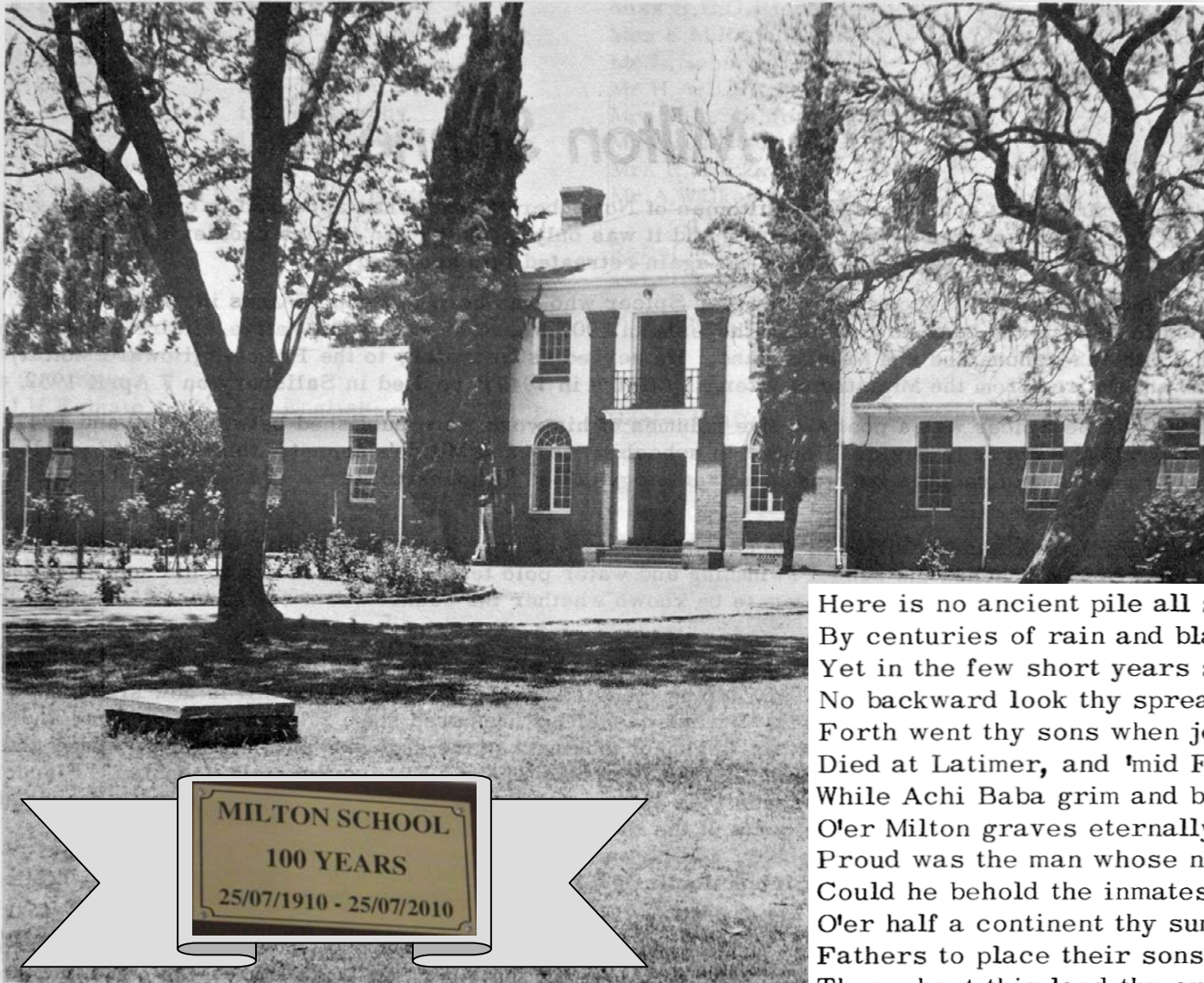


MILTON HIGH SCHOOL



Ἀνδριζωδι



MILTON SCHOOL
100 YEARS
25/07/1910 - 25/07/2010

Here is no ancient pile all stained and scarred
By centuries of rain and blasting storm,
Yet in the few short years since thou wast born,
No backward look thy spreading fame has marred,
Forth went thy sons when jealous races warred,
Died at Latimer, and 'mid Flanders corn,
While Achi Baba grim and battle worn
O'er Milton graves eternally keeps guard.
Proud was the man whose noble name you bear
Could he behold the inmates of your walls,
O'er half a continent thy summons calls
Fathers to place their sons in Milton's care,
Throughout this land thy cry rings loud and long,
"Oh quit yourselves like men. Be strong, be strong!"

Milton High School

1910 – 2010





John Thomson 1969 – 1974



Ma Gibbons – the sexy little Maths teacher

Ma Wagner – the battle axe History teacher

Mad art teacher – “Mango” Thompson

Mr Walker – the marathon man – how we loved our cross country – around the race course / hospital

The ever active “Tubby” Reynolds

*Potent
OMs
tour
squad*

How can I ever forget the Holiday Inn – used to take \$ 2.00 for any evening out & get “several” beers ...If only those walls had ears !!!!





Henry Sommer 1970 – 1975



The greatest first XV to
Walk the earth even though
results didn't always corroborate this...

Ma Sibson – a remarkable human being with a “huge” soul

Lionel (Tubby) Reynolds – a legend

Mr Tucker – what a gentleman but he did know how to cane.

Mr. Walker – still the same but now cycling because of his knees
– see photo July 2010 Milton march

Really enjoyed my rugby, athletics and later on Judo... hated
debating society!

Being part of 1200 students involuntarily committing our
break to ‘strategically’ stamping out the army worm threat
on the Thompson fields.

Any wrought going... not to be missed.

Friday morning fixture of Waterpolo at 1 Heyman Road
with about ten or more at a time from sixth form.





3 Sommers in one day

Henry Sommer 1970 – 1975



Random visits across the back road for 'a quiet one' at Holiday Inn (socks rolled down!!) until caught.

Stringing up bicycles on the tennis courts

The set up wrought between Rob Smith & Gavin Pennells followed hosing down all the khaki clad lads which packed the sixth form corridors to witness 'the event'.

GREAT TIMES with great people many of whom we remember are no longer with us....



Jeff

Henry



Memories are many but
lasting ones are:-

Iain McKenzie

1968 – 1974



of cleaning stones off the Thomson fields where the Hockey stadium
Left with the wrong staff we had a great war going!!

Tubby Reynolds beating someone with a hockey stick.... those were the
days!!

Fred Wilson made us swim in July 1969 the day after a black frost
(Armstrong landed on the Moon the day before)

Forgetting your PE kit and having to run class Cross Country past the 6th

Black Marks and double 2's... the consequences. Honours Marks???
Who got those?

David Hawkes, I think he was the first guy from my time killed in the
war.

Drippy, nuff said. "You boy, you with the hair!" he shouted this out in
a school of 1300 boys and expected us to stop.

