

# The Nation that Lost its Soul

*Memoirs of Sirdar Shaukat Hyat Khan*



*Reproduced by  
Sani H. Panhwar*

# THE NATION THAT LOST IT'S SOUL

MEMOIRS OF  
SIRDAR SHOUKAT HYAT KHAN

Reproduced by  
**Sani H. Panhwar**

"The Darwesh with God's love replete  
No kinship claims with West or East:  
To Spahan, Delhi or Sornercand  
I do not trace my native land.

I utter what is true and right  
Without the thought of fear or fright:  
The fool of Mosque I am not,  
Am nor the child of Western Thought."

Friends and foes are all alike  
In contempt for me and dislike:  
For I could never honey call  
What is bitter like the gall

Iqbal  
Bal-i-Jabril



## PREFACE

Stanley Wolpert, in the Preface to "*Jinnah of Pakistan*" said, "Few individuals significantly alter the course of history Fewer still modify the map of the world. Hardly anyone can be credited with creating a nation State Mohammad Ali Jinnah did all three."

A more apt and deserved tribute would be difficult to find for my leader and inspiration Mohammad Ali Jinnah.

Many people have prodded me to complete this book commenced in 1961 in Hyderabad Jail. I have completed it in fits and starts over 32 years sometimes discouraged by my own inadequacy for such a venture. I was dissuaded further by the state of politics prevailing in Pakistan the insatiable hunger for power of bureaucrats, Generals, and lastly the neophyte politician agreed the endemic corruption created by them. They have all been factors in my reluctance to complete the task.

Thanks are due, however, to the encouragement and assistance of my dear friend, Dr. Anwar Haidar, of Stoke-on-Trent, who chivvied me into completing this book. I must confess that without his constant urging, that this book would have provided essential information to our coming generations of the tremendous sacrifices offered by our people for the creation of Pakistan. But for his exhortations the completion of this book would have been improbable if not impossible. I am beholden to him for the devotion, at the expense of his professional time, to go through the manuscript several times. In fact, the credit for the arduous task of overseeing, its translation into Urdu is entirely his. May God bless him.

I am also grateful to those friends who encouraged me to complete this book inspite of my in health, wishing me to throw some light on the nascent Pakistan movement and Pakistan's present day malaise.

I must also convey my gratitude to Professor Akbar S. Ahmed, Fellow of Selwyh College, Cambridge for agreeing to write the foreword.

I must offer my thanks to Mohammad Ismail, my Steno-Secretary, for the back breaking work of typing the manuscript and his devotion to this job and lastly to Muhammad Riaz, my Computer Operator/Composer, for completing this book.

### **Addition in the revised edition.**

Some unkind critics, without bothering to read this book have thought it fit to castigate me for showing disrespect to my leader. Their hasty conclusions have caused me much pain. I wish they had taken the trouble to read the text. They would have found that the

book is primarily dedicated to our great Quaid-i-Azam. Or the chapter six dealing with Quaid-i-Azam's personality and had noticed my sincere devotion to him.

I would welcome fair suggestions to improve this book, but at the same time would exhort young readers to understand it in the context before passing their hasty judgment. I have recorded my memoirs honestly according to my own perception. Let them also try to understand it fairly.

Sirdar Shaukat Hyat Khan.

**Foreword by Professor Akbar S. Ahmed Khan, Selwyn College  
Cambridge, to '*The Nation that Lost its Soul*' by Sirdar Shaukat Hyat  
Khan.**

Pakistan society in South Asia is characterized by people of action; few write. This is in contrast to Indian society. Take the drama of the independence of Pakistan and the partition of India in 1947. It generated a treasure trove of books on the Indian side. Gandhi, Nehru, Azad all wrote their accounts. On the Muslim side there is a notable lack of memoirs or political accounts. It is therefore doubly welcome when one of the stalwarts of that period, one of the main actors in the Punjab, Sirdar Shaukat Hyat, presents us with his memoirs.

Sirdar Shaukat's book is important on several counts. Firstly, it is a remarkable story of a remarkable man whose long life has seen both the high noon of the British empire and its demise, the struggle for Pakistan, the creation of Pakistan, the debacle in 1971 and the present malaise in the 1980s and 1990s. For the last half-century the author has been either, at the centre of where the action was or near the centre and therefore in a position to comment meaningfully.

Few books give us such a picture of a society undergoing change as this one does. The book provides a unique span covering cataclysmic upheaval in society: from the time of his grandfather, Hyat Khan, who established the family fortunes in the middle of the Victorian 19th century to that, of the author, himself who is now on the threshold of the 21st century, contemplating the coming time; from the time of the Mughal Empire which finally collapsed in 1857 and one chapter of Muslim history came to an end, to the opening of a completely new era of world history, of new technology and instant global media communications dominated by the West in the 1990s.

The author's family traces its origins back to early Islam. Indeed there are genealogical links with the first Muslim conquest of Spain. A doorway at Cordoba provides archaeological evidence. There are fascinating historical anecdotes: for instance of Mughal emperors on their way to Kashmir, passing through the family stronghold at Wah.

Secondly, the book is important because it provides unique insights into Punjab society. We have accounts of Sirdar Shaukat's marriage and happening almost simultaneously, accounts of his father's death and burial. We learn of the weddings in the family and the values of the elders: how his father, as the Prime Minister of the Punjab, invited wedding guests with the sentence, "No presents, please, for my children" printed on the invitation card. Sirdar Sahib does not miss an opportunity to

compare the past with the present. We have a unique insight into a bygone world of north Indian feudal life. Feudalism may have had its great flaws and sins but it also had a certain elegance and style, a code which matched and reflected aristocratic elements of the British Raj which allowed, someone like Sirdar Shaukat Hyat to be accepted into London society without much of an ethnic or racial problem.

