

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto

Recollections and Remembrance



Reproduced by:
Sani Hussain Panhwar
Member Sindh Council, PPP

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Foreword
Mohtrama Benazir Bhutto

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Dedicated
to
The people of Pakistan
Shaheed Bhutto's source of strength

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FOREWORD

*“Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice”.*
Shakespeare: Othello

“ZULFIKAR ALI BHUTTO: Recollections and Remembrances” is one of the series of books that will be published in due course of time. World leaders, men of letters, intellectuals, journalists here and abroad who have had some association with Shaheed Bhutto have written about him, their experiences with him on various occasions. His charisma as a leader of the masses, his statesmanship and his life long instinct by design and by his deeds to be part of history have left indelible imprints on the sands of time, and his unique niche in the world of politics have given him permanence as an engrossing subject in which the more you learn the more you know of life and about life. For any student of history understanding of politics in South Asia in the global milieu of changing perceptions and realities would be incomplete without a study of him and apportionment of his role in the populist movements of far-reaching universal consequences.

Different people had different interests in Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Intellectuals saw in him a giant unequal to match skills with. World leaders felt comfortable in his company because deliberating with him was always an enlightening and enriching experience. For the masses he was an embodiment of their suppressed aspirations. He was a singular phenomenon in a Third World country which had been kept in chains by reactionary and obscurantist forces. His progressive socio-economic and democratic ideas not only gave him the strength but also a popular support to consolidate the edifice of the state on an agenda which pledged total national commitment to power to the people as a means to guarantee *roti, kapra aur makkan* for all.

Besides being a multi-dimensional subject for intellectual, academic research and pursuit as has been manifested in unending writings on him, inconclusively falling too short of the world canvas that he occupied. the present undertaking “Zulfikar Ali Bhutto: Recollections and Remembrances” is just a small attempt towards collecting and printing reminiscences of those who have been associated with him as a child, as a student, as his friends, political colleagues, workers, ministers, family members and those who attended to him at some stage or the other in his illustrious life.

In their own way these recollections and remembrances throw some light on his personality and the traits that made him an eternal flame for lightning up causes

pertaining to the welfare of the poor and the denied, for getting across through the dark tunnel of despair. Anecdotes about him and about his life, his being the most apt person to handle a crisis, the dauntless determination that he showed in inspiring the nation to look to a better tomorrow after the fall of Dhaka in 1971, and the unsurpassable chapter in human dignity that he wrote in his blood by showing preference to an honorable death, to surrendering to the dictates of a dictator open new vistas of inquiry into higher human values that survive even to this day in un-diminishing legacy that he bequeathed to the people of Pakistan.

Shaheed Bhutto was a keen and ardent student of history. Many a great leader of the yore and of his age, leading lights in the world of letters, diplomacy and statecraft made him pick up the best from them to carve for himself an enviable position among those who have helped in some way in the progress of mankind against retrogressive forces. However, as other writings on him and this book would show, he was most impressed by Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah founder of Pakistan. His friend late Pilo Mody in his book, "Zulfi My friend" brings out Shaheed Bhutto's devotion to the Quaid as follows: "*For Zulfi everything that Jinnah said or did was correct.*" And that he was a fanatic supporter of Jinnah's two nation theory, demand for Pakistan and commitment to enlightened Islam.

I have maintained that big and small contributions in making history need always to be recorded. Shaheed Bhutto was yesterday a relevant subject for comment, he is today an appropriate case for study and so shall remain tomorrow. Therefore, all those who knew him and for whom he was an individual of interest--owe it to history to write about him, about his period, his leadership and above all, the man that he was, to leave enough source-material and data for posterity, as well as a homage to Shaheed Bhutto who, conscious of his rightful place in history, lived and died for his people.

I am grateful to Mr. Khurshed Junejo, who hails from Shaheed Bhutto's home district of Larkana, for accepting the challenge of compiling Recollections of Shaheed Bhutto. I am also grateful to all those who made contributions to the book and helped make it a reality.

Finally the book is a tribute from a loving daughter to a loving father. Not only was he a great political leader but a great family man. From him I learnt:

"The best thing any parent can give his child is a good education. Everything else can be taken coral, but not an education:"

"Values and character are more important than material well being. We can take nothing to the grave except a good name;"

"All men and women are equal. In Islam a king and a beggar are buried in the same kafan."

"Never go in for short term gains but your place in history:"

"Realities change. This time too shall pass."

"Ultimate victory belongs to the masses"

"Politics is the highest Juror of public service"

"I would rather live like a lion for a day than a jackal Jar a decade"

"Honour is more important than life"

He is gone from us. Yet he lives amongst us. I see his face not only in my children but in all children, in the future generations for whom he sacrificed his life.

I would request all those who wish to contribute their recollections for posterity to send these articles to Mr. Khurshed Junejo at Bilawal House. Karachi.

Mohtarma Benazir Bhutto

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

“ZULFIKAR ALI BHUTTO: Recollections and Remembrances” has been the outcome of tireless efforts of the following friends and colleagues, without whose active participation and contribution at various stages of the book’s preparation, editing and printing would not have been possible. Mr. Wajid Shamsul Hasan and Mr. Taj Haider made the manuscript printable, after painstaking editing, especially those contributions which had been rendered in Urdu and have been converted in English. Mr. Waqar Abid Personal Secretary to Mohtrama Benazir Bhutto, Ms. Naheed Khan, Political Secretary to Co-Chairperson of the PPP, Dr. Safdar Abbasi, Political Secretary to Co-Chairperson. Mr. Yousaf Talpur, Incharge PPP Sindh Secretariat, Mr. Ejazul Hassan, Mr. Sadiq Jalari. Mr. John Nazareth, and Syed Muhammad Reza Kazmi helped in collecting the material persuading people to write, proof-editing etc. Many others --- a long list that is impossible to be mentioned individually, have also made immense contribution in the preparation of the book Bhutto Memorial Society is indebted to them for their invaluable assistance.

Khurshed Junejo
Compiler

HE WAS A LOVING HUSBAND

Begum Nusrat Bhutto

Q. What are your recollections of your child-hood and your family history?

A. MY family comes from Iran. My great grand father had three sons. He sent one of his sons to China, to learn how to make silk, he became a businessman. He sent his second son to Najaf-e-Ashraf to become a religious man. He kept the third son with him at the lands to become an agriculturist. The one who went to Najaf-e-Ashraf was my grand father. His father built a mosque for him in Isfahan when he came back from Najaf after becoming an Ayatollah, but grandfather died before he could go back to preach in Isfahan and serve in this mosque. It is a very, beautiful mosque and is still there. My father Mirza Mohammed was born in Najaf. His mother was Syed and his father was non-Syed. His family name was Mirza Mohammed Abdul Latif Isfahani. He was a modern man and he did not want to become an Ayatollah. So he studied in Najaf. Once he and his friends went on a holiday to Bombay, India and when he returned he told his father and grandfather that he wanted to put up soap industry in India. So my parents shifted to India and established "Baghdad Soap Industries" in Bombay. There I was born. I was the third daughter and after me a son was born, so they said I was a good luck. They pampered me a lot. These were the final years of British Raj. My father used to visit Karachi frequently, to buy raw material for his soap industry. I went to school in Bombay. When I did my senior Cambridge, my parents asked me to wear "Burka" (veil). They said now you are a grown-up and you cannot go around without hijab. My father was a very simple and soft-hearted person, he used to help poor relatives and neighbours. I refused to wear a "Burka" to go to college. A niece of mine would also go to college with me and she was very clever. She would leave her home wearing "Burka" but on tier way, she would take it off in the car, and then while coming back home, she would put it on again. Her father thought his daughter was very obedient. But I was the simpleton and I did not want to fool my parents. I did not know for many years about my niece, much later I came to know what she used to do. So I did not go to university and now I am sorry that I do not have a degree.

So these were my olden days. I was treated fondly by everyone. My elder sisters were much older than me the first was 14 years and the second was 13 years elder to me. They had married very early and they had children of my age or a little younger than me. Fakhri is one of them. She is the daughter of my eldest sister. Safia Khanum. Fakhri and I grew up together.

Q Coming from a conservative family, you and Fakhri Begum were two liberated women.

A. My father was not so conservative, he always encouraged us. My mother was a little old-fashioned, who would ask me to wear "Burka". In fact in those days, generally women wore Burka. When I got married, my husband's family wanted me to wear Burka at least in Larkana. So every time I went to Larkana, I would wear Burka. It was much later when my husband became a Minister and my father-in-law had died that I discarded it. Once my husband said it (Burka) was a big farce and that I should forget it and take it off. One day when I was traveling with him in a plane to Larkana he said, "Don't wear it any more." So I threw it away.

Q How did you meet Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto?

A. It was very strange. During my childhood, when we still lived in Bombay, we used to visit Khandala, a hill resort near Bombay. We had a small summer house there sometimes we used to go to Lonavala near Khandala. I saw him in Lonavala for the first time. I remember so vividly, I was 11-years old. We were walking around and his family was also there and walking. Somehow our parents got together and started talking. There were three girls and this boy. So we kids also began talking. They said they were from Sindh. We knew Karachi but did not know Sindh, so we asked where Sindh was. They told us where it was. These were the things that our parents talked about. I think we just met twice. I don't remember the details.

And then we shifted to Karachi. His sister, Manna. (Begun Munawwar Islam) was a friend of mine and when she was getting married, she invited me also. So I went to the bank to get my jewellery from my locker. I saw him standing there. He was grown up by now and I did not know it the first instance as to who he was. But his mother was also there and she knew that I was friendly with Manna. So she said:

"Oh... Nusrat, this is my son, just came from America, his name is Zulfi."

Now, I had heard from another friend of mine, now she is Mrs. Habibullah, that Manna had a brother who was very handsome and tall. I had seen him in the childhood and I had actually forgotten how he looked. While standing in that bank, I saw him. Perhaps it was a little dark inside the bank, or whatever, but somehow I thought that he was not so good-looking. This was our first meeting as grown-ups.

Anyway, we went to Mehndi and wedding ceremony and he was always there. There I thought he was charming. He liked me and I liked him. He was so

dignified. I had met many other people in parties and picnics. There were many boys and girls around and there was much misbehaving and rubbish-talking. But he was so dignified.

Q. How old were you, at that time?

A. I was 20.

Q. Then what happened? Did he propose?

A. No, he did not. I had joined Pakistan National Guards and was a Captain in the Army. My friend, who is now Mrs. Habibullah, was in the Navy. So after a few days of Manna's wedding, both of us went to her to congratulate her and see how she was doing after marriage. Both of us were in our uniforms. He was there and we met. But I think he did not like us in uniform because afterwards he said to his sister, "What are these two girls up to?"

Then again he went to America to study. Then..., Well, I cannot tell you all my secrets... Or should I? Okay, I tell. After some time, a friend of his who was also studying in America, came and met me and said Zulfi had sent his love for me. Now I could not place the name at that moment and I asked which Zulfi? So when he went back he told him that she does not know who you are and you are sending love to her. After two years, he came back. Now he was studying in Oxford. We saw each other at a friend's birthday party. He came over and said:

"Shall I introduce myself to you? Do you know who I am?"

I said "No." I had realized what he was talking about and I was feeling guilty. He asked: *"Shall I bring an ice cream for you?"*

I said "Yes". Then he went and brought me an ice cream.

Later, he would ask his married friends to throw a party and invite me there. So we met at such parties, but never met alone. Then he proposed.

Q. Do you remember exactly when?

A. Manna got married in 1949. He proposed me in 1951. And we got married. The wedding was in Karachi. I left with him on our honeymoon. At that time, his family lived in a house under the Clifton Bridge at McNeil Road. I lived with them in that house after the marriage, and Benazir was born there. But soon after the marriage I went with him to Oxford. It was his first year there, and under the rules, he could not live outside hostel. Therefore, I had to live in a hotel and he would live in the hostel. We would stay together during the day. Once he did not

go to his hostel in the night, and next day, he told his Dean: "Sorry. I stayed with my wife."

But he was so young that the Dean did not believe him. So he took me to him and then the Dean said he felt sorry that we could not live together and did not punish him for staying out that night.

Q. How was Sir Shah Nawaz like?

A. He was very old by that time. He was a very good person. When we were in Oxford, he would keep writing that I come back. Finally I came back to live with my in-laws, and I was not very happy about it because by that time I was in love with my husband and I wanted to live with him. But my in-laws thought their son would not study properly if I was with him. So we would talk on telephone and I would cry for not being with him. After sometime, my father purchased my tickets and I went back to Oxford to live with him. It was in 1952 that I got pregnant then I told him we were going to have a child. He was so happy to hear it, that he shouted on the street with joy "*Oh... I am going to be a father.*" Then in 1953, I gave birth to Benazir.

Q. Somebody told me that Mr. Bhutto had a sister whose name was Benazir and she died at a young age and he named his daughter after her, is that true?

A. Yes. It was much earlier, before Independence. She studied in Poona and lived in the school hostel. We later saw her diary in which she wrote about her keenness to finish the school and come back to her home. But there she got meningitis and died at a young age. She was buried in Poona. It was after her that my mother-in-law, named our daughter Benazir. She was only 15 years old.

Q. How was your mother-in-law like? It is said that she belonged to a poor family.

A. There has been much talk about my mother-in-law, and I think that has to be settled once and for all. My mother-in-law was Begum Khurshid whose mother was a new Muslim. Mr. Hidayatullah, who was not a Sir at that time, had married that lady after she had converted from being a Hindu to be a Muslim. Two daughters were born out of that marriage, Begum Khurshid being one of them. Later Hidayatullah divorced that lady and married another woman. Now Begum Khurshid's elder sister is married to a person, whose name, I think, was Mir Maqbool Ahmad Khan. Now this Maqbool Ahmad Khan was a close friend of Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto. Sir Shah Nawaz's first wife was very old and he wanted to marry again. So this Maqbool Ahmad Khan suggested to him that he could marry his wife's sister, Khurshid, and so they got married.

Q. Mr. Bhutto was the only son from that lady?

A. Yes. The other two brothers and four sisters were from the first wife and one son and three sisters from the second wife, Khurshid Begum. She was a conservative lady and a religious person. I accompanied her to Ziaraat, to Najaf-e-Ashraf, Karbala, Baghdad. She was a good Muslim. She used to wear "Burka" and she asked me to wear it whenever I visited Larkana.

Anyway, after completing his studies in Oxford, Mr. Bhutto got a job in the University but his parents did not like the idea that their son should live in England so they compelled him to come back. In Karachi, he would some time go to deliver lectures in the Sindh Muslim Law College. But he wanted to join Foreign Office.

Q. When you met him for the first time, could you imagine what he would do in life later?

A. No. He was simply a student then. I could only see that he was a dignified person.

Q. What else did you notice at that time?

A. He was charming. You cannot explain what is charm.

Q. What was his source of inspiration?

A. I can't say. He was brought up very well. May be his mother was his source of inspiration. His father used to encourage him. His uncle, Ahmad Khan Bhutto, whose daughter was his first wife, was in politics. I tell you an interesting incident. When we got married, his uncle, who was also his father-in-law, gave a dinner party for us in Karachi Club. Because marrying again was nothing strange in Sindh.

Q. Did you know he was already married?

I did not know it in the beginning. What happened was that I conveyed his proposal to my parents through my elder sister. First they rejected it. They said how could an Irani family agree to a proposal from a Sindhi man whom we did not know. My mother had died by that time and my grandmother and my elder sisters were there. Some days later, I think some people from Haroon family visited us and the subject came up. There, the Haroons broke the news that this man was already married. Oh my God... My parents gave me hell. They scolded me and said how I could marry a man who was already married, and break his family. After some time, he came to see my family and then I said to him: "You

are a married man. You cheated me. Why didn't you tell me before you were already married?"

Then he told me in what circumstances he had been married.

Later he brought his mother along and she explained to my family as to how he was made to marry his cousin when he was just 14 and they asked him to sit in the wedding if he wanted to get his favorite cricket bat set.

Q. What kind of a man he was?

A. He had very few friends. What nobody knows about him is that he was a very shy person, very shy. He read a lot. He educated me too. He gave me books to read and made me read a lot of books. When I was having children, he gave me books on psychology, so that I could understand my children. He used to say that our children should not do anything which could bring bad name to the family.

Q. Where did you go for honeymoon?

A. Paris and Rome. Interestingly, my mother-in-law accompanied us during our honeymoon. In fact, her daughter Mumtaz, had been married to Col. Mustafa who was posted in Turkey at that time. She wanted to see her daughter. So we took her along. We went to Paris, Rome and then to Turkey where she stayed with her daughter and we went to London.

Q. How did he get into Ayub Khan's cabinet?

A. I think his parents knew Iskandar Mirza, who would visit them frequently. One day Iskandar Mirza said he wanted their son to be a Minister. Before that, he had written a pamphlet, titled: "Federal or Unitary Government," and the government was angry with him. Later, he was sent as a delegate to international conferences on behalf of the government and he became the Commerce Minister. Then Iskandar Mirza was thrown out. We were in Larkana at that time. We had no plans to go to Karachi which was the Capital at that time. But he received phone calls after phone calls. Ayub Khan wanted to keep him as a Minister. Then we had discussions on whether we should go or not. His father had died by then. His mother and I suggested he should agree. So he accepted it.

Q. Would he discuss politics with you?

A. Quite often. I never forced in opinion on him. I just said what I genuinely felt. Some time he would accept my advice and some times he would reject it.

Q. What kind of a husband he was?

A. He as a very caring husband. Very caring, I would some times get angry on little things but he would not mind. He was a very loving person. He had a lot of patience. People would come and talk long winded rubbish and give advice to him. He would just sit and listen. Then he would say whatever he believed. He never ever scolded his children. He would talk to them very nicely. He never ever beat his children. When he became a Barrister, he contested a murder charge against an old man who came to him and said he had not committed the Murder. This was Mr. Bhutto's first case. He gave it to me and I kept this money with me for a very long time. He won his second case and his client brought his little daughter in place of money. Mr. Bhutto brought that girl to me and said: "Look. Nusrat. This is my payment for winning the case. Do you want to keep it?" She was a very small and skinny girl. He returned her to her parents.

Q. In what manner did he express his happiness over a success?

A. He remained quiet. I don't know why he had a feeling that he was going to die young. He said it even when he proposed me. He said. "We must get married quickly because I have a very short life" I said: "Why do you have a short life?"

He said he could not say exactly why, but he had this feeling. He explained to me that his family had a lot of enemies who could kill him. Then there was this fortune-teller who had told his father, when he was a child, the details of his future. About his early education, college days how he would become famous. But that story ended at the age of 48. He was exactly 48 when the PNA started agitation against him.

I remember the First elections in 1970. I got up early in the morning. I said we had to go out early. He asked, why. Why I was in such a hurry. Then I made him get up. I said we should go out and look around. He was very worried about the results.

He kept listening to radio and television. He was very quite until the last reports came. He was very happy but he was too shy to express his happiness even in front of me. He was very serious and very sedate.

He used to read, read and read. When he was a Minister, he would see his files till three in the morning. He would work in the bed room and I had to hear him turning the papers and I could not sleep. Once I said I could go to another room if he wanted to work but he did not allow me. He was never tired of reading and working. He would work till three in the morning and then wake up at eight in the morning and go to office. He slept very little.

Q. You say he was a very shy person. But the whole world knows him as a very daring, brave and bold person.

A. I suppose psychologically, if you are shy, you try to hide your shyness and you act to be bold and brave. I do the same thing. Basically I am a very shy person but I always try to hide my shyness by being bold and acting as if I am not afraid of anything.

There was a fantastic thing about him also. He could sleep for 5 or 10 minutes if he wanted to. He would enjoy a deep sleep and then wake up. Very often he would tell me he had 10 minutes and he wanted to sleep for these 10 minutes after which I should wake him up. The moment he finished telling this to me he would start snoring. Just believe me, I am not exaggerating. He would have a deep sleep for 10 minutes and after I woke him up, he would be very fresh. I asked him how he could sleep like that. He said: "My conscience is clear. That is why I can go to sleep like that."

He used to do it quite often because he used to work all the time, so in between his engagements he got tired and then slept for a few minutes.

Q. Oriana Fallacci wrote in her interview with Mr. Bhutto that he was a man full of contradictions. He was a rich man who cared for the poor. He was a feudal but a socialist. He was an orthodox Muslim but a liberal man at the same time. How do you comment on that?

A. His background was feudal, but he was an educated man. He had been educated in countries like America and England. His father first sent him to America which is very modern then to Oxford to create a balance. So he was a very balanced man. He had a very kind heart but when it came to taking a decision, he would think from his head. He did not act as many mindless people do who say whatever they feel like saying. He would plan exactly what he really wanted to do. He used to say why the poor in our country have to remain poor while the poor in other countries have become rich. He was the first one who introduced nuclear energy in Pakistan, when he was the Minister for Science and Technology. He was the first one who set an educated person belonging to sweeper community as an ambassador. He was the first one who appointed a woman, Begum Raana Liaquat Ali Khan as the first woman Governor in the country (Sindh). He did so many things for the first time that no other person had done.

He was a forgiving person. He forgave many who had been nasty to him. He never forgot someone who had done something good to him. When he was a Law Minister, he would always go and see Iskandar Mirza when in London because Iskandar Mirza had been kind to him. At that time he was a Minister in Ayub

Khan's cabinet but he didn't care about Ayub Khan's anger. When Iskandar Mirza died, we both went to see his wife to offer condolence. Ayub Khan was another person who had been once kind to him and he never forgot him too. He always kept a painting of Ayub Khan done by Guljee hanging in his drawing room in Larkana he never took that painting out to throw it in the store room. Still it is hanging on the wall in the drawing room of Al-Murtaza for everyone to see Mr. Bhutto was that kind of a person.

Q. Much has been said about Mr. Bhutto's role during 1971 tragedy, when Pakistan was dismembered. What is your comment on that?

A. When a newspaper accused him of planning to divide the country, he denied it there and then. When they wanted to kill Mujibur Rahman, he pleaded for his life and said it would be worse. He went to see Mujib in jail and talked to him. He said to him that he was going to release him and that he should not become an enemy in future. That conversation was taped but Mujib was very clever and he knew that the discussion was being taped, so he kept knocking the table with his pipe to disturb the taping. Mr. Bhutto tried his best to save the country. He flew to Dhakka but it was too late. You know that Hamoodur Rehman Commission had put the blame on the generals. I had a copy of the report of that Commission but they came and broke my cupboard and took it. We knew that they were coming to get it. Mr. Bhutto told me in jail that they would be coming to get the report, so I should keep it in open. I put in a cupboard which was lying in a corridor.

Q. His critics say that he was such a big landlord that four railway stations touched his lands.

A. It was true. But not any more, it was so during his father's time. During the land reforms, he surrendered 40,000 acres of land. There was one very beautiful house at his lands in Jacobabad. He could have kept his house but he did not. He gave that house also to the harees. He never bothered about money.

Q. It is also alleged that during his days in jail, he was playing his whole game on the false hope that Zia would never dare execute him.

A. That is not true. When he was first put into jail, he told me: "They are going to hang me. Because, Zia knows if he does not hang me, I shall come back to power."

I said still I wanted to try to save his life. He allowed me but said it was no use. Zia was not going to let him live. After the court announced death sentence for him, I said I wanted to file clemency petition. He said: "If you do that and Zia releases me, I will have no face to show to my people. I swear I will have to kill

myself”

Q. What did he say in your last meeting with him in the death cell?

A. When he saw myself and Benazir together, he said: “Achha... Both of you have come.”

Because previously they allowed us to visit him separately. He asked one of the guards to call Jail Superintendent. When he arrived, Mr. Bhutto said and these are his exact words: “So the black book has arrived?” The Superintendent said. “Yes, Sir.” Mr. Bhutto said. “Oh... Then I have to shave. I have to have a bath. I have to change.”

Then he asked the Superintendent about the time (of the execution), who said five in the morning. He talked like that in front of us but we did not want us to cry in front of the jail staff we controlled ourselves.

Q. What did he like to eat the most?

A. His favorite food was Qeema, Daal, Pickle and Chatni.

Q. What did he dislike the most?

A. If anybody humiliated him or made fun of his family, he felt hurt.

Q. Was he a moody person?

A. No he was a very serious person.

Q. How did you get into politics?

A. Women used to conic and see him, but he did not have enough time to see them. So he asked me to see them, then he asked if I could organise the women wing of the Party. So I became head of the women wing.

Q. You have been very close to one of the best persons in contemporary history. What do you think is the best thing in a man?

A. The best thing in a man is: Kindness, truthfulness and straightforwardness. That is what he taught our children.

Q. Whom did he like the most among the children?

A. Sanam. He loved her the most. She was very pretty. But unlike our other

children, she was not tall. She was a bit small. Her eye sight was weak from the beginning. So he felt a little protective towards her. She was also very cute as a child and she also loved him very much.

Q. Did he give you a lot of presents?

A. He loved giving me gifts. First he used to buy me perfume. Once he brought a whole set of perfume bottles, worth thousands of rupees. I said he should have rather bought me jewellery with so much money. Then he started buying jewellery and watches for me. He always remembered birthdays of the children and myself. He never forgot calling us on such occasions even if he was abroad. He would always bring lots of personal things for children and myself from abroad.

Q. How about himself?

A. He loved wearing nice clothes. He was very careful about his silk shirts and socks and shoes. He wore lovely suits. But he never got them stitched from a foreign country. He did not like their style. He would buy some cloth from outside, but would always get it stitched by Hamid Tailor. Once I suggested to him to buy a suit. He bought it but then got it redone by Hamid. His favorite colours were dark grey and navy blue. His favorite perfume was "Shalimar".

Q. Every wife has some complaints against her husband. Did you too have any?

A. Not any more. I had some at that time. Once was that he was always busy working. Then of course, girls would fall for him because he was so good-looking and handsome. We spent such a long time together, from 1951 to 1977. We celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary just before they arrested him and they killed him. He gave me a lovely diamond ring.

Q. It is said that he did not discuss Zia with many people before promoting him as Chief of Army Staff.

A. That is wrong. He discussed Zia with many persons. Gen Tikka Khan opposed Zia and said the man was an actor. He said Zia had always been pretending. Intelligence Chief Gen. Jilani said Zia suited the slot the best. He said Zia had no political ambitions and Mr. Bhutto heard Jilani's advice.

Q. What was the last thing that Mr. Bhutto said to you?

A. He said: "I have done my best. I have no regrets. No matter what they do to me. I shall go to God with a clear conscience." Then they killed him. I know

they did not hang him. They murdered him. I don't agree with those, no matter who they are, who say that he was hanged. Somebody from the jail whispered into my ears that he had been murdered.

Q. How would Mr. Bhutto call you?

A. He would say Nusratam (my Nusrat) in Persian.

A HAPPY MAN ALWAYS

Ameer Begum

We passed our childhood clays together and I was engaged at the age of 25 with Shaheed Bhutto. Every thing was carried out traditionally in village Mirpur Bhutto, where my father the cousin of Shaheed Bhutto was dwelling. Later I left for Bombay, where Zulfikar Ali Bhutto Saheb was busy studying and I returned back when Pakistan came into being. I don't remember the exact date of leaving Bombay, but what I remember as the three years tenure I stayed there and most probably it was 1944, when I left my village for Bombay. When Shaheed Bhutto Saheb and I were engaged both mine and his fathers were alive and Bhutto Saheb set out for London to take studies. Though my father was thinking about the difference in our ages but my in-laws did not give more importance to it, saying that everything was being done within family and it was purely a family matter.

I don't know exactly when Shaheed Bhutto returned to Pakistan but I could only say that as soon as he came back he started teaching Law in Sindh Muslim Law College and at that time I was living in nay village and he used to visit Naudero while practicing law. Things around me were good enough to speak about his high thinking's. He as always pointing towards the picture of Mr. Jinnah in his room and was wishing to become a leader of Mr. Jinnah's caliber after completing studies in England. Though my mother-in-law did not favour him going and living abroad but he was a man who had constantly been pressing upon his intentions and that speaks of the volume of his determination at that age and time. We shared happiness and sorrows. He respected me. He tried to make cue realize that we were from same family and sometimes he talked of his mind to marry again, for which he had formed opinion that I could not company him breaking the family traditions of purdah. But he always promised for fulfilling the commitments of remaining with me at any cost he told me he will have another wife but after completing education. He respected me a lot and usually asked me for settling down local problems in Naudero myself. Shaheed Bhutto usually visited Naudero on Eids.

Q. Did you ever accompany Bhutto Saheb any where?

A. No, I did not, because I preferred to remain inside the home. Once there was a party in the honour of Bhutto Saheb, his friends expected me to be there, but Mr. Mashooq Bhutto, the brother of Mr. Mumtaz Ali Bhutto told them that Bhutto's wife would not attend it because she did not like to come in public. "No one identifies me in Karachi. Even in Larkana I am unknown to people. If I come out in Larkana without burka people will not recognize me. They have never seen

me before.”

Q. Did Bhutto Saheb tell you he would marry again?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he inform you when he married Begum Nusrat Bhutto?

A. No.

Q. Then how did you come to know about it?

A. It is a long, story which could only be covered in many books. To put it in short we went to Karachi to meet my Iranian friend. When we reached her house she was not there. We were told that she had gone to attend an engagement ceremony of an Iranian girl with a Sindhi boy. And that boy was no one else but Bhutto Sahib. At that time my sister and my foster mother were also present. My father-in-law came there to meet my father but he was out. When he came back we told him about it, so he went to meet him where my uncle informed my father about the engagement of Bhutto Saheb. Bhutto Saheb came to me in the night and in the next evening he got engaged.

Q. Did you not fight on it?

No. My father asked if Zulfikar told me about his marriage. I replied in negative. Then my father apprised me about Bhutto’s engagement with an Iranian girl. Later my father invited Zulfikar and Nusrat to dinner at Karachi Club.

Q. Who is dearest to you amongst Bhutto Saheb’s children?

A. All of them were dear to me. Bhutto Saheb would bring them to village on every Eid. We had many horses. They would enjoy riding on them. I would prepare sweets for them. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto used to tell them that I was their first mother and they ought to respect me. Benazir and other children respected and loved me very much.

Q. What were Bhutto Saheb’s activities in Bombay?

A. He would go to school regularly and took great interest in cricket. Once famous cricketer Mushtaq Ali was his close friend with whom he played cricket. He loved to play cricket. He had also tied a ball in his room with the ceiling fan and used to hit it with the bat to practice.

Q. Was Bhutto Saheb an angry man?

A. No. Most certainly not.

Q. Was he well dressed?

A. Yes, he was too much fond of fine clothes.

Q. What was his other interest?

A. He wanted to be a great man. He preferred wearing BOSKEY (double gorha silk). He hailed from a rich family and his grand mother used to send him BOSKEY from Bombay. In Summer he ate Falsa and in Winter Anar with great interest.

Q. Did you see Bhutto's mother?

A. Yes. I lived with her for three years in Bombay. Before our marriage we would visit each other, and Bhutto Sahib would come to our home.

Q. When did she pass away?

A. After our marriage.

Q. How was she, people say she was from a poor family?

A. I don't know. I did not dare ask my mother-in-law of her life.

Q. So Bhutto Saheb wanted to be a great man.

A. Yes. He would tell me that I was a wife of a great man.

Q. Do you guess, from whom did he get inspiration to be a great man'?

A. He didn't tell me. We did try to stop him from the involvement in politics. He came in tussle with President Ayub. He used to say *"I have not got education only to rest in bungalows and have a chit chat with naukars. I shall serve the people through politics"*. He would say with great enthusiasm, pointing to the picture of Mr. Jinnah placed on the wall in his bedroom: *"I would become like this man and work for the betterment of the people."*

Q. So you remained in the village when he became President/Prime Minister?

A. Yes I lived in village.

Q. Didn't you go to President's house or anywhere with him?

A. He insisted me to go with him but I refused. I thought that I would feel alone there.

Q. What about those three years you remained with Bhutto Sahib in Bombay?

A. Yes I remained in Bombay for three years after that I lived in my father's house. Bhutto Sahib visited me there occasionally. We had lived together for only three years.

Q. Where were you at the time when Bhutto Saheb was arrested?

A. I was in Larkana. He was also arrested from there. Then I went to Karachi and sometimes later news came that he (Bhutto Saheb) was released on bail. He came to me on Eid. Both the sisters and my foster mother also met him. People were chanting slogans but Bhutto Saheb stopped them.

Q. Did he talk to you?

A. Not that much. He looked occupied in some thoughts.

Q. Did he debar you from politics?

A. Yes. He refrained me from appealing for his release from the jail.

Q. How many times did you meet him in jail?

A. Four times.

Q. What do you talk to him?

A. I can't tell you about that.

Q. How did you fund Bhutto Saheb in jail?

A. Bhutto Saheb faced it bravely and courageously. When I wept there he solaced me and said. *"Don't weep. Look to your family. Don't weep. If they will see you weeping they will laugh at and say that they saw Bhutto's wife weeping."* Zia had secretly installed bug devices in the room to listen to us. That is why we did not talk too much.

Q. What happened during your last meeting in Rawalpindi jail?

A. We got there under great surveillance. We were made to stand, outside the door and Bhutto Sahib stood behind the bars. He was put in a small cell. His bed was on the floor. He had one blanket only, a wooden commode and a plastic bucket of water. His sister who brought him up and his nephew were also present there to meet him but the time of meeting was very short. We met him last on the 30th or 31st of March. They searched us thoroughly before the meeting. From there I went to Rohri, from where my vehicle picked me up. Enroute to Naudero my driver told me that Police and Military had raided and searched our houses in Naudero. Four days after our last meeting they hanged him.

Q. What did they search in your home?

A. I don't know. They had got hold of box containing documents of our land.

Q. Did they take anything with them?

A. No. They didn't take anything with them. Since nothing was there, what would they take?

Q. How did you find Bhutto Saheb?

A. He was a great man. I never saw him angry. Sometimes I used to get annoyed and would criticise him. He would laugh and say, *"I am what I am."* He was the best man. I would say to him, *"You may be Prime Minister of your people but for us you are only same Zulfikar."* He always respected elders. He would respect and welcome my foster mother, too.

Q. Did you two quarrel?

A. No. Never. Why should I lie. I fought with him sometimes. I used to tell him, *"You have come clandestinely to me."* He would reply, *"You are my wife, don't fight with me."*

Q. Didn't you ever appear before his friends?

A. No. Never. We observe strict Purdah.

Q. Is polygamy allowed in your family?

A. Yes. For want of children. Bhutto Saheb joined politics. He needed educated life partner who may go accompany him every where. In our family girls were not allowed to go to school. We got only Quranic education. Now girls

are getting educated.

Q. Didn't you ever go school?

A. No.

Q. Did they call you when the body of Bhutto Saheb was brought home on 4th April?

A. Yes. Zia had given them instructions to allow first wife of Bhutto to have his (Bhutto's) last glimpse in Garhi Khuda Bakhsh Bhutto (In tears). That whole night from dusk to dawn we read Holy Quail and Durood. All of a sudden son of Munshi Nazir Muhammad came and lamented calling "YA HUSSAIN. YA HUSSAIN". At first I thought that there might be some sort of fighting outside, then I asked that what had happened. My mother weepingly asked for "Kafan" for Bhutto Sahib. It seemed as if mountain had fallen upon me. I couldn't control myself and asked them to take me there. I went there. Four hundred army men were present there. We were without purdah, barefooted and bareheaded. That moment was like 'KARBALA' for us. We had reached in 'AUTAQ' to see Bhutto's body there in the presence of heavy contingents of army. They didn't allow us to see him fully. Even we were not permitted to give him '*ghusal or kafin*'. Zia got killed all those '*MULLAS*' who had given ghusal to Bhutto's body even. *JALAD* was also killed.

Q. You were allowed to see his face only?

A. I was not in my senses at that time. I saw him upto the chest. My sister Akhtar saw his body and said it had torture marks

Q. When did you see Bhutto Saheb more happy?

A. He always remained in good mood and happy.

A SISTER SPEAKS

Mrs. Munawar-ul-Islam

I have frequently read that my brother Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was a controversial figure. People either love or hate him. I am perhaps the only person who knows him well. We grew up together.

Of our childhood days certain memories cling. One was of father's long absence in England where he had gone for the Round Table Conference. In those days we heard of only one dacoit. The servants often talked of his daring and defiance. Our sister Benazir was then a baby. Zulfi and I liked to hear of the dacoit who the servants said was forced to leave his feudal masters village. The reason we never learnt. However, as night approached we felt scared. Our house was three-storied. From the second floor we climbed the staircase to the third to sleep in a Spanish type courtyard during Larkana's long hot summers. That night Zulfi and I called out from the stairs the name of each servant to check whether they were all present. It made us feel secure.

We played in the extensive grounds and lawns of our garden and ran after the rabbits. Those were happy, carefree days. As were the days proceeding our departure for Bombay where father was to represent Sindh. Sindh was then attached to Bombay. The sea voyage thrilled us. We explored the ship and made friends with other children.

Father had to be six months in Bombay and six months in Poona. Poona had a much better climate. My sister Mumtaz and I were admitted to a boarding school: The Convent of Jesus and Mary. Zulfi's health was indifferent; therefore, he was admitted to a day-school St. Mary's and he returned to Bombay with my parents. While in Poona we went home for the week-ends Zulfi was always waiting for us in the car, well before time. Once he told us he had a surprise. He brought out his bicycle he had learnt to ride. During the Poona season there were many social activities which my parents had to participate in. so the three of us went to movies sometimes. We loved the tonga rides and engaged two tongas accompanied by a servant. We tried to over-take each other's tonga. The cinema was in the cantonment not far from our house. I remember the name of one movie. "*The 39 Steps*" which starred the late Robert Donat. He became our favorite actor. Whatever pocket money we got we got movie magazine, which contained pictures of Robert Donat and competed with each other to collect the most. The following year we saw "*The Scarlet Tonga*" and then Donat was forgotten and we

were buying the series of "*Scarlet Tonga*" books.

One week-end we spent with the Deputy Commissioner of Khandala Mr. Parpia. The Parpias took us walking to Echo Point as it got dark we started our walk back. We all thought we knew the way but Khandala is a hill-station surrounded by thick tall trees and many turns into various lanes Zulfi and my little sister Benazir were walking ahead of us suddenly we lost sight of them. Mother panicked but Parpia said they must have reached. They were not home, at this the Parpias also got worried but assured mother search parties were being sent after then, meanwhile we were nervous. An hour later they were found they had taken the tong route which brought them to the bazaar. Mr. Parpia asked Zulfi. "Did you get afraid? The woods are thick and some monkeys come on the road." He replied that he was not as such in a crises. He remembered mother calling to Pir Dastagir and he did the same. Mumtaz and I went to Bombay for our Christmas holidays. Zulfi took us to his favorite shops. It was the time of the British Raj. The shops were stocked with so many things. Large variety of all sizes of chocolate and biscuits tins, toys, the best were the Christmas stockings like treasure-chests filled with balloons, masks and little things.

