

LETTERS FROM READERS

Bronzewings As Pets

I am joining the Camp-fire Club. I am just 13 years of age, and go to High School. I hope to become a teacher. I have two canaries and a pair of bronze-winged pigeons. I would like some boys to write to me. Wishing the Page every success.—Roy Coombes (Ellalong, via Cessnock, N.S.W.).

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Barraport Boy Desires Pen Friends

It is not long since I wrote, but I thought I would write again. I have a pen friend in Canada, named Douglas Rixton. I would like to know how to make a proper kite. There are 13 children going to our school. I would like a pen friend living in Australia. — Jack Henderson (Barraport, Vic.).

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Snakes at Nhill

We have had cool weather up here. There are a great many parrots and birds about this season. I set 24 traps

birds about this season. I set 24 traps every night, and catch many rabbits. We had fine weather for the harvest. When coming home from school one night, I saw a big brown snake, and killed it with a stick. We have killed four snakes this year. Wishing the Page success.—Harold Eardley (Nhill, Vic.).



The "Goldie's" Brood

We have only eight zebra finishes left now. I told you about our "Goldies" in a letter to the Page. Well, one morning mother went out to see if they were still in the nest, and found three on the ground at the foot of the tree. She put them back in the nest, but later two were lying on the ground again. So mother put them in a little box and hung it in the tree. The old birds fed them through the wire until they were fully feathered, and able to look after themselves. Mother rubs the seed out of the sunflower heads for them; she also gives them canary seed. As I am writing this letter there is a little mayfly on the writing pad. There are many insects tonight around the lamp, and mother is catching moths for the little tortoise. Have you been to the Zoo and seen the royal spoonbill and the four little black cormorants there? Dad got them from nests in dead gum trees in McPhail's Swamp.—Viola M. Shadforth (Kerang, Vic.).



A Galaquil Girl

As this is my first letter to you, I will tell you about the place where I

will tell you about the place where I live. Galaquil is 22 miles from Warracknabeal, in the Wimmera. It has been very dry up here. We spent a holiday at Portland, a very nice place. I loved hearing the sound of the waves and delighted in swimming. I am 13 years old and my birthday is March 7. I am doing my second year in the Eighth Grade, although I got my Merit last year. I saw the strange light in the sky that Harold Mills (Kurting, Vic.) described in his letter to your Page, and thought the same as he did about it. Next time I write I will tell you about our farm. Cheerio, and good luck to the Page. — Dorothy Couzner (Galaquil, Vic.).