

R T H E I

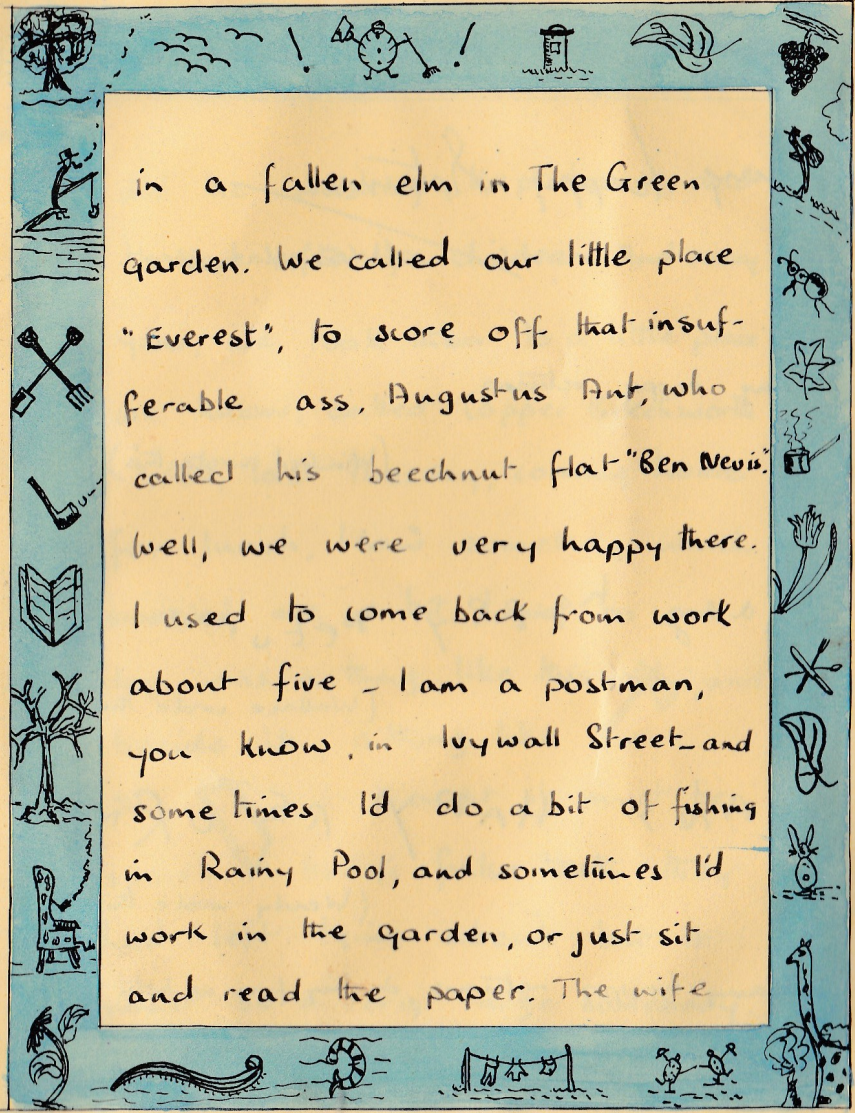
Wenceslas as well. But when my great-grandfather emigrated (by mistake, in a consignment of timber for Hull), he thought it wiser to change to Woodlouse: although he upheld the family tradition by calling two of his sons Wenceslas. And the name has continued in the family ever since.

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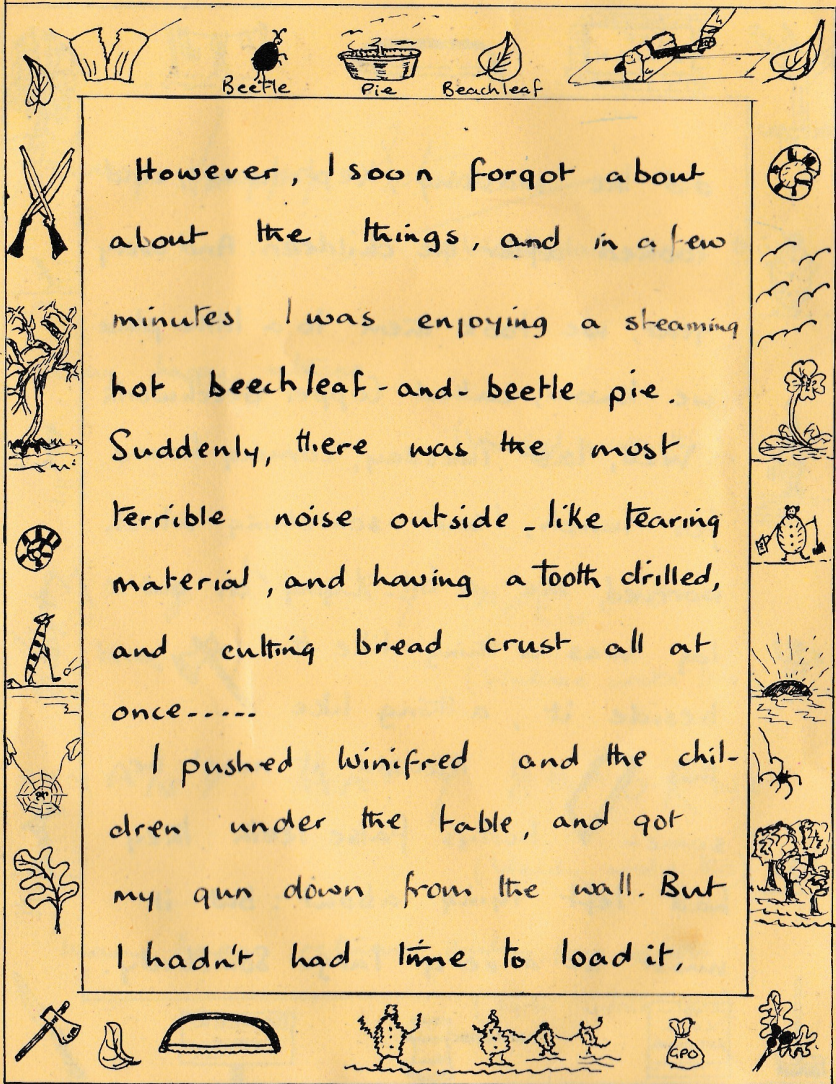
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Now, I believe you wanted to know where we live; and thereby hangs a tale. Till last Thursday, we lived in a comfortable crack