Zulfi's favorite story was Hiawatha which he was never tired of hearing it from Mumtaz. She also read him the Scarlet Pimpernel stories.

When Sindh was separated from Bombay we returned to Karachi. In Karachi we all went to day school. We lived on Club Road and our house was called Hordley House. The house is still there. I have visited it on several occasions and each time the years roll back reminding of me our happy, stay there.

We again returned to Bombay. Father had served Sindh with dedication. His contribution was recognised for he never lost any election except the last one. He decided to serve Sindh as Sindh's representative in The Public Service Commission.

Zulfi was now in the Cathedral High School and cricket had become his obsession. He played in the junior team and later in the senior team. He was an ardent fan of the well known cricketers of the time. Kardar and Amarnat but his favorite was Mushtaq Ali. There was a wide age-gap but he still befriended them. One of Zulfi's school friends Omar Kureshi who remained a friend to the end lived in Dhanraj Mahal. It was the meeting place of cricketers and other sportsmen. Zulfi spent many evenings there.

In his final year of school he got very attached to a girl named Suriya. He phoned her every day at a certain time and asked me to continue phoning when he left for the States to join Berkeley college. He was keen to marry her but somehow it did not work out.

Politics also interested him. Pandit Nehru's younger sister Mrs. Krishna Huthee Singh was our neighbor. Pandit always stayed with her when he was in Bombay. On one of his visits Zulfi was determined to meet Pandit Nehru. Not that this was difficult. Across the low dividing-wall we saw the garden and pathway crowded with people in the Ghandi dress. Zulfi walked through the open door. He was a young student not in the white Congress dress. Panditji noticed him and called him near. Panditji asked Zulfi his name and then his views on Pakistan. Zulfi was an enthusiastic Pakistani. Panditji told him that youth was always emotional but India was a large country which would soon become great and India needed young people like him to serve it.

Zulfi tried several times to meet the Quaid-i-Azam who lived on Malabar Hill but he was not lucky. The Pathan chowkidar promised to let him in when Jinnah Sahib was in residence but the few times Zulfi tried he was out of Bombay. He did meet Miss Jinnah and many years later reminded her when she was living in Mohata Palace.

Mumtaz was now married and was living in Hyderabad Deccan which again left Zulfi and myself with mother in our Cumballa Hill apartment. Father was in Junagadh. Zulfi had to shop for winter clothing and baggage. I often accompanied Zulfi and his best friend Jehangir Mugaseth on the shopping sprees. In the baggage shop I saw a train-case for the first time and kept holding it. Zulfi noticed and told me to keep it. It would go into his baggage account. Zulu's favorite restaurant was "The Parisian Diary". The shopping sprees ended with a visit to The Parisian Diary.

Zulfi, mother and I drove to Poona to visit the grave of our youngest sister. We all went to Poona once a month. Years later, whenever Zulfi visited India on official work he always went to Yaseen Jog in Poona. The day came for Zulfi to leave. Mother and I went with heavy hearts to Bombay's Santa Cruz Airport to see Zulfi off.

After Zulfi's departure, mother left for Karachi by sea because of the heavy baggage. I flew to Karachi a day earlier and stayed with Lady Hidayatullah and when mother joined me each morning we went house hunting till we found a house that suited us on McNeil Road. It was to this house that Zulfi returned for his summer holidays. He came home every summer. Abroad he had missed home and family and did not socialize in Karachi. He preferred being in the house and enjoyed mother's cooking. His favorite dishes were Chicken Seekh, fried Potatoes (Sindhi Style) and Carrot Halva.

I heard many stimulating and absorbing conversations and discussion between Father and Zulfi. Father was conservative and brought up in a feudal

environment. Father's love of reading and wide travels made him much more liberal than the other feudals nevertheless he was of the old school of thought. Zulfi had socialist ideas. He believed in the power of the people. He envisaged a future of social justice and equal opportunities. He put down his ideas in a booklet which he had published. It is our misfortune that we do not have a copy of that booklet.

When Zulfi was in his final years at Oxford he met Nusrat who had come to visit me. He met her on several other occasions and they decided to marry. Father wanted him to wait till he returned home for good but Zulfi and Nusrat preferred to marry which they did and both left for England.

When Zulfi was home for his holidays. I remember another incident. Qasim our mali, was bitten by a snake. Mother asked me to phone Junagadh House for our driver who lived in the quarters. Zulfi jumped out of bed rushed out and drove Qasim to Jinnah Hospital. He realized it might be too late to wait for the driver. He always looked after his dependents. Yar Mohammed the land manager had to have a major operation. Yar Mohammed wanted only surgeon Amanullah to do it and Dr. Amanullah operated on him. Babu our bearer had been with us since Larkana days. My father got him married and sent his four sons to St. Anthony's School. After Father's death Zulfi looked after their education and got all four good jobs.

If my brother had another face I did not see it. I have only read about it by his critics. Personally I was upset about his Baluchistan action. All my life I had heard my father speak with respect for the Baluchees. Father had many friends and contacts in Baluchistan which border Jacobabad in Sindh. Zulfi, however, said at the Supreme Court hearing that he had long wanted to withdraw the artillery but met with stiff resistance from Gen. Zia.

When Zulfi returned to Karachi after completing his education, father arranged for him to work with his friend Dingo Mal Ramchandani who had a law firm. He also had to visit Larkana frequently to help father. He more or less took over the management of the lands as father was not keeping good health. On one of these visits he met Iskander Mirza at Uncle Ahmed Khan's house in Naodero. Iskander Mirza went several times to Naodero for partridge shooting. He knew my father and was much impressed by Zulfi.

Zulfi was in Geneva for The Law of the Sea Conference when we lost father. He returned immediately on receiving our telegram. He sobbed and was inconsolable. Father and son were very close in spite of different thinking.

Zulfi came to know of his appointment in Iskander Mirza's cabinet when he and Nusrat were in Rex Cinema. On the screen they read that Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's

presence was desired at Government House. I presume his whereabouts was given by 70 Clifton. It was then he learnt that he was to become Commerce Minister. We were happy for Zulfi but at the same time felt father's absence poignantly.

Zulfi immediately left for Garhi Khuda Baksh to offer 'Fateha' at father's grave. That same night Nusrat had to go to the hospital. A few hours later Shah Nawaz was born. He was a beautiful baby and grew up to be a handsome man. Little did we know then what the future held for him. Shah Nawaz would become a victim of conspiracy and was murdered in a foreign land at the age of twenty six.

General Zia did not only deprive our family but the whole nation of an outstanding and brilliant personality. Even his detractors cannot deny he was a great patriot. He would have been a great asset. He was well educated, very well read. An orator respected by the great statesmen of the time: Soekarno who put all Indonesian asset at the disposal of Pakistan at the time of our first war with India. Nasir of Egypt, Chou-En-Lai, the late King Faisal, President Assad of Syria. Col. Gaddafi with whose contribution we were able to acquire a Nuclear Plant, the former President of France Giscard D'Estaing. Zulfi was respected and world leaders were his personal friends. He initiated friendship with China. No other Pakistani can claim personal friendship and equation with world statesmen. After Quaid-e-Azam he was the best known Pakistani in the world. Zulfi's trial invoked world interest. Many representatives of the Muslim countries were in Islamabad to plead for his life. They realized his life was valuable to the Muslim World.

I am very fortunate that this great man was my brother. As a brother he was affectionate and thoughtful. In his school days when he went on trips with his friends he always brought back gifts for us although he had to manage on a tight budget. After my marriage he always kept in touch. I asked his help for friends and acquaintances and our servants and he always obliged.

I am proud of his many contributions but most proud of his tremendous courage and dignity in the days of his trial and in the death cell. In his cell he enlightened my husband and myself on various subjects. His behavior was as if we were visiting him in 70 Clifton: cheerful and alert. Only a person absolutely innocent could be so.

I will always regret not been allowed to see him on his last day on earth although we were not aware of it. I visited him every Wednesday. He knew that and expected me. My husband and I reached the jail and were told Nusrat and Benazir were with him. That was bewildering. It was not their days for visiting him. However we waited and saw a car with dark windows up drive past. We were then told by the authorities that our visit was cancelled. After meeting Zulfi

we always drove to Sihala to meet Nusrat and Benazir who were in detention. On that Wednesday we also drove to Sihala but the police guards at the entrance told us we could not meet our relations. We now feared the worst. We contacted the two lawyers who were still in Rawalpindi and heard from them that Benazir had sent a message that the execution was on the following day, Thursday.

I could not believe that it could happen and was in a daze. The lawyers suggested we leave for Larkana. We drove to the P.I.A. office. No tickets were available for Moen-Jo-Daro and we had to fly to Karachi. By the time we reached Nao Dero it was too late. The Women's havelli was crowded already. Everyone was crying. I felt to drive to our graveyard. Here there were men and women reciting the Holy Quran some silently some aloud. "I stood near my brother's grave near me was an old peasant showering rose petals on the grave. He sighed very deeply and said in Sindhi. *"Aba Zulfikar Ali! you have left us. What is to become of us!"*. Did the peasant have a foreboding of a Sindh without Bhutto. Did he see the burning and destruction of Sindh's lands and crops by Gen. Zia's men. Did he see the anguish pain and deprivation of the Sindhi people or Jain Sadiq's reign of terror? Who knows Sindhis are born mystics.

MONJO PAYARO CHACHO

Shabnam Bhutto

*One whose sell was larger than the largest deserts.
whose love was deeper than the deepest oceans.
whose person was cooler than the coolest drops of dew.
whose challenging; tone was bolder than that of the bravest lions.
whose sight was sharper than that of Shaheens (lying at great heights.
whose rock hard principles were stronger than the highest Himalayas.
whose vision reached the farthest horizons.
whose loving personality would make him yours for ever.
whose thought was higher Than the highest skies.
And who was named after the Holy name of Maula Ali Murtaza.
whom people remember as their own Zulfikar Ali Bhutto Shaheed.
he was my uncle, the younger brother of in father Late Sikandar Ali Bhutto.*

In the same was that he was loved by the children, youth and old citizens, he loved and was loved by his family members.

Each and every one in the family loved him immensely, we still love him and shall continue to love him. We know that he and his love for his family and his people live on.

My sister Rukhsana was a very small child when she sat down on a hunger strike with her beloved uncle during Ayub days.

He was protesting against Ayub, but I went on a hunger strike, because he could not come to our house due to his very busy political engagements after his release from jail. I sent a message that I will not take anything till such time he visited us. He rushed to our house. My hunger strike was over then and there, but Rukhsana insisted on carrying on her hunger strike, till such time her dear uncle was on a hunger strike. "Children do not go on hunger strike. Please take something", he tried his best to make Rukhsana understand. But she would not listen. Her hunger strike ended when Shaheed Chacha himself ended his own hunger strike. Shaheed Chacha loved cauliflower and carrot Achars, which my aunts used to prepare with their own hands. We also love these Achars. However, although years have passed after Chacha's shahadat, we have not touched these Achars.

After the death of our father, he gave a lot of love to our brother Imdad Ali Bhutto. He being a boy could remain with his uncle all the time and Chacha was always so caring and concerned about him inspite of his own very busy schedule.

I remember that during a rainy winter my brother joined Shaheed Chacha on *shikar*. My brother being a little careless was not wearing any warm clothing. Chacha called the servants and was angry with them because they had ignored to give Imdad warm clothing to wear in that extreme cold. He took off his own warn coat and made Imdad put on that coat.

Chacha's coat is still treasured by Imdad.

His political engagements kept him away for long intervals, but he always kept himself aware and informed of everything about us.

His love could not be measured by the time he gave to us. We knew that he never belived in making a show of it. But his love was deep, sincere and immense.

Rukhsana, when still very small got sick. Together with that she was also upset with her Chacha and complained that Chacha could not find time to come to see her. But Rukhsana's doctor told us that Chacha used to telephone him every day to know about Rukhsanas condition and the results of various tests.

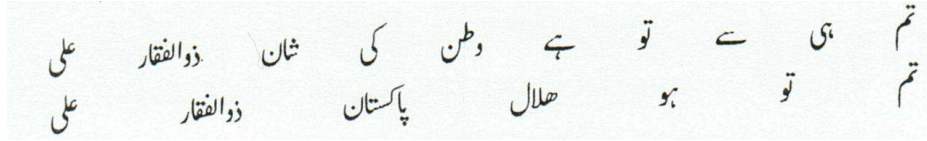
Whenever he would be in Larkana he would comc to visit us. Usually he would be so busy that he could only visit us late at night. The children would wait for him and would never go to sleep without meeting him.

I and my sister were from our childhood interested in composing verses. He knew of our interest and whenever he would come he would make it a point to ask us to recite our verses.

Much as we loved to recite our verses. I remember that I would freeze with nervousness, when ever he would say, "so what have our young poetesses composed this time. Let us listen".

But his encouragement over what ever we had written in that young age would give us new confidence and so our talents for writing poetry grew and we continued to write.

As children we wrote a poem for him. Although it did not rhyme very well. I still remember a verse which I will quote here.



When we grew up we started writing short stories and novels. These would usually be tragic.

Nusrat Auntie was concerned. She told Chacha. "I ask them not to write tragedies. They should write things which make readers happy".

"Do not slop them. Let them write what they feel. Whatever they want to write". Chacha advised her.

Little did we know that a real life tragedy awaited us and the nation.

A strange incident took place after Chacha's Shahadat. People used to say that they had seen Chacha's picture in the moon. I and Rukhsana would keep awake every night from the moon rise to its setting staring at the moon.

We did not see Chacha in the moon, but after about three months of his Shahadat we went to Sehwan to pay our respects at the Mazar of Hazrat Lal Shahbaz Qalandar. Even there I and Rukhsana continued our stare at the moon. Every morning around four o'clock we used to go to the Mazar. After returning from there we would take tea and then go to sleep.

It was Fair time on Friday. We had returned from the Mazat. I took my tea and remained in the courtyard, while Rukhsana went inside to sleep.

Rukhsana relates that she was woken up by a strong light that was falling on her eyes. When she opened her eyes she saw that Shaheed Chaca was standing in the adjoining room. He was wearing emerald green Shalwar Kamiz.

Rukhsana was startled. She immediately closed her eyes, and then she heard a voice. "Today is Friday. Bhutto Shaheed had come to the Mazar to pay his respects. On the way back he stopped to see his children."

In our last meeting in his death cell he had regretted. "Today I can not offer you even a cup of tea".

Even now the teacup shakes in our hands when we remember these words.

When we were children we used to feel proud of the great Martyrs of Islam and

wished in our hearts that we were born during the days of these Martyrs. We wished to have met them.

On that last meeting on the 1st of April 1979, when we saw our lion hearted Chacha fighting the battle for his principles, we knew that we were face to face with the Hydr Ali, the Tipu the Sirajudaula of our times.

And today when my brother Imdad Ali narrates before his children, Mehdi Raza, Zaigham Abbas, Mohammad Jawad, Sikandar Ali, Ali Hussain, or my sister Rukhsana tells her sons the stories of the great Martyrs of Islam, they include the story of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto Shaheed. With him they have a blood relationship too besides having a relationship of devotion.

I would end by quoting a poem that I and Rukhsana wrote for shaheed chacha.

میرے عہد کے عیسیٰ

اے میرے عہد کے عیسیٰ
اے ذوالفقار علی
ان فضاؤں میں مہکتے ہیں
تیرے خون کے گلاب
تیری غیرت کے چمکتے ہوئے
سورج کی قسم
تو نے باطل کے ارادوں کو
فنا کر ڈالا
آج ظلمت سے اجالے کو
جدا کر ڈالا
اے میرے عہد کے عیسیٰ
اے ذوالفقار علی
تو ہر اسان نہ ہوا ظلم کے
ایوانوں سے
تو نے اک جنگ لڑی
وقت کے فرعونوں سے
تیری جرات تیری عظمت
تیری غیرت کو سلام

AN IDEAL OF MILLIONS

Tariq Islam

When I was asked to write this article, my reaction oscillated between a sense of pride and a degree of consternation. To recall memories of the Shaheed as an uncle is a difficult and complex undertaking. Were he an ordinary man, an ordinary uncle, one could fill pages with mere platitudes. He was neither Mr. Bhutto the leader and legend towered high above ordinary mortals. From so youthful an age so encumbered was he with his work and politics that one has to journey repeatedly through the windmills of the mind to recall glimpses of an unburdened, relaxed man who for a fleeting moment or two was simply an uncle. I too, from a very young age was obsessed with the desire and passion to know this great man as a leader more than to know him as simply an uncle. I was awed by him. He fired my imagination even though I was no more than a boy. His charisma worked with children too!

My love and admiration for the man was, in a strange surreal sense not an ordinary one.... in the sense that love for Zulfikar Ali Bhutto the leader of men transcended the love of a nephew for an uncle. During his time as a minister in Ayub Khan's cabinet, the Shaheed was a frequent visitor to our house in Hyderabad, where we lived in those days. I can recollect so clearly his first visit following his appointment as minister for Commerce. My parents had thrown a huge party in his honour and our house was lit up like a bride. Hyderabad was a much smaller city in those days --- almost rural in ambience. The commissioners, D.Cs. the I.G.P., the city notables and the feudals were all there. A shy little boy waited excitedly at the portals away from the sprawling lawns where the guests were assembled. His cavalcade arrived amid the blare of sirens. As he stepped out of his car, I waited on my haunches while my parents greeted him then like a sprinter making the final lunge to the finishing line. I rushed towards him to offer my congratulations. I could see that he was touched. He broke into a broad grin and holding my hand he asked me to accompany him to the waiting guests. For me that was a moment of uncontrolled ecstasy, as I loved being near him and listening to him talk to the grown ups. I would happily surrender two hours of his time chatting to me for listening to two minutes of his conversation and his views expressed to politicians and officials. So many names, so many faces. He knew them all by name and had a different greeting for each. The discussion ranged from a crop failed in Tando-Jam to the machinations of super powers.

The Shaheed's rise in the Ayub government was meteoric, reaching a climax with his appointment to the portfolio where his real passion lay. He became Pakistan's

Foreign Minister which provided him the access to international stage upon which he could bring into play his unbelievable and consummate skills and mastery in power politics and global gamesmanship. These were heady days. A youthful and vibrant foreign minister was captivating the hearts of the young at home and winning admiration abroad. He identified with the downtrodden and the dispossessed. He became the champion and spokesmen for the underdog and a Third World bulwark against the ravages of imperialism and neo-colonialism. His close liaison and friendship with the symbols of revolution and resistance of the 1960's - ---Soekarno, Nasser, Ben-Bella and Chou En Lai were reflective of the fires burning in his own heart and the destiny he had chosen for himself and his country. For the youth of Pakistan he became the Pied Piper. A country used to aging and ailing politicians, lacking in both charisma and integrity the arrival of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was like the dawning of the Genesis's first chapter. Here at last was a man to fill their hearts with pride and bring them out into the streets in spontaneous joy. The Shaheed's historic speeches at the U.N. where he tore the Indian delegation into shreds and subsequently his heroic resistance to the Tashkent Declaration made him the fantasy of every young dream.

The 60's was an era of revolution. The gale force winds of change were sweeping away the old order. It was an era which took within its wrap the re-sculpturing of political, cultural and social milieu. To be young in the 60's and to be Bhutto's nephew was intoxicating. School friends would gather in groups to talk about him. They would query me on every minor, insignificant detail I could give them and waited with baited breaths as I gave my impressions. I was no longer the nephew of Mr. Bhutto the ex-Foreign Minister. I was the nephew of a folk hero. I remember the historic train journey he undertook on 20th June 1966 from Rawalpindi to Larkana after resigning from Ayub's cabinet. Multitudes came out to greet him at every stop. big and small. The sea of humanity which had gathered at the Lahore railway station has very few precedents in terms of spontaneous emotion and adulation that was displayed. Tears trickled down the Shaheed's eyes as he surveyed the ecstatic and delirious crowds. The handkerchief he used for wiping away the tears was grabbed and battled over for possession. All this at a time when no one dared to whisper a word against the dictator for fear of the punishing wrath of a draconian regime.

By this time we had shifted to Karachi and this was also the period in which I perhaps saw him most, as the Shaheed too had moved to Karachi and taken up residence there. I was at his house virtually every day, playing cricket or just hanging around with my cousins. Ayub Khan's intelligence had put him under surveillance and the visitors were all hounded and harassed. To escape the gauntlet, the Shaheed would often arrange to meet people at our house. He invariably arrived before his guests and chatted with us. He would ask about my progress at school and keep stressing upon the value of good education at which point I would ask if I could put on his favorite song "Strangers in the night",

knowing full well he won't refuse that offer. I was least interested in hearing his harangue about school and studies. I wanted to hear him on politics and his political plans. For this I would have to wait until his guests arrived and would then lurk in corners to eavesdrop on the ensuing conversation. I must admit I learnt a great deal from these regular eavesdropping sessions.

By this time the political climate had started heating up and beneath the calm exterior dissent and discontent was taking root. Ayub was by now a most hated man while the popularity of Mr. Bhutto was growing in equal measure. People were looking to him as a catalyst of change. My friends and I were growing impatient. They would pester me and I in turn would direct our common complaint at my cousin Mir -- "when will your hither start his movement against Ayub Khan. What is he waiting for opportunity is passing him by." But the Shaheed was a master of political timing. His timing and his each step was carefully calculated and weighed in precise political scales. Combining the best in science and art to his political calculation together with his innate and instinctive political sense made the Shaheed a formidable politician.

His entire thesis on politics was built around the concept of timing. He believed politics had its own dynamic force, its own electric field. He knew precisely when it was time to ignite the fuses that would blow away dictators. The moment finally arrived in early 1967. Fearful of the Shaheed's growing popularity, his compelling youth and his iconoclastic and idealistic image, Ayub Khan encouraged his ministers and minions to assail him on public forums. Mr. Bhutto was, likewise, compelled to defend his reputation and honour on public forums and thus the forum for political debate was created, which was to prove the watershed mark in the political mobilization and movement, leading eventually to the downfall of the Ayub regime. Pakistan Peoples Party was formed on 30th November 1967 at an inaugural conference held at the residence Dr. Mubashir Hasan in Lahore. Shortly afterwards, I rushed to get my 25 paise membership of the Party. The PPP archives would show that subsequent to its formation, I was among the first batch of common people to join.

Having given birth to PPP, the Shaheed launched a frontal attack on Ayub. The manner and style adopted by him was unique in Pakistan's history for two main reasons. First, no politician before had dared so boldly to speak out and agitate against an established dictatorship that, by its sanguinary methods, drove fear and terror in the hearts of people. Second, no one had previously addressed the masses directly. Not only did the Shaheed do this, but he also spoke to them in the language and idiom they related to. The Shaheed cut across the conventional lines of political discourse to direct his appeal to the poor and the dispossessed. His address at the Hyderabad rally in the autumn of 1967 drew such a magnificent public response that a panic stricken and scared regime got the Governor of West Pakistan, General Musa to react with a shoddy and typically

callous rebuke. Musa taunted the Shaheed by claiming that only the rickshaw walas. Tonga 'alas and labourers were there at the rally to hear him. The brilliant and adroit politician that he was, the Shaheed responded by accepting the charge of addressing a crowd of Tonga and rickshaw walas and reminded the Ayub government that he was indeed proud to represent the shirtless masses. The Shaheed was soon touring and rallying the crowds from Karachi to Khyber.

He barnstormed across the countryside and cities. He toured every village and every town, every hamlet and every hut. His charisma and magic carried a magnetic field that drew huge crowds every where he went. As the momentum grew and the political temperature rose, all of Pakistan was in the grip of a revolutionary fervor. A despondent and desperate Ayub Khan reacted by arresting the Shaheed in November 1968. Protest rallies were held throughout Pakistan and I remember going out with my friends to join one in Karachi. We were tear gassed and baton charged and together with a few companions I ended up in a police lock up, where we spent several hours until a friend used his influence to get us out. The Shaheed's affidavit filed before the high court was a political masterpiece. Not only did it challenge his unlawful incarceration but also served as his political testament which was to fire the imagination of the students, intellectuals and professionals. Hitherto, the government through complete press censorship had ensured that the Shaheed's public speeches and statements were totally blacked out. Inadvertently, Ayub Khan had created the interstices through which he himself would fall. The PPP had printed "Free Bhutto" badges and I recall walking down Karachi's Elphinstone Street with Benazir distributing these badges. Enthusiastic crowds gathered and before we knew, we had run out of the badges.

I wrote to my uncle at Sahiwal Jail to pour out all my emotions and sentiments. I was delighted to receive his letter in reply to mine and to this day I have preserved that letter as my most prized possession. He wrote. "Not until I received your affectionate letter of January 15th did I realize how much you have grown. Of course I have seen you grow but that is not the same as getting an idea of your mental growth: Your letter gave me that idea and made me feel very happy. Time passes very fast and very slowly, depending on how one is placed. Somehow, children always seem to remain children no matter how much they grow." Elsewhere, he wrote about his favorite subject of lecture---education: "In the world of today, there is nothing more important than knowledge. Every thing can get lost or taken away except knowledge. Everyone knows that but it is truer of today than of the past. You must select your career carefully and really concentrate on it." He wrote so succinctly about the country, its people and youth that even 24 years later, when I read that letter today. I can feel a chill running down my spine. Some of the extracts I would like to reproduce; "Things are moving fast. Pakistan is entering a new phase. We must understand the future and be prepared for it. I am glad you are taking an active interest in what is

happening. This is a very good sign. The younger generation has a great deal to do with shaping the future of this country. I am very attached to the youth of Pakistan. I understand its feelings: that is why the Noting have been so kind to me. I have tremendous faith in the capacity of the new generation. I know it will effectively meet the challenge of the future. The country is going through a difficult period but the difficulties will pass. We have to make sacrifices otherwise the future cannot change for the better. Now that the people have made sacrifices, I am confident that a more equitable society will emerge. Life in jail is not very pleasant but that does not matter. It is most elating to know that the people remember me. There is nothing better to hope for than to be in the hearts of the people. I have done my best to serve the people of Pakistan and that is why they have not abandoned me. Please make it a point to keep in touch with events. The more you study the causes of the present crisis and go into its why's and what's, the better will be your understanding of life. My time in jail will pass. No dictator in the world can bring it to a stop. None of you should worry at all. It will be utterly wrong if you did not concentrate on your studies on account of such setbacks. In reality, we have not received a setback. Time will Insha' Allah show that we have not. But even if the difficulties are real, the mind must be trained to face them. On the contrary, because I have been unjustly put in jail, you should concentrate more on your studies to ensure we have a future free from such excesses. We are a poor country with limited resources. These resources have to be well harnessed to reduce the misery of our people. Socialism is the only way by which it can be done. If Ayub Khan had understood this, he would have been in less trouble today.- It is not a matter of what we like but what is good for the people. Sooner or later, people get what is good for them. Nobody can stop it. If socialism is explained properly, it will not only be understood but also accepted by the people. Our Party papers called the "Foundation Papers" explain what we mean by socialism. Only those who rob and loot the people will oppose socialism. But they will not be able to rob for long. Soon they will be held accountable. Please do not worry about me. Look after yourself, work hard and prepare to serve your country."

The letter comprised two full scape typed pages and given the Shaheed's pre occupation with the court and lawyers, I was obviously touched beyond measure. In February 1969, the High Court ordered his transfer to house arrest in Larkana. I travelled to Larkana with my cousins. A beaming Mr. Bhutto, immaculately dressed in a dull, bottle green suit greeted us at the porch. Air Marshal Asghar Khan who had accompanied us on the flight to Mohenjodaro arrived with us. It was obvious that jail had not dampened the Shaheed's spirit... only made him more defiant and confident of success. This was an immensely exciting time. The Shaheed had unleashed a tidal wave of protest against oppression and with the students forming the spearhead, demonstrations, rallies and marches were becoming, for the first time, a part of Pakistan's political culture. And here we were with the man himself. It was exhilarating to be with him. To hear him speak,

to follow him.

The Shaheed called for the release of all political prisoners and for an end to the state of emergency. Towards this end, he began a hunger strike. Through out the period of hunger strike lasting three or four days he sat out at the porch of Al-Murtaza in full view of the slogan chanting crowds gathered outside.

The mounting tide of public pressure compelled Ayub Khan to capitulate to the demands and the Shaheed was released. A victory march through the streets of Larkana followed as huge enthusiastic crowds sang and chanted "*Jive Bhutto*" and "*Khati aiyo khair san Ho jamalo*". It was a moment of sheer magic. The apotheoses rendered have been reserved in history only for saints. The Shaheed would bring his fists together in simulation of hand cuffed hands of a prisoner and then tear them away to symbolize the breaking of the chains. The dramatic effect of this act sent the wild sea of humanity into uncontrolled frenzy. I was with my cousins atop the truck as it made its snail like passage through the narrow and congested Larkana streets and was completely mesmerized by this giant of a man who sent electric impulses through every vein, nerve and muscle. Suddenly, a man appeared before our truck, pulled out a revolver and aimed at the Shaheed. There was not a sign of panic or fear on the Shaheed's face. His first instinct was to turn towards us to ensure our safety. In the meantime, quick as lightning, the angry mob had grabbed the would-be assassin and begun to render street justice. The Shaheed intervened and asked Katpar and Hayat Mohanuned Khan Sherpao who were accompanying us on the truck to save the Juan from the wrath of the mob. Ayub Khan's last desperate bid to stop the Shaheed in his tracks had failed and now the end was nigh.

The Shaheed decided to return to Karachi by train and I was thrilled that I could accompany him together with my cousins. We boarded the Bolan Mail bound for Karachi and were all in the same compartment through one of history's greatest train journeys. In between the stops, the Shaheed kept us riveted with his anecdotes and his hilarious mimickery of Ayub Khan. All through the night and into, the next day, the train would screech to a halt at every small, wayside station and at every stop the scene was much the same. Whether it was Dadu, Sukkur, Kotri or Hyderabad, people turned out in their multitudes to greet their leader. The Shaheed would emerge from the compartment to mesmerize them with his theatrical oratory and they would go into wild unrestrained rapture. It was a spectacle of messianic incantation that Lenin could not match during his own historic journey back home following the Russian Revolution. During the course of the journey we were joined at various intervals by other PPP leaders among whom I can recall Mumtaz Bhutto and Hafeez Pirzada.

We finally arrived at the Karachi Cantonment station where a human avalanche had already struck. Old men and young, women and children had gathered in

their thousands to catch a glimpse of their political messiah. The air was rent with “*Bhutto Zindabad*” and “*Ayub Murdabad*” slogans. The Shaheed led a massive procession through the streets of Karachi, at each stage throwing down the gauntlet to Ayub in defiant speeches. Things began to move at a very rapid pace and finally Ayub Khan succumbed to relentless street pressure and handed over power to Yahya Khan. An election date was announced and soon the Shaheed was on the hustings touring the remotest corners of Pakistan long forgotten and forsaken by the Country’s rulers. As a youth, I recall attending each and every public meeting addressed by him in Karachi.

A few days prior to the general elections, I went to Larkana again with my cousins. Finally, the day itself arrived and as the results began to come in, they surpassed all our expectations. It was a resounding victory for the PPP and many a feared and famous name fell before its electoral juggernaut. The Shaheed sat in the lounge of Al-Murtaza listening to the results on the radio and accepting the greetings of people who were steadily streaming in. The PPP had swept the polls in West Pakistan and the Shaheed had confounded the establishment, the political pundits and commentators who had forecast no more than a handful of scats for him.

The Shaheed’s emphatic victory at the polls was followed by a dark and sordid period in the country’s history precipitated by the ugly machinations and Byzantinist game play of the military junta. After the fall of Dhaka a defeated and dispirited junta handed over power of the truncated Pakistan to the Shaheed. What followed was an epoch making period for Pakistan already recorded in history and signed by the Shaheed in his own blood.

5th July 1977 was to be Pakistan’s blackest day. Like a thief in the dark, General Zia overthrew the popular and democratic PPP government, followed by a kangaroo trial and the judicial murder of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in one of history’s most sordid and vindictive court room plays. I was in London throughout most of Shaheed’s incarceration as were Mir and Shahnawaz. In the last week of March 1979, Mir asked me to visit Pakistan with the purpose of meeting his father to convey certain messages. At this time we were also busy organizing an international jurists conference in London to review the trial papers and expose the farcical nature of the entire trial. My task was also, therefore, to gather all the legal material available and bring it back to London.

With some trepidation, I finally arrived in Rawalpindi and following my application to the interior ministry, was given permission to meet my uncle on 27th March. I arrived at the Pindi jail at the appointed hour. On a long and winding walk passing through many steel gates to his cell, my heart was heavy and I could feel my entire body in a state of nervous affliction. It was like going to see a lion caged. Through out the walk towards the cell, Yar Mohammed, the

police inspector in charge of the prison kept nagging me to persuade my uncle to ask Zia for mercy. Mercy plea will save his life, he assured me. We finally arrived at the Shaheed's cell and before stepping forward. I asked Yar Mohammed to unlock the cell gate. I did not wish to greet my uncle from across the prison bars. My uncle overheard my protestations and greeted me with the sharpest scolding of my life. "Why are you pleading with this man? Do you think he will be so kind as to let you in to embrace me after the manner in which they have mistreated and tortured me? I do not want any concessions from them." A chair was brought out for me as I sat across the bar facing the Shaheed shadowed by four security men leaning over to eavesdrop on the conversation. To make amends for the rebuke I had received, my, uncle grinned broadly and said. "Is that a Turnbull & Asser shirt you are wearing?" "Yes." I replied. "You are very smartly dressed," he said with a smile and then warned me to be careful in what I say as the cell was heavily bugged. He then asked me about myself and enquired about Mir, Shah Nawaz and Sanam. He was extremely keen that they concentrate on their studies. I was appalled to notice that the lavatory facilities were placed by the cell door in full view of the jailers. He noticed my eyes wander in that direction and with a wry smile said. This is placed here to humiliate me. After all I have done in the service of this nation this is the way I am treated. Even the Nazi concentration camps were better than this." I had read in the papers about the squalid conditions, the fetid smells and the callous treatment meted out to the former Prime Minister. I had read how he had been reduced to a skeleton. Here I was a witness to that gruesome reality. He looked frail and physically emaciated, though his spirit was unshaken. He was caged in a tiny cell no more than 6 feet by 12 ---not enough room for an animal, leave alone a human being. He had no bedding and was forced to sleep on the hard floor. "This is the way they treat the duly elected Prime Minister of the country.... one who restored the dignity of the nation and its armed forces, brought back 90,000 prisoners of war and retrieved miles of lost territory without conceding an inch. To this day the Egyptians and the Syrians are trying to get back their lost territory from Israel. This is how they treat the Chairman of the Islamic Summit. This is their way of thanking the man who nursed a defeated and dejected nation back to life and gave it a place of honour among the comity of nations." It was clear to me that he had reconciled himself to death and was inwardly preparing for it. He was concerned only about his place in history and how he would be remembered by his people. "What do the foreign countries and newspapers say about me?" He asked. "They say that you are innocent and the trial was a farce," I replied. "I know, I know," he snapped with an extravagant wave of the arm. "What do they say about my achievements, my brains, my place in history?". I was in the presence of not a man, but a phenomenon. Here was a man staring death in the face, constantly persecuted and harassed by his jailers in a stinking, suffocating cell ... yet, he was looking beyond his death cell at the world in all its expansive dimension. He was in his mind surveying the canvas of history and its fine print and his place in it. "I will live in the hearts and minds of the people. I will become a legend, people will

write poetry about me. They will sing songs about me," he said with a remarkable prescience.

My allotted time was 30 minutes and time was rapidly flying away. Mindful of the paucity of time, I moved closer to my uncle to whisper in his ears in order to circumvent the human and electronic bugs. There were many important messages to convey and his reply and directions to be absorbed and retained. Just as the time was over, I conveyed Yar Mohammed's message regarding the mercy petition.

What a mistake that was. I should have known the Shaheed better. The word "Mercy" did not feature in the lexicon of this man of destiny. He flew into a rage and screamed "My life belongs to God not to Zia. And my name belongs to history. They are angry and frustrated because they can rob me of my freedom but not my spirit. They cannot cheat me of my place in history." On 1st April I was granted another meeting. After a rigorous body search I was taken by the same police officer to the Shaheed's cell, He smiled when he saw me and remarked, "they seem to be crowding all my meetings on the same day, Benazir and your aunt were here a little earlier as well." Little did I know then that this was in preparation of the impending murder. We sat across the bars, huddled in whispers. He asked me about what the talk was. "All indications are that they will go ahead with the execution." I replied grimly. His countenance betrayed neither shock nor alarm. He simply nodded stoically. I felt rotten for having said that. I was desperate --- I wanted to do something anything. "Why don't you give a call for the people to rise, instruct the PPP leaders to give a call on your behalf and take them to the streets," I pleaded. He stared out into vacant spaces and said. "The PPP leaders asked me if I wanted them to give a call. Forget it I said, don't bother, I and too big a man to tell them to go out and risk their skin for me. Life is precious but not at the cost of one's honour and dignity. Surely they were only half hearted in their offer otherwise why ask me. What guidance can I give them from a death cell. Damn it if they really wanted to do something, they should have gone ahead and not come like babes in the wood to ask me what I want." I was determined not to let it pass. "Then authorize me to go and tell them to give a call. I will tell them these are your instructions." He thought for a few seconds and said. "What's the point? I have prepared myself for death now." "That may be so but it is your right and you must exercise it." I insisted, "Alright you can tell them in a round about way ---tell them it is your duty to go out and fight for your leader". Tell them that Mr. Bhutto is not preoccupied with the idea of saving his life and will, therefore, not ask you to put yourselves at risk," he said. From somewhere I found the inner reserves to continue arguing with my uncle. "No." I replied defiantly. "Either I tell them categorically that these are your direct instructions or will say nothing at all. If I say anything in a round about way they will give their own connotations to the message." He thought again for a moment and grasping both my hands in his said "You know I and glad you came to see

me. You are right --- O.K., go to them and tell them categorically that they should give a call. Tell them these are my instructions. But go first to see Benazir and your aunt at Sihala and apprise them also of what my directives are for the party leaders." We huddled in whispers again to exchange messages of confidence. I was to fly out to London the following day and some of the messages, particularly those for Mir were too vital and sensitive not to be completed in the given time. We were in mid-stream when Yar Mohammed suddenly interrupted to say. "Your 30 minutes are up." "Just one minute one more minute." implored the Shaheed with his index finger pointing upward. Folding his arms together, Yar Mohammed replied "Alright" with a generous smirk. Suddenly and without warning the Shaheed got up from his chair and kicking it aside screamed. "Go Tariq. I do not like this man's patronizing attitude. I am still the elected Prime Minister and do not want any favors from them." He said that and took my hands to bid me farewell. That was to be last time we would ever meet again. The following morning I flew back to London with the trial documents and joined Mir and Shah in the helter skelter activity of organizing the international jurists conference.