How many readers outside Pakistan would know that stroking the moustache implies an unspoken threat, in feudal body Language? We have a fascinating episode in which the powerful Governor of West Pakistan Nawab Kalabagh, in the 1960s, calls Sirdar Shaukat, for a meeting during which he uses this language Sirdar Shaukat responded by fighting back. The authorities victimized his property and family.

Third there is an important comment on contemporary issues in the light of the Pakistan movement. We are informed about the central debate in Pakistan raging now about society is Pakistan to be fundamentalist i.e. religiously orientated or secular i.e. to divorce religion from political life? The, debate is invariably informed by references, to Mr. Jinnah, the Quaid-i-Azam. The paradox is that both sides cite Mr. Jinnah. Sirdar Shaukat Hyat is clearly against the fundamentalists. Mr. Jinnah, he argues, never wanted a theocracy. He was a tolerant humanist. The outcome of the debate is important because on it depends what kind of society will emerge in Pakistan. Unfortunately this central issue has not been resolved and society swings from close-minded, intolerant, religious leaders on the one hand, to close-minded, intolerant secular leaders on the other. By pointing out the dilemma Sirdar Shaukat clearly underlines its importance for us.

Sirdar Shaukat reminds us that many of the *ulema* called Quaid i Azam, *kafir-i-azam* or the greatest of unbelievers. The *ulema* continued to fight against Pakistan. "Today" the Sirdar exclaims with indignation "they have the cheek to call it home of Islam and that it was created for it". He points, out that it was the slogan that small children chanted during the movement "*Pakistan ka matlab kia laillaha illalah*" that people used later to reinforce this argument. General Zia used this slogan to reinforce his own rule. He argues that God belongs to all, to Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Jews. God is not the sole property of the Muslims.

But the Sirdar is not against Islam itself. On the contrary. To him independence meant "all sacrifices seemed worthwhile because 'Islam' the motivating force for the Pakistan movement has been unshackled and freed from the slavery of the twin dangers' of the British as well as caste Hindu imperialism"

We learn of the dramatic story of the rise of the Hyat family. As a child growing up in north Pakistan near Wah I had heard of the legend from my Hyat friends at school. It began with Muhammad Hyat Khan Sirdar Shaukat's grandfather, who was on the staff of General Nicholson. He had accompanied Nicholson to Delhi to put down the mutiny



in 1857. Both had been wounded and Hyat Khan had rescued Nicholson at the risk of his own life. A grateful Nicholson while dying wrote a letter to Lord Lawrence the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab in his own blood. The British government rewarded Hyat Khan and thus was established one of the great feudal families of north India.

Like his father, Sir Sikander, Premier of the Punjab from 1936-1942. Sirdar Shaukat was educated at Aligarh University which immediately brought him into contact with Muslims from all over India. It was a remarkable culture and it created and laid down the foundations for what would become the Pakistan movement. It was also creating a kind of Muslim renaissance.

Sirdar Shaukat relates the story of two cousins both claimants to property worth millions of rupees. The rich person visited his father's office to try to influence him by leaving behind half a million rupees, a great deal of money then. When his father enquired what this was the visitor said that this was so that he could buy some sweets for his children. Sirdar's father picked up the money and threw it at the gentleman and told him never ever, to enter his presence again, adding that the day his children lived on ill-gotten gain he would prefer to see them dead. However, after the man left, he still saw his official file and felt that, in spite of his foolishness, the case was in his favor. In order to preserve impartiality, he sent it up to the Governor for him to decide. The Governor, too after studying the case agreed that the same man be awarded an estate. He recounts how Sir Fazl-i-Hussain and Muhammad Shaffi both the Viceroy's executive councilors never made a penny, out of their great public offices and when Sir Shaffi died he left a debt of Rs. 200,000. Fazl-i-Hussain's only possession was the little piece of land which he had inherited and a small house worth Rs. 30,000 which he built from his savings as a lawyer. That was his only investment after twenty years of holding some of the most important positions in India.

There is no concealment in the book, no hypocrisy here, no attempts at projecting something false. Sirdar Shaukat describes his visit to London in a rickety sea-plane during the war. His fellow passenger pulled out a bottle of Cognac and shared it with him. He thinks, back to Lady Willingdon, ex-Vicereine of India, taking him under her wing because her husband the Viceroy, had known the Sirdar's father. She reminded him that he represented the great traditions of the Indian army as an officer of the Bengal Lancers and he must keep up his dignity and not behave like some of the other Indians boys by being seen with cheap company. He was invited to the big houses and the people there treated him like a gentleman and were hospitable and magnanimous.

He describes London and the havoc caused by the blitz in Hitler's bombing. His warmth and his humanity are reflected in his account of Britain during the siege in Hitler's war. He had been asked to tour military units and give them morale boosting lectures.

Sirdar Shaukat relates an incident in Aberdeen which gave him confidence in the British. While waiting for his talk to the service officers he went to the cinema. The cinema was full of soldiers, girls and boys and a few old people. Soon after the trailer, an announcement appeared on the screen saying the air-raid shelter was below in the cellar and people should rush to it. The Sirdar was astonished that only one man who was seventy and seated next to him asked the attendant how to get there. No one else stirred. People were not bothered. They continued to see the film and enjoy themselves. That incident assured Sirdar Shaukat that the bull-dog spirit of the British would defeat their enemy in the war.

