



### A BONDEI WEDDING.

**S**T. MARK'S Day, 1901, will be long remembered in Magila, not, I fear, because it was St. Mark's Day, but as the wedding day of one of our best girl-teachers, and a teacher who, though he is at present working at Kologwe, is a Bondei, and for some time taught in the Magila Boys' School.

The bride, looking very shy, and attended by her bridesmaid—who, by the way, in this upside-down land is always a married woman—arrived on our baraza about 6.30 a.m., when the bells began pealing, and presently Miss Dunford carried her off to be dressed. Very pretty she looked in her soft white dress and veil, with sprays of Cape jessamine—unfortunately all the orange blossom had developed into oranges.

Then we all went into Church, where the bridegroom was waiting, looking very self-possessed, and apparently quite unconscious of curious eyes. I think the one thing that strikes one most about an African wedding is the behaviour of the congregation—no one forgets they are in Church, and the whole service is always reverent, though there is perhaps a tendency to sing more vigorously than usual.

The bride's voice was very low, but the bridegroom spoke out his responses as if he meant them. After the wedding service came the Celebration, ending with the Swahili version of "Rejoice to-day with one accord," which really might have been heard a mile away; then the congregation streamed out and waited round the door for the bridal party. The signing of the "marriage lines" is rather a lengthy



AFTER THE SERVICE.

business, but at last the little procession appears, the Church bells break out into a wild peal, guns go off, and to an accompaniment of shouts and cheers the party find their way along to our house again, where light refreshment in the shape of tea, bread and biscuits awaits the wedding party and their immediate friends and the clergy. It must not be understood that we issue invitations to *all* wedding parties—that is a privilege for our teachers only, and one which they greatly prize.

Meanwhile the crowd below began to get rather impatient. However, at last, about nine, every one was ready for a start, the wedding party formed itself below into a sort of procession, the bridegroom and his best man first, and the bride and her bridesmaid behind—of course, both bride and bridegroom were escorted under the inevitable umbrella. They were met by the whole of both schools, who led the way across the Quadrangle with shouts of joy. We followed to see the procession down the hill; it was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. The boys and girls were doing a sort of dance before the pair; they would run on for about twenty yards singing a little song in time to their feet, and then suddenly the whole party would turn and run back. When they reached the bride, the girls flung themselves on the ground at her feet, apparently to be walked upon; but no, in a moment they were up again, and running on in front once more, only to go through the same performance again. As they got near the village, where crowds of other friends awaited them, the boys tore down branches of the trees, and waved them in time to the singing. The waving green, the bright colours of the dresses, and the rhythmical dance made up a scene that one can never forget. From time to time guns were fired off, making a little flutter of fear among the wee children, and the grown-up friends who were too staid to throw themselves on the ground, or join the pretty dance showed their joy and their good wishes

by putting pice on the bride's head—as I believe is to this day the custom in far-away Wales. The pice are carefully collected by the bride's attendant. Very slowly the procession crept along, and it was past eleven before it at last reached the Orphanage, where the wedding feast was to be, since the teacher in charge of it is the bride's greatest friend. The orphans indeed felt themselves important personages. Had they not assisted in the cooking of wonderful things for many days past?



A SCHOOLBOY.

and had they not the honour of giving up their own room to be the bride's "reception room"?

Later in the day we went up to see how the feast was getting on, but we were too late to see anything except some of the farewells, which are very formal, and made the poor bride shyer than ever.

The wedding festivities went on all the week, partly at the Orphanage, then at the village where the bride's mother lives; and last of all the whole party, accompanied by many friends and well-wishers, went off for the final rejoicings at Mkuzi, the home of

the bridegroom. When the holidays are over, they will go on to their work at Kologwe, followed by the good wishes of all their friends at Magila, in which I am sure all readers of *AFRICAN TIDINGS* will heartily join.

A. GIBBONS.

MAGILA, May 2, 1901.

and school of the Mission, where boys are sent from other Mission stations to be trained and afterwards to circulate amongst and to carry the fruits of their training into the arteries of the Mission field; that by their lives and works others of their fellow countrymen may benefit and be



KIUNGANI FROM THE CREEK.