I was with Mir and Shah in their apartment till late on the night of 3rd April. Some encouraging news had arrived and certain developments had taken place that caused us to be more content and complacent than in a long time. I returned to my own flat and in the hope of an easy, undisturbed night's sleep went to bed at around 2 am I was awakened at around 3.30 by the ring of the telephone. Still half asleep and disoriented, I lifted the receiver. It was Mir on the line. They had killed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. And along with him they had killed a little bit in all of us.

There was not a poor man's child anywhere whose eyes did not well up in tears. In the early hours of the morning of 4th April, we bowed down towards Mecca in prayer. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto will no longer be with us. Mr. Bhutto my uncle is gone but the legend survives. His voice is heard no more but as he had predicted songs of praise and poetry are recited in every corner of Pakistan where the poor put their feet down. His memory is enshrined in history's most dazzling corridors. No tank no jackboot can ever crush a legacy that lives in the hearts of the people. Bhutto belonged to the sweat and sorrow of this soil. His soul has mingled with the soul of the multitudes who cry out in their sorrow and their pain "*Jeay Bhutto. Jeay Bhutto*". They cannot bring him back but his name with every beat echoes in their heart and his face mirrored through their tear soaked eyes carries a sad reminder of their anger and their shame. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto possessed vital magnetism which he transmitted to the people. He could touch the raw nerve of their emotion to generate sheer ecstasy or intense anger. He held their pulse in his hand. They would laugh with him and cry with him. He loved them and they in turn loved him. In his own words, it was his greatest love affair...his romance with people. To see them together, the messiah and the mesmerized in the fields

and in the streets in such compelling chemistry, with such charge of electricity....
it was poetry in motion. He would never die for them and they would never
forsake him.

And I thank God for him and I thank God that the ideal of millions is my uncle.

EARLY YEARS.

Omar Kureshi

I was in London on April 4th 1979. Very early in the morning the telephone rang. The ringing of a telephone bell at that early hour has the menacing urgency of a fire-alarm. It was a friend who simply said: "Turn on the radio." It was less of a command and more a cry of anguish; such was the tremor in the voice. I pressed a few knobs of the bedside radio and finally heard a newscaster announcing that the death sentence of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had been carried out. Disbelief turned to rage and rage settled into grief. A close friend had died. He had been an elected Prime Minister (the first ever) of our country. It seemed to me to be an evil moment and it was terrifying to consider the ramifications.

I knew the phone would ring again and continue to ring and private grief would be turned to public sorrow. My wife and I had planned to go to New Gardens and we did. April is the month when the seasons change shifts and flowers are begotten and the leaves on the trees are a fresh green it provides a kind of reassurance.

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and I went back many years. Had he lived our friendship would have been hearing the half century mark. We had been school-boys together at The Cathedral School in Bombay. We had played cricket indeed that had been the bond. We bunked classes to watch the Muslims play in The Pentagular, celebrated their triumphs and agonized over their defeats. I think our foremost ambition then was to become first class cricketers. We swam and played squash at The Willingdom Club, went to the cinema he carrying a torch for Ann Sheridan and I for Esther Williams but both Gary Cooper fans. Our families were friends and there was much coming and going, they had a house on the sea-front in Worli and we also on the sea front, in Shivaji Park. It was an unexceptional boyhood happy, carefree and the only sorrow we knew was when it rained and the cricket was washed out.

When the time came to go abroad for studies, we both went to the University of Southern California and were roots-states at Mrs. Bess Jones Lodgings on South Flower Street and Jefferson Boulevard. It was a typical student's rooming house. Mrs. Jones was a patient landlady but we really never gave her any cause for complaint. We were not bell-raisers. Sometimes we would fall behind in our rent (\$ 5 a week) and Mrs. Jones would slip a note under our door. We would tell her about exchange restrictions in our country and since she had no idea of what we were talking about, she never threatened its with eviction. We bought a car jointly a Nash from a used-car lot of The Smiling Irishman. When it was asked about Richard Nixon: "Would you buy a used car from him?" I often thought of The

Smiling Irishman. The car, in the parlance of disasters, was lemon. We never got to re-selling it. We just abandoned it.

In Los Angeles we did much what we had done in Bombay only we were that much older and all our American friends remarked that for our age, we were remarkably politically mature. I don't think we were anything of the sort but because of our background we had more serious interests and our reading went beyond the comic-strips in the newspapers. We participated as much as could in campus activities, were members of the debate teams and went regularly every Saturday during the season, to the football games. On Sundays we played cricket at Griffith Park. The standard was poor and he and I were the super-stars of our team 'The Corinthians'. It was fun-cricket and we toured around California. We were protective of each other and since I was older by a few months. I kept an eye on him. It was no ordinary friendship. We were like brothers. And even when he became President and then Prime Minister, the terms of reference was to the friendship and nothing else. We did not necessarily agree on ever thing and I was certainly not a camp follower. In public I gave him the respect due to his high office, in the privacy of a one-to-one, he as Zulfi, which was not quite respectful but was infinitely more affectionate and sincere.

What was Zulfikar Ali Bhutto like as a young man? I have often been asked and I have always answered that he was like any young man who loved life, easy, uncomplicated in the main but with his share of hang-ups and occasional moments. He was a good friend and I would imagine a good enemy! He was fierce in his likes and dislikes and a little cruel with those whom he disliked. He had strong views and could be prickly with those who disagreed with him. Did I think he had political ambitions? I don't know. He never said any thing to me perhaps, because he thought that I would discourage him. I regarded politics as a dead-end. He did not ask me to become one. This was what made our relationship special.

However, I remember Pilloo Modi telling me, as if he was invested with presence, that Zulfikar Ali Bhutto would be Prime Minister of Pakistan one day. Yet he was not single-minded and gave no indication of being driven by unreasonable ambition. Later, when he became Foreign Minister, he told me that he had set his heart on becoming Pakistan's Ambassador to the United Nations. What were his political planning? I think he was left of centre in a romantic sort of way. He was anti-colonial as we all were and if there was one issue about which he would really get worked up. it was Israel. He would sit in the student union cafeteria and he would be scathing about Israel. About America's support to Israel, he would say: "not the United States but the Jewnited States of America." But he was not anti-semitic.

Occasionally, some visiting political dignitary would come to our campus. Nixon

came as did Hubert Humphrey. Humphrey, a consummate politician was trying to shake off a leftist label that had been tagged to him. He declared himself to be “a non-doctrinaire, new deal, fair deal, welfare-state democrat.”

These words made a great impression on Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. I think his socialism was of this kind. He had too good a mind to be trapped in dogma. He and I would have long talks about Pakistan and we were determined that we would hope to wipe out poverty to remove social injustice and “to wipe every tear from every eye”, another phrase that attracted him and he quoted it often.

He went off to Berkeley and I stayed on at the University of Southern California. But we kept in touch and sometimes he and Pilloo Modi would come down or I would go up to Berkeley. Then he went to Oxford and I lost touch with him. The boyhood had vanished and with its simple dreams. He was a precious friend and those were good days, cricket in the rain on the maidans.

AN UNCOMPROMISING LAWYER

G. H. Abbasi

Some of my personal recollections drawn from my memory at random are stated here, and perhaps being personal and first hand, for the first time.

It is the imperishable bond of friendship, which rich memories and the series of sincere communications between two personal friends fondly preserved by me. which I want to share with all those who are interested to know a fragment from an early life of my friend Late Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto who has left such an indelible mark of distinction on the and face of this part of our world but who was tragically consigned to lie under the veneer of dust kicked up by cruel sweeps of time. This ought not to have been his fate for justice could have been served in many different ways. However, it has been my prolonged desire to write about some uncommon and interesting features hitherto unknown about his early life. More comprehensive account, subject of course to my limited resources and competence, may perhaps be attempted some other time but for now, at the insistence of the compiler, gleanings from his early life, may be an anecdote or two hitherto un-published. I am told, would be quite adequate to serve the purpose of the compilation wherein this writing is intended to be confined.

ENTRY TO THE LEGAL PROFESSION:

I had been working in the law firm of Barrister Dingomal Ramchandani, a senior civil lawyer for nearly three years, having joined him in early November, 1950. I had chosen civil law as my professional field. If I recall correctly it was the month of July 1953, While I as working in my room, my senior, who was otherwise a very soft spoken person apparently not being able to contain his inexplicable excitement, nearly shouted to call me out of my room (normally he sent for me or came personally to my room if he had to) and soon as I appeared he announced "Abbasi! look who is here - my dear brother Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto's son Zulfi" and then he stuttered obviously struggling to pronounce correctly the first name but before he recovered from his predicament, to save him the embarrassment, "the brother's son himself very straight forwardly whispered aloud "Zulfikar Ali" "YESSS" emphatically acknowledged Mr. Dingomal "I mean Zulfikar Ali Khan". Then, in a mellow affectionate voice he said "Sir Sahib calls him by this name". He went on, "Do you know Abbasi, he is an Oxonian and a Barrister. He is going to work in our office and you please take him around and make sure that he attends along with you before the Registrar O.S. I mean 'Chagla.'" Mr. Dingomal then paused, perhaps not knowing what next to say, and in the

meantime, taking advantage of those vacant moments. I started scanning the new incumbent severely with an air-of-seniority of three-long-long-years. Then to greet him, I extended my hand. He reciprocated by fully stretching out his arm and with a graceful athletic gesture placed his right hand into mine and our hands clasped. Donned in drain-pipe white R/52 Duck Cotton Trousers. Royal Blue Blazer with brushed brass buttons, Oxford University neck-tie, a key chain with outer and clung to the trousers loop and the other running down and disappearing in the trousers pocket, all this sat pretty on his solid sporty frame of approximately 5' 10". His classic features were dominated by his broad forehead. jet-black hair meticulously brushed back caused symmetrical waves which naturally delineated his forehead so nearly that it suggested of hair-dresser's charisma. My physical scanning of him had hardly finished when Mr. Dingomal, breaking his 'silence, patronizingly advised Zulfikar Ali Khan "You see Zulfikar you be with Abbasi from now on and should you need to see me, pointing to his room, just push in the half-door and you are in. (A privilege which I was also granted but after about a month of joining the firm). Mr. Dingomal then without introducing me to Zulfikar Ali Khan retrieved to his room leaving both of us staring at each other, perhaps groping for words to define our next move. That was it. This is how Zulfikar Ali Khan Bhutto started his not-so-long-a-journey to his destiny and how we came to be associates. Soon there-after our association ripened into "Friendship". To my knowledge he had no other personal friend at that time as he hardly knew any one of his age group because of his early education in Bombay and later in U.S.A. and England. "Treaties" being one of his favorite subjects of the International Law disciplines, he reaffirmed his friendship with me by his declaration, "let me have the first treaty of friendship 'heart to heart' between us here and now." We then drove in his green Jaguar to a small Restaurant "Kwality" on the Victoria Road (now Haji Abdullah Haroon Road) and celebrated the occasion by treating ourselves to a lunch. I know that treaty which was inscribed on our hearts must have been washed away on the 4th of April 1979 when one heart bled and the other was entrusted to the mother earth for the safe custody.

He was enrolled as an Advocate of the then Sindh Chief Court on 12th November 1953. For the first two years he worked with me in attending to the firm's cases. Besides having in hint an excellent company, I greatly benefited from his knowledge of International and Constitutional Laws. His intellectual experience and anecdotes of his student days at Berkeley and Oxford were absorbing and wide ranging, sad from starry nights on the Miami Beach to his viva-voce at Oxford. Some times we sat together for hours on end, he relating and I hearing. I soon realized that Politics were more on his mind than the profession of law. Nevertheless he had tremendous potential for a very successful career as a lawyer. The very first case of his career turned out to be quite a classical experience. Mr. Dingomal refused a brief but suggested to the client to see me if I could file the appeal. I accepted the appeal, and filed it but before it came up for hearing.

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto saw me preparing it for the summary hearing. When the brief was ready he went through it. After one day of shuffling with it he mustered up so much of confidence that he wanted to argue it himself. At first I was scared but then we worked on the matter for a couple of days and finally I was convinced that he would get the appeal admitted. The appeal was fixed for hearing before Sir George Constantine. A very difficult Judge in his own right and more so for his Irish accent which even D. N. Pritt while arguing Tamizuddin Khan's petition found it difficult to understand. However, two days before the hearing Zulfikar Ali Bhutto asked me to arrange for his interview with Judge just for a courtesy call. It appeared strange to me but we managed with the Personal Secretary of the Judge and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was called to see him at 4.00 p.m. I was waiting outside in the corridor. It was about half an hour that he was inside the chambers when he came out he looked quite excited. He came closer and whispered in my ear "Abbasi, damn it we are going to win the appeal." I was none the wiser. "What happened?" I asked. He said "you know I introduced myself as an Oxonian and all the while rubbed in the fact that 'Christ Church' was my college at Oxford. This college is more prestigious than all other colleges in the entire University and hardly any Asian is given admission there. The Judge himself was from "Queens", not so famous as "Christ Church". So he damn-well was highly impressed." On the next day we did not have much to do so he suggested, "we should sit in Justice Constantine's court and watch him conducting the matters a rehearsal for tomorrow. We sat in that court right through the day and when the court work was over and Judge was about to rise, he saw both of us still sitting. He just courteously gestured to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto "Any thing?" "No my lord." said Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, "we were just watching the proceedings." "Good" said the Judge. On the next following day our appeal was at serial No. 3 for summary hearing (II Appeal 59/54 - G. Bhaledino V/s. Faiz Mohammad). The first two matters were summarily dismissed. We lost quite a bit of steam with the first two dismissals. Serial No. 3 was called out and with it my name as an Advocate for appearance. But before I got up to say that Zulfikar Ali Bhutto will argue, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto himself was up on his feet and immediately said. "My Lord, I would like to have the privilege of my first professional appearance before your lordship." "Is your power...?" whispered Sir George. "Yes, his power is there, My Lord" I informed the court. "That's alright." said Sir George. "You may proceed, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto." "My lord we are on the same wicket.." "Sorry?" quipped the Judge. (Perhaps not comprehending what was said). I pulled his gown and said "Damn it. Read the judgment." "My lord with your permission I will read the judgment." "You may." said the Judge. While Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was half way through the impugned judgment the Judge observed "This is a second appeal. Only an error of law need be pointed out. Well. I have seen your grounds of appeal. I think this is a fit matter for admission". Hearing that observation of the Judge, I once got up and whispered to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto "status-quo-status-quo". The Judge over-heard it "Mrrr..... Bhutto perhaps you want status-quo". "Yes my lord". "Granted" said the Judge. "Thank you my lord" said Zulfikar Ali

Bhutto and happily we both were out in about 10 minutes time. Then we came to the Bar Room. When he removed his gown, (in those days gown was compulsory) I discovered some writing on his white trousers over the right thigh region directly in his focus when sitting. On close scrutiny the writing, a sort of aide-memoir, read "S.100 C.P.C. - S.91 E. Act" etc. I said this was copying/Cheating in the very first matter. We heartily laughed and he said "This bloody C.P.C and Evidence Act business really need some experience to quote them correctly so I wrote them down in case".

In retrospect the brief moments comprising 10 minutes might just appear a non-event but for Zulfikar Ali Bhutto it was the laying of the first brick of the solid foundation which he later persevered to build upon. It gave him tremendous confidence. We celebrated the success by having sumptuous dinner at the Beach Luxury Hotel. From that day onward he never looked back, we did together quite a number of cases even out of Karachi. For his part, he was always thoroughly prepared and we hardly lost a case. After about two years in Mr. Dingomal's office he acquired his separate law office just adjacent to Mr. Dingomal's office on the same floor. For some time he also accommodated Mr. Dorab Patel, Advocate (later rose to be the Judge of the Supreme Court) in an improvised cubical before the latter acquired his own office. That office in fact served more as a research centre for his future political planning than for his professional work, till the end of 1958, when the then President of Pakistan Maj. General Iskandar Mirza staged a coup-de-etat by over-throwing the Government of his own Prime Minister Malik Feroz Khan Noon. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was taken in the Cabinet which was headed by General M. Ayub Khan who was nominated as the Prime Minister. That was the last day, the profession claimed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto as its active member.

His ability both Lawyer as well as an Advocate could be best illustrated from his personal appearance and arguing his own Review Application in the Supreme Court in that fateful trial of Destiny. The level of his presentation, reasoning and knowledge of the relevant law was admittedly one of the high performances ever in the history of the Supreme Court, although his appearance was after the gap of over 20 years. The courage of his conviction will be easier to evaluate when it is taken into account that when he argued his own Review Application he was under the sentence of death by the Highest Court of the Realm but the brave fight that he put up Without a wrinkle on his fore-head was not to save his person from the gallows but to uphold the cause for which he struggled for over a quarter of century. He did not compromise his principles but maintained them by offering the sacrifice of himself and in doing that he elevated his soul to the higher platitudes within the possible reach of the mortals.

The catalogue of the events and episodes is very lengthy spread over from July 1953 to October 1958 without interruption for which more time and space is

needed. However, I will attempt to write every thing which my notes and memory would enable me to produce in good time.

COMMUNICATION WITH THE MASSES WAS HIS KEY

Haji Nazar Muhammad Leghari

I am proud that I have been serving the Bhutto family for more than 50 years. Fifty two years have passed but my memories of Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto, Mr. Sikandar Ali Khan Bhutto and Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto stay fresh in my mind. Not only their memories but the stories of their kindness, of looking after the poor people remain very fresh with me.

My early education was under the patronage of Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto. At that time Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto held an important position in the Bombay presidency. On the first of January 1941, Sir Shah Nawaz took me in his service, and sent me to Ghari Khuda Bux to look after his lands. At that time I was employed in Karachi in Railway Police. When Sir Shah Nawaz came to Karachi, I went to offer my respects to him at the Bungalow of Khan Bahadur Abdul Sattar Shaikh, where he always stayed, when in Karachi. Sir Shah Nawaz asked me to resign my Railway Police job and gave me a letter for the S.P. Railways. I immediately resigned and started for Ghari Khuda Bux, Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto at that time was studying in London.

I met Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in 1943-44, when I went to Bombay with his elder brother Mr. Sikandar Ali Bhutto. Sir Shah Nawaz's bungalow was in Warli Bombay. I used to sit on the lawn. Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto would often come there and on many a times asked me the meanings of difficult Sindhi words. He was a very talented young man and was keen on his studies ever since he was a child.

As a young man, he always kept in touch with the people of his area. I remember correctly his first Faisla was done at his Naudero Bungalow and at that time Pir Abdur Razzak Rashdi and Mr. Shah Mohammad Phulphoto were also present there. The case was that the daughter of a dresser (which are called 'Joho' in our area) had been kidnapped by a teacher belonging to Mir Bahar Tribe. The Joho complained to Shaheed Bhutto. He immediately called the teacher to Naudero. The teacher knew that Zulfikar Ali Bhutto neither delayed justice, nor did he favour any one. So for his defence he also took a copy of "Quran" with him. Mr. Bhutto severely reprimanded the teacher, and only when the girl's father requested that he be forgiven, did excuse him. If the girl's father had not requested forgiveness, Shaheed Bhutto would have been very severe with the teacher. Because he could not bear to see anybody degraded or insulted. He did this 'Faisla' when still a student and this was talked about in the area for many

days.

Bhutto Shaheed was very soft spoken and well dressed. He would instruct the servants to stay clean. "Wear ordinary clothes but see that those are washed and clean" he would tell the servants. Perhaps it is due to his constant concern that all the servants of the Bhutto family stay very clean. He would make new dresses for the servants and often give them 'pocket money' besides their regular salaries.

Bhutto Shaheed was very kind and God fearing. It was perhaps in 1950 that there was a big fire in a locality of Larkana. As soon as he came to know of it he rushed to that locality and himself took part in putting out of the fire.

He loved horse riding. He was a very good marksman and was fond of Shikar. I do not remember having seen him missing his aim. He possessed the best guns that were available.

After he became the Foreign Minister, he started modern farming on his lands with excellent results. As a cabinet Minister he was always very busy, but he never missed coming to Naudero on Idd days. Not only would he greet the people on Idd, but would find out their problems and give orders for their redress.

I can relate hundreds of events about his memory and mental qualities. But I must recall one incident. There was a servant by the name of 'Safar' in 'Al-Murtaza' Larkana. After some time he gave up the job and became a Car driver. Many years passed. Mr. Bhutto once in Larkana asked the servants where was Safar and what was he doing? He immediately asked the Deputy Commissioner to locate Safar. When the D.C.'s men reached Safar at the Bus-Stop, he became very nervous. He thought he had faulted because of which Sahib had summoned him.

The Shaheed greeted him well and asked about his welfare. He asked if Safar's wife was still alive. Safar replied in the affirmative. Mr. Bhutto told him that he should not work hard as he had grown old. Safar should rather take his wife to perform Haj. Bhutto Shaheed undertook to bear all the expenses. Safar started shivering with happiness and gratitude. He touched the feet of Bhutto Shaheed, and starting praying for him.

In those days he sent Taj Mohammad, the incharge of 'Al- Murtaza' and many other poor people to Haj. Whenever he would be in Larkana, the Shaheed would visit his ancestral grave yard. He would offer Fatiha on the graves of his great grand father Khuda Bux Bhutto, and on the grave of his grand father Mir Ghulam Murtaza Bhutto. When he was the Prime Minister he would regularly visit the grave of his parents for 'Fateha'. He had a lot of respect for Mir Nabi Bux Khan

Bhutto too and would often visit him.

Bhutto Shaheed was a large hearted than. One can get an idea of his large heartedness by the fact that even through after resigning from Ayub's government, when his relations with Ayub were very sour. Ayub Khan's picture was not removed from Al- Murtaza.

He was so kind in 1976 I was in Ghari Khuda Bux and was injured, when a pistol accidentally fired. I was admitted to the hospital. The Shaheed and Begum Saheba were informed. The Shaheed immediately called the investigating officers to find out the facts about the incident and gave instruction to the hospital administration to take special care of me. Next day he came to Larkana to visit me and stayed with me for more than half an hour. Much more than the medical treatment I received, it was the effect of his kind visit, which completely cured me. I do not have the words to describe him. His sincerity, love, leadership, statesmanship there are so many aspects to his single personality. 4th April 1979 is a dark day in the nation's history, but for us who served him so closely for such a long time it as the day when we were almost buried alive. I am lucky to have the patronage of his daughter, Mohtarma Benazir Bhutto and his wife Begum Nusrat Bhutto Sahiba.

I recall the day the great warrior was brought home dead. I was sleeping in my house at about 3:00 a.m. on April 4 when I evoke to notice strong lights of fifty to sixty military vehicles on the outskirts of the village. At first I thought they were rehearsing again for the actions they were to take after Mr. Bhutto was to be hanged as they had two days earlier, claiming they were normal military exercises. The people were quite terrorized then, especially after the police entered the Bhutto graveyard to take a careful look around. When the police summoned me out of my house at such an early hour all the village folk-old, young, men and women came out of their houses. All feared that Mr. Bhutto had either already been hanged or was soon to be. There was wailing and crying and desperation in their faces.

We must arrange for the burial of Mr. Bhutto, the large number of army and police personnel said to me at their temporary headquarters. 'Show us where the grave is to be. I was weeping. "Why should we point out the place of burial to you?" I asked them. "We will perform the final rites by ourselves Mr. Bhutto belongs to us."

I asked that I be allowed to bring our people to dig the grave, fetch the unbaked bricks to line it, cut the wooden planks to put on top of it, and perform our religious recitations. They permitted me only eight men to help.

While we got busy with this sad task, military and police vehicles not only

surrounded the entire village but blockaded every small street. No one from the village could go out and no one from outside the village could enter. We were completely cut off.

At 9:00 a.m. two helicopters landed close to the village on the road where an ambulance was waiting. I watched the coffin being transferred to the ambulance and followed it to the graveyard. "Evacuate this house, the Army Colonel said to me, pointing to the small dwelling place in the south corner of the graveyard where the prayer leader who tends the graves lives with his wife and small children. I protested at the cruelty and inconvenience this would be to the Pesh Imam and his family but the Colonel insisted. Twenty armed uniformed men then took up positions on the roof with their rifles pointed into the graveyard.

Near relatives must have a last look at the face of the departed. There were Bhutto cousins living in Garhi right next to the graveyard. Mr. Bhutto's first wife also lived in the nearby village of Naudero, and after great argument the authorities allowed me to fetch her. When she arrived we opened the coffin and transferred the body onto a rope cot, I had brought from my house before carrying it into the walled home. The family lived in purdah and kept their women protected from the eyes of strangers. No males outside the family were allowed in. But the army people forced their way into the house against all norms of decency.

When the body was brought out half an hour later, I asked the Colonel, on oath, if the bath in accordance with religious rules and the traditional burial ceremony had been given. He swore that it had. I checked to see if the Kaffan, the unstitched cotton shroud had been put on the body, It was there.

We were too perturbed and grief stricken to look at the rest of the body. I'm not sure they would have allowed it as their doings would have been exposed. But his face was the face of a pearl. It shone like a pearl. He looked the way he had at sixteen. His skin was not of several colours nor did his eyes or tongue bulge out like the pictures I'd seen of the men that Zia had hanged in public. As ritual demands, I turned Bhutto Sahib's face to the West, towards Mecca. His head did not fall to the side. His neck was not broken. There were strange red and black dots on his throat, however, like an official stamp.

The Colonel became very angry. 1,400 to 1,500 people from the village were forcing their way near the coffin and looking at the glow from the martyr's face. Their wailing was heart rending. The Colonel threatened to baton charge the people if they didn't leave.

The burial must take place at once, he said. "If we have to, we will do it with the help of the rod."

“They are mourning and heart broken.” I told him.

At gun point, we hurried through the last prayers for the dead and then, with ceremony befitting the departed soul, we lowered the body into the grave. The recitation of the Holy Book mingled with the wailing of the women rising from the houses and that was the last of the Shaheed I had seen.

MEERA SAHIB

Abdul Qayum Khan

My name is Abdul Qayoom. I belong to a small village "Paryana" of Mansehra District in NWFP. I was employed as Field Assistant in Agriculture Department, when in 1968 I decided to quit the job and to start my own business. During the tenure of my service I had developed friendship with Hayat Mohammad Khan Sherpao whom I found to be a kind hearted Zamindar. He regularly visited agricultural institutions; exhibitions organised by my departments and took keen interest in various varieties of creats and other items of exhibition. When Zulfikar Ali Bhutto resigned from the Cabinet of Ayub Khan and formed Pakistan Peoples Party, Hayat Mohammad Khan Sherpao also joined it. As I was already very much impressed by the speech of Mr. Bhutto in United Nations, I become an instant supporter of the newly formed party. Whenever. Qaid-e-Awain used to visit Peshawar. I never missed the opportunity to listen and talk to my favorite personality.

In June 1969, the farm manager who used to supervise the management of Bhutto Sahib's lands died. He asked Hayat Mohammad Khan Sherpao to send Qayum (myself) to Larkana. I under family pressure resisted the offer for 2 months. Finally during a visit to Peshawar, Bhutto Saheb asked me firmly "Whether I want to come or not I just couldn't refuse and took the first train to Larkana without even informing my family members. My job at Larkana required management of agricultural lands. Bhutto Saheb in November 1969 visited the farms and was pleased with my work. After this visit he became busy in elections which brought him into power, v bile I continued my job with full zeal and zest.

As a Field Assistant in NWFP Province I had the opportunity to watch many land lords and jagirdars or the province front a close quarter. Barring a few, all of them were autocrats and very cruel. Before the government of Pakistan Peoples Party, in NWFP the poor tiller of the soil was at the complete mercy of jagirdars. But when Bhutto Saheb came into power he issued orders to redress the rights of "harees."

In March 1972, Bhutto Saheb introduced Land Reforms in the country. Unlike previous reforms of Ayub Khan, this time lacs of acres were acquired from big land lords and distributed free among the land less peasants. In my area "Dinhore" many land less peasants received free lands because of these land reforms which brought prosperity in the area. When land reforms were

introduced by Ayub Khan, Bhutto family lost lot of their family lands in Jacobabad District. Later, when he himself introduced land reforms, he said that he will suffer a loss of 40 thousand acres. Under these reforms he and his children will lose more. But since he was born to improve the lot of poor in the country he enforced these reforms in the best interest of the country.

A lot of Bhutto Sahib's agricultural land was given to landless harees under these land reforms. Bhutto Sahib had told one not to demand crop share in future from these harees. However, a lac of rupees was outstanding to these persons as "Takawi" loan I had instructed my Kamdar Allah Bux to recover this amount in due course of time. But this fellow Allah Bux without taking permission from me gave an application to Mukhtiarkar that the harees are refusing to pay Takawi loan. The Mukhtiarkar ordered police to arrest the persons. When Bhutto Sahib came to Larkana one of the relatives of these persons gave an application to him that Kamdar Allah Bux was demanding crop share from them and when they refused he had them arrested. Bhutto Sahib immediately issued instructions for arrest of his Kamdar and an enquiry into the episode. Although these harees had misrepresented their case but Kamdar was arrested. I went to the Deputy Commissioner for his release. He told me that he has been arrested on Bhutto Sahib's orders for demanding crop share from harees of lands which were allotted to them under land reforms.

I showed him documentary evidence that we were only demanding our Takawi loan. It was then our Kamdar was released on bail. When I came to Larkana and met Sahib I explained the position to him and complained about the wrong treatment. He said, "Qayum, you want to recover your loan by having these poor harees arrested." I replied "they were refusing payment." He smiled and said. "Qayum when we have given land worth lacs of rupees what is the Value of this loan which you want to recover. Go and write off these loans. This was the curiosity of Bhutto Sahib. Unlike other zamindars, he himself saw that his lands were distributed among the landless harees without any hindrances.

A road to village Doso Daro passed near our farm. Mr. Mumtaz Ali Bhutto was Chief Minister of Sindh at that time. A thick forest had grown over his lands which were completely uncultivated, but nevertheless, a metallic road passed through the jungle as this area was hunting resort of Mumtaz Ali Bhutto. Our village Izat Jewan was two miles away from the road. About 250 persons lived in this village. Majority of these villagers worked on the lands. These people worked with great hardships during the summer and rainy seasons. Once I requested Bhutto Sahib that a two mile link with the mountain road could provide relief to the residents of the village. "No, no, a government constructed road cannot pass through my lands." was the reply. I said. "Sir I am not asking for road on my lands. All I want is road for a village which deserves it like any other citizen of Pakistan and more over government roads are being constructed in jungles but a

two mile patch cannot be constructed for people.” “Those doing wrong will face it themselves,” came the curt reply. Seeing my pleading going in vain, I decided to leave. But as I was going he called me and said. “Qayum you have become unhappy with my decisions, when I looked into his eyes they were full of love and affection. I became restless whenever I recall this scene. “I am not unhappy Sahib. I have got a jeep and can go wherever I want. I just wanted road for the poor villagers who suffer immense hardships.” I continued my protest. “Well, why don’t you make the road. But make it with your own money.” Bhutto Sahib said. “Qayum you see we should not spend governments money on our personal work. We are responsible to the land and people of Pakistan.” He explained and gave a sanction of Rs Two Lacs from his personal account for construction of road, Bhutto Sahib felt himself accountable to people.

Later, Bhutto Sahib was engulfed by intrigues. He was confined in small and dark cell. Situation worsened every day and finally Supreme Court upheld the verdict of hanging. He met his first wife Amir Begum. This was their last meeting. I had gone with Amir Begum Sahiba to Rawalpindi but was refused permission to meet him. Later Amir Begum Sahiba told me that Sahib was completely at peace and had asked whether the road which started from Madeji to Sukkur via Nao Dero has been completed. This was the courage of my Sahib. While on the verge of death he was concerned about the welfare of the people of his area.

While coming back Amir Begum Sahiba could not get the plane ticket and she accompanied us back on train. While we were on the way army raided Al Murtaza House in Larkana, 70 Clifton in Karachi and Bungalow of Amir Begum at Nao Dero. They completely uprooted these houses and even threw the clothes of Begum Sahiba on roads. I don’t know what prompted Gen. Zia to order such a barbarous act. When the daughter of my Sahib was Prime Minister, nobody was touched, even the family of General Zia, but that cruel person had made our life miserable.

On 3rd April we reached Larkana. We were shocked to see the above described bazaar episode. Next morning after prayers, I heard BBC which said that no decision has been made on Mr. Bhutto’s hanging and the file is on the table of Gen. Zia-ul-Haq. I felt relieved and thought of going home to have tea. But as I was returning I found the roads blocked by army and police. With great difficulty I reached Al Murtaza and was shocked to hear wailing sounds. I met tearful Afzal Qadir S/O Haji Nazar Mohammad along with Mukhtiarkar. I asked them “Why are you crying?” “Sahib was hanged and D.C. Sahib has sent me to collect the Shroud.” Whole city appeared to be under wave of terror. This was the cruel morning which continued for eleven years in Pakistan. I went to Begum Sahiba and gave her D.C’s message she said when she had gone for pilgrimage to Holy Ka’aba she had brought a shroud from there. With trembling hands she handed me over the shroud. After 10 or 15 minutes the Mukhtiarkar reappeared and said

that D.C., Sahib wants Begum Sahiba to come to Garhi Khuda Bux where the mortal remains of Bhutto Sahib are being brought for burial. I accompanied Begum Sahiba to Garhi Khuda Bux where she sat in the guest house for some time but later moved to the house of her brothers. At about 8:00 o' clock two helicopters brought the body of Bhutto Sahib to Garhi Khuda Bux. The army officers insisted that they will bury the body after 10 minutes and those who want to see the face should do so in this time. We protested against this degrading treatment. The D.C. Shahid Aziz, however came to our aid and prevailed upon the army authority to waive the 10:00 minutes restriction. The body was taken to the house of brothers of Bhutto Sahib where Begum Sahiba could see the last of her husband.

When the body was taken out it was already in a coffin and was filled with flowers. A certificate of a Maulvi was attached which said that body has been given bath in complete Islamic way and hence does not need re-bathing before burial.

Later I was taken into custody without even telling me what my crime was. Actually they wanted me to withdraw my statement that my Sahib had not been hanged but killed by torture.

After the martyrdom of Sahib I was elected as Chairman Nao Dcro Municipal Committee in 1982 from which I resigned in 1983 MRD movement on the instruction of Mohtrama Begum Bhutto.

THE MEMOIRS

Mr. Dost Mohammad,

In 1966, when I was fifteen years old, I was taken by late Bahawal Baksh to see Mr. Babu who was at that time incharge of the staff of 70 Clifton. I wanted a job. Late Babu took me to see the Shaheed and told him that he was appointing me to look after the children. Bhutto Sahib asked me my name, and then told me that my major duty would be that I will have to wake up all his children at six every morning so that they can go to their schools in time.

He was not very sure that I would be able to do it. He warned me that he could not tolerate to see children getting late for their school and if I failed one day to wake them up on time, that would be my last day on the job.

Years and years passed in his service. After his Shahadat I remained with the family and continue to serve Begum Saheba. There is so much that I have seen of him and of those who were close to him that books and books can be written about the Shaheed and topics would not exhaust. However, here I will restrict myself to only some of the incidents that come readily to my mind.

One day he asked me to get meat and vegetables as the family had decided to go on a picnic to Hawksbay. I made the usual purchases. All of us went to Hawksbay and settled down in the hut. The Shaheed came downstairs and asked me to bring out the articles and start the kerosene stove, because he wanted to cook the food. Who will eat the food if you cook it, Sir." I remarked. "Do you know I used to cook my own food when I was a student in England. You just wait and see." He replied. He was right. The food that he cooked was outright delicious. He was a perfectionist. What ever he used to do he would be completely involved in it.

It was nine o'clock in the night. The Shaheed wanted me to call his younger son Gugel Baba (Shah Nawaz Bhutto Shaheed). I looked in his room. He was not there. The Shaheed was worried. He went out in the lawn with me to look for his son. There was a makeshift tent in the lawn, made with the help of four poles and a bedsheet. Underneath was a trench. I had seen Gugel Baba digging the trench in the afternoon. I submitted that may be he as in the tent. He went there and called out his name. Gugel Baba came out. "What are you doing in there at this time of the night," he asked. "I was just playing." Gugel replied. "You have certainly invented some wonderful games." He remarked and took Gugel Baba inside.

Next day he talked to me about the damage that had been done to the lawn. Quite a few people visiting him had wondered at the tent and asked him what it was. I submitted that I would fill up the trench today. "No. Gugel has done a lot of Bard labour digging it. Do not destroy it. After some time he will invent some new game and then you can fill the trench up".

He never forgot the birthdays of his children. Once the family was going to Quetta by train, I had to get down in the way at Larkana. The Shaheed asked me to accompany him to Quetta and then come back to Larkana because the next day there was a lot of work for me in Quetta. When we reached Quetta, he told me that he had stopped me to make arrangements for the Birthday of Benazir Saheba. It as such a delightful event. There were no guests and as such there were no formalities. It was just a family affair in a small room. I have rarely seen the Shaheed so happy.

Twice a day, in the afternoon and then after dinner he would sit down with his cigar. When he would smoke his cigar he would always be in deep thought. Nobody was allowed to disturb him at that time. As soon as he would lit his cigar, I would come out of the library. It was usual that he would sit like this for about an hour and then he would call me.

His library was his paradise. There he would forget the rest of the world. Nobody except the family members was allowed inside the library. It was very rare that he would receive a guest in his library. This was a signal for us. We knew that such a guest was very important and we had to be extra careful about him.

Evernew Book stall and Sasi bookstall would send all the new books to him that they received. Mr. Safdar Mehdi of Evernew kept a regular track of all the new books that were printed. These books would come to the 70 Clifton and kept separately. When ever the Shaheed would arrive, he would select the ones that he wanted to keep and return the rest.

There was a big ladder in the library. The Shaheed insisted that every book should be placed in its reserved shelf according to its subject. He would himself go up the ladder, while I would hold it and put the book at its place. He would invariably remember where the book was placed and very often when he wanted a book he would also tell me the shelf and the place where the book had been kept by him.

Once Begum Bhutto returned from a foreign tour, she entered 70 Clifton, Mr. Bhutto was sitting there.

