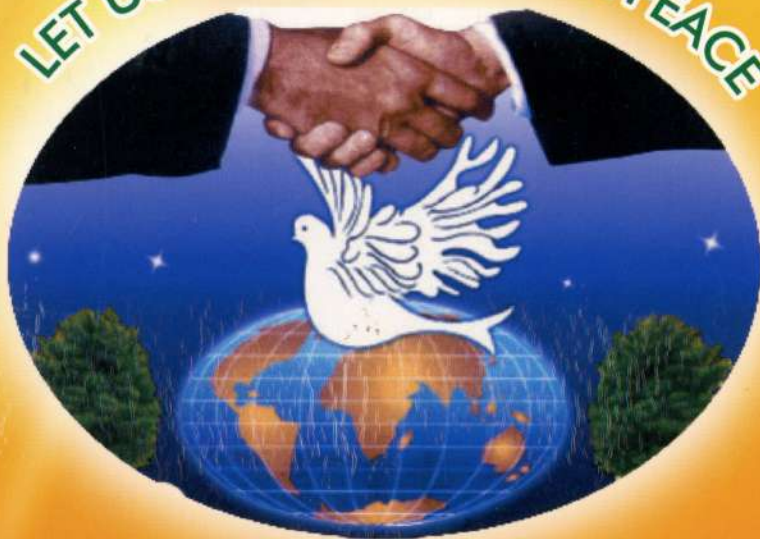


STORIES OF COMPASSION - II



LET US JOIN HANDS FOR PEACE



KARUNA INTERNATIONAL
CHENNAI

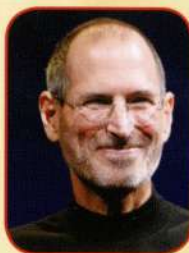
Famous Personalities, Past & Present : ALL VEGETARIANS!



Mahatma Gandhi



Abraham Lincoln



Steve Jobs



Vincent Van Gogh



Sushil Kumar



Kumar Mangalam Birla



Mukesh Ambani



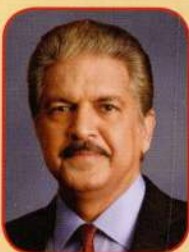
G.M. Rao



Anil Agarwal



Gautam Adani



Anand Mahindra



Lakshmi Mittal



Amitabh Bachchan



Hema Malini



Anuradha Paudwal



Vidhya Balan

KARUNA PRAYER



सत्वेषु मैत्रीं गुणिषु प्रमोदं,
क्लिष्टेषु जीवेषु कृपा परत्वं ।
माध्यस्थ भावं विपरीत वृत्तौ,
सदा ममात्मा विदधातु देव ॥



**Satveshu Maitri Gunishu Pramodam
Klishteshu Jeeveshu Kripa Paratvam
Madhyastha Bhavam Viparita Vritow
Sada Mamatma Vidadhatu Deva**

May my soul always find fulfilment
In friendship towards all beings,
In reverence to all the virtuous,
In compassion towards all suffering creatures,
And in remaining neutral towards those hostile to me.
This is my prayer.

THE IMMORTAL SONG

Amity

May the sacred stream of amity
Flow forever in my heart.
May the universe prosper,
Such is my cherished desire.

Appreciation

May my heart sing with ecstasy
At the sight of the virtuous.
And may my life be an offering
At their feet.

Compassion

May my heart bleed at the sight of
The wretched, the cruel, the poor.
And may tears of compassion
Flow from my eyes.

Equanimity

May I always be there to show the path
To the pathless wanderers of life.
Yet, if they should not hearken to me
May I bide in patience.

May the spirit of goodwill
Enter all our hearts
May we all sing in chorus
The Immortal Song of human concord.

**- by Pujye Sri Chitrabhanuji
Founder, Jain International
Meditation Centre, New York.**

Name of the Book : **STORIES OF COMPASSION
BOOK II**

Published by : **KARUNA INTERNATIONAL**
 "Munoth Centre", II Floor,
 343, Triplicane High Road,
 Chennai-600 005.
 Ph: 044-2859 1714 / 95514 96900
 Email: internationalkaruna@gmail.com

Printed by : Sri Maruthy Pathippagam, Chennai - 14.

Editor : Dulichand Jain

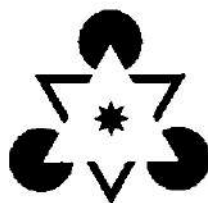
7th Edition : May 2016 3000 Copies (Total-51000)

8th Edition : June 2017 5000 Copies (Total-56000)

9th Edition : May 2019 7000 Copies (Total-63000)

10th Edition : October 2023 2000 Copies (Total-65000)

Price : Rs. 30 /- Per copy



★ KARUNA INTERNATIONAL ★

- ★ We are a registered non-profit service Organisation promoting humane values of compassion, kindness, love and respect for ecology, environment and vegetarianism among the student community since 1995.
- ★ We promote Karuna Clubs in schools and colleges and assist them by supplying literature and books for guidance.
- ★ We promote humane values, by conducting regular programmes and activities in schools and colleges, through Karuna clubs.
- ★ We have 39 Karuna Kendras in different States of India to motivate Karuna Clubs.
- ★ We publish a monthly Newsletter and an Annual Souvenir in which reports of Karuna Club activities, photos and articles of students and teachers are published.
- ★ We are recognized by Animal Welfare Board of India and regularly get an Annual Grant.
- ★ We organise Annual Regional Conferences in Kendras in which Awards and Prizes are given to the Outstanding Karuna Clubs and to the Students based on their annual performance. We also organize Seminars, Exhibitions and Rallies.
- ★ We conduct Teachers, Students and Activists Training Programmes on Humane Education.
- ★ We provide Exhibition material, on "Animal Welfare" and Karuna Values to schools on request.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

We take pleasure in publishing Stories of Compassion - Book - II. Earlier, we published Stories on Compassion - Book - I and it earned high appreciation all over India. More than 50,000 copies of Book - I were supplied to Schools and Colleges with Karuna Clubs.

The Stories found in Book - II are collected from the 4 Volumes of the Compassion series published by the Divine Life Society of South Africa.

The purpose of publication of this book is to inculcate reverence to all forms of life, love and compassion to all living creatures.

The saints of our country were exponents of the concept of "Sarvam Kalvidam Brahma"- the concept that the entire universe with all its creatures is nothing but the form of God the Almighty. The saints of God and even psychologists precisely say that much of the cruelty and callousness exhibited by man today have their origin in his cruelty to the dumb creatures of God. Compassion, mercy and kindness are the fundamentals of ethical life.

Animals, birds insects and plants are closely linked with ecology. Their protection and preservation is therefore vital for the survival of the human race. Many exotic birds, animals, flowers and plants have found a place in the endangered list.

To protect animals and plead for their rights goes hand in hand with our protection of nature. Since animals cannot plead for themselves, it is our concern and duty to do so on their behalf. This is the principal aim of the publication of this book of stories.

The stories selected for this book are quite suitable for both young adults and children. The authors of the stories belong both to the eastern and western countries of the world. Most of the stories are extremely touching and are sure to make one's heart vibrate with compassion, love and mercy. Some of them also elicit the sense of humour.

Our special thanks are due to Swami Sahajananadaji Maharaj of Divine Life Society of South Africa, Durban who gave us permission to publish this book for distribution in schools and colleges.

We are certain that the lovely stories found in this book, will inspire thousands of students all over India. We firmly hope that they develop the qualities such as compassion, kindness, non-violence and peace.

Kailashmull Dugar
President

Padam Kumar J. Tatia
General Secretary

"Thought flows in terms of stories -- stories about events, stories about people, about animals, and stories about intentions and achievements. The best teachers are the best storytellers. We learn in the form of stories."

Frank Smith

INDEX**STORIES OF COMPASSION - BOOK - II**

S. No.	Name	Author's Name	Page No.
1.	Sarnath	Visalakshi Joshi	7
2.	Manikkam	Crustal Rogers	20
3.	Hare's dissatisfaction	G.M. Natarajan	24
4.	A Noble Dog	Richard Mount	26
5.	Faithful Friends	Visalakshi Joshi	30
6.	The luck of Kaju	Karuna	34
7.	Compassion Means Action	Crystal Rogers	38
8.	Man - glory of creation	Swami Sivananda	44
9.	The caged Robin	Dorothy P. Clarke	47
10.	Reverence for all life	J.P. Vaswani	49
11.	Obedient Champion	"Animal Citizen"	55
12.	Lincoln's Compassion	"Humane Review"	59
13.	Is the Circus Fun?	Joyce Lambert	63
14.	The Pet Cow	Visalakshi Johri	70
15.	The Vegetarian Lioness	Joyce Lambert	76
16.	Four Legged Doctors	Anonymous	81
17.	A Girl's Dream	N.C. Rangaswami	85
18.	Chains	Pamela Holloway	89
19.	Namadev's Love of dog	N.C. Rangaswami	92
20.	Elephant with gold Anklets	M.H. Ward	94
21.	Bharat's Dream	Visalakshi Johri	97
22.	Questionnaire on Vegetarianism		101
23.	Suggested Questions		114

SARNATH

Scene - 1

Scene : A forest glade at Sarnath. A number of deer are frolicking happily. Suddenly they hear the noise of drums. They look up in fear and tremble. Hunters with bows arrows rush up and chase the deer. All escape but one.

First Hunter : (Looking at the deer) There we have him, a nice fat one! We are lucky today.

Second Hunter : What a heavy load to carry! (Wipes his face).

First Hunter : If every drop of sweat could fetch a gold coin from the king, I wouldn't mind the weight.

Second Hunter : Nor would I.

They carry away the deer. After a while a deer peeps and enters very cautiously. Other deer crowd round the spot where their companion had fallen. All mourn in silence for their unfortunate friend. The king of the deer arrives, looks at them puzzled and approaches them quietly.

Deer King : Why have you gathered here and why do you weep? I am your king and I shall help you. Tell me the cause of your grief.

First Deer : O mighty and merciful king, we were all very joyfully celebrating the coming of spring. Suddenly we heard terrible sounds. Then we saw creatures on two legs, who entered and shot sharp arrows at us. We fled, but one of our companions, who was not quick enough, was killed on this spot.



- Second Deer** : Here are the blood marks.
- Third Deer** : What harm did we do to them? why do they punish us?
- All** : Why are they so cruel?
- Deer King** : That terrible creature on two legs is called man. He thinks that the whole world is created only for his own pleasure.
- First Deer** : Have we no right to live? Then why has god created us?
- Second Deer** : This is our forest. We were born here. Where else can we live?
- Deer King** : True, this is our home, but he is thoughtless and mighty. He will not listen to reason. To him his own interest comes first.
- Third Deer** : Then we are all doomed. Not one of us can escape from his ruthless hunting. We have no weapons with which to fight.
- They weep.**
- Deer King** : Wait, do not give way to despair, We must change man. I shall appeal to their king, plead with him and try my best to make him understand. They will obey him. Do not weep.

Scene - 2

They go.

Scene : King Bimbisara's camp in the forest. The king is practicing archery. The hunters enter.

First & Second Hunter : (Saluting) Victory to our great and noble king!

King : Well, what is the news today? Have you gone through the forest? what suitable game is available for our royal sport?

First Hunter : The forest is teeming with deer of every variety it is a hunter's paradise!

Second Hunter: We have shot and bagged many and brought them for the royal feast.

King : Well done! what have I to fear when there are such brave, strong warriors in our kingdom?

First Hunter : The king is most generous!

Second Hunter: He is the giver of gifts.

A guard enters.

Guard : Your majesty, there is a strange creature outside, like a deer, who wants an audience with you. He refuses to leave.

First Hunter : A deer?

Second Hunter: A deer wants audience!

King : What did you say? who wants an audience?

Guard : It looks like a deer, but it may be human or it may be a spirit of the forest, I can't say.

King : Bring him in.

The deer king enters and bows respectfully. Everyone is very much surprised.

First Hunter : Unbelievable! It cannot be!

Second Hunter: This is an illusion

King : (Admiringly) Not even in my dreams have I seen so beautiful a creature! How noble and graceful he is! His eyes are lustrous like the deep pools of the forest that reflect the stars.

First Hunter : This is sorcery! This is a demon!

Second Hunter: Let us escape before he casts his spell on us.

They go.

King : O noble one, who are you? Why have you taken the form of a deer? Are you a Rishi or a celestial being?

- Deer King** : Sire, I am Kanak Varna, the king of deer in the Sarnath Forest.
- King** : Indeed! you are no ordinary creature. Tell me, what can I do for you?
- Deer King** : I have come here to beg a favour of you, O great king.
- King** : Ask, and I shall give if I can.
- Deer King** : Every day your hunters, armed with sharp weapons, enter into my forest and kill my people without mercy. Is this right?
- King** : Hunting is a kingly sport. It strengthens our arms and keep up our vigour.
- Deer King** : Sport to you is death to us. May I take the liberty of asking a question?
- King** : Yes, what is it? Ask.
- Deer King** : Is god Merciful!
- King** : God's mercy is limitless. In it we live, move and have our being.
- Deer King** : Is not man like a God to animals?
- King** : I believe he is.
- Deer King** : Then should he also not be equally merciful? should he not allow us to live in mercy?
- King** : (*aside*) What is this I hear? Is this a deer, an animal, talking of God and mercy, putting to me such questions that I find difficult to answer?

(*To the Deer King*) We are warriors and it is our duty to fight. We should not hesitate to kill and we should be ready to die.

This is the rule of life which we have to follow. If we are weak, we are not fit to be warriors.

- Deer King** : Has not a warrior a greater duty to perform? Is he not the guardian of the weak and the protector of the innocent?

King : (aside) Am I to believe my ears? Are these the words of an animal? Only holy saints can speak as he does.

(To the Deer King) I am now quite certain that you are not a deer. You should not try to deceive me. Reveal your true self and then I shall answer you. Take off your disguise.

Deer King : I am what you see, a deer. I would not dream of deceiving anyone. Permit me to ask you one more question.

King : Ask.

Deer King : Can one take away from another something which he cannot return?

King : What a question! It is hardly worth asking. The answer is so clear that even an animal can answer it. The cow takes food from us and gives us milk in return. So also, every creature that takes also gives. No one worth his name would take without giving. Such a deed would be mean and below the dignity of man.

Deer King : In that case, when you hunt and kill us, you take away from us by force our most precious possession - our life. This gift which God has given to us you cannot return. Is it worthy of a man and a king to act in this manner?

King : (nonplussed) I have not thought of it before in this light. But there are certain difficulties which would arise if hunting is stopped.

Deer King : What are they, O king? Perhaps I could help.

King : As a king I must maintain the hospitality of my forefathers. Everyday meat has to be served to my guests and to the members of my household. How will I be able to do that?

Deer King : Is it so necessary that meat should be served?

King : Yes, it is; will be a disgrace to my name and family if I do not entertain my guests in a befitting manner.



Deer King : Then, if undertake to supply one deer daily to your royal kitchen, will you on your part stop hunting in the forest? This is the favour I ask you, O king.

King : It seems that you have thought over this matter deeply. Your request is reasonable.

Deer King : It is the request of one king to another.

King : (Smiling) True!

*(He looks at the pleading eyes of the Deer King and decides).
Then in that case I grant your request.*

Deer King : God bless you, noble king!

King : But do not forget the condition. If you fail to send a deer even on one day, the hunt will be resumed.

Deer King : I shall keep my promise.

(He bows down low and goes)

King : Is this a dream? I do not believe that he is just a deer. It might be a God come to test me.

Let me also test him.

The king claps and attendants enter with hunters.

Let it be known to all in my kingdom that from now onward hunting deer in the forest of Sarnath is strictly forbidden. Anyone who dares to disobey this order of mine will be very severely punished.

He goes.

First Hunter : There! The demon has bewitched the king successfully!

Second Hunter: Now we shall have to go begging

They go.

Scene - 3

Scene : A mother deer is caressing her youngone sadly.

Mother Deer: My little pet, how shall I leave you alone? Tomorrow it is my turn to go the royal kitchen. How will you

look after yourself? Who will warn you to run and hide when there is danger? In the dark, when the cruel wolf comes, who will protect you? How will you live without me?

She weeps : *The deer king enters with his followers and he looks at the little baby deer.*

Deer King : What a deer little baby! He is so charming! Aren't you proud of him? what name have you given him?

Mother : I wanted to all him Sulochan because of his most beautiful eyes, but now I shall call him Abhaga, as he is so unfortunate.

Deer King : What makes you say that? Why do you weep?

Mother : Tomorrow I shall be killed at the royal kitchen, for it is my turn to go there. What will happen to this little one? He is helpless. He can neither feed himself nor save himself. He can hardly run at the present moment. If I am killed, he will surely die.

Deer King : It is not right that he should die. He has not yet tasted the joys of forest life. I shall save him.

Mother : If do not go, the royal hunters will start their game and so many will be killed.

Deer King : Yes, I have to keep my promise and send one deer daily. But wait, perhaps it may be possible.

(To his followers) Did you all hear what she said? Two lives will be lost instead of one, if she gets killed. How shall we save the child?

There is no answer.

It is not right that he should die before his turn. Have you no answer to give?

(To an old deer) You are old and wise, can you not suggest a way out?

Old Deer : It is our fate to be killed by man, though we have done him no harm.

Others : We are helpless.

Mother : If only some would take my turn, and if I could get just two months more of life, this baby would be strong enough to look after himself. After two months, I shall gladly offer myself.

Deer King : Just two months! who will go in her place? All of us have to die one day. It is glorious to die for an innocent child.

(To a deer) Fleet foot, you are the bravest of all. Will you take her turn save the baby?

Fleet Foot : Do you order me?

Deer King : No, it is not an order.

Fleet Foot : Life is short and sweet.

Deer King : It seems that none is willing to take her place.

They look down ashamed and go away.

Mother : There is no hope for you, little one. I will not leave you to the mercy of the forest. I shall take you with me. Let us die together. It is better so.

She turns to go.

Deer King : Wait, I have told you that I shall save him. I shall keep my word and find a way out. In the meantime, look after the little baby. You need not go to the royal kitchen tomorrow.

Mother : Then who will take my place?

Deer King : Do not worry, there is someone.

Mother : Noble king, take me to him and let me thank him who is so merciful. My baby, my darling, you will live, after all!

(She embraces the little deer and they go.)

Scene - 4

Scene : The royal kitchen in the forest camp. One cook is busy frying potatoes and another is making sweets and rolling them into laddus. A little boy is washing the vessels. A butcher is sharpening his knife.

First Cook : *(to the second cook, who is tasting the sweets)* By the time you finish tasting the sweets, there will be none left for the king.

Second Cook : Mind your business or I shall warm both your cheeks and turn them as red as your potatoes.

First Cook : Will you? Before you do that, you will be rolled up like that laddu you are making and thrown out. Before I joined as a cook, I was a famous wrestler.

Second Cook : Indeed! Stop boasting and get on with the roasting. If you would prove your strength, I am ready.

They face each other, tighten their belts, roll up their sleeves, and take up postures. Meanwhile, the little boy washing vessels steals a sweet and pops it into his mouth. The butcher sees this and shouts.

Butcher : *(Stopping his work)* Thief! Thief!
The cooks see the boy, and one of them catches him by the ear.

Second Cook : *(pulling his ear)* You bundle of mischief. Open your mouth. What have you grabbed now?

