

The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anne

My Dear Children,

Did you ever dream that so many of you read the *Tablet*? Just look at all these letters, and I have a drawer-full up to the top as well. The poor postman is exhausted these hot days, but he doesn't mind a bit, so "carry on." All my love to you.—ANNE.

Dear Anne,—I was very pleased to read your letter in the *Tablet* this week, and still more pleased to know that the little people are going to have a page all to themselves; and I think if we all try hard it will be a big success and keep the poor grown-ups in surprise for the rest of their lives. As this is the first lot of letters I am sure you will be very busy so I will not write too long a one, but I will tell you all about the country up here later. I have no sisters and only one brother who lives down in Dunedin. I must close now as I have more lessons to do.—Australia, Ngapara.

(Hullo! Australia, what is your full name? Glad you have one brother anyway. Are you his brother or his sister?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am very pleased to hear that the children have a page to themselves in the *Tablet*. It is a splendid idea of yours. I am glad to think that Ireland is once more at peace. I am eleven years of age; I was born in 1911. I go to the Sacred Heart High School. We have only one Sinn Fein friend in our school; she is always talking about Ireland. I was very sorry to hear about Michael Collins's death. In a few years' time I am going to learn music. We are having a Catholic picnic on the 9th of November, at which I hope we will have a good day. Not very long ago we had a jubilee—our priest, who is very old. There were a number of priests there, and also Bishop Liston. I hope the next time we get our *Tablet* to see a nice full page from you. I remain, your loving friend—Nola Bennett, Sacred Heart High School, Stratford.

(Did you have a fine picnic, Nola, and where did you go? Write again soon.—Anne.)

My dear Anne,—As you asked all boys and girls who read your letter to write you, I thought I would like to be among the happy crowd of children. Every week the *Tablet* comes in and I just have a glance over it; but oh! this week it seems to be a ray of sunshine in our home. I have never written to a paper before, so I am glad to say that I wrote to the *Tablet* first. Well, about your plan, I think it is the best one I have ever known, and I am glad I am not out of it. I am sure a number of extra people will buy the *Tablet* now. The school I go to is the Sacred Heart Girls' College, Christchurch, and I am in the 6th class. We are having our proficiency on the 13th, so I shall write and tell you if I am successful. Well, as I am writing a rather long letter, I will conclude. Please write to me soon, as I love getting letters.—Enid Brittenden, Opawa, Christchurch.

(I know our page is going to be good, because you girls and boys are writing such fine letters.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—We read in the *Tablet* that you want us children to write to you. We are living on a farm, near Balclutha. We have a lot of sheep and lambs. I am thirteen years old, and I am going to school. I have two brothers and one sister, Margaret and Jack. I milk cows with my brother. We have a lot of chicks and hens. We also have seven ducklings, and they're growing nice. As it is my first letter, I will make this one short. Your loving friends—Ivy, Maggie, Jack Cuttance, Ururua.

(Good of you three busy children to write. What fun you will have in the holidays after you have finished your daily duties. Wish I had some ducklings.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—This letter is only short, but next time I will write a longer one. My name is Katie Carney. I am 12 years' old and go to school over the Rakaia bridge. It is supposed to be the longest wooden bridge in New Zealand; besides we walk two or three miles along the road. The Sisters teach us and they are very nice. I have five brothers and two sisters not counting myself. I am in the 5th standard; there are a number of children in my class. We all think your plan is the best one we have heard of, so I hope you have success with it. We live on a farm and get plenty of milk, eggs, butter, potatoes, turnips, and fruit. Well, dear friend, I must close this letter, but excuse this bad writing, as I have a sore hand and can scarcely write.—Kate Carney, Rakaia.

(Katie, dear, your writing is fairly good, and you must be a keen little girl to walk all that way to school. I am sure your bridge must be the longest in New Zealand.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—Just a few lines to let you know I was reading your letter, and it was very nice. We live in Mangapechi, King Country. I go to the Convent School at Te-Kuiti, and also my sister Mary. She is eight and I

am ten. I have also another sister and brother there; their names are Winnie and John, but John is only three and Winnie is six. She goes to school at Mangapechi, as she is too young to go in the train. We had a social and dance in aid of the Convent School, Te-Kuiti, and it was a great success. So I am sure the Sister will be pleased. I will tell you all about it in my next letter.—Emmett Carmody.