### KIUNGANI.

**K**IUNGANI, the "heart of the Mission"—as it has been termed by one who was once great amongst us but now has been called to his rest—means "in the suburbs," and is a name given to any place in the suburbs of Zanzibar. Our Kiungani is the college

brought into the great Body of the Church, there to receive spiritual nourishment to enable them to battle with the sins to which they are heirs.

Let me now tell you a little about the school and work here. When I first went there the lower classes were taught in a room then thought quite large enough for

the work; but since we have had our new schoolroom built I have often wondered how such a number of boys were taught there at all and for so many years. The new schoolroom is a splendid spacious building with ample room both for teachers and boys. The building was superintended by two of the best workers the Mission has ever had, Padre Chambers and Padre King.

teachers. There are fifteen native teachers. Four teachers teach in the school each month, thereby getting a grounding in practical teaching, while the others are receiving lectures both secular and religious. These teachers are trained and afterwards are sent back to other districts on the mainland to take up work amongst their own people. We have seventy-nine all told



BUILDING THE NEW SCHOOL (1899).

*Mr. King superintending.*

Padre Chambers died before the completion of the building, and Padre King died soon after it was opened; but they have left behind this memorial among many others as the fruits of their labours, to be enjoyed by their darker brethren for whom they so lovingly laboured.

The work of the college and school is carried on by five Europeans and native

in the college and school. The school is divided into four classes. The two lower classes are divided into two divisions. The works of the classes are as follows: General Divinity, Special Divinity, Arithmetic, Algebra, Grammar, English Translation, Unseen Translation, Geography, Church History, English Reading, Swahili Reading, Drawing, English Dictation, School

*Method, Holy Scripture Repetition, Reading in Chapel, English and Swahili Composition, Interpreting, Drilling and Singing.* The subjects in italics are lessons taken only by the top classes. Together with their work the boys attend celebration, matins, evensong, and other minor offices throughout the day. Examinations are held every half year, and it is delightful to see how keen the boys are about these exams. Drilling is enjoyed very much. We go out to drill twice a week. When we first started drill one of the non-commissioned officers of the Government troops was engaged to teach them, but owing to the illness of his father, which often occurred, the drill lesson often fell to me; and shortly after we found we could get on very well without special lessons, so I took it up permanently. Soon afterwards, by the kindness of the secretary of the "Stamp Club" connected with the Mission, we were presented with all the instruments required by a drum and fife band. So now when we go down to the field, or for marches along the road, we are headed by the Kiungani Band, and this gives us quite a military appearance.

I often wish some of our friends in England could see us at work and at play. I am sure they would be delighted at seeing boys whom they support, who, having been brought out of heathendom, are put through a training quite as strict as in any English school. It often makes us who work with them wonder, and I am sure it would surprise others to see these boys *enjoying* such a training. Many of them might lead a life of absolute idleness in their own land if they chose.

Football is liked immensely by the boys, in fact it is the game of the college. It is played on a plot of ground a few minutes' walk from the college. The ground has quite a park-like appearance, dotted here and there with mango trees, leaving enough space for three games to be played at a time if required. Usually there are only two games played, one by the senior boys and

the other by the juniors. Some of the Europeans on the staff play with them, but they find it very fatiguing. Very good matches have at times been played between the college and the bluejackets from the British men-o'-war, and I think the boys have come off best with the majority of the matches, as the bluejackets are outdone by the fleetness of foot of the boys and their marvelous kicking with their bare feet. So when kind friends send out footballs they are furnishing them with one of the greatest enjoyments, and I can vouch for the thorough appreciation of the footballs sent to them. Between school hours and other



KIUNGANI NEW SCHOOLROOM.

times, when they cannot go to the football ground, they play a miniature football game on the tennis court with a tennis ball, and the rules which are laid down in this game make it very difficult for either side to score goals, and so it becomes an interesting game. In the evening drumming and dances of the several tribes are indulged in. An African with a drum is quite at home. He will drum away for hours and enjoy what seems to a European, who has not had an education in the manners and customs of the natives, a hideous noise. People troubled with nerves are not recommended to come within a few hundred yards of an African drumming. Indoor English games, such as snap and draughts,

are liked very much. It would take a very clever draught player to beat some of the boys. I have seen draught boards played upon until the squares have become quite invisible. The native is also very fond of talking, and it is so very nice to see groups of boys sitting around one of their great story tellers who has read English fables and is interpreting them to his smaller listeners and also telling some legend of his forefathers from his native country.

