

## The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anne

My dear Children,

As the first instalment of our picture gallery appears this week a lot of our space is taken up, and therefore I must be brief. You will all be very interested in the photos I know, and will look forward to next week's letter from—ANNE.

Dear Anne.—This is my first letter to you and I hope to become one of the members of the Little People's Page. I am eleven years old and in Std. IV. I will be twelve next April 29th. My sister and I were confirmed last Sunday by Dr. Liston. I took Teresa for my name and my sister Molly took Josephine. I have one sister and two brothers. Molly is 10 years, Jack is eight, and Ray is one year and five months. We attend the Public School as there is no convent. Our priest is Father Brady and we like him very much. I live in Takapuna which is a suburb of Auckland. As I have given all the news I will conclude with fond love. Dear Anne I read the riddle in this week's *Tablet*: the answer is 5. Eileen McCarthy, Takapuna.

(Glad to hear from you Eileen, and you tell me such a lot of news. Yes, you guessed the right answer.—Anne.)



THREE LITTLE NEW ZEALANDERS.



A GROUP FROM SUNNY AUSTRALIA.

Dear Anne.—As I have never wrote to you before, I will continue to do so now. My age is thirteen and I am in Std. 6 at the Public School. We have quite a large poultry farm consisting of about 80 fowls and 6 ducks. We also have a cow in full milk and two heifers. Last March the Catholic boys' Orphanage at Takapuna was destroyed by fire. On the 1st June a very successful collection was taken up in aid of the Orphanage. Hoping that this letter finds you in the best of health. Your unknown friend, Louisa Hill, Takapuna.

(Glad to hear from you Louisa, what a nice farm you must have. We are helping to re-build a home for the Orphans, and the children's list is growing.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—This is my first letter so I will not make it very long. My name is Kevin. Are there any other Kevins amongst your correspondents? I am twelve years of age and in the 6th standard at school. It has been raining heavily here for the last week and on Monday the river backed up a small creek and caused a flood. We have a small church here, but we are thinking of having a new one in a year or two. My birthday is on the 26th of August. Is it raining up where you are? Were you in the floods in Dunedin? Dear Anne if you are not a lady or a man, are you a spirit? Please do give us a nice story. Best love from your loving friend, Kevin Traynor, Wyndham.

(Are you really fond of stories Kevin? Some day I hope to get room to tell you one. Yes, you are my first "Kevin."—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—It is a long time since I last wrote to you. I have been studying for a proficiency exam. lately. I am going for an exam. the 3rd of August. Mass is celebrated 12 miles from here every third Sunday. It is celebrated by a parish priest who comes all the way from Riverton. I knitted a jersey for myself so that I could play hockey in the winter. I think the Orphanage institution a grand idea. I am sending 1s 6d from my sister and I. Anne, I wish could come up to Clifden because it is such a pretty place. I will stop now as I am taking up too much space. My birthday was on the 19th May. Your loving friend, C. O'Brien, Clifden.

(I wish too that I could come up to see you, wouldn't we have fun? Thank you for your donation.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—As it is a long time since I wrote to you I think it is time I took up the pen again. Our page is proving a success isn't it? You must like getting such a nice lot of letters. Sunday school is taught at Tuatapere,

a township 7 mile from our home, every Sunday. I am going to go in summer. The nearest church to us is 12 miles away. We have Mass there every three weeks. I play hockey at school and I like it very much. The caves are very pretty here Anne. I wish you could see it. There are many pretty stones hanging from the wall and the glow-worms look very pretty. I am enclosing 1s for the Orphanage which I think is a very good institution. My birthday is on the 19th of August. I remain your loving friend, Annie O'Brien, Clifden.

(Yes, it is ever so nice to get piles of letters. I have been waiting and watching for someone to come along with the same birthday as mine, and you have it and your name is nearly "Anne." That's a secret between ourselves. Thank you for the donation.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—This is my first letter to you Anne. I was nine years old last Thursday. I go to St. Joseph's School in Oamaru. I go in the train every day. I go to learn Highland dancing every Saturday, and my sister learns music. I have three sisters and five brothers. We have got a farm out in the country, and my three brothers and my sister lives out there, and we are all going out there when we get our new bungalow built. Well Anne I must close now, as I will be taking up your valuable space, hoping to see this letter in the next *Tablet*. I am, your new friend, Teresa O'Neill, Pukeuri.

(How's the bungalow getting on? I wish I were going to live out there instead of in a dusty town. Write again.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—As I have not written to you for a while I think it time I took up my pen. But you must excuse me as I have been studying my school lessons. I think your Orphanage Fund is a very good idea. Clifden is such a beautiful place, I wish you could come down. There are two Sunday school teachers at Tuatapere. My sister is sending 1s 6d for herself and me to the Orphanage. I will close now, wishing your page every success. Your loving friend, Dolly O'Brien, Clifden.

(Thank you Dolly for your donation. I'm glad to hear from you again and quite understand that you haven't much time for writing.—Anne.)

Dear Anne.—How your page has grown since I last wrote. I am very pleased to see it progressing so well. I always wait anxiously for the arrival of the *Tablet*, to read the L.P.'s.P. I have noticed quite a number of my old school companions have written to you, also two girls from Lawrence. We have left Wyndham and are living in the Rae's Junction Hotel. My father took it over in March this year. Rae's Junction is a pretty place, situated among the hills, four and a half miles from Beaumont. It is on the outskirts of the great fruit growing country of Otago. As there are no trains from Roxburgh, lorries convey the fruit past the hotel to Beaumont. There are fourteen or fifteen lorries owned by the fruitgrowers round about Roxburgh. The nearest school was two miles from the hotel and that was a State school, so my little sister, Maureen, came to board in Lawrence to attend St. Patrick's Dominican Convent, and, as she was too young to board by herself, I came along with her. I attend the Lawrence High School, seeing the Convent does not take classes over the sixth standard. The last time I wrote to you, I said that I was preparing for my proficiency which, I am very glad to say I was successful in getting. I was placed second to dix in my class and received a very nice book. There were twenty-three in the class and four failed, four got competency, and the remaining ones received proficiency certificates. Sister Mary Gertrude teaches me music. Well dear Anne I must close, hoping you have more and more correspondents, nearly 1000 instead of 500. Your loving friend, Sylvia Pritchard, Lawrence.

(So glad to hear from you Sylvia, and hope you are putting in a good year's work at school. Your letter is very interesting.—Anne.)

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