faith.