We learn of the Sirdar's idyllic young life as the son of distinguished father, the Premier of the Punjab, one of the richest provinces of India, as large as a major European country. We learn of his joining the British Indian army, of his scraps on the North-West Frontier Province with the legendary. Faqir of Ipi. We learn of his decision to join Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League. Giving up the Unionists who were opposed to Pakistan and joining the Muslim League of Mr. Jinnah meant incredible pressure. We know that Sirdar. Shaukat Hyat lost not only property but other crude pressures were put on him by the British administration. We learn of the creation of Pakistan, his appointment to government, his subsequent opposition to government and his landing in jail. The author is highly critical of General Zia's attempts at Islamization and the story is brought right up to date.

Sirdar Shaukat describes himself as a young man walking in Murree one evening with his small sisters. When he passed the British Medical Hospital amounted, British officer moved up to them and whipped them mercilessly with his hunting crop. His little sister fell down the steep side of the hill. This was colonial rule.

Sirdar Shaukat describes his illness in 1924 from the dreaded disease, tuberculosis, and the fears of the family that they would lose their young boy. The disease, Sirdar points out, eventually claimed his great hero, Mr. Jinnah. He describes how the Quaid-i-Azam (Mr. Jinnah) himself visited him when he was ill with a high temperature, a rare gesture for the Quaid who rarely visited people otherwise everyone would want him to visit.

The author's great hero is Mr. Jinnah. Indeed the book is dedicated to Mr. Jinnah, to Allama Iqbal and to the author's father, Sir Sikander Hyat. This is a very impressive trio, a formidable combination of Muslim talent. With Mr. Jinnah, Sirdar Shaukat had found a surrogate father. Indeed Miss Jinnah, Mr. Jinnah's sister, confirms that he was like a son to her brother.

In this book we relive the horrors of partition again and we must keep in mind that the eye of the storm was Lahore. Here Sirdar Shaukat Hyat's powers of description and his own humanity are clearly expressed. He works round the clock not only to ensure some kind of refuge and order when the unending stream of refugees pours in from India,

destitute and ravaged, but also to maintain harmony for the Hindus in Lahore and for the protection of their lives. This, the Sirdar reiterates, is what Islam demands of him.

We learn of the skullduggery in the Kashmir case, of how the great names were involved in obtaining Kashmir for India. We learn of how the Pakistani surprise invasion that Sirdar Sahib was planning with his colleagues unofficially was ruined because one of the key member had disappeared in Peshawar on his honeymoon. In the meantime India had deployed her troops.

During his long life Sirdar Shaukat has suffered immensely. He was jailed on several occasions for long periods for standing up to the authorities. The grant of forty squares of prime land in Sahiwal district was cancelled by the British Governor and his cabinet because Sirdar Shaukat refused to abandon Mr. Jinnah. Pakistan, too, would behave in a similar manner. The Wah cement factory was taken from his family because he refused to bow to the Pakistani President.

He describes the savage cruelty meted out to his son Sikander who, as a young boy, stood up to President Ayub Khan in the 1960s. Sikander was sent to prison (and tortured) then to a lunatic asylum. In a famous exchange the Governor, Amir Khan, the Nawab of Kalabagh, said to Sirdar Sahib, "I am a dog and I will bite whoever my master wishes me to do so." He simply obeyed Ayub Khan's orders. The Sirdar stood up saying, "Amir Khan, I am nearly fifty years and throughout this period I have never sat with a dog to partake food and let me prophesy that you will die like a dog." Indeed this is what happened when Kalabagh was thrown out by Ayub Khan from his governorship and eventually murdered in a most horrific manner.

There are moments of humor. During the campaign of Miss Jinnah against Ayub Khan in the 1960s she was often tired and therefore bad-tempered. Her staff came up with a solution to save her time. They persuaded one of their colleagues (Mr. Anwar) who looked like her to drape a scarf around his neck and sit in the back seat waving his hand to the crowds along the roads. People thought that he was their "Madr-e-Millat", mother of the nation, and waved and cheered to catch a glimpse. Since then the title Madr-e-Millat stuck to Mr. Anwar.

We have one of the most penetrating accounts of the dramatic days early in 1971 when the fate of Pakistan was being decided. The bungling, the intrigue, the indecisiveness of the Pakistani leadership is clearly brought out. The situation changes from moment to moment and it spins out of control leading to the division of Pakistan and the creation of Bangladesh. India's shrewd handling of the Bangladesh crisis and Pakistan's inept handling of it are underlined. Pakistan's tragic failure to understand and manipulate the world media is once again high-lighted. This failure has a resonance today as Pakistan struggles to project the Kashmir case to an increasingly hostile and indifferent world.

At the end of the story Sirdar Shaukat Hyat makes a devastating comparison of Pakistan, between the ideal in the early years and the reality of today. He recounts the simplicity of the founding fathers, of Quaid-i-Azam travelling into huge public meetings without any protection, with just one motor cyclist leading him; of Quaid-i-Azam checking even trivial expenses at the Governor-General's house and charging one rupee as a token salary; of Liaquat Ali Khan, the first Prime Minister, travelling with other paying passengers on the Orient Airways. He recalls staying with Chaudhry Muhammad Ali, then Secretary-General, and finding his bedroom furniture consisting of one ordinary bed with one sheet on it, one small chair and one small table. He then compares this with the legacy of General Zia: "tons of lies, deceptions, lavish standards of living and free for all loot." He condemns General Zia for tampering with justice, for inefficiency, greed and corruption. Pakistanis, it may be inferred, are great believers in Einstein's theory of relativity - getting relatives plots, jobs and licenses!