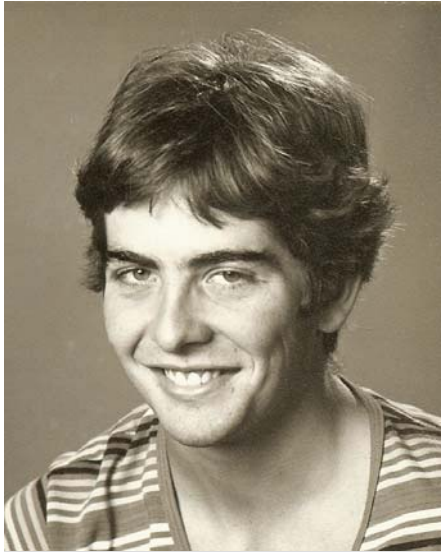
Urban legends Billy Caunt and David Schulman threatening Drippy
with a sword..... Vince Botcher holding Drippy or Gracie out of the
window when a beating was threatened.

Hymn book inspections...war cry practice..... cross country around
Hillside Dams..... doing French at Eveline for M Levels.....

We just left, no dance, no schoolies NOTHING last exam and gone.

Hell it was fun!





Mitch Hill leaving a dissected ox heart in the common room fridge on the last day of term – on arrival the following term being confronted by a decomposing ox heart which stank (dry retching kind of stink) and having to ditch the fridge because it was irrecoverable.

Steve McKenna; 1973 – 1979
Head Boy & Milton Award



RIP Mitch. †

After a night out with the boys, after having stolen Dads car, being told off by Gerry Loxton – who was the owner of the car.

Leaving Craig Smith motherless in the storm water drain outside his house after a long night.

Being called out of mock exams and told of Willie Loxton's death (KIA on 18/9/1979) – the legendary WLL, a dreadful moment etched in my memory. What an incredibly talented individual and a terrible waste of a life.



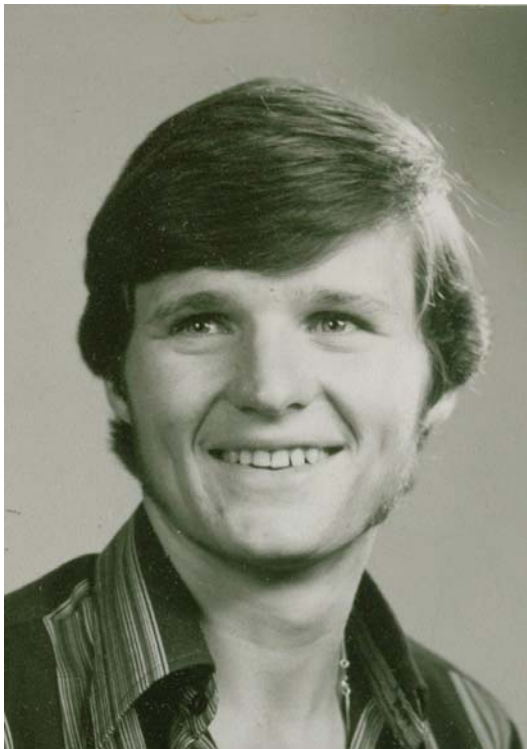
RIP Langa. †

Being taught the ropes by none other than Goldfinger!!

Watching the majesty of Graham Hawkes sprinting to victory during athletic meets

The excitement and build up of 1st team rugby matches on the main field with the whole school performing the school war cries.





Andrew Buchan; 1974 – 1979

Deputy Head Boy



The “sit in” strike.....

Gracie (Cactus) cancelled our school leavers dance because he felt it wasn't properly organised. He and I ended up in a vigorous disagreement.

We called out other 6th formers from classes and everyone sat on the basketball court in front of his office.

Going back up to Gracie I explained that WE (everyone outside) didn't accept his decision. This led to such a strong debate that Swales came in and intervened.

He had a private argument with Gracie. And then the dance went ahead!





In Form 1, cutting Gracie off on my bike on Selbourne Ave (so he claims) & beaten six.

Paul Cutler; 1975 – 1980
Head Boy & Milton Award

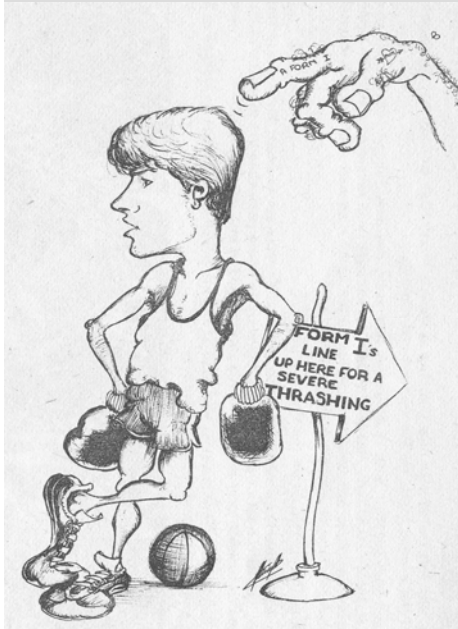


Taking part in an inter-house place kicking competition when Nick Klinker, Bryn Williams & A.N. Other crashed their car into a tree by Hamley Field.

Mugger Maughan & Joey Brownlee explaining to me how they beat a whole class, straight after I had received a lecture from Gracie about prefect brutality.

Explaining to Dieter Appelhans that he couldn't play in a 1st team rugby game on Saturday, when he had been "off sick" the whole week.

Being involved in a brawl with the goffle community started by Rusty Labuschagne outside Cellar Bar..... explaining the damaged cars to parents



1st XV Rugby tours to Northern Transvaal (1979) & Cape Town (1980) with Keith Swales.

Being gated in my 1st term as a boarder for not returning from a party until next day), after being a dayski for the previous 5 years

Adjusting to the transition from the rebellious B stream to the studious A stream

Taking a lead part in the variety concert skits "Thunderella" & "Swan Lake", choreographed by Jane (Edington)



Paul Cutler; 1975 – 1980





I was 20 when I started teaching at Miss Edington 1980 – 1984 Milton, & someone had warned me that “those boys” put mirrors on their shoes so that they can look up your skirt. In retrospect, I realise that they were probably just winding me up, but I was paranoid, & lined each class up outside before each lesson, ostensibly to check their uniforms, but in reality checking their shoes for mirrors!



Ian Howie, the Art teacher, was a master at forging Gracie's handwriting, & was forever pinching school letterheads & sending fake letters to unsuspecting teachers. One day when

Frank Day was running the high jump at Sports Day, & “Gracie” wrote to him saying that he had noticed that the boys were hitting the bar as they jumped over, & he must stop them as they might bend the bar, which was very expensive. We nearly fell off the timekeepers' stand laughing as Frank jumped up & down shouting at the poor kids who hit the bar, & looking guiltily over his shoulder at the real Gracie to see if he was watching. Of course, it happened more & more as the bar was raised.

