

Dad was born on 25 June 1938 in Glasgow, only son of John and Margaret. Given the tumultuous time in which he was born, and added to this, that Grandpa Morton ran veterinary research stations firstly in The Falkland Islands and later on in Nigeria and given that travel by boat was so dangerous, Dad spent his early years with his Aunt Nan, whom he referred to throughout his life as his “wartime mum”. Dad spent six months with his parents in Nigeria in 1948, after the War and then returned to Scotland. His parents moved to Grahamstown when his father retired and Dad came out by ship to South Africa unaccompanied at around the age of 12. The reason for moving to Grahamstown was because John’s siblings lived there, one a Professor and the other married to a Professor! I guess it’s clear that academia was in his blood!

Dad attended College and matriculated in 1955, the Centenary year and took great pride in the fact that he carried the College Colours at the Retreat Ceremony that year. Dad excelled at College, he was head of house and received colours for shooting. He played for the 2nd XV and achieved a 1st class matric. He then went on to Study at Rhodes University and graduated in Chemistry and Maths. He often mentioned that he tried his hand at accounting and as an articled clerk was put into auditing. He said he found it so boring that he swore it off and decided that teaching would be far more to his liking. I can definitely say that accounting’s loss was teaching’s gain!

Dad started teaching at College in 1963 and retired in 1998, during that time he was housemaster of Holland House, Master-in-Charge of Hockey, Swimming, Shooting, Boxing and Golf as well as head of the Chemistry department. During one of his tours as manager of EP swimming, he had a meeting with all the managers and a young Lady from Eastern Transvaal stood up to say something. Given that this issue had apparently already been discussed, dad told her to “shut up and sit down”! On 16th December 1967, they got married!

Dad’s knowledge of sports was quite impressive but that wasn’t all, he judged diving for many years, and was an internationally recognised B-Grade shooting judge.

Of all the sports above, his sport of choice was golf. Growing up Eiona and I learnt the days of the week as Monday, Tuesday, Golfdays, Thursday, Friday Saturday, Sunday. He spent his Wednesday afternoons playing with Hamish Gilbert, Bert Leach and Graeme Browne (all OA’s). One day when they were walking to the first tee someone in the Fourball behind them asked how these old codgers managed to play golf together week in and week out for over 20 years. The answer also came from behind, simply being: It’s easy; they can’t remember who they played with last week!

His old class used to have wooden stools and I don’t think a day went past without somebody rocking on their stool and having it clatter onto the parquet floor. This resulted in the following immortal words: If you can’t sit stand and if you can’t stand get out!

Eiona’s husband Wayne remembers waiting outside Dad’s class a few years back while on teaching prac and heard dad chastise a boy and it went something like this : xxx settle down and pay attention, you’re as bad as your father, in fact you’re as bad as your grandfather who sat next to me in this class!”

The other phrase dad was renowned for was his sentence at the end of each round of shooting: Rifles down, breeches open, doppies in the tin, blocks on top of the cupboard, change targets!

In many ways Eiona and I are so lucky that we got to share our dad with so many people during the course of his life and we were really touched by the messages from many people around the world:

A few such notes were as follows:

An institution rests, the last of College boxers (hence the flat nose) takes his final bow. A great man he was, I wasn't his favourite, he felt I had the brains for science but was too playful. I disagreed, I was woeful. Will miss him, a gentleman of note. Take comfort knowing that he contributed greatly in shaping many a distinguished gentleman today. Rest in peace to the man we affectionately called Prang! – Siphon Nghona

As an aside, I can confirm that the truth about Dad's nose is not as glamorous as mentioned. He broke it for the first time at 10 months old while climbing out of his playpen and then continued to break it playing both rugby and hockey but never while boxing.

I can echo that. A life well lived and a legacy that will live on in many of our lives. Your dad actually taught both me and my father, [Jonathan](#). At one stage I had Pepe for latin, Prang for science, and you as a dorm prefect. Morton overload! I'm a better person thanks to all three instances. Condolences to you and your family, you can be very proud of the man. – Rowan Seagers

Many fond memories of your mum & dad at Holland House (1982). The size of the man's wrists and the few too many beers Kit Edwards and I enjoyed with your folks at the end of our Matric year are just two that spring to mind. Humble condolences to you, your mum and Eiona. – James Alexander

Mr Morton as a scholar whilst at College and as an OA I was quickly told by him to call him "Prang" You were a true stalwart and a great asset to College with your years of service. Your contribution was immense. Shooting at the shooting range, your passion for the sport was incredible. RIP Sir RIP – David Douglass

Sad news. Ian 'Prang' Morton was a unique, respected and legendary character and a cornerstone in the foundations of the so many lives he touched. He shot straight, on and off the range and inspired others to aim the same way. A great loss for the College community and the Morton family. Condolences to all. The respect of so many, well deserved. – Jon Hall

I think the last comment is so true of Dad; he shot straight on and off the range. Dad was a man of principles and honour. He was a truly committed schoolmaster and it was always work before play – despite Wednesday golf. He was a stickler for the rules and ensured that they were applied without favour. He was honest to a fault and ensured that everything he did was above board.

Dad did not suffer fools gladly although he was a very generous man, especially hospitable. When he entertained he ensured that there were always full bottles and good food (thanks to mum). Eiona and I clearly remember the huge Hogmanay parties and the wonderful Sports Day spreads. Dad was pragmatic and believed that when things didn't work out there always had to be another way. He was a great believer in the dictum: If God closes the door, somewhere He opens a window.

Dad applied this same honesty and honour with his family. One day when I had received a hiding for some misdemeanour, I felt it necessary to go to dad and tell him I didn't think what he had done was fair. He took this in and discussed it with me instead of flying off the handle. Likewise, dad was quite deaf as I am sure a lot of you are aware and his volume control didn't work too well. At one stage Eiona chirped "you're the one that's deaf Dad, not us".

Dad often mentioned that he would never get to see his Grandchildren. Whether this was an intrinsic feeling of mortality or a dig at Eiona and I - given that we both got married at 30 we will never know. What we do know however is that he got to know all four of his grandsons, Andrew, Patrick, Cuan and Declan and was so proud of each of them. It certainly was nice to prove dad wrong once in a while!

In short, dad loved his family – especially having not had a close bond with his own parents while growing up or any siblings of his own. He did not play emotional games, he was never cruel or sly. His moral compass was unwavering and he and mum were an unbeatable unbreakable team.

Terry Pratchett wrote “No one is actually dead until the ripples they cause in the world die away”. To our family and I am sure to many of you this will be true. I thank God for the gift of Dad, for the lessons, the laughs and the love!