In concluding, the Sirdar reflects that although he was forced to sell ninety-five percent of his inherited property to survive, with the help of God he has refrained from accepting or offering bribes throughout his life. He has accumulated no wealth by unfair means and withstood every temptation.

Towards the end he reminisces about the importance of Pakistan as an ideal. This is a point made by few in Pakistan itself as the elite of the country appear to be wrapped in a mood of disillusionment and cynicism. He points out that, there were many forces determined to undermine what he believes was the "vital machine that could spearhead the renaissance movement that is Pakistan". Even Israel is suspected for "it suits neither. the Zionist capitalists nor the students of crusades of the Middle Age or the disciples of agnosticism to see the idea of Islamic justice prosper".

Bernard Shaw said of the average politician: "He knows nothing; he thinks he knows everything - that clearly points to a political career." To arrogance Sirdar Shaukat would add other vices like corruption and nepotism in the Pakistani politician. Sirdar Shaukat is disillusioned with the state of Pakistani politics. It is a shattering critique. He does not spare any one. All the big names are included; but he ends on a note of optimism.

It is generally said that an autobiography reveals nothing bad about its author except his memory. Sirdar Shaukat disproves this maxim. His memory is sharp and like an honest writer of autobiography Sirdar Shaukat Hyat does not wish to be tactful or diplomatic. He holds the mirror up steadily. He holds it not only to himself but for Pakistani society to look at. It will know the ideals that helped create it and the disappointments and failures that it confronted. But Sirdar Shaukat holds up the mirror in the hope that Pakistanis will benefit from history.

In his conclusion he once again refers to his own father who advised him of the different stages of a man's growth which reflected a nation's growth. The stage in the evolution would bring hope and triumph. The book thus ends on an optimistic note.

We may agree or disagree with the author - and many will find much to criticize in the book - but we cannot ignore the richness and originality of Sirdar Shaukat's account. There are stories of bribery, nepotism and corruption, stories of honor and integrity, stories of heart-break and passion. It is the full panorama of a full life. It is not an academic exercise, nor an anthropological or a philosophical one; neither is it a journalistic one. It is simply a warrior sitting down with his pen to describe his long and eventful life as best and as honestly as he can. The book is essential reading for anyone interested in the history of Pakistan and its present predicament.

## CHAPTER - 1

### MY YOUTH.

*"The Congregation carries idols up its sleeves  
Am ordered proclaim there is none but He."*

*Iqbal - Zarb-i-Kaleem*

The following is neither a narration of a war hero nor is it the biography of a great patriarch. It is just an ordinary story of a very ordinary man, one of those hundreds of millions who were fortunate, or more appropriately, were unfortunate enough to have been born in the Colonial East in 1915.

I was born during the First World War in Amritsar, the city famous for the Golden Temple of the Sikh community, in the old Punjab of British India; it was the city to which my mother belonged. My father had come from the more rugged North, the soldier - producing part on the banks of the River Indus.

I was the second child in the family, the first was my sister Mahmooda. Being the much sought after first son, my birth is reported to have been an occasion of much jubilation and festivity. In the closely knit family life in India a son was, in those days, considered a blessing, for he was supposed to be a prop, an heir, as well as an old age insurance for the parents. Having given birth to a daughter, my mother was very keen to beget a son. She visited many a shrine praying and seeking divine benevolence in the form of a son and heir.

However, before I recount my own experiences, perhaps it would be more appropriate to give a brief background of our family and the then prevailing conditions in the country.

My father came from ancient stock from the area of Taxila, famous for its Buddhist seat of Learning and, later, as the headquarters of the Greek rulers after the invasion by Alexander the Great. His name was Sirdar Sikander Hyat Khan. Sikander is the transliteration of Alexander.

Actually our tribe had Arab lineage. Ibn Khattar, our forefather, was a Captain with Tariq who had carried the Arab invasion into Gibraltar (*Jabal-el-Tariq*) in Spain One of the old gates in Cordova I believe still carries the family name Sonic Spanish admixture must have taken place in our blood there as did the Judo Grecian during our later sojourn in Taxila.

Later, one of our forebears seems to have fallen out with the Ommayyad Rulers of Spain left the country and took service in the Court of Abbasides in Baghdad They flourished there for a time but their independent streak did not make them the best of courtiers as it was also to be in subsequent generations! Therefore the head of the clan was transferred to the remote part of the Empire of Sistan, West of Afghanistan, as a Governor. As the place later became desert, on account of erosion the junior branch (younger son of the then Independent ruler) came into India with Mahmud of Ghazni and remained on the banks of the Indus.

Dissatisfied and perhaps attracted by the idea of new conquests, the head of the elder branch later joined Mohammad Ghouri in the 12th century (1176 AD) as a General to invade India. Our forebears and their children fell in love with the verdant hills to the south of the River Indus and spread out along that range Later our branch the Ferozal settled in the area of the lake and springs seven miles north of Taxila. They made their Headquarters at a place where springs flowed from the top of a limestone hill, and was named after his son as Jalal Sar (The springs of Jalal). The rest of the tribe spread itself into the adjoining mountain running north and west of Jalal Sar This preference for hilly country, was in keeping with the economy of that period, where cattle were the real wealth and grazing grounds were a prize held by the strongest and the most warlike. The tilling of low lands was left to the less virile and their produce was always at the mercy of the marauding highlanders.

