



# SHE WON'T SHORTEN THE CURTAINS!

## Mrs Mogford Moves House

"SHAN'T shorten the curtains," declared Mrs Joyce Mogford with quiet emphasis. Wife of the Rev. Stanley H. Mogford, she was discussing the problems of moving from the rambling 23-roomed vicarage of St. Catherine's, Pontypridd, to the modern vicarage of Llanblethian—with only nine rooms!

For this coming Thursday, after nine years in Pontypridd, the family leave the town. The following Wednesday (November 20) Mr. Mogford will be inducted as Vicar of Llanblethian with Cowbridge.

When, in 1948, her husband moved from Llandaff to a smaller vicarage at Merthyr, Mrs. Mogford shortened the curtains. She learnt her lesson when they moved to St. Catherine's large-windowed vicarage—and she had to buy one hundred yards of curtain material!

### VICAR'S STUDY

The incident spotlights one of a dozen problems faced by a Vicar's wife in moving to a house of different character. Looking far too young to have been married for 21 years, Mrs. Mogford regarded me with level eyes through her blue-framed spectacles and spoke of the posers which face her.

With gentle urgency she declared: "The first essential at the new vicarage is to get the Vicar's study organised. This is more important than anything else."

The study is the hub of the whole parish. Moving vicarages (I sensed) is rather like moving house plus the problem of transferring a complex army operations room.

Her friendly face serene, Mrs. Mogford glanced round the booklined walls of St. Catherine's large study.

"Our new vicarage is so much smaller that I just don't know where all these books will go."

She added with a contented smile, "I expect I'll finish up with books all around me in every room!"

### MAIN PROBLEM

The main problem is condensing the contents of twenty-three rooms to nine. Gone will be the lovely large dining table

—gone the all-accommodating sideboard. But, with the ever-present possibility of a return to another large vicarage, Mrs. Mogford intends keeping as much furniture as possible: "I shall take most of it with me in high hopes. If it just doesn't fit in—then it will have to go to the saleroom."

Like many another dedicated Vicar's wife, Mrs. Mogford insists on taking as much of the load as possible from her husband. ("The people of Cowbridge have not had a Vicar for six months. He must be free to get on with his work."). So, if there are sounds of carpets being tacked or pelmets being nailed, it may well be Mrs. Mogford's hands which wield the hammer.

### PLOUGHED FIELD

Fortunately she likes practical—dressmaking, decorating, gardening. And she's going to get plenty of the latter—the land round the new vicarage is virtually a ploughed field!

After the humming town of Pontypridd, the semi-rural atmosphere of Llanblethian may seem quiet. But the Mogfords are likely to take their own relentless tempo with them. Said Mrs. Mogford:

"I think you tend to make the nature of your own work wherever you go." Her attrac-

tive face softened with pride as she added—"And people soon get to know when the Vicar is willing to help them at all hours."

All the same, she will notice the difference after Pontypridd's busy vicarage with its incessant stream of callers. At St. Catherine's vicarage there are four outside doors plus a telephone. "I've sometimes consciously had to root myself to the spot for a minute when I've been trying to answer all of the mat once!"

### WILL MISS EVERYTHING

At seven o'clock, one morning recently, a tramp called at the door. He wanted to know if Mrs Mogford would cook his sausages for him!

One thing the vicar's wife will enjoy. At St. Catherine's vicarage, from kitchen to front door is forty paces. In their new home it is "only a hop, skip, and a jump!"

Mrs. Mogford believes that her own first duty will be to "get to know as many people as possible in the shortest time." This is unlikely to prove difficult. Her candid eyes reflect an earnest affection as she says, with simple sincerity, "I love people."

What will she miss most in Pontypridd? Mrs Mogford was unable to say . . . for the simple reason that she will miss EVERYTHING.

### WARM PERSONALITY

"I know it sounds hackneyed and trite," she said. "but it's true—I love Pontypridd, the town and the people. I'm going to miss—oh—just everything."

Daughter Rosemary, however, aged six, looks forward to her new rural surroundings with unqualified joy. Described as "mad on horses," she is determined that—whatever mummy and daddy say, she is going to take up pony riding. Her 12-year-old brother, John, having just started at Llandoverly College, will have to reserve his judgment

With her warm, outgoing personality, Mrs Mogford is certainly going to endear herself to her new friends. And, whatever her present feelings of sadness, she will quickly become happy in her new home. For, on the subject of being a vicar's wife, she says:

"It's a wonderful life. You share people's lives—their joys, their sorrows, their interests. I wouldn't change it."

—DOUGLAS A. GROSVENOR

In our photo Mrs Mary Yeoman (treasurer) is seen presenting a silver tea service to Mrs Joyce Mogford (centre) on behalf of the St Catherine's Church (Pontypridd) Mothers' Union of which Mrs Mogford was enrolling member. The function was attended by forty members of the Mothers' Union who wished Mrs Mogford and her husband, the Rev. S. H. Mogford, vicar, happiness in their new home in Llanblethian, Cowbridge.