- Staff meetings were generally very dull, except when Jack de Wet decided to wind up Gracie, whom he disliked intensely. Gracie went through the arrangements for an event (eg speech Night) in minute detail, then when he asked if there were any questions, Jack said something like, “Can you just go through the arrangements for Speech Night?” Gracie went purple, then repeated it all through gritted teeth.

- Barry Craxton was a madman, & for some reason decided to hide all the staffroom teaspoons in Alan Hardy's locker. When the Head announced that the spoons were all missing, Barry pretended to search the lockers to “help”, & dramatically revealed the loot in Alan's locker. Alan was horrified, & protested his innocence for weeks.



The Rhodesia Herald

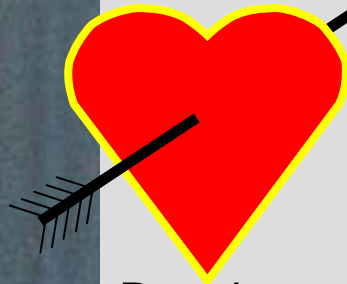


Teacher's pet finally scores after 22 years

MISS EDINGTON GIVES CUTLER A RUN FOR HIS MONEYand chases him all the way to Australia



Teacher's pet



Dancing to "My Sharona" with Jane at the hostel master's quarters



MILTON ~~Primary~~ NEWS



The prefects wish to remind all boys of the following
Rules.

Every boy must have a top shirt button and it must be done up at all times.

Socks must be kept up at all times with garters; i.e. every boy must have garters.

Black lace shoes must be worn and kept clean.

No jewellery is to be worn.

Hair should be kept short, neat and tidy; i.e. it should not touch the ears or collar.

Areas out of bounds during break

The verandah in front of the common room is out of bounds except for those seeing prefects or looking at the notice board.

All grass is out of bounds except the Hambly fields.

The areas around and behind the technical blocks and behind the Afrikaans Block are out of bounds.

All classrooms and verandahs are out of bounds during break.

Assembly.

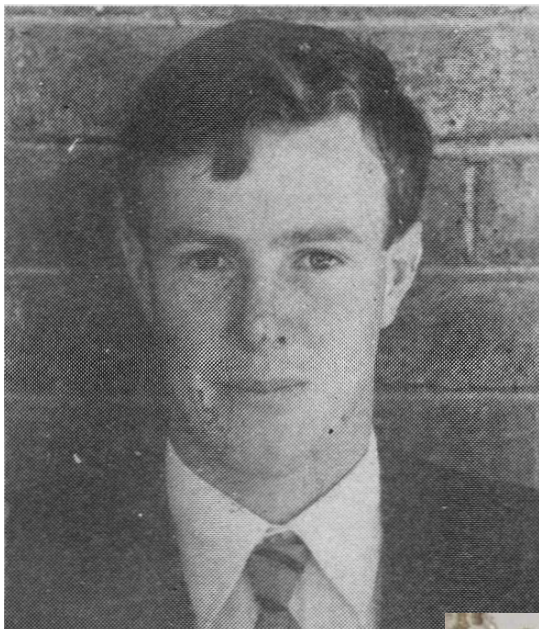
There must be complete silence in the hall during assembly.

All boys must have hymn books.

Every boy must know the school hymn.

No boy is to lean against the wall during Assembly.



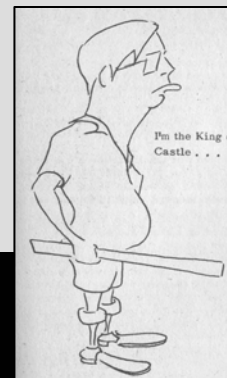


Gary Hardman; 1979 – 1982

Head Boy & Milton Award



One memory is playing cricket with Kit Hawkins umpiring and getting close to pub time and you could see the spirit level on his forehead rising, with the opposition batting, he was pretty quick on the draw with the lbw decisions, just wanting to get done and dusted and off to BAC for a pint.





Sean McIlvin 1974 - 1979



I was a boarder and am very proud to be out of Charter House....but not many fond memories there... .

Fagging for head boy Johnny De Rama (not too bad)
coffees for Form 3 pricks.....
incessant bullying at shower times....
the notorious senior shower room.....
hand washing the senior's underwear & polishing their shoes...
The huge trunk that was hauled out each term ('still got it)
no shoes in the dorm as Taffy (Adrian Thomas) lived downstairs.....
listening to the radio under your pillow.....
reading books using a torch under the blanket....

Letters once a week to home – so help you if you were caught writing a love letter to distant girlfriends.

Friday afternoons, if you did not have to do detention, buttons done up on blazers for a hot walk down Selborne Ave into town (such luck if you were given a lift into town). The destination – Downings Bakery, the music shop and Haddon & Sly tea room for a milk shake and to check out the girl borders from Townsend and Evelyn.

Remember passing the museum, Centenary Park and the fountain.....
Lyons Maid Top 10 on Saturday mornings...

In form 1, I was knocked down by a car crossing a road – one tooth gone, and a noisy ride by ambulance to the hospital. Taffy had to collect me. Many visits to the dentist followed allowing escapes from school and even missing the odd afternoon prep.

6 am & 6pm flag duties. Blowing into that damn bugle – I never got it resulting in regular beatings and then paying Louis Parkin to do it...





Sean McIlvin 1974 - 1979



Cross country runs around the horse race track, how I hated it.....

Savvas Kouridou – a chap from Wankie - the smallest guy in school

In Form 5 they separated the borders, forming Pioneer into a junior house, and Charter the senior house – no luck for the form 3 guys – they were at the bottom of the rung again. A few of us went over to Pioneer House take up the studies. I remember sharing a ground floor study with 'Big Foot' Butcher and Kenneth Chips. There, we promptly made short work of cutting a trapdoor into the floorboards, cemented a floor into the

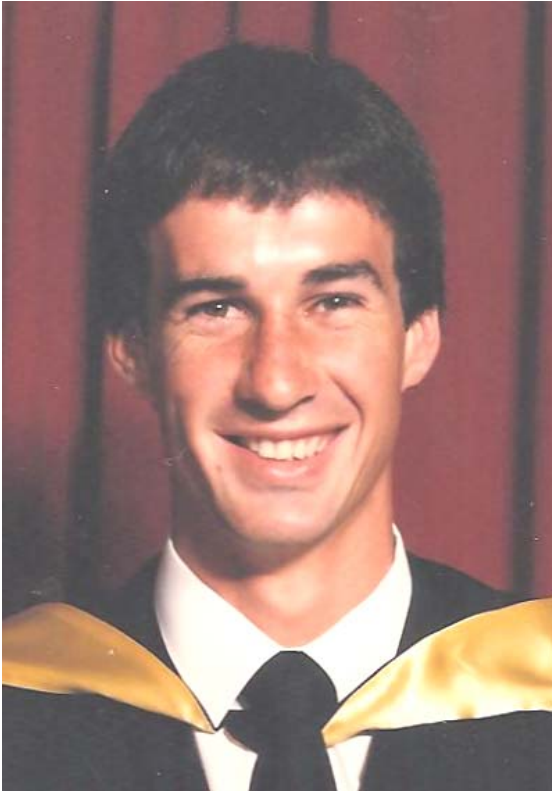
basement (thanks to a nearby building site), swiped the necessities from the science labs, accosted some mulberries from behind the kitchens and sugar from the dining room – discreetly educating ourselves about making wine and brewing beer whilst listening to the Eagles. I don't remember drinking the grog...