Sardar Jalal Khan's descendants enjoyed their supremacy till the time of the Mughal Emperors. They even provided an army for the Mughals, in, the time of Emperor Akbar, for the re-conquest of India, as they had for his grandfather Babar. General Ahmad Khan fell out with the Mughals, after his refusal to give his daughter in marriage to the Royal family, and walked out of Delhi with his seven thousand cavalry.

A further breach in our cordial relations developed during the rule of Akbar's son Jehangir, on account of a petty-minded Governor of the Emperor. Jehangir, while on his way to the summer Palace in Kashmir, beheld the lovely waterfall created by the springs of Jalal Sar. He spontaneously exclaimed the term of wonderment "WAH" and ordered a Rest House to be constructed there for him. Ever since the place has been called Wah. His non-Muslim Governor pitched his tents on the spot where the Mughal gardens and the palace was to be constructed Sensing strangers our dogs barked all night and cockerels crowed early in the morning which disturbed his sleep. Under the pretence that the Emperor would be discomfited he ordered our village on the opposite side of the Lake, to be razed to the ground and re-situated half a mile away. This insult was too much for the proud 'Khattars'. They refused to pay homage to Jehangir during his next visit to Hassan Baba (Abdal). They were dubbed malcontents by Jehangir and as a punishment they were ordered to be deported to the criminals settlement in Kangra. However the strong and young amongst them escaped arrest and

took to the mountains They came back after Jehangir's entourage left and became progressively independent as the Mughal Empire weakened and lost its hold on the outlying and remote parts of the country. Those who were deported flourished in Kangra till 1947 when they were all murdered by Hindus barring two young boys who were miraculously rescued, and later came back and settled at Hassan Abdal. Dr. Sikander Hyat is running a flourishing Private Hospital there.

Thereafter another scourge visited us in the form of the Sikh dictatorship of the Punjab These vandals came in force to Wah looted and burnt the Mughal palace and maltreated the villagers. Thereupon our forebears under the command of my Great grandfather Shah Wali Khan and later his son Sardar Karam Khan took up arms against the Sikhs. The latter raised a large cavalry force and started to harass the Sikhs boldly and continued the process till the British under Brigadier General Nicholson from the south and our people from the north finally encircled and defeated the Sikhs at Margalla Pass south of Taxila. A monument still marks the Historic Site.

This battle started a long lasting friendship between our family and the British to be broken finally a century later by the British Governor, Sir Bertrand Glancy, in 1944.

To continue the narrative, a calamity fell upon the, family with the murder of Sardar Karam Khan by his real brother, because of a dispute about the division of land, and on account of Karam Khan's demand for extra property to meet the expenses of hospitality etc., which was part of the duties to be performed by the eldest son who wore his father's turban.

My grandfather, Nawab Sardar Mohammad Hyat Khan, was only sixteen years old. His Pathan mother advised him to take his four brothers to her parents' village in the Gangar Hills, North of Hazara district, and take refuge there. They were hidden by some loyal tenants at night before escaping. My grandfather carried two brothers on his shoulders and escaped during the night, guiding the others. Soon the murder was avenged by his cousin from the village of Bahtar-Dharek.

Mr. Abbott, the British Commissioner of Hazara and Derajaat Division, founder of Abbottabad, learnt of the tragedy that had befallen their erstwhile ally, sent for the boys and undertook their education at Government expense, under his own supervision. He offered a grant of a vast area adjacent to Wah and Hassanabdal to their mother, but the old lady, already smitten on account of property dispute, declined the offer.

Later Nawab Mohammad Hyat returned to the village. At that time the British Army was camping near Hassanabdal. A letter written in Persian arrived for the commander, and General Nicholson was on the lookout for someone who would explain the contents. My grandfather, who happened to be there for a visit translated the contents. Thereafter, he showed a desire to join the General on the expedition North. The General



did not wish to expose such a raw youth to the hardships of war, but the persuasiveness and youthful competence of his late friend's son won in the end. Grandfather was taken as an orderly officer and went with him. Soon the news of the great Indian Mutiny brought the General rushing back to Delhi.

Grandfather accompanied the General to Delhi. The force was camped on the famous "Ridge". The General, accompanied by Nawab Mohammad Hyat Khan, went for a reconnaissance to the Kashmir Gate. There, two of the mutineers fired at them, both were, wounded, the General very seriously. Not caring for his own wounds, Grandfather picked up his friend to carry him back. On his way back a Sardar of Mardan assisted him to carry Nicholson and the commander was brought back to the Camp at the Ridge. Having handed over the General, he fell exhausted.

When the General regained consciousness, he found many including the Mardan gentleman, who claimed credit for his rescue. Nicholson sent for Mohammad Hyat Khan and asked for a paper, pen and ink. Though paper was found, no ink was available. He dipped the pen in his own blood and wrote that this gentleman had rescued him, at the risk of his life, and should receive the highest esteem, which was his due. The paper was handed over to my grandfather. Soon Nicholson succumbed to his serious wounds.

Later the letter was shown by my grandfather to Lord Lawrence, the then Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab. He is reported to have kept the letter and taken it with him to England, where it is believed to be part of the archives in a Museum. A poem describing the event was translated by Lord Lawrence and is given in a book on General Nicholson by Trotter, dated 1898, and published by J. Murray. A copy exists in the British Army Museum in Chelsea and also in the Cavalry & Guards Club Library at 127, Piccadilly, London.