"I have brought a beautiful gift for you" she said.

“It must be a book.” the Shaheed replied.

“Yes it is.” and she took out a book from her bag. The Shaheed looked at it smiled and then asked me to immediately put it in the library. Later Begum Saheba asked me what the Shaheed had said. I tried to keep quiet but later had to tell her that the Shaheed had got the book a week earlier. She did not believe it. I brought both the books to her. It was customary for the Shaheed to get new books almost the day these arrived in the market.

He had a photographic mind. Once when driving home from the airport he saw a carpet that was hung in the showroom of a shop at hotel Metropole. When he reached home he called me and asked me to purchase the carpet the next day. He made a rough drawing on the paper of the plants and animals that had been woven in that carpet. I went to the shop and immediately recognized the carpet which was exactly according to the rough design that had been drawn on the paper by the Shaheed. This carpet is still there at 70 Clifton.

Another time he came to 70 Clifton in a great hum. He went inside the bedroom for just live minutes and then proceeded to the airport. He called me from Pindi to ask me where from the four old glasses had come which were put in the bed room. I did not remember the glasses. The Shaheed said that there was a red rim on the top of the glasses and one of them was slightly broken. I still could not remember. He asked me to go upstairs in the bed room and look right in front of the door in the shelf. I rushed upstairs. Bhutto Sahib was keeping the line on hold, then I suddenly remembered and told him that Begum Saheba had bought them from a shop which was dealing in antique articles. He instructed me to keep them with a lot of care and not to get them polished, because these were rare antiques. I wondered how I used to clean the room every day and had himself put the glasses had forgotten the matter, while the Shaheed in the brief moments that he got had even noticed that one of the glasses was damaged.

He was a great conservator. Once as soon as he landed in Islamabad he telephoned me in Karachi. I was in it cinema hall watching a film with my family members where I was traced. He told me that he could not locate Jam Sadiq at that time and that I should tell Jam Sadiq Ali who in those days was Minister for Local Bodies that Shaheed had noticed on his way to the Karachi Airport cows grazing the grass which had been planted in the middle of the newly constructed Sharae Faisal. Public money had been spent on Sharae Faisal and it should not be wasted. Little did we realize at that time, that the same Jam will become Chief Minister and will himself graze away the public wealth of Sindh.

I once told him that there was no electricity in my village. It was 1 A.M. in the morning. He immediately called his personal secretary Mr. Zahid Hussain and ordered him to ensure that my village as well as others on the way received

electricity within three days. The fourth day he asked me on telephone whether electricity had reached the villages. I told him that work was going on in full pace and the villages would receive electricity latest by the next day.

There is an old sweeper Ghulam Masih at 70 Clifton. He is still alive and is now almost eighty. He gave an application of his son-in-law to the Shaheed for appointment as a loader in P.I.A. The Shaheed put the application in his brief case and assured Ghulam Masih that it would take some time but it would be done. He then went away to Islamabad. On his second visit to 70 Clifton, Shaheed asked me to call Ghulam Masih. When he came, Shaheed told him not to be under the impression that he had forgotten about his son-in-law. "There was some problem, but now it is resolved", he said. After four days the appointment letter arrived and the Shaheed himself checked on phone in the evening whether it had been delivered to Ghulam Masih's son-in-law.

Then there was a night in Karachi, when he rang the bell at about 1:30 in the morning. I went over to him. He said that he could not sleep and we should go for a walk. Inside 70 Clifton, we went to the servant rooms to see the conditions. When we reached near the pump he found that the electrician was sleeping on a bench. He asked him if he did not have a room to sleep in. He did not have one. The Shaheed ordered that a room should be constructed for the electrician.

We went out of the gate. It was drizzling lightly. He was wearing white Kurta Shalwar. His sleeve buttons were open. The security vans started to follow, but he ordered them to leave him alone, since he wanted to have a walk. They kept following him at a distance. It was Friday night when there is a lot of rush at the Mazar of Hazrat Ghazi Baba. Shaheed was walking on the road side. He remarked that at this time if any one saw him walking like this he would not recognize him. I said "No Sir, they would recognize you." We reached the two Talwar round about. The Chowkidar was sleeping on his Charpai. Shaheed stood there and remarked that he had instructed Jam to complete the work on this round about speedily, but he had not done it. The Chowkidar woke up and said, "Go away. Do not disturb me. Come during the day time and see the round about". The Shaheed apologized for disturbing him and introduced himself at which the Chowkidar was so surprised. He asked for a job for his son. Shaheed told him to bring over his son's application in the morning when everybody was awake.

Soon a large crowd gathered at the round about and started raising "Jive Bhutto" slogans. The security police moved forward and put a cordon around him. Shaheed reprimanded them and told them not to stop the people.

Soon it started raining heavily, and we came back to 70 Clifton. The Shaheed could not sleep still. He got his small car taken out and deceiving the security

people went out for a drive. We went to Tariq Road, Saddar, Clifton, Kemari. It was around 4-30 a.m., when we reached back at 70 Clifton. The Security Police was surprised that all this time when they were thinking that the Prime Minister was sleeping in the bedroom, he had been driving a small car all around Karachi.

I can not forget the evening when after the dismissal of his government he called me in the lawn of Al-Murtaza and told me that he foresaw very bad days ahead and he would happily relieve any servant who wanted to leave him. I assured him on behalf of the entire staff that they had lived with him and would gladly die for him. He was very happy and praised our courage.

My last meeting with him was in Karachi Central Jail when they brought him after arresting him at Larkana. I found him very calm and confident. He embraced me. At that time only Begum Saheba, Benazir Bibi and Mir Murtaza were at 70 Clifton, Sanam Bibi and Shah Nawaz Baba had left the country.

I was crying, he said it was not the time to cry. He asked me to listen to him very carefully and carry his message to Begum Saheba. Mir should be sent to London without wasting a single day. I asked if Mir Murtaza went away who would look after the elections in his Larkana constituency.

“Which elections? There shall not be any elections. This country will see what it has never seen in its entire history,” he was irritated *“why don’t you listen to what I am telling you to do? Tell Begum Saheba that Mir has not completed his education, and by tomorrow I should know that he has left the country.”*

“Benazir knows what she has to do. She has completed her education. It will be good if she goes away too, because if she stays here she will have to face unimaginable hardships. But she is free to decide for herself. Now you go and give this message very carefully to Begum Saheba. Mir must leave”.

I said goodbye and slowly walked away from him. The next day, around four o’clock Mir Murtaza went abroad. He has not returned since. Bibi Benazir refused to leave. She had her commitments with the people of Pakistan and had to lead the most glorious struggle of the people of Pakistan against military dictatorship. May God protect both of them.

IN THE LINE OF DUTY

Mohammed Urs

In 1973 at the age of 14 years I was appointed as a waiter in Al-Murtaza Larkana. After few days Shaheed Bhutto came in Al-Murtaza and ordered me to accompany him to Rawalpindi. I became nervous and couldn't reply but Shaheed Bhutto reassured me very affectionately, saying that I should not be afraid and I was just like his own children.

I came over to Rawalpindi, where I had to attend to Shaheed Bhutto Saheb and his children. He was so affectionate that during the very first month of my service Shaheed Baba took me with him to the tour of USSR.

In Rawalpindi, once Shaheed Bhutto called me. I was at that time talking to some other person on phone and hence was late in appearing before him. He was very disappointed and said that he would rather have another old servant Bahawal in my place. After a few days when we came back to Al-Murtaza Larkana from Rawalpindi. I took my luggage and came over to Naodero. As soon as Shaheed Baba came to know about my absence he very kindly sent his own car to pick me up. When I appeared before him carrying tea, he asked me. "Are you Sultan Ahmed Chandio to have become angry and gone away". On this point my hands started shivering and some drops of tea fell on the files but he very kindly smiled and said most lovingly, "don't be afraid".

As Prime Minister, Shaheed Bhutto Sahib kept me always with him on foreign tours and I attended to him especially whenever foreign diplomats came to meet him.

At the end of a meeting in Turkey which was held to decide about Islamic Summit Conference. Reza Shah Pahlawi, the King of Iran invited Bhutto Sahib to accompany him up to Iran on the way back. On Tehran Airport, Custom Officers told me to open the brief case in my hand and to show them the contents. I replied that it was Bhutto Sahib's brief case and only he knew the lock numbers. Right then Bhutto Sahib along with the Shah reached there and the Custom Officers moved aside. In the plane Bhutto Sahib asked me the facts and then he told the Shah that it was highly improper that his people should be checked at the customs, specially when the Shah had himself invited Mr. Bhutto. The Shah apologized.

We then flew to Kabul. President Daud came to receive Bhutto Sahib at the Kabul airport. I felt that President Daud had received Bhutto Sahib very coldly. That evening at the rest house I pointed it out to Bhutto Sahib. Bhutto Sahib smiled

and said that it was his first meeting with President Daud. Daud would be a completely changed man after the second meeting. And what I saw the next day was unbelievable. As the car carrying Bhutto Sahib stopped. President Daud stepped forward and opened the door of the car and as Bhutto Sahib got down from the car, Daud folded him in a warm embrace.

Shaheed Bhutto's memory was so sharp that once in a Jalsa at Lahore he called a person on stage whom he had seen 10 years back as a young boy. What is more surprising is the fact that this man had grown a beard also in the meantime.

I am also a witness to many meetings that General Zia had with Prime Minister Shaheed. He usually would be so nervous uncontrolled and shivering that he found it difficult to put sugar in his cup of tea without dropping the sugar in the saucer. After a meeting during which I had helped Zia out with the mixing of his tea he came out and asked me how I found it possible to be serving such a great personality without being nervous and shivering all the time.

I must narrate here an interesting incident. General Zia had an appointment with Shaheed Baba at six in the evening. He came over at quarter past five and sat with ADC Khalid Hamid, Zia was smoking. Meanwhile Bhutto Sahib asked me to hand over a file to the ADC, I made a mistake and came over to the ADC's room where Zia was sitting with the wrong file. Soon there was a knock on the ADC's door the ADC said "come in". The Shaheed was standing in the door with the file that he had asked me to bring over. Everybody stood up. Zia got so nervous that he put his burning cigarette in the pocket of his jacket. Shaheed Bhutto seeing Zia invited him to walk with him on the lawn Zia followed. Soon after there was a smell of burning cloth and smoke was coming out of General Zia's pocket. Shaheed Baba noticed and ordered me to rush with a towel. I quickly rubbed Zia's pocket with the towel and put out the fire.

Shaheed Baba had a hearty laugh, when Zia had gone off. He wondered how such a nervous person and a coward general could face the enemy in the battle field.

I was serving him on the night between 4th and 5th July 1977, Mr. Abdul Hafeez Pirzada, Kausar Niazi, Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi and Mumtaz Ali Bhutto were having dinner with him and discussing political matters. At about 1-30 in the night Bhutto Sahib came into his bed room and told me that he will not see any more files that night. All of a sudden, I remembered two mercy petition files of convicts who were going to be hanged in the morning. That was the last night for them. I turned back and knocked his bedroom door. When the door was opened I presented the files to him. He sat down to give orders to commute the death sentences. Seeing that there was no time left, he ordered me to ask his Secretary Zahid Hussain to telephone Attorney General Yabya Bakhtiar to wake him up

and tell him that the death sentences had been commuted and these persons should not be hanged the next morning.

When I came back to my room at about 1-45 am I saw a Security Officer, who told me that Martial Law had been enforced. I asked him the meanings of Martial Law because I was unaware about all these things. He told me that it meant that our government had been overthrown and the Army had taken over. I contacted Maj. Gen. Imtiaz and gave him the news. Maj. Gen. Imtiaz replied that he would check and then would be able say something. But I could not wait for him and came out to tell Noor Mohammad Mughul about it. On the way I was stopped by an Army Officer who ordered me to stop and get my hands up. I put my hands up, but proposed to him that while I was standing there, he should check from his superior officers, if I could proceed forward or not.

As soon as he went away to contact his officers. I ran up to the room of Noor Mohammad Mughul and told him about the enforcement of Martial Law. He advised me not to go out and keep quiet. But I rushed out and ran to the bedroom of Bhutto Sahib and told him about the Martial Law. He ordered me to ask the children to join him in his room, which I immediately did.

The army officer, who was on duty at the PM House told me that several tanks, which could blast the PM house within a minute, had surrounded the PM House. He asked me to tell Bhutto Sahib to save himself in any way he deemed fit. I came back to Shaheed Baba and narrated the facts. Very calmly he replied. "Life and death is in the hands of God. I am not afraid of any one except my God".

It was about two in the morning when the PM House was completely surrounded. Shaheed Bhutto telephoned Zia to ask about the Martial Law, Zia was evasive. He was perhaps afraid of the consequences. At about 3 am, the Army disconnected all telephones of the PM house. Begum Saheba, Benazir Saheba, Sanam Bhutto Saheba, Mir Murtaza Bhutto and Shaheed Shah Nawaz Bhutto were permitted to go out from the PM House early in the morning.

Gen Zia promised the Shaheed that he would remain the Prime Minister and would be given the same protocol. Elections would be held within 3 months period. Only at present he (Shaheed Baba) is to be shifted to Sihala Rest House. Shaheed Baba ordered me to take things and go to Karachi and tell all concerned that the Martial Law had been imposed forcibly against the will or consent of Shaheed Baba.

When Bhutto Saheb came to Karachi after being released from Murree he told all his friends that whether the Army kept him in prison or released him, the plans were to kill him.

It was the month of Ramzan, when the Army came to arrest Shaheed Bhutto in the false murder case of Nawab Mohammad Ahmed Khan. I was coming out of the bedroom of Bhutto Sahib after serving Sehri to him. They caught me by the neck and pushed me against a wall as they had done to the other servants too. May be they were afraid that we would help Bhutto Sahib by some secret method. They therefore grabbed all of us first and then they went in the room of Bhutto Sahib. After a short while, I saw Begum Saheba coming out with the children. Bhutto Sahib had refused to come out and ordered that I should be asked to get his luggage ready.

An Army Officer came out of Shaheed Baba's room and called out my name several times. I kept quiet, I came out from the hiding when I listened one of them ordering others to shoot me. I was frightened. They picked me up took me to the room and threw me there. I got the things of Shaheed Baba packed right in front of them. Next morning they released me and Begum Saheba along with Mohtarma Benazir and Shah Nawaz Bhutto Shaheed but all the other servants were locked in the garage. Every nook and corner of the house was under the occupation of the Army. It looked as if they had come to fight another army and not to arrest a peaceful man.

Shaheed Baba was released on bail, He came to Larkana. We went to pray with Shaheed Baba, Mir Murtaza and Shah Nawaz Shaheed at Naodero Eidgah. Thousand of visitors came to greet him on his last Eid and finally at about midnight that day I could come to my own house.

In the tradition of our Beloved Imam Hussain Syed us Shohada, Shaheed Baba called all of us in Al-Murtaza. He told us that the future will bring lots of hardships for him. He will have to offer lots of sacrifices. Thus, if anyone among us wished to leave him he was free to do so. Shaheed Baba said he would be happy to release such a person. We encouraged by the example of the blessed Shaheeds of Karbala refused to leave him. Each and every one of us said that he would remain with Shaheed Baba come what may.

At last I saw Shaheed Baba in the Supreme Court of Pakistan. I was shocked to see him He had become very weak physically, but his face shone as ever.

I went around the world with Shaheed Baba and watched him with many Heads of time States. I always felt that the personality of Shaheed Baba was taller than all of them.

We do feel very lonely now, when he is not among us, but I had never realized that by leaving us and by surrendering his life in the path of truth and justice he will make for himself a spot in history which will continue to shine brighter with each passing hour.

HOME SWEET HOME

Mr. Usman Flashman

Whenever the Shaheed entered 'Al-Murtaza' he would proceed straight to see his deer in the corner of the Garden. He loved the deer. Next came the Parrot, who was very friendly with Shaheed. Very often when the Shaheed would be relaxing on his reclining chair or working on his writing table, he would stop for a few minutes to think. It was then that the parrot would proceed straight to him, pick up his pen and start scratching his head with the pen.

He loved trees; Mrs. Bandra Naike had planted a *pipal* plant in the lawn of Al-Murtaza which has now grown in large shady tree. Bhutto Shaheed was very keen on that tree. Very often he would instruct the servants that the *pipal* had been planted by Mrs. Bandara Naike, so everybody has to be very careful. We should look after it and never, never think of cutting it clown. His love for trees was such that he had instructed that even the trees long dead should not be cut down. Only once there was an occasion when he had to take the very difficult decision to cut down a tree.

There was a date palm tree next to the swimming pool. It had started bending right over the pool. The result was that not only the leaves and dates fell in the pool but the filth from the nests of the birds and their droppings continuously fouled the water. Shaheed on his visit to Al-Murtaza asked the Gardener, how was the date Palm tree doing? The gardener knowing very well that the Shaheed hated to cut down trees replied that he would do something about it. On his next visit again the same question was asked and the Gardener said that he would put a Shamiana over the pool so that the filth does not fall in the pool. On the third visit the problem was still there and I submitted, "Sir, the tree is doing well but because of the tree the entire Swimming Pool is ruined. The water is full of filth. We have no option but to cut it down". The Shaheed thought for a long time. "That is what I was worried about", he said, "O.K. If nothing can be done, then we will have to cut it". I could see that he was saddened.

During the government many departments, factories and mills used to present him shields. These shields would just lie there in their unopened boxes. I took these shields out and fixed them on the wall of the large dining hall of the guest house. These are still fixed there. When Mohtarma Benazir Bhutto arrived for the first time during the Shaheed's government in Al-Murtaza, Shaheed brought her over to see the guest house. I was fixing a large photograph on the wall the Shaheed started telling his daughter about the picture. "I had this photograph

taken when I was in France” he said. Then he asked me about the Shields on the wall. I told him that these were lying in the boxes unattended and I had now fixed them on that wall. Mr. Bhutto got interested. He started looking at the Shields and telling her daughter about each and every Shield. Mr. Bhutto introduced me to Mohtarma Benazir. “He is our best Carpenter. He is a good set designer too. But at the same time he is also little stupid”. Mohtarma greeted me with “Asstlam-o-Alaikum”.

There were occasions when he would watch films on a projector. I would stick close to the projector operator in Pindi. He was watching a film “Nia Suraj” which was made in Bangladesh. Mohtarma Benazir was also with her father. The film was on the conditions of the poor people during a famine. The room was dark, but enough light was reflecting from the screen on the face of the Shaheed. What did I see? His face was full of tears. The film had moved him so much that he was crying in that dark room.

On another occasion I was arranging the family swords on the wall of a room in Al-Murtaza under his guidance. A sword slipped from my hand and cut my foot. (I still have the mark from the wound). Seeing me wounded, Shaheed Bhutto was worried. He took out a handkerchief from his pocket and gave it to me. “*Go to the Doctor at once, may be the Sword was poisoned.*” I went out of the room where Dr. Naseer Shaikh bandaged my wound and gave me an injection. What I got besides the mark on to foot as a souvenir was the handkerchief from the Shaheed which is still my proudest possession.

As told earlier the Shaheed loved his deers. He usually used to go inside their enclosure. Once one of the deers attacked him and tore his coat. The keeper of the deers was very upset. He told me about it. I found a solution to the problem. I made out wooden balls and fitted them on horns of the deer. When Shaheed came next he wondered the how the pointed horns had become rounded overnight. The keeper told him that after the accident the other day. I had designed the helmets for the horns. The Shaheed had a hearty laugh. When he went inside he told the military secretary on phone. “*This foolish man makes me laugh so much*”. The military secretary called me and astonished me by saying why I made the Prime Minister laugh. I said I had not even seen the Shaheed that day. But I was afraid that something had definitely gone wrong. When I faced him that day I was very apprehensive but the Shaheed could not hold his laughter.

A cultural function in the honour of the Shah of Iran was once held in “Al-Murtaza. Prince Karim Aga Khan was also a distinguished guest. A cook from Karachi Laddan Khan had prepared Shami Kababs and was himself serving it to the guests. The Shaheed tasted a Kabab and said “Wah Laddan Khan what excellent Kababs”. Laddan Khan was so excited that he rushed back to the

kitchen and as he was narrating to others how Shaheed had complimented him, he collapsed and died. When Shaheed came to know about it he was shocked to know of his death. Again and again he exclaimed. "How is that possible? A moment ago Laddan Khan was just standing here". The function was stopped for some time. He instructed the provincial health Minister Mr. Abdul Waked Katpar to immediately send the body of Laddan Khan with other people in an ambulance to Liaquat Abad Karachi to his house.

Once Shaheed asked me to fix some Mogul paintings on the all of his bedroom, somehow I fixed the paintings in such a way that they were looking away from one another. Shaheed was in a rush but he stopped. "Is the Mogul minister angry with the emperor?" he asked. "I do not know about the politics of those times Sir". I replied. He asked me to interchange their respective places which I did, and now the paintings were facing each other. I realized my mistake and he left for the airport. The lesson for me was that he did not ignore the smallest details and one had to be careful in future.

I accompanied with Bhawal, Rasool Bux and Mohammad Saleh was standing in the Verandah of Al-Murtaza when the Shaheed hand in hand with Chairman Yasser Arfat emerged from the dining room. The Shaheed stopped and introduced us to Chairman Yasser Arfat who warmly shook hands with us and instructed his secretary to give us \$ 20 each.

Then there was a time when two small puppies presented to him by someone in Pindi created a problem for me. I had brought them from Pinch to Larkana but after a few months when Shaheed Visited Al-Murtaza one of them had grown very big and the other had remained small. He did not believe that these were the same puppies. The person who had presented the puppies was contacted in Pindi and he confirmed that one of them belonged to a small breed and the other one to a larger breed.

The smaller one was named "Happy", Mohtarma Benazir has written in her book "Daughter of the East", how she hid the small dog in her overcoat, and let it go out when she reached the courtyard of the jail. Happy looked around and then raced straight for the cell of the Shaheed.

Talking of dogs I am reminded of an incident, when in a Khuli kutchery in Al-Murtaza a man with his back facing the Shaheed in the queue approached him. His shirt was torn at the back. "What happened?" Shaheed was concerned. "The dogs at your gate have done this to me", the man replied. "But there are no dogs at the gate", Shaheed insisted. "Sir, my shirt has been torn by the dogs in police uniform posted at your gate".

The Police Superintendent on duty started losing his cool, but the Shaheed

silenced him and asked the wait *“what do you want”*? “I want a ride in your helicopter”, the man requested. Traitors Jam Sadiq Ali and Jatoi were also present. Shaheed turned to them. *“Did you hear what this man wants”*? Then he instructed me that two new pairs of clothes should be prepared for the man before evening. *“Take him to the kitchen and feed him well. In the evening he will accompany me in the helicopter”*, he ordered. I and Noor Muhammad Mughal immediately took him to a nearby tailor for his dresses. We then brought him back to take lunch with us. However, he was compensated for the helicopter ride by receiving one thousand rupees, since the security staff felt that the man was slightly abnormal, and could even insist on jumping from the helicopter in mid flight.

It was Ramdhan, I was repairing some damaged picture frames in the corridor. Shaheed Bhutto emerged from his room and asked me if the Azan had been called? I was so engrossed in my work that I thought he had asked if the frames had been repaired. I said. Yes Sir!”.

Shaheed picked up two dates from a plate and ate them. A little while latter, Chacha Taj Mohammad, the Major Domo appeared with the food trolley and went inside his room. Shaheed followed him and sat down to eat. After about ten minutes the Azan was called and I suddenly realized that because of my mistake he had broken his fast ten minutes ahead of Iftar time. I got so nervous that I left the pictures and frames in the corridor and ran for my house. On his next two visits to Al-Murtaza I avoided facing him. His third visit was a Khuli Kutcheri and I went over to pay my respects. Shaheed just smiled. I knew my lapse had been forgiven.

One day when Shaheed was staying at Al-Murtaza, I saw that a crowd had gathered outside the main gate. I was told that an old man had come to Karachi with his daughter. I met the old man, who told me that he could not get his daughter married because of his poverty. He wanted some help from the Prime Minister. I went inside and requested Noor Mohammad Mogul, that if he could bring up the matter to the notice of Shaheed, may be the old man could receive some help. Noor Mohammad told Shaheed about it and he sent both of us outside to check if it was a genuine case. We got all the details from the old man and went back to tell the Shaheed that the old man was a vegetable vendor from a poor locality in Karachi. His need was genuine. Shaheed took out twenty thousand rupees from his brief case and instructed us to give the money to the old man. When we gave the money to the old man he could not believe his eyes. He offered us one thousand rupees each as a reward. We declined and asked him to go back and get his daughter married.

The story of how I became Flashman from Foolishman is also very interesting. Shaheed had a rare taste for antiques. He wanted to put an antique door in 71 Clifton. Mr. Katpar arranged a door for twenty thousand rupees from Jacobabad.

The door was a very ordinary one. I submitted to Shaheed that I could get for him a door with wooden carved animals on it free of cost. Shaheed smiled and just said "FOOLISH".

He went back to Islamabad and I returned to Larkana. But he had not forgotten my offer, because just four days latter Mr. Hailfram of Karachi's Victoria Furniture Company came to me in Larkana and asked me to show the door to him. We went to a village about 20 Kms from Larkana and I showed him the door. Mr. Hailfram was surprised. He said the door would cost at least two lakhs of rupees. I said." The door belongs to me and I belong to Bhutto Saheb. So you need not worry"

Shaheed was in Karachi when the door was being fixed at 71 Clifton. He was very happy and asked his secretary to give me a certificate. The certificate was in English so I asked him what the certificate said. "It says that from today you are Flashman and no longer Foolishnian", he joked.

In my small house in Larkana, this certificate which made me Flashman from Foolishman is decorated on the main wall and seen by every visitor.

MY LEADER.

Muhammad Hanif Khan

It was a great tragedy and misfortune of the people of Pakistan that just after independence in 1947 the father of the Nation Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah (Mimi) passed away. His right hand man Quaid-i-Millat Liaquat Ali Khan was also soon after that assassinated and as a result thereof the ship of nation was left without a captain and completely rudderless on the mercy of gigantic waves in an ocean of violent storm. Several opportunists jumped in the arena to grab power by hook or by crook amongst whom the foul played by Ghulam Mohammed was the worst who by his authoritarian and undemocratic steps, marred the political horizon of the country to the extreme extent and landed the country's political institutions in a state of utter confusion, chaos and disorder. Then there was a chain of unparliamentarily, incautious and shameful events that disgraced the newly born country both nationally and internationally. A flood of conspiracies ensued which resulted ultimately in the promulgation of Martial Law in 1958, with General Mohammed Ayub as Chief Martial Law Administrator. General Mohammed Ayub Khan included a young charming intelligent-looking barrister-at-law from Sindh, the Babul Islam, in his first cabinet of federal ministers. That person is known in today's world by the name of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto Shaheed whose thoughts and philosophy has attained the name of "Bhuttoism".

فطرت کے مقاصد کی کرتا ہے نگہبانی
یا بندہ سحرانی یا مرد کوہستانی

Who knew at that time that this graceful young man shall one day become a beloved leader of the people of Pakistan and shall touch the heights of glory on international scene? Who knew that he shall give voice to the muted people of Pakistan? Who knew that he shall become a symbol of courage, wisdom and shall become voice of the poor, oppressed, down-trodden, shelterless, ignored masses of Pakistan, the Muslim Ummah and the Third World? He had all the qualities of a Mir-i-Karwan (Leader) as Allama Iqbal has visualized in his famous verse:

نگاہ بلند سخن دلنواز جاں پر سوز
یہی ہے رخت سفر میر کارواں کے لئے

Soon after joining the cabinet his capabilities started revealing. It is a well said verse of Persian that *بزرگی بہ سن است نہ بہ سال* (Leadership is by virtue of head not by age). So was the case here. Although at that time he was very young but soon became conspicuous and an eminent leader. He was dynamic bold and decisive. He had the foresight and vision. He started his task vigorously to attain a proper place for Pakistan on the international horizon. He took several remarkable steps as a Minister for Fuel Power and Natural Resources. His most significant step was that in the direction of "Attaining-Nuclear Energy". His eyes could see thirty years ahead the future needs and requirements of "Nuclear Energy" It is an irony of the fate that those who have "usurped-power" by rigging and foul means have no understanding comprehension and foresight in any field. It is on account of the incompetence of these persons that like other advancement and uplift programmes the Nuclear programme of the country have also been shelved. Their field is different. Their priorities vary. They do not deserve at all the position they occupy. They are practically resemblance of our Pashto famous poet Abdul Azim Baba's well said verse:

زاغان کیناستہ پہ سر و سردی
 طوطیاں ترلاند و زان ویرونہ گوئی
 کہ زیلان پاسیدل عبدالعظیم
 پہ شریفانہ نانو اعتراضونہ گوئی

(The crows have occupied the top of cypress trees and the parrots are weeping over their condition while sitting down on the earth. The scoundrels have stood to make objections on nobles).

After remaining Federal Minister for Fuel, Power and Natural Resources for some period Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was made Foreign Minister in the start of Sixties. This was a much more important and bright Portfolio which could be entrusted in such age to only a man of the qualities of head and heart as possessed by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. He had the proper education mental aptitude and God-gifted qualities for that. He had the honour of teaching the subject of International-Law at Foreign Universities. He took several memorable steps as Foreign Minister raising the country's reputation sky-high. He attended important international seminars and gave stimulation and profound lectures on vital international issues, confronting the world at that time. His most distinguished task as a Foreign Minister was the laying of foundation stone of Pak-China friendship. He is its

mentor, architect and originator. This credit even cannot be denied by the worst critics of my leader.

The climax of his role as Foreign Minister of Pakistan was witnessed at the United Nations when he defended his motherland against India in 1965 war. His speeches and excellent oratory was an enviable-instrument of war in the hands of Pakistan against India. At that time of trial and tribulation, the nation was used to listen to his speeches on radio. His lion-like roar at UNO which forced the Indians out of the hall was heard and lauded by every Pakistani in every nook and corner of the country. He made his way deep down into the profound-depths of every patriotic Pakistani's heart. The brave Pakistanis were proud of his boldness, courage and diplomatic victories. He had become the real hero with whom the heart of every Pakistani throbbed. Looking at the battle-field and diplomatic victories the foes of Pakistan started conspiracies against Pakistan at the international level. It is very sad that the war-won in the field and at diplomatic level was ultimately lost by Ayub Khan on the table at Tashkent. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto tried his best to dissuade Pakistan's top leadership from the ugly deal but when he came clearly to know that the President had fallen prey and caught in the net, he kept himself away and aloof from the deal. His dissent and displeasure was evident on every occasion, from his appearance. He returned to the country disgruntled and displeased. The cracks occurred at Tashkent were irreparable. Ayub Khan tried his level best to reconcile with him but the cause of Pakistan was dearest to Bhutto Shaheed. He refused to have any truck with him any more even at the behest of Gohar Ayub Khan at Larkana, Shaheed preferred his people over power. He joined the rank and file of masses. Although the war was lost but the masses had found a glittering gem in its ashes. The real leader of the people was amongst them. Their long cherished aspiration had been fulfilled.

I was harboring immense hatred since my childhood against the prevalent injustices. My heart always sizzled against every type of tyranny and the plight of the poor. I was, since long in search of a leader who could help change the lot of people, freed them from their shackles and give them hope for a better tomorrow.

When Bhutto Shaheed left the government, he joined the masses and founded Pakistan Peoples Party I realized that the hour of change had arrived. I started consulting my friends and relatives and every body encouraged and prompted me to join the party. At that time two major political parties *i.e.* Muslim League (Qayum Khan Group) and National Awami Party of Abdul Wali Khan were the mentionable parties in political field of our area. The leaders of both the parties were contacting me to join them, but I remained reluctant since they had no revolutionary programme.

Shaheed Hayat Mohammed Khan Sherpao a brave young Pathan leader was appointed as Convenor of Pakistan Peoples Party in N.W.F.P. He was a dynamic

man who took swift steps for building the PPP. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto decided to take up on Ayub.

When Hayat Khan Sherpao contacted me I lost no time in joining the PPP. The land had already been ploughed and watered only sowing the seed was left. With my joining the party rain of harassment started falling on our family. The political administration of the area took a very serious note of it and initiated all the intimidatory steps which they had to. My father being over sixty was enjoying the chieftainship of his own tribe since a long time. He was stripped off everything. I had to quit the house of my father as I was deemed to be responsible for all his miseries. After a couple of years my father reconciled with me and brought me back. He started supporting me which gave me great moral strength and I started working more vigorously for the party.

At the end of 1969 Zulfikar Ali Bhutto made a tour programme of Malakand Agency, Dir and Swat. It was the first occasion that I had to meet with my leader. We were waiting for his reception at Sakhkot in a big procession. Malakand Agency coming first before Dir and Swat enroute on his tour. I was to receive him first. As I had never seen him before and his stature and role were so high and overwhelming in my mind that I was literally sinking because of nervousness. At last the wait ended and the cavalcade appeared. A ripple started in the crowd. On arrival I opened the car's gate. My Leader emerged. Tall graceful like a cedar tree, with very impressive looks. We shook hands. He asked me "how are you Hanif, and how are people (*Awam*) here. These were the first words spoken to me by my leader which I continue to cherish. I replied, "Sir, I am fine and people here are waiting for your guidance."

He gave me a smile and after shaking hands with the others we started the tour of different villages and in the evening reached "Tor-mor" Rest House which is situated above the spiraled road on the top of a hillock while descending down from Malakand towards Swat. Our leader had to stay there for night. We had a long discourse with him at night in the rest house and he unfolded before us the whole programme planned for the country. We were really educated, illuminated and elevated. I was feeling that some mysterious power has crept in my blood. I had gained courage and strength. I had become confident and was feeling that I could face all the odds and could change the world. His company and leadership had a strange miraculous effect.

اگر کوئی شعیب آئے میر
شعیبی سے کھسی دو قدم ہے

While taking leave at 2.00 A.M., from my leader I ventured to invite him to my "Hujra" at our village Dheri Jollagram for a lunch on the following day. I went to my village which is situated to the north west of the aforesaid Rest House. I went to sleep but after a couple of hours I was suddenly awakened by the sound of rain. Rainfall which is considered to be a source of happiness and a blessing of God usually brought the message of sorrow for those who had to travel since the unmetalled road leading to and from our village used to be converted with every rainfall in swamp and marsh. One marshy spot, at a distance of one kilometer to the East of our village made the vehicular traffic impossible. I therefore, decided that I shall not bother my leader and we shall cancel the lunch.

I got up in the morning and reached the Rest House by foot. It was 8:00 O' Clock in the morning. I thought that Bhutto Saheb kept awake till very late would still be sleeping but I was astonished to find him strolling in the open, fully bathed and dressed, enjoying the panoramic - beauty in the morning breeze. He welcomed me warmly and then we had our breakfast together. I was trying to find appropriate time and words to seek cancellation of the lunch programme on account of the miserably bad road's condition. At last I started in Urdu and said:

(جناب وہ جو کل رات میں نے آپ کو لُچ کئے لئے گاؤں آنے کو کہا تھا تو رات بارش -----)

I had yet to complete the sentence when my Leader interrupted and said:

ہاں ہاں حنیف مجھے یاد ہے بارش کی وجہ سے موسم خوش گوار ہوا ہے، بتاؤ کب چلیں گے

I therefore, did not consider it fit to say anything further and said only:

جناب بارہ بجے -

After that I rushed my servant to the village to make arrangements for lunch and to assemble sufficient persons near the troubled spots to minimize the travel inconvenience.

We started at 12.00 noon and I was driving the car. I was very depressed on account of the discomfort *en route*. The car was jostling to the left and right on the muddy road but thank God we passed all the difficult points and at last reached the most hazardous spot. I was pleased to see that a big crowd was waiting there for the reception of their beloved leader. When the car reached there the people flocked near the car like honey bees. They lifted the car in their hands and pushed it across. Bhutto Shaheed was greatly impressed and ordered me in a commanding voice.

حنيف ان لوگوں کو اور اس سڑک کو کبھی نہ بھولنا

I understood what he meant. Thank God that I have completed my leader's instructions. When the time came, this road was on the top of the long list of development programme carried out during our Government. Later, Shaheed Bhutto visited my village several times during his premiership. Every time he came he was glad to see the broad-metalled all-weather road leading to the place.

In the general elections of 1970 Pakistan Peoples Party emerged as a majority party in West Pakistan and swept the polls in the National Assembly. In East Pakistan Awami League of Mujib-Ur-Rahman won the show. Yahya Khan who posed to be fair at the start Elections had tasted power and was reluctant to handover power to the elected representatives. Then there was the 1971 War between Pakistan and India as a result of which Pakistan was ripped apart and East Pakistan became Bangla Desh. Five thousand square miles of Pakistani territory on western border was captured by Indians and 90,000 troops were imprisoned. General Niazi previously known as "Tiger Niazi" did not look like a tiger when surrendering everything to General Jagjeet Singh Arora in Paltan Maidan Dacca. Everybody was demoralized in the Western Wing on the dismemberment of the country as the biggest disgrace ever in the Muslim history of war fare General Yahya's booze had gone into his head. He was sending Telex after Telex to Bhutto Shaheed to return from the UNO and to take over. At last Bhutto Saheb arrived. Yahya Khan handed him the power and got himself relieved of the burden of office.

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had accepted the challenge. He took over and addressed the nation on Radio and T.V. He consoled the nation, revived their morale and pledged to build a new Pakistan. He made a chain of decisions and undertook the gigantic task of repatriation of Pow's, retrieval of the captured territory through signing Simla Accord. It was his wisdom and statesmanship that in spite of very weak position of Pakistan he did not compromise on principles. Today even his opponents cannot dare to say anything against this memorable accord and as such are bound to acknowledge my leader's mastery in the field of politics and statesmanship.

During his historical rule over the country Shaheed Bhutto changed positively every walk of life. He took big and memorable decisions. It is not an easy task to cover them all in such a small paper. It needs volumes of books even to highlight them briefly. However just to name the prominent few one can start from the 1973 Constitution which is a record achievement in the Constitutional history of the country. To make all those big leaders of heterogeneous thinking, manifestoes and programmes agree on a sensitive document like a Constitution and to pass it

with their mutual consensus was not an ordinary job. Construction of Port Qasim, Karachi Steel Mill, starting the nuclear programme, holding of the Islamic Summit Conference, introduction of National Identity Card, simplifying the Procedure of Passport, opening venues of employment at home and overseas especially in Middle eastern countries, restoring the honour of the poor, reviving labour dignity, land reforms, law reforms, education reforms, labour reforms, formation of NDVP, NCC, Nespak and countless other steps initiated end to discriminatory privileges between the rich and the poor people of Pakistan and self-reliance. Above all he greatly strengthened the military and took steps to modernize it. He had vowed to make Pakistan a nuclear power even if nation had to eat grass for it.