Boy : *(Unable to speak, squeals)* I... I... no... thing...

Butcher : Let him go or he will choke to death. If you must kill, chop neatly with one stroke.
The cooks let the boy go and laugh.

Second Cook : Next time I catch you, I shall call the evil spirit and set him on you.
They resume their work.

- Butcher** : (setting aside his knife) *There will be no meat for dinner tonight.*
- First Cook** : No meat? It is disgraceful. Why can't we have it?
- Second Cook** : Has something gone wrong?
- Butcher** : No deer has arrived from the forest. It is getting late and I am tired of waiting. (He yawns).
- First Cook** : Look! What is that creature by the door?
The Deer king enters, looks around and walks up to the butcher.
- Second Cook** : A strange animal!
- Butcher** : (looking at the deer in wonder) Who are you? Why have you come?
- Deer King** : I am the king of the deer. It is my turn to come here today.
He kneels and bends his neck.
- Butcher** : (Frightened) Get up! Go away! you are not a deer.

And you say you are a king! If so, it would be treason if I kill you. I shall get capital punishment for it.

- Boy** : (Screams) He is the evil spirit or sorcerer.
He runs out. The cooks are confused.
- First Cook** : (to the second) Perhaps he is an evil spirit or sorcerer. You did threaten to call him.
Suppose he catches me by the throat?

He catches hold of the neck of the second cook.

- Second Cook** : (Pushing his hands away) Leave off, you idiot! If he is the evil one, we should appease him.

He takes the sweets to the Deer King) Your Majesty, will you honour me by tasting my sweets?

- First Cook** : (offering the potatoes) May I request Your majesty to try some of my specialties?

- Deer King** : (to the butcher) I am ready for you now. Do not hesitate.
- Butcher** : But I must get the king's permission
He goes out.
- First Cook** : He is not tempted by our dishes. He is a cannibal.
- Second Cook** : How shall we win his favour?
The king enters , followed by the butcher.
All the cooks withdraw to a safe corner.
The king is filled with surprise on seeing the Deer king present there.
- King** : Are you not Kanak Varna, the king of the deer?
*The Deer king bows his head in respect.
How is it you have come here today?*
- Deer King** : I have taken the turn to offer myself for the royal feast.
- King** : I do not understand. Are there no other deer in the forest?
- Deer King** : There are many.
- King** : Strange! You spoke so wisely of duty. Is it not your duty as king to rule over subjects and protect them? If you sacrifice yourself, what will happen to your people?
- Deer King** : I had to come
- King** : I do not understand. Are there no other deer in the forest?
- Couldn't you have asked another to take your place?
- Deer King** : Today it was the turn of a mother deer whose little one is too young, too tender to be left without her protection. I Promised to save her child. No one was willing to take her place, so I have come myself.
A group of deer suddenly rush in and in



great joy greet their leader and kneel down before him.

First Deer : O king, atlast we have found you!

All the Deer : Thank God you are safe and well.

Mother Deer : Forgive me, my gracious king! Had I known that you were taking my turn, I would never allowed it.
She falls at his feet.

Second Deer : Come back with us now to the forest

Third Deer : You shall not die for us. Let the cruel two legged king hunt us down.

Deer King : No, no. I shall never allow that to happen. I shall keep the condition.

Fourth Deer : In that case, let me take your turn today.

Mother : The turn is mine and I shall take it gladly.

All : Choose any one of us, O king!

King : (*Coming up to the deer*) Listen to me. Your king shall not be sacrificed and none of you shall suffer.

(To the Deer king) Today, you have taught me to understand truth and duty. You are only an animal and yet you possess the wisdom of a god. Limitless is your love. I am a man and a king, but I am no better than an animal. Today, you have opened my eyes and I see the truth. From now on I renounce all forms of violence. There shall be no hunting in my kingdom and no beast shall be sacrificed for my pleasure.

Deer King : Live long, noble king! May God bless you!

All the deer : (dancing joyfully) Victory to King Kanak Varna! Victory to King Bimbisara!



"I became a vegetarian after realizing that animals feel afraid, cold, hungry and unhappy like we do. I feel very deeply about vegetarianism and the animal kingdom. It was my dog Boycott who led me to question the right of humans to eat other sentient beings."

Cesar Chavez

Manikkam

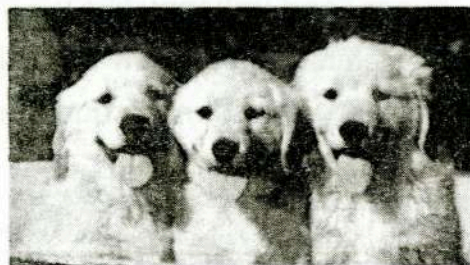
He is just a simple peasant lad from down South, somewhere beyond Madras, with nothing particular to distinguish him from the peasant lads of his kind, except a sincere and burning love for animals.

On joining the staff of the Animal's Friend, Manikkam instantly showed that he had arrived at the right place, his love for animals being so apparent.

He would come down to the cook-house and start making chappaties all over again, however late the hour, if it suddenly came to his notice that perhaps one or two new dogs had not been catered for and not had enough. Any other boy would no doubt have shovelled a small portion of food from the plates of other dogs onto the plates of the new ones. Not so with Manikkam. However late the hour, back he would come to the cooking stove and start making more food.

I don't want any of my dogs to go hungry, "he would say. "I shouldn't like it myself, and I do not think it is right that they should not have their proper meals, when they cannot speak for themselves".

Go up to the Shelter late at night, and you would almost be certain to find one or two of the dogs or puppies missing, On walking up Manikkam to look for them, however, not one but several heads would emerge from under the quilt - one of them Manikkam's and the others the heads of the missing dogs!



I'm sorry, he would apologise, jumping up quickly, "but the little one was so small that I was afraid he would be cold and miss his mother. And the new one was so frightened I didn't like to put him in with the other dogs. And Tauber sleeps with me always anyway."

During the absence of leave of three of the other members of the staff, Manikkam worked non-stop throughout the day, rising before 5 a.m to carry water up to the largest animals, before coming back and preparing all their food. Then he would take the dogs for their morning walk. It was difficult to get temporary labour and three boys came and went, while Manikkam did the bulk of the heavy work, hardly stopping to eat or sleep. I would find him three quarters of the way through the day hard at work, having so far taken no time off for his own food. But it was no good remonstrating with him.

It is all right, Miss - sahib-don't worry. I will go soon, but I am not at all hungry. I must just get this ready first, because I don't want the dogs to get their food too late. I will put this on the stove and after that there are only four more buckets of water to be carried up the hill."

It was some time towards the end of February when three small puppies, all as wild as little tigers, were brought to the Shelter. They had been born in a hedge, and their mother had died when they were a little over a month old, from which time they had fended for themselves, with everyone's hand against them.

Because they were quite attractive to look at, with some good blood in them, it had been hoped that they might finally become tamed and find good homes.

On three occasions, one of the puppies-the wildest of the three-had managed to get out. On each occasion it was Manikkam who caught it and brought it back, after being severely bitten in the process.

At last I decided to put them to sleep.

"It's no good, Manikkam", I said, we shall never be able to find homes for them, especially that little one that keeps on biting you. I had better put it to sleep first."

But Manikkam was aghast at the idea.

"No, no, no, Miss-Sahib!" he implored. "I will get it tame. All it wants is a little love. It is a very nice dog!"

"But how can you say it is very nice when it keeps on biting you so badly?"

"It will not do so any more," Manikkam replied earnestly. "It does not bite me now already. I am taming it with love."

And for the next week, Manikkam carried on with his work with the rebellious puppy either under one arm or tucked inside his shirt front and later at his heels!

It was one of the brothers of the puppy which Manikkam had "tamed with love" which took part in the drama which nearly cost him his life.

It was about 10.30 am and Manikkam was going about his daily duties, when suddenly he saw a snake. It was a very large, black one, and its head was raised, with its tongue coming in and out. In front of it lay the puppy, peacefully sleeping, while from the snake's attitude, it was apparently just about to strike.

Most boys would have shouted for help, or run to fetch a stick or stone, but Manikkam did not hesitate for an instant. He dived down and snatched up the puppy from the front of the snake. But even so, the snake was too quick for him. As Manikkam picked up the puppy, simultaneously the snake struck. The puppy screamed, struggling convulsively, and fell back limp.



Manikkam's attention was so occupied with the dying convulsions that it was taken away from the snake. Suddenly, however, he became aware of a burning pain in his hand, and saw to his horror that the snake had wound itself round his arm.

With yell he flung it off, and ran down the hill to the house some hundred meters away. There he arrived panting and breathless, and unable to speak coherently.

Fortunately for Manikkam, he found someone there, a trained ex-nurse, who quickly took in the situation. She at once applied a tourniquet and telephoned for the boy to be taken to hospital. She also telephoned me, some ten miles away, but by



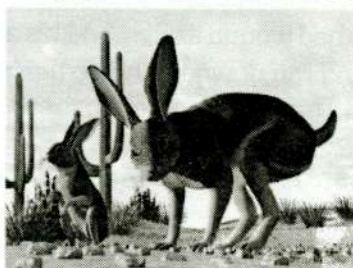
Manikkam exhibits his love towards the Pup.

the time I got back, Manikkam was safely tucked up in bed in hospital and his life was out of danger.

On being later praised for his selfless act, Manikkam took it very modestly, and did not seem, to think he had done anything unusual. Praise, in fact, embarrassed him. It was all just part of the day's work.

And that is Manikkam—just a lad from somewhere beyond Madras, one who is prepared to consider the life of a puppy before his own, and ready to make the supreme sacrifice if necessary in the pursuit of his services of the animals he loves.

Hare's Dissatisfaction



Hare had a big mirror in his shanty of twigs and leaves. One day, he went to it brush his coat. He looked at himself in the mirror and felt very dissatisfied with what he saw.

"What long ears I have, not a bit like that of the deer. And he has horns, too, not very big, but awfully handsome".

Now Hare began looking at himself up and down and all over.

"What an ugly, tiny tail I have, just a puff, not like that of a cock. He even has feathers on his tail with curls in them!"

Hare thought of meeting to go and see Squirrel, to relate his dissatisfaction. So he decided to go and see Squirrel.

But just as he came out, Squirrel herself arrived with her three children. Hare wanted to ask her how to grow a fine tail as her's but squirrel got in first.

"oh, please, Hare! do look after my children for a little while. I have to go into the forest for fruit and nuts. I'll be back soon.

And she whisked away before Hare could talk to her! so there he was with the squirrel children!

And very soon his head was in a whirl. One little squirrel squeezed into a small pot and got stuck, and there was just a tail waving at the top. Then the pot fell down and rolled about the floor, and little squirrel screeched. Hare rushed to help, and pulling him out by his tail, sat him down in a rocking wood. He rocked him and sang to him until little squirrel fell asleep!

The second squirrel had found a mirror and there he saw one who stood just like himself. He waved his paw and the mirror squirrel did the same.

"Come here!" cried little squirrel but mirror squirrel did not. Then little squirrel jumped and banged his head and paws against the glass. And there was a to-do! He cried and screamed until the leaves were shaken from the ceiling. Well, Here held something cold against the dump on his head and soothed him until atlast second little squirrel was quiet.

When Hare had time to look around, third little squirrel had disappeared altogether!

"He must have got frightened and hidden," Hare said to himself, and started hunting high and low. Atlast he found the third little squirrel. He then sat all three of them down in front of his shanty and started telling them stories, and went on until mother squirrel appeared with a basketful of fruit and nuts.

"Thank you, Hare. I hope the children have been enjoying themselves and having a nice time".

Before Hare had a chance to say anything at all, the little squirrels began talking all atonce, "Mummy, buy me some lovely, long ears like Hare has! Mummy, I want the same kind of coat like Hare has!

But the youngest shouted the loudest of all, "Hare has such a beautiful tail, Mummy. I want to exchange my tail with him!"

Mother Squirrel laughed and Hare laughed, too, because he was so pleased.

"You have very obedient and well-brought-up children, friend!" said, and happily walked home with the squirrel family.



A Noble Dog



In the days when King John ruled England and wished to rule Wales, wolves were very common. They were hated and feared by the peasantry because of their savagery and cunning. Not only did the wolves prey on sheep and other prized domestic animals, but a hungry pack would even attack human beings. A lone wolf might sometimes venture into a village or hamlet and drag off and devour a sleeping child.

In those restless and chaotic times all the chieftains and princes of Wales seemed to be warring with one another, while at the same time they were united in their hatred of King John. Besides disliking him for wanting to rule them, they also distrusted him as a usurper of the English throne.

One of the most feared of the Welsh princes was the warlike Llewellyn Ap Iorwerth. Even though King John tried to obtain his allegiance by giving him his daughter in marriage, Llewellyn continued to spend most of his time warring against the monarch. He won at least one war and King John's soldiers were always at a disadvantage when the wild Welsh swooped from their mountain encampments to the attack, and just as quickly disappeared again.



On one such occasion, Llewellyn was camped by the river in the valley known as Bethgelert, when he was challenged, perhaps by the English king, perhaps by a local rival, the legend does not say. Since those days it has been best known in local folklore as Beddgelert, the grave of Gelert, and today the area is well-known and popular with mountain climbers and tourists because of its proximity to Snowdon.

It is believed that Gelert was one of those courageous hunting dogs common in the Middle Ages—a species which became extinct more than two hundred years ago. It is told that he went with his master, Prince Llewellyn, on battle campaigns, and there was a strong bond of affection between the hound and the warrior nobleman. The dog did not take part in the actual fighting, but was invaluable between battles when his master hunted boar and deer.

In Llewellyn's tent was his infant son, sleeping in a crudely crafted cradle. Because his father was going off to war, the child had been given his fill of warm goat's milk before Llewellyn and his warriors marched down the valley to meet the foe.

The prince's faithful dog, Gelert, was left to keep watch over his master's infant son until the battle was over.

The encampment in the valley was surrounded by brooding hills dominated by the lofty Moel Hebog and the black, forbidding Cerri Llan rising almost voracious wolves, which often came down into the valley in search of prey. It was one of these predators that found its way into the encampment of Llewellyn Ap Jorweth, and into the very tent of the prince during his absence.

Perhaps the wolf had been attracted there by the smell of the goat's milk fed to the baby, for it found its way to the side of the cradle.

It may be that the child whimpered in terror, or some mysterious sixth sense made Gelert aware of the intruder. Bounding into the tent where the wolf was about to pounce upon the infant, Gelert, as warlike as his master, immediately attacked the beast. In the violent, bloody struggle which ensued, the tent was brought down around the fighting animals and covered the child in his cradle. After a terrible and lengthy battle, Gelert emerged the victor, but not without himself being badly wounded by the fangs of the wolf. He crawled from beneath the collapsed tent and lay licking his wounds.

When Llewellyn returned with his followers from the battle that evening, he was greeted by the sight of his tent brought down to the ground, and his hound, Gelert, covered in blood, sitting nearby.

Instantly he believed that his hither to faithful dog was covered by the blood of his beloved child and that he must have devoured him. In a rage of unbearable grief at the betrayal of his trusted dog, Llewellyn immediately thrust his spear through the body of Gelert. Almost demented by what had now become a double tragedy, and preparing to flee the terrible scene, Princes Llewellyn heard the cry of the baby from beneath the fallen tent.

Wrenching aside the fabric of his tent, the distraught chieftain saw the cradle, still upright. In it, bawling for more goat's milk, was his uninjured child. Beside the cradle was the mangled body of a huge wolf. It seemed as if the brave dog had almost torn the wild intruder to pieces.

Joy at the discovery of his baby son engulfed him for the moment, only for it to be submerged by guilt and grief at the fate of faithful Gelert.

Turning from the child, he knelt by the side of his dog who, although fatally wounded by the spear, was not yet dead. With his last remaining strength, Gelert raised his head a mere inch from the ground. He died in the act of giving a loving-and forgiving-lick to the hand which in foolish haste had killed him.

His grave in the same valley which carries his name, and he is honoured in the songs and poetry of Wales.



"I have from an early age abjured the use of meat, and the time will come when men such as I will look upon the murder of animals as they now look upon the murder of men."

Leonardo da Vinci

Faithful Friends



Two birds lived in a forest. One was a parrot bright green in colour, with a red beak, and the other was a black mynah. They became friends because they were of the same age. They were always together. They played hide-and-seek among the leaves of the trees. They chased each other round the groves. They dipped into puddles of rain water and splashed it on each other. Sometimes, if they came across a piece of string, they started a tug-of-war! In the darkness, they sat close together, as they were afraid of owls and bats. When they quarrelled over a nest or a fruit, their chatter was very much like that of naughty children. Their day was full of fun and frolic.

One day a stranger walked in to the grove and sat under the branches of a tree. The two birds watched him from their hiding place between the leaves. The naughty parrot pecked a little neem fruit and dropped it on his head. He brushed it away. The parrot threw another. The man became angry. This tickled the birds and they dropped some more. The man sprang up and looked all round. He then saw the two birds twittering merrily. He stood still, thinking deeply, and then walked away.

The next day, he returned to the same tree and secretly spread a net, covering it with grains of rice and wheat. He then hid himself and watched. The parrot flew down and sat on the net. His feet were caught in the mesh and he could not fly off.

The man quickly ran up and caught the bird. He laughed with joy and said, "I have you now, you naughty bird! I will make a beautiful cage and put you into it. I will teach you to speak, sing and dance. We will become rich and then I will buy a gold chain for you, pretty one."

The parrot screamed and struggled to be free, but the man was too strong. Thus ended a harmless joke. The poor parrot became a bird in cage, and he was named Ranga.

The man hung up the cage in a tin shed in a dusty street. The daily lessons started. With a stick in one hand and a nut in the other, he taught the bird to say: "Hullo, how do you do? Happy birthday to you. Don't worry, you will have good luck." He also taught the bird other things to do.

The parrot learnt very easily and quickly. He could sing a tune and keep step to it. After a month, the man took the bird and sat at the bazaar corner. Passers-by stopped to see and hear the bird. They paid for it. The bird became famous. Old women brought flowers and worshipped the bird. Young girls held out their palms to be read by the bird. The man became richer day by day.

After some time the parrot lost all interest in this game. He longed for his home in the forest. He felt cramped in the cage. He wanted to fly freely. The dusty streets choked him. The noise of the bazaar made him angry fretful. He was sick of the laughter of people and their clapping of hands.

But his master gave him no rest. He made a lot of money, yet he was never satisfied, he wanted more.

The parrot was afraid of the man. He remembered his friend, the black mynah, and longed for his company. He felt lonely in that cage.

One day, he tried again to break the bars but he only hurt his wings. At last, realising that he was a slave and that he could not escape, he thought that the best thing for him to do would be to forget his forest life and serve the man.

But he could not easily forget his life of freedom in the woods. He dreamt of it night and wept. He heard his friend's voice and tried to answer, but his throat felt choked. He became

dull and sad and wished to die.

Meanwhile, the black mynah searched for his playmate far and wide. He roamed all over the forest and called for him, but could not find him.

"Where is my friend? Have you seen the green parrot?" the mynah asked of every creature.

The rabbits, the deer and the squirrels all felt sorry for the mynah. Days passed but he could find no trace of the parrot. One day while he was sitting on the branch of mango tree he saw two boys who had come there for a picnic. One of them said, "I tell you, I saw the parrot dance and sing. He is a wonderful bird."