(Hope the social was a great success. I have been to Te Kuiti and know where Mangapechi is. How far are you from Mount Ruapehu. Love to Winnie and John.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—Just this morning I noticed the Little People's Page, and I wish to become one of your members if I may. First I will tell you about myself. I am eleven years of age, and go to the Convent School in Waimate, leaving home to catch the train at 7.25 a.m., and get home about the same time at night. I like the school, so don't mind the long day. This is only a brief introduction, but will say more in the next one. I hope, as you said in your letters, that the postman will have to bring a cart to bring all the letters.—May Donegan, Waihao Forks.

(What a long day you have when you go to school! Yes, May dear, I am getting lots of letters—over one hundred—so you will have plenty to read.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—As I was reading the *New Zealand Tablet* yesterday, I came across the letter which was written by you in the "Little People's Page." I am the eldest of a family of five. I have three sisters and one brother. I was ten years' old last April. The school to which I go is the Good Shepherd School. This school is only half a mile from my home. The school itself is near Dominion Road Tram Terminus. It consists of three rooms, two being used

GO ALONG TO HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE TO-NIGHT!

as class-rooms only, while the other is used as a school on week days and a church on Sundays. Near it some men are building a new school which will be ready when we resume work after the Christmas holidays. Near the new school the Mt. Eden Borough Council are going to build a destructor, but I hope they never will. Meetings are now being held to prevent it. We get our copy of the *Tablet* on Saturday up here. This is all just now, Anne, but I will write next week.—Rita Fox, Mount Albert, Auckland, P.S.—I forgot to mention I am in the fourth standard and have passed my exams. for the fifth. I think that it is very nice of you to write to young folk, and I will look forward to your next letter.

(It certainly would be nice if your Borough Council planted the destructor elsewhere. What a good idea to have a school that can be used for a church also; there is one near my place something like that.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—You cannot think how pleased I am to think that someone has begun to take an interest in the children. I am 13 years of age. I was born of Irish parents and I am an out-and-out Sinn Fein. I am a great upholder of Michael Collin's doctrine, and I followed with interest his career in the *Tablet* until he died for his country, and I am sad to think that he died by the hand of his fellow countrymen. The big folks are feeling quite jealous already I am sure. I always study the *Tablet* and I pour over the Irish notes. I was quite pleased when I saw the notes on Michael Collin's impressive burial service. Hoping you will have many replies to your kind letter.—Nora Garvey, Sacred Heart School, Stratford.

(Glad to hear from you Nora dear. What a great interest you must take in the Irish notes and no wonder you grieved at the death of brave Michael Collins.—Anne.)

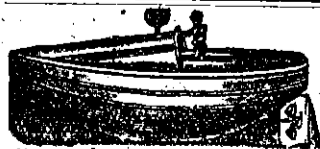
I have a pony besides the dogs, and lambs, he is called Dicky. I go for a lot of rides, I can't go for any rides now for I have a bad cold. We had an awful wind, it blew the roof off our church, and blew down an old blacksmith shop. It said in the paper that it even blew the hoods off motor cars. Good bye Anne.—Pat Bird.

(Pat dear will you ever forgive me? The wind must have blown the other half of your letter away, the same old wind that blew the roof off the church. Write again when your cold is better.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am very glad that you have founded "The Little People's Page" in the *Tablet* and I am sure they will do their best to make their page a success. I live in a little town called Stratford, where we have a farm consisting of ten acres. We have a beautiful race-horse which has been in training for some time so we are looking forward to its winning in the January races. Perhaps you would like to know my age. Well, it is eleven years and two months. All the school children are looking forward to the School Picnic which is to be on November the ninth and we are all looking forward to a good day's enjoyment. Well I must say "Goodbye" now.—Mary Garvey, Sacred Heart High School, Stratford.

(What is your horse's name Mary? Is Stratford a very busy place and is it far from Dunedin?—Anne.)

D. Forrester and Co. have just landed a fine shipment of "STANDARD" SEWING MACHINES. Call and inspect.—Advt.



Playthings for Lively Youngsters at G. A. Munro's

Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods in Great Variety.
Your Bookseller and Stationer. Telephone 2760.

CARGILL'S CORNER,
SOUTH DUNEDIN