



Mickie Daly's Diary

Thursday.

There's a little bell on Sister Pawl's desk, and at five minutes to eleven someone takes it out into the corridore, right down to the steps, and rings it. It is the signal for eleven o'clock play time. To get ready. I never get a ring of it. Sometimes we say: "Let me, Sister?" "Please may I ring the bell, Sister?" But I don't get a turn. Oh, no! Not me! Everyone else can ring her old bell but not Michael Daly. He might break the silly old bell. Even if I did drop it, it would not break. You can't break things that way. You'd have to get a hammer and smash them. Such were my thorts, my dear diary. Erlas! To-day I got a turn, by some mirrikle. I soon wished I hadn't.

I took the bell into the corridore and rang the old thing. You have to ring it jolly hard, for the school is big and the bell has to be heard in every classroom. So I rang it like mad. They would not be able to say: "We did not hear the bell; so we are out late. Mickie Daly's fort. He rang it to-day."

I'm stiff.

Out flew the tung of the bell! I tried to fix it in again, but I could not. The first thing that flashed threw my mind was: Sister Pawl will close her eyes at this and say: "Michael Daly, you cannot be trusted to ring a bell without breaking the tung out of it." I prayed to St. Joseph and St. Antony, but they would not come to my assistance. I suppose they wished me to have some tribulashin for the good of my soul. I knew I should have been back in my classroom long before and here I was trying to fix the tung.

Big, fatty Dacey comes out and calls: "Hurry up, Daly."

"Will I? Hurry up yourself."

"Sister Pawl sent me to tell you."

"Well—you've told me."

"She said you need not ring a peel. Hurry up."

"Oh, will I?" I said, altho' I knew very well that I would. You do hurry when Sister Pawl sends for you. I had delaided only to try to fix the retched bell, and I suppose Sister thort I was strolling about the corridore looking in the class-rooms and making faces at the kids when the teacher was not looking. This is a habit of ours. In fact, it is an unwritten law. If you pass a classroom, and the door is open, and the teacher is not oppersit the door, you make the very ugliest face you can—like for an Ugly Face Comper-tishin. It is rude to look in doors or windows, I know. But I am sorry to say we do it. Well, I



"THE FAR EAST" FOUND A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE AT A FANCY DRESS BALL IN JOHN O'GRADY, REDFERN, N.S.W.

wasn't doing this at all on this okayzjin. I made one last effort, but the chain would not hook on for me. So I went into the classroom. The children were all standing, ready to march out.

"Michael Daly, what kept you?"

"Fixing the bell, Sister."

"What is rong with the bell?"

"Tung flew out, Sister."

Sister made an unkind remark about my tung, and the kids all laughed; but Sister did not. She looked as solum as a judge (I've never seen a judge, but they say they look solum.) I don't think a saint would make a joke about your tung in front of the class, but I suppose it was some more of the polishing prossess. My soul will sparkle someday, I hope. But, oh jings! Couldn't I have polished Dacey off in one round if I could have got at him! The hound! Grinning like that. It wasn't a very clever joke, either. I think Sister Pawl is from Wecksford. (I wish she was there now.)

Sister closed her eyes and took the bell and the tung from me and put them on her desk as carefully as if they were made of egg-shell china. Think they were preshis trezures. Think they were wurth £100 of money.

We marched out, Dacey at the top of the line, like a British Grenidear.

Rose Moran has very tiny fingers, and she was able to fix the little chain into the hook. She's the only one ever tries to help me out of trouble.

Fryday.

I almost KILLED A MAN.

I had no murderis intenshins at all. I was really innersint.

I found a motor tire, an old one. You can have good fun with a motor tire. You sit in it, all skewed up, and you get a kind friend to bowl you down the hill; and you have another kind friend at the bottom of the hill to stop you, or you might run out on the road and be run over by a car or a lorry, or something. This ride in the tire makes you giddy, but its goodo. The world turns round in a most fasinating way. This morning, before school, I could not find a kind friend to bowl me along in the tire, so I was just having a game bowling it along like a hoop, myself.