Grandfather was appointed as the First Indian Sessions Judge, having been for some time a Settlement Officer of Kohat and later of Lahore. He, became a founder member of the Charitable Muslims' Education Conference and Anjuman Himayat-i-Islam in the Punjab. He took up the cause of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, the great founder of the Mohammeden Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh, later to be famed as the Muslim University. He was one of the group working for the renaissance of Islam at the time. They wanted to reinstate the Muslim to pre-eminence in the political field, by cooperating with the British as the Hindus had done so successfully after the Mutiny to oust the Muslims. Hindus had got preference in the Government services, as well as business, on account of their acquiring knowledge of the English language and by serving the new masters against the old (the Muslims) in order to win their favor.

Many a story is told of those colorful days after 1858; when the British had turned their business interest into that of paramount power, ruling supreme in the Indian sub-continent. I will recount just a few concerning my grandfather.

One is about his youngest and favorite brother, who had been convicted for murdering a servant of the rival party, headed by his uncle, just because of the servant's disrespectful remark. Sikander Khan, my grand uncle, was kept in the death-cell for convicted murderers. He was made to lie down on hard ground and was treated harshly. My grandfather, who, at this time had retired, was sorely grieved, gave up food and started sleeping on the ground himself. Soon he was too weak even to move. The Lieutenant Governor happened to pass Wah and was surprised to find the old Nawab missing. On enquiring he learnt that Nawab Sahib was seriously ill. He decided to visit him. When he found the weak old man he asked why was he lying on the ground. Promptly came the answer "What else can a gentleman do when the Queen's representatives have such a short memory as to convict an ally's brother?" The Governor was smitten by this remark and immediately granted the Royal reprieve to Sikander Khan.

The second story was of the old man's marriage to my grandmother while he was posted as Sessions Judge at Jullunder. The young lady's father, a son of a respectable Ansari family, had been for decades a Prime Minister of the Indian State of Kapurthala and owner of a good proportion of the State's lands. On his death he left jewels and cash worth over several millions of rupees, apart from the property. Both his sons liked wine, women and song and were in a great hurry to go through their legacy. Their mother was a wise old lady and decided to marry, her daughter to an influential and sober man. For this purpose, she arranged her betrothal to my grandfather. Grandmother's brothers, fearing that their mother would pass their share of the fortune to their sister, vehemently resisted. She sewed the jewels in eiderdowns and packed in pillows and money was sewn into quilts which were sent along with her dowry. Grandmother was quietly married without any outward ostentation. Grandmother was a pious lady and possessed a great deal of common sense. With her money she bought nearly a thousand acres of newly irrigated land in Sheikhpura, and a Tea Estate in Kangra, after its British owners fled on account of the terrible Earthquake of Jawala Mukhi. It was a lovely, scenic property in the foothills of the Himalayas. In this area my grand uncle, then managing the Estate, found a cave full of sapphires, brought some as a specimen, but died without telling its exact location, which he had carefully concealed for their children!

My Grandfather won a great political laurel, during the new settlement operation of the fertile land of the central Punjab, under Mr. Thorburn. He persuaded his superior 'to enact a law prohibiting land-alienation by Agriculturists to rich non-Agriculturists of the mercantile class. This act was completed by his son, my father, during his Premiership of the Punjab in 1936-42.

As a reward for the role he played during the Settlement Operation, Grandfather was awarded an estate of 25,000 acres adjoining the then city of Lahore. The old man refused it with a note of thanks. The Governor was surprised at this and asked to see him. The Nawab insisted that to accept such a gift would turn his sons into members of the idle-rich, who would squander their wealth on worldly pleasures. He would prefer them to grow up as ordinary people and struggle for their existence. He expressed his confidence that they would become Leaders, and may occupy even the Governor's Seat.

Such was the philosophy followed by this grand old gentleman. His prophecy came true. His sons ended up as Prime Ministers and Governors within fifty years.

A similar grant of land was made to him within the newly planned city of Lahore, the McLeod Road recreation area, Cooper Road and Empress Road's residential areas for development. Almost all of it was generously given away to friends, free of cost and he just kept enough to build a house for each one of his sons in the Cooper Road area. In his later life he was appointed a member of an Advisory Council of the Viceroy at Calcutta. He however preferred the quiet life of retirement in his village, where he built himself a palatial house and a mosque where he spent much of his time meditating. He died in 1901 at the age of sixty-three, leaving behind six sons and two daughters.

My father was then ten years old. His two elder brothers were in service. A guardian took over the property and did well on it. Much of the wealth had disappeared by the time my father returned from the Aligarh College, where he and his brothers had been educated. My father, the late Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, did well both as a student and as a sportsman, captaining Aligarh's renowned Hockey team, the All India Champions.

Aligarh had a Faculty which could boast great scholars both British and Indian brought by Sir Syed Ahmed Khan from Universities in the UK. Graduates from the College were sought after for the Services. Every enlightened Muslim family sent their boys to the institution as a social must. Sir Syed Ahmed Khan had conceived and constructed the place on the pattern of Oxford by collecting dimes from the liberal Muslims who helped build it by collecting funds. Sir Sayed did not consider, it below his dignity to make collections, even from the dancing girls. Once he was asked to dance before local dancing girls if he wished to obtain a donation, Sir Sayed performed without hesitation. Later Aligarh's students became the leaders of Muslims both in Services and as well as in Politics.

