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MER. COOD COLLECTS THE QUARE

The flags are out in Westerleigh. A picturesque, sleepy Gloucestershire village wales up from 400 years obscurity to welcome home four citisens whose birth put Westerleigh on the maps of the world. For weeks, the village has been qual-conscious. At the Quadrangle, the quartet's new home - Mrs. Margaret Good, their mether - has a last minute spring clean. She isn't been on all this fuss. Like every mether, she just wants her babies home. But the villagers are bursting with excitement and out to make a day of it. On the green, a new bandstand springs up. There hasn't been a day like this since Farmer Glackenberry's mule ate the laundry off the Vicerage washline. With an earsplitting blast, the band goes into action.

Extra police are called in to deal with "fereign" sightmoors.

In the words of the village elders, they have "never seen a de loiks this yer."

To the shrill cheers of schoolchildren (specially given the day off) Mr. and Mrs. Good with the four baby daughters whose advent made the "Good" name famous, drive home in triumph.

Even if he doesn't knew what it's all about, everybody else does and is making the most of it. Pirst to greet the arrivals is little daughter Susan Good. Surprised at having four new sisters all at once, she hagn't quite discovered where she stands. The only ones who are treating this whole affair with disdain are the four when everyone has come to see.

15 works eld, they are nermal, healthy babies, despite odds of 700,000 to one against them ever having been bern. Everything they do is now a national event. It's only by pushing past repertors, photographers, film cameras and microphenes, that their father and mother can take them home.

Now that they are home Charlie Good and his wife hope that soon they can enjoy again the peace and quiet that was theirs before the miracle made them front page news.