وہی ہے بندہ جس کی ضرب کاری ہے
نہ وہ کہ حرب ہے جس کی تمام عیاری

Confident of his achievements he declared holding of elections well before its due date. The nation was fully satisfied and therefore once again Pakistan Peoples Party returned with overwhelming majority, and the Peoples Government once again started functioning. But the "Zionist-lobby" had sensed in him a fatal threat. They had hatched a conspiracy at Tel-Aviv to root him out. They knew that they can utilize the services of their agents in the country. They signaled to their mercenaries and opened their coffers for them. Dollars flooded the country; PNA started mobilizing people in the name of Islam. The movement against Hazrat Imam Hussain Alaihisssalam was also started from a mosque and a pulpit. Mohammed Bin Qasim was also arrested from Sindh on the instructions of a Muslim Caliph, Yousaf Bin Tashfain and Mosa Bin Nasir were also fettered by Muslim Caliphs. The fraudulent action taken against Tipu Sultan was a link in the same chain. The fall of Muslim empire in Spain and the ending of grand Sultanate-Usmania originate from the same source.

My Leader's Government was also thrown over on 5th July 1977 in the aforesaid manner by the disciples of our enemies. History repeats itself.

My Leader was chained and put behind bars. In order to eliminate him from the scene he was implicated in a false murder case which was finally heard by Supreme Court of Pakistan. On the last day of hearing I saw him in Supreme Court in the police custody. I could not bear him in that condition. I could not exercise control over my emotions. Tears started rolling down my eyes. Looking at me he came near me and said:

نہیں نہیں حنیف پارٹی کے لئے کام کرنا ہے -
پارٹی کو آگے لانا ہے - ہمت کرنا ہے

These were the last words spoken to me by my leader. They gave me strength. I was ashamed before him. He was facing torture for the last almost couple of years. He was given physical emotional and mental tortures. Coming from wealthiest family, getting education in best institutes and having led a comfortable life my leader was subjected to the untold miseries, but he kept himself composed. He knew that he was being assassinated. He did not surrender. He did not compromise on principles. He kept his head high. He adopted the path of great Muslim-saints who were un-ruffled in similar conditions.

Then at last he was executed. He shed his blood for the sake of his Nation, its poor masses and for the glory of Islam. He welcomed death and kept smiling till his end.

He was always thinking and talking of a new Pakistan, a strong Pakistan, a Pakistan free of exploitation an egalitarian Society, social justice, Islamic renaissance, breaking of the fetters of ignorance, diseases, hunger, poverty, oppression, suppression and slavery. He was opposed to the man's dominance by man and a vocal exponent of bilateralism in foreign relations. He was for mutual respect and dignity of labour. He was determined to provide clothes, shelters and food to the needy and down trodden. He was the true son of Islam and the upholder of George Bernard Shaw's views regarding "The Reawakening of the East". He coloured the banner of Islam with his blood and painted for us a message with it to fight for the causes of the oppressed. We shall keep his flag aloft and carry on the struggle to complete his mission.

نقش ہیں سب ناتمام خون جگر کے بغیر
نغمہ ہے سوائے خام خون جگر کے بغیر

Now when I look in retrospect, things seem very different. I could not imagine a world without Zulfikar Ali Bhutto who was our mentor, our teacher, our guide and our leader. But when I think deeper I reach to the conclusion that a "Shaheed" never dies. He is always alive. Bhutto is alive, still providing us necessary guidance and courage. His daughter Benazir Bhutto is leading us. She is a similar symbol of courage and wisdom. She is a symbol of federation. The enemies of Pakistan the enemies of the poor stand restless and terrified. We shall chase them to their graves. Their days are numbered. The drums have again been heated for a final beat. The Swan's song is imminent. "Long Live Bhutto, Long live Pakistan."

ہزار چشمہ تیری سنگ راہ سے پھوٹے
خودی میں ڈوب کے ضرب کلیم پیدا کر

MR BHUTTO AS PRIME MINISTER

Major Gen. (Rd) Nasirullah Khan Babar

The task assigned to me is like the famed, "Mission Impossible". I have been asked to write on a colossus and that, too, with a rider that it is to be limited/circumscribed to one aspect Mr. Bhutto as Prime Minister! I would to begin with Shakespeare's line, "Dress makes the man"- implying that it is the office and its trappings that makes the individual. In this case on the contrary, it was the character, personality and charisma of Mr. Bhutto that lent glitter to the office of the Prime Minister.

Man, throughout his life, endeavors to leave an imprint on the minds of individuals with whom he interacts. However, it is only a few select who succeed in doing so and Mr. Bhutto was one of these selected individuals who left a deep and ineradicable imprint on the minds of individuals who had the privilege to work with him. He was undoubtedly, a product of history. After the traumatic events of December 1971, when the nation lay prostrate in utter ignominy; when the national moral and pride were at its lowest ebb-, when the nation-nay the entire Unnmah lay dumb founded because of a reversal of thousand years of Muslim history of the sub-continent, a role was wandering in search of a leader. Mr. Bhutto rose to the occasion to fill that role. It was at this historic point that nature picked on Mr. Bhutto to lead the dispirited and demoralized nation to a new destiny in the comity of nations. Mr. Bhutto became the embodiment of the national courage and personified the national will. At this critical juncture and in this dark hour when most leaders would falter he accepted the challenge of office.

In the months that followed Mr. Bhutto's assumption, reforms involving nationalization, general economic policy, labour, land tenure, education, the police and judiciary were taken in hand above all, a new social contract reflecting the need, of the hour was taken in hand in the form of the 1973 constitution. This involved/implied a total change in the system of polity. The greatest attainment of the Quaid-e-Awam was not only to identify the changed circumstances and phenomena/environment but also successfully put into effect by introducing for the first time, the polity of the masses. He liberated the masses from the clutches of the traditional elite the feudal. He successfully transferred polity from feudal's drawing rooms to the common man's platform *i.e.* the "Kammi" and the "Jagirdar/Wadera/Khan/Sardar" had been inter-related. Centuries old bonds had been broken and where PPP symbolized the emancipator. Mr. Bhutto personified the liberator.

SOCIO-ECONOMIC

The human mind is engaged in an endless quest for the triumph of reason in society and this quest meets with both success and failure. 'Revolution' begins when the mind proclaims some kind of new dispensation. The events of almost two decades (Martial Law) and the consequent repression and exploitation by the select few (22 families) provided the opportune moment for a revolutionary party and manifesto. It is to Mr. Bhutto's credit that he could perceive the new trend-replacement of the feudal by the nouveau rich industrialist and businessman a trend that was to find fruition during Zia's martial law and make chances for the society bright in the 90's as is manifested in the current trend for privatization and free market economy.

Modern revolution is normally characterized by a set of emotion laden utopian ideas-an expectation that society would henceforth be marching towards a profound transformation of values and structures as well as personal behavior. The party's manifesto and speeches of the Chairman Shaheed savored of vastly improved pattern of human relationship in a future realization and endeavored to impart his vision to the masses, hopefully to motivate them to revolutionary action. His speeches during this period were laden with hopes of a more perfect social situation: more freedom; more equality; more consciousness of community: more peace, justice and human dignity; more of the transcendental which appeal to human being universally a return of Pakistan and its people to their rightful and dignified position in the community of nations. He unlike the "Utopians" of old, did not post his idyllic state in un-reachable geographic places (nowhere) but located it in their future; its eventual achievement and attainment spelt out not only as possible but inevitable. A new Messiah had arrived to lead the nation to a born again situation. Slowly, but perceptibly, the masses began to see the transformation in the manner of land reforms, including the establishment of labour unions and providing these far reaching reforms constitutional protection. The masses, but naturally, came under the revolutionary fervor of Chairman Shaheed and were prepared to make any sacrifice. They responded positively to each cell and turned up in their millions to assure him of their support. The public meeting at Qaddafi Stadium prior to his departure for the Simla Talks is but an instance.

FOREIGN POLICY

Resultantly, he proceeded to Simla as a symbol of the national will. No single individual had in the annals of Pakistan's history, done so much in such a short span of time to restore the nation's morale and will not only to survive as a nation but to accept new challenges. The Indians found a totally transformed nation, a nation willing to squarely face any new misadventure with fortitude and courage.

Being an astute negotiator and possessing a keen intellect he perceived the one single weakness of his counter-part-an ambition to find a place in history. When negotiations appeared to be leading to a dismal failure, he tackled Mrs. Gandhi in a person to person conversation and attained astounding and increasable results - the return of PoWs, captured territory and an open option on the Kashmir issue. The accord, from Pakistan's point of view, was a signal success and each successive government has lent upon it in its, relations with India.

Mr. Bhutto had a forte for foreign affairs. With his keen intellect he set about making some important changes in Pakistan's foreign policy. With his uncanny sense of perception of geo-strategic changes he realized that the loss of East Pakistan had brought about fundamental changes: one, that SEATO had become meaningless: two that henceforth, South Asia was no longer the primary arena and opted out of it. Pakistan was to fall back upon its Islamic moorings and heritage and he considered Pakistan as the eastern anchor of that vast and important Islamic region. Pakistan would henceforth be more concerned with ME affairs and the cornerstone of its diplomacy and international activity would be aimed towards brotherly Mush in countries - not only in Iran and Turkey with whom special relations persisted through CENTO, but also in the increasingly influential Arab world.

In 1973 came the wind fall - the Arab Israel war of that year and the consequent oil embargo (a brain child of Shaheed Chairman) lent new dimensions to the geo-strategic economic vision of a collaborative environment.

Muslim world took more concrete form. The establishment of OPEC by King Faisal Shaheed and its dramatic emergence on the world's scene as the most powerful, international cartel, overnight changed the fortunes of the Gulf States. Minor nations had overnight become economic superpowers. Mr. Bhutto was astute enough to perceive that these were an immediate mutuality of interests. The foreign policy was geared more than ever before, to lend active support to Arab cause. Mr. Bhutto openly declared that Pakistan's armed forces were available to the Muslim states be it against Israel (provided pilots to Syria during the war) or in support of Turkey over Cyprus, he offered to send skilled and semi-skilled workers, engineers, teachers, military experts - in fact, in any field where the demand arose. Also, numerous joint projects were undertaken. The Gulf states had an insatiable desire for development and Pakistan was prepared to assist with its vast reservoir of development oriented labour force. The relationship based on mutuality of interests was reciprocal and grew with time.

In pursuance of this scheme, Mr. Bhutto made numerous visits to the Arab states and developed intimate and close relationship with King Faisal, Muatmmar Gadaffi, Yaser Arafat, Hafiz-Al-Assad. I deem it appropriate to recount one such incident. In the fall of 1976, when Mr. Bhutto was on one of his tours at Peshawar

a message was received from the Pakistan ambassador in Sri Lanka. It stated that Colonel Gadaffi, prior to departure on reaching the Pakistani ambassador, while passing through the diplomatic line up at Colombo airport, informed him that he intended to proceed and meet with "brother Bhutto". The ambassador immediately rushed back to the embassy to pass on the message through the Foreign office. Minutes later, we were stunned to be informed that Colonel Gadaffi had reportedly crossed in to Pakistan at Bhatinda (Bharat) and was heading for Peshawar. In 45 minutes he was on us and was received at the airport. Peshawar because of its famous Tikkas and Kababs, could rise to the occasion and offer generous hospitality to the entourage. I shall omit the gargantuan administrative, protocol and other difficulties it raised things had just settled when again there was commotion - Brother Gadalli had decided to leave! In order to enable refueling of the aircraft etc. he was taken on a tour of the city/cantonment - a visit to Darra was also thought about in the event there was still time on our hands. There were no exhaustive ceremonies and protocol. A similar incident pertaining to Yasser Arafat occurred during the tenure of Mohtarma Benazir Bhutto as Prime Minister.

ISLAMIC SUMMIT

The finale occurred in the shape of the Islamic Summit at Lahore in 1974. It was truly a grand gathering of the Muslim Ummah - 43 heads of state/government attended the moot. Nothing in the annals of Muslim history could even remotely compare with this August meeting. The occasion was also used to grant PLO formal national status and Yasser Arafat was accorded all the protocol due to a head of government. PLO had received formal international recognition. Mr. Bhutto's tactic paid off hands down. Mr. Bhutto's astute handling of the summit - thanks to his broad educational experience, his familiarity with state craft and international politics, his personal equation with a large number of the world leaders, his young, dynamic and irrepressible leadership and, above all, his oratorical abilities quickly raised him not only to a position of "Primus inter pares" among the Muslim leaders but also in the embryonic but fast growing third world leadership. Being deeply steeped with a sense of history, he realized his value to the Muslim Ummah, if not the third world itself. He took it upon himself to espouse the cause of both the Muslim Ummah and the third world and insisted that the real division was not between the East and West, but the North and South-the industrialized and non-industrialized states. This posture did not find favour with the West. But as envisioned by Shaheed Bhutto, the world now stands identified between North and South.

THE NUCLEAR OPTION

Pakistan had been proceeding afoot with a humble nuclear programme - the

KANUPP at Karachi, sponsored by Canada and the experimental station at NILORE. However, the environment dramatically changed with the Indian explosion of a nuclear device in May, 1974. This evoked an immediate response from Mr. Bhutto as the explosion if not countered would, in the foreseeable future, imply Indian hegemony in the S. Asian subcontinent. Mr. Bhutto could not possibly brook this situation and as a consequence of it, initiated measures to meet this challenge to national security and eternal subservience to Indian hegemony. It is to his credit that he befooled the CIA as to choice of methodology/technique in that whereas, he obtained assurance of a supply of a reprocessing plant from France, the methodology to be used was centrifugal. The Americans pressurized the French and succeeded in making them renege from their commitment. Despite protestations on various fora the US did not relent and, in fact, ultimately threatened Mr. Bhutto with dire consequences-the famous Kissinger message at Lahore. I shall not dilate more as the rest is now history and detail will be known to the nation-including, it is hoped, of the compromise entered into by the IJI government.

THE DOMESTIC SCENE

The tribal Areas - Mr. BHUTTO - The Pioneer of NATIONAL INTEGRATION

It would be recalled that the Quaid-e-Azam had, at the advent of Pakistan, in his sagacity and wisdom, withdrawn the Armed Forces from the cantonments around the tribal areas as a gesture of good will and a first measure towards integration - the cantonments, where existent, were a reminder of imperial days. In the ensuing years, the administration and the successive governments decided to leave the tribal areas to their own devices and only minimal social projects were undertaken. Thus, for twenty five long years, the tribal areas, 10,500 square miles in extent and with a population around 3 million were little more than a sociological curiosity. The tribal areas were considered as beyond the pale of Pakistan and they were, but clouded by political bogey of Pakhtunistan.

In November 1972, Mr. Bhutto, in his capacity as President, undertook a tour of the tribal areas - the author having arrived as Inspector General Frontier Corps only weeks earlier. Mr. Bhutto, blessed with a profound sense of history and steeped with an uncanny sense of geopolitical compulsions was quick to appreciate our weaknesses in the area. In consequence, he decided to embark upon a deliberate and massive developmental programme. What were till then considered the backwaters of Pakistan began to gradually enter the social and economic mainstream. The Shaheed Chairman being only too aware that economic realities were the corner-stone of national integration and, in effect, the most singular example was East Pakistan, where economic policies of Islamabad acted in disenchanting the Bengali Muslims in the federal concept. In 1971/72, the

development budget for the six agencies (districts) was a paltry 44 lacs!! The budget began to progressively rise and by 1977 had reached the phenomenal figure of 30 crores. Progressively, rapport was established, with the individual tribesmen, the Jirga having been replaced by public meetings, with Shaheed Chairman visiting each Agency at least twice a year. The political environment, a precursor of administrative change, began to improve and by 1977, it had been decided to introduce adult franchise and representation in the Provincial Assembly - a far cry from the events of 1972 and a measure, in view of faint-heartedness of the ML regime, has not found fruition to date!

The measure of integration could not have been more timely as in July 1973, came the Afghan coup by Sardar Daud - disturbing the balance in the area. Resultantly, a study was undertaken embracing the entire region. The salient features of the study being:-

FIRSTLY: The continuity and stability, inherent in the system obtaining in Afghanistan, had been broken. Henceforth, there would be all unknowns coming into power after Daud, with attendant problems for Pakistan. Also the macro-politician that he (Mr. Bhutto) was, immediately sensed the "vacuum" of power that had resulted and in his foresight and vision, identified the threat emanating from the fact if you open up "vacuums" near a Big Power they will be automatically filled, it is inevitable and throughout history this has been the pattern of power politics-amply proved by events five years later (Coup of April 78 and subsequent coups culminating in the Soviet incursion into Afghanistan in 1979);

SECONDLY: A generational change in leadership-both in the USSR and China was on the cards, with their attendant fall-out young and unidentified leadership resulting in vibrant and dynamic change. Since as far back as Plato, discerning people (Mr. Bhutto being a master) have believed that political generations sometimes differ in fundamental ways, in fact the arrival of a new generation in power may mark the beginning of a new political era like the one introduced by Mikhail Gorbachev.

THIRDLY: That Iran with the demise of the Shah would be totally destabilized and confusion was likely to prevail affecting the countries of the region. Undoubtedly, the Islamic Revolution of Imam Khomeini was far from one's thoughts.

FOURTHLY: And most importantly, it identified the future likely ganging up mutuality of interest, coupled with treaty of friendship on bilateral basis between USSR-India and USSR-Afghanistan. The direction and objectives, too, were identified.

All these events individually or collectively, were bound to have profound effect on the future of Pakistan and the tribal areas were to be the lynch-pin of these events.

AFGHANISTAN JEHAD - THE ARCHITECT

On assumption of office, the first country that Mr. Bhutto visited was Afghanistan and, later, steered the foreign policy of Pakistan towards bilateralism. The Daud regime was, in consequence, immediately recognized and endeavors at improving relations set-afoot.

In October '73, arrived a group of Afghan nationals namely, Gulbadin Hikmatyar, Burhanuddin Rabbani, Habib-ur-Rehman (Shaheed), Ahmed Shah Masud, Noor Muhammad Muhammadi and a host of other (around 12-15). The leader at the time was Rabbani and it was a compact group. It sought refuge and assistance *vis-a-vis* the Daud government. In matters of state and governance it is prudent and desirable to keep various options and alternatives available so as to meet changing circumstances, situations and challenges. Progressively, a nucleus of militarily trained personnel was created throughout Afghanistan. It would be recalled that in 1974, a large number of bomb-blasts took place in the NWFP and other areas of Pakistan to be capped by the assassination of Mr. Hayat Khan Sherpao in February 1975. Even after that abominable crime the bomb blasts continued unabated. It became apparent that a message was desirable and it was conveyed in August 1975, through an operation in Panjsher. The massive socio-economic development programme launched by Mr. Bhutto was also having its impact and not only were the tribesmen inward looking but even the trans-Durand Line tribes began to look towards Pakistan. The message was not lost on Daud (Mr. Bhutto's surmise and assessment that Daud at heart was a coward had proven correct) and he came running to sign an accord on the Durand Line etc. And in fact, it was initiated. The initiative, to the detriment of Pakistan, was lost by the ML regime. It may also be of interest that the introduction of adult franchise for the tribal areas for the impending 1977 elections was also postponed by a year at his Daud's request - to assist him in his problems!

Mr. Bhutto, essentially a political being, desired a political resolution of the problem and, resultantly, with the consent of the Refugee leadership a team composed of their representatives was sent to Rome to discuss with ex-King Zahir Shah as to his willingness to return to Afghanistan and the mechanics of such a move. It stands to Mr. Bhutto's credit that the same measure was reconsidered in 1989 and even currently the same is considered as one of the viable schemes to end the Afghan fratricide and dilemma. He was agreeable but, regrettably, first the PNA agitation intervened and ultimately, the usurpation of government negated the initiative. The imposition of Martial law also resulted in the breaking up of the unity of the Afghan group their finances were suspended

(purely due to lack of vision) and to meet their needs they proceeded in different directions Saudi Arabia, Libya, Kuwait, etc. more so, after the overthrow of Sardar Daud in April 1978. The subsequent American foreign involvement had turned Pakistan into a conduit in 1980. The rest is now history and it is best left to history to record its judgment as to the use or misuse of the option available and the interests served.

In October 1978, in my defence statement before the Summary Military Court. I recorded, "That a fresh invasion of the sub-continent has taken place. This time the invasion is more subtle (ideological) and therefore ominous. The traditional hordes are for the present, undoubtedly, absent but may not be too long in the coming -----." "The Quaid-e-Awam, the only macro-politician, who can only steer the country out of the present political mess but also ensure its integrity, languishes in jail---," hut, apparently, it was a cry in the wilderness and lost upon the titans of Martial Law, busy in their personal pursuit of glory.

MR. BHUTTO: THE MAN.

Leadership, being like human life character and personality are more than the sum total of its parts. Therefore, to my mind, to fully comprehend the leader one must comprehend the man - the man, shorn of all his trappings. We must analyze his psyche and ascertain the motivations that impelled him to certain objectives - more so, when the leader is a revolutionary: Revolutions are normally led by "elites" and it is an essential attribute of elites that they are moved by more subtle personality factors. Revolutionaries, generally, hail from families that have not known economic hardship. Their deprivations are more likely to be psychological rather than economic. What they want frequently are intangible rewards - prestige, a share in political power and fame as part of a charismatic movement struggling for social justice - even the stimulation of excitement and danger. I shall quote a few anecdotes that will enable an insight in to MR. Bhutto's personal attributes - attributes, which in reality, are hallmark of the truly great.

HUMANISM

It was in the winter of 1973, that whilst on a tour of the NWFP, the then PM, proceeded to Mastuj as part of his Chitral tour. It was a cold and bleak day with snow all-round and a bone chilling breeze blowing in the valley. Despite the extreme inclemency of weather, the populace had turned out to greet their Quaid-e-Awam. However, what caught his attention immediately was the object poverty and misery of the people-people clothed in tatters and their feet bound in rags (replacement of shoes). He was visibly moved and tears tears could be seen in his eyes at their misery and evoked a historic comment, that, "Why should it be our destiny to live in such poverty and misery? It is not the writ of God." In the

succeeding summer he took the Aga Khan to visit the area and thus paved the way for the launching of the Aga Khan Foundation a venture designed towards the socio-economic betterment of the area. There are numerous and endless other instances when he was similarly moved while visiting the other tribal areas. These visits became the forerunners of the launching of a massive socio-economic development programme discussed earlier.

COURAGE

On many occasions I was witness of his courage. In August 1973, the governmental writ was extended to the upper Mohaivands and Nawagao area of Bajaur - an area, until the time accepted as an area of Afghan influence and not visited by any governmental functionary-since 1935. In November 1973 when proceeding on a tour of the said area, the intelligence Agencies informed the Provincial Governor (Mr. Aslam Khan Khattak) that LMGs had been located on hill-tops so as to shoot down the Prime Minister's helicopter. Mr. Bhutto not only decided to continue the tour but, intact, addressed an open public meeting - much to the anxiety of then Governor NWFP. The same story in a different setting (*i.e.* Niaz Ali's guns) to be repeated in North Waziristan, here, too, the visit was undertaken and a public meeting addressed by the Shaheed against the advice of the agencies.

The high water mark was, of course, the incident at Lakaro (Upper Mohamand) in 1976. Here he not only walked in procession with armed tribesmen (who out of sheer joy kept tiring their traditional vollies) but even pulled the firing lanyard of a country made cannon!

The acid test of his courage came in the abject privations of his incarceration. He met the privations and squalor with courage and fortitude and did not compromise on personal dignity as was reflected in his address to the Supreme Court and met his death with elan like a true revolutionary and became a legend.

CONCLUSION

The revolutionary party that he founded exists and subsists because it was not founded through artificial insemination or by means of an embryo transplant but was a response to the conditions obtaining within the society. It was the people who created it. It will exist and survive forever not because of its economic or material power or strength but because of its moral strength and of its ability to inspire the down-trodden masses. The revolution initiated by Shaheed may advance or regress or it may, at time, even be frustrated but each succeeding generation of revolutionaries (presently Mohtarma Benazir Bhutto) are honour

and duty bound to continue the struggle under all circumstance.

His party, PPP, continues to flourish, grow by the day (even youngsters who never saw the Chairman joining it by the drove) and people are willing to listen to it because it is the carrier of his messages-messages that are in accord with the images, desires and hope of a future that they visualise for themselves.

In life, Mr. Bhutto not only made but wrote history. In death, too, he attained glory and perpetuity by carving an everlasting niche in the polity of Pakistan. As long as there is polity in Pakistan - the two synonyms: Mr. Bhutto and Pakistan Peoples Party, of which he was the founding father, will remain the lode star for the poor and downtrodden masses, to whose political liberation he dedicated his entire life. The revolution, too being well founded and reflecting the aspiration of the people will continue unabated - provided, we the successors do not fail him. Let us, therefore, dedicate ourselves afresh to the greater glory of the revolution and affirm that we shall continue our endeavor, even at the peril of our life. This commitment would be the only befitting tribute to the great revolutionary and the founding father of the Party, whom this book is a humble tribute.

BHUTTO AS A REFORMER

SHEIKH MUHAMMAD RASHID

Pakistan Peoples Party was found in the convention held on 30th November and 1st December 1967, at the residence of Dr. Mubashar Hassan under the Chairmanship of Quaid-E-Awam Zulfikar Ali Bhutto (Shaheed). I had the privilege to participate in the convention.

In his historic inaugural address, while explaining the need of forming a new party, Quaid-E-Awwam Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto enumerated the sufferings of the people to which they were subjected under the prevalent socio-economic order and emphasised the need to get rid of the status quo which is the root-cause of all hardships. To achieve this objective, according to him, it was imperative to unite the then existing opposition parties. The new party will form a bridge between the existing conflicting interests and give a lead in reconciling the historical dichotomies of the Opposition, he observed. The Shaheed was of the opinion that the root-cause of the immobility lay in the fact that fundamental National Problems had not been referred to the people at any time. He spoke of intolerable spread of corruption which was sapping the moral fibre of the nation besides working great economic harm. Chairman Bhutto vigorously criticized the policy of the disinvestment under which industrial enterprises such as Industrial Development Corporations in the then two wings were handed over to the private persons. The Shaheed, describing the economic policy of the party, stated that the social justice could be attained only if the means of production were not allowed to become the means of exploitation of the masses. Towards this end, the Chairman forcefully pleaded that the ownership of all key industries should be nationalized and the public sector should include Banking, Insurance Companies, Transport, the Production of Electrical Energy. Fuel Resources and the exploitation of the Mineral Wealth of the country.

Reviewing the political situation, Chairman Bhutto Shaheed said *“Action for the restoration of fundamental rights is the immediate task”*. Turning to the question of traditions, Chairman Bhutto observed, *“We respect traditions but will appose the bad and the old. We respect only those traditions that are beneficial to the people of Pakistan, not those that are dragging the country backward. We will give our country a new outlook. We will give Pakistan a revolutionary form”*.

The Chairman strongly pleaded that solution of the problems of Kashmir lay in the referendum as committed by both countries in the United Nations. He depicted the situation of Kashmir in the following words:

“The future of the People of Jammu and Kashmir is part of the future of the people of Pakistan itself Pakistan without Kashmir is as incomplete as a body without a head”.

Paying homage to the indomitable people of Vietnam, Shaheed condemned the bombing of North Vietnam. The Chairman considered that Vietnam was fighting a war for the sake of all the peoples of Asia and that it was their duty to lend maximum support. The Chairman termed the instructions of the Government as ‘Shameful’, to the press not to describe the atrocities committed on the people of Vietnam, issued under the direction of the protest made by the American Ambassador.

Chairman Bhutto concluded his address by asserting that *“Only a socialist programme can guarantee equal opportunities for all and create a classless society such as has been conceived in the faith of Islam”.*

After through discussion on the points raised by Chairman Bhutto, through different documents and resolutions passed unanimously by the convention, policy and programme of the party was chalked out. Some silent features, thereof, are mentioned below:-

FOREIGN AFFAIRS:

The convention demanded to leave SEATO AND CENTO; to declare mutual defence agreement with USA as null and void and to close the base near Peshawar.

The convention condemned ISRAEL’s policy of aggression and colonization of Arab Territories brought under its control as a treacherous attack upon Arab Countries.

The convention declared that no solution to the question of Kashmir was possible except on the basis of self-determination as accepted by Pakistan and India as well as the United Nations. The convention, therefore, demanded that Government should make the settlement of the Kashmir dispute its primary aim in all relations with India and refuse to accept any compromise except on the principle of self-determination.

The convention paid homage to the unparalleled heroism of the people of

Vietnam, who had for more than two decades been fighting for their freedom against the mightiest Military Power in the world and demanded immediate unconditional cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam which was being carried out in gross violation of the laws of nation.

The convention declared that the foreign policy of Pakistan must maintain, without compromise the twin principles of self-determination and non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations. The convention emphasised the solidarity of the third world and demanded that it should be supported, as Pakistan belonged to the community of nation of Asia. Africa and Latin America who though politically free from the domination of imperialist powers, continues to be subjected to neo-colonialism by interference in their internal affairs. It was only by maintaining solidarity among themselves that can they protect their vital interests.

NATIONAL DEFENCE:

In view of the constant threat of aggression the convention called upon the Government to strengthen the defence of the country by increasing the strength of the Armed Forces; creation of national militia and training of the people in methods of war-fare.

CIVIL LIBERTIES:

The convention demanded immediate release of political prisoners and the detenués, withdrawal of Defence of Pakistan Rules repeal of Criminal Law Amendment Act 1963, repeal of Azad Jammu and Kashmir Act of 1964 and holding free election.

The convention demanded freedom of press and repeal of all undemocratic laws which curb the freedom thereof and dissolution of the Press Trust.

The convention demanded to pay adequate compensation to the bereaved families who had been victims of persecution on political grounds.

The convention demanded academic freedom, repeal of University Ordinance and all such laws which placed restriction on the free conduct of the students and the staff.

MINORITIES:

The convention declared that the rights of the minorities shall be safeguarded in accordance with the principle that all citizens are equal in all respects.

PUBLIC SERVANTS:

The convention strongly condemned the misuse, by the Government, of the services of the Government employees, for political purposes and declared that all public servants shall be constitutionally assured of security of tenure.

CORRUPTION:

The convention took serious note of the prevalence of the wide-spread corruption, bribe-taking nepotism and favoritism to a horrifying extent in the administration and deplored that the Government had failed to remedy.

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS:

It is stated in document 4 that *“To put it in one sentence, the aim of the party is the transformation of Pakistan into a socialist society”* Again it is mentioned in the same document that *“To the underdeveloped countries, socialism offers both the weapons for resisting exploitation and the means of elevating the condition of the masses to a higher level of civilized existence within the shortest possible time”*. It is further explained in the declaration of principles (document No-5) that *“The party took as guiding principle for the policy and activities the two mainly important factors namely:*

- A). *The egalitarian democracy, i.e. a classless society, and*
- B). *The application of socialist ideas to realize economic and social justice “.*

Turning to the socialist policy in regard to the means of production, it was clarified that “The economic exploitation of the masses is possible where the means of production are in the ownership of persons who are not themselves the producer. In the rural area, in relation to agriculture, the cultivator may suffer under a feudal system of land tenure and be exploited through the process by which his produce is brought to the market or the consumers”. It is, however, in the industrial sector of production which is principally urban that the problem of capitalist exploitation presents itself in typical form. Since industry is the motor of progress certain structure reforms need to be carried out as early as possible in order to ameliorate the general economic condition and lay open the ways of the prison of underdevelopment”.

It was specified that *“The general principles to be observed in applying the necessary socialist reforms, are, firstly, that these means of production that are the generators of Industrial advance or on which depend other industries must not be allowed to be vested in private hands, secondly, that all enterprises that constitute the infrastructure of the national economy must be in public ownership, thirdly, that institutions dealing with the medium of exchange (in other words money), that is banking and insurance must be nationalized”*.

It is clarified that it would be a mixed economy, wherein the private sector would play its own useful role but would not be able to create monopolistic preserve. It must flourish under conditions proper to private enterprise, namely those of competition, and not under the shelter of state protection such as in the case at that time.

In regard to the rights of industrial workers, the convention demanded that the Trade Union Act should be amended to conform to C.L.O. standard, and the right to form Labour Union and the right to strikes be explicitly recognized. It was also demanded the immediate stoppage of child labour.

In resolution No-7. It is declared that feudal exploitation must end and this can be efficaciously attained by application of socialist principles. Unless that is done, the condition of the toiling masses could not be ameliorated.

It is clearly declared in document No-5 that *“The Party stands for the elimination of feudalism and will take concrete steps in accordance with the established principles of socialism to protect and advance the interests of peasantry.”*

The convention called on the Government to order that in future all state lands should be reserved for and distributed among landless tenants and owners of less than subsistence holdings.

The convention further recommended that cultivators who held land less than the subsistence units should be exempted from land revenue.

The convention also called upon the Government to fix minimum wages which should not be under the subsistence level for farm laborers and to fix maximum working hours for such laborers.

The convention further recommended to the Government to adopt positive measures to encourage cooperative farming on voluntary basis.

Bhutto Shaheed was keen to frame a “New World Order” designed to liberate the

third world from the exploitive clutches of Imperialists in contrast to the “New World Order” of Bush directed to establish its domination over the world. Prime Minister Bhutto also presided the summit of Islamic Countries in February 1974 and exhorted the participants that they should solve their problems among themselves without any external interference. It was mainly for this reason that the imperialists maneuvered his removal from the office by imposition of Martial Law. The dispute of reprocessing plant also became the additional issue when he refused to succumb to the pressure of the U.S.A. to withdraw from the bargain of its purchase from France, in spite of the threats of the Imperialist power conveyed through Mr. Henry Kissinger in the following words:

“We shall make a horrible example of you” if the demand is not accepted. In his historic speech made in the parliament in April 1977, Prime Minister Bhutto termed them as *“hounds thirsty for his blood.”* Again in Raja Bazar Rawalpindi, while displaying a document he called them *“white elephant”*. From within the country, the Martial Law dictator had the support of feudal lords, whose large estates were being broken resulting in the liberation of the teeming millions of the toiling masses, from their yoke.

After taking over the rein of the government, Chairman Bhutto, the then President, hastened to implement the policy and programme formulated in the convention. In the first quarter of the assumption of his office, the key and basic industries, banks and insurance companies were nationalized; radical land reforms were enforced; educational institutions were nationalized; progressive labour laws were introduced; and a comprehensive health scheme was framed. In this field, a revolutionary law designed to reduce the price of the medicines namely Drug (Generic Names) Act 1972’ was passed whereby the manufacturers or the Traders were prohibited to manufacture or sell the medicines under any name except their Generic (original name). This revolutionary measure resulted in considerable decrease in the price of medicines. This Act of the Peoples Government was appreciated the world over. In a fortnightly journal named *“Drugs and Therapeutics Bulletin”*, edited under the supervision and advisory Council consisting of eleven eminent teachers of medical colleges of U.K., in its issue of 21st July 1972 contributed an article with the caption *“Using Generic Names Pakistan Leads the World”*, it was, interalia, observed that *“In theory, the solution is simple-to enact a law enforcing the exclusive use of Generic Names. No country with a free market in prescribed drugs had yet taken this simple step because of the complex political and commercial complications”*. There was a great pressure put on the government by multi-national companies but that did not influence the great leader. By enforcement of radical economic reforms reactionary fundamentalist and metaphysical outlook of the people was undergoing a revolutionary change.

As will be crystal clear from what has been explained above that Bhutto Shaheed

was a great reformer. He wanted to do away with status quo and introduce revolutionary reforms in the socio-economic order to make Pakistan a truly democratic, progressive and prosperous state. His foreign policy was directed to liberate the third world countries from the exploitation of the imperialist powers. He made strenuous efforts to create awareness and self-confidence among the third world countries as also to unite the Islamic Bloc to stand on their own feet and solve their problems independent of any external interference.

It is difficult to explain in detail each aspect of the reforms in one paper. I would, therefore, like to dilate on the agrarian problems with special reference to land reforms carried on under the dynamic leadership of Chairman/Prime Minister Bhutto Shaheed.

AGRARIAN REFORMS

There are two aspects of the Agrarian Reforms, *i.e.* increase in the acre productivity of the produce and the structural change. Agriculturist economists no longer dispute that salutary changes in Agrarian Structure occupy the first place in any earnest programme of increased agricultural production. I will therefore, first deal with this aspect.

No thinking man today anywhere on this globe will dispute the fact that of all reforms, the one relating to agrarian structure is the most difficult to introduce and is even more difficult to enforce. While the control of the capitalists is confined to the economy in the cities, the feudal lords held sway in both economic field and political arena in the country side. The land generates not only unearned income for them but is also a source of their political strength as well. They make and unmake governments. While in the industries or commercial enterprises the trade unions of workers can compel the industrialists and capitalists to consider to their demands through collective bargains or strikes, the scattered unorganized tenants, field workers and artisans unaware of their rights, just as serfs are the obedient subject of the landlords. The feudal lords are virtually rulers in their respective estates. It is historical truth that in spite of being a very small minority the feudal community ruled in different parts of the universe for centuries. Pakistan was achieved by unprecedented sacrifices of the broad masses of the Muslims of India, but since its inception this apparently insignificant minority of the feudal lords continues to be the masters of the destiny of the whole people, either in the elected governments or as allies of the JUNTA. They wormed their way even into Pakistan Peoples Party, which stood for socialist transformation of the society. They have been dominating the party and its government throughout. On 5th of July 1977, when Martial law was imposed, 14 out of 22 federal ministers, three out of four chief ministers of the provinces belonged to the feudal community while out of 4 governors were ex-rulers of states. Obviously feudalism has deep roots with wide spread tentacles.

Unless, therefore, there is a meaningful revolution, any in-roads into the feudal forts prove earth shaking and the vested interest entrenched in them digs in, at every step, fighting last-ditch battle recklessly and here and there even succeeding in upsetting the applicants of unwary reformers. The reactionary impact of almost primeval forces which the dying feudal landlordism generates, with its co-partners amongst the industrial tycoons and accomplices amongst the front line bureaucracy can be felt in all its fierceness by those engaged in the task of implementing Land Reforms. The reverberations of these forces are also heard at the upper echelons of the government machinery itself and the political patrons amongst the opposition, some quarters of a reformist government not excluded. The terrific, deep-rooted resistance met in the way of Land Reforms is matched only by the very basic benefits in more than one dimension which follow from a proper implementation, unlike most other reforms whose advantages remain confined to the particular fields in which they are carried out.

