

POT-POURRI AGAIN (continued).

There were millions and millions of brown Indian people in India, but only a few thousand English people, although India sort of belonged to England. India is a very old country and for thousands of years the Indian people had worked out a way of living which they thought was best for them, and when the English people came and tried to make them change their ideas about living, the Indian people didn't like it at all. They just couldn't see why they should change their ways and live like Englishmen who didn't look the same, dress the same, or think and act the same as they did.

Now, some of the ways of the Indian people were really quite bad. They had divided themselves into groups which they called "castes". If a boy was born into a family which was of the carpenter's caste, he just had to be a carpenter, no matter whether he liked it or not. And no matter how much he might want to be a farmer, he just couldn't ever think of being one. And, if a boy or girl was born into a family of very poor beggars who got their living by asking other people for food and money, they just had to be beggars all their lives. This was unfair to a lot of boys and girls, don't you think? It was even worse than I have told you, because the little beggar boys and girls couldn't even talk to the carpenter boys and girls, and the little carpenter boys and girls couldn't talk to the farmer boys and girls, and so on.

Well now, this English judge I was telling you about decided that he and his group of friends would go to the Indian people and be as nearly like them as possible. So they travelled about from village to village dressed in robes, turbans and bare-foot sandals just like the Indian people. They ate rice and curry from earthen bowls with their fingers. They talked to the common people of India in their own language and they taught them to think better thoughts and to do better deeds.

The famous English judge was a very, very old man when I went to India to follow up a wonderful work which he had established. I hope I am not as old when you are all ready to come with me for a trip.

Dear, oh dear! Some of you kids are slow. I've used up all the space "*Dawn*" has for me while I've been waiting for you to get ready to come with me to India. So we'll have to go next month.

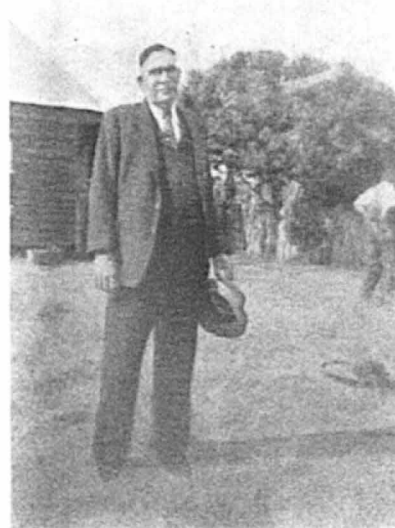
I've sent the Editor a photo. of me which was taken at my home a little while after I had the 'flu. The animal I am holding is a woodchuck. It is something like a mixture of wombat, rabbit and 'possum. When we were kids we used to learn a little tongue-twister which went like this: "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood?" Would you like to try it?



Len Lake, of Gular-gambone, looks all set for a real wood-chopping effort, but where is the log?



A smile and a half from Eileen Button, of Crescent Head.



Well known to many of our readers, this is Ernie Duren, of Sydney.