Often I have seen inserted in our magazines, "The Mission is in want of school-masters," but how seldom has the call been responded to! I am sure should any one feel it his calling to work amongst these his darker brethren he would be amply repaid by the great interest their lives afford.

A. H.

ELy, May 20, 1901.

## HOW I SPENT PALM SUNDAY.

**P**ERHAPS you have read sometimes in AFRICAN TIDINGS of a place called Dunga: it is just about in the middle of Zanzibar Island, and is a large estate where the Government of Zanzibar is cultivating coffee and cloves, vanilla, cokernuts and various other things under the superintendence of Mr. Lyne, Director of Agriculture to H.H. the Sultan. A certain number of Christian people are employed there, and very occasionally service has been held by us. As the place is eleven miles away we can hardly expect them to come in every Sunday, so we have always felt that we ought to visit them when we could. Accordingly it was decided that I should go out there for Palm Sunday; so on Saturday morning I went to Mwera, which is about half way, on the donkey, and then Mr. Lyne's trap took me the rest of the way. He and the other European workers out there live in a large old Arab house, and here of course I stayed also. We arranged to have service on the roof, which was covered in, and nice and

airy. Some mats were hung up and some "turkey red" to form a background for the altar, a nice carpet in front of it, and some mats for the people to sit and kneel on. At seven o'clock I celebrated Holy Communion and also preached in Swahili. The congregation was rather unique, I think: there were five Englishmen, including a Cambridge graduate in arts and science who was staying there, a Frenchman, a Goanese, three or four Seychelles people, and a like number of Mombasa folk and a few Swahilis. And some of these were Roman Catholics! All did not communicate, naturally.

Then at three o'clock in the afternoon we had a little service downstairs for any who liked to come, non-Christians as well as the baptized. This was merely a few prayers and a passage of Holy Scripture and an address. After that we six English folks said evensong together, and Mr. Lyne, having to come into town, drove me in with him.

We hope to go out to this place regularly. A large population is at hand, and in Mr. Lyne we have a good friend who is ready to do all he can to help us. Of course not the least bit of pressure is put upon the people to come; it would obviously be no advantage to have a number of people sent by a master to a preaching service. They are told there is a service, and are left to come or not as they wish.

E. A. G.

## MAY THE TWENTY-THIRD.

**M**ANY of our readers, I hope, were present at the Eucharists and meetings on the 40th Anniversary Day, and will not need any information on the subject, but I know there are also many who could not be present, and they will be eager to know how the day was spent.

It was a great happiness and subject of thanks to God to find the morning fair and bright, and to travel in the fresh young

day to St. Paul's for the early Communion.

"Go through the garden on the south," said a kindly constable, "and through a little gate into the crypt."

I obeyed, and as I passed among the flowers I said to myself, "In the place where He was crucified—and where He rose—there was a garden." Then from the dazzling sunshine into darkness, as we descended the flight of steps feeling like early Christians going to worship in the catacombs. A moment more and we were in the chapel, to find, as they did, the altar and the cross, the priest and the Christ. About fifty of those present communicated; many men and women who had but come to us for a brief rest, others who had spent their all of health and strength for the Mission, and others who do the easy work at home, but still one in spirit with the more active workers.

These we saw with bodily eyes, but others too, we felt, were near, and saintly names of bishop and priest, of layman and lay woman, rose to our lips, and we commended them to our Father's care, and prayed for their increasing illumination.

After the service there was a very happy gathering round the breakfast table, which we found most hospitably spread not far from the cathedral. Such happy faces, such glad greetings; no introductions needed, we were all one in our common interests and affections.

At 11 a.m. we gathered together again at St. John's, Red Lion Square—the beautiful church so closely associated with our Mission. The Choral Eucharist was indeed a glad and glorious act of worship, and Father Waggett's sermon was one never to be forgotten, full of encouragement for the workers, and wise counsel, so lovingly offered that one felt it would be acted on. Palestrina's music, stately and dignified, and yet sounding so simple in spite of its intricate movement and harmony, seemed to lift us to that higher level which we so often seek in vain, and from which we too quickly descend, but on which we seemed

to rest that day, lower things losing their attractive power.

