



Dear Little People,

Don't you think it fine that we are so near Christmas, are you all very busy getting ready for the glad time? Wouldn't it be wonderful if "Anne" and her Little People all lived near enough each other to have a day out together just when they wanted to? What fun we would have now when the shops are so full of good things and Father Christmas is just round the corner waiting for Christmas Eve to come. We must make the best of it, all the same, and pretend we're all together and have a merry time that way. You'll be pleased to hear that we've got a big batch of new Little People writing this week—all from the Feilding School. I would like you to get your atlases and see if you can find Feilding—it's not very far away from Palmerston North, in the North Island. You'll be surprised when you see how many have written, and, I'm sure we hope they'll all send their sixpences along for Badges so that we can find Letter Friends for them and call them Members of the L.P.L.C. Also we have letters from dear old Members, and one or two enquiries for Badges which were not posted as quickly as they might have been.

About the Badges. I think everyone has his or hers by now, the Badges and the letters enquiring about them, crossed each other on the way. I know that time always seems much longer to those who are waiting than to those who keep them waiting, and, really, taking you all round, you are the dearest and most patient Little People that ever an "Anne" could have.

As we have such a big mail bag and must get everything cleared up before the end of the year, we'll get on with our letter and see what room we've got left after that.

While you have your atlases out to find Feilding, suppose we see what other place we've had letters from as well. The first is,

WESTPORT, and a nice letter from Mattie Niven, who says they have a nice play house in the trees and a horse. Mattie wants a name for the horse and for a cat also, and she wants a Letter Mate. (Mattie dear, you've got two Birthday Mates—Monica Kilgelly, 39 Martin Square, Wellington, and Eileen Sheehan, "Happy Valley," P.O., Te Tua, Southland. Didn't you get their names before, I'm sorry. See you become good friends and write to each other before Christmas. Call your horse "Kim" and the dog "Tinker."—Anne.)

BALFOUR, where Pat Mulqueen lives, and Pat has sent for a badge so he can make a Letter Friend. Also Pat says they had a fall of snow at Balfour, and they are not going in to the Exhibition. (Welcome Pat, you'll have a Letter Mate before you know where you are. Will you and James Fahey, East Belt, Rangiora, be friends? Jim is about same age as you, and his birthday is on the 27th December. As you were not on our Birthday Happy Returns list, we wish you good wishes now. You have a beautiful date, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.—Anne.)

OWENGA, Chatham Islands, letters from Edward John Prendeville and from Pat too. They got six chickens out of a nest of twelve eggs: they saw hundreds of porpoises playing out on "Old Man Reef"; they have caught some eels; been weeding the garden and hilling up potatoes. When the chicks were three days old the mother hen came home with only three. So Pat went along to see what had happened to the others. He found the chicks in the gorse, and in the nest was a big dead rat! The mother hen must have killed him. (So glad to hear from you Edward John and Pat. We think that was a clever thing for the hen to do, and we wish we could see the porpoises having their fun in the ocean. What a good thing Dad has come home again, will he stay till after Christmas? Think it was fine of him to bring toys from Wellington, but it was hard luck his hat blowing off into the sea. Love to all.—Anne.)

NOKOMAI, a note from Margaret Cameron, who also had some snow at Nokomai, and asks for an address. (Margaret dear, perhaps when your Letter Mate reads this she will be sorry she has not answered your letter. Maybe, she didn't get your letter at all because the only address I have for her is a very poor one for a full place like "Seatoun, Wellington." Anyway, try her again if you like, and if you have no luck I'll find someone else. Yes, dear, you may send the stamps just any way you find easiest.—Anne.)

DUNEDIN, and such a nice letter from Jack, Paul, and Brian Porter's dear Grown-up Mother, who has sent for a badge for little Brian. Brian is only 4½ years old, too young to write although he goes to Kindergarten, but he is a truly Member of the L.P.L.C. all the same. (Indeed we're ever so glad to have Brian with us, we have two or three tiny Little People already. Will

you tell us his birthday, dear Mrs. Porter, we hope he'll like the Badge.—Anne.)

Also there is another letter, but it has no name at all anywhere, so I cannot tell who sent it. The Little Person says she was glad to see her name on our page, and she has a little baby sister. (Little Person without a Name, we're glad you have a baby sister, and wish we all had one.—Anne.)

The following big batch of letters are from our new Friends in Feilding. I will give you all their names, and we'll sort up the news in one big letter.

FEILDING, Convent School.

Kevin O'Rourke, Walter Hurdle, Jack Marston, Reggie Fraser, Donald Fraser, Eddie Wallace, Tom Warn, Leo Warn, Tom King, Eugene Morgan, Reggie Malone, Jack Enright, Jim Enright, Marjorie Sporle, Bridie Kelly, Hazel Kenevan, Kathleen Kenevan, Verna Harrison, Isabel Burns, Mona Thompson, Kathleen Morphy, Irene Goldsack, Mary Hill, Mabel Enright, Kara Harrison, Jean Smith, Mavis Smith, Emily Moroney, Ruth Clover, Nancy Goldsack, O— Ferguson.

All these Little People want to join us and have Birthday Mates. They tell us all sorts of news—one has had a birthday party; some have sent such pretty pictures to "Anne," dear little holy ones; such a number of them have pet lambs, calves, and cats; another tells about the fine stone school that was built by a Benefactress; they have a new church which was opened in August last; there seem to be plenty of chickens in Feilding, all my Little People have them; several of them live two or three miles from school and have to help with the milking before they go to school in the morning; most of the boys chop kindling wood for the wood box; they have vegetable and flower gardens; one boy has a bicycle, some bantams, and three brothers; and they have a vegetable garden at school also to keep them out of mischief; some are very fond of drawing and got a medal for it; one little girl has a canary that is sitting on a nest of three eggs, also she has a bantam hen called Picky Wicky, because she is blind and picks wheat out of her little mistress's hand; one little boy has a calf for which he wants a name; another has 17 canaries; but he doesn't ask for names for them; one little girl has a lovely doll and a wicker pram for it; there are about 130 children going to the Convent School. (Welcome, all you Feilding Little People, we think you are a bright band of