

HELEN HOGG

1915 - 1993

I have a vivid memory of my first meeting with Helen Hogg. Newly appointed to the school, I arrived and was confronted by this rather formidable lady. There was no introduction:

H.H.: *"I hope that you do not intend to make any changes young man" (for I was young then). "We know how things should be run here and we don't need any new ideas."*

JSM: *(hesitating) "Well, Miss er....."*

H.H.: *"Hogg"*

JSM: *(diplomatically) "... I'm sure that this is an excellent department but (cautiously) there is always room for a little improvement and....."*

H.H.: *(aggressively) "Where have you come from?"*

JSM: *(surprised) "Bedfordshire."*

H.H.: *(triumphantly) "Ah, the south."*

This was enough to prove to her that I was feckless, arrogant, in some indefinable way weak, supercilious and with only a tentative grasp on what she considered to be reality. After such an inauspicious start I cannot account for how or why we became friends but by the end of my first term I had been invited for supper and we never had a crossed word again.

She was of the old school of teachers. For forty years, apart from a period when she looked after her mother who was seriously ill,



she did not have a day away from work. Neither was she ever late but always totally dedicated and conscientious. At first she taught in several schools then later decided that she was happiest at St. Edward's and when she died, only a matter of weeks after giving her last lesson, she had completed nearly forty five years at the school. She loved her pupils and her work was crowned by the number who returned her affection and by those who rose to the top of their profession leading British orchestras.

She was well-known in the north west as a conductor and teacher. These activities and her almost weekly visits to Yorkshire were the core of her life. She was blessed with good health and good friends. There will be many who will miss her, but her work lives on in her pupils.

John Moseley