The mynah pricked his ears and listened. A sudden hope came to him. Perhaps that parrot might be his lost friend. He waited till the picnic was over. When the boys gathered up their bags and left, he carefully followed them at a distance.

The boys went to the market-place. The mynah felt afraid but he followed. At a street corner, he noticed a crowd of men, women and children laughing and clapping their hands. He went as close to them as possible. In the centre of his circle of people he saw a green bird singing. With a thrill of joy he recognised his friend. When it grew dark the crowd left and the man put the parrot in the cage and carried it home.

"Alas, my friend! what sin have you committed? what harm did you do? why have you been put in jail?" wondered the mynah.

He followed the man to his house. The man hung up the cage and went in. The mynah wanted to come down to meet the parrot, but he was afraid of the cage. So he perched on a branch of tree from where he could see his friend.

Soon the man returned, took the cage down and opened the door to fill the cup with water and give the bird some food. There was a black cloth in his hand to cover the cage for the night. He kept the cloth aside as he opened the cage. The mynah dashed down from his perch, took the cloth in his beak and flew off. The man was surprised and angry. He ran after the mynah, shouting and cursing the bird.

In his hurry he forgot to close the cage. The parrot, who had been watching the scene, pushed open the door and, stretching out its cramped feathers, atonce flew off with a shout of joy to meet the mynah.

The clever mynah dropped the cloth. The man picked it up, scolding the naughty bird all the while. He returned to his house, only to see to his horror the cage door open and the bird gone!

"Ranga, Ranga, where are you? Where have you hidden yourself, you rogue? come back to me, you foolish one," he cried-but there was no answer. He shouted and ran here and there, searching every nook and corner. The neighbours gathered round; some helped him to look for the bird and others laughed at him.

Meanwhile, the mynah and the parrot winged their way to their friends in the forest. All the birds and beasts greeted them happily.

The parrot sang as if he wanted to tell them:

"oh sing! oh sing of the joy to be free!

To spread one's wings so merrily,

To greet the leaves, the flowers and bees.

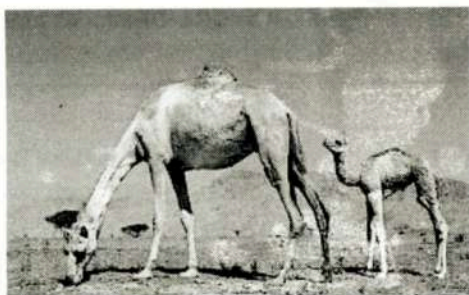
To feel the breeze that rushes through trees;

Where there is freedom there is joy,

For every creature, girl or boy."



The luck of Kaju



The Big Female camel lay dying in the corner of the dirty yard. Lack of food and hard work had taken their toll, and the baby camel which had been born to her in the night had taken away all the strength she had left. It lay sprawled in the mud beside her half its body in one of the many puddles made by the heavy rain of the night. Weakly the mother tried to draw her baby towards her but failed. She lay back, breathing with difficulty.

The row of half a dozen other camels, all tethered in the yard, looked on without concern. Perhaps they did not even notice the mother camel and her baby. Their own troubles would come all too soon.

An hour passed, and the men who owned the camels came to collect them to travel on to their port of call. A big, stout man with a beard bent over the female camel, and straightened himself with a grunt of annoyance.

"Dead, he said tersely. "I thought she wouldn't live the night."

His voice showed annoyance but no concern. He was soon joined by a younger man with protruding teeth.

"What about the young one?" asked the latter.

"Dead, too," replied the other, turning the baby over roughly with his foot, but not bothering to look more closely.

"Then, better get off quickly," advised the younger man, "otherwise some sweeper may soon come along and tell us to remove the bodies".

Suiting his words to action, he quickly saddled his own camel, and within a few minutes, the whole line of camels was once again on the move.

Meanwhile, the baby camel lay motionless on the cold damp ground, unconscious of the dirt or the smell, or the flies which settled on the wound made by the man's rough shoe. She was waiting now to rejoin her mother in death.

Only a few hundred meters away, a human mother was weeping without restraint. She was returning from the river Jumna, where the ashes of her only son had just been thrown. Vijay, aged twelve, her most beloved child, the light of her eyes and soul, had his short life ended by the carelessness of a taxi-driver, who had not even stopped after the accident.

In vain her husband tried to console her. And the seven year old girl at her side wept in sympathy with her mother.

"Vijay. Vijay!" sobbed the distraught mother. "What shall I do, now that you are gone? Who will plough the fields when your father is too old, and who will care for us when we are no longer able to work?"

Atlast, her husband, unable to take leave from his work any longer, walked ahead, while the sobbing woman and her child slowly followed behind him.

It was the child who saw the baby camel first, as they both took a short-cut through the yard. She let go of her mother's sari and ran to investigate. Atfirst sight she thought that it was a dog. Seeing that it was a baby camel instead, she ran back to her mother, excitement quickly drying her tears.

"Ma, ma!" she cried excitedly, tugging at her mother's sari, "it is a camel, a tiny baby camel."

But her mother was too wrapped up in her own grief to pay any attention and ignored the child.

"Ma! the child tugged harder. "It is a baby camel and it is sick. If Vijay had been here he would have helped it."

At the mention of her son's name, the woman's attention aroused.

"What did you say?" she asked in a dazed voice.

"Vijay-Vijay would have helped her, helped the baby camel," insisted the child, quickly seizing up her advantage.

"Vijay always helped sick animals and birds. Vijay would not have left a baby camel to die without trying to help it."

By this time the woman's attention was fully aroused.

"A baby camel?" she asked. "Where?"

The child quickly led her to it and pointed, "Here it is," She said, "Do you think it is dead?" she asked anxiously, as her mother stooped down and laid her hand on the little cold body.

"I'm not sure. Wait."

The woman felt with kind hands and was soon rewarded by a slight tremor coming from the heart.

"No, he is alive, but just alive. Hurry quickly to Shankarji's fruit shop and ask if we may barrow his barrow for half an hour.

The child needed no second bidding and was off like the wind, while the kindly woman lovingly massaged the small cold body of the baby camel with her expert hands, to bring back the circulation.

In less than ten minutes the child was back with the barrow. "I brought a sack as well to cover him up", "She cried eagerly.

It did not take long for Renu and her mother to push the little camel to their farm. Their warmth, massage and warm milk did all that was necessary to bring the baby back to life.

The farmer was amazed at the change in his wife, from whom he had expected tears for another month.

"Why you want to bother so much about that baby camel I cannot understand," he once remarked mildly.

His wife looked up and met his eyes. "It is what Vijay would have wished," she answered simply. And the farmer turned his head away, for he knew that it was true.

Day by day the baby camel's health improved, and he was now Renu's devoted playmate.

"I am going to call him Kaju," she announced. "It was the name of Vijay's pigeon, and it brought luck when he sent it to race for him. Perhaps this new Kaju will bring us luck, too."

Her father grunted mildly, "H'm! It's more likely that he was the lucky one to be picked up by you and your mother," he observed.

And so, quite quickly a year went by, and Renu became the sister of another brother—a small, lovely baby—this time named Vinod, who tumbled about in the dust and grew surprisingly fast.

"Ma," Renu observed one day as she stood watching Vinod, now aged five years, playing with Kaju, his faithful companion, "do you remember what you said the day after Vijay had died? You said that there would be no one to till the soil and plough the fields. Well, now there is no need for your to worry any more, for Vinod will do it, and Kaju will be there to help him."



Compassion Means Action



"I am terribly sorry," Khanna said, looking down at the open letter in front of him. "But I am afraid I have got to disappoint you both."

Anil and Asha, his son and daughter, both looked at him enquiringly.

"What is it, Dad?" Anil asked at last, as his father seemed to be in difficulties to know how to proceed.

"You were looking forward to the holidays, I know," Khanna said, wondering how to break the news best. "Well, I have just had a letter from my firm. Mr Marwah is ill and I shall have to go straight back."

"Oh, Daddy!" Asha looked at him aghast. "But we arrived only yesterday!"

"Yes, yes, I know. It is not my fault. Your mother will stay on, of course, but I shall have to get back by the early morning train."

Anil looked at him soberly. "Don't worry, Dad," he said, "We quite understand. How soon will you be back?"

"That is just it, son. I do not know if I shall be able to get back. You see, just before Mr Marwah became ill, he

had muddled the accounts and, I am the senior partner, I shall have to get things cleared. It may even mean that I shall have to stand the loss. That means that these holidays will have to be very quiet ones, I'm afraid. No pleasure trips or anything like that. I just not spend any extra money until I know that things are straight."

Asha did her best to smile. "There are lots of other things we can do that do not cost anything," she said as cheerfully as possible. "We can swim in the lake and have picnics and things. It is much worse for you than for us."

Khanna put an arm around them both. "You are a couple of heroes," he said. "Have as good a time as you can then, and take care of your mother. Perhaps I shall be back sooner than we think."

And so saying, he made his way to his room to pack.

"Run along and play with Manju," said their mother, when they offered to help with the packing.

Manju was their cousin, but although they met at regular intervals, somehow the brother and sister had never found his friendship very congenial.

"I do not want to play with Manju specially, do you?" said Anil sadly, as they wandered down the hill towards the lake. He will not want us if we are not going to be able to ride or do any of the things he does."

"I suppose we ought to try and be friendly towards him as we are cousins," Asha said dutifully. "Come on, let us go and see if he is going to the gymkhana tomorrow."

Manju was at home when they reached the bungalow where he was staying, but was not particularly sympathetic when he heard the bad news.

"No more riding?" he asked. Well, what is the use of staying here then, if you are not going to ride or see any of the sights? You might just as well go back with your father tomorrow."

"Are you going to the gymkhana?" Asha asked, hurriedly changing the subject.



"Naturally," Manju said scornfully. "I am riding in three of the events. I suppose you two won't be coming now."

"Oh, yes! We will come, even if we cannot take part in it," Anil said quickly. "We might have a picnic lunch on the way, up by the creek."

"In that case, I shall join you," said Manju without being asked, and the meeting was fixed for the following day.

And so it transpired that the following day, after a picnic beside the creek, Asha and Anil were packing away the things prior to their leaving for the gymkhana.

"I'll just take these plates to wash in the stream a little higher up," said Asha, who had a neat and tidy mind. "You boys can finish the cherries while I am gone."

Running up the hill with the plates in her hand, she disappeared behind some bushes. The next moment she was calling to them excitedly, "Anil Manju! come quickly!"

Anil was with her in a moment, Manju following in a more leisurely manner.

"Look!" said Asha, pointing.

Stuck between the rocks, almost in the middle of the stream, lay a small hill pony. It had evidently slipped while crossing the stream. The current at that point being extremely rapid, it had been carried along willy-nilly, and now lay firmly wedged between the rocks.

"Oh, the poor things!" Anil's voice was full of pity. "I wonder how long it has been there. We must get it out at once."

Don't be a fool, man! Manju spoke derisively. "It is only a little pack pony. It will get out by itself if it wants to."

Anil stared at him. "If it wants to! Do you suppose it likes lying in that position with the water nearly going over its head? Come on, both of you. If we all heave together, we may be able to get it out."

But Manju was already backing away.

"Don't be silly," he said. "We will all probably end up by failing in ourselves. Anyway, there is no time. If we stay here any longer we will be late for the gymkhana."

Asha turned to him furiously. "Run along to your precious gymkhana if you want to!" she said bitingly. "Anil and I think that the life of the pony is more important."

Turning her back on him, she clambered over the rocks towards the poor, terrified animal with Anil beside her. The pony watched them with piteous entreaty in its eyes.

It did not take them long to realise, from the position in which it was, that it would take more than their united strength to move it.

"We had better go and get help," said Anil. "Even if Manju had stayed, I do not think we could have done much. A rope is what we need most. The police would probably help us, I think."

"Then you go along and call them," said Asha urgently. "I'll stay with the pony. We cannot leave it and go now. It will think we are deserting it."

So Asha stayed with the pony, stroking the only bit of it she could reach, and murmuring words of comfort, while Anil ran most of the two and a half miles to the police station and came back an hour later with two policeman and a strong rope. Even then, with their united efforts, it was nearly another hour before the terrified and exhausted animal was finally hauled out of the water to safety.

Tired out, soaking and filthy, the brother and sister walked back with the pony to the police station. Having seen it safely housed for the night, they made their way home, promising to visit it again in the morning. It was too late for the gymkhana now, but if either of them regretted having missed it, they did not say so, for they knew that what they had done had been far more worthwhile.

For the next three days they visited the police station regularly to see their friend, which had not yet been claimed, and which seemed to look forward to their visits.

Manju kept out of their way and did not mention anything about the gymkhana, the one reason possibly being that he had fallen from his pony in the very first event!

On the fourth day, they received a visitor—an elderly, neatly-dressed figure, who proved to be a neighbouring farmer. He did not take long to give them the reason for his visit.

"I have come to thank you," he said. "The police tell me that you two children were responsible for saving my pony. The pony means a lot to me. You see, it belongs to my little grandson, but sometime back it was stolen. I suspect, judging from its condition, it has been used for pretty heavy work. The child has been ill since, pining for his pet. Getting the pony back will make all the difference to his recovery."

Anil and Asha stood speechless with pride and pleasure.

"And now," went on the old man, "I want to know what I can do for you. How long are you staying here? Are you fond of riding? If so, I have plenty of good ponies and can let you each have a month for as long as you are here. Would that be of any interest to you?"

"Interest to us!" gasped Anil. "I should just think it would! we love riding but this year we have not been able to, because..."

And just at that very moment the door opened and in walked Khanna!

"Daddy!" Asha cried with delight, running up to him. "How have you got back so soon?"

"Mr Marwah is recovering and the muddle was not as bad as I had been led to believe. But I see you have a visitor," he said.

The old man saluted him gravely.

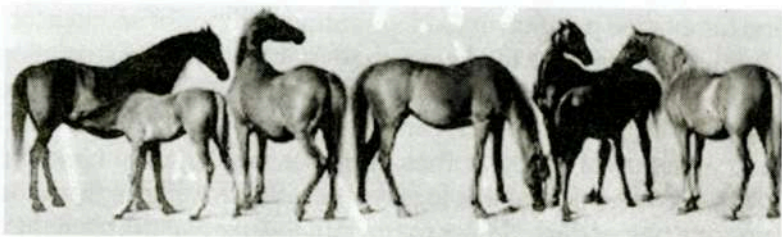
"I congratulate you sir," he said. "You have two very fine children."

Briefly he related the story and Anil and Asha blushed with embarrassment under their father's proud gaze.

"So, all's well that ends well," he said as the farmer finished "Naturally, my children would have done what they did, because they are both loves of animals. In fact, they both belong to some animal welfare society."

He turned to the children, "What is the motto of the society?"

"Compassion means action!" they replied in one voice.



"A reduction of meat consumption by only 10% would result in about 12 million more tons of grain for human consumption. This additional grain could feed all of the humans across the world who starve to death each year—about 60 million people!"

Marc Bekoff,

Animals Matter: A Biologist Explains Why We Should Treat Animals with Compassion and Respect

Man-Glory of Creation



The cunning fox was vexed at the glorification of man and his exalted position in God's creation. It thought within itself: "Am I in anyway less intelligent than man? or is he less cunning than I am when he wants to cheat others? He is a living creature just as much as I am. In fact, I am more contented than he. I don't wear a variety of costly clothes every season. I endure heat and cold patiently. I do not ask for umbrellas to protect me from the rain, or a pair of dark glasses to prevent the glare of the sunlight. I do not ask for a motor car to travel. Through we animals possess all these and many more great qualities, why should man be considered our superior? I shall see that this great injustice is ended."

The fox ran hither and thither and incited other animals to join him. He was able to gather a number of them, Then they all went to the elephant. The wise elephant said, "Brothers, no doubt there is some truth in what you say. Let us then go to another forest-dweller and hear his views. There lives a sage in yonder cottage. Let us present our case to him."

"Swami, you know me well," barked the dog. "I am the symbol of gratitude. If a man beats me a thousand times and gives me a morsel of food but once, I am grateful to him

throughout my life, and ready to give up my life in his service rendered to him and remembers the one wrong that his friend might have done. Ignoring the help received, he is always ready to murder his kith and kin if he is wronged by mistake. How then, Sir, can you say that man is superior to beasts?"

And the cow pleaded: "Man takes me to the pastures or gives me a little straw,. In return I give him my nourishing milk. Often he even starves my baby in order to feed his children. When I thus feed his family, he gives me shelter in a foul-smelling place in the backyard of his house. When I go dry, I am ill-treated and ignored. If I become old, I am driven out or sold to a butcher. Such is man whom you exalt sky-high!"

The crow said: "Has man got this one quality that possess, Sir? Even if a crumb of bread is thrown to me, I caw and call all my friends to share it with them, But man does the opposite. However much he has, he hoards more, and even goes out of his way to snatch the bread of his neighbour. How can this greedy man be exalted above me?"

The fish whispered. "O sage, I shall not call man inferior to me, but I call him downright foolish. I cause him no harm. In fact, I serve him by keeping the lakes and rivers clean. I eat away the dirt that is thrown into the water by him. But instead of preserving such a good benefactor, foolish man Kills and eats me! Do you then regard man as superior to me?"

The mule brayed: "O sir, the fish is quite right. Look at my pitiable plight. I am a beast of burden. I am famous for the divine quality of patience. I bear insult and injury. Without my service, the people in the hills will perish for want of food and other goods which I carry. What is my reward? Beating and more beating! Is this man superior to me?"

"Tell him everything, friends, tell him about your qualities and wonderful powers," the fox cunningly chimed in.

"Sir," said the deer, " the very skin on which you sit and meditate on God belongs to our kind. Have you ever heard of man's skin being to any good use? In the matter of beauty, the

most beautiful eyes of a damsel are often compared to mine. My lovely horns decorate man's halls."

"So also," said the peacock, "my feathers are so charming that even Lord Krishna had them tucked into His turban. Lord Shanmukha uses me as His vehicle, and Mantra experts use my feathers as magic wands to drive off evil spirits. No one has heard of Man's skin or hair being so used."

"My excretions are pure and highly purifying," said the cow. "The Panchagavya is an invariable item in all the holy rites of man. But the very mention of human excretions induces only vomiting in a person, and the least contact with them has to be followed by a thorough wash and bath."

"Can any man boast of having such a wonderful sense of sight as I have?" asked the kite.

"Can any man boast of having such a wonderful sense of sight as I have?" enquired the dog.

"Can any man see during the night and the day with equal ease as I can?" put in the cat.

And the elephant said, "I can do great things, Sir. There are numberless tales of my intelligence. My tusks are converted into lovely ivory idols. But kindly enlighten us as to why man is considered superior. Though I agree with the arguments of my friends, I feel that there must be some reason for this."

The sage said, "Listen, my jungle kinsmen. All that you have said is true, but god has given man the eye of reason, which sees the right from wrong and truth from untruth. You are ruled by instinct, but man can attain intuition. He can control instincts and through intuition he can attain God."

"And if he doesn't?" asked the cunning fox.

"If he doesn't, he is worse than a beast. If he does, he is far superior to all other creatures," said the wise sage.

