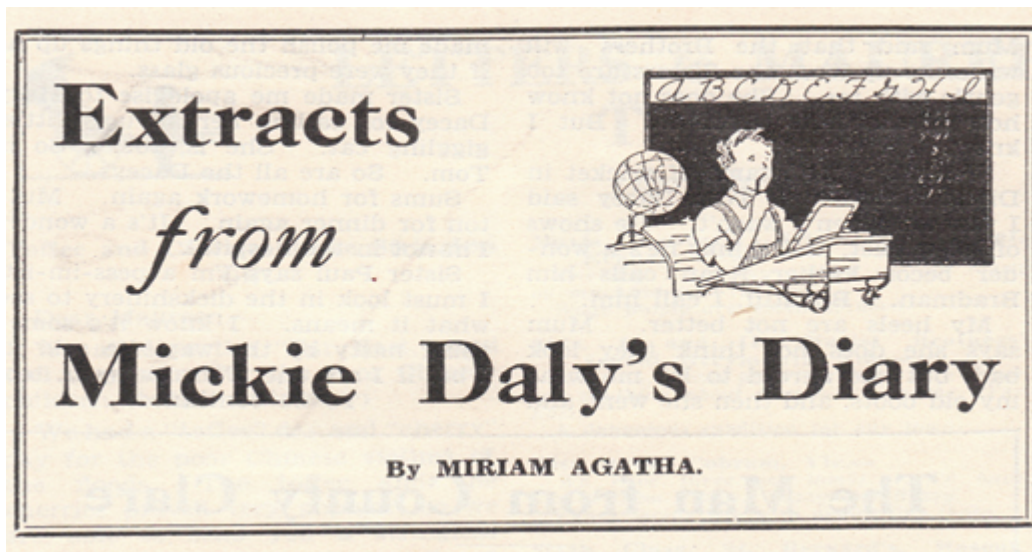


Extract 2 from Mickie Daly's diary, April 1932



To-day.

To-day I looked in the Dictionary.

It says: Pessimist, one who complains of everything being for the worst; opposed to optimist.

That's a punk meaning anyway.

Why shouldn't anyone complain when things are for the worst? Everyone does. Who ever complained if things were good? I know I don't. I'm going to leave the Dictionary shut after this. I'll just spell how I like.

Lost my kite to-day. It was a bute. A big sky-scraper one. Dickie and I made it. Couldn't it fly, too. But it went and got tangled in the tram wires, and all the trams were stopped for two hours. Tom Dacey said Dickie and me ort to be arested and made pay a fine, or go to jail. He was just jellous becos the evening paper man took our fotos, and it was in the paper.

Dad gave me a great leckzur for going near the tram lines with my kite. He said it was disgraceful to have the trams held up like that for 2 hours, keeping people from carrying on their business. As if we.blew the kite on the tram wires. The wind did it. We couldn't help it. He said we should have taken our kites to the park or down to the Ferry Paddicks. The kite's gone. That's the worst of it, I think.

Dickie and me made our visit today. I am glad. We missed three days last week, and I missed my deckid a few times, I was too sleepy. It's all on account of that old homework. It makes me sleepy. I meant to say the deckid in bed, but I fell off to sleep.

Sister Allerwishes was talking about Lent to-day, and about Our Blessed Lord's sufferings and death. I felt sorry I had not been making my visit every day and saying the deckid every night. I like Sister Allerwishes to give us our religish lesson. She is going to tell us something each day about the Passion.

I am going to try and turn over a new leaf.

To-night.

Sums again, but not mutton. Nice mince pie. There was apple tart, too, but mother gave me a very small piece of the pastry, she said it is not good for me. That's funny, good things being bad for you.

I hurried my three sums, I bet they're wrong, too. I nearly always get them wrong. Then I made an Acts' Book, like Sister Allerwishes told us for Lent. I sowed some papers together and got a pin and a sting and all. I am going to try and do a lot of acts. Wish I hadn't grumbled about the old tart. That would have been an act. Wish I hadn't called Tom Dacey Muggins to-day. He deserved it all right. But I wish I had been polit to him.

Wish I hadn't bought a thripenny ice cream. It was greedy. All for myself. I should have bought 3 little penny ones, and given one to Morrie and one to Dickie, and one to myself. Or I should have given one of them to Tom and had none myself. Oh, but that would have been a tremenjous act.

Must go to bed now. Mum just called out. I was going to kid that my homework wasn't finished. But that would be rong, speshilly in Lent So I'll just go to bed. Good-night, my dear Diary. I'll go to Mass tomorrow. I'll ask Dad to call me early.



Saturday.

We went down to the Ferry Pad - dicks with Dickie's cart. We had great fun for a while riding round, but then one of the wheels fell off and the cart turned over just in a danjerous spot, and Dickie rolled into the water. But a man went and pulled him out.

Dad rored on me, and Dickie's father rored on him when we got home all wet. I forgot to say I jumped in to get Dickie. That's why I was wet, Dad said we should never play near the river, and when the kite got tangled on the tram wires he said we should not play near the tram lines but in the Park or the Ferry Paddicks. I suppose our next advenchir will happen in

the Park, and then there will be nowhere left to play but in our backyards, and a boy can't get exercise in a backyard.

Dickie's mother made him go to bed right away, because he gets the croup often. I think it was a punishment, too, on poor little Dickie. Parents can be cruel to their poor; harmless, little children, Dickie didn't want to fall in the river. He couldn't help the old cart turning over just near the little ridge, by the river bank. That's why he rolled in, you see.

Dad gave me some digging to do for the afternoon. He said it would keep me out of mischief. He's putting in beans. I suppose I'll have to eat plates and plates of them when they come on. I'll go to Confession this afternoon. Dickie and me might have been drowned, you know. I'll make a fresh start.

I have two acts in my book. They were very hard to do. I was just sweeping the front verandah for Mum, and Tom Dacey passed and called out: Sweep it clean, Miss Daly. I was going to cut after him. But I didn't. I just swept very hard and said not one word. He went his way greatly astonished. That was a good act I think.

Then, when I had finished the digging father gave me to do, I thought I'd do some more work in his old garden just to please him; so I weeded and dug up another bed. What do you think he did and said? He cot me by the shoulder and shook me, and said I was the greatest fool of a boy it had ever been his misfortune to meet. And why? Becos I had pulled up a lot of silly looking little plants. How did I know? They were some preshious prize vegetables. Mr. Moore gave him some speshal seed. How did I know? You can't tell when plants are young what they are going to be-flowers or vegetables, or just weeds. These looked like plain weeds. Anyhow, I won't have to eat any of that lot. I tried to look kindly and forgivingly on my father. So that was another act.



Sunday.

People who keep magpies should be fined very heavily - hundreds of pounds. It is cruel to keep bush birds, I think. Mrs. Blair, who lives near Dickie, does it. She should be reported and made let her magpie go free. When the cricket ball goes over her fence and you go over to get it the magpie bites your legs something awful. Dickie and me are all pecks, I can tell you. Dickie said it is against the law to keep a magpie or a seagull or a kukuburra. But there you are.

Lots of people break the lars of the country and nothing is done to them at all. I bet if I broke the lars of the country I'd get into trouble pretty quick. If I had a magpie and it pecked Mrs. Blair's legs I bet she'd soon make a fuss on me.

To be continued