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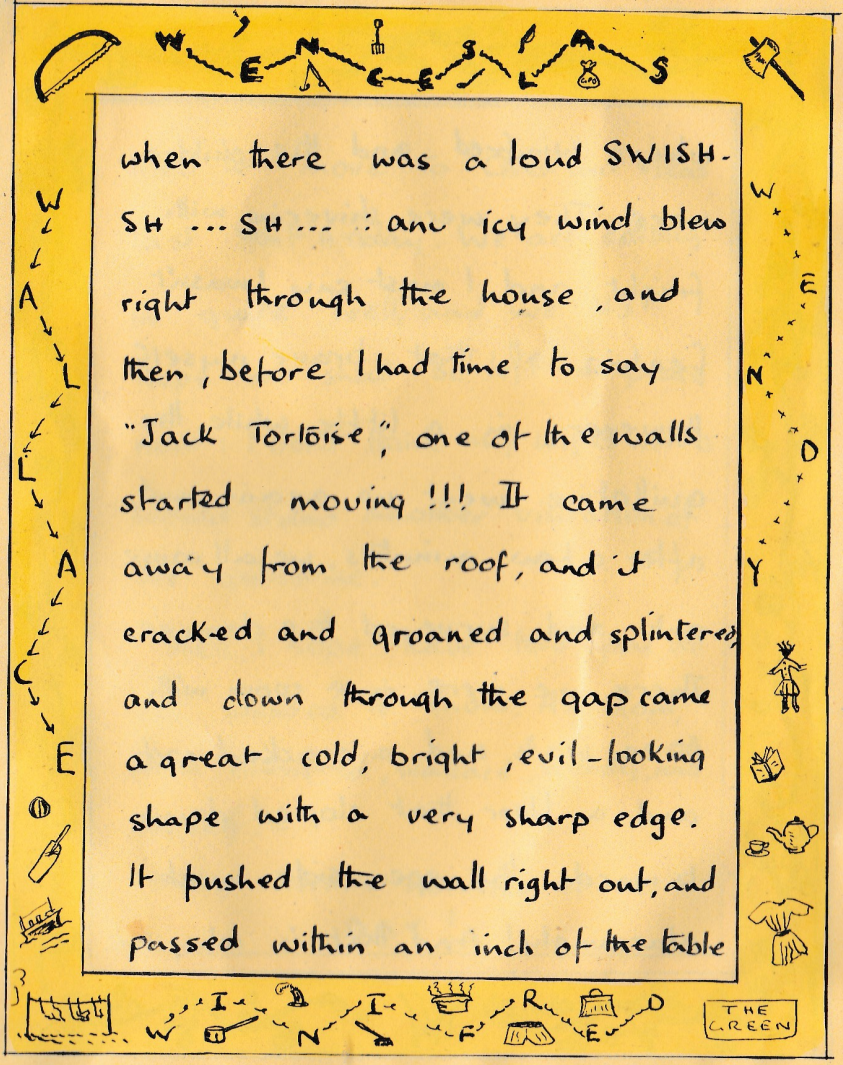


in a fallen elm in The Green garden. We called our little place "Everest", to score off that insufferable ass, Augustus Ant, who called his beechnut flat "Ben Nevis". Well, we were very happy there. I used to come back from work about five - I am a postman, you know, in Ivywall Street, and sometimes I'd do a bit of fishing in Rainy Pool, and sometimes I'd work in the garden, or just sit and read the paper. The wife



However, I soon forgot about about the things, and in a few minutes I was enjoying a steaming hot beech leaf-and-beetle pie. Suddenly, there was the most terrible noise outside - like tearing material, and having a tooth drilled, and cutting bread crust all at once-----

I pushed Winifred and the children under the table, and got my gun down from the wall. But I hadn't had time to load it,



when there was a loud SWISH-SH ... SH ... : an icy wind blew right through the house, and then, before I had time to say "Jack Tortoise", one of the walls started moving !!! It came away from the roof, and it cracked and groaned and splintered, and down through the gap came a great cold, bright, evil-looking shape with a very sharp edge. It pushed the wall right out, and passed within an inch of the table

where Winifred and the children were. They were shivering with fright, and I must say I wasn't feeling all that brave myself. However, in a little while, the guillotine went up again, and, after a few minutes, we all came out and surveyed the damage. There we were, in a room with three walls, and a cracked roof, and a floor that sloped down towards the open side most alarmingly! And that is why we

Wenceslas Woodhouse



Wallace Woodhouse

had to move to Chestnut Villas last Saturday. We are settling in quite well, and we do hope we shall be left in peace now: I don't think my wife's nerves would stand another visitation of the guillotine.

Well, I hope I have told you all you wanted to know. And now, from Winifred, Wallace, Wendy, and myself: -

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!

Winifred Woodhouse

WENDEY WOODHOUSE X