All the animals went away satisfied.

The greatest
thrill is not to
kill but to let
live.

James Oliver Curwood

The Caged Robin

Susie was so excited. It was her birthday and her fingers kept going into her pocket and closing round the bright 20 cent piece her Aunt had given her.

Mummy had listened to her breathless account of the dollies' tea-set in the toy-shop window and had said that on her way home from school she might go in and buy it.

Susie could hardly sit still in school she might go in and buy it.

"Up into the blue sky goes the little robin," she said, "making a song like this."

And she imitated the bird's call.

"The robin should never be captured and kept in a cage. It's dreadful and cruel, and even though it is against the law, sometimes thoughtless boys will do it."

Suddenly Susie remembered Joe. Joe was the boy who "sometimes played with her big brother Dick. Joe had proudly shown them only last week, a little robin which he had caught and imprisoned in a cage, and made them promise not to tell anyone.

Susie could see it now, beating its wings against the bars of the miserable little cage, and her heart swelled with pity as her teacher went on,

"Suppose some one put you in tiny little prison and locked you in. Outside, all the other children are playing in the



The bird Robin looks with much agony

sunshine, but you cannot get free. You try to tear the bars of your prison away, but you only tear your fingers instead, until they are sore and bruised."

School was over and Susie raced out with the others, but instead of going straight to the toy-shop, she turned the other way. She found Joe fixing his bike. The little robin had dropped sadly at the bottom of the tiny cage, as though tired of beating against the bars.

"Joe", began Susie, "will you sell me our robin?"

"How much will you give me for it?" he asked.

Susie took the 20 cent piece out of her pocket.

"Gee! where did you get that from?" Joe asked.

"It's my birthday present from my Aunt," she answered.

A few minutes later Susie was walking away with the little cage in her hand. She went straight to the field where Joe had told them he had found the bird's nest. She put the cage on the grass and knelt beside it. The little bird was chirruping softly as though saying "thank you" for what he knew she was about to do.

Susie undid the door of the cage and timidly the bird hopped out. Then it flew a yard or two and stopped again, its head on one side-and then it joyously flew high into the air.

"Oh!" said Susie, clapping her hands and watching him as he rose. "Oh! you dear little bird, how glad I am you're happy at last."

"Where is the tea-set?" her mother asked as Susie came running in.

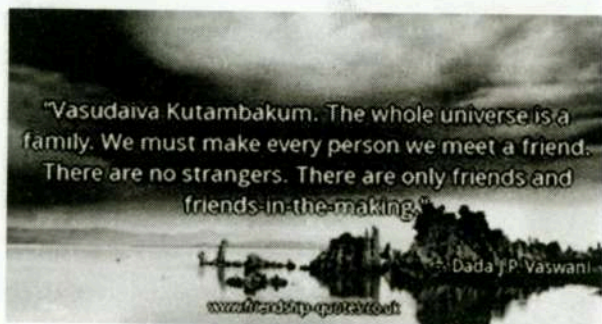
"Oh! mummy, didn't buy it after all. I bought a robin instead.

"A robin!" exclaimed her mother in surprise. Then susie told her all about it.

"I'm so glad you did that, darling", "her mother said gently. "One day we'll ask Joe to come for tea and I'll talk to him about keeping wild birds in cages. I'm sure he can't realise how cruel it is.

As Susie sat down to tea, she felt so glad to think of the little robin enjoying its freedom, that she didn't care a bit about the tea-set.

Reverence For All Life



Some days ago, I met a few students of St. Mira's School. In the course of our conversation, I put one of them the question? "What is your daily food?"

A little one answered, "Chappaties and cooked meat."

And I asked him, Do you know where the meat comes from?"

And the little one, his eyes beaming with the light of pure innocence answered, "Why, from a shop, of course!"

And when I related to the children that meat was not something that came from a shop, but was the flesh of living animals who were slaughtered - not unoften very cruelly- the little ones shuddered. They said, "We shall never touch meat any longer. We shall not eat food which is had by slaying innocent animals, whom we would rather love than kill!"

Cruelties are inflicted upon animals of which many of us are ignorant. Thoughtlessly we do many things which we would refrain from doing, if we were aware of the truths. In the following pages have been brought together selections from the writings of humanitarians and animal - lover, who give us vivid descriptions of the cruel treatment dealt out to animals. I have also brought together passages from the writings of Beloved



"God has created us and poured love into our hearts so that we may do our best to alleviate the suffering that is around us."

Dada Vaswani

Dadaji (Sri. T.L. Vaswani) and other prophets of compassion, who have appeared in the East and West, and who have called upon man to awaken to his responsibilities towards his younger brothers-the animals and birds -in the one family of creation.

Many are the wrongs that are inflicted upon brother birds and naimals. They suffer in silence. They have no voice with which they may speak to us. They toil and slave for us, but receive no wages. They have no money with which they may fight their cause. They have no press with which they may draw our attention to their silent agonies. They have no radio, no television, with which they may make known to us the injustice and cruelty inflicted on them day after day. They can only suffer in silence and die, as they have been doing through endless centuries, until the heart of man is awakened and he declares. "The animals, too are my brothers, and I have my duties towards them."

It is our duty to see that animals, who have befriended man since pre-historic times, are given their rights.

"Sordid and blood -smeared," says Beloved Dadaji, "is our civilisation, for still we shoot birds and slay animals to eat their flesh. This civilisation is built on the blood of creatures and the patience of the poor. "This civilisation must perish. A new civilisation must be born the new civilisation as the Buddha taught, must be built on maitri-friendliness and friendship with all living things. This, indeed, is the secret of a new society, anew humanity, a new civilisation, which is our piteous need.

In a letter, which I received some time ago from Srimati Rukmani Devi Arundale, Chairman of the Animal welfare Board of Madras, I read the following words: "After India has become free, more animals and birds are tortured and killed. This is a sad realisation for all us." And I have been asking myself the question for all us." And I have been asking myself the question: "Is India truly free?" India will not, cannot be truly free until every animal, every bird, every creature, who has in him the breath of life, is free and happy.

India has adopted Ashoka's Dharma - chakra as her sacred symbol. Is India true to the spirit of Ashoka and his ideal? Ashoka banned all slaughter, and India became a vegetarian country. Ashoka opened hospitals for animals and birds. Ashoka called upon all to refrain from causing pain to anything that could feel pain. The more I have thought of it, the more I have felt that every time a bird is shot or an animal killed or slaughtered, or ill-treated on the roadside, the spirit of Ashoka impeaches the people of India at the bar of eternal justice.

In the following pages has been put forward a plea for framing a "Charter of Rights of Animals". Men have their rights; have animals not rights? Groups in different parts of the world are awakening to the responsibilities of man to the animal kingdom. And it is in the fitness of things that in the matter of framing a charter of rights of animals, India gives the lead to the world-India, the sacred land of Buddha and Mahavira, of Kabir and Nanak, of Chaitanya and Sankara, of Tukaram and Ekanath,

of Mira and Mahatma Gandhi. And the very first right in the "Charter" should be the right to live. No one must be allowed to take away the life of an animal, for the simple reason that one cannot take away life that one cannot give back. One cannot to give life to a dead creature, so one has no right to take away its life.

Today, man is able to fly faster than sound, and is engaged upon the task of "conquering" space. Alas! he has not learnt to conquer himself. His mind is agitated, his heart is troubled and unsure, his anger flares up easily. He is losing faith in God, in the universe, and in himself. He is becoming a slave of his appetites and cravings. And the civilisation he has built is on the point of breaking into pieces. What is the reason?

Man has alienated himself from God's creation. He has lost his sense of at-one-ment with nature, with life. All nature is one. All life is one. And if a new civilisation is to be built, if man is to grow in the "peace that passeth understanding" and the joy that no ending knows, he must make friends with birds and animals, with trees and flowers, with streams and stars, with all that lives. The birds will then sing to him their soulful melodies, the flowers will smile at him, and the animals will come and sit at his feet, giving him their gentle looks of love. For at the heart of all creation is love.

Some months ago, I moved out at late hour of the night. In the street, I saw a little dog lying in the deep agony of pain. He had apparently been run over by a passing vehicle. He was bleeding, he was panting for breath. I carried him to a corner and laid him on a soft blanket. He was about to pass away. I sat near him and read a few verse from the Bhagavad Gita. I sprinkled a little water over him. He opened his eyes for a brief moment and looked at me. That look haunted me again and again. That look seemed to say to me: "Am I not your brother?" And looking at me thus, the dog breathed his last.

I closed my eyes in prayer. And, methinks, I saw the Lord, Sri Krishna, with a flute upon His lips. And out of the flute came the song: "Ye all are one!" Yes, we are all one. Men and

birds and animals - we are all one. The forms are many but the life that flows through them all is one. The manifestations are many, but life is one. We are all one.

The ancient Rishi of the Ishopanished sang: Ishivisyam idam sarvam- "All that is, is a vesture of the Lord." God comes to us, putting on different vestures different garments. Clad in different grabs the lord comes to us, to test us, to find out if we truly love him, as we say we do. Alas! we slay the Lord. We whip Him, we handle him roughly, we treat Him harshly. We are cruel to Him. We offer Him worship in temples and churches, we chant hymns to his glory. But out in the street we are cruel to Him. We slay Him and eat His flesh. We forget that the animal, too, is an image of God.

The thought is affirmed in the following pages that every creature is holy, every animals is sacred. Therefore, touch him with reverence. Treat him with love. And keep away from all food of violence. The day is coming, when, as beloved Dadaji said, meat-eating will be regarded as murder.

Listen to his moving words: "I have heard of Educated Indians speak, echoing the words of Western authors, of 'humane' slaughter. As well might we speak of humane murder! Stop all slaughter! Animals and birds have, alas, no language which we can understand and in which they could tell us of their suffering and pain. Won't you see in them your brothers and sisters? Won't you behold in them the shadow of evolving humanity?

Much on earth is masked, Beloved Dadaji used to say again and again; much on earth is hidden from us. But there is a strange, a mystic sense of our fellowship with all that is. And that is what makes every life sacred. The roots of our being are in the One reality that breathes out benedictions on every river and every rock, on every stream and every storm, on every animal and every bird, on every child and every angel, on every atom and every Atman-for all is God.

This is the faith developed in the following pages. We are all brothers - birds and animals and men,. We are all brothers - birds and animals and men. We are here to serve each other. These hands are given to us to help. They are given to us not to kill or to slaughter, but to save. These hearts are given to us to love, not to kill or to slaughter, but to save. These hearts are given to us not to hate. Brain and science and civilisation and all our technical equipment are given to us for the service of the poor and broken ones for the service of all creation that groaneth in the agony of pain.

A girl of tender years came to Beloved Dadaji one day and said to him, "Dadaji, I love your teachings more than words may tell. And you have urged, again and again, that we must keep away from diet. Meat - eating, you always say, is murder. But what shall I do? I have tried to live on vegetarian diet. It is so tasteless. It kills my appetite. Tell me what I should do?"

And Dadaji asked us to bring a big knife. It was quickly brought. Holding the knife in his hand, he said to the girl, "My child, tell me how much flesh you need. I shall cut it from my body and give it to you. But pray, do not have dumb, defenceless creatures killed!"

The words moved the heart of the little girl. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she said, "Dadaji. I promise I shall never touch flesh any more. I would rather starve than eat the flesh of a living creature".

The words moved the heart of the little girl. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she said, "Dadaji, I promise I shall never touch flesh any more. I would rather strave than eat the flesh of a living creature.

How many will be moved to say as did this little girl, "We would rather starve than eat the flesh of living creatures?" How many of us will listen to the call of compassion? Howmany of us will become helpers of birds and animals, friends of all creation? As many as do so will be richly blessed. They will be among the builders of a new humanity, a new civilisation.

"Obedient Champion"



 Harry, the golden cocker spaniel with long, drooping ears and loving and almost human eyes, is no more. The one-time "Obedience Champion", who delighted Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, and both children and grown ups alike, passed away recently.

Harry was no ordinary dog. He was the winner of two breed challenge Certificates and many firsts in beauty competitions. He was declared "Best Golden Cocker in show". He did not have an equal in the cocker spaniel world. He was the only one of his breed in about fifty countries to have bagged the internationally recognised and coveted title : "Obedience Champion".

Harry was born on August 22, 1959 and breathed his last on September 29, 1969. He succumbed within twenty - four hours to high fever and a serious infection. This ten-year period was a record - breaking one for Harry and his proud owner and trainer, Mr. A.P. Kanodia of Delhi.

Harry was "Obedience champion "twice. If a dog wins the obedience challenge Certificate three times under three different judges in three championship dog shows, he becomes "Obedience Champion". Harry won seven such certificates under six different judges. Thus, Harry was twice "Obedience Champion" and something more!

This wonder dog participated in dog shows in Bomaby, Delhi, Calcutta, Madras, Banglore, Naini Tal and Simla. He was the first dog of any breed in the canine history of Bombay and Delhi to win the Obedience Challenge Certificate. There are three breed groups of dogs. Harry was the only small breed dog in India to become "Obedience Champion". He was a tremendous success in many all breed obedience contests.

Even dogs of bigger breeds, like Alsations, Dobermann, Pinschers, Labrador Retrievers and police dogs, on several occasions cut a sorry figure at the shows where Harry was competing in obedience trials. Many a time he won by huge margins, sometimes beating his rivals by more than seventy marks.

Winning his seventh Obedience Challenge Certificate at the age of five, before an international judge at Calcutta, Harry smashed all previous national records in obedience. From then on, he was not entered in any dog shows as he had already won many laurels.

Harry had by then become a master, so to say, and would occasionally give demonstrations at dog shows and receive national and international trophies, cups and medals in recognition of his skill and unexcelled feats. He was also awarded a gold medal by the Deputy Minister of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India.



His owner collected details about cockers from nearly fifty countries where organised kennel clubs operate and did not discover another cocker spaniel with the title, "Obedience Champion". No wonder this golden-haired dog was held as the "Worlds first Obedience Champion Cocker Spaniel".

Besides attaining perfection in obedience, Harry had many tricks up his sleeves. He could bring a basketful of roses to welcome guests, do the namaste, (Hindu style of greeting) shake hands with people, pick out a marked card from a forest of cards, jump like a tiger through a four-ringed hurdle, roll on the ground, guard objects, retrieve in water, crawl, speak on command, dance, sing, smile, perform various other tricks and trace anything.

His skill in recovering hidden objects by following their scent was simply amazing. He was rightly described as the dog with human intelligence.

Harry was the star attraction at various dog shows in India. The organisers and dog lovers wanted Harry to give just a demonstration of his remarkable obedience skill. One of his roles in real screen style was as follows.

The hero is dead. His favourite dog is sad beyond words, a picture of deep shock and unhappiness, and he refuses to eat. Biscuits are offered and taken to his mouth but he does not even touch them. He begins to weep audibly and create a real sad atmosphere. Harry understood every word of his trainer and master!

Children giggled when Harry, at his last demonstration began singing before a distinguished gathering of diplomats, Mp's, high officials and other prominent citizens. The one minute music session took place in Delhi. Though there were no lyrics, yet a lilting tune was audible with high and low pitch and perfect modulation of the voice. It was indeed amazing!

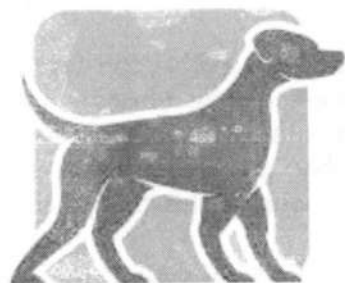
The Indian Express of Delhi commented: "His master's voice can make Harry sing, and he did sing today for nearly two hundred amazed listeners, like a coloratura artiste!"

Harry was hailed by newspapers and journals in India and abroad, said the *Times of India* on February 18, 1964 : "That Harry was the best - behaved dog in the country was seen when he approached Smt. Indira Gandhi to receive the Australian gift. Harry greeted the Prime Minister with folded hands, and what appeared like a canine smile!.

In 1962, the Hindustan Times commented on Harry's namaste: " Greeting that will take any human aback.

Several overseas kennel clubs, dog lovers and expert dog trainers took keen interest in Harry and invitations came to Mr. Kanodia for Harry to participate in dog shows abroad.

Harry is no more. He was laid to rest in the dog cemetery in Delhi, but his wonderful performances will ever remain fresh in the memory of numerous dog lovers. He raised India's status in the dog lovers. He raised India's status in the dog-world.



D G SHOW

Lincoln's Compassion

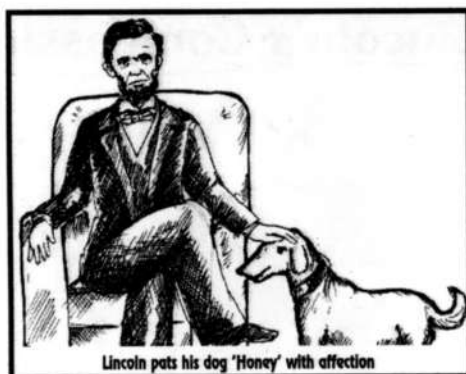


Lincoln, the boy, was tender; Lincoln, the youth was sympathetic; and Lincoln, the man, was merciful. History abounds with the humaneness of this great soul, and his life proves that humanity and humaneness go hand in hand.

Lincoln was the friend of every creature of fur and feather, and we are told that he was especially devoted to his dog Honey. He found this dog one very hot day when he was on his way to the old mill with a sack of meal to be ground.

The dog had a broken leg and had been abandoned by its owner. Leaving the heavy sack of meal for the time being, Lincoln picked up the little dog and carried him to a nearby spring, where he bathed the injured leg and gave him fresh water to drink. Then he took him home and put the leg in a splint and made a nice, clean bed for him in a shady place. The two became devoted friends.

Honey accompanied Lincoln on all of his errands and would stand by patiently until each task was completed. They would go blithely home through the woods together, Lincoln whistling a merry tune and the dog running back and forth in a perfect frenzy of joy.



Lincoln pets his dog 'Honey' with affection

One time, when they were out walking together, Lincoln got caught in a cave between two rocks. He could not free himself, and Honey, sensing the danger, ran home and barked so loudly and furiously that a search party at once accompanied him to the cave and his master was rescued.

Whenever Honey did wrong, Lincoln would reprove him kindly and gently, for he realised that animals, like human beings, often do wrong because they do not know any better and that gentle words and kindness will correct the fault when harsh words and accusations fail.

Honey trusted and loved his master because of his tender kindness, and Lincoln in turn prayed each night that God would make Honey a good dog.

Lincoln's childlike prayer had an irresistible appeal—"God help mother, help father, help everybody; help me to read and write. Watch over Honey and make him a good dog, and keep us all from getting lost in the wilderness Amen."

It will be recalled that the Lincoln family migrated from Kentucky to Illinois with numerous families. They made the journey by ox team, traveling as far as possible during the day and camping near a stream or other water supply as evening came on. One morning, after a night beside a wide but quiet and

shallow creek, the cavalcade awoke to find that a slight skim of ice had formed during the night and spanned its surface from shore to shore. One by one the families drove their teams through the chilly waters until all had crossed.

Then a little yellow dog rushed down to the edge of the water on the far side of the stream. While the camp had been breaking up, this little dog had gone into the woods and had not noticed the departure of the pioneers. When he did return, all had gone. Not daring to cross, he began to beg help by barking, but not one had time or cared to wet his feet for a dog. There were already too many dogs in the camp.