I was not able to go to the afternoon meeting at the Church House, but long before 8 p.m. I found myself at Holborn Town Hall. Crowds were quietly and courteously marching up the stairs; the great room seemed quite full as I entered. It was hopeless to seek a seat at that end, so I moved onward towards the platform, looking for some little vacant space. At last, close to the upper end, I was most



AN AFRICAN TEACHER.

kindly made room for, and to my joy saw and heard all I wanted, and that was, every changing expression on the speakers' faces and every word uttered by them.

Canon Scott Holland, as always, was full of good cheer and happy auguries. Wit and wisdom are so cunningly balanced in our Canon's speeches at the U.M.C.A. meetings that we smile and grow grave a thousand times while his wonderful words flow on and—only that we wanted to hear our two doctors and Mr. Caradoc Davies—we would have cried "More, more!" when he ceased.

Dr. Palmer's brief in favour of the climate and the work had a special value, for we knew it was not only the devoted and enthusiastic missionary who was speaking but the trained physician who had made a special study of the climate and of the diseases of the districts where we are working, and who would not minimise danger or speak lightly of precautions, hygienic and sanitary.

Dr. Howard next spoke, and his graphic account of the daily round transported us all, I think, to the station he had so lately left, and we felt that we had been at his side and watching his methods, learning much of the people and the place as he knew them.

The Rev. Caradoc Davies then gave us an interesting account of the new college at Nyasa, and we ask all who love our African boys, and wish to help them to be good and useful men, to send some special offering to this special effort for their training.

Canon Scott Holland summed up what we had heard, and then before dismissing us with words of benediction, solemnly, amid profound silence, told us that the Archbishop of Canterbury had cabled to the Bishop of Likoma directing him to accept the office of Bishop of Zanzibar. God bless his work there as God has blessed it at Likoma, and send to Likoma a chief pastor like-minded to the beloved Bishop Maples, who consecrated by his death beneath its waves the lake of Nyasa to be the highway for the Gospel of Peace.

E. ROTHESAY JAMIESON.

## TWO DAYS ON BAWÉ ISLAND.



**E** had a most delightful time at Bawé. It was the first real holiday I have had since coming out here.

We left Kiungani at 6.30 a.m., in pouring rain. Padre Mackay and I, in mackintoshes and with umbrellas up, set out

amidst a good deal of laughter from those we left behind. The boys, with their loads of mats and blankets, etc., were soon wet to the skin, though some of them improvised umbrellas of banana leaves or palm branches. One boy, particularly noted for his apparent solemnity, slipped, and sat down with great vigour in a muddy puddle. Under the circumstances, this afforded considerable amusement, though it was soon damped again by an extra tropical downpour which completely drenched my companion. I fortunately kept fairly dry. When we arrived in the town we had to wade through several rushing torrents, into which most of the narrow streets had turned.

Arriving at Mkunazini we found that we were not expected, the weather being what it was. However, at last we started for the shore, with Brother Moffatt added to our party, Mamdu, the Zanzibar Whiteley, bringing along the food, water, etc. At the shore we found the launch and lighter ready for us, so that shortly before 8 a.m. we were under weigh for the island of Bawé. I ought to remark that the rain stopped as soon as we reached Mkunazini.

It took us about thirty minutes to reach Bawé. The tide was going out, so that the launch had to cast anchor about 300 yards off the shore. The lighter then proceeded to take Mackay and half the boys and some of our goods. They were able to get in quite close, and had very little difficulty about landing, though they took a long time about it. Then the rest of us were fetched, but we were not so lucky as the first party. We could only get within 100 yards of the shore, as the tide was going out very quickly. Eventually I got out and waded ashore with a large bundle on my shoulders. I did not take my boots off as I had to walk on coral rock. At last we were safely landed, and placing our goods in a hut, which is used by the Eastern Telegraph Company for testing cables, we were free to roam wild. I spent the rest of the day in bare feet.



The island is quite small—only about two miles in circumference. It is entirely of coral, and its coral grottoes and caves are most beautiful.

We Wazungu had our meals in the testing house, the boys round their camp fires. Everything was in the most approved picnic style. The boys spent a great deal of their time fishing in beautiful clear pools, filled with fish, some of a most brilliant colour.

We had an eventful night. We started sleeping out of doors, but at about 2 a.m. it began to rain. There was a tremendous rush for the house. There was only one room, and that rather small. However, we packed ourselves in. We all managed to get a spot to lie on, some on the table, some underneath it. Brother Moffatt had an old bedstead, which he had managed to put together. Under this bedstead two enterprising boys crept. There was only just room for them as the bedstead was very low. In fact Brother Moffatt said that whenever he moved he could feel the youth below him. We preferred the floor, and slept fairly comfortably.

