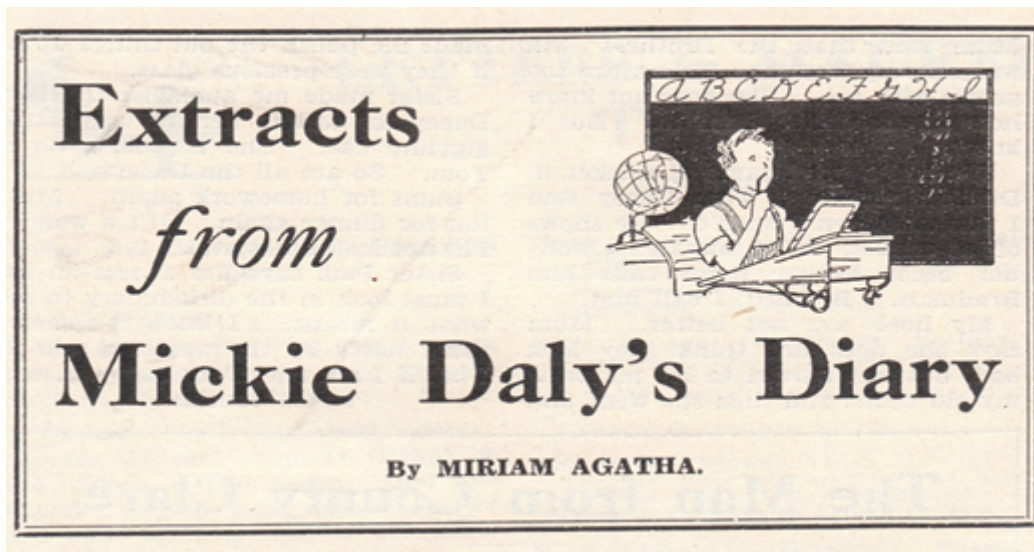


## Extract 1 from Mickie Daly's Diary, March 1932



### Sunday Evening

School to-morrow. Oh jingy, all the holidays gone! They went 100 times too fast. The thought of sitting in school all day turns me blue. It's wrong, giving all that good time to spelling words and doing sums and reading. I reckon half a day would be plenty. We don't want to know too much now. There are adding machines and ready reckoners. And what's hurry? There's lots of time for learning things. They give us a skinjy bit of play, too – a few minutes at 11 and an hour at dinner. No wobder boys get sick and die. It ort to be stopped, I think. It's cruelty. And yet Mum and Dad are so mad about it. "Go to school every day; don't miss a day. You'll be glad when you're a man." I won't eb glad. I'm not glad now, anyhow. I'll be glad when I'm dead.

Jingy! Sunday evening is flat – such a lonely time, everything so quiet. Like as if someone was dead. Or the whole world dead. I can't write any more. I'm too sad.

### Monday

Well, I went off all right. I wore my new boots, and they hurt my heels. Plenty new kids about, but none in our room. I'm put into Sister Paul's class. She is very siv-ear. Wish I could go to the Brothers', but mum is too frightened of the trams. Why, you should see me jump on and off moving trams. It's easy. Dad said I could go to the Brothers', but Mum asked for me to stay one more year. She said to me the nuns can teach you plenty. You pay attention. I know the nuns can teach plenty; they could teach anyone. I know quite well, but the Brothers' school has more sport.

I swopped the fountain – pen I bought for trippence for Dick Thorley's knife. It's a great little knife. Just because it made a little mark on the desk, Sister Paul went mad about it. You could hardly see the mark. She took the knife and put it in her drawer, and I'm not to get in back fro a month. I told you she is siv-ear. Now I have no fountain – pen and no knife. Maurice Moore shouted us ice creams – penny ones – at dinner time. The man gives such a minjy bit for a penny. He ort to be fined for bad weight, I think. He's making tons of pennies, and then he'll

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just go and send them all away to Italy. That's the way with the forin sellers. I know, becos I heard the election man say so.

Just because I didn't get my sums right Tom Dacey laughed at me, and when I called him a big mug Sister Paul kept me in. He couldn't spell captain, anyway. That helped me to stay in.

We were having a good game of Cowboys at dinner time, but Sister Ambrose came and stopped us, and said it was too rough, just because Tom Dacey's coat got torn.

The afternoon was deadly hot. The sun comes in our room something awful in the afternoon. We are on the sunny side. The other classrooms are lovely and cool. When I wanted to go out and get a drink to cool my parched tong, Sister Paul said: "You have been out for a drink twice already this afternoon, and its not three-o-clock yet. No, you may NOT go, Mickie Daly".

I might have sunstrook for all she knew. If I fainted she'd be sorry. But I didn't faint.

Well, the first day is over. I've marked it off good and black on the "Far East" posted to me every month. She seemed to think it was awful that I did not get it, and that we did not get it at school. She said she'd send Sister Paul one. It's about missions. I like comics. I wish grandma would post me some real good comics. Mum can read the "Far East" when it comes. We have a mission in our church every June, so what do we want to read about missions for?

