

MICKIE DALY'S DIARY



So we said goodbye to this very kind growsir and goodbye to my mother. (Her face was very pink. I think she was thinking that I am a great responsibility to her. So I am. But I'll make it all up some day. And then she will be proud of me and rejoice at having me for her boy.)

We drove back. We went a long way round, for Father Dale had to call at some places to see sick people. It was a beautiful day. I had not noticed before how very blue the sky was. I never remember to have seen it quite that culler. It was a sunshiny day, and the air in front of the car was dancing like as if it was happy. My heart was dancing, too. It's great to find out you have not killed a man; have not even sent him to hospital, after all your angwish. All the people looked happy, and I felt I loved them all. The Catholic men (and quite a lot of non-Catholics) took their hats off to Father Dale. I felt very proud to be sitting beside him. I would rather sit in the car beside Father Dale than sit in the King's car. The King's all right. They say he is a very kind, polite and good man, and doesn't show off a bit. But I'd rather drive beside Father Dale, because he's a priest. He's a kind man, a perfect man; and, besides that, he's a priest. You feel near to God when you are near Father Dale—as if Father Dale's right hand was clasping Our Lord's hand, and you had hold of Father Dale's left hand. The three of us, together. It is a beautiful feeling.

It was half-past twelve when we got back to the presbytery, and Father Dale said that I was to come in and have some lunch with him. The other priest was away, and he said he was lonely.

The housekeeper showed me where to wash my hands, and she brushed my hair herself. (She's a kind

woman. I was afraid for a minute she was going to kiss me, after she brushed my hair; but I am happy to say she didn't.)

I tried to be very polite at the table. I hope I was. Sometimes when I am in a hurry at my meals at home, my father calls me "a young barbearean." I hope I did not apeer a barbearein to Father Dale. I ate slowly and I kept my lips closed. I didn't spill anything. For a wonder! And I didn't drop my knife or fork.

That afternoon, in the class, I was like on air. My feet did not seem to touch the ground. I just floated thro' everything.

I was glad Sister Pawl was not dead.

I was glad the growsir was not dead.



A "FAR EAST" TRIO.
Robbie, Pat, and Kevin Harper,
Abbotsford, Vic.

I thanked God that night that the growsir was not hurt.

Forchinitely, he fell sitting. If he had struck his head on the pavement he would very possibly have got concushin.

I cawshin all boys who play with tires to be careful: You can't expect everyone to fall sitting.

There is something called the law of averidges that makes it impossible, so my father says. I am sure I do not know why. But I cawshin you all. Take Mickie Daly's word for it, and be careful with tires and scooters when you are in the public street.

Munday.

I spelt it rong. It should have been rigor mortis. I said I would be careful with Latin, because it's dead. I wish English was dead and buried, and that we had a new, easy spelling like Americans. Sister Pawl would have peece then; and so would I. I suppose, when I leeve school, it will come in—spelling any way you like. It won't come in fashin during my school-days. Oh no. No good luck like that for me.

Chewsday.

Blamed again! I didn't do it. Think no boy in this town had hands except me. Just because I marked the letter with my finger and showed how it could be done, I get blamed as if I had done it. I didn't put the tar on.

Not far from the school a man named Mr. Bull lives. He's from England, and lived in a place called TORRIDGE; so when he came to Australia, he called his house TORRIDGE. One day, when we were passing, I just ran my finger round the top of the T and traced P. The kids larfed. Well—a few days ago, men were doing the street, and there was tar about, and one morning when we passed Mr. Bull's house there was PORRIDGE on the gate instead of TORRIDGE. The T had

FOR CERTAIN DADS

THIS isn't out of a book, St. Joseph, this is a prayer of my own,
And you are the saint I've picked, St. Joseph, because you must have
known

The weary ways of the idle days, the troubles that in them lurk,
So I pray to you for the Dads, St. Joseph, the Dads who are out of work.

You were the head of the house, St. Joseph, neat, white house in the hills.
And happy were you to earn, St. Joseph, and be paying the little bills,
Keeping the roof over Jesus and Mary; never a task you'd shirk;
But oh, the pang when no hammer rang, and you waited, waited for work!

So you pity the jobless men, St. Joseph, knowing the ache they feel,
As they heavily walk the streets, St. Joseph, shabby and down at heel,
Hopefully starting their search, St. Joseph, hopelessly home at the end.
The Dads who are out of work, St. Joseph, need you to-day for their friend!

Perhaps they took little thought, St. Joseph, back in their days of pride,
Forgetting your foster-Son, St. Joseph, and forgetting why He died;
But some were true and joined with you in building the House of God.
Show all the light, divinely bright, that gladdened the path you trod.