Now I didn't know about the man at the botom of the hill. I could not see down there. Do I wear field-glasses for spectickils? Have I the sight of a egle? There's a little shop at the botom of the little hill. It's a growsir's shop. The growsir hap-

pined to be out painting prices on the window. (I found this all out afterwards.) He was standing on a case—a packing case that tins of plum jam had been in. I saw Plum Jam printed on it. I'll never forget anything connected with the whole affair—never until my dying day. It is all stamped on my memory in indelible letters. He was printing, in big, white letters: "Eggs Down Again. Get your share of the good thi—" He hadn't finished "things."

My tire got out of control, and gained impetus (I think you call it) as it went down the hill. I watched it go. Horror seized me when I observed the man on the case right in its path. I was half-way down the hill at this juncture, and could see him. He did not hear it coming. Poor man. Death comes like that sometimes—suddenly. He must have thought it was bandits breaking



EDWINA HOGG, WANGANUI, N.Z. (AGED 5). HAS ALREADY A DISTINGUISHED MITE BOX CAREER.

"THE BEST GIFT I COULD SEND HER."

"My Aunt, to whom I want you to send the calendar, always looks forward keenly to its arrival, and has always said that it is the best Christmas gift I could send, as she is delicate and cannot always get to Mass. She also finds it very convenient for the feasts and fast days."—Bonnie Sheehan, Vic.

up his shop, or a New Zealand earthquake bursting out in the wrong place, or the end of the world. The tire whipped the case from under him. I can see his astonished and terrified face, and the white paint going all over the place. There was poor me, rooted to the spot, and saying prayers that he would not be dead when they picked him up. I didn't run away and hide. I stood there. I thought if he is dead, I'll own up and go to jail and be hanged.

A few people soon congregated about the prostrate growlsir. A boy (he must be a mean kid like Tom Dacey) called out: "That red-headed kid up the street did it." The man was helped into his shop. I waited awhile to see if the ambulance or the plectee would come or the doctor; but no one came, so I ran off to school.

What a morning. I could not concentrate on lessons. I was waiting for the plectee to come for me, and wondering what Sister Pawl would say when she'd see me handcuffed and carried off, to be charged with the murder of an innersint growlsir. I know quite well I gave Sister Pawl trouble that morning. I was like made of wood. I could

not even see the B. Bord. I could see the growlsir stretched on his bed gasping out his last words. I could see the nurse and the doctor and then the undertaker. "Michael Daly, attend to me," "Michael Daly, look at the Black Bord," Sister Pawl kept saying all the time. I could see the grave and the growlsir's widow and children all in black standing round, weeping. I could see the plectee coming for me, and my poor father and mother's hair turning grey. It was a terrible morning. I was kept in for my poor work and my inattentiveness. Sister lectured me. I was dumb. Sister said I was an obstinate child, and that she would report me to Father Dale. I was thinking. Yes—There's a report gone to plectee headquarters about me; at any minute now—

I heard a heavy step—a man's step—on the path.

"The sarjint!" I gasped. I felt myself go pale all over, as if even my red hair had gone white.

It was Father Dale. I was much relieved, and at once I knew I was turning pink, and then red, which is my normal color.

"Will you two join the League of Nations and let a poor priest have peace in his parish?" he said when he saw us. Sister turned her back on me for a minute, and she coughed. It's polite to turn away when you cough, but you need not turn your back on people. But I did not care. When you think you have killed a man these insults have no power to hurt you any more. If Sister had closed her eyes while she counted one hundred I would not have cared. I could have said, with resignation: "Do it again, Sister, if you like it."

"Well, Michael Joseph, the same old question—What have you been doing?"

"I killed a man!" I burst out, and it rang thro' the room in awful echoes. I was glad to tell it, to get it out. I could have gone to the top of the post office and called it out. I don't know how murderers can tell lies and scheme and plan all their lives to prove they did not commit crimes. You would think they'd be

PRINCELY GIFT FROM DULWICH.