Is it any wonder then that Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto attended to Land Reforms without any delay. It was realized that the masses of Pakistan, like most other countries of Asia still live in rural areas and make a living from the land. The produce generated from land is also the largest single item of the Gross National Product and it,, contribution alone to National Income is still more than 30%. The rural population accounts for over 70% of the total. On the other hand, the bulk of the rural population is landless and small holders. They lack the very basic resources of land to work on. The few who cultivated lands of others are constantly haunted by the fear of being thrown out. This insecurity is the worst enemy of production. In such circumstances, it is an imperative of development of human resources in rural areas so that production is maximized, intensity of agriculture is enhanced and employment is generated.

Against this background, the people's Government within three months of taking over power moved in with Revolutionary land Reforms. For the first time in the history of Pakistan effective changes in agrarian structure were made by Law. Land, the precious resource concentrated in a few hands, was acquired by law from those who could not even use all of it. Land was then redistributed to the landless peasantry. This was in fact, its commitment of elimination of feudalism, as stated above, being translated into reality.

Similarly the tiller for the first time has been provided security of tenure. The peasant can now put his body and soul into his work without fear of whimsical ejection.

The essence of the Land Reforms is that they slashed down in one stroke the ceiling of an individual holding from 500 acres irrigated or 1000 acres un-irrigated (36,000 Produce Index Units) fixed by the so-called reforms of the Ayub Regime to 150 acres irrigated or 300 acres un-irrigated (12,000 PIUs) by

enforcement of Land Reforms Regulation No.115 of 1972. This ceiling was further reduced to 100 acres of irrigated or 200 acres of un-irrigated Land (8,000 produce index units) by another Act of 1977. Still further reduction of ceiling was to be effected during that tenure of the government. The lavish concessions permitted by Ayub Khan's Martial Law Regulation (repealed by the People's Government) to the landed aristocracy allowing retention of additional 150 acres of orchards, gifts of land up to 18,000 PIUs to heirs and transfer of land up to 6,000 PIUs to family dependants, which in most cases inflated individual holdings up to 80,000 PIUs, have been scrapped.

For this first time, notice of land acquired by bureaucracy was taken and all government servants who acquired land from 1959 up to 2 years of ceasing to be in service, have been required to surrender land in excess of 100 acres.

Shikargahs and Waqfs exempted by the repealed Regulation had been placed within the pale of Reforms. Stud Farms distributed by way of patronage by the previous Governments had also been resumed.

The lands under the new law had been taken over without compensation. It has been truly said by some discerning observers that Ayub Khan's reforms in many cases proved to be a device to buy surplus areas of the landed gentry on terms none too unfavorable.

Even more important, all the resumed land was being transferred to the tillers of the soil, free of cost, with full ownership rights without any encumbrance or liability.

Government was aware that before the advent of the Reforms, land owners were feverishly transferring land on an extensive scale and in a manner to defeat the land reforms. To counteract these nefarious deals the bonafide of all transactions which took place after the 1st March 1967, with the exception of transfers made in favour of heirs were made subject to scrutiny under the law. This exemption was flouted by the unscrupulous land lords. Antedate entries could conveniently be maneuvered to be made in the revenue record in collusion with the local revenue officers, specially so of the transfers made by way of gift, where deeds of transfer do not require compulsory registration, which is a safeguard against backdated entries. Such manipulations were done on a massive scale. Even oral gift is permissible under the law. In fact it was a serious (law, inherent in the law itself, which gave latitude to the land lords to escape from the operation of land reforms. This also provided handle to the land reforms tribunals in the provinces, mostly coming from the upper classes, the protagonists of status quo to approve the transactions without even probing into their factual existence. Federal inspection teams were appointed by the Federal Land Commission hereafter referred to as F.L.C. On their reports *suo moto* revisional proceedings were initiated by the F.L.C.

against 3,262 land lords and cases of 2,712 were decided. The area wrongly retained by the big land lords, waderas of Sindh, Sardars of Baluchistan, Chiefs of Laghari, Mazaris, Tawanas, Qureshis etc. From the Punjab and Khawanins of N.W.F.P, through concealment, collusion, forgeries etc, and resumed in decided cases by F.L.C. up to 30th April 1977 figures 5,67.835 acres. (Out of this more than Five Lacs acres were resumed by the chairman alone while the rest was taken over by six members collectively). It may be noted that these cases were verified as correct by the provincial land reforms tribunals. The toiling masses fully understand that the usurpers of their rights are none else but elders of their own nationalities, who even after expropriating the fruit of their labour for centuries, are not prepared to part with their loot. All the same they profess to be champions of their rights. It is with an intention to perpetuating their foot holds they want to avert class struggle as a result of the unity of the working classes of different regions of Pakistan, which may put an end to the external as well as internal exploitation. Anyhow it is for theme to asses the bonafide and the nature of their tears that they shed in their sympathy. It was due to lack of interest and underhand dealings that the network of land reforms hierarchy in all the four provinces of Pakistan could resume only 11.56.362 acres of land under land Reforms Regulation 1972, while, as stated above a single tribunal of F.L.C., on the scrutiny of the cases decided by the provincial tribunals, was able to discover area equal to half of this figure. In pat feeder canal area as also in the former states of N.W.F.P. the role of the Provincial Government of Baluchistan and N.W.F.P. was to deprive the rightful tillers of the soil and favour the sardars and ex-rulers respectively. Here too, the F.L.C. interfered, in exercise of its *suo moto* power to safeguard legitimate interests of the oppressed toiling masses for whose emancipation the land reforms were introduced. This is briefly dealt with in their proper places below. In fact the provincial governments, for the reasons given below under the heading "IMPLEMENTATION OF LAND REFORMS", were purposely trying to defeat the land reforms. It is with the efforts of the federal government that the reforms were made tangible. The aggregate of distributable areas was brought up to 33,40,321 acres out of this 14,77,573 acres were distributed to 1,37,005 tenants. In addition about Fifty Thousand families were permanently settled in former states of Dir, Swat and Chitral.

EJECTION OF TENANTS:

The most distinguished feature of the Land Reforms is that they have given the tenants dignity and security. The new law forbids the ejection of tenants except for the specified grounds. Namely, if the tenants defaults to pay the rent, or makes the land unfit for cultivation.

Further the procedure for ejection had been so framed as to safeguard interests of tenants to the maximum and also to eliminate vexatious delays. Under a directive of the Federal Government the following provisions had been specially

incorporated in the procedure for ejection.

- i) A suit for ejection shall be decided by the trial court in 60 days.
- ii) Appeal against the order of the trial court shall be filed within 15 days.
- iii) If a case is not decided by the trial court within 60 days it should automatically go to the Superior Court which should then act as original court and decide within 30 days.
- iv) The record of the case should be forwarded by the trial court of the Superior Court with an explanation by the lower court as to why the case could not be disposed of within the stipulated period. If this explanation is not satisfactory, the lower court should be censured.
- v) Permission to file a revision will be available to the tenants only and not the landlords
- vi) In the case of tenant ejected illegally the tenancy shall be restored within 30 days of the order passed by the court, if no appeal is filed and in case of appeal, within 30 days of the order of the appellate court.

NEW CONCESSIONS TO TENANTS:

In the new landlord-tenant relationship under the 1977 Land Reforms, the burden of taxation is placed entirely on the landlords. As from Kharif 1972:

- a) Land revenue and other taxes, cesses, surcharges and levies of land shall be payable by the owner;
- b) The liability for payment of water-rate and providing seed shall be that of the owner (or other person in possession thereof other than the tenants)
- c) The cost of fertilizers and pesticides required for the land comprised in a tenancy shall be shared equally between the owner and the tenant: and.
- d) No owner or person in possession of any land shall levy any cess on or take any free labour from any tenants.

FIRST RIGHT OF PRE-EMPTION:

For the first time the tenant was given the first right of pre-emption in respect of the land comprised in his tenancy. For the enforcement of this right, it has been provided in the Land Reforms Regulation that all such suits shall be exclusively entertained heard and decided by Revenue Courts instead of Civil Courts. The Court of original jurisdiction shall be that of Collector.

CROP-SHARE FIXATION LAW:

In the division of produce, the Reforms lay down that the tenant shall not be required to pay a penny more than the provincial tenancy laws provide, but if he holds land on more favorable terms, he shall continue to do so not with standing what the tenancy laws stipulate.

AGRICULTURAL CREDIT:

The land Reforms had generated a substantial demand for credit. Therefore, simultaneously with the Land Reforms the People's Government had taken measures in the field of agricultural credit to assure greater facilities to small farmers. Towards this end, the "Loans for Agricultural Purposes Act 1973" was passed by the Federal Government under which small owners are issued a "Pass-Book" which contains details of land held by the farmers, its value in produce index units and encumbrance if any.

The Pass Book is deemed to be a title deed by Banks for giving loans which are granted forthwith and spot investigation is normally waived. The cash loan is credited in one lump sum to the Savings Account opened by the loaners, or where in kind, by placing supplies order with a firm of the loanee's choice. Recovery of loans is made in easy installments. On the payment of loan in full, the Branch Manager records redemption in the Pass Book and the Revenue Officer is informed for similar action. It has been ensured that 70% of the loan will be advanced to small owners of less than subsistence holdings. It is a matter of great satisfaction that in the F.A.O. International Conferences of Asia and For East Region near East Region, held at Manila in August 1975 and Tunis in October, 1976, experts unanimously recommended the adoption of pass book system introduced in Pakistan as an extremely useful measure for the small farmers. The fixation of the share of small owners in the loan was also highly appreciated.

EXEMPTION TOLL, SMALL LAND-HOLDERS FROM LAND REVENUE ETC.

Shall farmers had, from as far back as 1937, repeatedly represented against the land revenue they were required to pay. Official committees even up-held the justification for the representations, but rejected them for administrative reasons. There was a vague proposal in 1969 to abolish land revenue on holdings up to five acres but was never pursued. The People's government exempted owners of up to 12 acres of irrigated and 25 acres of non irrigated land from payment of land revenue, local rate, development cesscs and all other cesses whatever, from Rabi 1975-76. Subsequently when land revenue system was to be replaced by agricultural income tax, holdings of 25 acres of irrigated and 50 acres of un-

irrigated land were to be exempted from the payment of income tax. This proposal was under way when Martial Law was imposed. This was not only an exemption from institutional burden but gave them freedom from traditional vicious clutches of revenue collectors and litigation.

LAND REFORMS IN BALUCHISTAN;

For the settlement of the long outstanding problem of the area of pat feeder canal Kachhi and Sibi, districts of Baluchistan, the Land Reforms (Baluchistan Pat Feeder Canal) Regulation 1972 (MLR 117) was promulgated by the Peoples Government. Some indication of the extent of this reforms may be had from the fact that 5,36,831 acres of land as declared state land and was being distributed to cultivating tenants at the rate of 16 acres to single and 32 acres to joint tenants when Martial Law was imposed. In the first instance the sardars and big landlords maneuvered to grab the entire land by securing BENAMI allotments in the names of fictitious tenants. The Chairman F.L.C. after an on the spot inquiry, cancelled the bogus allotments and directed fresh allotments to be made to genuine tenants. Sardari system in Balochistan was abolished and exaction of SHASHIK AND KHUMS were made unlawful.

NATIONAL CHARTER FOR THE PEASANTS:

On 18th December 1976 People's Government issued a National Charter for the peasants of Pakistan. The government took a bold step about the distribution of state land among landless tenants and poor peasants owning less than subsistence holdings. A National Charter for the peasants was issued whereby, in the addition to conferring proprietary rights of the land on the occupancy tenants and grantees of state land it was declared that all cultivable state land including Katcha Lands of Sindh will be distributed with full ownership rights among peasants who either own no land or own less than subsistence holdings, and in no case state land will be auctioned or given on lease in large tracts. According to an estimate 50.23.165 acre of cultivable state land was then readily available for the purpose in addition to katcha lands of Sindh. Here also the provincial governments whose duty it was to distribute the same dilly dallied for ulterior motive. The big land lords were required to give up possession of large tracts of state and Katcha Land illegally occupied by them. It will be proper to quote here the remarks of Bhutto Shaheed which shows his deep urge for the welfare of the peasantry. These in the following terms "*All power to the peasants, Allah bless them and their children*".

CO-OPERATIVE FARMING:

Co-operative farms are by nature specific socialist agricultural enterprises which develop and are improved on the bases of pooling of the means of production

and other resources. Pakistan is a land of small holders. According to the LAND REFORMS IN WEST PAKISTAN: published in 1960, in West Pakistan (now Pakistan) there were 32,66,137 (about 33 lacs) owners of less than 5 acres (about 2 hectares)) holdings. According to the Agriculture Census Report 1960, those owners of less than 25 acres (about 12 hectares) holdings constitute 92% of the farming community. Since then there has been further subdivisions by way of inheritance and transfers. The land reforms introduced in 1964 and 1972 have brought about still further fragmentation. It is relevant to point out that economic holding is fixed at 64 acres in Sindh Province and 50 acres in other provinces. This is the minimum unit where mechanized farming is considered economical. The number of such farmers with economic holdings or above is hardly 2% only. There are so many other disadvantages of individual holdings of small pieces of land which have been illustrated in the co-operative farming scheme framed by the people's government, designed to knit the small holdings into large FARMS co-operative farming is decisive answer to the objection of the big land-lords that fragmentation of land will lead to decrease in production. As laid down in the Scheme Co-operative farming societies will be independent, democratic institutions free from any interference by the government.

WATER LOGGING AND SALINITY:

In Pakistan we have the twin menace of Water-Logging and Salinity which is gobbling up some of our best lands at the rate of about one lac acres every year. The People's Government realized that various measures for accelerated supply of improved inputs will fail to achieve their objectives unless simultaneously the monster of water-logging and salinity was controlled effectively. Out of this realization was born the ambitious plan prepared for the eradication of these plagues spreading over 21 years at a cost of Rs. 30,650 millions. The work of reclaiming affected lands was yielding satisfactory results.

DIR, SWAT AND CHITRAL:

The story of land reforms in Pakistan will remain incomplete without mention of what has been achieved in the areas of former states of Dir, Swat and Chitral. A commission known as the Land Disputes Enquiry Commission had been set up by the Provincial Government of N.W.F.P. to enquire into the agrarian problems in these areas specially disputes between:-

- i) Tenants and ex-rulers of the former states or their heirs;
- ii) The small owners vacated by force by the ex-rulers of their heirs.
- iii) Landlords and tenants.

A large number of tenants were settled with ownership rights, on the lands withdrawn from the ex-ruler, princes and big landlords. The recommendations of

the commission and the decisions of the Provincial Government taken thereon were mostly in favour of ex-rulers. The F.L.C., in exercise of its *suo moto* power interfered to rectify the wrong done to the rightful claimants. Approximately Two Lac acres of land held by the cultivators of Dir had been withdrawn from the ex-ruler prince and other big land lords and full ownership right given to occupant tillers of the soil. About thirty thousand families of small owners ousted mercilessly by the ex-rulers of Swat in their hey-day, were rehabilitated on their holdings. In Chitral also a large number of tenants were settled with ownership rights or the lands withdrawn from the ex-ruler and the princes. The land being un-surveyed the ex-ruler of Swat managed to retain land much more than his entitlement under the Land Reforms Act. The F.L.C., seen survey teams who in spite of extreme cold weather did carry out survey and measurement of the mountainous region earmarked the land according to his entitlement and withdrew the surplus which was distributed among the deserving tenant. This uphill task was also accomplished by the federal government although it was the duty of the provincial government to supervise the implementation.

The work of the land reforms was being carried out with full speed when by a COUP D'ETAT the democratic popular government headed by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto (Shaheed) was overthrown.

IMPACT OF LAND REFORMS:

The Land Reforms are designed to break up concentration of landed wealth narrow down inequalities of opportunities and at the same time encourage more intensive land use. Production is bound to increase as the new landowners eagerly cultivate the land given to them which they had always dreamed of. The Land Reform has also the far-reaching socio-political benefits that have already made themselves felt in the agrarian community of our country. In Pakistan land is a symbol of prestige. Conferment of proprietary rights has given the tenants a sense of dignity they had never known before in the history of the sub-continent. A whole new generation of satisfied and hard working farmers was coming into being. Even those tenants who could not become owners have a feeling of liberation due to the security of tenure which makes them virtually owners of the areas in their tenancies. Observers of the rural scene know that they also now emulate the example of their more fortunate brethren who became owners under the reforms. For the first time, the fruit of political economic and social emancipation was theirs to taste. Consequently there is greater political class consciousness today than ever before. The revolutionary Land Reforms in their concept were thus bringing about the emergence of the new Pakistan of our dreams and the dawn of a new era free from the feudal exploitation was truly being ushered in when imposition of Martial Law intercepted this process.

IMPLEMENTATION OF LAND REFORMS:

The way Land Reforms were introduced and efforts made to get them through show the genuine concern of the people's Government for breaking large estates and freeing the rural productive forces from the yoke of the primitive cruel system of feudal exploitation. But the most unfortunate aspect of the problem is that the reforms were not implemented on the ground in right earnest. As such their full benefits could not reach the tillers of the soil. Had it been enforced zealously there would have been strong upsurge in the masses of the rural population to deal a final blow to feudalism. The reason is obvious. The Provincial Governments who were exclusively responsible for their implementation on the ground had been dominated by the feudal lords. The Chief Ministers and Governors had been either big landlords or Nawabs throughout the tenure of the people government. It is just as entrusting the duty of prevention of theft to a band of thieves. Quite a few number of ministers and legislators' were found acting in gross violation of Land Reforms Act. Their surplus land, concealed by under hands means was taken over by F.L.C., in exercise of *suo moto* powers, but they never surrendered the same. The Contravention of the Land Reforms Regulation entails punishment of rigorous imprisonment up to seven years and forfeiture of the offender. The implementation was, therefore, not difficult if there was a will to do so. But as described above, those at the helm of affairs themselves were offenders, how then other offenders could be taken to task.

MEASURES TO INCREASE PER-ACRE PRODUCTIVITY:

Pakistan is a land of twelve crores. A vast majority of its people live in rural areas whose only occupation is agriculture and its ancillary operations. In many places our soil is of good quality. Irrigation is also possible in large areas. Still self-sufficiency even in good grains had been eluding our grasp through-out the history of the post independence period. Until 1971, substantial imports of food grains every year were the rule. Even with large quantities of imports Pakistan had never been able to achieve more than hand to mouth living in food. In fact every year there had been good cause to worry whether the country would tide over the hump of lean months and in many a year we barely managed to scrape through.

At the bureaucratic and departmental levels there had no doubt been some thinking and activity off and on even committees were in the past striving to resolve the problem in its various facets of production, marketing and distribution. But throughout its 25 years of history right until the end of 1971, there was no concrete thought much less action devoted to the difficult but none too irresolvable problem of self-sufficiency. Hard-earned valuable and even scarce foreign exchange resources continued to be pushed down the drain from

year to year to buy wheat and other food items at rates which the country's economy could ill afford and heavy subsidies on marketing on Government account of imported food grains continued to impoverish the public exchequer. With a lot of resources available particularly the abundant human resources it was nothing but a pity that some of the very simple remedies for enhanced production, exploitation, free marketing, proper incentives for growers etc; were not adopted or were adopted in name only but not put into practice. Not only did we suffer economically by having to dish out the much needed foreign exchange on items for which we had the capacity to produce at home but our dependence on foreign imports for the crucial food commodities adversely affected our political standing in international as well as domestic policies. May be our bureaucratic rulers of the past enjoyed the grip of foreign producers on the nations throat so long as their power at home was duly boosted and their personal pockets did not suffer.

It as against this background and in this political perspective that the People's Government got into the saddle. The problem of agricultural production had been taken care of in its manifesto which as far back as 1967, made commitment to provide. ROTI, KAPRA, MAKAN.

This was well-based on the strong realization that our economy was almost entirely agricultural, that agriculture was the profession of over 70 p.c. of our people directly in one way or another and that in spite of whatever development we had in the industry agriculture remains the largest single factor contributing over 30 p.c. to the GNP.

In any case, its slogan: "Roti, Kapra our Makan" took into account the dire need to produce first and foremost: enough to eat for every one. The concept underlying this part of the programme of the PPP was admirably translated into words by Quaid-i-Awam Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in one of his early directives which stated that:

"Self-sufficiency in agriculture is the key to our success. If we succeed in agriculture, we cannot fail anywhere. This is inherently self-evident. Success in agriculture means elimination of water logging and salinity. Judicious and economic use of water maximum production adequate use of fertilizer and pesticides and production of quality seeds and well-organised system of rural credit, elimination of the exploitation by the middle man, a coordinated and harmonious arrangements of communication, good prices for the agriculture products, a suitable cropping pattern, a vigorous vigilance from the beginning of the end from sowing to harvesting and from harvesting to distribution."

Alter the enunciation of this philosophy and reiteration of the tremendous determination behind it, the precise nature of bottlenecks and outstanding basic

problems in agriculture still remained to be identified. Let it not be forgotten that the problem of increasing agricultural production, simple though it may seem to the unwary eye is complex and composite like the white sunlight which is formed by a spectrum of several constituent lights and cannot be formed without an adequate admixture of all the seven different lights which go into the making of it.

The imperatives which are the sine-quo-non of agricultural development are many both big and small. Some are really hard nuts to crack. Naturally the greater the bearing which a factor has on increase in production the more difficult are its pre-conditions to achieve. Only a Government fired by endless enthusiasm to work for the amelioration of the masses of our people, a Government led by a top leader who besides being sensitive to the need for quick advancement is also perceptive enough to isolate each important factor and to supply energy proportionately to its importance and then to pursue implementation with a resolute determination could tackle this most basic of all problems of our national economy.

In this article, I propose to highlight the more salient of the problems and hope to show with facts and figures how the Peoples Government under the dynamic leadership of Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto Shaheed had been able to not only proceed in the right directions but to achieve substantial success in a remarkably short period.

AGRICULTURE INQUIRY BODY:

It had been an earnest desire of the People's Government to achieve self sufficiency in food in the shortest possible time. Although soon after assuming power a variety of socio-economic reforms were introduced yet it was felt that the problems of agricultural development demanded an exclusive and thorough examination so as to identify the factors which impeded growth and to ensure that the growth rate of this important sector of economy exceeds by far the rate of population growth. Also that agricultural development was done under a plan which was well conceived and well integrated. A high powered agriculture inquiry committee under the Chairmanship of the Federal Minister for Food and Agriculture was therefore constituted in March 1975 to go over all aspects of agriculture. It may be mentioned here that I was entrusted with the portfolio of Food and Agriculture by the end of 1974. This committee with the assistance of Pakistani experts in various agricultural sciences and under the guidance of the Prime Minister prepared a comprehensive report outlining measures necessary to accelerate production. The master plan contained in its recommendations had been under implementation for over one year. After discussing some of the more important factors in agricultural development envisaged in this Programme, I propose to show from concrete data the phenomenal rise in production in the

very first year of its implementation *i.e.* from 1974 to 1975-76.

SELF SUFFICIENCY

I was asked what was the most noteworthy contribution the Agriculture inquiry committee to the solutions of the problem of agricultural production in Pakistan. I would say the discovery that the use of quality seed in all crops holds the key to self-sufficiency. This solution sounds simple but because of the neglect it has suffered for about three decades. It cannot be reiterated or too often or emphasized too much with the same soil, the same water supply and all other inputs, the sole factor of quality seed can as much as double the yield. Egged on by this realization here the Government of Pakistan was doing to procure adequate supplies of quality seeds in all major crops. A seed industry project at a total cost of Rs.560 million had been prepared with international assistance. The industry was to be run on scientific lines and for that purpose seed laws for regulating and controlling the quality of seed had been enacted. Under their provision a national Seed Council and Seed Certification Agency had been set up at federal level. Seed Councils and Seed Corporation had also been set up in the largest seed producing Province of Punjab and Sindh. The Seed Corporation would produce quality seeds of wheat, rice, maize and cotton. Similarly, in N.W.F.P and Baluchistan vegetable and potato projects would be started. The seed industry was scheduled to go into full swing by 1977-78 and produce about 29 million maunds of certified seeds of all principal crops.

Meanwhile for an immediate start 17,000 tons of quality seed of wheat was imported in 1975-76 at a cost of Rs.8.7 crore. It is necessary to mention that this imported seed which cost the government Rs.190 per maund was sold to farmers at the highly subsidized rate of Rs.70 a maund. The Government in the process dished out Rs.55 crore. From a mere 3.9 lakh maunds of seed in 1970-71 the Government had brought distribution of quality seed to a level of about 35 lakh maunds in 1976-77.

FERTILISERS AND PESTICIDES:

In fertilizers the consumption had gone up from 3,80,000 N/Tons in 1970-71 to 6,50,000 N/Tons by 1975-76 and as per programme this was to go further up to 7,00,000 N/Tons by 1976-77. The fertilizer prices had been suitably rationalized. To ensure full availability the total production in the country had been programmed to increase from existing level of 3,16,000 N/Tons to 9,40,000 N/Tons by 1980 by establishing new factories and expansion of existing ones.

Plant protection through pesticides is a matter of equal importance. The people's Government has not only strengthened the plant protection measures but

organised the services in this regard. The use of hand and power sprayers from ground were being provided by the provinces. The chemicals were provided at 50 p.c. subsidized rates. Aerial operations were provided free of cost by the Federal Government. The total coverage which was about 3 million spray acres in 1969-70 had increased to 8.26 million spray acres in 1975-76 an increase of more than 200% Availability of pesticides had been ensured by increasing import substantially. The programme envisaged 100% coverage to every single acre of cotton, sugarcane and rice crop and to orchard within the shortest possible time.

MECHANISED FARMING:

The place which mechanization occupied in augmenting agriculture production is too well known to be recounted here. The number of tractors imported had gone up to 4200 in 1970-71 to 15000 in 1976-77. Similarly the number of tube wells had increased from only 97000 in 1970-71, to 1,45000 in 1975-76. Tube well installation in BARANI, SALAB and non-personal areas got subsidy from the Government at the rate of Rs. 12,000, Rs.10,000 and Rs.8,000 respectively.

PRICE SUPPORT:

For maximizing production it goes without saying that we have to produce and supply inputs such as fertilizer and pesticides in sufficient quantities at reasonable rates. But it is good to remember that adequate supplies at reasonable rates are not the whole story. Much more important part of the story is under the surface. That is the significant part which takes care of two vital factors. One is the incentive for more production. Obviously no grower would produce a crop unless he can forward to selling it at lucrative rates. The second is necessary education of the farmers in use and methods of application of the inputs. The People's Government has taken care of all the aspects of maximizing, production in depth. This is how they had preceded with the multi-sided attack it needs.

It is necessary to recall that in the previous regimes no consideration whatsoever was given to ensuring fair return to the farmers. The guiding factor of the policy of the People's Government was to strike a balance between the needs of the grower and the interests of the urban consumers. In the light of this principle, a sound price support scheme had been introduced; price of wheat which was Rs. 17 per maund in 1971/72 had been increased to Rs. 37 per maund in 1975-76. The price of Basmati rice which was Rs.38 per maund in 1971-72 had been increased to Rs. 90 per maund in 1975-76. The sugarcane prices ranged between Rs. 2.25 and Rs. 2.65 per maund in 1971-72. They ranged between Rs. 5.50 and Rs.5.90 per maund. It may be mentioned here that while by the fixation of the support price fair return to the farmers was secured the Government had not lost sight of the interests of the consumers. Wheat which cost the Government about Rs. 45 per maund Rs. 37 procurement price plus Rs.8 incidental charges was being

distributed at Rs.32 per maund to the consumers.

As for prices of other smaller commodities like maize, onions and potatoes these were never fixed by the previous Governments. The Government had saved the producers of these commodities from uncertainties of price fluctuation by fixing their prices also. With increase in production due to this incentive, it became possible to gradually lift the ban on export of some of these commodities after ensuring their availability to the consumers at home at reasonable rates.

LIVE STOCK SECTOR:

A brief mention of the position as regards live-stock will not be out of place here, This is yet another area which was the victim of neglect until the peoples Government took power. Right up to 1960 the contribution of livestock to the GNP in agriculture was about 38 p.c. However, the livestock sector was starved by shortsighted policies of the previous regimes so much so that instead of the normal increase, the contribution to this important sector fell to 28 p.c. by 1972. It was therefore left to the People's Government to restore livestock to its proper place. Several important measures were taken to achieve this and to ensure fullest possible development.

A number of projects were formulated with the co-operation of OPEC Countries and IBRD. These were to be capital intensive projects which were at various processing stages. Particularly noteworthy is the 20 million dollar lives stock project set up near Sheikhpura. It was in the final stages of completion. Under this project 50000 small and medium farmers producing milk and meal were going to be benefited. Seventy Thousand buffalos and Thirty Thousand cows of indigenous breeds belonging to them were being improved. For this purpose 65.000 dozes of frozen semen was imported to begin with. The project was designed to produce annually 15.000 tons of milk and 5,500 tons of meat.

The policy pursued by the Government ever since it came into power in December. 1971 brought the export level of livestock industry to Rs.35 crore in 1975 (during the July-October period). A large further increase registered in the next Year i.e. 1976, only the first four months of which had yielded exports of livestock products worth Rs.57 crore. These include wool, leather, carpets and fish and form 27 p.c. of total agricultural exports of the country. The following table shown at a glance the large increase from 1972 to 1976 in livestock production in the country as a result of the progressive polices pursued:

Species	1972	1976
Buffaloes.	9.7 Million.	10.3 Million.
Sheep.	12.8 Million.	16.2 Million.

Goats.	14.8 Million.	18.8 Million.
Poultry.	23.0 Million.	30.0 Million.

Only in draught cattle there was a decline from 14.4 million in 1972 to 13.7 million in 1976. The evident of reason for the decrease was mechanization due to which the demand of cattle had gone down.

A PECULIAR PROCESS:

Agriculture production is a peculiar process it is so completely different from industrial production which can be multiplied and accelerated with human effort almost "ad-infinity". On the other hand the processes of land and animal husbandry are bound by immutable principles of nature. Whether it is crops or animals there is a cycle of maturity fixed by nature which is virtually unchangeable. Both these fields are also subject to visitation by disease, pests and parasites to which the industrial process is not susceptible. Elemental forces of nature, like weather, climate and natural resources, like land and water determine the quantity and quality of agricultural production in a manner in which industrial production is not even touched. In Agriculture, the lee-way for man is not unlimited and is in fact very limited. The effort for increase in the agriculture sector has therefore, to be truly great and hard as it has to rub shoulders with immutable laws of God. All the same human ingenuity, if it is only out to the task in right earnest, can work wonders. The various measures which the people's Government had taken, some of which I have tried to delineate above, have resulted in dividends which I describe below in the form of two resulted in dividends which I describe below in the form of two tables. Table No-I is intended to compare and contrast the output in five major agricultural commodities as reflected in the average production per annum of the quinquennium: 1 1965-70 and the production after four years of the people's Government in the year 1975-76.

FIGURES SPEAK TABLE-I.

Crop.	Average Production	Actual Production	Increase Percentage
	1965-70	During 1975-76	Over 1965-70
In Thousand Tons)			
Wheat	5,626	8,500	51%
Rice	1,695	2,578	51%
Maize	632	790	25%
Sugarcane	21,906	25,163	15%

Cotton	2,765 (Thousand bales)	2,890 (Thousand bales)	4.49%
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The increase in the last column by any standards phenomenal, except in the case of cotton in which excessive rains and floods destroyed the crop not once but twice both at the crucial stages of sowing and flowering. The ruination of the crop which these calamities brought was beyond human control.

I would also like to give here a brief comparison for the same five commodities in the production for 1974-75 and 1975-76. The brief sums will bring out clearly that patient and persistent efforts in only one year, if made earnestly on the right lines, can work wonders. What I am alluding to is the act that after the blueprint evolved by the Agricultural Inquiry Committee was approved in the second half of June, 1975, the Ministry of Food and Agriculture mobilized every ounce of its own capability and energy and of all Provinces in close cooperation with them and was able to achieve the following results:

Crop. (In million tons)	Table II	
	Production 1974-75	Production 1975-76
Wheat.	7.4	8.5
Rice	2.277	2.576
Maize	0.735	790
Sugarcane	20.9	25.163
Cotton	3.567 (million bales)	2.890 (million bales)

As the last column shows, in wheat, we reached the self-sufficiency mark. The only crop in which decline took place was cotton for reasons already mentioned in the foregoing para. Nowhere in the developing world had one year shown so much progress in agriculture. It must also be added that due to an unfortunate mishap water from the giant Tarbela Dam could not commence flow during the year. Otherwise, the production in these crops would have shown a higher reason. According to the reports received from the provinces in 1976-77 the production of wheat touched the sufficiency mark of one hundred million tons but unfortunately the imposition of Martial Law hindered tabulating its figures in the centre.

TILLER OF THE SOIL

It would be unfair not to mention in this connection, the participation and hard work put in by cultivators inspired by the land reforms and fired by the zeal generated by numerous progressive measures for the welfare of the rural masses,

some of which had been mentioned in this article. No increase in production beyond a marginal extent can be achieved or even hoped for, without due involvement of the actual tiller of the soil. It is he who is the unit of production. It is his ideas and hopes which determine the maximum that is possible.

I do not for a moment claim that all that could be done had been done but for that which had been accomplished the people and the Government can certainly be proud of. A beginning had been made, a beginning which was of dimensions that was no easy task to squeeze into the short span of time at the disposal of the people's Government. But for the depth and genuineness of the feelings of the people's Government towards the uplift of the masses of Pakistan under the able leadership of Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto Shaheed this achievement would have remained a hope and a dream. We were embarking on a new era. The new Pakistan which all of us dream of was close. Self-sufficiency in agriculture, which was the foremost part of the new era, was not only in sight but well within our grasp.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH SHAHEED ZULFIKAR ALI BHUTTO

Sheikh Rafiq Ahmed

It was Faletti's Hotel Lahore, Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto a few days ago had resigned from Ayub's Cabinet, when we met. People's Party had not been formed. Neither was the Shaheed being referred to with the popular title of "Fakhar-Asia". "Quaid-e-Awam", "The Leader of the Third World", which the nation accorded to him later. It was, as matter of fact our second meeting I had met him very briefly few years earlier. Shaheed then had just returned home after completing his education and I had accompanied the late Mian Iftikhaniddin to his house in Karachi. But in our second meeting in Lahore, I was surprised to see that he recognized me as soon as I entered his hotel room. Later I experienced that it was routine for him to immediately recognize people he had met earlier, even if he had met them only once and in crowds of lakhs and lakhs of people.

I told him that I had always remained opposed to Ayub Khan and he had been the only Minister of the Ayub Cabinet for whom I and my friends had some regard. I told him that even as Ayub's Minister he had remained popular among the youth, and had succeeded brilliantly in serving the country the Muslim World and the people in every ministerial department that he had served. "May be you are right", he said.

When I inquired about his reasons for parting ways with Ayub Khan, he replied. "The immediate reasons were the differences in Foreign Policy, which is now known to every one. However, from the day I became a Minister. I was conscious of the fact that I have not been able to serve the people the way I wanted to". He was quiet for a few moments and then continued, "Ever since I was a child. I have been pained to see the problems and the frustrations of the ordinary people. When they made me a Minister, I thought that I may be able to resolve these problems to some extent. That however, could not be possible since at every level authority and power is concentrated in the hands of the very few". The masses are helpless and subservient and then he recited the verse:

گو ابر و باد و رنگ کا جہاں حسین ہے
مگر یہ قطع زمین غموں سے چور چور ہے

I was astonished to hear an Urdu verse from him right in the middle of a discussion in English. I had imagined him to be very distant from our tradition of Urdu poetry, and completely immersed in the western traditions of art and literature. I thought that his recitation of this verse which I vividly remember

even after so many years was merely accidental. But more was in stock for me. In his last battle the Shaheed stood in the Supreme Court and with complete command and confidence quoted Ghalib.

رنج سے خوگر ہوا انساں، تو مٹ جاتا ہے رنج
مشکل اتنی پڑیں مجھ پر، کہ آساں ہو گئیں

“Shall we one day loose you in the Jungle like Buddha seeking his Nirvana” I joked.

The Shaheed was firm, loud and serious. He replied, “No, I shall risk my own life to see that every man women, the children, the youth, the elderly, share equally with me this world of clouds and winds and colours”.

How true did he prove himself.

A HOUSEHOLD NAME IN EVERY POOR HOME

MR. GHIAS-UD-DIN JANBAZ

Chairman Zulfikar Ali Bhutto Shaheed belonged to that select group of international leaders, who would almost mesmerize by his wisdom, style, manners, speech all those who got an opportunity to meet him. He had a very attractive personality. He was a handsome man with captivating eyes. He conducted himself with lot of dignity. People saw expressions of this beauty and dignity in his innocence, in his smiles and in his tears. He gave all the respect to his visitors and made them feel his equals. He would meet the smallest political workers, with all the respect and affection and would try to share and solve their problems. It was his love for the workers, his commitment to their welfare that the party remains popular even now and poor masses of the country cherish the party as their very own.

When he called the First convention of the party in Lahore on 30th November 1967, about six hundred political workers attended the convention. These were the people, whom he had enamored by his dignified loving conduct. He was named Quaid-e-Awam by the people as a result of his love, his sincerity, his feelings for the people. That is the reasons why millions of the poor in Pakistan mourned his Shahadat like the death of a close brother or a parent.

I remember that when the Party was founded many newspapers and magazines under official patronage had criticized that Mr. Bhutto had collected immature and inexperienced persons around him. But Bhutto trained his colleagues. In discussion with his colleagues he would impart political knowledge. He would enlighten their minds. He did not stop there. He would encourage their advancement. Like a kind father he would ignore their mistakes, and would not let anybody feel that he is upset with the person. He remembered thousands of his workers by their names. If he met you once your face and your name would stay preserved in his computer like brain.

In June '70, Chairman Bhutto Shaheed went over to meet Mr. Mujibur-Rehman in Faisalabad jail, the right hand man of Maulana Bhashani and later deputy Prime Minister of Bangladesh. The meeting was supposed to be a secret meeting. However, a fourteen year old boy standing outside the jail spotted him getting down from his car. He approached the Shaheed, and after the salam and handshake told the Shaheed that he was a student of class ninth and when Ayub had arrested the Shaheed this boy had taken out a protest procession of the students of his school. In 1976 this young boy rose to become the General

Secretary of PPP Tuba Tek Singh. When the Shaheed visited Tuba Tek Singh on 26th February 1977, during the election campaign this boy was standing in the receiving line at the Helipad. The Shaheed stopped as soon as he looked at his face. He said. "Son, now you are a young man. Aren't you the same Tariq Saeed whom I had met outside the Faisalabad jail. "Then he asked Tariq Saeed to see him after the elections. He told his military secretary to note down Tariq Saeed's name, and invite him to Islamabad. "I want to invite him and thank him, because he had taken out a procession for my release from jail.