The next morning was beautifully fine, and after a delightful bathe in perfectly clear water, and a hearty breakfast, we felt equal for anything.

Moffatt and I set out for a ramble. We had the most delightful walk, first making an expedition into the interior, then walking all round the island. We walked most of the way under the coral rocks, as the sea has worn away the rock underneath, forming a jutting roof almost all round the island. In some places we had to wade through the sea. It was a most wonderful experience. At one spot it is no exaggeration to say we waded through a huge shoal of small fish, about as big as sprats. They quite blackened the water, and leapt up all about us. We came across immense numbers of crabs. As we came round the corners we would see and hear them scuttling to their holes, and their shells striking the coral as they ran made a clinking sound.

About 4 p.m. the launch came to fetch us off. We embarked without any difficulty as it was high tide. They took us right up to Kiungani, so we only had to walk up the hill. Thus ended two of the jolliest days I have ever spent.

F. E. PEARSE.

*St. Andrew's College, April 17, 1901.*



#### KOTA-KOTA.

**Q**UIN the First Sunday in Lent two men, five women, and five girls were baptized, and confirmed by the bishop on the following Sunday. The preparations for building the new church have begun.

#### THE NYASA COLLEGE.

Mr. Glossop, who is in charge of the college during Mr. Davies' absence in England, reports that there are forty boys in the school and twenty-seven students in the college.

#### AN INQUIRY.

"Why is it that we cannot get a bishop?" one of the boys asked the other night, and proceeded to inquire, "Is there only one bishop in England?"

He evidently thought that if there were two one ought to be spared to us. Apparently people in England do not regard it in the same light.



**F**OR the second time the threepenny-piece collection, made by Mrs. Hodgson, of Exeter, has been received at the office. The first time it amounted to £12; this second collection consisted of 1,280 coins, amounting to £16.

We notice with gratitude that in over 1,300 churches the Holy Eucharist was celebrated for the Mission at the time of the Anniversary.

We accord an affectionate welcome to Mr. A. C. Madan, who has just returned to England from Zanzibar. Mr. Madan joined the Mission in 1880, and, though latterly he has not been officially connected with it, the whole of the twenty-one years has been spent in the Mission service, chiefly in literary and linguistic work. He has just prepared a second edition of his English-Swahili Dictionary.

In addition to Miss Cameron, Miss Kenyon, Miss Schofield, who have just arrived from Nyasa, we shall shortly hope to welcome the Misses Mills, Andrews, Ram, and Gibbons from Zanzibar and Magila.

We are glad to see that six of our readers have sent up the correct sentences that Mr. Gee had taught in his addresses at Leek. Would that we all might remember and act upon them. They are as follows—

1. There are millions of people who know nothing about our Lord Jesus Christ.

2. Therefore every Christian must be a missionary.

3. We must pray for missionary work.

4. We must give our money for missionary work.

5. And, if God calls us, we must go ourselves to teach the heathen.

Will the friends and patrons of our children kindly notice this new request about presents, just received from Zanzibar:—

“We do not forget what a pleasure the giving of presents affords to patrons at home, and especially to children who join together to buy something for their small friend in Africa. But we ask patrons to refrain from sending presents to their children.

“We would recommend that games, blankets, etc., should be sent to the *School* where the child is; and that any patrons, who feel inclined, should notify to the head of the School the fact that a gift will be sent in any case of special need, on receipt of an official request.”

#### A CALL TO MISSIONARY WORK.

If only it were possible to reach the whole people of England at once, to penetrate into their consciences, and make them understand what is the great purpose for which God has raised up this Church; if only it were possible to make men feel that the Lord has a great task to which He calls us more than any other people! And in the meanwhile we have not the willing heart to respond to the call, but prefer to confine our attention to trifling matters which are hardly worth the attention of Christians in any real degree. How is it that we cannot be stirred by something deeper, and larger, and fuller, and more heavenly?

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.



## EASTER MONDAY IN ZANZIBAR.

**F**ROM time to time our readers have read of many picnics in this land of out-of-door life, but I think the younger readers at least may like to hear of one more.