"It is a pleasure to write on behalf of the school and enclose the result of our little efforts for the Mission. A penny concert realised 25/-, while a raffle and the contents of our mite boxes brought the amount up to £6." — Maureen O'Leary, Dulwich, S.A.



ANYONE WOULD GUESS THAT THESE BRIGHT FACES BELONG TO ST. ANNE'S, NORTH FREMANTLE, W.A.



STRAIGHT OUT OF FAIRYLAND COME KATHLEEN, JOHN AND MARY O'GRADY, REDDFERN, N.S.W.

PLEASED WITH INVESTMENT.

"Dear Maureen,—I was anxious to be a subscriber to 'The Far East,' so I asked my father if I could take four shillings out of my money box. I have since received 'The Far East,' and am very pleased with it."—John Carolan, Prospect, S.A.

So we went.

I did not enjoy the ride a bit. It was like going to a funinril. I felt sick. I was sure he would be dead or dying. I knew his head would be all bandedged.

We pulled up at the shop. I craned my head to see in the door. "He's not dead, Father," I shouted, joyfully. "I can see his head; it isn't bandedged."

We went in. There was the grow-sir, selling eggs to my own mother?

She was astonished to see me. Father Dale explained our presince, and the growsir seemed very proud at having the parish priest come to inquire about him. He is not a Catholic; he is a Baptist—poor man.

I told him how sorry I was. And my mother told him how sorry she was. (It was the first she had heard of it.) He forgave me.

Father Dale told me—and the growsir helped him—how danjeris it was to bowl tires about the streets—you might knock an aged person down and injury them, or even kill them.

I knew all this. I explained that I had meant to steer the tire, but that it got out of controle.

(To be continued.)

PRIZE WINNERS IN NOREEN'S DECEMBER COMPETITION.

1. Gerard Keady, Caulfield, Vic.
2. Daphne Savage, Southland, N.Z.
3. Nancy Carter, S.A.

Commended: Tess Humphrey, Jean Barberler, Marjorie Crawford, Evelyn Ostini, Colin Van Staveren, Valerie Gleeson, Eileen Jones, Ruth Warby, Fred Macklin, James Barry, Phyllis Mann, Mercia Hill.

glad to say to the judge: "I did it," and get it over.

Father Dale natcherilly looked astonished. Sister Pawl looked angry. I think she thort I was making a joke about being kept in—as if I ment I had done very little, but that you'd think I'd killed a man by the way she went on, keeping me in.

"Killed a man!" cried Father Dale. He looked all around the room and then he whispered in a joke: "Where's the body?"

"It's up in the shop. I'm expecting the pleece any minute," I groaned.

I think this alarmed them both. I think they began to realise that something seerius had happened.

Perhaps they thought I was unconshis, and talking in dillirium with brain fever. (It's a wonder I'm not.)

Father Dale sat down on the desk and drew me over to his side. He must have given Sister Pawl a look that ment to leave us alone, for Sister Pawl went out.

So I told the whole trajidy, and explained that I could not attend to my lessons, that I could not even see the Black Bord or hear what Sister was saying, and that Sister thort I was obstinint. But that I was only strikin dum by the trajidy.

"No wonder you could not work while under such a sev-ear mentil strane—you poor child."

When he said, "you poor child," in his beautiful Irish voice, I felt my eyes all watery and a big lump choking me. "We'll go along, Michael," he continued, "and see how this growsir is. Let us hope he is not in riggoro more tis. Do you know what that means?"

"No, Father."

"You run over to the car—it's at the presbytery gate—and sit there till I come. Say a prayer for the poor growsir while you are waiting. I'll tell Sister Pawl I am taking you away for a while."

PERFECT IMMOBILISATION.

"It is now time to renew our subscription to 'The Far East,' which we all so dearly love, especially your lovely letter, Maureen. Not even one boy stirs when 'The Far East' is being read. We love Mickie Daly, too. Sister says she has a few of his cousins here, if lack of spelling is any guide." — Patricia Hayes, Taree, N.S.W.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS OF THE MALATE (MANILA, PHILIPPINES) CATHOLIC SCHOOL. THE NEXT INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS WILL BE HELD IN MANILA.