Meals in the dining room, Grace in Latin, Juniors slopping it up at the end of the table getting the dregs (eg skin on the custard); too bad if you did not measure the distribution well enough...

How lucky were we at Milton!

- At morning tea - Hymn practice, silence practice, war cry practice,
- WOP (the game of kicking a tennis ball allowing only one bounce – first to WOP had to buck against the wall so everyone else could try branding you with the tennis ball).
- War cries – I still use one them with Scouts and at a couple of other occasions. Boomaalaakkaa!
- Prefects checking hair for short back and sides, no walking on the grass in the quads!
- The sanctuary of the library above the main entrance.
- I never came across dope or drugs – the closest was an idiot who once sniffed glue in economics – Hawkeye's temper flew off the Richter chart again, as did the chalk and chalk board cleaner...
- Geography excursion to Matopos – even today I rate that area as incredible.
- Bus trips to Falcon in Essexvale, Gwelo, Plumtree and Balabala (what was the name of that school - Guineafowl?)
- Tube riding down the Matsheumhlope river after the storms.

Craig Hardman; 1979 – 1982



Our first team hockey trip to Plumtree was always an adventure with a nights stayover, playng hockey on Plumtree's gravel surface in the morning and then having to go and play 8th's or 9th's rugby in the afternoon as we didnt have enough numbers !

Heany beating Borders house in the annual cross country event at Hillside dams in our final year in 1982 !





Barry Watson 1978 – 1984



Pollard, riding his Suzuki 100cc motorbike around the grounds of the school - it didn't even have the extra 25cc to make it respectable. Sounded like a sewing machine, he thought he was cool but the sad reality is, it was no more than a menstrual cycle.



Adrian Abel, informing the school assembly of his name change to Adrian Abel, and requesting that henceforth, he should be referred to as "such".



Adrian "known as Such" Abel

1979 – 1984



Head Boy & Milton Award

The overnight train trips to Harare for rugby, with the Townsend Hockey team in the next carriageand the teachers in between. We used to climb along the side of the moving train from carriage to carriage. Full of Bull and bravado....but no brains.

Calling the whole school to do War Cry practice at Break. 1800 boys along the touchline, in full voice being lead by the First XV.....Try that in Australia.

Frank Day, the Geo teacher, gave a bunch of us detention. In retaliation, Someone added a little urine to his water jug.



The witch hunt went on for days, with much humour from everyone except Mr Day.

Eventually I was beaten Six by Taffy. A month later I was made Head Boy.

Long sideburns, tight shorts , and rolling up our sleeves up to our armpits (to show our sculptured biceps...)





Lovely smile, cool collar !!

Steve Kerr 1975 - 1980



Memories of Milton always seem to revolve around the B stream and Mr Craxton - neither of which should be experienced without parental guidance.

Watching Bone Lowenthal poke his head down from inside the classroom ceiling (where he had gone for a smoke) directly above Mr Craxton; had the room in hysterics - which we couldn't explain to the big man.

At PE, a demonstration of how to correctly use the springboard which, after the third oscillation, saw that fully clad teacher head to the bottom of the pool, complete with glasses and whistle.

On surfacing he tried to convince us he planned the whole thing !





Gerald Keyer 1975 - 1980



Taffy Thomas becoming tired of most of our class arriving drenched, after break time, at his Geography lesson, with the result that he refused to teach us for the last 2 terms of our O' Level year.

De Wet the Afrikaans teacher regularly sending Craven and Creamer to their office for messing around in his class. Their office was the toilet!

In Baldy's woodwork class, having to pick the cane and then going on hands and knees in a circle oinking, and as you went by him he would wack you on your rear end.

Kit Hawkins skimming a cricket ball off a desk and hitting one of the boys in our class square on the forehead, just 'coz he was messing about.



Neil Dempsey 1977 - 1983



One of earliest funny experiences I think was in form 3. One of our class members used to bring a couple of shots of whiskey to school in an ink bottle – it was only a matter of time before he got caught.

The whole class getting beaten with the Keith Swales “bat” for talking. Guess it was our choice – a quick whack or an hour of detention



Doing detention for not paying attention in French. That all changed when Jane Edington came on the scene but still couldn't focus on the French lessons (you may need to run this by Paul before inclusion).

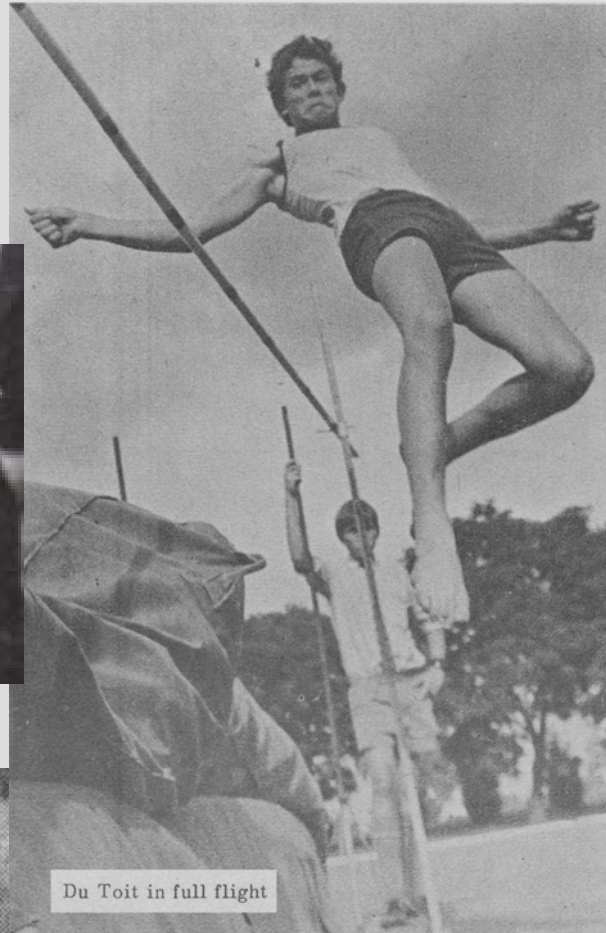


Ricky du Toit 1975 – 1981

Jack of all trades !!



