

11 February

## Br PHILIP HOGG

11 September 1902 – 11 February 1967



Born at Chorlton-on-Moors, near Manchester, Philip Hogg trained as an engineer for six years. He entered the Society in 1927 and served as a sacristan and a refectorian for some years before coming to Rhodesia in 1932. His engineering skills were soon at work in Mhondoro (1934-39).

Life was not easy there for 'Br Gugo'. Fr Daignault was known to make coffee from boot polish! But 'they were the hardest and happiest' years of his life. They deepened the well together and set up a mill for grinding the wheat widely grown in Mhondoro then and since. Then they sold the flour to a baker in town until the baker discovered he could get cheaper imported flour. Undaunted, they started making soap from local products until that business too foundered when Lever Brothers mass produced soap more cheaply. So the Jesuits have tried before to be self-reliant.

Philip Hogg left his mark elsewhere: roof tiles that withstood storms in Monte Cassino and Kutama, metal railings at St George's and the crosses we place on every Jesuit grave. He was the one who made the mould. Besides these there were countless sacking needles, building pins, bolts and metal gadgets flowing from his workshop.

After two years at Driefontein, he went to Chishawasha for eight years (1948-56) where he looked after the cars and all the engines on the mission. It was noted that he came to know everyone at the school and on the mission and he went to great trouble to obtain good films for the school from the Canadian and American film libraries. His shows included a short Charlie Chaplain. He also played the violin and did conjuring tricks to entertain the school.



Musami (1957-61) was his last mission and all that is mentioned above was continued there. He also developed a water purifying system for the swimming pool Jeep Davis and generations of school boys had carved out of the rock. 'Jesuits in dungarees' is the way he and Br John Taylor were described. Philip Hogg would also take the boys on trips to the nearby hills.

He was wiry but still frail and suffered all the usual diseases people got in those days. In 1961, he was sent back to the UK, to the Mount to rest and recover. But he never did. He longed to return to Africa but it was not to be. He was a man deeply imbued in the life of the spirit, 'the holiest man I ever met,' was the verdict of a layman at the Mount.