There are valid reasons for the love people still have for him. Bhutto Shaheed was one who would remember their faces and names just the way he would remember the faces and names of his own sons Mir Murtaza and Shah Nawaz Shaheed. That is why he is remembered by the oppressed. That is why his name remains a household word in every poor home of Pakistan.

I first met him on 2nd April 1970. Two days earlier an attempt on his life had been made at Sanghar. It was understood that Jam Sadiq was behind this attack. People were coming to meet him. Earlier on the 23rd March 1970. I along with other friends had organized the famous Kissan Conference of Maulana Bhashani in Tuba Tek Singh. I proposed to the Shaheed that as the Most popular left wing leader of West Pakistan he should work for a united platform of left wing parties and for removing and resolving their mutual differences.

He listened to me with a lot of attention. He told me that he was himself very perturbed over the internal differences of the left wing. He desired that the left wing should unite on a minimum program. But he had little hope that this could be achieved. He regretted that most of the times the viewpoints of the left wing parties and their leaders were so static and copybook style that they were unable to analyze the objective conditions. Neither could they agree upon a correct strategy and tactics at a given time. He quoted an incident when a left wing leader of East Pakistan was upset with him just because instead of going straight to his house from the airport. Mr. Bhutto had stopped to visit another leader who had just been released from jail. It was an ordinary matter, but it did reflect the narrow thinking of some of the senior left wing leaders.

Explaining his point further and thus educating me at the same time, Mr. Bhutto told me that in the early days of Ayub Khan government, Ayub in a cabinet meeting had said point blank that he was an enemy of communism and socialism, and he had only one friend, the USA. That he would gladly give any number of military bases asked by USA. He wanted his embassy only in Washington. The embassies in Moscow, Beijing, Warsaw etc: were a total waste. He instructed his cabinet members not to develop any relations with diplomats of the socialist countries and not to encourage them. He even went to the extent of criticizing Mr. Manzoor Qadir for inviting Mr. Faiz Ahmad Faiz to his house for dinner.

After narrating all this, the Shaheed said that nobody was taller than history. Greatest dictators had to bow before the verdict of time. And so within a matter of few years the same Ayub Khan who was an enemy of socialism started talking of friendship with China and USSR. These hard facts were not understood by most of our left wing leaders. They did not subscribe to the idea of taking one step back in order to take two steps forward. They judged the facts in the background of copybook formulas, although they should examine these formulas in the light of the hard facts. Politics was the art of making the best use of the available opportunity.

After we came to power conspiracies to move the Chairman Shaheed away from ideological and sincere workers started. In every reorganization campaign more and more sycophants of the ministers and assembly members were brought forward. When Afzal Watoo became President of the Punjab PPP, the bulk of sincere and ideological workers were removed from party offices. So many ideological workers went out of the party mainstream due to the adventurism of people like Mr. Mukhtar Rana. Thus the organization grew weaker and weaker. The sycophants would conspire against those who were loyal to the Chairman and poison his ears against them. In every district, assembly members started giving all the offices to their own friends and loyalists.

Whenever the Shaheed would defend the ideological party loyalists who had participated in his struggle preplanned groups of assembly members would start pressurizing him. Afzal Saeed Khan his secretary and Hayat Tamman his advisor on political affairs would also help the assembly members against the ideological workers. And so gradually the workers belonging to Bhutto group were removed from all party posts.

During his visits of the districts in 1974 he started realizing what had been going on. He decided to reorganize the Punjab Party. He called a meeting in government House Lahore and there he started nominating office bearers in presence of Ministers and Assembly members. My name was considered for president ship of Faisal Abad and Mr. Bhutto was about to approve it when Afzal Saeed Khan whispered something in his ears. Soon after many ministers and assembly members started accusing me of being a die-hard communist and an extremist. One of my supporters defended me. But by that time the pressure had grown so much that he dropped in name for the office of the President. A little later when names for the office of general secretary were being considered. Mr. Bhutto appointed me general secretary Faisalabad in spite of all the opposition.

I was informed about my appointment on telephone from the Prime Minister house. Mr. Bhutto left thereafter on a trip to Soviet Union. The next day the list of office bearers was published in the newspapers. My name was missing.

I had never cared about getting party offices. But the news of my appointment had reached the people and they had been coming to me and congratulating me. The omission was a personal offense. I wrote to the Shaheed that I had never asked him for any office or any other favour and had been seeing the party in even way. I was shocked to know that my name had been included in the list of the unwanted person. If he disliked me there was no reason for me to like him. But before I left the party, I wanted to have a last meeting with him.

The persons around him saw to it that letters from people like me never reached him and so I made twenty copies of my letter and posted them to other leaders as well. That is how the Shaheed received my letter through some other decent person. Instead of being offended he ordered his military secretary that I should be invited for a meeting.

The military secretary informed me that a meeting with me had been approved but at the same time, he kept postponing the date of the meeting. At last after several letters from me complaining about the situation one again reached Mr. Bhutto and I was called to the Prime Minister House on 13th May 1975.

It was afternoon. He was seated in the verandah. He was dressed in a black shirt and white trousers. He met me with love and affection and asked me the purpose of my visit.

I replied. "Just to ask you how my name got included in your list of disliked persons. I am a small man and do not qualify to be in that list".

He said with a lot of patience. "Yar, every minister, assembly member, advisor whom I meet speaks against you. So my opinion is also affected".

I said that they should speak against me because. "I can not tolerate what they say about you almost every night when they get drunk". (I repeated some of those things). The problem was that the party workers could not come to him to tell him about what they had been saying and doing. While they had every opportunity to say to the Shaheed whatever they liked about us.

He kept on staring towards the trees in the courtyard. When he turned towards me there were tears in his eyes.

He wiped the tears with his handkerchief and said to "I know these people are with my government and not with me. We have a parliamentary system. They take advantage of it by making groups and virtually blackmailing me. For my sake, face the situation for another year or two. Even if in my government you are sent to jail, bear it with me. I will set all these people right within a couple of

years. I know that my loyalists middle poor are not allowed in my Khuli Kutcheries even I recognize my friends but in the kutcheries I do not see them. Those who have struggled with me, those because of whom I have reached this office, I see their pale faces only in large public meetings. I am dying to see those faces again, to listen to them, to talk to them, to do something for them. What can I do, I have been left all alone. Those whom I had liked left me in their adventurism. I too am a revolutionary but we can't bring about a revolution by our wishes alone. I have experimented with bringing about a revolution through the ballot paper. This is a new experiment in Asian society. Many changes are overdue in the Asian society. Many paths have to be traversed before we hit the revolutionary path. May be I fail in nay attempts. May be I am kilted in this path because I do not have the team with me which is required for this kind of task. If had just two hundred people, I could do what others cannot think about. I have so many people who talk about revolution all the time but none who is a revolutionary in practice. You are like my son. Go ahead and do politics for me. The way ahead is difficult. You are a journalist. Bring out a good ideological magazine. I will help you in every way".

I had been allotted fifteen minutes. Twenty eight had passed. Twice the ADC came in and signaled that the time was up. When I got up Quaid Shaheed most affectionately asked me. "Any application". "No Sir". I replied. He insisted. "You have come to meet me. May be there is something I can do for you". I thanked him." The love and understanding that I lime received is much more than anything I could have asked for".

Two months latter the sitting MNA from my area Choudhry Mohammad Aslam died and the seat fell vacant. Shaheed sent me a message through Dr. Mubashir Hasan to apply for the ticket. However, I had pledged my support to Raja Mubariz Khan and so I asked Dr. Mubashir to convey my thanks to the Chairman, and tell him that if the party ticket was given to Raja Mubariz Khan it will be a favour to me. The bigwigs of the area ridiculed me. How was it possible that Raja Mubariz belonging to a lower middle class family could be given an MNA ticket. The Chairman gave the ticket to Raja and my position was vindicated.

I went over to Larkana to meet him, when the dictator Zia released him from Muree. Thousands were there to greet him. I also joined the crowd. He emerged from the house at 11. A. M. The crowd erupted in slogans. He addressed them, and then went inside the guest house where other party leaders were seated I managed to get in to pay my respects. He called me near him and instructed me to send him my application for the party ticket.

I sent in my application for the provincial assembly seat from Tuba Tek Singh as instructed. However when the list of ticket holders was published my name was missing. Mr. Bhutto sent Dr. Ashraf Abassi to look into the problems of ticket

allotments in Faisal Abad and instructed her to specially meet me. Doctor Saheba probably arrived on 19th August and told me that the Chairman remembered me. I should go and meet him in Larkana. He will definitely give me the party ticket. He realized that I was deprived of the ticket through a conspiracy. I told her that I remained at the back and call of the Chairman but I will not see him about the party ticket for me. Doctor Saheba asked general secretary Tuba Tek Singh Tariq Saeed to go to Bhutto Saheb and ask a ticket for me.

So Tariq Saeed met him on the 21st in Larkana. As soon as Tariq Saeed spoke about me, Shaheed asked him why I had not come and that he had to discuss something very important with me. He sent instructions through Tariq Saeed that he would reach Islamabad on the 24th and I should see him in Islamabad. He instructed Noor Mohammad Mogul that as soon as the bearded and mustached journalist came to see him in Islamabad he should be brought in.

My last meeting with the Shaheed was the result of these instructions. It was 25th of August and he was staying in Pir Makhad's house. Noor Mohammad Mogul seated me in the drawing room where Dr. Abbasi and Dr. Ghulam Hussain were already seated. The Shaheed came downstairs at 9 o'clock. He proceeded straight to me lovingly put his hand on my shoulder and said.

"I admit that you have always been wronged against. All intelligent people who are poor suffer in the same way. Their only crime is their talent. But I will give you the ticket. An able person like you was unfortunately ignored in the tug of war among the leaders for party tickets. I will call you to the Central Committee Appeal Board. Mustafa Khar will oppose you. But you teach him a lesson.

Look here there are not going to be any elections. So forget about them. Ticket means recognition of services. These leaders think that elections will be held but they know nothing. May be I am assassinated. You have to promise me that if I am assassinated you will remain with my family. You will support after me Begum Bhutto and Benazir. They will take up the party work after me".

I was stunned. Then I heard him asking me, why I was not replying to him. I controlled myself and said.

"Mr. Chairman, no power on earth can separate us from you. I and millions among the poor like me shall always remain with you and your family. Time will prove whether the poor like me are more loyal to you or feudals like Mustafa Khar and Sadid Qureshi are more local to you".

He patted me on my cheek, and concluded.

"I know people like you are the ones who are loyal to the cause. Feudals,

Waderas, capitalists were never with me. They only take advantage of my popularity. I belong to you. I love the poor. I recognize them by their sweet smell. And whenever they smell me they come to me. Whether I live or I am assassinated I know I shall continue to live in the very heartbeats of the poor masses”.

A rebel he was, a rebel of his own class. He was a political scientist. But he did not have a team which could organize the masses. In 1970 elections he laid the basis of a People’s democratic revolution through the ballot box. He wanted to take the country along on the road to a genuine people’s democracy, but the exploiters and the enemies within and outside the party frustrated his efforts. We lost the Messiah, and we continue to suffer. He was assassinated.

Long live Shaheed Bhutto.

THE MAN WHO MEANT BUSINESS

Mr. F. K. Bandial

تازہ خواہی داشتن این داغ ہائے سینہ را
گہے گہے باز خواں این قصہ پارینہ را

"If you wish that the scars of memory remain fresh in your bosom, then every now and then do recapitulate the past events."

I served in the government of Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in important positions such as Commissioner Rawalpindi Division, Chief Secretary Punjab, Chief Secretary North-West Frontier Province and Federal Secretary. Indeed there is nothing exceptional about these appointments, except that they did (and still do) provide an extra measure of proximity and exposure, whereby one had the opportunity of seeing the Prime Minister from a close quarter.

The story that I would like to recapitulate is a composite of certain events and periscopic, since they derive from what I saw of Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto as President and Prime Minister of Pakistan, from within the narrow confines of my official duties at a given point of time. Evidently they would not fully comprehend, not adequately portray the attributes of a leader of his stature and proportions. Limitations of canvas notwithstanding I am recording my recollections by way of a tribute to him. Also may be this narrative is of some relevance to his peers and of some interest to my fraternity the bureaucracy.

My first two contacts with Mr. Bhutto are separated by a span of over three years: but in nature and circumstance the divide ranges from incarceration to governance.

He had been detained in 1968 by the West Pakistan Government under maintenance of Public Order and lodged in the Montgomery (Sahiwal) Jail. Upon a complaint of sub-standard conditions and treatment there the West Pakistan High Court passed some strictures and ordered his shifting to the District jail Lahore. He had been given "A" class by the Government. As District Magistrate Lahore deemed it my duty to see that he was provided entitlements of "A" class.

I took Senior Superintendent of Police Lahore and the Superintendent jail, Lahore along to inspect the jail premises where Mr. Bhutto had been kept. I knocked at the door, and back came the reply "come in". It was a winter morning, and he was lying in bed reading in the light of a bedside table lamp. I introduced myself and my colleagues as District Magistrate, SSP and Superintendent Jail, Lahore, and explained that we had come to see that he had been provided the requisite facilities. He nodded and said appreciatively. "Yes thank you. I am quite comfortable". And then with a touch of humor he added after a moment's pause. "I should not be saying so because I am likely to be quoted outside". That is not the object I said politely and we took leave.

He was so composed and imposing even in the adverse circumstances that he was placed in. I thought to myself as we withdrew.

My second contact with Mr. Bhutto as in a totally different situation. He was now the President of Pakistan and I had just taken over as Commissioner Rawalpindi Division in February. 1972. To register my call. I signed the Visitor's Book. The promptitude in response and appointment was such a rare and refreshing experience.

That just showed how organised and accessible the President was even in the fact of a huge backlog of years of Martial Law and the aftermath of East Pakistan debacle.

We received a decision that Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto would be sworn-in under the Interim Constitution as President of Pakistan in a public ceremony in the Race Course ground Rawalpindi Cantonment on 21st April. 1972. Arrangements for the occasion, including security and law and order, fell within the sphere of duties of the district administration. The Federal Government in their wisdom set up a small committee of its Secretaries for coordination and supervision.

After surveying the layout entry and exit points, we decided that the dais should be located close to the main entrance of the Race Course ground from the Peshawar Road, thus yielding the entire ground to the public gathering and placement of chairs on the right and left flanks of the stage. This arrangement obviated the risk of any commotion in the crowd affecting the overall security arrangements or the unhindered movement of the President upon arrival and departure. All the preparations were proceeding accordingly when at the eleventh hour a Committee member, in his perceived role of coordination and supervision over-ruled us and ordered the shifting of the stage right in the middle of the ground. I opposed the proposed location for the reason that in the likely event of public stampedes on the stage solemnity of the occasion as well as security arrangements would be seriously jeopardized. He disagreed and cited for a precedent that the reviewing officer of military parades on ceremonial

occasions was positioned in the middle of the ground. We saw no parallel or commonality between this occasion and those precedents but orders from superior quarters had to be followed. A new stage was erected in the middle of a wide open ground and that is where the ceremony was held. Those present there and others who saw it on the television would remember what a massive chaos the whole thing ended up in. A large crowd charged with frenzy and euphoria overwhelmed all the arrangements. Use of force on an occasion like that was out of the question. It was with great difficulty that the President could be escorted.

Evidently a fiasco of that magnitude could not have gone unnoticed. Federal Government constituted an Inquiry Committee to look into what had happened and to fix responsibility. Four of us *i.e.* Commissioner, Deputy Inspector General of Police, Deputy Commissioner and S.S.P. Rawalpindi were summoned to explain matters. The Committee that we faced comprised some familiar faces from the previous Supervisory Committee. Having over-ruled us then, they now sat to find fault and indict. I reminded them that instead of asking questions some of them should be accepting responsibility for what had happened. In their collective judgment the fault lay with us. We could anticipate our fate. However, within a couple of days or so what we received from the Federal Government was not a condemnation but commendation for the services of the district administration. How come, we were asking in disbelief, but we learnt before long that the letters of appreciation had been issued upon the intervention of the President, who had made independent inquiries into what had happened and drawn his own conclusion. That was at once so inspiring and reassuring; because in situations like that truth is quite often submerged and when it surfaces it is already too late.

Mr. Bhutto was hard taskmaster, very competent and result-oriented. As Commissioner Rawalpindi I often found the going rough. I seemed to be incurring his displeasure rather frequently. Mercifully, however the mode of communication remained one to one and verbal. Out of desperation I was seriously contemplating long leave. I confided in my wife that the Prime Minister seemed unhappy with me and the way out lay in quitting the job. She made a very pertinent observation that put my apprehensions at rest. She said if he were all that displeased with you, would you still be around? How true!

Mr. Bhutto got very offended with a Pakistan Peoples Party MPA from Taxila who had failed to show up at the given time for an appointment with the Prime Minister. I was told that he should be made to answer for his deliberate defiance and affront. My immediate inquiries revealed that it was a matter of party in-fight. He and a MNA from Gujar Khan versus another MPA and MNA from Rawalpindi city, we tried but could not locate him as he was reported to have gone to Lahore. Mr. Bhutto asked me the progress and I had unfortunately precious little to report. He was very angry, to put it mildly.

The following day he went to Lahore, where differences between the two camps were amicably settled through the intervention of the Governor Punjab. The Prime Minister was satisfied and I got a signal from Lahore that I need not precede any further in the matter.

That was some relief, but an impression stuck in my mind that the Prime Minister thought that I had dragged my feet in the matter. Perhaps I did, but for a different reason altogether. Within a couple of months or so in April, 1974 I was appointed Chief Secretary Punjab. I met the Prime Minister in his chamber at the National Assembly before proceeding to Lahore to resume my new responsibilities. I took the opportunity of mentioning to the MPA's incident. He said, "Forget it. I did not hold it against you, though you did not take action under the direction of the Governor". In clarification I told him that it was certainly not the Governor nor could he over-ride the Prime Minister's orders. I had felt an inner reservation. I said, accepting the responsibility, about the propriety of taking hasty executive action against the MPA over an internal matter of the Pakistan Peoples Party: for that would have been an act of narrow loyalty and disservice to the Prime Minister (who was also the Chairman of the Party). "It seemed an unequal match", I said in conclusion. "There is a ring of truth in what you say", remarked the Prime Minister with spontaneous appreciation. His basic trust and magnanimity were even more remarkable, considering that he decided to give me a position of higher responsibilities whilst misgivings about a possible lapse or aberration on my part still lingered in his mind.

Law and order conditions were really bad in the NWFP in 1974-75. Cases of explosions, bomb blasts, terrorism etc. were a daily occurrence. Mr. Hayat Mohammad Khan Sherpao was assassinated in early February, 1975. That led to the Provincial Government's dismissal and the province being placed under the Governor's rule. I was sent there as Chief Secretary.

The Prime Minister came to Peshawar within a few days of my taking over and in an exclusive interview with him I inquired about my mandate. "Restoration of law and order at all cost. You will have my full support but I want results", said the Prime Minister. The following incident is a testimony to what he meant.

The visits of a Federal Minister were giving us anxious moments. His public meetings and utterances in the Frontier generally tended to create tensions and bitter relations between tenants and landowners. We so much wanted him to refrain from that and therefore when he came to Peshawar next. I called on him and told him that his public meeting stood called off and he may not kindly take the trouble of going any further. He was very upset and under a sharp protest returned to Islamabad.

I was urgently summoned to Rawalpindi for a meeting with the Prime Minister. The worthy Minister was also present. I explained the imperatives of the situation under which I had acted the way I did; I assured the Minister that we had otherwise meant no discourtesy or disrespect to him. The Prime Minister gave a patient hearing and taking a balanced view, told me that I should have taken steps to inform the Minister before hand. He however told the Minister that unless the Cabinet members cooperated how law and order agencies would be able to control the situation.

After the Minister left, the Prime Minister told me that he was very happy the way the situation was being brought under control in the province. I had been quite apprehensive to start with but was so gratified to hear him. He stood by his word even in the face of a protest from a senior member of the Cabinet.

The NWFP embraces the tribal areas, which have different norms, institutions and system of administration. In the first week of November 1976 Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto undertook an extensive tour of these areas and visited Mohmand, Khyber, Kurram, Orakzai, North and South Waziristan Agencies. He went into the heart of these Agencies holding public meetings there. For the security agencies his totally unorthodox and bold initiatives were a night-mare. He meant to transcend if not demolish the anachronistic, corrupt and unrepresentative maliki system and directly reach out to the common man. His ultimate objective was to introduce adult franchise, a goal that has remained elusive to this day. The common man and the intelligences in those areas still remember his vision and courage with nostalgia.

He is gone but the legend remains.

*One crowded hour of
glorious existence is worth
an age without a name"*

IK NARA BANA HEY USKA LAHOO

HABIB JALIB

Mr. Bhutto was assassinated. He achieved martyrdom. This was in fact a murder of freedom, humanity and democracy in Pakistan.

I first met him when he had resigned from Ayub Government. It was widely rumored that Ayub wanted him to leave politics, and leave the country too. I wrote a poem, which ran as follows:

دست خزاں میں اپنا چمن چھوڑ کے نہ جا
آواز دے رہا ہے وطن، چھوڑ کے نہ جا
تیرے شریک حال ہیں منصور اور بھی
سونی فضائے داروین چھوڑ کے نہ جا
کچھ تیری ہمتوں پہ بھی الزام آئے گا
مانا کہ راستہ ہے کٹھن چھوڑ کے نہ جا
اے ذوالفقار تجھ کو قسم ہے حسین کی
کر احترام رسم کہن، چھوڑ کے نہ جا

On the day "Naea-e-Waqat" Lahore printed this poem, the newspaper sold in black market for five rupees a copy. Mr. Bhutto in his kindness came to see me in the Coffee House. He had the quality of meeting people directly. The reason was that he was a full-timer. He went to every corner of the country. Knocked at every door, at every home, in village after village he contacted people felt their pain and misery understood their problems. He took pains to understand the problems of the workers and peasants and very soon became their own voice. Feudals of our country never visited ordinary people. But, be it winter, be it summer. Bhutto visited then because Bhutto was different. He established links with writers and poets, and then he became our friend and our patron.

In those days a Mushaira was organized in Larkana. The organizers wanted some

body to play host to visiting poets. Mr. Bhutto gladly invited me and Faiz Saheb to stay with him. We had the opportunity to discuss various issues with him at length. I agreed with his views on Taskent, although, I was then and remain now for peace with India. Faiz Saheb was talking to him. Mr. Bhutto asked for my views. I said I would rather be a listener when two statesmen were discussing important issues. I never wanted to support Ayub. All of us were fed up with Ayub. Bhutto was our hope.

Yesterday we supported Bhutto. Today we are with his daughter. She, too, is our hope. We in this country are fortunate, that we have again got a leader who is full timer, who is persistent and courageous – in spite of all personal tragedies, of the assassinations of her father and her brother, the imprisonment of her husband, she remains cheerful. I salute her on her courage, on her persistence.

I will now quote from my poem, which Mr. Bhutto used to like a lot.

خطرہ ہے زرداروں کو گرتی ہوئی دیواروں کو
 صدیوں کے پیاروں کو خطرہ میں اسلام نہیں
 ساری زمین کو کھیرے ہوئے ہیں آخر چند گھرانے کیوں
 نام نبی کا لینے والے الفت سے بیگانے کیوں
 خطرہ ہے خونخواروں کو رگ برنگی کاروں کو
 امریکا کے پیاروں کو خطرہ میں اسلام نہیں

I recited this poem in a public meeting. As a result I was imprisoned. Mr. Bhutto arranged lawyers for me, and insisted on them that I should be helped. I should be bailed out.

I remember when they arrested Mr. Bhutto. Begum Nusrat Bhutto asked me, "Jalib Bhai, will they ever set him free again?" I replied, "we shall break the chains, we shall bring down the prison walls. We shall bring him back."

I am proud that Begum Bhutto addressed me as her brother. I am a Fakir an ordinary Fakir.

Mr. Bhutto's daughter is as dear to me as my own. I am a father of five daughters.

I see a lot of promise in Mohtarma Benazir Bhutto. She knows the woes and

problems of the masses. May God protect her and grant her a long life. People of Pakistan love her. She loves the people and is keen to solve their problems.

I would never understand, why, after coming to power, some leaders ignore the ordinary people and do not serve the people? I do not understand why they appear so helpless as far as service to the nation is concerned? So much is spent unnecessarily. So much is wasted. So much is spent on non-productive items. The large army that we are supporting whose leadership gave away half the country and subjugated and exploited the people.

Once Mian Mahmood Ali Kasuri asked Bhutto Sahib that Jalib was a member of PPP Central Committee and should be given an MNA ticket. Mr. Bhutto replied. "you do not have to recommend his name. He is my friend. I will attend his campaign meetings. I will speak there. I will contribute funds".

Now I have no further desire. My health is falling. I pray for my daughter Benazir. May Allah protect her, May Allah protect her from the designs of the enemies of Pakistan. I am certain of that. Her enemies are nearing their ends. They will bite the dust and Benazir will be the shining star of political horizon.

ٹوٹا ہے کہاں اس کا جادو
اک نعرہ بنا ہے اس کا لہو
ثابت ہوا دھڑکن دھڑکن پر وہ شخص حکومت کرتا تھا
لڑتا تھا وہ اپنے جیوں سے ہم سے تو محبت کرتا تھا

The problem of the constitution remains unresolved. We have yet to come out of our constitutional crisis. The entire country and the people are stuck.

If Quaid-e-Azam had survived, he could have made the constitution. If Bhutto had survived we would have found a lot of change. But they killed him, lest he does things for the people. The generals do not want to do anything for the people. They only want to rule over them. I am against bloody conflicts. The conflicts destroy our own houses. This is a beautiful country and the ugliest among us are ruling it. There is only one way to save the country from these ugly natured people. The entire nation should unite under the leadership of their leader, Benazir Bhutto.

I will end by quoting from a poem her father, the Shaheed was very fond of;

دیپ جس کا مہلتا ہی میں جٹے
چند لوگوں کی خوشیوں کو لے کر چٹے
وہ جو سائے میں ہر مصلحت کے پٹے
ایسے دستور کو، صبح بے نور کو، میں نہیں مانتا، میں نہیں جانتا
میں بھی خائف نہیں تختہ دار سے
میں بھی منصور ہوں کہہ دو اغیار سے
کیوں ڈراتے ہو زنداں کی دیوار سے
ظلم کی بات کو، جھل کی رات کو، میں نہیں مانتا، میں نہیں جانتا

HISTORY LIVES IN HIM

Mr. Mahmood Sham

“Look Simon! I haven’t Not been assassinated! “

It was in Paris, Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was to address his first press conference in Paris after coming into power. We were on way to Washington for first official tour.

Mr. Lewis Simon of Washington Post was caught unaware. Prime Minister had referred to a dispatch of his published at least one year back in which he had concluded that Mr. Bhutto would meet an unnatural death in few months. Lewis Simon like many other American correspondents in liaison with CIA may have known some gory plots of assassination of Asian political leaders.

He was obviously not in a position to reply but he was right. It had to happen but a few years later.

Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto used to address particular journalists before press conference like that. He generally referred to the dispatches of articles by them which he has thoroughly read. Sometimes he agreed with the contents and sometimes he differed with the basic arguments. As President or Prime Minister he believed in personal direct contacts with the journalists with commitments. He never used his press secretary or P.I.D. people to approach such journalists for appreciation or admonition. However the opportunists or sycophants were dealt through Information Ministry.

Mr. H. K. Burki, a senior journalist attached with Pakistan Times at that time was usually to be addressed by Mr. Bhutto in his press conferences in Pakistan. His dispatches and columns were mostly critical of the government functioning but in a positive way. He was appreciated by President Bhutto but criticized by the Information Minister or other ministers.

Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was a politician with transparent perceptions administrator with iron grip and ruler with a deep insight. He had a vision. He had a dream, a Pakistani dream, and a dream of prosperous nation, of a strong country and of a self-reliant, viable economic unit. He pleaded for economic awareness. He wished that economic journalism should flourish in the country. He motivated the senior journalists to peep into economic complexities of the country and to discuss them in their writings. He believed that it would help in creating awareness in masses regarding their economic problems.

Unlike the rulers of the past and those who succeeded him he was the only one who had drawn a portrait of economy of Pakistan with all its bright and dark spots. He had a clear vision how to go ahead what are the priorities to be observed and what steps are to be taken. It is unfortunate that he has not been assessed as an economist and his economic reforms have not been studied with unbiased, independent and pragmatic approach. After bearing an unbalanced economic policies of military rulers over 13 years and with the backdrop of flight of capitals by the profit-oriented industrialists to foreign countries white rendering thousands of skilled workers jobless and leaving the mortgaged factories deserted it was an uphill of task to revive the industrial activity at S.I.T.E in Karachi. State control or nationalization of heavy industry was the only remedy. Nationalization brought a sign of relief for thousands of have not, while a very limited number who have reacted to this process otherwise.

An unprejudiced economic analyst may well evaluate the process of nationalization in a more reasonable manner. As a layman I can only say that it restored confidence of industrial sector, laborers and the consumers. The whole economic structure had to be rebuilt. Workers enjoyed new enthusiasm professional management could display their talents and skills and government restarted receiving its taxes and duties which were totally denied or partly evaded. A new era of professional management instead of family control ushered in the industrial sector. Many technocrats returned to Pakistan with a renewed pledge to serve and explore their homeland.

Establishment of Pakistan Steel Mills was a dream that he was very emotional to turn it into reality and God Almighty chose him to inaugurate this huge basic unit which was to be the main source of supply to several future industrial units. I had noticed a spiritual spark in his eyes on that day he was certainly visualizing the existence of great complex on the desert which it was on that historic day, Port Qasim, an adjacent project was also one of his dreams.

Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto realizing the geo-political importance of Karachi desired to turn this great metropolis into an international industrial trade and technological center with modern means of communication. The main roads of the city were widened for the first time.

It was he who managed to reach into agreement with Gulf states to import Pakistani work force which resulted in creating the major source of foreign exchange earning for all times to come. One may recall that very few Pakistanis were fortunate to have passports. It involved a long struggle to obtain a passport but Mr. Bhutto ordered to lift all restrictions in order to make it easy for workers to embark upon their pilgrimage to fortunes. This policy helped the thousands of workers of sick textile mills to find jobs in Kuwait, Dubai, Saudi Arabia and other

Gulf states and resultantly to improve the financial state of their fatuity and country as well.

I vividly remember how he wished that all the villages should enjoy the electric supply. The economists of government sector used to plead that it involved more cost unbearable by the domestic resources. Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto insisted come what may, the dark streets of villages of the country be illuminated. "I shall go to Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Abu Dhabi to ask for the required money." His priority was the betterment of mankind. The people at the top in WAPDA would confirm how keenly he took interest in taking power lines across the villages of Punjab, Sindh, Baluchistan and N.W.F.P.

Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto used to discuss the remedies for the achievement of additional yield in agricultural sector. Many progressive agriculturists would like to recall how passionately he wished for bumper crops for modernized farming, for export oriented orchids.

I had the honour to accompany Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto during 1970 election campaign in various parts of Sindh and Punjab. On the most occasions I was in the same car. He preferred to sit on front seat with the driver, (mostly a professional one) candidate of the constituency in back with myself. During night travels he used to listen to BBC, Voice of America on car radio and to discuss the progressive electoral development but during daytime journeys he used to watch crops on both sides of roads and to exchange views on farming, water logging, fertilizers, seeds and of course the behavior of agriculturists and their approach towards increasing the yield per acre.

It was Badin, not a district at that time badly affected by the rains we were on election campaign and a visit to the rain affected people. Shaheed was keenly watching the crops devastated by the torrential rains. He suddenly asked the driver to stop. Brakes were immediately applied. The whole motorcade coming to an unexpected halt, a scene was created. Screeches and screams were heard. But Mr. Bhutto unmoved by the noises went straight to the field had a close look at the plants uprooted one and came back to the car. It all happened in seconds. He started discussing plight of the plant, how much it was damaged. What should be done in future to protect the plants from water logging?

This uprooted plant was displayed by him in the oncoming public meeting and it was the plant always upon his minds during the cabinet meetings, in bilateral talks in foreign lands, to achieve loans from World Bank, Asian Development Bank for a final battle against water logging.

He was a statesman and politician who had elaborately identified the problems and root-causes of our economic ailments and who had categorically specified the

modes and means of their lasting solutions. Step by steps he was moving ahead. He appeared at the decisive point of history and swept away history with him. He believed in living in history but history preferred to live within him. He said that he would like to be crushed by Military rather by history. He has been awarded a very significant place in history to be remembered in golden words.

WHEN HE “DID NOT” SPEAK ON POLITICS

Dr. Kamil Rajpar

Mr. Bhutto had a mind of his own and nothing daunted him from speaking the truth against the government.

In 1969 during Martial Law when politicians were banned from entering the premises of educational institutions throughout the Pakistan at that time I being the general secretary of Liaquat Medical College Student Union Jamshoro succeeded in getting a decision by the Union as well as General Body and the Academic Council of the college for inviting Mr. Z. A. Bhutto to be the Chief Guest on Latif Day. The news item appeared in the press that Bhutto will be the chief guest in Liaquat Medical College Jamshoro. This news item alerted Martial Law authorities and every pressure was put on Mr. Bhutto by the Martial Law authorities not to visit LMC. Jamshoro, but Mr. Bhutto told the authorities “So long as the invitation stands. I will go and attend the function”. Afterwards, the Martial Law authorities turned their guns on me and the Administrator/ Principal of the College late Brig. S. H. A. Gardezi and pressed for withdrawing the invitation. But we also refused to withdraw the invitation. Accordingly, on 13th August. 1969 Mr. Bhutto reached Jamshoro campus and thousands of students of LMC as well as entire Hyderabad colleges welcomed him. Mr. Bhutto was asked by the Martial Law authorities not to speak on politics but that he should confine his speech on Shah Abdul Latif. Mr. Bhutto had his own style of starting a speech and he informed the gathering that I have been told not to speak on politics but he added “I am a political animal; politics is in my blood, how they can stop me from talking on politics. Had Shah Abdul Latif been alive today he would have definitely opposed One Unit and he too would have been put behind the bars (jail) by the Martial Law authorities”.

This is how he started his speech. He knew how to phrase things and his sense of humor often had a cheerful effect on his manner of speech. Nothing daunted Mr. Bhutto and he continued his hard- hitting speech against the government besides talking on philosophy of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai. It was a historic function. This was the only political function held in an educational institution throughout Pakistan during the ban period.

Bhutto took major decisions bold and never surrendered before extremists and nationalists. During language riots in 1972, Mr. Bhutto was bold enough to take

the people into confidence and he openly condemned the gundaism, killing of innocent Sindhis in Hyderabad after the passage of the Language Bill in Sindh Assembly. He talked to the people directly on Radio and TV, addressed public meetings at various places and started dialogue with Sindhis and Urdu speaking people separately and jointly He was quite clever in his conversation. He had a definite way with words. He was fond of sound arguments and he convinced both the groups to reach an agreement in the form of Language Accord 1972. After that accord not a single incident took place on either side *i.e.* no conflict between Sindhis and Mohajirs occurred during his tenure till the *Coup d'etat* against his government in 1977. I observed him talking with various delegates and also heard his speeches during his tour of Hyderabad Division during the language riots. While turning his face towards Urdu speaking people, he used to remind them of the hospitality of Sindhi people who had welcomed them at the time of partition. He even used to shout by telling them to stop this madness and meanness by killing innocent villagers who happened to visit cities for their normal work. This will isolate Urdu-speaking people from others, he felt. Don't be cruel to our own brothers who welcomed you. Stop playing to the tune of hidden hands. Similarly he used to turn towards Sindhis and remind them of their noble hospitality and love for Islam and he condemned extremist Sindhis who exploited the situation just to create problems for the PPP government. He condemned extremist Sindhis who were also adding fuel to fire on the instructions of hidden hands. He educated public opinion by making them realize the need to live together on the principles of co-existence He also felt sorry at the attitude of Urdu speaking people towards the ancient language of the province which was the official language of the province before partition. He reminded them that nobody could finish the language, culture or traditions of Sindh and he reminded Sindhis that if they recognize the importance of national language then nobody will lower the importance of their provincial language. On one occasion he became emotional and he said "I am a Muslim and a Pakistani but I don't feel ashamed to call myself a Sindhi. I am proud that I am Sindhi by birth and will remain a Sindhi till I die. I assure every citizen of Sindh that justice will be done with everyone no matter what language he speaks."

Mr. Bhutto was a very clever politician. First he used to educate the public ascertain their opinion and then finally he would take major decisions. In this situation of language riots he was able to control the situation within a very short time and he openly condemned G. M. Syed of Jiye Sindh and Nawab Muzaffar of Mohajir-Punjabi- Pathan Mahaz. He managed to make the majority realize that Sindhis and Urdu-speaking have to live together. This kind of excellent leadership I think is not seen in the present crises in any politician who could initiate dialogue between these two communities of urban and rural Sindh. It was because of his boldness and shrewdness that the language conflict was resolved in 1972.

**BHUTTO'S VICTORY WORDS
IN 1970 ELECTIONS**

During 1970 elections of National Assembly I was in jail undergoing six months sentence awarded to me by Summary Military Court of Hyderabad in Central Jail Sukkur for inciting doctors to go on strike. This strike was initiated by me with the cooperation of some colleagues to get the young doctors' demands accepted but its real purpose was to support the peoples struggle against the dictator. Mr. Bhutto during his campaign always mentioned my name in his speeches and demanded my release. When the elections were over and the results went in favour of Peoples Party in West Pakistan Mr. Bhutto sent me a telegram from Larkana and I received it at about 1:30 a.m. delivered by Jail Superintendent Mr. Awan along with one jailer and two wardens. Usually political wards in jails are closed and sealed after 5:00 p.m. The contents of this telegram were:

***DR KAMIL RAJPAN CENTRAL JAIL SUKKUR. "VICTORY OF THE
PEOPLE PLEASE ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS" Z.A. BHUTTO,
LARKANA***

On such occasions Mr. Bhutto never used words like 'victory of my party', 'my success', or 'our success' but he always preferred to use the words: 'peoples victory'.