No one had time for this four-legged little creature, atleast no one but a lank little fellow as Abe Lincoln. He heard its cries. Try as he would, he could not stop his ears to the plaintive call. So amid the derision of his fellow travellers, he removed his boots, rolled up his trousers, and waded across to the other bank. Gathering the little dog in his arms, he quickly returned and resumed his place in the pioneering band.

All through life, Lincoln stood ready to defend and protect the helpless. On one occasion, he came upon a pig that was stuck in the mud. It had wandered out into a soft meadow and, despite its struggles, was sinking deeper and deeper. Lincoln had on his best clothes at first determined not to bother about the pig, but after he had passed by, he was overwhelmed with pity for the poor beast and went back and rescued it, although his clothes were almost completely ruined by the slime and mud.

Another time, as a young lawyer, Lincoln was travelling on horseback with several of his companions through deep woods and across wide prairies. As they passed a grove of trees, joyous with the song of birds, they noticed a fledgling which had fallen from the nest. They continued on their way, but had gone only a short distance, when Lincoln got down from his horse and, going back to the place where the helpless bird lay fluttering on the ground, lifted it tenderly and placed it on a branch near the nest.

When he rejoined his companions, one of them chided him for delaying the whole party for what he considered a mere trifle.

"My friend," Lincoln replied, "I can only say this; that I feel better for it. I would not sleep tonight if I had left that helpless little creature to perish on the ground.

On another occasion, when visiting General Grant's head quarters during the Civil War, he was attracted to three motherless kittens crawling on the floor. He took them up tenderly, soothed their piteous crying, and instructed one of the staff officers to see that the little waifs were given plenty of good milk and treated with utmost kindness. Lincoln had occasion to return to that office three or four times afterwards, and each time he looked for the baby kittens and fondled them tenderly.

Kindness was ever the watchword of his nature, and his associates were startled again and again in the stress of battle, or in the stress of battle, or in the confusion of his exacting political activities, to see him do some simple, kindly act toward man or beast.

Mothers whose sons were sacrificed in the war had much evidence of his kindness, tangible and otherwise children who were made fatherless by the great struggle touched his heart strings and moved him to tears. Helpless himself, in the midst of their helplessness, he carried on what he knew to be a fight for humanity, but he suffered keenly withal, and could never seem to shake off the burden of another's sorrow. No one can read the Gettysburg address without feeling the humaneness of this great soul.



IS THE CIRCUS FUN?



Just imagine if you had to stand on your head every time you wanted a meal, or learn to balance a hoop on your nose before you could get a candy. Would you learn quickly? Don't you think it would be difficult? And wouldn't there be many punishments before you learnt to do the trick perfectly.

Yet, when a bear or a monkey does this in the circus, we think it funny and amusing. We laugh and clap to see a bear riding a bicycle, or a huge old lion sitting on a stool, or an elephant balancing himself on a drum. The circus master cracks his whip and all the animals obey and leap about. There is music, which makes us feel happy and jolly, and there are bright lights inside the tent or theatre. And how we laugh and cheer at all the comical acts!

What do the animals feel about it? Well, after years of training many of them have almost forgotten they are beasts of the jungle or forest or the plains. They are "conditioned" by force to the circus stage. They are trained to perform routine tricks, which may be uncomfortable or even painful, and are quite certainly dull, difficult and pointless. Circus owners and trainers have admitted in books that one cannot force animals into unnatural routines, which have to be performed at a given

moment, without cruelty in the training.

After their training, those animals that were strong enough to stay alive and keep their senses, become part of "the show", and travel round from place to place in small cages. Year in and year out, every day is the same to them the stage or the cage. Pretty boring, don't you think? No wonder, that in some countries like Sweden circus shows with wild animals have been forbidden by law.

What is your opinion? Do you think God wants us to turn His animals into trick-machines? Surely God made them animals, not machines for our fun. If you love animals, you would want them to be as happy as you are. Why laugh and clap your hands while the animals suffer? Is this kind?

What shall we do about it? Well, if the circus comes to my town, I shall not go to watch a performance. I will not attend. And if I have to attend, I will not laugh or clap when any animal is doing an unnatural trick or stunt that must have caused it pain in the training, even if it is not causing the animal pain now. And I will pray that the circus may go out of fashion.

That is the determination you will have to come to.

Here is an eye-witness account of a visit to a camp to view circus animals.

A big wagon contained cages for the six lions-two males, (both of them very big), two females and two half-grown lions. The space allotted to each animal was scarcely two square metres. It is in these two square metres of space that the lions have to spend practically the whole of their lives.

The bears, too, had no greater space at their disposal. A beautiful little puma, which the circus kept for show purposes only, had to content itself with one and a half metres of cold slippery floor, that was never cleaned during the two days we visited the camp. The possibilities of exercise for this puma were limited to two or three steps, provided it bent its body double and'

crossed the cage diagonally. If anybody came near the cage, the puma hissed angrily and showed its teeth between the iron bars. Close by was a cage with two bears in it. Nobody but the "tamer" himself dared come near to it. Both animals were chained behind their bars.

"But surely," we said, 'these animals were born in captivity and consequently, or so we are told—they have no longing for freedom in the jungle'

"No," the man in charge of the animals told us, 'they were all caught in the jungle. Animals born in captivity are useless for training. They have no respect, no fear of man. But these animals have. They cannot endure the scent of man. That alone is enough to inspire awe in them.'

Here the question arises whether it is not cruel merely to imprison animals born to freedom in narrow cages for the rest of their lives.

Here for what it is worth is the answer of the attendant: "Not at all. They are much better off here than in their natural surroundings. Here they get their grooming and regular meals, whereas in the jungle they might starve for weeks."

This indeed is a stupid argument. God has given them plenty of space and food, but man is depriving them of everything.

What we were most interested in seeing, however, was the training of the animals, which we were told took place every day.

We were told to wait for an hour to see the training of lions. We waited an hour, but nothing happened. The training was repeatedly postponed. During the two days we spent visiting the camp, the daily training was not performed once. What was it that they were so anxious we should not see?

The following day we arrived at a moment just when the attendant was not expecting us. And we were destined to



witness an incident that made us definitely lose faith in the "gender" kind of circus training, one which convinced us that cruelty to animals is a true factor in circus life.

In a small shed that had very tiny windows, so dark that one could hardly see across the floor, were rows of cages piled one on top of another. The cages were so small that it would be heartless to keep even animals the size of a rabbit in them.

Locked up in this cramping narrowness, in this dismal semi-darkness, were dogs—boxers and other large dogs. The glowing hatred we were met with on entering this shed was terrible. The dogs seemed to sneer at us as they bit into the wire netting. Their eyes flashed fire burning savagely into the darkness. Some of them were obviously raving mad from the imprisonment. In particular, there was a Samoyed, who kept turning round and round. The cage just permitted it to turn its body. It was barking and foaming at the mouth. Neither of us could bear to remain in the dogs' shed for more than a minute at a time. The infernal din of a dozen barking animals and the awful sight of them was too much for our nerves.

The public performance of these dogs consists, by the way, in their acting as a "soccer team each dog being dressed up in an idiotic "soccer suit". Thus attired, they have to push the ball towards one of the two goals!

When approaching the dogs' shed on a second occasion, we were once more greeted with intense barking. But through the din a shrill howling, full of horror, came to our ears. We peeped through one of the tiny windows. There we saw the trainer in the act of chastising a beautiful boxer with a leaden whip. He was using all his strength.

The dog was grovelling at his feet, howling piteously. Blow upon blow descended upon the back of the unfortunate animal- Like a pistol shot the lash cracked at every sweeping blow aimed by the man.

What harm had the dog done? For what reason was it



being punished so cruelly? And why was it being beaten in front of the other dogs? These were the thoughts that coursed through our minds.

The trainer, catching sight of us, instantly stopped the ill-treatment and stuffed the whimpering dog back into its hutch.

It must surely strike one who is observant that it is not every day of the week that one sees a human being balancing for any length of time on two hands, let alone on one. But here is a dog an ordinary mongrel terrier standing upside down on one front paw. A canine prodigy, he begins to think and he puzzles his head to detect the trick, for trick there must be somewhere.

This trick, which may demand months or years of patience on the part of a human being can and must be learned in an incredibly short space of time by a dog. Man does it of his own free will, while the dog does it because he is forced to.

According to the "Yorkshire Observer" of 1935, the trainer's assistant whose job, whether he likes it or not is to be as brutal as possible, for the more acutely the animal suffers, the quicker he will be able to learn the trick, and the more eager to avoid rehearsing it. Besides, the public has to be deceived, so there must be no outward signs of starvation or other ill - Treatment

Having made the dog hate and fear him, the assistant hangs him upside down and leaves him. The more the wretched animal struggles, the more the cord, wire or leather thongs cuts into his leg or legs, if both hind legs are secured.

When he thinks the dog has had enough, that is, when the latter is worn out with pain and howling, the trainer enters the room and, since it is of utmost importance that he should deceive even his own victim, he advances towards him with a cry of pity and places his hand under the dog's front paw. His thoughts centered on his strained and tortured hind leg, the animal is now grateful enough for the support afforded by the

trainer's hand, and soon learns that by remaining in a vertical position he suffers no acute pain. Having got what he wants, the trainer releases the dog, pats his head and feeds him.

No wonder, then, that appearing as he does in the guise of a delivering angel, the trainer is loved by his victim the poor simple soul.

The trainer can, if necessary, assure his audience with verbal truth that he has never hurt or been anything but kind to the dog, who so obviously adores him.

And why should the audience, bent on an evening's entertainment at a first-rate circus, and faced with the faultless and kindly demeanour of the trainer, the lump of sugar and the wagging tail of the dog, suspect cruel and secret torture of black-hearted deceit? Yet both are obviously necessary if the trainer is to prepare and present this trick to the public and get away with it.

Animals perform unnatural tricks for entertainment as they are forced to do so. They appear pleased to do their tricks and glad to follow their trainer. This is because after many hours of confinement they get an opportunity of stretching their legs fully. They feel momentarily released to do their turns in anticipation of scraps of food which may be given out during the performance.



THE PET COW



THERE was a get deal of excitement on the day the little red calf was born. Kanha's daughter, Valli, and his son, Chandu, went rushing excitedly to the cowshed and there they saw their cow licking her little calf. The early morning sun fell on the calf and lent a reddish glow to her soft skin.

"She is as red as the corals mother wears!" exclaimed Valli in delight.

"We shall name her Coral," said Kanha, as he patted the new calf.

"When will I be able to take her to the river for a bath?" asked Chandu.

"She is too young just now. Wait for a few days more," said Kanha.

The children did not want to go to school on that day. "Who will look after the calf if I go?" said Chandu anxiously. "The neighbours will attack her," said Valli.

But Kanha insisted on their attending school. Reluctantly they left the shed. As soon as school was over they dashed back to the shed. Imagine their wonder at seeing the little calf standing up awkwardly, trying to suck milk!

"That calf is my pet," said Valli challengingly. "She is the most beautiful calf in the world."

"No, she is mine," declared Chandu.

Their mother, Thangamma, put an end to their argument, and it was decided that the calf would be the common pet of the household.

Thus began the life of Coral. She grew up rapidly and the children found that she was stronger and taller than them. She played with them, butting their backs if they did not take notice of her, chewing the end of Valli's plaited hair, or circling round the meadow with her tail stretched out. The children were greatly amused by all her playful antics and loved her dearly.

Valli soon grew into a comely maiden and her parents married her off to a farmer's son in a village far from theirs. The day came when Valli, the newly-wedded bride, had to take leave of her parents, her brother, and her calf, now grown into a staid and stately cow.

Everyone wept. Valli clung to her father and mother and embraced her brother. She threw her arms around the neck of Coral and said, "Chandu, take good care of my pet. She is dumb and cannot utter a word, but look, her eyes speak. How sad they are! She knows I am leaving."

Coral licked Valli's palm with her rough tongue. Thus they parted.

As years passed, Coral became old and lost her vigour. She yielded less milk, and at last went completely dry. It was a hard time for Kanha and his wife. The rains had failed and the price of cereals rose up in the market.

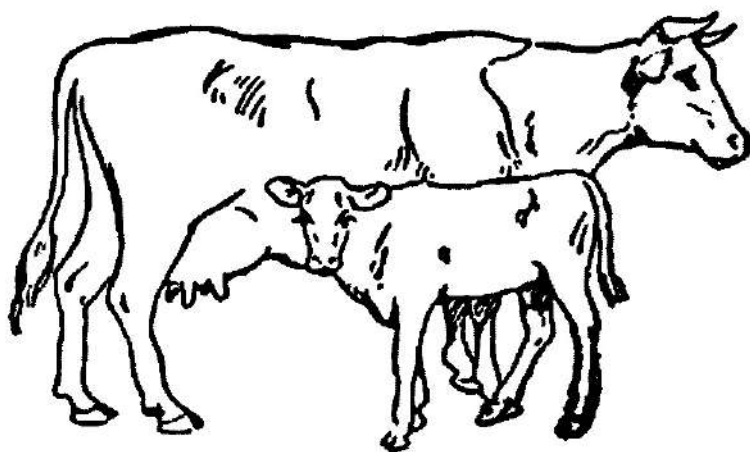
"How are we to feed a cow that gives us no milk?" Kanha asked. No one could answer.

Kanha's wife only said, "We cannot leave her to starve."

Chandu listened anxiously. After a few days, when the store of grains was getting less, the same question was asked by Kanha. His wife did not reply. Slowly the quantity of fodder for the cow was also reduced. Then came a day when the cowshed was opened and Coral was let out to roam the neighbourhood in search of food. Every evening, she would return, only to find the gate dosed against her. She would stand at the fence and wait in vain for the gate to open, and then walk away at dawn to dig into the rubbish heaps for a dry roti or some dry vegetable or some rotten rice.

In the rainy season, she was able to get some grass here and there, but wherever she went she was driven out. On festival days, the village women and children would wind a garland of flowers around her horns and apply a *tika* on her forehead, calling her "Go-mata". But of what use was this worship when hunger gnawed at her stomach all the time?

The cow grew weaker day by day. At first Chandu, who missed Coral and felt sorry for her, would give her a plantain or a 'roti' on his way, but gradually he also stopped taking notice of



her. Her existence was forgotten by all. Silently and without complaining she would stand and gaze at the home that was once hers. Thus neglected and forgotten, she would have died had not an incident taken place.

Chandu was married to a girl in the adjoining village and he brought the bride home. There was great rejoicing in the house. All the relatives gathered to receive the bride, but Valli had not come. Chandu felt her absence specially, as he wanted Valli to admire his wife. But in the evening a bullock-cart stopped at the door and Valli got down with a bundle in one arm, leading her little daughter. All filled with joy. Lamps were lit and a lovely feast was spread in the courtyard.

Valli opened her box and brought out a fine silk, coat for Chandu, an orange turban cloth for her father, a red sari for her mother, and a silver mango-chain for the bride.

Then she took out a garland of bright beads with bells attached and, holding it out before them, asked, "Guess, Chandu, for whom I have brought this gift?"

Chandu looked at it laughed and said, "Who would wear it except a cow!"

"Yes, that is exactly for whom it is. It is for our cow, Coral." Valli replied and got up.

She took her child by the hand, saying, "Come, I shall show you the cow of whom I have told you so many stories all these days."

Chandu looked at his mother in confusion. Valli's mother stopped her and said, "Valli, Coral has left us."

"Left us!" exclaimed Valli. "But why should she do that? She loved us and she was so comfortable in our shed."

No one answered. Then her father told her the truth.

Valli wept. She could not eat the dinner set before her. Her

mother got annoyed with her and said, "Valli, you are carrying things too far. After all, Coral is only an animal. We do feel sorry but it cannot be helped. Everyone does the same."

Valli did not answer. She looked accusingly at Chandu and said, "Do you remember, Chandu, the day I left home? I told you to take care of my pet. You have allowed her to die of starvation. She fed us when we were children."

That night Chandu lay tossing in bed, because he could get no sleep. He felt guilty. He realised that he had done an unworthy, mean and sinful action, and had betrayed the trust of his sister and the cow. He must make amends.

Chandu got up from bed and went out. He made up his mind to search every nook and corner and bring back the cow. He was afraid that she might have died.

It was dark. The roads were rough and uneven. Thorny plants pricked his feet, but he did not care for the pain. His mind was bent on finding Coral. And Coral seemed to have disappeared suddenly. Chandu had seen her almost every day.

"When you want a thing very much, you cannot get it. When you do not want it, it will come to you again and again," Chandu muttered as he searched.

After a few hours, Chandu grew very weary. He sat by a well to have some rest. Then he stretched his legs and lay down. Sleep overcame him.

It was nearing dawn when he was suddenly awakened by a noise of munching. He discovered that his turban was being pulled! He opened his eyes and suddenly found himself gazing into those of Coral. She was there by his side, trying to swallow a bit of his turban. Chandu leapt up with joy and went close to her.

His joy soon turned to grief. There she stood—a skeleton with sunken sides, ribs sticking out, hardly able to lift up her head.



He held out the food that he had so thoughtfully brought with him. He smiled tearfully as Coral swallowed it bit by bit. Then he called out to her and said, "Come now, Valli wants you. Let us go home."

Slowly and gently Chandu led her over the stony path till they reached the fence. Chandu opened the gate for her. She hesitated and turned her head towards him with an enquiring look. Then she went in. Chandu spread hay on the floor of the shed. Coral looked at him gratefully and settled down to rest. After months of wandering, she was back home atlast.

"How happy I am!" thought Chandu. He felt that a great weight had been lifted from his mind.

In the morning, when Valli heard that Coral had returned, she smiled, took the necklace of beads and tied it around the neck of the cow.

"Coral has become very old. She eats very little. I shall take her with me when I go," she said. "No, Valli," Chandu replied. "She will be mine." And they remembered how they had quarreled over her, when she was born, and laughed.

THE VEGETARIAN LIONESS



In a certain zoo in America, some years ago, there was a beautiful African lioness, which was about to have cubs. She was already the mother of cubs born in captivity, but because she didn't like her life in the zoo, she had lost some of her motherly instincts, and could not bring them up properly.

So the keeper called a friend and said, "Our African lioness is going to have cubs. I believe our only hope of saving one is to take it away from her at birth. We must raise the cub ourselves. Would you like to come over and help?"

The man was called Mr George Westbau, who lived in a beautiful place called Hidden Valley Ranch in the State of Washington on the west coast of the U.S.A. George loved animals and at the Hidden Valley Ranch he and his wife, Margaret Westbau, had a large family, all living together very happily. It included horses, cats, dogs, peacocks, chicken, cattle, racoons, a pet skunk named Petunia, swans, a deer called Bamby, and a lamb called Becky.

George hurried over to the zoo, and before very long he was driving home again with a tiny newborn cub in a box beside him. The little cub, whose eyes were still closed, was already hurt. It had fallen in the cage where it was born, and one of its legs was broken. So the poor mite was suffering.

George and Margaret looked at the furry baby lying in the box with its bleeding leg and murmured, "You poor little tyke!" That name stuck- The lioness they raised in their home like a cat, was called Little Tyke and she became one of the most famous lionesses in all history.