R. du TOIT
Mat. Athletics



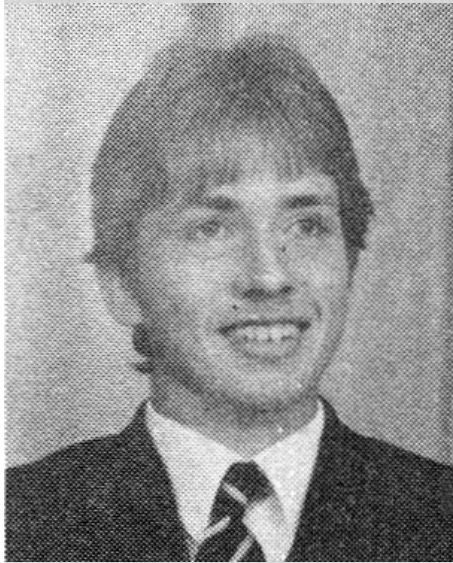
Du Toit in full flight



MILTON'S PRIDE...

Brian Carrol; 1970 (sic) – 1979

Geez Brian, you were at Milton for
a LOONG time !!



The whole of 1A1 being
beaten convincingly by Jock
Mckillen in the first weeks of
high school for making a noise
outside the classroom
Seems like he was trying an
early promotion of
'Quit ye like men'

Taking the Townsend Headgirl to the
sports dance when I was in form 4





Ric Caprez; 1981 – 1983



Most memorable times were at the 1 st team rugby matches especially against Plumtree or Falcon; the attendance, the spirit and adrenalin was amazing.

When I wanted to leave school I had to meet with the head master Mr Chriss Anderson and my parents, Mr Andersons words were “dont worry about the academics, sport is more important”.



Oliver von Kalckstein 1977 – 1982

1st Team Shooting & Smoking



Business Development in Kalgoorlie

On the last day of school throwing one of our Indian classmates who never ever participated in PE into the pool and getting lashed 6 by Taffy Thomas. It was worth it!

The dayski's preparing science dissection cow lung sandwiches and then reluctantly allowing the ever ravenous borders to have them.





Noel Adams

Brett Saunders

Richard Pierce

Harry Hayden-Payne

Andre Kotze

RIP - Mark Einhorn †

Walter van der Merve

Les Evans

Sean McIlvin

Dave Wright

Steve Daly



Letting a stink bomb off at a final assembly.

Being banned from the leavers dance.(the highlight of my school career).

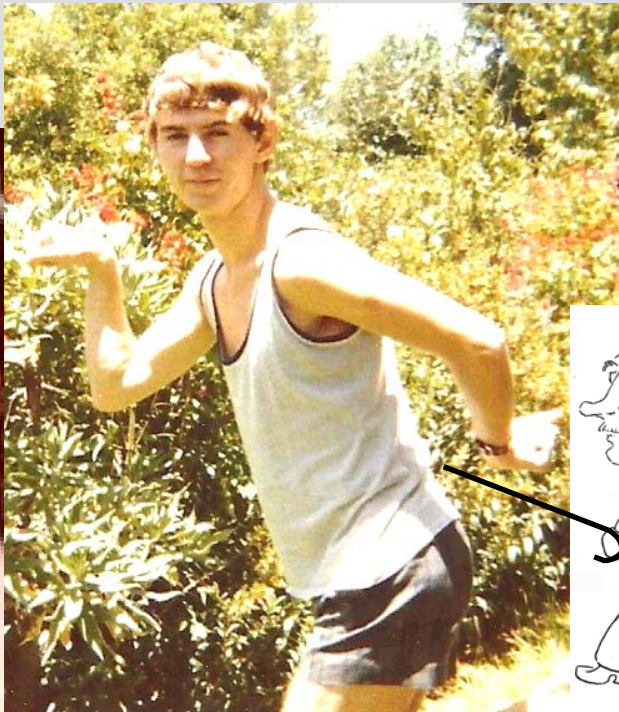
Water bomb fight between 4B & 4A near the tuck shop. I threw a water bomb that missed its intended target, but hit & soaked Hilton Winn (school dingle). He went mad & started hitting everyone around him. He eventually caught me made me sit in front of the common room & poured buckets of water all over me.

Following Cunning Kit when he excused himself from teaching & headed off to the school pub for a toot.

Making Cuning Kit Hawkins angry so we could see the white streak on his forehead

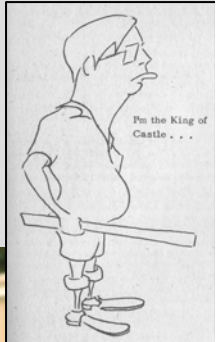
Refusing to bend down for a beating from Drippy. Him threatening to expel me & still refusing explaining how many times he had beaten me & I would not get punished for something I hadn't done. He angrily let me off.

Comparing beating marks.



Steve Daly 1974 – 1978

Who's a bad boy then !!!



Aaahhhh.....one that's in focus !!!!

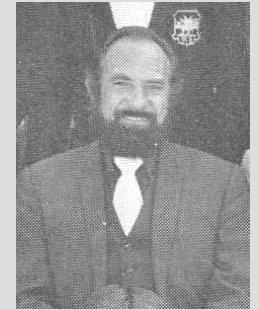
Vic Authers 1975 – 1979



Don't have many school photos as I wasn't there much



I do have an amusing story where I engineered the end result, not a great achievement but a good story. On a Wednesday after break we had Maths with Mr Clift who as a Dickensian character with fob watch, 3 piece suit and a demeanour to match. The other main character was David Fanner who always had egg sandwiches at break and would quite often be guilty of making 'offensive odours'



(according to Clift) in the lesson. Finally, one Wednesday, Clift "broke" and made it clear that if this happened again Fanner would take his desk and sit in the corridor which faced the rear of the Admin Block.

I knew that if we got Fanner out there during the next Wednesday Maths, he would be in for a caning.

My mates and I agreed on a plan to get him evicted, so as planned, when all got settled in the lesson we – Herzberg, Danielsen, Cary, Fraser and myself started holding our noses and making feeble Attempts to clear the air..... which was of course clean and certainly free of offensive odours.

Clift as expected marched Fanner out of the classroom & Dave got three of the best for his "crime".





Black eye
Deluxe !

Walking in to the 5th form science lab for a double period

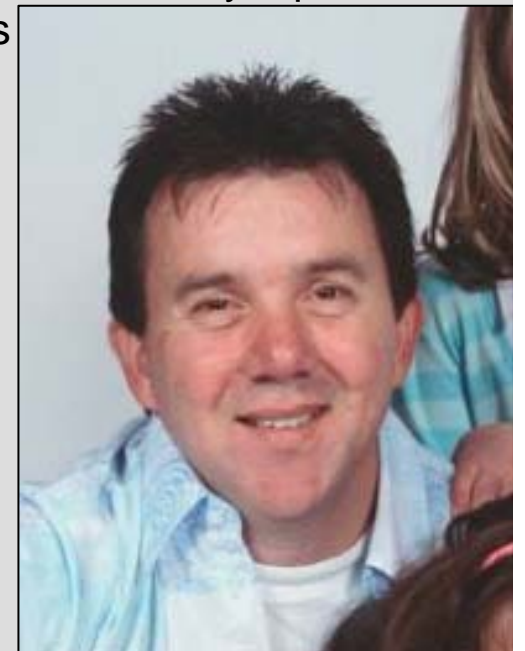
Nelson Pollard 1980 – 1982



and seeing the stain in the plaster board ceiling where our very elaborate Vodka Still in the roof made from equipment knocked off from the lab had overflowed and leaked causing the ceiling to sag. Half way through the lesson part of it gave way and the game was up, the usual suspects were interrogated, but as no proof could be found, the only bad thing was we had to make do with alcohol purchased over the counter from then on.

