

Extract 3 from Mickie Daly's diary, May 1932



Night-Time.

What do you think? Tom Dacey's name was called over the wireless tonight becoss it's his birthday. Uncle Edwood called it. Isn't Tom Dacey a big sissy? I wouldn't have any old Uncle Edwood calling out my name. It's only for girls. Think of that Big Sissy, Dacey sitting up listening to silly old Uncle Edwood talking a lot of tripe about being a good boy on his birthday. If I couldn't be good without taking Uncle Edwood's advise, I would be a funny Christian.

Boys know they should try to be good. Their mothers and fathers tell them, and the Sisters and Brothers tell them, and the priests tell them, and the Bishops, and the Pope. So I say, let silly old Uncle Edwood never mind about us. We know our jooty. Let him tell us stories if he likes, and jokes, and adventures, and ejerkatshon matters, but leave out being good alone. Of course, mind, it's all right for girls. They like a fuss about their birthdays. I'll rub it in to Sissy Dacey to-morrow. And Uncle Edwood told Mary Dacey to be sure and eat all her green vegetables. The poor girl. Fancy making a show of her like that, about green vegetables. If she doesn't like them, what has that got to do with that interfeering old Uncle Edwood? He needn't go and wireless it all over Australia.

Only 2 acts in my book. I think I won't rub it in to Toni Dacey tomorrow. I won't mention it, and then that will make three acts.

We sang the Lent hymns at the children's Mass to-day, and I felt sorry there were so few acts in my book.

Billy Brooks wanted to whisper to me at the sermon, but I did not encurrige him at all. I dug my elbow into him and told him to keep quiet and listen. I listened to every word Father Dale said. It was about Lent and penance and Confession for Easter, and Holy Communion. And it was about Faith. Father Dale said a lot of people these days thought they could live without God, and that is why there is so much mizery in the world. He told us to be very faithful to our prayers, to thank God for the Faith, and to pray for the people who have not Faith. I'll say

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a little prayer for them when I make my visit. I won't miss my visit or my deckide one more time during Lent.

To-morrow is Monday again. Monday comes quicker than any other day. I wish school commenced on Tuesday. I suppose it would be an act to try and like Monday. But I am not a Saint. Must ask mother to call me for Mass.

Monday.

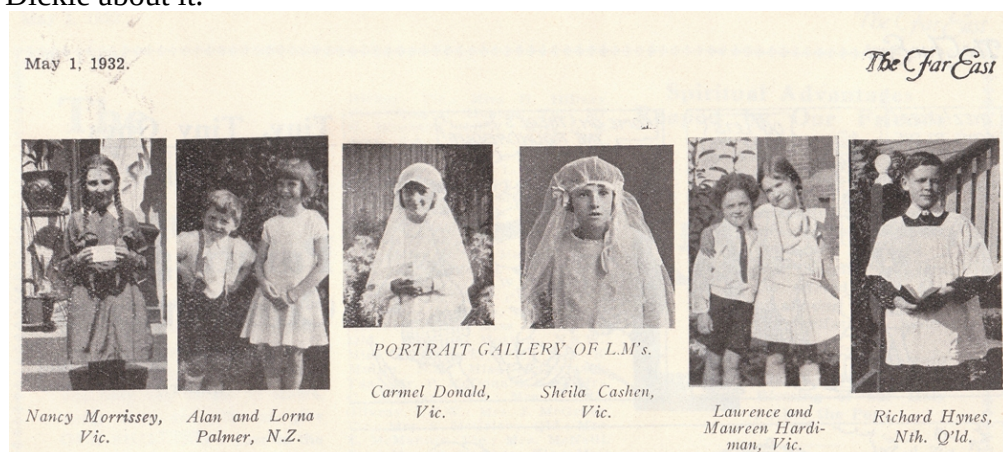
Dickie gave me some transfers when we were going to school, and just because I brought one out on the back of my hand, that siv-ear Sister Pawl took all the others out of my pocket and made a fuss. She said I was an idle, lazy boy, and put me in a desk right up near her table. I wish I hed made an act about the transfers, and left them in my pocket until eleven o'clock. Now I have lost the act and the transfers too. I always have stiff luck.