Show them the Star of the Poor, St. Joseph, show them the little Child
Who shared your troubles and needs, St. Joseph, Who looked in your eyes
and smiled.

He sees the heart, and He plans apart, though the world may scoff and
smirk,

Eternal pay for each suffering day of the Dads who are out of work.

—Nanky Poo.

been made into a P with some tar.
The kids gathered around in millyins
on their way to school. "A plate
of Porridge," they larfed. All the
little Bulls came running out; I
think they thort their home was on
fire. Then Mr. Bull came out, and
didn't he roar on us. Think he was
going to jump the fence and toss us
like a real bull. He chased us off.

The boys looked at me and said:
"You did it, Daly."

But I didn't. They would not be-
lieve me; just because I had pointed
out how it could be done, I get the
blame of doing it. I suppose many
a poor man has been sent to the
block or the gillitine or the chair or
the rope for having shown other
dumb-bells how things can be done.
The dummies go and do the thing
and some one blames the clever man.
I'll keep my inspirashins to myself
after this.

The Englishman came to the
school. You bet he would. When
he was gone, Sister Pawl gave us a
terrible lecture. Long as a real ser-
mon. You'd think that PORRIDGE
was an obseen word the fuss she
made.

Mary Dacey (She's the ugliest girl
in the school, and keeps on getting
uglier every day) goes and says: "I
think Mickie Daly did it, Sister, be-
cause, Sister, one day he showed us
how easy it would be to make the
T into a P, Sister."

The rash-judger! That's what
she is—a big rash-judger!

"Oh, Sister, I didn't," I said.

"You did so, Mickie Daly," Mary
squeeks.

"I mean, Sister, that I did not——"

"Yes, he did, Sister," called out
some more rash-judgers. They
wanted to say a lot more, but Sister
rapped with her pencil, so they got
quite.

"Michael Daly, did you draw the
children's attenshin to the letter in
this way?"

"But, Sister——"

"Answer yes or no."

"Yes, Sister."

"Did you altar the letter with
tar?"

"No, Sister."

"Ooooooh!" says Mary Dacey, like
the wind wailing round a grave or
a ghost, or something; and she



BARRY O'NEILL AND JACK
DODORICO, VIC.

looked as if she thort the school
would fall down on me. She need
not think I tell lies. Just because
her big, fat brother, Tom, tells lies,
I suppose she thinks every boy does.
I've found Dacey out in lots of lies.
I suppose the whole family tells
them—even the mother and the
father.

Sister Pawl told us how wrong it
is to go spoiling people's property
and causing them expence and annoy-
inse, and all that. Everyone looked
at me, and so, of course, I went a
bit redder than usual. You have to
when people stare at you and ackuse
you. Even when you are innersent
you look guilty. I was in hopes that
Father Dale would come in. He
generilly comes when there is an in-
quiry on. He might have found the
kulprit. But no. He didn't come.
If I had done it, he would have been
there to witness my shame and
mizery, when I owned up to Sister
Pawl. Oh, yes.

On the way home the kids gath-
ered again around Mr. Bull's gate



THE FIFTH CLASS, C.B.C., EAST ST. KILDA, VIC., WOULD SEEM TO BE
IN A CLASS APART.

until Mrs. Bull came out and chased them.

"Gee! Daly—you're clever. You're brilliyint," Croftie said to me. But I did not enjoy the compliment.

Well, some reporter, who had little to do—no murders or robberies or anything to kronickle—heard about the joke, and in the evening there was a picture of Mr. Bull's gate in the paper and a parragraf about it—about boys being boys, etsetera.

My father drew my mother's attentshin to it, and he larfed out loud, with those little giggles in his voice. He enjoys a silly joke like that. I suppose I was staring at him, wondering at his merth. He cort my eye and sowbid up at once. He looked hard at me.

"Did you do it, Horris?" he asked.

"No, Dad."

I fancy he looked a bit dissatisfied. Then I had an inspirashin. I looked hard at him, and said:

"Did you do it—25 years ago?"

He nodded; his eyes winkled up and he larfed again. "Gosh!" he said, "it was fun." Gosh is his way of saying "Gee." Gosh and golly are his expreshins. I suppose boys said them 25 years ago. They are dead now—like Latin. Only old people remember them and use them, sometimes.

"Tell us about it," I said. I like to hear about the things he did when he was a boy.

"Well," he said, "my mate and I got busy with some paint one moonlit night. The houses we found most suitable for quick changing were—TINANA, The FIG TREE, and RATHMORE. In the morning they read: BANANA, The PIG TREE, and BATHMORE. We could not put the missing N in BANANA."

"Were you found out?"

He nodded, and larfed again.

