

The Little People's Page

Conducted by Anne

My dear Little People,

This is June, month of the Sacred Heart, and, going through my Birthday Book, I find quite a nice little batch of June friends. Their names are: Ireen Stack, Monica Thorne, Alice Gilroy, Jim Butler, Alice Day, and Nora Garvie. Of course we wish them all "Many Happy Returns" of their special days, and it just happens that Alice Daly and Nora Garvie have the same day. I wonder do they know one another? Don't you think June is an extra nice month for a birthday? You'll be sorry to hear though, that I have hardly any Little People in July, and I do want to get my book filled, what are we going to do about it? The only way will be for all the July babies to hurry up and write and tell me their dates. August, too, is a bit short.

Now, what about another little competition? Just an easy one this time, and the prize will be a pretty holy picture, only a small one, to hang over your bed. I want all the little ones especially, to come into this because they had hardly a fair chance last time, but the bigger girls and boys are to try too or else we will have only half the fun.

The competition is going to be the making of ANAGRAMS, and, although the word may surprise some of you, you really know quite well how to make anagrams—it is only spelling words out of certain given letters already arranged into words. Therefore, you are to try and make as many words as you can out of these by simply changing the letters round without using them more than once in each word:—

STARCH. BARLEY. WHEAT. BREAD. MILK. WATER.

One of the conditions of the competition is that each competitor is to do the whole business by himself or herself. You are not to worry other people, because, first of all, most of them expect you to be able to do it yourselves, and, secondly, it is not a Little People's competition if grown-ups are asked to help. Now remember that. Your answers are all to be received by me not later than the 30th June, and mind you write in ink, on one side only of each sheet. I have something else ready when this is over, so get to work and mind your spelling.

Now a little riddle to cheer us all up: "Two legs sat on three legs with one leg in his lap. Along comes four legs runs away with one leg, up jumps two legs picks up three legs, chases four legs and makes him bring one leg back."—What are they all?—Anne.

Dear Anne,—This is my first letter to you and I think the first from Porirua. I am 11 years of age and in Std. 5 at school. Unfortunately we have no Convent School here, so I go to the State school. We get the *Tablet* every week and I like to read it especially the last page, and the Little People's page. We have a pet white rabbit with pink eyes. I have two brothers and two sisters. On Easter Monday I went to see a football match. As there is no more news I will close for the present; with best love from all. Your friend, Doris Sloane, Porirua.

(Yes Doris, yours is the first letter from Porirua. Do you know that when I was a little child I lived for a short time near Porirua—at Titahi Bay.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am ten years old and in Std. 4. I have three sisters and two brothers and all younger than myself. My mother and father have just returned from the Glaciers. I wonder have you been there Anne? My father taught my sister Nellie and I to swim we go in the warm weather in the summer. I must close dear Anne so as not to take up too much space. Yours sincerely, Margaret McDonnell, Greymouth.

(You and I must go to the Glaciers one of these days. Isn't swimming a great joy? there is nothing else that feels quite as good, I think.—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—It is a long time since I wrote to you so I think it is time I wrote again. We have Mass in Waiau once a month, at 9.30 a.m. and 11 a.m. alternately. We live six miles north of Waiau. We are not very far from Hammer Springs. We have a farm. We are milking four cows. We are having glorious weather up here. I hope you are having the same down there. Well, dear Anne I have no more news so I will say good-bye. Your loving friend, Tottie Duncan, Waiau.

(Alas! we are not having glorious weather, although it is better than it was. Have you been to the Springs Tottie?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am writing this letter because I want to be one of your friends. I live in Westport where the best steam coal in the world comes from though I was born in Invercargill. About Westport is the famous Buller Gorge and other places of interest to the tourist. I am eleven years old and I have one brother and two sisters who are also writing to you. I go to St. Canices School and I am in the fifth standard. As my sisters have told you all the news I must close my little letter. With best wishes. From your new friend, Francis Thorpy, Westport.