Walking around from junior change rooms to senior change rooms before lunch one day, and being stopped by Taffy in the corridor by the prep room for a chat about how my 'O' level exams were going. Luckily he was sucking on his pipe and did not notice the smell or the smoke from the "Madison Toasted" which was emanating from hand cupped in my blazer pocket. (I knew I should have climbed over the wall like usual!)

After someone's tape recorder had been reported stolen, an extensive search of every square inch of the hostel took place by the staff and prefects, while everyone else was detained in the prep room. When the search failed to turn up the missing recorder, the duty master returned to the prep room and announced: "Everyone can go except for – 'POLLARD, EDWARDS, AKEROYD and FEY D'HERB' you lot can go and clean up the change rooms." When we got to the change rooms, the floor was covered with empty cigarette packets that had been pulled out of the eaves around the walls – they weren't all ours, some of the packets must have been there for well over 20 years!





Nelson Pollard 1980 – 1982



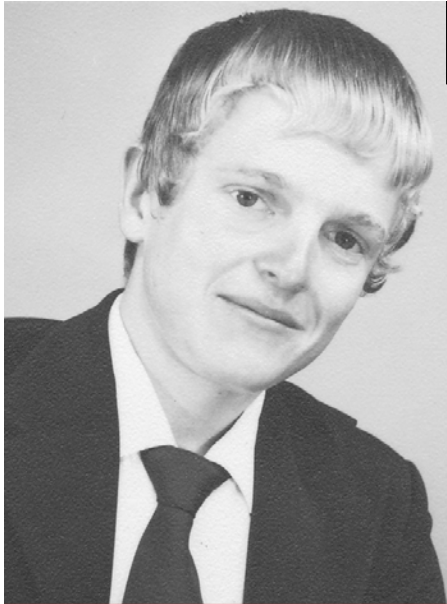
I remember being out on the basketball courts, just before dinner one evening when a huge bolt of lightning struck the chimney on Charter House, sending bricks flying through the air.

Throwing oranges up in the graze hall, trying to land them on the rafters and also the orange fights that always ensued on the way back from dinner.

My favourite foods were the omelettes for breakfast and bread and butter pudding - least favourite was the tapioca pudding (frogs eggs).

Weeding Taffy's lawn on a lot of Friday afternoons as punishment for various misdemeanours, whilst everyone else went into town to meet up with the girls from Evelyn and Townsend at Haddon and Sly.

Waking up to the bad renditions of Reveille at 6.00am on a bugle by the Juniors in Pioneer House



How Stella Nova could turn you into a girl !!

MILTON SCHOOL

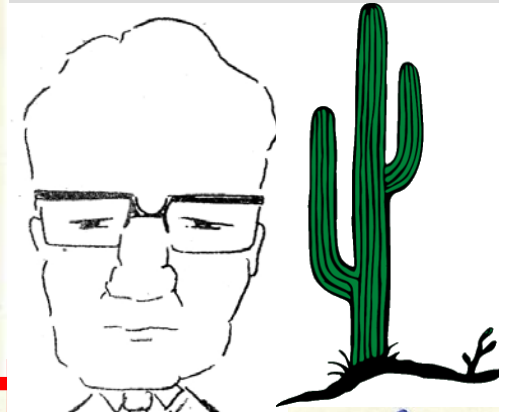
REPORT ON THE WORK OF Peter Hatton

FORM 3A'

For the period of 7th July to 12th December 1975

SUBJECT	% Mark	Class Average	REMARKS	Staff
ENGLISH	67	61	Capable of good work - needs to be a little more consistent. Good results.	KAC
MATHEMATICS	35	52	Still weak; a disappointing exam. result; better was expected.	110
Apkhaans	54	56	He has slipped slightly. Could achieve better results.	agf
History	42	54	Is capable of good work but does not always do his best.	2

Peter Hatton;
1972 - 1978



This is a most disappointing report

Kalnaci
Headmaster



Minor Hatton's
Minimus Major

AVERAGE 45

Possible Attendance 90 Actual Attendance 87

GENERAL REMARKS: Housemaster: P. Hatton, active & useful House
staff.

This is a most disappointing report. He has the ability to do very well but is allowing his work to take second place.

agf. Ivesash
Form Teacher

Kalnaci
Headmaster





Bulawayo Chronicle 1978 – Basketball Marathon

Making home brewed wine in Mazoe Orange bottles in the ceiling of the Biet hall with fruit nicked from Drippy Dry's garden !



Drinking Chibuku (acquired at 20c / gallon) from a zinc bathtub in the seniors common room between Charter & Pioneer !

Fagging !!....and the Boarders Choice...."Labour or Lashes"

The whole dorm getting lashed by Taffy Thomas when Koos didn't own up.....then the stuff that still haunts me.....the grotesque act of mass retribution...on Thompson fields.....boarder style!

The kid running into & shattering the glass door of the school office after being caned by Drippy Dry.....he ran down the stairs, didn't see the door was closed;the glass went off like a bomb & doubled his woes!

Leading the boarders to their first ever triumph at interhouse soccer.....at a time when playing roundball was for dayski's & wimps only !

What 10 years at boarding school did for my confidence with girls !

Pushing Soap - Form one initiation in the senior change room in week 3 of first year !

Watching Ma Sibson's VW beetle take a one sided lean when she got in !

RIP – Buzz Burrows – Hang Gliding



RIP – Chris Belstead – KIA 1979



House Play - 1978

A Muddy Beginning to Milton High

Having endured the embarrassment of the orientation day with my parents, my first real school day at Milton Senior was a clear morning in January 1975. I left our house in Paddonhurst on my brand new Impala bicycle and dressed in my new High School attire, - I was ready to take on the big boys school.

Alex Yard 1975 – 1980



Pedaling to the Salisbury Road, I made my first of many strategic errors of my high school career. Deciding to run the risk of a devil thorn puncture by using the short cut through bush land between the Salisbury Road and the Suburbs, rather than the longer haul on the tarmac road via Fourth Avenue and the steep incline that awaited on that stretch, I was faced with two options, the short well trodden track, which took me to the lower roads of the Suburbs, or the longer less used track, which made the journey shorter and took me to the higher roads of the Suburbs. I had conscientiously tried and tested both tracks during the Christmas holidays and was confident that the use of either would not be a problem.