It was decided this year to have a general picnic for our native Christians in town, that they might have a day in the country. Men, women, and children alike were asked.

We engaged to take rice for all, and plenty of tea; anything else they were to provide themselves.

Small babies were tied on mother's back; the etc. babies were packed into a little hand-cart, and were very merry over their ride; others ran by the side.

On leaving the broad road we turned into the plantations, and a pretty scene was stretched out before our eyes.

Groves of mangoes, with plenty of palms to break the background; a sort of shallow lake covered with blue water-lilies; women at one side in bright dresses washing clothes; boys all over the lake to their waist in water catching fish—at least they said so, but they sang and laughed and ran about in the water to such an extent that few fish were caught, except by a small boy who



A SCENE IN ZANZIBAR.

got in a quiet corner all by himself, and brought out a nice number.

Leaving the marsh on the left, we found our way to "Sebotani," a ruin with two roofed rooms raised on arches. It may have been the ground floor of a former house, but more likely a house begun by Arabs and left half built, which is their custom if any misfortune happens while building.

Soon numbers of our women came streaming in with wooden trays on their heads, with things on the top covered over. I thought, "Oh, what a feast these people are bringing!" but I soon discovered it was nothing of the kind. What was it? Why, to be sure, their week's washing. They were going out for a day to a place where there was plenty of water. Why waste a day? So they started off with their family washing, and it was all finished when we began the day.

First there were stones to hunt for the kettle and pots to stand on; then a little stall of refreshments to set out for the people to buy at—lemonade and sherbet at halfpenny a bottle, farthing packets of dates, a farthing for little piles of bananas, and bread for halfpenny a little loaf.

Soon high jumps and races began, which all entered into with spirit, and the little prizes gave great pleasure. One little thing won a frock, and there was no peace till she had put it on. How they enjoyed the tea! Buckets and buckets were handed round. And then, as the sports were coming to an end, the "ngoma" or professional drummers arrived. No less than eight drums—long drums, short drums, thick drums. Women came too, with bells and chains on their ankles, which jingled, and soon the scene was changed. All were engaged in the dance, which went on till we broke up.

About four the people sat down to their meals. Then the flat wooden trays which they had used for washing came into use again. They served as a family plate, and groups sat round them with their piled up

heaps of rice; others made use of large leaves, and others again came and asked for paper as a substitute. Very happy they were, and the two enormous pots of rice were nearly finished.

The sun now began to get low, so the ngoma ceased. We gathered up our things and returned, talking on the way of our next Easter Monday.

Zanzibar.

M. A. B.

#### RESULT OF THE MAY COMPETITION.

*Seniors.*—Full marks, 30: S. Aldersey, 29; C. M. Wilson, 21; G. F. Payns, 20; E. Bliss, 16; M. March, 15.

*Juniors.*—Full marks, 20: H. Webb, 18; J. G. Weller, 16; N. A. G. Hayler, 15; A. Mayhew and W. Hurst, 12; A. Drummond, 11; A. Butterworth, 10.

#### Square Word for May.

A N T S (White)  
N E A T  
T A L E  
S T E P

#### JULY COMPETITION.

##### *Seniors.*

1. Where is Ng'ambo? Give three facts about it.
2. In what particular do Central African trees differ from English ones? Name an exception.
3. Why is cassava such a useful plant in Central Africa? What plant grows well at Kota-Kota?
4. What did a Kota-Kota boy do when far away from home which shows he had not forgotten the Mission?
5. What kind of people do the Mission ladies in Zanzibar go and visit, and why?

##### *Juniors.*

1. What useful things are made from the fan-palm?
2. What happened at Kilimanjaro on February 4th?
3. Give a little account of the Girls' School at Likoma.

Answers to be sent before July 31, to

The Editor of "The Children's Page,"

8, Ancona Road, Highbury, N.

#### RULES.

1. Competitors will be divided into two classes, in each of which Two Prizes will be given quarterly to those who have gained the highest number of marks. Class I., Seniors, those over 13 and under 17. Class II., Juniors, those under 13.

Certificates are given to those who take the 3rd and 4th place. Holders of Six Certificates are entitled to a Prize.

2. One side of the paper only to be written on.

3. Name, age last birthday, and address to be written at the top of the first sheet.

4. Every paper to be signed by a parent or teacher to certify that it is the unaided work of Competitor.