(Yes, the Buller Gorge is worth seeing, are you fond of out-door beauty? Do you ever see any of the scenic films at the pictures?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am going to be one of your little friends who you will expect to write to you often. I am thirteen years of age and my birthday is on the 27th of November. I am in the seventh standard and I am also a boarder at St. Mary's College, but I am at present spending my holidays at home. We will be going back to school to-morrow. Every time the *Tablet* comes I always read the Little People's Page first. Ever since Sunday it has not rained during the day time. We all went to the early Mass at eight o'clock on Sunday and we went to Communion. After Mass we all went out to Tauranga Bay for the day. We went in for a paddle because it was too cold for a swim. We went for a walk among the rocks and brought with me a little friend of mine who was three years of age. We came into town about seven o'clock. I will now close as it is my first letter. I remain, your friend, Cilva Thorpy, Westport.

(You like the things I like—sea, rocks, beach, walks, and a swim. Isn't it good to be alive and able to enjoy all these things after having done our little best at our work?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I am going to be your friend. I am a girl of nine years of age. I have three brothers and one sister besides myself. Anne I am going to be a member of the Little People's page. I am a boarder in the Westport College. It is very nice there. The nuns are kind to me. It is lovely weather. Every time the *Tablet* comes I read the Little People's page. We have five ducks and twelve hens. I remain, your loving friend, Lana Thorpy, Westport.

(You are lucky to have brothers and a sister as well as ducks and hens. Don't you think ours is a happy circle of Little People, and every new member brings a new interest to us all?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—It is a long time since I wrote to you last: but I have not forgotten you at all. Our farm is seven miles from Invercargill on the Waimahaka line. We have twenty-five cows milking in the summer and only a few in the winter. We have three horses, named Joffre, Gipsy, and Tommy, and one beautiful cat the color of a tiger, and his name is Isaac, and also a pure white kitten, and dear Anne will you please give me a name for him. I have been waiting till I could write to you for a name for him. We have Holy Mass in our house sometimes. Father Woods used to come, but he is gone to Queenstown now, and Father Martin comes now. Good-bye dear Anne, God bless you, and don't forget the name for the white kitten. Your loving friend, Joseph Montague, Waimatua.

(I would like to see your tiger cat Jo, and do you like "Astra" for your kitten's name? It means star. Milking must be cold work those mornings, isn't it?—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—It is a long time since I wrote to you so I am writing again. I passed into Standard III, and my little brother passed into Primer I. A motor car stays in our shed every night but we are not allowed to touch it. I go to Holy Communion every fortnight and I think Father Finn is a good priest to travel seven and a half miles to give us Mass and Holy Communion. Say a prayer for me and I will say one for you. Yours sincerely, Paul Brennan, Howick.

(Good boy Paul to say a prayer for me, so do I say one for you. Glad you do not touch another man's car, so many boys and girls nowadays are not taught the difference between "mine" and "thine."—Anne.)

Dear Anne,—I would have wrote to you sooner only I did not know your address. But one of the nuns at our school told me it. I do not like school. I am in the fourth standard and have been going to the Convent School since I started. I hope you will excuse my writing as I am in a hurry. I will be expecting your answer to this letter every time the *Tablet* comes in. I have two brothers, the oldest one is eight and the youngest is six. I am the only girl in the family, my brothers names are Gorden and Teddy though Edward is Teddy's proper name. My age is ten and I am the oldest in the family. I have got one brother dead his name was Jim. I wonder if you are glad that your school days are past. I wish mine were. I will close now for I want some news for other times. My father is a baker he also sells lollies. Well dear Anne I will close. Good-bye for the present. Your new friend, Doris Hoffman, Gore.

(No, Doris dear, I am not glad my school days are past and I have very happy memories of them. All the same they are gone, and the days I am living now are just as full, happy and busy. You'll find that out as you go along.—Anne.)

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