Sister Allerwishes told us the story of Saint Pancrashous and Saint Tarcis-see-us to-day. I nearly cried. I wish I could go now and be a martir and be safe in Heaven for ever and ever. These times its hard to be good and get to Heaven. I wish I could be a martir. I wish a feerce persiquishon would start to-day. Dickie said we'd be fritened if it did, and we might give in. But I said we would not, because God would help us.

Dickie and me made our visit coming home, and we said the Stations. Sister Allerwishes said we should go round the Stations often, every day if we can, in Lent. Dickie and I prayed hard as anything not to give up our Faith for anything, persiquishon or devils or anythings. We put our ice cream penny in St. Vincent's Box, and when we passed the lolly shop window we didn't care a bit. We just looked at all the nice things, and Dickie said he could taste them just as if he really had them. But I couldn't.

Next Day.

I dreamt last night I was going to be a martir, I saw the lions and all the other wild animals. I must have been frightened, for I called out and mother came in. She said I was shouting at the top of my voice: "I won't give up my Faith! I won't! I won't! Not for all your lions and tigers and bulls and elephants." But I was shivering and crying when I woke. So I must have been very scared. But I'm glad I kept saying I won't! I won't! even if I was skared. I must tell Dickie about it.



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Wednesday.

Dickie and me were at Mass this morning. We are going to try and go every morning. We didn't talk in school to-day. I got 2 sums right. Sister was pleased, and so was I. Sister said it was because I had paid attenshon.

I was very happy. But, oh jingy! I went and spent my penny on a slice of water-melon. It wasn't a bit nice, either; just all water and no melon flaver.

The papers grandmamma promised to send came to-day. There is one for me to keep, and one to take to Sister. Grandmamma thinks Sister should see it and show it to the children, and then they will all want one for themselves. Grandmamma thinks every Catholic child in Australia, should have a "Far East."

The paper has nice pictures all about China. I'm going to play cricket with Dickie and Maurice and Torn. I'll have a good look at the paper to-night. Grandmamma said I have to read every single word of the children's part, and that mother and father have to read from cover to cover.

After Tea.

No tart to-night; but I didn't mind. I ate the milk pudding as bravely as I could for an act. I was going to ask for a second helping, but I thought that would not really be an act, and it would make me sick, and we must not injure our health doing acts. Sister Allerwishes explained that to us. I ate all my pumpkin, too. It tasted like hot, yellow soap, with salt on it. Mother said, I'm glad you like pumpkin now, Mickie. It is so good for you. I tried to smile. But I didn't like it a bit.

Jings! The "Far East" is great. I wish I had been getting it years ago. I've missed a lot. I did my sums before I looked at it. Sister Pawl seems to think a boy must do sums for homework no matter what happens.

So I did them, and then I thought, I'll have to look at this paper to please grandmamma. I won't read it all. No chance. But I did, and wished there was more. So I started, and was reading away, and so absorbed that I didn't hear mother calling Bedtime. So she and father came in to see if I had fallen a sleep or was in a brain fever on account of the sums.

"How are your eyes to-night, Archibald?" father said. He calls me all the names you can think of - Horice and Egbert, and Walpole and Napolyin, and any old name. I looked up like a man in a dream at my parents.

"Oh, mother! Oh, father! Come and read this," I said.

So my parents drew up a chair at my side - me in the middle - and the three of us devoured the "Far East." Before we rained our eyes again the clock struck nine.

It's bettern any comic I can tell you. The letters are great. I'm going to write one. I bet Dickie will, too. All the kids will want to write. The girls will go mad for Maureen, I bet. I can hardly wait for the morning to tell them. I'll take it to school and I'll give the other one to

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Sister Allerwishes because she gives us our catechism and our religious instructshin, and all things like that.

Later.

Just ready for bed. But I opened my diary again to write these solumn words: -

When I grow up I hope I shall be a priest, and I'll go to China to spread the Faith. And if there is a persequishon there, I hope God will help me to be a martir.

- Mickie Daly.