Having completed his course of studies, father decided to go to England to study medicine. However, the first dissection of a frog was enough to make him quit. There, in England he saw the Englishman, in his own country; breathed the fresh air of liberty and freedom; listened and took part in soap-box orations at Hyde Park Corner, this wonderful British Institution which provides an outlet for pent-up emotions. This

brought him into contact with other kindred Spirits who had a burning desire to see their own country free. Along with Mr. Sravarkar, later to be the President of the All India Hindu Mahasaba, and some others, he joined a terrorist organization called the Ghadar Group. They planned to blow up the Coronation Procession. However, the plot was discovered. Some were tried and some deported back to India. My father was one of the latter. The British, for Diplomatic reasons, did not wish to try a loyalist Nawab's son, lest other such families in India took a cue from my father's example and followed him. They quietly entered in his secret dossier that he should never be allowed to hold Government office. Fate must have been smiling up its sleeve for it was destined to be quite otherwise.

At first my Uncles holding responsible jobs in the Government thought my Father's action was a stain on the family's good name. They tried to have him enlisted as Tehsildar (a very junior civil service post) but His Majesty's Government's Orders helped him to escape the ignominy of starting from the lowest rung in the Government Service ladder.

He took to business and bought his brother's share in the Kangra Tea Estate, which was almost in rags and ruin on account of absentee landlordism. Having acquired a two thirds majority interest, Father converted the factory from making hand rolled tea to a mechanized rolling and power-driven system. Soon his tea was in great demand in Afghanistan and Central Asia. Merchants who came to Amritsar paid handsome premiums for the Wah Tea Estate tea. Father was soon, reaping big profits.

In the meantime he got married to a young lady belonging to a most respected family of Kashmiri merchants and mystics, Zubaida, daughter of Mir Obaidullah, and niece of Khawaja Ghulam Sadiq the rich, world-renowned purveyor of cashmere shawls belonging to Amritsar, in India.

Being the eldest child she was the favorite of her parents and uncles. She wanted to stay in Amritsar. Father was only too eager to oblige. He bought a lovely house in the modern Civil Lines, mostly inhabited by the British or a few top Indian families. Nothing he could do was too much trouble, as she was a most beautiful girl of her time. She visited Wah, our home village, occasionally and won over the respect, not only of the family, but of all the tenants of this utterly feudal society. She introduced them to previously unheard-of reforms, whereby the poor people gained respectable human standards. So, in 1912, started a blissful existence the journey in spring to Wah with its blossom-laden Moghul gardens, the summer sojourn in the Himalayan Tea Estates under the glittering snow capped mountains, and winters in the business centre of Amritsar, punctuated by the birth of my elder sister, Mahmooda on 9th June 1913, mine on the 23rd September 1915 and my youngest sister Talaat on the 22nd September 1917.

But it was too good to last. The 'war fever', as influenza was then termed, ravaged not only half the population in Amritsar, but also destroyed the happiness of our home. Within a week my young maternal aunt, her brother and my mother succumbed to the disease. Seven corteges moved out of my Grandfather's house within a few days. None of us clearly remembers the doting mother, but we are told that just in her last moments she had us brought to outside her closed windows to have a peek at us through the glass. Soon after extracting a promise from our father that he would affectionately look after us till we were all married, and then join her, she quietly passed into the next world in March 1918. I must have wept though I cannot remember, but she left a void in my life.

Life changed considerably for us. Father went to war as one of the first Indians to be granted a King's Commission in the army. The Government conveniently closed their eyes to his dossier, because they wanted to win over the Indians' sympathy, many of whom were clamoring for Home Rule.

The mowing down of a helpless audience at a meeting after barricading all the exits of the Jalianwala Bagh, Amritsar, by General Dyer, and subsequent riots, forced our grandfather to dispatch us to the protective atmosphere of Wah, under the supervision of our ayahs (nannies). It was not a very happy experience. We were soon neglected and handled roughly by the ayah in charge. Our health suffered and not long after had telling results. Our father came down for a short spell of leave and decided to send us to our grandparents in Amritsar.

This was in 1919 and is the first pleasant memory of my life. I can still feel the taste of the sugar-coated aniseed and almonds from vendors at Wazirabad Railway Station, and the mounting excitement as Amritsar grew closer. The ride from the station was in a horse drawn four-wheeler belonging to my grandfather, it was all shuttered and drawn by two fine looking horses. The welcome we received from our maternal Grandmother who was sitting beside the fire late at night waiting for us, was overwhelming. I can still see the tears of joy and sorrow running down her cheeks When she hugged each of us in turn. So also can I recollect the aroma and color of the delicious Kashmiri fare she had cooked with her own hands, and coaxingly fed each of us in turn. Her affection soon made us forget the tedium of 230 miles tiring train journey, as well as the maltreatment received at the hands of servants. Once again we sensed a feeling of belonging.

Here was a grand old lady who had lost three of her Own children, and bravely devoted her affection to three orphans. Nothing that she could do was too much. Little did we know at the time that the hidden canker of sorrow was quickly eating her up, and she was going through an agony while tending the three Of us, and little Rahat, the two years old daughter of her late son. She could see her time running out and did not spare a second in her devotion towards us.

How can I forget her frenzy when a small boy provoked the large wild bee hive in a mango tree by hurling a stone into it. The infuriated swarm attacked all and sundry. I was a helpless on-looker when some dozen of them stung me. Swollen and in excruciating pain I was in the lap of my Grannie who spent many sleepless nights tending me so gently.