**COMRADE HYDER BUX JATOI'S
TRIBUTE TO MR. BHUTTO.**

Bhutto had visited Sindh University Old Campus as the Chairman of the Party to condemn the incident of burning Sindhi department at Hyderabad. After the visit I requested him to pay visit to elderly Hari leader Mr. Hyder Bux Jatoy who was ailing and residing in his house near Gari Khata. He agreed and we went to see Mr. Hyder Bux Jatoy. Mr. Jatoy was lying on his cot and being very weak he was trying to get up to receive Mr. Bhutto. but Mr. Bhutto asked him not to take the trouble or exert himself. Anyhow, Bhutto sat beside him. Mr. Jatoy after exchanging pleasantries remarked "Young man I am thankful to you for coming and visiting me but I am more thankful to you, rather all peasants and haris are thankful to you, that in a very short space of nine you have rescued the haris from clutches of waderas and chaudhris. The task which I and Qazi Faiz Mohammad could not do in our lives you have done in a very short time. Our hair turned grey, but we could not achieve our object. My blessings are with you and everyone of us is proud of you". This as a great tribute from a devoted hari leader who had resigned from a government job and devoted his life to the benefit and uplift of the poor haris.

BHUTTO ON ONE UNIT AND JI YE SINDH SLOGAN

In the initial stage after the formation of the Party and then particularly during 1968 and early 1969, there was lot of resentment by the people of Sindh and other smaller two provinces, Baluchistan and Frontier against One Unit. G. M. Syed who has always remained jealous of Bhutto fancily, tried to corner Mr. Bhutto and his party by giving an attractive slogan of *Jeay Sindh* and was all the time pressurizing through young Sindhi students to enquire from Bhutto, his stand on One Unit. It was quite obvious that Punjab was in favour of One Unit and Bhutto's Peoples Party was very popular in Punjab. Mr. Bhutto was intelligent and he was understandably cautious on this sensitive issue so he advised the Sindh PPP not to oppose *Jeay Sindh* slogan, rather encouraged the Party workers to raise *Jeay Sindh* slogans along with *Jeay Pakistan*. Because of his leadership qualities, instead of issuing statement against One Unit under pressure of *Jeay Sindh* and G. M. Syed's people, what he did was that he convinced the Punjab PPP leadership that One Unit was not in the interest of the country and if this was continued, the very existence of the country would be at stake. The result was that the Punjab PPP was the first provincial party to pass a resolution against One Unit. Afterwards, the rest of the provinces followed with a similar resolution and ultimately Bhutto got the same resolution passed from the Central Executive Committee of the PPP and this was the last nail in the coffin of One Unit. This is a historical fact that he became a strong advocate of the dismemberment of One Unit and restoration of the provinces. This decision gave a further boost to Sindhi masses that were already solidly behind him and respected Bhutto's unparalleled pragmatism and foresight. *Jeay Sindh* slogan did not remain the sole property of G. M. Syed but became a popular slogan of every Sindhi. Thus the nefarious designs of G. M. Syed were defeated by Mr. Bhutto in a very shrewd manner and *Jeay Sindh Mahaz* got bewildered and their designs were thwarted. They felt demoralized and they could not hold back the tide of popularity which Bhutto enjoyed.

COMMENTS OF MR. BHUTTO ON MOHAJIR-PUNJABI-PATHAN MAHAZ.

Based on the principal of divide and rule, the establishment managed to create an organization named Mohajir-Punjabi-Pathan Mahaz headed by Nawab Muzaffar Khan of Hyderabad. It was unfortunate that this organization was being used to create polarization between rural and urban masses. Principally this should not have been allowed to gain ground as it was but natural that extremism creates counter extremism. Mr. Bhutto was vehemently against the extremist

organizations like Mohajir-Punjabi-Pathan Mahaz as well as Noujawan Jeay Sindh Mohaz. Mr. Bhutto advised Sindhis not to fall into the trap of cheap slogans of G. M. Syed and Sindhis followed his advice and rejected G. M. Syed in the 1970 elections but unfortunately, the Urdu speaking population preferred to support extremist leaders and religious leaders of their communities which resulted in ethnic clashes in Hyderabad and Karachi following adoption of Sindhi Language Bill by the Sindh Assembly. Mr. Bhutto always called this alliance of Mohajir Punjabi Pathan as an unnatural alliance and predicted that a time will come when these three communities will be at daggers drawn, and this came true in 1986 and 1987. He was all the time worried about the role of the Urdu-speaking people in politics. He used to say that hidden hands will never allow them to join Peoples Party or the struggle of the other people of the province. This section will always be used, against the majority as a tool and lever against them. Sometimes they will be exploited in the name of Islam and sometimes on the basis of ethnicity and this is very unfortunate not only for the province but for the people of Pakistan. Peoples Party had launched a struggle to break the monopoly of the few families who were having a hold on the economy and Peoples Party wanted to widen the economic base through the public sector, to do something for the common man but this class with the help of the establishment and agencies will always try to use immigrants from India as a weapon against the Peoples Party and peoples struggle. I think his predictions have come true.

MR. BHUTTO BELIEVED IN DESTINY.

Haji Najmuddin Sarewal who contested against Mr. Bhutto in 1970 elections from Badin decided to join PPP and requested Mr. Bhutto to accept a lunch initiation at Hyderabad and this was accepted by Mr. Bhutto.

During his official visit to Hyderabad Division according to his scheduled programme, Mr. Bhutto was supposed to attend lunch at Sarewal's residence immediately after addressing a public meeting in Hyderabad. During his speech some agencies reported to the Military Secretary that the food prepared for Mr. Bhutto was cooked by a Bengali and there were apprehensions that the cook might have poisoned the food (due to tension after the fall of Dhaka). As always, I used to taste the food for the Prime Minister during his visits to Hyderabad Division and the Military Secretary knowing this whispered in my ears that certificate of food should not be issued till some decision is made. Mr. Mumtaz Ali Bhutto who had gone to Germany had just arrived at that tune. After some discussion it was decided that instead of taking Mr. Bhutto directly to Mr. Sarewal's house he should be brought to Circuit House to obtain his advice. The Military Secretary instructed the pilot to bring the motorcade first to the Circuit House instead of going to Sarewal's house. When Mr. Bhutto's car stopped in the porch of the Circuit House he came out of the car and said: "Why have you

brought me here? I was supposed to be at Sarewal's house." At that time, Munuar Ali Bhutto, Jam Sadiq Ali, I.G. Police Ch. Fazal Haq, Military Secretary and myself were standing near him. Mr. Mumtaz Bhutto requested him to step inside to discuss an important problem. Mr. Bhutto was told the whole story and he asked what should be done. Mr. Mumtaz Bhutto and Jam Sadiq Ali were of the opinion that food from Sainjees Hotel should be sent to Mr. Sarewal's house and the same be served there while the Military Secretary suggested that Mr. Bhutto should only go for the soup and avoid other items. On this suggestion of the Military Secretary Mr. Bhutto laughed and said "If the cook had done anything wrong he must have done so more easily in the soup and the same soup you want me to take". After hearing these silly suggestions, Mr. Bhutto turned his face at Mumtaz, Jam Sadiq and others and said: "Are you trying to insult the host, who has invited me. It is up to him. Why do you doubt the credibility of the cook. You've wasted my time since after lunch I am supposed to reach Kandhari to attend a Tea party of Mr. Wassan". He said to me "Rajpar, you are fond of rejecting many dishes as you did last time at Mir Aijaz Ali Talpur's house at Tando Mohammad Khan. Please don't do the same here. You should allow all items prepared at Sarewal's house and everything should be on the table. Life and death is in the hands of God. I will enjoy every dish". And then he proceeded to Sarewal's house. I remember about 9 to 11 people were on the dining table including me, where I found Jam Sadiq Ali and Mumtaz Bhutto little nervous and they were avoiding many dishes and frequently Mr. Bhutto was looking at me pointing towards the nervousness of these two gentlemen. Mr. Bhutto enjoyed each and every item and for the first time I found him having such a heavy lunch.

***MR BHUTTO WAS ALWAYS GENEROUS
AND GRACIOUS TO EVEN HIS OPPONENTS.***

Mr. Bhutto used to have open Kucherys during his official visits to various parts of the country. The officials and representatives used to sit to the left and right of the dais while the public used to be directly in front of him. In one of the open kucherys in Circuit House, Hyderabad, one young person stood up and introduced himself as a law graduate and wanted a job. Mr. Bhutto had a very sharp memory and remembered the faces too. Mr. Bhutto called me to the dais and whispered in my ears: "Rajpar, isn't he the same boy, Hadi Bux Baloch, President of Hur Federation of Pir of Pagaro?" I replied in the affirmative. Hadi Bux Baloch General Secretary of Jinnah Law College Hyderabad, used to issue statements in the press against Mr. Bhutto and his party during his struggle against Ayub Khan. Even though it was an old story yet Mr. Bhutto remembered him very well. Mr. Bhutto enquired from Hadi Bux "What kind of a job do you want?" Hadi Bux replied: "Sir please give me an appointment in PIA or Customs". Mr. Bhutto passed some orders on the application and gave the application back to Hadi Bux. After my return from London in July 1977 I was

standing in the queue to collect my goods from PIA Cargo a young man in white uniform put his arm on my shoulder. I couldn't recognize him but he introduced himself by saying: "I am the same Hadi Bux Baloch, whom Bhutto Sahib had given the job".

***MR BHUTTO ADMITTED
SWEEPER'S DAUGHTER OF
SCHEDULED CASTE IN
A MEDICAL COLLEGE.***

During Mohtarama Benazir Bhutto's regime when I was working as Additional Secretary Health, one old man with grey hair came to my office which was full of people. He introduced himself as a retired sweeper of K.M.C. and showed me a photostat copy of his application addressed to former Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Z. A. Bhutto. I was deeply moved to see the marginal note of Mr. Bhutto asking the Chief Minister to create a special seat for the sweeper's daughter and admit her in the medical college. The old man told me that: "I managed to see Mr. Bhutto at his residence: 70-Clifton for the admission of my daughter who had cleared Inter-Science. He was kind to admit my daughter in one of the Medical Colleges of Karachi. My daughter graduated in early 80's but is jobless since last seven years. I approached Mr. Sattar Afghani, Mayor Karachi, but he did not oblige. Again I approached MQM Mayor, Dr. Farooq Sattar, but he also refused. Someone suggested that I should see you in this connection. I am told you are a friend of Mr. Bhutto. I need job for my daughter as she is jobless". I was very much moved by this story, I told the old man: "Look Bhutto Shaheed admitted your daughter, now in the government of Shaheed's daughter Mohtarama Benazir Bhutto, I am appointing your daughter as a Woman Medical Officer in one of the major Hospitals of Karachi." I managed to appoint her and posted her in one of the major hospitals of Karachi. In this way I fulfilled the dream of Mr. Bhutto who was all the time concerned about the down trodden classes in our society. I think this action of Mr. Bhutto, admitting a daughter of a scheduled caste in a Medical college was an indication that he wanted to show the people, particularly the Muslims that a sweeper too can hope in generations down the line, to live a life of human dignity and respect.

***BHUTTO HAD GREAT RESPECT
AND REGARD FOR HIS
LOYAL FRIENDS.***

Mr. Bhutto was all the time informal with me even after he became President and the Prime Minister of Pakistan. Though I used to maintain protocol but he always broke silence when he used to shake hand with me at the airport of Hyderabad or Niaz Stadium of Hyderabad. I myself applied twice for interviews, once in 1974

during the doctor's strike and the other in 1975 when I was leaving for London for higher studies. Once he called me and asked me what he should do for me. I replied this is a great honour for me that you have inquired about my welfare. I need your blessings. I am quite content where I am in the end, he asked me a question. "Are you married?" I replied in negative and informed him that I am engaged and want to marry this year and after marriage I intend to go to London for post graduation. Mr. Bhutto said: "Promise me that you will not issue the card of our marriage till I give you the date. I will feel happy to put the Sehra on your head myself. My Military Secretary will be in touch with you". I left his room by saying it will be a great honour for me. I told this story to my friends about the promise and they jokingly told me Bhutto is too busy neither he will have time nor will you marry. After a couple of weeks the Military Secretary was on the line when I was working in Civil Hospital Hyderabad. He informed me the date and asked for confirmation. It was 28th December 1973, when Mr. Bhutto dashed from Pindi to attend my marriage at Karachi.

BHUTTO BECAME VICTIM OF HIS BLIND FAITH.

I was proceeding to London for higher studies for two years. I met him before I left Pakistan, it was at his residence, 70-Clifton Karachi: I informed him that as I will be away for two years, if there is any need, and anything important to communicate to you what will be the channel. He told me send your communication to Mr. Saeed Ahmed Khan, his Chief Security Officer. I was deeply hurt to know that this same person became approver during Mr. Bhutto's trial. I think it was the greatness of Mr. Bhutto to trust people and meanness of the persons who betrayed him. I think the same thing happened when he trusted Zia-ul-Haq.

During this interview, I had told him about the departure of the old players of his team like Mir Rasool Bux Talpur, Mustafa Khar and some others. I said that this is not a good sign. He was very much concerned about Mir Rasool Bux Talpur's departure, and he said he is a very nice and a simple person. His separation is because of his elder brother Mir Ali Ahmed Talpur whom Mir Sahib considers as his father. Mir Ali Ahmed Talpur is jealous of his younger brother whom I made Governor of Sindh. In fact Mir Ali Ahmed Talpur wanted to become Governor himself instead of his brother. It is the mischief of Mir Ali Ahmed Talpur who has compelled his younger brother to leave me. I have great regard for Rasool Bux. I am hoping that he may reconsider and come back. When I asked him about Ghulam Mustafa Khar, then Bhutto said Rajpar, I think a conspiracy has started against us. Some hidden hands are working on different players of our team and you will not be surprised if you find more Ghulam Mustafa Khars and many A. K. Brohis near to the establishment, even in Sindh, in future. The slogan of Roti-

Kapra aur Makan opening of medical colleges to make sons of peasants and workers, doctors, engineers and officers is not liked by the feudals, chaudhris and waderas. I am trying to narrow the gap between rich and poor and broadening the economic base of the public sector. These forces will not spare me. When the peasant's sons and daughters will become doctors from these medical colleges they will play on the nerves of the waderas, chaudhris, feudals and sardars. I am trying my level best to solve the problems and show the path of progress to the people of Pakistan. While this is my effort but I am quite sure that these pirs, mirs and capitalists and political dwarfs will never forgive me. They will always try to gain support from hidden hands and wage a war against me and the Peoples Party.

This was my last interview with Shaheed Bhutto and I could not meet him in person again. I always remember his informal talks, discussions on various issues. I can definitely say that he was a man who diagnosed the miseries of the masses of Pakistan and came out with a solution or treatment in which he succeeded to quite an extent. I am sure the Shaheed's brave daughter Mohtarama Benazir Bhutto will continue this mission on the same lines without fear to complete his mission.

THEY ARE MY PAKISTAN

Mr. Sayeed Humayun Adv.

It was perhaps 31st December 1959, accompanied with some friends. I had gone to Hotel Metropole to celebrate the New Year night. I was then a student of Islamia College. Bhutto Shaheed was the Minister for Industries and Commerce. All of us were attracted to him because of his charisma. Students of Karachi were always against Martial Law. When we saw him we went up to him. We knew that he had been teaching Law in S.M. Law College. The first question that I asked was. "Sir you are a highly educated person. You have been teaching law, how could you become a minister in a Martial Law government."

He replied, "I had joined Mr. Iskandar Mirza's government. Martial Law people needed me and acquired my services. Isn't it better for you that the government has some civilian ministers as well, I think in the presence of some civilian minister's the effects of martial law be lessened. These can not be increased."

I said. "Sir your late father had made a Peoples Party when elections were held in Sindh. He could, if he had wanted contested as an independent candidate. But he preferred to make a political party and strengthen the political process".

He asked me, who had informed me about this background? I referred to my maternal grand father late Mirza Hamidudin Waqar who had been attached with Juna Gadh State. Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto had a lot of respect for my late grand father.

The Shaheed put a straight question to us. "What is your opinion? In the present circumstances is it better to make a political party or to try from within to end Martial Law in the country. I think it is better that Martial Law comes to an end, and then we can make our political parties". The matter ended there.

Our second meeting took place at the residence of Mr. A. M. Qureshi, the founder of Islamia College. By then I had got married. I had also put on some weight. I was then general secretary of Islamia College Students Union. The student unions of Islamia Arts, Science, Commerce and Law Colleges had jointly given a tea party at the residence of the founder of the college.

In this reception Bhutto Shaheed who was the Minister for Fuel and Power and Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra, the then Foreign Minister and his wife had also participated. The Shaheed although had a different ministry but had given a press statement on Kashmir, which was widely appreciated.

I was discussing the statement with the Shaheed when late Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra entered the party. The Shaheed said. "The very statement on which you are so happy has upset Mr. Bogra. He has termed it as interference in his ministry".

"I support you". I said, "Kashmir concerns every Pakistani. It is not a matter of promotion of some section officer in the foreign ministry, which is the exclusive prerogative of the minister concerned".

After the party the students requested Mr. Bhutto to come to the college to address them some day.

A few months later Mr. Bogra died and Shaheed was made the Foreign Minister. Late Mr. A. M. Qureshi arranged for our meeting with him at 70 Clifton. However the meeting could not take place due to the busy schedule of Mr. Bhutto. But we met him the same day at Cantonment Railway Station. He promised that he will come to our college to address the students. I proposed that we must also invite the Chinese and American Ambassadors. Late Mr. A. M. Qureshi advised that we should wait a week or ten days. As a result of Mr. Qureshi's efforts the Chinese Russian and American Ambassadors also came to Islamia College to attend Bhutto Shaheed's function.

Another problem came up due to my immature eagerness to sit on the stage. Mr. G. M. Khan was in those days the Principal of Islamia Arts College and Mr. Justice A. B. Memon that of Islamia Law College. The decision made by Mr. Bhutto himself was that if the representative of one of the unions sits on the stage then the representative of all the unions should sit on the stage. He called me to the Principal's room and asked, if I wanted the Ambassadors or foreign countries to gather the impression that our voting generation did not know how to take care of their guests? He proposed if it would not be better that they carry the impression that we really cared for them, and did our utmost to make them feel comfortable.

After the function the Shaheed asked Mr. A. M. Qureshi that he should some time bring Saeed over to see him. I went to see him after the 1965 war. There would be hardly any Pakistani who would not have heard his United Nations speech two or three times. It was the voice of every Pakistani, people of Pakistan loved Bhutto with all their heart.

In 1967 he resigned from the government. I had by then become the general secretary of K.D.A. employees union. Accompanied with my Union colleagues I went to see Mr. Bhutto at 70. Clifton. He was surrounded by hundreds of people. With a lot of difficulty I made my way in. He immediately recognized me.

“How are you Saeed? What are the people saying about us?” He asked.

“Sir, the whole country supports you. “ I replied.

“O.K. How about doing some political work?”

“We are ready, Sir.”

And so the political work started. Thousands in Liaquatabad had started working for him on their own. In those days there was one Mr. Baig a political activist of Liaquatabad. I remember he was the first person Mr. Bhutto visited in Liaquatabad.

In 1970 I had gone over to see a film in the Capitol Cinema. Perhaps the name of the film was “NIGHT OF THE GENERALS”. I was surprised to see that Mr. Bhutto accompanied with Begum Nusrat Bhutto and Miss Sanam Bhutto, had also come to see the film. In those days Jamaat-i-Islami’s magazine “*Weekly Zindagi*” was very critical of PPP against Shaheed Bhutto. In their recent issue they had printed an article against him. By chance there was an article against me also in the same issue.

“Did you see the recent issue of *Zindagi*” I inquired.

“Life moves on,” He tried to laugh it away.

“There is an article against me also in the same issue”. I informed him.

“Congratulations! This shows our strength. If even our workers are made targets, we are bound to succeed”.

In 1974, he was Prime Minister of Pakistan. I tried to visit him at 70, Clifton. Very tight security arrangements had been made for him. Not only me but hundreds of other Party Workers had to return without seeing him. I wrote two letters to him complaining about the incident. The one in English was sent to Pindi, while the Urdu one was sent to 70 Clifton. Mr. Bhutto replied from Pindi. There were just two sentences written in his handwriting.

OBSERVE PROTOCOL (.) I PREFER URDU (.)

This precious letter, written in his handwriting was destroyed in March 1989, when my house in Aziz Abad was burnt down by MQM hooligans. Apart from this letter some important books and the Party flag were also burnt. There was a lot of consolation for me when I received a very sympathetic letter from Begum Nusrat Bhutto over the incident.

In 1977 the people's government was overthrown. I went to 70, Clifton. People in those days were under the impression that Zia will hold elections in the country. Mr. Bhutto was seated on a large dining table at the ground floor. During discussions a gentleman who was perhaps the owner of a garage and whose name was perhaps Rizvi told Mr. Bhutto that he had some knowledge of astrology and *Ilm Jafar*. His calculations showed that there was a serious threat to Mr. Bhutto's life. He requested that Mr. Bhutto should leave the country before October that year.

Mr. Bhutto firmly replied. "I have full faith in my God. Whatever He wills shall happen. What you have proposed has also been proposed by some other friends, who do not have the advantage of astrological calculations. But I can't run away leaving the people of Pakistan at the mercy of the Martial Law."

After the astrologer well wisher was gone, he turned towards me, "What is your feeling? Will Zia hold elections?"

"Never Sir, He knows PPP will win hands down," I replied.

"I agree there are no chances of an election. What are your plans?" He asked.

"We were with you yesterday. We are with you today. We shall remain with you tomorrow as well". I replied.

A year passed. I was in Lahore to attend a family marriage. At about quarter to nine I was walking towards the house of my sister, when I saw a Toyota jeep approaching. I saw Mr. Bhutto sitting on the front seat. He was dressed in a suit and was wearing sunglasses. They were taking him from the jail to the High Court. We had to meet for a last time, since right at that moment the Jeep got a flat tyre and had to stop. He got down. I went up to him and saluted.

"Arai ! What are you doing here in Lahore, Saeed?" He asked.

"I am in town to attend my cousin's wedding". I informed him.

The traffic had come to a sudden stop. People started collecting on the spot. Within minutes there were hundreds of them. "Jive Bhutto" slogans went up. They started pushing towards him and trying to break the police cordon. Everybody wanted to be close to his leader. The police started pushing the people back and beating them.

"What are you doing? Don't you see these are people? They are Pakistan, he reprimanded the police.

Quickly they brought another open jeep for him. He sat in that Jeep and went away. That was the last I saw him. But for millions and millions like me he lives on. Because we still hear that voice loud and clear “What are you doing? These are people. They are Pakistan.”

BHUTTO SAHIB IN THE CAMERA'S EYE

Zahid Hussain

In 1969, I was working for *Nawa-e-Waqt*. In those days I accompanied Bhutto Sahib wherever he would go. My management accused me of ignoring my professional work and spending too much time covering Bhutto Sahib. I was served a notice. Bhutto Sahib learnt of it and was very annoyed. At that time Hanif Ramay was editor of a monthly called NUSRAT and plans were being made to bring out the party paper 'MUSAWAT'. Once while Bhutto Sahib was at Falettis various delegations were visiting him. I was also there to photograph him. Seeing my condition he called me and asked me what was my problem. I informed him about the notice. He summoned Hanif Ramay and instructed him to have me as a photographer for *Musawat* when it was launched. As such I was the first person to get appointment orders for Musawat.

Although I took a lot of pictures of Bhutto Sahib he never commented on them, however Begum Sahiba would often pass her observations to me.

"My work was of a very delicate nature and Bhutto Sahib used certain signs to tell me when to click my flash only and whether to photograph a person or not. In public meetings I used my own discretion. He used to meet people daily from 9.00 a.m to 3.00 p.m and after half an hour break he would resume receiving visitors again until 9.00 p.m. His specific instructions were to avoid photographing him alone with any lady visitor. However if this could not be avoided it should be shown in its proper perspective. Once a ladies delegation called on Shaheed Quaid, after the delegation left one of the ladies insisted on being photographed standing close to Bhutto Sahib. He signaled to me to use the flash only. Soon the same lady came to me for a copy of the photograph which was never taken. Diplomatically I kept putting her off. Some times people interested in obtaining party tickets would get their photographs taken alone with Bhutto Sahib. Their purpose was to use these photographs to influence people for obtaining the party ticket and thereafter use it in their election campaign to attract votes.

Once Rasool Bux Talpur visited Bhutto Sahib and fell at Shaheed Quaid's feet. I photographed this scene and kept the photo for my record. When Rasool Bux Talpur became Senior Minister Sindh under Zia regime the same photograph was used by PPP workers in a pamphlet against him.

Usually I never attended his private functions because these did not need

coverage. However, once by mistake I entered the room during one such function. Bhutto Sahib did not reprimand me.

On certain occasions Bhutto Sahib would not only want photographs to be taken but sought presence of reporters for newspaper coverage. He would brief us about party policy for coverage. During tours he would take special care of us and accommodate us in his own car. During one such tour where he was to inaugurate Sherpao Road & Zayed Hospital a new SSP in the security Hai Sahib would not let me approach close to Bhutto Sahib. Nor would he let me sit in any of the vehicles of the Information Department, although I showed him my card. Eventually I had to cling to a jeep to reach the place of the ceremony. When Bhutto Sahib heard of this, he asked Bughio Sahib his Principal Information Officer, as to who had been troubling the "boy". He always affectionately called me "Boy" and never asked my name. On hearing about SSP Hai's behavior he ordered his reprimand.

In 1975 at Jacobabad during an open Kuchihary where Jam Sadiq Ali was also present there was a lot of commotion. He instructed Jam Sadiq Ali to look into it and walked away. Bhutto Sahib called me to his side and said "Zahid, you know how difficult it is for us to handle such occasions. We are public leaders but these security people always try to drive a wedge between us and the masses.

From 1971 to 1976 the bureaucrats used all types of methods to spoil his image. For instance at Sukkur while he was addressing a large public meeting the Press Information Department took photographs of the crowd when it had thinned out after the meeting. Bhutto Sahib on coming to know of it once again asked me and a few others to fulfill our roles as before. Once at Al- Murtaza in a crowded room, people were showing each other to get close enough to get photographed with Bhutto Sahib. Zia Abbas was also there shouting to us to snap him with Bhutto Sahib. Eventually he pushed his way next to Bhutto Sahib and insisted to get his photo taken. The same evening Bhutto Sahib sent for me and asked what Zia Abbas was shouting about, when I told him he started laughing. After this Zia Abbas pressed me for his picture but I never obliged him.

Bhutto Sahib used to deal with the poor party workers very patiently. Once at Sukkur an old worker kept complaining about one of the party leaders. Bhutto Sahib instead of rebuking him for constant pestering said "I know what is going on" and said he knew that leader was misusing government facilities and was not helping the workers. "I will take action". At Lyari, a crowd gathered in the streets and started complaining to Bhutto Sahib about Salim Gobol, MNA and a Minister. Immediately Bhutto Sahib turned to Salim Gobol and told him to take heed of the criticism especially if he had to stand for election.

When Shaheed Quaid's government was removed from power I realized that the

military Junta would eliminate him as he was an obstruction in their game plan. He was arrested on September 11th from 70 Clifton but was released for Eid. He went to Larkana and was rearrested on September 16th.

During his brief release Bhutto Sahib was disembarked at Multan Airport. He was welcomed there by a massive crowd. It was important to photograph this occasion. Similarly when he arrived at Lahore Airport, he was greeted by hundreds and thousands. However the crowd was baton - charged and Bhutto Sahib was taken away by the military in a jeep.

When Shaheed Quaid was in jail, Mohtarma Benazir Bhutto Sahiba toured Sindh for the first time. I accompanied her and took photographs. These photographs Mohtarma Benazir Sahiba took to show Bhutto Sahib in jail. On return Mohtarma called for me and told me that Bhutto Sahab had asked her "to take special care" of me.

This as the last contact I had with Shaheed Quaid. The death of Shaheed Quaid was a great national loss, and his dedication and work for the poor will always keep him alive in our hearts.

A DESIGNER'S VIEW

Mr. Curt Hill Fram.

My first encounter with the great man, as I recall was in the year 1954-55. An insurance friend together with me went to his residence near the Clifton Bridge and met the family. Having just arrived from Bombay, India, Sir Shah Nawaz Bhutto graciously invited us and introduced us to Zulfikar his son. Zulfikar told me that he had just started law practice in an office (I think Campbell Street opposite Sindh Madressa) shared by Mr. Dorab Patel (Ex-Justice). He asked my help to get him desk chairs etc.

Later when I met him he told me that his father had acquired a plot on 70 Clifton. He had commissioned a Swiss architect Mr. Kotzian to design the house. In the meantime he got married to Nusrat whose father was an Iranian businessman. She had two sisters, one living in Bombay and other a doctor in Iran.

I had lot of meetings, therefore with Bhutto family in furnishing the house at 70-Clifton. I distinctly remember having breakfast with Sir Shah Nawaz, who sometimes consulted me about Zulfikar. He told me to persuade his son, my friend, to be moderate in his social life. Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had any eve for collecting antiques, like rare Iranian rugs, Mughal and Persian miniatures, bronzer etc. I was instrumental to enhance his collection. Zulfikar had the best rare books on Sindh and also a collection of hand written Holy Qurans.

About his political career in the beginning and forming the PPP, I do not have any recollections. However, when he became Pakistan's Foreign Minister in President Ayub's Government he used to frequently visit our showrooms, (Victoria Furniture Mart) generally in the afternoon to share a cup of coffee with me. Once I sent him a few bottles of home made prawn pickles which he and his Begum were fond of. These pickles were much appreciated.

Later on a new wing was added at Al-Murtaza Larkana, during the visits of late Shah Iran and the Ruler of Abu Dhabi for their stay there. Mr. Bhutto showed very keen interest in furnishing his house and personally discussed details with me.

I have very fond memories of his good nature and sense of humor. May Allah's Blessings on him and may his soul rest in peace. Amen.

GOOD DEED PAYS

Munshi Mohammed Hassan Bhutto

I am the son of Azizullah Bhutto, who was a hari of Shaheed Baba. In 1959 Bhutto Sahib called me through Haji Yar Mohammad, who was his attorney. He appointed me Munshi at Deli Sharababad, taluka Jacobabad. I served him for 14 years as Munshi at the same place. Once during rabbi season it rained and most of the wheat crop was damaged. When I visited him with the accounts at Al-Murtaza Larkana, he asked me, "why this loss?" I informed him about the rains and that all the neighboring Zamindars crops were completely destroyed while we still managed to save some.

Bhutto Sahib told me that because he helped the poor, God had saved some of his crop. He asked me which Zammdar's crops were completely destroyed. I named three of them who were at that time awaiting him at Naudero. Bhutto Sahib visited Naudero and sent for three Zamindars. He phoned D.C. Larkana to provide relief to those who suffered losses.

HIS LAND FOR THE LANDLESS

Alan Narejo

In 1972 Bhutto Sahib distributed some of his personal lands to his haris with his own hands. He also contributed land for a high school at Naudero. Bhutto Sahib distributed his own lands in various areas *i.e* Jacobabad, Garhi Khero, Miro Khan & Ratodero and instructed the Mukhtiarkars to accompany the haris for on the spot regularization for this purpose. Bhutto Sahib then had lunch with the peasant beneficiaries of his land distribution. During this he asked me which of these lands had been allocated to me. I informed him that I was a hari on his land and he granted me a nice piece. Bhutto Sahib remarked, that now, I was a Zamindar whereby I thanked him as this was all due to his kindness. After this Bhutto Sahib addressed the gathering and the occasion was celebrated with loud slogans, by singing and dancing in which Bhutto Sahib himself participated. Bhutto Sahib thus distributed his own lands with great pleasure.

DOORS ALWAYS OPEN

Abdul Wahid Soomro

On April 5, 1962, Nawab Ahmed Khan Bhutto, uncle and father-in-law of Shaheed Bhutto, expired. At that time Bhutto Sahib was Federal Minister. Soon after his death there was Dastar-Bundi ceremony of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Present at the ceremony were Sardar Pir Bux khan Bhutto, Nabi Bux Bhutto, Mumtaz Ali Bhutto, Ghulam Ali Khan and other important family member and important neighboring Zamindars, including members of Hindu punchayit. During the ceremony, those present hoped that Bhutto Sahib would be a pillar of support to them like his father Khan Bahadur Shah Nawaz Bhutto was. Bhutto Sahib answered that he would always be available for them in their hour of need. Eventually, my last drop of blood will be for you. Before his departure he instructed Haji Yar Mohd Khan that if any one came for help, he should immediately oblige them. "All these people, he said, he held them in extreme affection and would not disappoint them."

Bhutto Sahib always used to celebrate Eid at Naudero. On such occasions he would welcome all visitors and personally wish well, his employees, and ask about our problems. After, this he would always call upon Nabi Bux Bhutto at Mirpur Bhutto and then return in the evening to Larkana.

TIMELY HELP FOR THE PEOPLE

Ghulam Mustafa Umrani

In 1976, Dadu was severely damaged by severe floods. In the midst of our terrible ordeal Prime Minister Bhutto personally visited Dadu district to comfort and relieve the suffering people. On reaching Dadu city he climbed on the top of a poor person named Pehlwan's Shop and addressed the massive gathering where in a sympathetic emotional tone he said "My dear friends, there is no need to give up hope. This is forbidden by our religion Islam. The houses that have been destroyed will be reconstructed. Bad days are the periods of trial, God is with us at such times. Wherever there is devastations, I will be there to open the coffers of the government for relief of the people." The people due to their love for Shaheed broke the cordons and approached the Prime Minister, where upon the DSP started shoving them away. However Bhutto Sahib rebuked the DSP saying "O' Policeman, desist from hurting them, these are my own beloved people." After this Bhutto Sahib in spite of the water and mud went to visit the destroyed homes on foot. A poor cobbler Siddique caught hold of the Prime Minister and insisted that he visit his home. Bhutto Sahib obliged and comforted him.

So beloved was Shaheed Bhutto of the people that one of our villagers Bashir Mallah on hearing of Shaheed's death slept on the floor for 40 days and refused to drink milk.

PROMISE FULFILLED

Mohammed Hassan Soddar

During start of 1970 election campaign Shaheed Bhutto addressed a huge gathering at Warah Taluka district Larkana standing on a bullock cart. After this he visited the village School where crowds had gathered to greet him. Bhutto Sahib refused to sit saying until the people remained unseated he would not sit. In an emotional tone, he said although India was a strong nation, for Zulfikar Ali Bhutto its strength was nothing and India was afraid of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. This was while Indira Gandhi was Prime Minister of India. Being overwhelmed by the affection of the villagers he said that he will fulfill all promises made to them.

In 1973 after he had come into power the villagers telegraphed him at Islamabad for fulfilling their demands. Bhutto Sahib instructed S.P. Mohammad Pinyal that he would shortly be visiting Larkana and the Soddars should come to meet him. On his arrival Bhutto Sahib met the Soddars and listened to them for half an hour. He gave them a patient hearing and asked the three representatives what they required. The demands were; 10 jobs of higher grades, 100 acres agricultural land and increase in water supply of Warah distributory. All our demands were met and until today our villagers are prosperous due to the munificence of Bhutto Sahib whose faithful followers we would always remain. No one can replace him in our hearts and we will always be true to the PPP.

BHUTTO SAHIB ENCOURAGED

GOOD WORK

Akhtar Ali Ghangro

In January 1970, I was an agronomist with Exxon deputed to plant one acre of the newly introduced Dwarf Millet seeds, On January 27th during severe cold in the morning. I took off my shoes and was knee deep in soil covered all over with mud when Bhutto Sahib and his manager walked in and seeing me doing the job the way I was doing wished that if all our young people could work like that then the future of our country would change. He patted me on the back and wished me "Good Luck".

In November 1970 I was admitted in Jinnah Hospital following a train accident. The brother-in-law of Bhutto Sahib was also admitted in the same hospital. Bhutto Sahib and Begum Sahiba came to visit him. When I heard that I went on my wheel-chair to the private ward where he was also admitted. Bhutto Sahib who had a remarkable memory asked me what had happened to me as he remembered that I had once worked on his farm. I informed him about the railway accident. He was very concerned about me and instructed Col. Ashfaq, who was incharge to look after me and see that I got proper care.

In May 1975 Bhutto Sahib was holding open Kutchahry at Al-Murtaza, amidst a huge crowd. However, when I entered his room with the assistance of his farm manager Qayum, he greeted me with affection and when I complained to him that the Railway was not paying me compensation he telephoned Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, Minister of Railways, and told him to ensure that necessary compensation was made to me within a week.

I cherished these memories of him. I got retirement in 1984 and become an active worker of PPP. Since 1988 I have been Vice President of Shikarpur City. It is a matter of pride for me to remain his devout follower.

RESPECT FOR TEACHERS

Nattik Garelo

Who would have thought that a boy educated at Cathedral School Bombay, a friend of Piloo Modi, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto would one day become a magnetic leader of Pakistan.

In 1969 in extreme hot weather a car arrived at the entrance of Garelo School. Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had come there with some friends, who because of the heat remained seated in the car while he met us with great affection. When we offered him a chair, he remarked that this was a teachers chair and he was not worthy to sit on it. Instead he sat upon a straw stool under a *neem* tree and addressed a gathering of all the villagers.

In 1970, in the presence of thousands of villagers at Garelo village after addressing the gathering, he promised the poor party president of the village, a graduate named Bashir Ahmed Abro that if his party was voted in power, he will never forget the services of Bashir Abro. When the PPP came to power Bhutto Sahib appointed Abro as D.S.P. When Abro was informed about Shaheed Qaid's death he died of heart failure.

During floods of 1976, when there was considerable loss of human life and property, Bhutto Sahib visited Larkana and was besieged by thousands requesting relief at Al-Murtaza. Bhutto Sahib came out and said "Today I will not meet anyone except my mothers and sisters", where upon hundreds of women started weeping and in forming him about their losses. Seeing and hearing there Shaheed Qaid's eyes too flooded in tears and he instructed his secretary to help them after individually ascertaining each case.

A friend of mine who reside in Saudi Arabia narrated to me an incident related with Bhutto Sahib's visit to Mekkah for performing Umra. My friend was present, when Khana-e-Kaaba was opened specially for him. Which was very unusual, Shaheed Qaid went alone inside and those men could hear him crying for quite a while. When he came out he looked emotionally charged and that he was visibly moved by the spiritual, awe of the Holy Kaaba.

Once while Bhutto Sahib was leading a procession in Larkana a man approached him pointing a revolver. However, the assailant was quickly overpowered by the crowd. When Bhutto Sahib was informed that the person was being held, he instructed for his release.