"Did you get a hiding?"

"Yes—so did Pat; and we had to go up and scrub and scrub until we got the paint off, and all the youngsters of the nayborhood stood round cheering and jeering at us—that was the worst part. We had to save our money and get the names painted on properly, because our rubbing and scrubbing smudged the whole name."

I side.

He larfed; but I side.

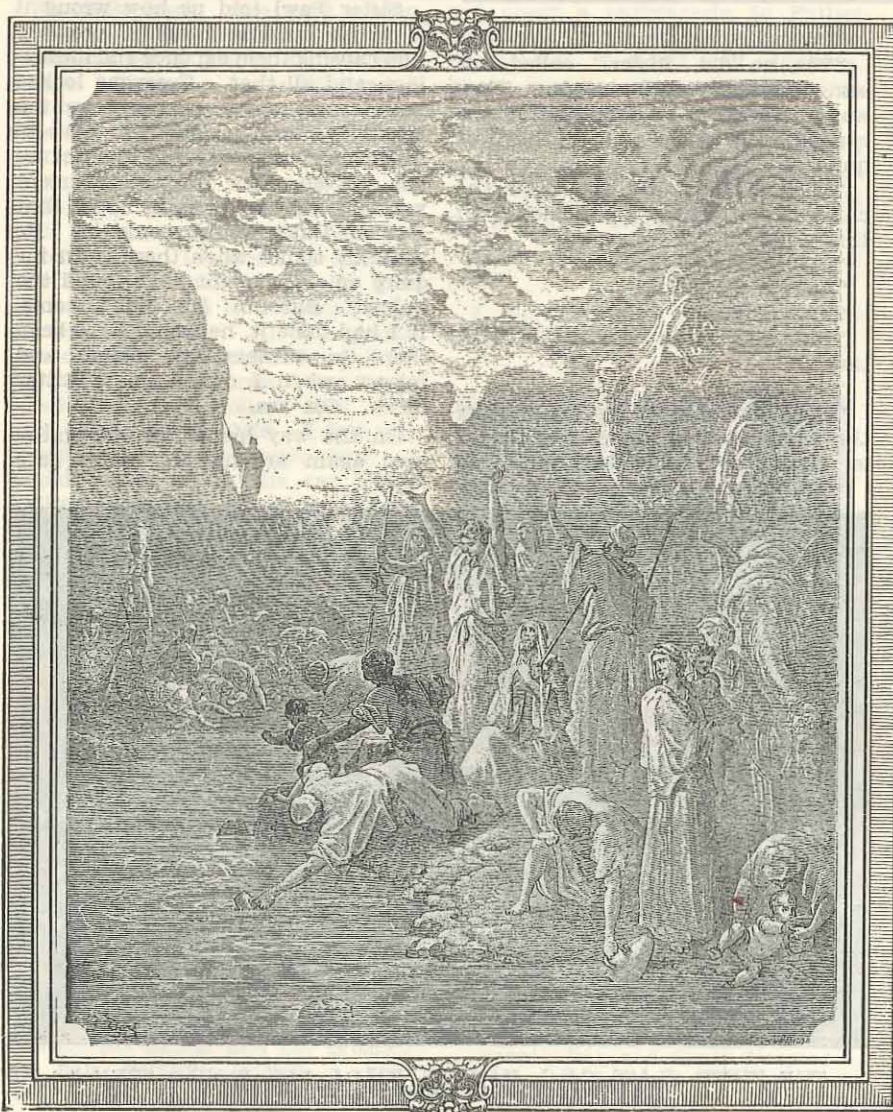
Histry did not repeat itself in the Family this time, but I get into trubble just the same. I'm blamed. I might as well have done it.

(To be continued.)

RIDDLE.

Q. When is "The Far East" not "The Far East"?

A. When Mickie is not in it.



Gloria Peters, Convent High School, Blenheim, N.Z., was the moving spirit behind a successful Penny Garden Party in aid of China. Result, £1. Bravo, Gloria!

Owing to pressure of space, Maureen's Letter Box and Replies have been crowded out. Little friends who are disappointed, please have patience until next month.—M.

MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK.

In their wanderings in search of the Land promised to their nation by God the Israelites spent some time in a barren wilderness, called the desert of Zin. Both men and animals suffered intensely in this thirsty and barren land, and the people complained loudly to their leader, Moses.

God heard the prayer of Moses for help and wrought a signal miracle to help His chosen people. He told Moses to strike the rock. "And when Moses had lifted up his hand and struck the rock twice with the rod there came forth water in great abundance, so the people and their cattle drank." (Num. xx., 11).

The rock was a figure of Our Lord, Who refreshes our souls with His grace.