George and Margaret first of all dressed the cub's front leg and put the broken bone in a splint But after the little cub's eyes were open there was a problem. For if she began to connect the pain in the leg with George and Margaret, she might not grow up to trust them. Animals cannot always tell when a thing is being done for their benefit, especially young ones.

So George took an old bathrobe and bundled the cub up inside it with the hurt leg sticking out of one of the sleeves, and thus they treated the leg when the cub couldn't see them. They then quickly took the bathrobe off and gave her a dish of sweet, warm milk and some petting, so that she did not associate them with her pain. This clever ruse worked.

Atfirst Little Tyke needed feeding with warm milk every three hours, day and night, and this gave the owners a lot of work. She was kept in a basket beside Margaret's bed, a sad little creature whimpering whenever she was hungry or her leg was hurting her.

One bad night she woke up every fifteen minutes crying with pain. The Westbau's cat was named Pinky, and she was a kind creature. Every time Tyke whimpered, Pinky would jump into the basket beside her and attempt to comfort her by licking the leg and the pain would ease off. Pinky became the first of Tyke's many friends both animal and human.

When Tyke was only a tiny cub she visited a hospital. Margaret was in the hospital, and George did not know how to keep the feeding schedule as they could not afford any help at home. So he bought a black bag, like a doctor's bag, and put little tyke inside on a pile of papers. Then he took the bag along to the hospital when he visited Margaret.



The nurses found out about this the contents of the bag! They, however, became very sympathetic and kind and were so interested in the baby lioness that they looked the other way and did not make any trouble for George.

Whenever Tyke had to be left alone, the Westbaus turned the radio on, for they soon discovered that the little cub was soothed by music, and later on they found that she loved watching television, especially Western movies with their galloping horses.

Little Tyke also loved riding in cars and wandering about in the flower gardens, where she smelt each flower. Margaret knitted Tyke a little red sweater to wear in winter, because Tyke had never seen snow before in her life, and in her natural surroundings in Africa she would never see any. Later on she grew to love it, and played in it like a puppy.

There were many problems for the little lioness that the Westbaus had to solve, and these were gradually overcome. They said that they learnt through constant study, that in the animal kingdom the mother usually has a solution for all her problems. That was why Tyke always came to Margaret when she was in trouble or afraid such as when she jumped upon a hot stove and burnt her feet terribly, or when there was an earthquake and all the animals at the ranch panicked in terror.

When the leg healed, Tyke grew up to become very playful. She loved to play jokes on people such as when the oil delivery man tossed his cap to play with, and Little Tyke wouldn't let him have it back. After all, you cannot insist forcibly with a lioness!

She had a wonderful time, too, playing with other animals at the ranch. Pinky was her favourite, but she also had fun with Racci, the racoon, and she was the friend and protector of Becky, the lamb. She never disturbed any of the chickens, pheasants and peacocks.

One of her favourite pastimes was to lie in the stables, watching the cows and horses eating. She could open the doors for herself when she wanted to go out. She loved the sea and playing on the beach.

When she grew up, she appeared on television in a programme in which she had to guard a whole batch of chicks four days old. Then again, she appeared lying down with a lamb just as the Bible tells us: "The lion shall lie down with the lamb". She was shown protecting a very tiny kitten between her great front paws.

At the beginning the cub weighed three pounds only which is far less than a human baby, but by the time she was ten weeks old she weighed sixty-five pounds, and George thought it was time to start giving her solid food. Of course, he thought of meat, because in the jungle lions eat meat. So he bought a beef bone to chew on.

Tyke gave it one sniff, and was sick. No thank you! Even the smell was enough to upset her. So then George tried another trick: he put drops of beef essence in her milk: first fifteen drops, then ten drops, and finally five. But whenever he did this, she refused to drink the milk. At last he put one drop of meat juice into her bottle and she refused this, too!

The Westbaums found that even when she was hungry, she wouldn't touch a hamburger, however much they tried to disguise it. So they took Tyke to a butcher's shop, thinking perhaps she might like to choose her own supper. But Tyke didn't want meat. Even the smell of blood made her hiss with terror. Thus, she became one of the most famous lionesses in the world because she was a vegetarian lioness.

Tyke loved her fellow animals, and refused to attack or eat them. Because of this, George and Margaret knew they could trust Tyke anywhere, and the more they trusted her, the more she loved and obeyed them, and became their real friend. The

Bible says that "perfect love casteth out fear". And there was no fear in the Westbau household.

Tyke made a film. In one scene she was harnessed to a little carriage, and she took a tiny girl for a ride. It never took long for anybody to love and trust her, for she was so loving and trustful. And every year she became more gentle.

What did Tyke eat? Cooked cereals, milk, grains, etc., formed her diet. Her length when she was fully stretched out was 10 feet 4 inches a lot of lion! When they took her back to the zoo where she was born, she did not recognise her own mother and father, nor did they recognise her.

Tyke's only interest at the zoo where the swans she saw swimming around. She had a good stare at them, while the visitors at the zoo had a good stare at her! They could hardly believe their eyes seeing a huge lioness walking freely.

Little Tyke was so intelligent that George said they always had to spell the word "walk" in her presence, because if she heard it she became too excited.

One day, Tyke caught a cold after her performance on television. She soon grew worse, as the cold developed into pneumonia, and one morning she suddenly died, just as George was holding her in his arms trying to help.

Thousands of people joined George and Margaret in mourning the loss of their great friend the friendly lioness a lioness that was so sweet and gentle and never attacked or killed.

During her lifetime, Little Tyke had helped thousands of crippled boys and girls to get better, because the money she earned from her television appearances was donated by George and Margaret to a hospital for crippled children.



FOUR-LEGGED DOCTORS



All the veterinarian-that is our first thought when sickness and pain strike our pet dog or cat or other animal friends. We want competent medical help for such suffering creatures - and we see that we get it.

Red Indians learned from wolves that sulphur springs cure rheumatism; from bears, that red clay bath will heal wounds; from deer, that ferns will cure fever. Europeans first learned the virtues of cat-nip or mint from watching sick cats.

Animals have "drugstores". Though they never attend schools of pharmacy, wild animals of woodland and meadow and birds of the air, know how to mix prescriptions. They know the proper dosage. They know the therapeutic value of massage and the curative value of hot and cold baths. Some surgeons of fur and feather make serviceable splints to bind up broken legs or wings.

Tough old bears in national parks love to take hot baths to soothe aches and pains. During rainy spells, wild turkeys make their young ones eat spicebush to protect them from complications due to dampness.

Cats dip feverish feet in cold water. Wounded wild boars wallow in red clay to fill the wound with the healing substance and protect it from infection. When sick, deer, sheep and goats go straight to their outdoor drugstores and help themselves from nature's bounteous shelves of curative herbs.

A few years ago an electrical company put on the market a machine which produced artificial fever. It was hailed as a great advance in science for the curing of certain diseases. But the common little fox knew all about inducing artificial fever centuries before. Wily fox mixes up green leaves with the earth, applies the mixture to a wound, and a fever is produced with all its healing effects!

When a jackal is infested with ticks, he holds a ball of woolly stuff in his mouth and enters water, his snout alone being above the surface. When all the ticks move out of his body and collect in the woolly ball, he drops the ball in the water and scoots!

Many denizens of field and forest are acquainted with the beneficial values of hydrotherapy. Sick animals have been known to heal themselves of ordinary diseases by lying down near a running stream, eating little or nothing, and drinking lots of pure water. Elephants suffering from stomach trouble starve for some days and swallow some alkaline soil which acts as a purgative.

The forest drugstore holds marvellous remedies for cuts, bruises and broken bones. Bears use soft spruce resin to smear in wounds to prevent bleeding. They plaster healing clay thickly on injured parts. Beavers and muskrats are too clever to use clay for wounds. It would wash off in water. They select gum from resinous trees to rub on their lacerations.

Amputations are quite common. Trapped animals do not hesitate to gnaw off their own legs and release themselves. They do the job neatly, too, though the process must be very painful. When an ant breaks its leg, others carry out amputation. If the injury is hopeless the sufferer is put to death!

Squirrels hold broken legs in one position until the bone "sets". Wild turkeys do the same with broken wings.

Cleverest of all woodland surgeons are the woodcocks. They have been known to mend broken legs by making splints of clay and applying them to fractured members. They have shown

still greater surgical knowledge by mixing fibrous roots with the clay to hold the broken leg more firmly.

But have you considered how these very same creatures nurse themselves and their kin in the animal world? Mother Nature has gifted her children with a fascinating intelligence to care of and cure themselves.

Sick dogs, if left to themselves, will instinctively seek out and eat certain weeds or grasses with medicinal properties. Catnip is an aromatic herb which appeals to cats at all times, but when ill, cats will hunt for this plant for its ability to cure.

Sheep, cows, goats and deer will also doctor themselves by eating herbs with curative powers.

When we are troubled by sore or weak eyes, our own doctor will often prescribe dark glasses. When our animal friends are so affected, they instinctively keep in the shade, or avoid bright sunlight by covering their eyes with their paws.

We soothe cuts and scratches with salves and ointments. Deer endeavour to cover such wounds with downy spruce resin. Bears use soft clay or gum. Hogs wallow in the mud to stop the flow of blood, and horses ease their hurts by licking each other.

Just as we resort to amputation only as a last resort, so does the animal world. A fox will not hesitate to gnaw off a sore limb completely when other methods of treatment fail. After that the wound is licked, bathed in a cool spring and anointed with gum. Raccoons, beavers and muskrats also follow this procedure.

Man has adopted medical treatments which have been used instinctively by the animal kingdom for centuries. In treating rheumatism, for example, we flock to mineral spring resorts and undergo many varieties of heat application.

Deer and cattle so stricken, will bathe in sulphur springs, or lie down in the warmest possible sunlight. Often, their recovery is as complete as the cure we attempt to bring ourselves by "modern" methods.

Have you wondered if wild animals ever have a toothache? Or what they did if one of their molars began giving them trouble?

If the tusk of an elephant gives trouble, it wedges the defective tooth in a suitable cleft of a tree and pulls till it comes away, all the while howling with pain!

The crocodile has its own private dentist. Strange as it may sound, these great reptiles really do have fairly reliable "dentists". The only thing a crocodile has to do when it is bothered with an aching tooth, is to wait patiently until one of these dentists makes his daily visit.

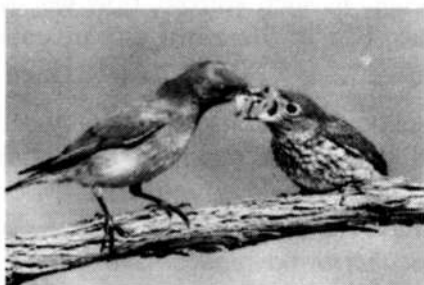
Crocodiles, as you must know, spend a great part of their lives in the river's muddy waters. But here is something you may not know. They are continually being annoyed by small, worm-like pests called leeches, which infest their mouths and cause them a great deal of trouble.

That is where the dentist comes in! He is the spur-winged plover bird, and it is his job, as the crocodile's dentist, to get rid of these bothersome leeches.

Daily the crocodile spends a portion of his time basking on the sun-baked shore near a river. When he spies the small plover bird approaching, he opens his great mouth and the little bird hops fearlessly into the great jaws. Once inside, the plover performs a two-fold job. He gets busy picking the offending leeches out of the creature's bridge-work, plus any food that is left clinging to the teeth. And in the process he enjoys a meal for all his trouble! The crocodile, of course, appreciates such first-class service and takes precaution and proper care not to swallow his little dentist accidentally!

When the dentist has finished his job on any patient, and wants to get out, all he has to do is to give the crocodile a gentle reminder by prodding him on the roof of his mouth with one of the sharp spurs! The jaws spring open and the plover hops out to visit some other patient who may be in dire need of a dentist and is patiently waiting for him.

A GIRL'S DREAM



Once a girl had a dream. A bird was sitting in its nest very happily with its mate and young ones. A wicked lad hit the female bird with a catapult. It fell down dead.

Only a moment before, the whole bird family had been together, enjoying life in their own way. The sudden death of the female bird caused immense grief in the male bird. The young ones, too, began weeping, calling for their mother.

While the father bird and the young ones were weeping, the young girl happened to pass that way. Hearing their cries, she stopped under the tree and noticed a bird lying dead on the ground.

Looking up, she addressed the male bird, "Sweet bird, why are you and your nestlings weeping so sadly? What has happened? My heart is grieved to see you in this condition."

The bird replied, "O kind-hearted one, because you are a girl you are tender-hearted enough to enquire the cause of our grief. A little while ago a cruel lad killed my wife with a catapult. The little ones are weeping and calling for their mother. I do not know how I am going to lessen their sorrow or protect them. It is not even four days since they were born. It is very hard that I should suffer like this."

So saying the father bird began weeping bitterly.

The girl then said, O bird, I feel very sorry for you. What can be done now? What cannot be cured must be endured. If you yourself give way to such sorrow, how will you be able to console your babies? Kindly, therefore, give up your grief and try to soothe them."

The bird, feeling a little consoled at the sweet words of the girl, said, "O child, why should mankind be so heartless as to ill-treat animals? Do not animals serve man in all possible ways? Are they not helpful to him? They do not think of doing any harm to man. What a peculiar world this seems to be!

"Is it the rule of the world to return evil for good? Is there nobody to remedy this state of affairs? If a little boy hurt, how many of his friends and relatives rush to his aid Little lads playfully hit birds with catapults, steal their egg- and destroy their nests- They often do not pause to think that birds struck with stones may not die atonce and often offer great agony for a long time before they breathe their last. What do such boys gain by being cruel to the birds?"



"It is true," the girl said sadly, "that little children often do not think before they act. It is this that makes them ill-treat animals, birds and insects."

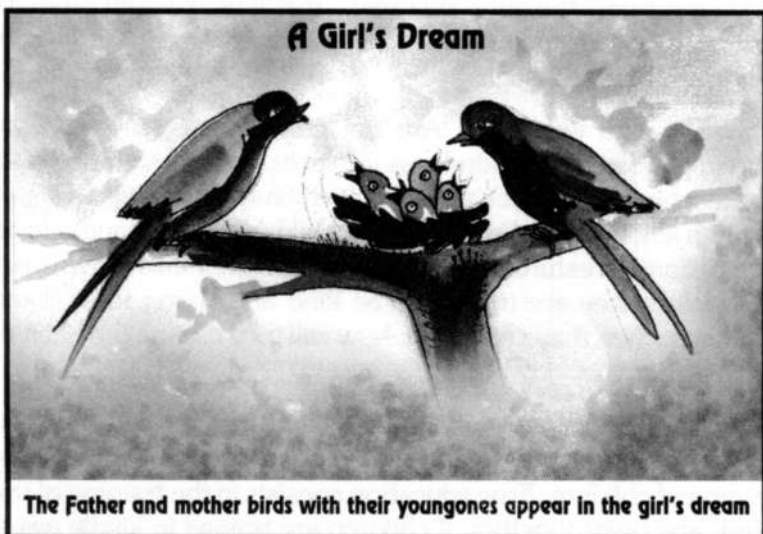
The bird went on, "Are not children taught lessons of mercy, gentleness and kindness in places you call schools? Can any teaching be perfect and useful which does not try to make children kind, merciful and gentle? If children are not taught to be kind to dumb creatures, will they be kind to their fellow men later on? Unless they are trained to be kind and loving to all living creatures when they are young, how will they escape the habit of cruelty when they grow up?"

Hearing the wise words of the bird, the girl said, "Yes. you are perfectly right in saying that much depends on the early training of children. True education consists in the training of the mind- and heart together. If children are trained in kindly ways, they will become gentle, merciful and humane. If only the seed of tenderness can be implanted in their young minds, the crimes of cruelty in our country will be greatly reduced. I assure -you, dear bird, that I shall remember this and do my utmost to promote the welfare of all the dumb creatures of God."

When the girl woke up from her dream, she began thinking of all that had happened. The dream opened her eyes to the sufferings that took place in the animal world. So she devoted the rest of her life to the cause of animal welfare.



A Girl's Dream



The Father and mother birds with their youngones appear in the girl's dream

Florence Nightingale was very fond of animals when she was young. She nursed sick birds and animals. This quality of kindness to animals, which she cultivated in her youth, led her later to the battlefield and nurse the wounded soldiers during the Crimean War.

Children, see how a little girl, just by dreaming about the sufferings of a bird, became a great lover of animals. Also, how another young girl, by being kind to birds and animals in her young age, developed the quality that led her to become a healer and reliever of human suffering. You will thus easily see that kindness to animals leads to kindness to human beings.

"Zoo is inhuman, it is unethical, and it is sick and stupid! Just because children and their ignorant parents go and have some fun there, slavery and torture cannot be justified! A society which has zoos does not deserve to be free! You deserve freedom only if you let others to be free, including animals!"

Mehmet Murat ildan

CHAINS



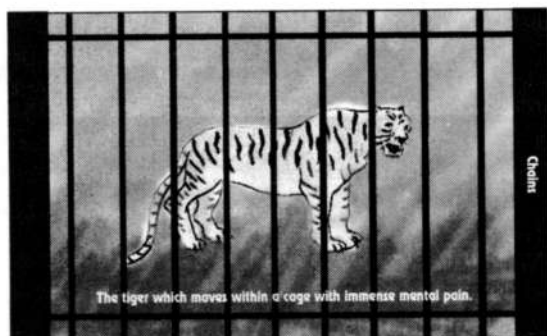
Chains? Yes, Chains. They are to most people symbols of bondage and imprisonment, and usually remind one of days long ago when men and women were chained to walls of dungeons beneath huge grey castles, the time when it was the common practice for people to be cruelly imprisoned or tortured for petty crime.

But with the advance of time, public opinion asserted itself. It was heard and "common justice" was introduced, so that nowadays cruelty to men is regarded with horror and indignation.

But what of man's treatment of our lesser brothers and sisters, the animals and birds? If one person is unlawfully imprisoned today, the whole nation rises in angry indignation against it, yet if an animal is locked up for life in a little cage in a zoo, people merely come and gape and giggle at it.

But every day animals are being wrenched away from their own free plains and forests and locked in strong boxes, pigeon-holed and labelled in zoos, just because they are unfortunate enough to look beautiful or interesting.

How utterly senseless! When a man is imprisoned he can think, read books and has complete freedom of mind. But when an animal is imprisoned, the only freedom it has—its very life—is taken from it. Just watch a cat prancing about in a spring dusk,



the air is live with scents and every little rustle means something to it, and the animal itself is alive with a thousand emotions we cannot imagine. That is its life and we do not know what we are doing by taking it away.

How can one bear to watch a tiger or any animal pacing restlessly up and down, round and round, backwards and forwards in its dim, black, grotesque cage, the tiger whose lithe limbs are meant for loping tirelessly onward through unrestricted miles of jungle, with the stars overhead and no cruel bars to stem its path. Or one may see an eagle sitting perfectly still with eyes shut, oblivious of what is going on around its cage. There it remains on top of a dead log with scarcely room to spread its wings, until sick of such a life. It moves slightly, and that indicates a little life is left. What joy is there in witnessing such pitiful sights?