Mutton for dinner to-night. I don't know why Mother buys it. Dad eats slices for it. I am afraid my poor father is a greedy man.

Only stewed fruit. I had two helpings. Mum knows I like pastry, but she wouldn't put a crust on the fruit. Oh, no. If Dad liked pastry we'd have it every night. But for me, oh no. Anything will do for me.

Homework now. Three sums.

Of course, It must be sums.

Couldn't be a page of potry to write out, or a few lines of spelling. I think all home work is bad for boys, but sums worst of all. My eyes feel tired. I'll tell Mum about them. She might keep me home from school to-morrow and take me in to town to see Dr. Dalwinter, the eye speshalist. And she might give me a note to tell Sister Paul I am not to do home work because my eyes get too sore.

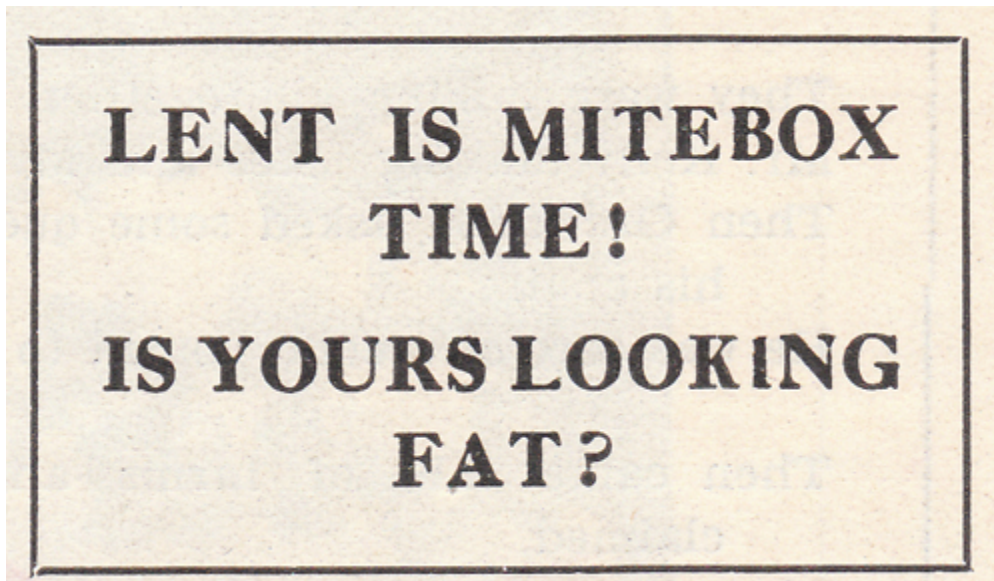
I did the old sums.

Mum brought Dad in to see my eyes. He just grinned and said to do my homework in daylight and get to bed earlier if the light hurt my eyes. A lot he knows about eyes. Think he was an eye speshalist. All right. He'll be sorry if I go blind doing homework.

Bed before nine is only for babies. But Mum's strong on going to bed and getting up. So I'll have to go. I didn't say the decade to-day. We were playing, Dickie and me, when we passed the church, and we didn't think to go in.

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And now I'm too tired and sleepy. I can say it now. I promised the mission priest I'd say it every night. Well, I'll say it in bed. My heels are sore still; I'll go out and ask Mum for some ointment.



## Tuesday

School worse than ever. Just because I put a beetle down Tom Dacey's back, Sister Paul kept me in and gave me sums to do. As if a beetle could hurt that big stiffy, Dacey. Not it. I'd like to put a SNAKE down his back. The old telltale baby. If a boy put a little innercent beetle down my back, I wouldn't go and wriggle about so's Sister would know.

Dick Thorley went and broke the fountain – pen. He said it was no good, and that when Sister gives me the knife back I'll have to give it to him. Do you think that is fair? I think it is theevery and cheek.

Girls are stupid. There are ten girls in our class, and they are a pest. The boys have to do everything for them. Ladies first, Sister Paul is always saying. They get the best pencils and the best books – no books a bit old or worn for them.

All they good for is giggling and talking in squeaky voices. A lot of squeeking little cats I call them. I'll be jolly glad to get to a boys' school. Glad I have no sisters. Mum said that the brothers will wake me up, that the Sisters are too gentle with me. She does not know how sivear Sister Paul is. But I know.

We had a good game of cricket in Dickie's yard, but Tom Dacey said I was out when I wasn't. He shows off at cricket, and thinks he's a wonder becos Father Ryan calls him Bradman. Big stiff, I call him.

My heels are not better. Mum says she does not think they look bad, but she agreed to let me wear my old boots, and then she went and made me polish the old things up as if they were precious glass.

Sister made me apologise to Mary Dacey for calling her an ugly little, giggling cat. She is, too. So is Tom. So are all the Daceys.

Sums for homework again. Mutton for dinner again. It's a wonder I'm not in the hospital.

Sister Paul says I'm a pess-in-ist.

I must look in the dickshinery to see what it means. I know it's some-thing nasty by the way she said it. I bet if I am one, Tom Dacey is, too.

To be continued.