Speeding onto the longer bush track, I was first surprised that I did not see any other Miltonians from our area on the path which I thought was used by a number high schoolers. The narrow bush path, which was usually hardened by the locals who used it to walk between the southern suburbs and the townships was known to have a few tricky wet spots which had to be navigated, but on that morning I hoped that the track had sufficiently dried out from the recent rains, and had been compacted by the feet of those for whom it was a regular thoroughway.... - how wrong I was. No sooner had I started onto the path that I realized that it was 'fairly' muddy. But as I had timed my departure to perfection and now committed to this route, I decided to press on. Also and very importantly, I was fearful of being summoned to the common room by those High School prefects like "Ox" Harrison & Company whose reputation for dealing out fierce punishments on the new boys for minor misdemeanors, had become legendary during my years at Milton Junior. I believed that with some skillful riding I would be able to avoid the quagmire that lay ahead. About halfway along though, things became much, much worse and the mud became thicker and thicker - I was in trouble. Unable to keep up any speed, the mudguards of my new steed quickly became completely clogged with thick mud and I was forced to put my new shinning Bata shoes into the mud. Sinking ankle deep into the watery mess, I had become bogged down. With my bike jammed up with mud, the front and back of my shirt sprayed with muddy water and now both shoes and socks saturated I now found myself in a position where going back was not an option and all I could do was to try and carry on. So jammed with mud was my bike, that even pushing it was almost impossible, and in my desperation I had to find a way to release the mud from the mudguards and brake calipers. Using my hands and few handy twigs I got amongst the greasy chain and clogged up wheels and managed to free enough mud so that I could slowly push my bike down the track, although every so often I would slip to my knees as my own shoes became stuck in the mud or traction lost.

Deciding, or rather hoping that all would be ok once I eventually reached the tarmac, I made slow progress across the bush to reach the Suburbs. Eventually reaching the sealed road, I was desperately late, and filthy, but I figured that once I could get the bike moving I would be ok and the remaining mud would come right off. I was correct, about the mud ! As I managed to get moving and gained speed along the tarmac the drying mud clods became dislodged from the wheels, mudguards, brakes, tyres, gears, etc and a large percentage of them found there way onto me and those parts of my new uniform which were not already dirtied. Using my handy school tie I wiped my eyes, - of mud particles, and made haste towards Milton and the prospect of being very late on the first day. By the time I reached the bike sheds, even the Prefects had left their gate posts and were already at guard at the Assembly. I thought I could sneak to the bathroom get cleaned up, skip Assembly and then try not to arrive too late for my first class. No such luck. Having locked up my filthy bike in the shed I crossed in front of the music room and started making my way to the main school building, but as I crossed the open area, I heard a booming voice shout out - "hey you boy". Later I found out that voice belonged to the Deputy Head Master at the time - Mr Dry who must have been on a last patrol to catch latecomers or catch red handed the "behind the shed smokers". I my wisdom I could instantaneously tell that Mr Dry was a man certainly not tolerant of filthy late comers and as he strode purposely towards me, I thought my days at Milton Senior were going to be short and began wondering what Gifford Tech was really like! "What's your name boy" he demanded. "Yard Sir, ...Alex Yard I timidly answered. "Right, come with me" he instructed as he marched me away to the main Admin block, carefully keeping his distance from my mud splattered clothes. Once at the Admin block, I was made to stand at the main entrance so as not to traipse mud through the office and as I stood there probably looking like I had just finished a mud wrestling bout, I became an object of amusement for any passer by. I was made to explain myself and then given a stern lecture on the importance of arriving at school on time and the pride with which I should wear the uniform, and I remember words like "disgrace" and "idiotic" being used frequently, strangely enough my ill thought out excuse that a passing car had splashed me, was given little credence. While the secretary found out which class and classroom I belonged, I feared that my high school career was going to start with "six of the best", so I felt fortunate that I was led away after my severe talking to, with only the threat of a good caning should this sort of behavior continue, possibly saved by the fact that anyone administering the caning at that time could have themselves been tarnished with mud splatters.

Drippy Dry ... as he was affectionately known, led me away to my new Class 1A2, and delivered me to the teacher in charge. Without any chance to clean up I stood in front of my new Classmates while Drippy insured that all was made aware of my shortcomings. I remember little about those first day classes, apart from having to sit wet and muddy and despondent until the first break-time when I could escape the good natured jibes of my new classmates and get cleaned up a little. Needless to say it took many years and a severe drought before I attempted the bushland track again and equally as many years before I lived down the shame of that muddy morning. Drippy however turned out to be one of more memorable staff and always had a witty word to say to me about that morning when we first crossed paths.

Alex; for your Use of English Essay, you have to tell that story in person !!



Memorable moments? A couple of in-class incidents come to mind. Do you remember the chemistry classes, with the basins sunk into the desks, and the chemical bottles on wooden racks. One Chemistry class, the guys at the back corner were not paying attention, and instead were quietly experimenting with various acids on some brass coinage. The chem. teacher, her name escapes me, (I'm sure it was double barrel name), suddenly noticed a cloud of brown gas developing in the back corner; she immediately evacuated the class and we spent half the period in the sun. Apparently the guys had released a cloud of NO_x, and the room had to be thoroughly vented before it was safe to go back inside.

Steve Bryer 1972 - 1977



Another one that stuck with me was our introduction to phosphorus. Ma Sibson was presiding, and she submersed a lump of phosphorus in a large bowl of water at the front of the class, in the Sixth Form block. After a short time, a small flame started above the surface of the water, whereupon a fellow classmate, I'm pretty sure it was Phil Lazarus, dashed to the front of the class, heroically wrested a fire extinguisher from the wall and pointed it towards the little flame in readiness. On cue, the little flame flashed to bonfire size, Phil dropped the extinguisher, turned 180 degrees and hurtled out of the classroom window and into the flowerbed of the inner quadrangle. Having reached the safety of the flowerbed, he then had to take evasive action to prevent a collision with the groundsman, Mr Pelligrini, who had been tending the gardens just outside the window, and who became very agitated very quickly, and the whole class collapsed laughing while Phil got a roasting from Mr Pelligrini for tramping in the flower bed.

As for the fire, that was put out easily by another classmate with a second extinguisher.