But how much better it would be to venture into the small creature's own domain, into the woods, and catch sight of an unfamiliar bird—say a kingfisher. You walk quietly towards it, and it disappears into the bushes—You hurry after it through the undergrowth—and suddenly, there in the clearing you see the bright-coloured bird perched in full view, in all its breath-taking beauty. You stop, panting and exultant, regardless of bramble scratches, and for a few intense seconds concentrate all your senses in drinking in the glorious sight. Then, like a flash the bird takes to wing and disappears, perhaps never to be seen by you again.

How can one admire those so-called "brave" men who go out into the jungle to trap and deprive creatures of their freedom? What a terrible aim in life to rob as many animals as possible of their liberty, given to them by God, the Creator of all life. They take from forest life to supply zoos and make money out of creatures who are unable to protest—and they dare to call themselves animal lovers!

You may say that animals soon forget their wild life and therefore do not know what they are missing, yet we would not have children subjected to similar conditions as those imposed on caged animals.

Animals are our fellow-creatures and have as much right as they have to live their own lives, fight their own battles and evolve, they in their own surroundings and we in ours.

The timid little wild creatures were not made to be torn from the wild, secret places of the earth to be exhibited and laughed at. In doing so all the dignity of their true life is taken away from them.

One of the outstanding cries all through history is the unending plea for freedom. Yes, it is good to be free. We should not unjustly tyrannise over the people and nations. So also, the beginning of respect for the liberty of our lesser brothers and sisters the animals and birds is something that all mankind should now earnestly and sincerely strive for.



NAMADEV'S LOVE OF A DOG



PANDHARPUR is a well-known place of pilgrimage in western India. A great saint named Namadev once lived there. He was a true worshipper of Panduranga, the Deity of the famous temple in Pandharpur. Namadev had spent all his wealth on this temple. He was known to all as a pious and kindly man.

In this holy city, a dog used to roam about for food. It would run to places where pious people worshipped God and stored their things. It would snatch away and eat whatever it could find. Whenever the people found their sacred things touched by this dog, they would get very upset and angry, as they considered the dog impure and therefore displeasing to God.

People always chased the dog, throwing stones at it or beating it with sticks. The poor dog was not allowed to be seen anywhere at all. So it became difficult for it to find anything to eat. It looked so forlorn and hungry, yet no one had any sympathy for it.

Namadev saw people pursuing the poor dog without mercy. He felt that it would die if it was not fed. People thought that the place where the dog stood became impure but Namadev argued that the place became pure and holy, because the dog was also a child of God as much as man was.

One day, as Namadev sat for his mid day meal, the dog came hungrily to him and, snatching away a piece of roti from his



palm-leaf, was running away. Namadev, holding a vessel of ghee in his hand, atonce ran after the dog, calling out to it, "Dear dog, the roti which you have in your mouth is stale and hard to chew. Here is ghee which can soak and soften it. Come, I shall soften it for you and you can eat it with comfort".

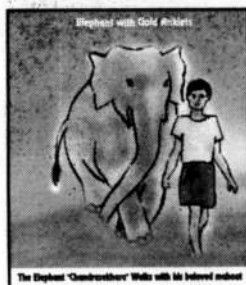
The dog was atonce affected by the kind look and gentle voice of Namadev. His kindness was so unusual that the dog came near him without any fear. Namadev then placed the dog on his lap, broke the 'roti' into small bits and, after soaking each bit in the ghee, he put it into the mouth of the dog.

From then onward, the dog became so much attached to Namadev that it never left his company even for a moment. Nothing gave Namadev greater joy than to see the poor dog happy.

The people of Pandhapur thought that Namadev was a madman to be so fond of a dog and feed it in such a manner, but the saint ignored all their taunts.

To Namadev all living creatures were equally lovable, for the merciful Lord, who created them all, loved them all alike.

ELEPHANT WITH GOLD ANKLETS



I HEARD such a lovely account of the love of a young elephant for his mahout, that I felt I must pass it on. As you may know, the elephant in India is a most revered animal—a “sacred animal”. Not only is he most intelligent, but he is the most understanding of beasts if given a chance—a true, affectionate friend of man, if man will respond.

This particular elephant belonged to a certain Maharaja and Maharani who had a great love and understanding of animals, and the account was given to us by the Maharani herself.

Chandrasekhara came to them when quite young, and was given this name, which is another name for Siva, because they thought so much of the beautiful animal. He certainly had the good fortune to come amongst people who understood and cared for him in every possible way.

They thought so much of him that he was adorned with beautiful gold anklets and a lovely *howdah* that was specially light. He was a fine, strong and happy young elephant. He loved all those who cared for him, especially his mahout and the mahout's little son.

One day, he was carrying his friend to a function. When they arrived at their destination and he was landing him, Chandrasekhara in advertantly knocked his keeper down with his trunk.

The mahout did not rise immediately. The poor elephant was panic-stricken at what he had done, and stood rooted to the spot. He felt so large and cumbersome that he was afraid to move in case he did more harm, for there was no doubt that he knew his keeper was badly injured.

People gathered round and the injured man was taken to the hospital at once.

Days passed and the unhappy elephant was extremely grieved. His keeper's family could do nothing, though no one bore him any grudge, as they all knew that Chandrasekhara would never willfully harm anybody, especially his keeper.

Chandrasekhara wandered off by himself into the country nearby. He wanted to be alone. He would not eat when they brought him his accustomed food. He would not respond when he was called. He just stood and grieved. But his human friends, although they did everything in the way of persuasion to bring him home, understood and did not try to force him. They left him free, for he was a gentle beast. Still they were all greatly concerned.

Some weeks passed and happily the mahout began to recover. One day, when his wife and little son visited him in hospital, they told him of his friend's grief. The mahout was quite upset, and immediately conferred with his wife as to what could be done to persuade the elephant to return home.

Suddenly they had an idea the little boy, who was only three or four, was to be taken to Chandrasekhara to see if he would listen to the child, as the two had been good friends. The big animal was more likely to listen to a child than he was to a grown-up. The boy was to tell him that his daddy was getting well and wanted to see him.

As arranged, the little lad went up to his big pet all by himself, and told him what his daddy had said, and asked would he please come with him.

For the first time, Chandrasekhara responded. He stood and gazed at his very little friend and seemed to understand what he said. Then rather slowly and carefully - for by now he had lost some of its strength-he followed his little companion.

Immediately they all went to the hospital where the sick man, now convalescing, had been brought to the verandah. Chandrasekhara had listened to his son - somehow he knew !

This big elephant was brought up near the verandah where he could see his friend - alive and getting well. The mahout atonce told him how glad he was to see him, and that he had understood all along that it had been an accident. He certainly bore no ill-feeling, and asked his friend to go home and be cheerful, as he himself would return soon.

Chandrasekhara was happy again and went like a lamb. He started eating once more and all was well.

The mahout soon came out of hospital, and for years Chandrasekhara loyally carried him and his little son until he reached a great age.

Many such relationships between man and beast are taking place every day, and they are not as rare as we may imagine.



BHARAT'S DREAM



BHARAT'S birthday was celebrated and there was a big cake with five burning candles on it. It was brought in and Bharat blew them off one by one with great pride. He had completed five years of life and would soon be going to school.

Bharat's father gave him a present of a beautiful book of Indian animals with many coloured pictures. Bharat loved animals and he wanted to know all about them. So his grandmother had to read out to him all the stories about each one of those animals.

She told him of the various kinds of monkeys and langurs that look and behave like human beings. They live on fruit, nuts, leaves and roots. They are quick and agile and swing from one branch to another without ever falling off. Their little babies cling to their stomachs and are not at all afraid when their mothers leap about. Like the buffoons in a circus, they play all kinds of tricks and make funny faces. But they harm no one and everyone loves them and laughs at their clever tricks.

Grandmother told him of the animals of the cat family the lions, the tigers and the leopards. These animals look grand and majestic in their homes in the forest. They do not harm man if he leaves them alone. They hunt other animals and eat them. They have sharp claws and teeth, keen eyes that can see in the dark, and soft-padded paws. When they hide among the bushes, they seem to be part of the forest. Their stripes and spots give them protection and add to their beauty.

And so grandmother went on describing the life of the dog family, the bird family, and many more of the fascinating world of animals. Bharat wanted to know more and more about these animals. Then she said that some of the grandest animals live in India the elephants, buffaloes, yaks and camels.

Bharat was so fascinated about the animals that he finally asked his grandmother to take him to the forest!

Grandmother laughed and said, "I am too old to take you anywhere now. But when you grow up, you can become an explorer and see the forest for yourself."

Bharat went to his father and said, "I want to see living animals. I am tired of pictures."

So one day soon afterwards, Bharat's father took him to the zoo to see the animals.

Here Bharat saw lions and tigers moving about restlessly to and fro in their cages. They looked dull and paid no attention to the people who were shouting and roaring from outside the bars.

"Why don't the lions roar? Why doesn't the tiger spring from the bush?" Bharat questioned.

His father replied, "They lose their spirit when they are caged up."

Then Bharat saw the monkeys and lovingly gave them some nuts to munch. He remembered how his grandmother had described their life in the forest.

"They only make faces," he said, rather disappointed.

The bear was no better. It put its nose between its two front paws and snorted all the time, refusing to do anything else, even when it was pushed and poked by people. The crocodile looked as if it was dead. The snake lay coiled.

When Bharat returned home, he went to his grandmother and said, "They did not do all the things described in the book. They were so dull."

Grandmother said, "The zoo is a jail where animals are caged. No one can be happy in a cage, whether one is an animal or a human being. If a person is not happy, he is not his true self. The same is the case with animals."

Bharat could not understand his grandmother, but he repeated the sentence to himself so that he may tell his ends the next day.

And when he went off to sleep that night, he had a strange dream. He found himself in a dense forest surrounded by tall trees, which seemed to reach up to the sky. Between them, a river curled like a silver necklace. In the distance was a lake, whose surface was like polished glass. On all sides, there were animals, birds and reptiles. They moved about joyously, making various noises.

The long-tailed langurs swung gracefully from one branch to another and asked Bharat, "Have you seen any acrobat in the circus swing as well as we do?"

The little baby monkeys clung close to the stomachs of their mothers and were not at all afraid to be swung about.

Bharat heard the roar of the lions and saw tigers prowling. Their eyes shone like torches. He felt a thrill of both fear and delight as he watched. Birds fluttered, chirping and whistling in chorus. The peacock performed a lovely dance. The swan gracefully floated on the lake, admiring itself. Snakes twisted and turned around the branches of a giant tree.

Suddenly a strange thing happened. A thick, prickly hedge of spiky thorns grew all around him and Bharat found himself caged like the animals he saw in the zoo. All the animals gathered around him. They peeped at him, grinning and making funny faces.

Bharat was furious and shouted at them, "Why have you put me in a cage? I have done you no harm."

They asked him, "Are you not the son of man who hunts

us, imprisons us, and mocks at us?"

"No, I am not the son of such a man," replied Bharat. "My father is very good and very kind."

The animals continued to laugh.

"You are very cruel. I shall break this cage and shoot you all down," shouted Bharat as he tried to smash the spikes. But he only hurt his hands and began to cry.

Then a little bird whispered to him, "Bharat, tell the animals that you are their friend and that you will help them to be free."

So Bharat said to the animals, I am sorry that man is so thoughtless to hunt you and put you into cages. I shall tell everyone how bad it feels to be shut up. I will fight for your freedom."

At once the prickly hedge of spiky thorns around him fell apart and all the animals greeted him with love and affection. The elephant gave him a joyous ride on its back, the birds chirped delightful tunes for him, and monkeys performed some comic tricks. Bharat laughed aloud in joy and suddenly woke up.

His grandmother who was by his side, asked him, "What is the matter with you, Bharat? Do you feel feverish? You were crying and laughing in your sleep."

"Grandma, now I understand what you said yesterday—that if a person is not happy, he is not his true self." and he related his dream to her.



Questionnaire on Vegetarianism

- Sadhu Vaswani

Certainty the man who can see all creatures in himself,
himself in all creatures, knows no sorrow.

- Isa Upanishad

There is no beast on earth, no bird which flieth but... the
same is a people like unto you. All God's creatures are God's
family.

- The Holy Quran

1. Do you think vegetarianism as a concept will be acceptable to the world at large?

There was a time when vegetarianism was tolerated as a
"cult of the crazy". It became the butt of many jokes. One of
them concerned a man who suffered from insomnia,
sleeplessness. The doctor advised him to induce sleep by
counting sheep.

The man answered, "I can't do that because I am a vegetarian."
The doctor said, "Then count carrots".

Today the tide has turned. An ever increasing number of
people all over the world are turning to vegetarianism as a
way of life which leads to health and strength of the body,
mind and soul.

2. Will a vegetarian diet give me all the nutrition that I need?

A number of people are under the impression that they and their children cannot be strong unless they eat food of violence. Meat gives strength to the body, they say. Without meat, the body becomes weak and a prey to many diseases.

As an answer to this query, the example is given of the elephant which is one of the biggest and the strongest animals in the world : and the elephant is a pure vegetarian.

"What about the lion?" Someone will ask. The elephant cannot match his strength against that of the lion. True, but the lion has destructive strength, while the elephant has the strength that can be used in the service of humanity. The elephant carries huge logs of wood from one place to another. Can you make a lion do likewise? Perhaps yes, but at the risk of your own life. It was Shakespeare who said, "O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

3. Is n't a vegetarian diet low in protein?

It is commonly believed that you cannot get sufficient protein from a vegetarian diet. Meat, it is said, is the only source of protein. At a question - answer session, where I referred to the advantages of a low-fat, vegetarian diet, a man got up and objected that no one gets enough protein without eating meat

When I asked him what protein was, he fumbled and answered, "I do not know what protein is but I know that everyone needs it".

"How much protein does a man need?" I asked him.

"I cannot tell you exactly," was his answer, "but we need lots and lots of protein to keep the body alive."

Many of us, I am afraid, are unaware of the real needs of the body. Protein is something that you have in every living thing, vegetable and animal. It is plentiful. Next to water, it is the most plentiful substance in the body. Its function is to help build muscles, blood, skin, hair, nails, and all the organs of the body.

4. How much protein does a person need to take in everyday?

It varies from individual to individual. It depends upon a person's weight, sex and the type of work he does. The quantity of protein needs is not much. In fact, if you take more protein than what is required it may lead to degenerative diseases such as osteoporosis and obesity. If you are twenty years or over, the total quantity of protein that you need per day (in gms.) can be estimate < 1 by multiplying your weight (in pounds) by 0.36. For instance, if you are 25 years of age and you weigh 110 pounds, your daily protein requirement is $110 \times 0.36 = 39.6$ gms or say 40 gms. An average minimum protein requirement is around 45 gms a day. All the protein you need is easily available in milk (preferably skimmed, to remove the excessive fat), curds, and cheese, lentils, soya beans, peanuts, and sunflower seeds. You do not have to worry about your protein. The world famous nutritionist, Earl Mindell, writes in the Vitamin Bible, "A good rice and beans dish, with some cheese can be as nourishing, less expensive, and lower in fat than a steak."

In point of quality, the protein that is present in vegetarian food is superior to that obtained from meat diet. Dr. Christopher Gian Cuisio, a nutritionist of repute, tells us

that vegetables" are primary sources nourished by the sun and soil while meat is a secondary source nourished and sustained by vegetables." Most of the animals killed for food, live on a vegetarian diet. Why then, must we not go to the source of nutrition, viz. vegetarian food?

5. *If it is cruel to kill animals, how is it that some of the great world religions have sanctioned meat eating? Even Jesus, one of the most compassionate of men, ate meat!*

There is growing evidence pointing to the fact that Jesus and his immediate followers abstained from food of violence and were all vegetarians. The version that we have of Jesus is the one given in the New Testament. There are several versions of Jesus, not as popular, but worth considering. The New Testament was written years after the Crucifixion of Jesus and by those who had not come in personal contact with him. The most ancient gospel in existence is The Gospel, According to the Ebionites. It tells us that Jesus and John the Baptist were vegetarians. Also James, the Just, who was close to Jesus was a staunch vegetarian. The early church historian, Hegesippus, writing about 160 AD says that James "drank no wine nor strong drink, nor ate animal food."

The Essene Gospel of Peace tells us that one day the disciples asked Jesus, "What are the sins we must shun, that we may never more see disease?" And Jesus answered, "It was said to them of old time, 'Honor thy Heavenly Father and thy earthly Mother and do' their commandments, that their days may be long upon the earth.'" And next afterwards, "Which God has given, let not man take away. For I tell you truly, he who kills himself, and he who' eats the flesh of slain beasts, eats the body of death."

It is for scholars to determine which version (of Jesus) is the correct one. I love to think of Jesus as a master of compassion and mercy.

6. *Has not God created birds and beasts, fish and fowl to fulfil man's needs?*

The ancient rishi of the Ishopanishad sang, "Ishavasyam idam sarvam". "All that is, is a vesture of the Lord!" God carries to us, putting on different vestures, different garments. Clad in different garbs, the Lord comes to us to test us, to find out if we truly love Him, as we say we do. Alas, we slay the Lord! We handle Him roughly, we treat Him harshly. We offer Him worship in temples and churches. We chant hymns to His glory, but once in the street we are cruel to Him. We slay Him and eat his flesh. We forget that the animal, too, is an image of God!

Much on earth is masked. But there is a strange, a mystic sense of fellowship with all that lives. This is what makes every life sacred.

7. *Dada, they say it is wrong to eat meat, but then if our husbands and children eat, isn't it our duty to cook*

Yes, it is. You must do your duty. You must be true to yourself but you need not eat meat. There was a saint in Sind. Sadna was his name. He was a butcher, yet, he rose to the level of sainthood. Therefore, you have to do your duty.

8. *For a student of biology, is dissection wrong?*

It is a question that each one of you will have to decide for yourself. It is meaningless to have so much dissection in the college and university laboratories. That very work could be done by studying a model of a frog. It is not necessary to give pain to a frog.

Perhaps, there was a time when it was felt necessary to dissect a frog for gaining medical knowledge. It is no longer necessary today. It is meaningless. Man has yet to understand that there is only one life, that the same life that is in him, is also in the frog. I think the time has come when the students should think of this matter and say, why kill when it is not necessary? You get such wonderful models of frogs. You can study them. They are doing it now in the West - in England and in America. There are a number of anti-vivisection societies. They have taken up this matter in hand.

9. What is your opinion of vivisection-experimenting on animals for scientific advancement?

Knowledge is not knowledge which is acquired in cruel ways. Such ill-gotten knowledge is a curse: it unleashes the very forces of hell and will hurl humanity into a dark abyss of disease and death. Knowledge, if it is to be a source of blessing to humanity, must never be sought through the torturing of helpless creatures. True knowledge springs from compassion and love.

10. If the world turns vegetarian, the global biological system will get upset. This might eventually lead to our own death. When the world is going to turn v e g e t a r i a n , how are we going to overcome this problem?

Firstly, you must not bother about so many things. It is not your domain. If you were put in charge, if you were Brahma, the Creator of the universe, then of course it is your duty. But not otherwise. You must not poke your nose, as they say, in a domain which does not belong to you.

Secondly, due to breeding, the population of animals is growing today. If the population grew in a natural way there

would be no problem at all. No bio-problem will occur. Nature knows how to take care of its own creation.

