

CHAPTER 3

A Good Home

The local council at Westerleigh realised that such an excellent opportunity as the arrival home of these now famous quads should not be missed. They felt it was a chance to put 'their' village on the map. Therefore all the stops were pulled out. A stand was erected on the village green on which the local Silver Band could play, loudspeaker vans were placed in strategic points round the green in order to relay the music to the crowds that were sure to gather. Special areas were designated for newsreel cameras, BBC cameras and microphones and reporters. All this feverish activity continued to make everything seem unreal for Charles and myself.

We started off the day with lunch at a very posh hotel in Chipping Sodbury. Joining us in our celebrations were the doctor who had attended me, the doctor who delivered the babies, representatives of the press and a representative from the Cow & Gate babyfood company with whom we had signed a contract to supply the babies with milk. Naturally my mother came along, Charles's aunty and many more but most of them were a blur as there was so much going on around us.

Somehow I found a decent dress that fitted me, so with Susan, who I had also dressed up in her best, we made our entrance. I was presented with the most beautiful bouquet of carnations and Susan had a posy of anemones given to her. She behaved wonderfully well, sitting beside me with a most unconcerned air about her.

I was full of nerves, having been told that after the meal I would have to make a speech in response to an address from the Chairman of the Council. I can't remember one word of what I said in my speech but apparently it wasn't too bad, so Charles later told me.

Charles and I were bundled into a large car which drove us to the hospital to fetch the babies. I remember as we drove through Downend on our way to Bristol, noticing a long queue of people at a bus stop and wondering why so many people were waiting there for one