Jim Felgate 1980 – 1982

Head of English

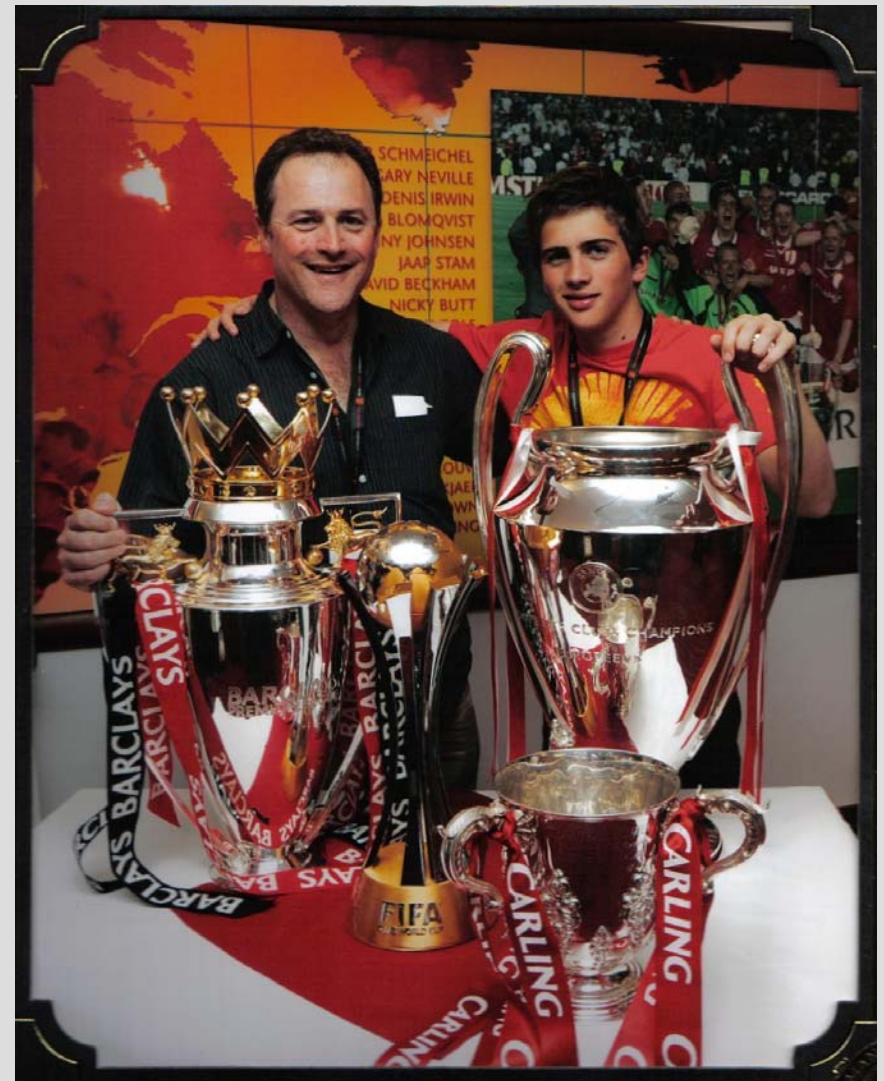


I coached the 1st tennis team, U14B Rugby, produced the School magazine, produced the School play and started the Toast Masters Club. I recall it was a full on occupation during the term and unlike today's world all the extra activities was unpaid! I recall that the younger Loxton took one of the leading roles. It was during one of our evening rehearsals that we learned of the first Viscount disaster. It was a dreadful period for many people.

I can't recall any "funny tales" from that time, however looking back at that system of education it was one of the best in the world providing an all round educational experience for the pupils. As is usual in life many did not appreciate this at the time! Milton had an amazing heritage and was rated as one of the top Schools in Rhodesia.

I do recall that in 1980, my final year of teaching, one of my A Level English pupils, Alex Economou, achieved an A Grade for the subject which filled me with immense pride as I felt in a small way I had assisted him in this.

Ian Cutler 1973 - 1979





World Tour 1981

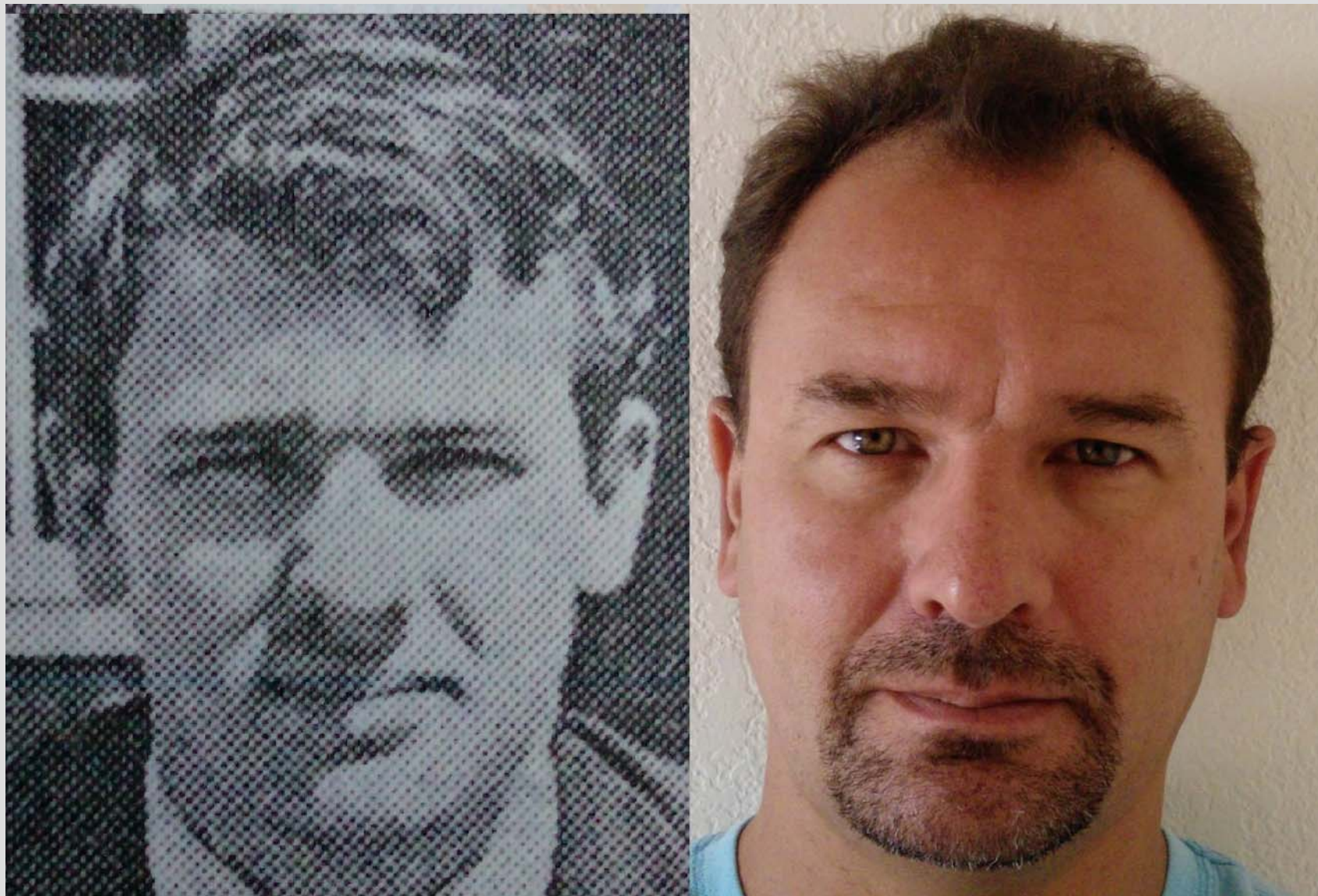


Graham Tasmer Paul Stockman Me Eric Jacobsen

Duncan Foley



Craig Myles





Steve (SIL) Barber 1972 - 1977



The Family owned Rhodes Street Electronics

Steve is now CEO of XRayTex in the UK