We use artificial methods for breeding animals to make money. It is not merely breeding animals, but do you know that cows are given Stilbestrol injections when they are in pregnancy so that they put on more flesh? So that when they are slaughtered it brings more money to the owner of the cow? You do not know how many millions of animals are born through this process of breeding. If only you could do away with the artificial methods there would be no bio-problem at all. Nature will know how to take care of it.

This talk about over population has no sense, because nature will provide. But if we take the law of nature in our own hands, then the responsibility devolves on us.

11. Why do you observe November 25 as an 'International Meatless Day'?

Sadhu Vaswani was a voice of the voiceless ones, the dumb, the defenceless children of God who, alas are being slain by the millions in our soulless cities everyday. "O, the sin of daily slaughter!" he exclaimed. And he added words with which many today will not be in sympathy. But he spoke with the foresight of a seer when he said, "Believe me, the day is coming when meat eating will be condemned as murder!" He also said, "I have seen God's image shining in birds and animals, and for me not to love bird and animal would be not to love the Lord!" It was therefore felt appropriate, that the 25th of November, the birthday of this humble, holy man of God, this prophet of reverence for all life, be observed, year after year, as an 'International Meatless Day and Animal Rights Day'. The suggestion came from one of Sadhu Vaswani's devotees who lives in America, in far off Connecticut. The suggestion was taken

up by the Sadhu Vaswani Mission and centres all over India in different countries of the world. And you will be happy to know that the response we have received so far is very encouraging.

12. But, Dada, why just one day?

Just one day, because the idea is to create an awareness in the minds of the people in regard to the cruelties that are perpetrated on animals and birds day after day. When a delicious dish is placed before a man, he eats it as a matter of course. He does not realise, he never thinks of the agony through which the slaughtered animal must have passed.

Do you know that on an average a human being eats 7,500 big and small animals during a lifetime? 7,500 animals, everyone of whom loves life as well as do those who eat them up. The time has come when we must recognise the moral inviolability of the individual, whether human or non-human.

Even as the black people do not exist as resources for the whites, even as women do not exist as resources for men, even so animals do not exist as resources for human beings. The time is come when animals should be given, must be given, certain fundamental rights.

13. They say that we must not kill animals, as they feel pain. But surely, plants too, have life. How can we eat them? It seems as if whatever we eat, we are causing pain. Should we then starve to death as soon as we are born?

The human birth has been given us for a specific purpose. Until that purpose is fulfilled, we must continue to live. This should be done by causing the least pain to other forms of life. When we pluck a vegetable, the pain caused to it is meagre when compared to the pain caused to an animal

when it is slaughtered. Animals like human beings, are live-sensed creatures and feel the pain as much as we do.

Further, there are different degrees of sensitivity to pain. Plants cannot feel as much pain as animals do when they are killed because as was pointed out by Sir Jagdish Chandra Bose, plants have not developed a nervous system. Living on this earth-plane, we have to sustain our life. But our ideal must be to commit the least violence, cause the least pain to others. This we do, when we live on vegetables instead of on animal flesh.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the great prophet of reverence for life, gave us this beautiful example. There is a man who is carrying a bundle of grass to feed his cattle. He has mowed the grass, cut it and bundled it, but in so doing, he has committed no wrong, because the grass is needed to keep his cattle alive. But as he walks on the roadside, he plucks a leaf from a tree - this, according to Dr. Schweitzer, is a intentional act of violence: it is needless, and therefore wrong. The leaf is not required to support any form of life, and it is needless to cause pain to it by plucking it.

14. What can we do to avoid eating food of violence, when one is born in a meat-eating family?

That is entirely upto the individual! But there have been many people who were born in meat-eating families, who turned away from flesh-food when their hearts awoke to become sensitive to the pain of other creatures.

Sadhu Vaswani was born in a family of Kali worshippers. They regarded meat as prasad, and it was even distributed in the temple. One day, when he was barely six or seven years old, he happened to pass by a butcher's shop and saw pieces of flesh hanging there. When he

enquired what those things were, his friends laughed at him and told him, "That is what you eat, day after day," "Where does it come from?" he wanted to know; and they told him, "This is what you get by slaughtering animals." He was shocked! "Have I been eating this food of violence all these years?" he asked himself. "I shall do it no longer." He returned home and told his mother that he would rather starve than eat meat henceforth.

Soon thereafter, his father took him to the temple. It was a sacred day and the priest was distributing meat as prasad. When it was offered to Sadhu Vaswani, the child refused to touch it! "How can you refuse prasad?" said the angry father. And Sadhu Vaswani replied, "You say that Kali is the Mother of the universe. How can She be happy if you kill one of Her children and offer its meat as prasad?"

Nobody could answer his question. The father was very much annoyed and told his son, "I will never bring you to the temple, ever again." "I have already decided never to enter a temple where meat is distributed as prasad!" exclaimed the child.

You may be born in a meat-eating family, or in a country where flesh food is a rule, rather than an exception. But it is up to you to decide what is right for you.

15. Dear Dada, what can we do to show to the world what an offence killing helpless animals is?

The tapasya of the tongue is very difficult. People are slaves to the tongue. But we can influence the world, only through our own example. Gradually, the influence will keep on growing. It is like throwing a pebble in a pool of water. When a pebble is thrown it creates ripples. Likewise, the influence of a person who bears witness to an ideal in his daily life, creates ripples of influence.

**16. Dada, you just referred to the tapasya of the tongue.
Can you elucidate?**

The tapasya of the tongue has two aspects.

1. Control of taste
2. Control of speech.

Just to get a momentary pleasure of taste, people slay innocent creatures everyday and devour their flesh. Even satisfy their palate, men become slaves to the tongue. The second aspect is the control over speech.

**17. They who know, tell us, that life can never be killed.
It is the forms which perish. Why then must we feel
sad if birds and animals are slaughtered?**

Life, it is true, is eternal. It is also true that the law of life is compassion and love. Out of love cometh joy and every other blessing. He who hath not experienced love hath not known what it is to love.

All killing is a denial of love. For to kill or to eat what another has killed, is to rejoice in cruelty. And cruelty hardens our heart and blinds our vision and we see not that they whom we kill are our brothers and sisters in the one brotherhood of life.

He who kills another, kills himself. He who feeds on death himself becomes food for death. He who inflicts suffering upon another, brings suffering to himself. Such is the law!

Every bit of flesh you tear, you will be called upon to repair with your own flesh! Every limb you mutilate, you will be compelled to replace with your own limb. And every

bone you break, you will be asked to mend with your own bone!

18. Dada, what are the marks of a true vegetarian?

The true vegetarian, as I think of him, is filled through and through with reverence for life. Reverse life as a gift of God which no man can bestow and, therefore, will not destroy. Such a one has the following marks:

1. His heart is a flowing river of compassion and love. The basis of true compassion is a feeling of unity, of oneness with all creatures that breathe the breath of life. I, and that tiny winged creature that hovers round the lamp, are one. Men and animals and birds, fish and fowl, moths and mosquitoes - all, -all are one- in the One without whom there is no other.

To the true vegetarian, therefore, each life-unit is as dear and precious as his own life. To whom every dumb creature of God is his own self wearing another body. And so the true vegetarian will be no party to any movement for slaughter. On his banner are inscribed the words in letters of fire: Stop all slaughter!

2. The true vegetarian is a man of self-discipline. So many there are who do not eat flesh but, alas, they easily succumb to the flesh. They cannot resist the temptations of the flesh. They are soft: they have not put out the fire of passion. The true vegetarian is unswayed by passion, unruffled by anger, unmoved by greed and gold.
3. The true vegetarian is a man of humility. Deep in his heart he knows that he is not free from the sin of killing. For to breathe is to kill the germs that are in the air around us. To talk is to kill; to walk is to kill. Indeed, to live is to kill.

4. Living in such a world, the true vegetarian becomes a worshipper, a man of prayer. He sees cruelty all around him. How many hearts can he touch? How many lives can he save? And so he turns to Him who is the one saviour of all. The true vegetarian prays alike for the killer and the killed and he prays that he may become an instrument of God's love in this world of anguish and pain.
5. The true vegetarian is a man of indomitable faith. He believes profoundly that life is entirely a gift of God. In periods of crisis, in times of famine and flood, his mind wavers not! He prefers starvation to eating impure food.

To the Sufi dervish, Abu Ala Maeera, his physician said, "O man of God! Why will you not live longer and bless this earth? Drink this chicken soup I have brought you and see how quickly health and strength returns to your feeble body." The dervish laughed heartily and said, "Must you offer me the soup of a weak, defenceless creature who cannot strike back in return? It is not worthy of you! Bring me the soup of a lion's cub!"

19. Do you think flesh-diet slows down our spiritual progress?

As far as spiritual progress is concerned, the teaching that has come down to us from the Gita is that we must eat satvic food, as far as possible. Food of violence - flesh, fish, fowl - is not satvic food; I must admit, however, that there are non-vegetarians who are highly spiritual. But, in general, I would say, it is always helpful to take satvic food. Even cooked food (vegetarian) should be taken in moderation and uncooked food, like salads and fruits should be taken in plenty.

Suggested Questions

Sarnath

Scene-I

1. Why did the deer trouble in fear?
2. What did the first hunter do?
3. What did the deer King tell the other deer?
4. What did the deer say about the creature (Man) with two legs?

Scene-II

5. Whom did the deer King meet? Why?
6. What did King Bimbisara ask the deer King?
7. What did deer say?
8. What can one take away from the other and What he can't return?
9. What were the reasons furnished by the King for hunting?
10. What conditions did the deer King propose to the King to stop hunting?

Scene-III

11. Why did the mother deer feel sad about its young one?

Scene-IV

12. What did the King ask the King deer when it prepared to sacrifice its life?
13. What was the reply given by the King deer to the King?
14. What did all the other deer tell the King deer?
15. How did the mind of the King Bimbisara change?
16. What did the King say to King deer?

Manikkam

1. Who is Manikkam? Whom did he love?
2. How did Manikkam express his love towards dogs?
3. How did Manikkam treat his dogs and puppies?
4. How did Manikkam tame young puppies?
5. How did Manikkam manage to save the puppy from a snake?

Hare's Dissatisfaction

1. What was the ambition of the hare when it looked into the mirror?
2. What would the hare like to have that of a deer and squirrel?
3. What did the mother squirrel tell the hare when it was about to leave?
4. How did the hare manage the young ones of the squirrel?
5. By whose statement did the hare get satisfaction?

A Noble Dog

1. Who was King John? What were very common in his kingdom?
2. Why did the peasants fear about the wolves?
3. Who was Llewellyn Ap Iorwerth? With whom did he fight most of his time?
4. Who was Gelert? Who was his master?
5. What happened when the prince's son was left alone in a cradle? By whom the child was saved?
6. What did the prince have towards his dog?
7. How was the faithful dog honoured?

Faithful Friends

1. Who were the two faithful friends in a forest?
2. What did the naughty parrot do one day to a stranger?
3. How was the parrot separated one day from mynah?

4. How did the man become rich day by day by means of the parrot?
5. Why did the Parrot feel unhappy in the custody of the man? What did it think?
6. By whom was the parrot rescued from slavery? How did the parrot feel afterwards?

The luck of Kaju

1. What was the health Condition of the baby camel?
2. Why did the mother feel very sad after returning from the river Jumna?
3. What did the Child say about the baby Camel?
4. How did Renu and her mother take care of the baby Camel?
5. What name did Renu give to the baby Camel?
6. Who is Vinod? How did he express his love towards Kaju?

Compassion Means Action

1. Who were Anil and Asha?
2. Who was Manju? Where did he go?
3. Why did Anil and Asha did not go along with Manju?
4. How did Anil and Asha save the pony from the crisis?
5. How did the farmer appreciate Anil and Asha for their compassionate attitude?
6. What is the motto of the society?

Man-Glory of creation

1. How did the cunning fox say that it is superior than man?
2. Whom did all animals meet with the guidance of the elephant?
3. What did the cow tell the sage about man?
4. What did the fish say about man?
5. Who is the "beast of the burden" and what did it tell about man?

6. What is the extraordinary quality human being has than an animal according to the sage?

The caged Robin

1. Why did Susie get excitement one day?
2. What is a robin? Why Shouldn't we keep it in a cage?
3. What did Susie do after the school was over?
4. When did Susie derive perfect happiness?
5. Why did Susie's mother surprise?

Reverence for life

1. Whom did the author meet one day?
2. How did the author convince a girl not to eat meat?
3. What are cruelties inflicted on poor animals?
4. What was the content of the letter received by the author from Smt. Rukmini Devi Arundale?
5. How did king Ashoka express his love and affection towards living beings?
6. How was the author moved by the agony of a dog? What did he do?
7. What did a little girl tell about the non-vegetarian food?

Obedient Champion

1. Who was Harry? How did it make Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and others feel happy?
2. Mention some qualities and achievements of Harry. What title did he get?
3. How did Harry derive the title "Obedience Champion"?
4. What were the various talents and tricks of Harry?
5. How did Harry greet the Prime Minister Indira Gandhi?

Lincoln's Compassion

1. What was the name of the Lincoln's dog? How did Lincoln get it?
2. How did Honey rescue Lincoln when he was caught in between two rocks?
3. What did Lincoln pray everyday?

4. How did Lincoln save a pig from the mud?
5. How did Lincoln treat the three motherless kittens?
6. What were Lincoln's feelings about the young who lose their lives in war?

Is the Circus fun?

1. Why circus is not really a fun to us?
2. Why do animals not enjoy freedom in a circus?
3. How do lions suffer in cages while travelling by wagon?
4. How are dogs treated cruelly in a circus?
5. How are dogs treated most cruelly by the trainer's assistant?

The Pet cow

1. Who were Kanha, Valli and Chandu?
2. Who was Coral? Why was it named so?
3. How did Coral play with chandu and valli?
4. Why was the coral left uncared for?
5. How did valli feel in the absence of Coral? What did she bring for Coral?
6. How did chandu trace Coral oneday?

The Vegetarian Lioness

1. Who was Mr. George Westbau? What were the animals he had in his home?
2. Who was little Tyke? What did she eat?
3. Who was Tyke's little animals friend? What did he do?
4. What did Westbaus do when they left Tyke alone at home?
5. What type of food the lioness like most? Is it vegetarian or Non Vegetarian?
6. Mention the Varieties of food which the lioness eat?
7. Why did the lioness die? How did the death affect Westbaus and others?

Four legged Doctors

1. What did Red Indians learn from animals to cure some diseases?
2. What will animals do with their "drug stores"?
3. How do the following animals get treatment for their oilments?
1. Cats 2. Deer 3. Sheep and Goats 4. Bears
4. Who are the "dentists" of crocodiles?
How do they help them?
5. How do the elephants remove the defective teeth?

A Girl's Dream

1. What happened to the female bird? How did the male bird and its young ones express their sorrow?
2. How did the little girl console the male bird and its young ones?
3. What was the reply of the male bird to the girl?
4. What did the male bird tell about the cruelty caused to animals by human beings?
5. Who was the little girl? What did she do for animals and humanity?

Chains

1. Do People really feel happy when chained and imprisoned?
2. How do animals feel when kept in Cages in Zoos?
3. What thoughts will enter into the minds animals in cages?
4. How will a tiger express its agony within a cage?
5. How do men Curtail the freedom of animals in Zoos?
How do animals feel in forests?

Namadev's love of a Dog

1. For what Pandharpur is popular? Who lived there?
2. What was the habit of the dog which roamed about in that area?

3. How did people in Pandharpur treated the Stray dog?
4. What did the dog do one day when Namadev was eating?
5. How did Namadev feed the dog with compassion?

Elephant with Gold Anklets

1. Which animal is most revered in India? Why?
2. Who was Chandrasekhara? To whom did he belong?
3. What happened to the Mahout one day when he rode on the elephant?
4. What was the reaction of Chandrasekhara? When it knocked down the mahout?
5. Whose pet was Chandrasekhara? How did he console the elephant?
6. Where was the elephant brought atlast? How did it feel?

Bharat's Dream

1. What gift did Bharat's father give to his son?
2. What was the subject of the book? By whom was it explained to Bharat?
3. What did Bharat see in the Zoo? Did he like the cruelties inflicted on animals in the zoo?
4. What did the grand mother tell about the confinement of animals in zoo to Bharat?
5. What was the strange dream did Bharat have oneday?
6. What did Bharat tell after awakening from his dream?

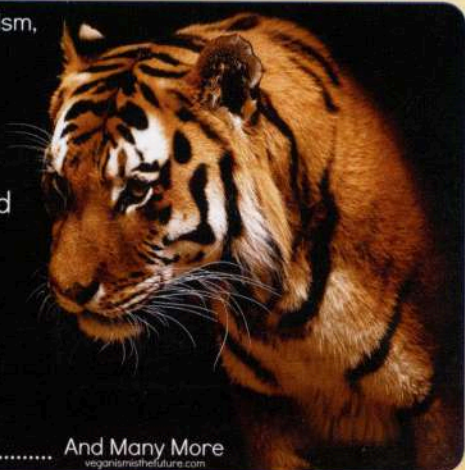
**The greatness of
a nation can be
judged by the way
its animals
are treated.**



Wise Words About Veganism,
Vegetarianism and
Animal Rights

From
Mahatma Gandhi
Prophet Mohammed
Abraham Lincoln
Hippocrates
Albert Einstein
Jane Goodall
Sir Paul McCartney
Albert Schweitzer
Thomas A. Edison

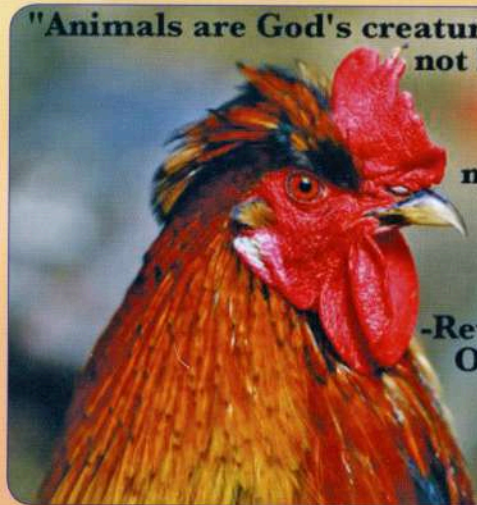
And Many More
vegansinthefuture.com



**"Animals are God's creatures,
not human property,
nor utilities,
nor resources,
nor commodities,
but precious
beings in
God's sight."**

**-Rev. Andrew Linzey,
Oxford University**

vegansquitos.tumblr.com



KARUNA INTERNATIONAL

A Registered non-profit Service Organisation Promoting Compassion,
Kindness and Values of life among Student Community

The Primary objective of Karuna Club is to create awareness amongst students from the early stage of life and kindle their feelings of love, kindness and compassion towards all living beings, animal life, plant life and protection of environment as enshrined in article 51A(g) of the Constitution of India. This is also in accordance with our age-old rich cultural heritage.

Published by:

KARUNA INTERNATIONAL

"Munoth Centre", II Floor,

343, Triplicane High Road, Chennai - 600 005.

Ph : 044-2859 1714 / 95514 96900

Email : internationalkaruna@gmail.com

Website : www.karunainternational.org

Our Fundamental Duty

It shall be the duty of every citizen of India to protect and improve the natural environment including Forest, Lakes, Rivers and Wild life and **To have Compassion for living creatures.**

Article 51A(g) or Constitution of India