Our life was just bliss. The war was over and we were too young to understand the Khilafat movement demanding that the Caliphate of Turkey be restored and the ill-fated trek by the Indian Muslims to the freedom of Afghanistan where, instead of being welcomed, they were betrayed and robbed. The dispirited remnants of them returned to tell the harrowing tales of woe in the so-called free land of Afghanistan. Some of the more adventurous spirits proceeded on; a few were trapped by the Russian Communists; others, dejected by the Ata Turk's modernism, ended up in Medina. Our role in this period was merely to sing patriotic songs and raise slogans in support of the Khilafat movement led by the brothers Maulanas Muhammad Ali and Shaukat Ali, both Aligarh student leaders.

There were other exciting experiences. Our road was hedged by cactus bushes. Soon the bright purple prickly pears seemed irresistible. A foray was made by three little girls and me. We braved the prickly bushes and collected a basketful. There was no one nearby to instruct us that the pears have to be depricked first. The result was three howling culprits on the hands of the grandmother and poor old Dr. Manneckshaw, who had to drive down in his buggy to clean out our mouths and throats. Another was my show of bravado to my sisters when I jumped over the running-board of a moving four-wheeler, the result being an arm in splints and a terrible loss of face with my sisters!

Soon my maternal grandparents decided, in our interest, to marry their youngest daughter Ameena, who was betrothed to her cousin, to my father instead. She was an angel of a woman and, in keeping with the traditions of those times, she obeyed her parents and sacrificed her own happiness for that of her late sister's children. My father was not inclined to marry again but could not stand up against the logic of his father-in-law. They were married and she gave birth to my brother Amat. It was a quarter-century-long saga of suffering, sacrifice, self-effacement and devotion by this great Lady. May God bless her soul. She literally lived and died, after great suffering for us, who were placed under her young care. She was the only real mother known to us till her death.

Soon after giving birth to her only son she developed cancer and she allowed her husband to take a second wife. The second mother gave birth to six children, three girls and three boys, named Tahira, Zahida, Ismat, Riffat, Izzat and Ghairat. Our aunt had tabooed the word step-child in the family. Therefore, till this day it is difficult for me to

think otherwise despite all the strains and stresses of later life. Both our mothers get credit for this.

I was only six when a local Hindu merchant of our village celebrated his daughter's wedding. Unlike the Muslim marriages, it was customary for the Hindu wedding parties to arrive in starlight accompanied by Kitson gas lamps, a motley brass band and a considerable quantity of fireworks. Before proceeding to the house of the bride, the party used to visit our house to pay respects to the village 'Sirdars' and receive our blessings and presents. At this wedding I was intrigued by the fireworks and played about with them, while carrying a torch in my hand. That proved to be my virtual undoing as, during the process, I inhaled a considerable amount of noxious fumes. The next day I could hardly breathe. Complications set in, pneumonia, pleurisy and then that dreaded disease, which in 1924 was quite incurable, Tuberculosis.

The next three years must have been a veritable hell for both my parents. It was no better for me with poultices, inhalations and spitting blood. I was taken from one doctor's door to another's. British specialists counseled despair. The only advice was to go to the pine covered hill stations of Dalhousie and Murree during the summer, but their winding slippery roads made me sick. When there, sun-bathing in a hammock stretched between two trees, Sharp's Toffees as a bribe to coax me to take unpalatable potions. I kept myself amused with a Meccano set. At night my mother slept with me or rather kept awake because of a fear of my sleep walking that I suffered from. During the winters I had to sleep out in the open in the freezing weather of Wahl along with my pet bunnies, under mosquito nets and blankets. My temperature was charted from four to six times a day, with a seemingly unending tedium of swallowing pills and mixtures. Food was confined to tomatoes, spinach and soup. It was just hell for a youngster of ten who could not understand why he could not run and play like other children.

Three long years this ordeal lasted. I had even forgotten how to walk. My poor father and aunt were getting pale and gaunt, worrying for me. Then a virtual miracle happened. A doctor named Permanand, attached to the Jail Department, came to spend his summer vacations in the cool of the Murree hills where we were spending that Season. He also used to practice Homeopathy along with his allopathy. He happened to visit our house and examined me.

He prescribed my favorite foods, curried chicken and kebabs, for the next day and came over with vial containing some, small white pills of homeopathic medicine. Then he enjoyed watching the sight of a starved patient guzzle down delicacies. I could not believe it when he ordered me to get up. I could hardly stand, but this kind gentleman helped me along. Seven days later I was walking; a week later running along. No more blood in the sputum, no temperatures and the thermometer was ceremoniously broken. Almost thirty years later Professor Rossier, of Kantonspital in Zurich, while screening

my chest was surprised to see the old scars and wanted to know how I had been cured when anti-T.B. drugs had not then been discovered.

I used to go for long walks with my maternal grandfather who had come up to see us in Murree. Because of my grandmother's death he had become a lonely man. The first happy news he had heard for a long time was that of my complete recovery. He wanted to be near us but would not stay at our house in keeping with the old tradition of not staying in a daughter's house. So we spent most pleasant hours in his charming company. He used to carry me aloft on his shoulders on steep parts of the road and spoil us, as only grandparents can do, with daily gifts.

The first shock of Colonial slavery came at this time. One day my little sisters and I were out for our evening walk in Murree. The road from our house joined the main road near the entrance of the British Medical Hospital. Just as we reached this spot, some patients were being carried out of ambulances on stretchers. Being curious we stood on the road side to watch. Soon, a mounted British officer passed this point and on seeing us standing there, rode his mount right into us, and whipped us mercilessly with his hunting crop and we ran pell-mell; my little sister fell down the steep side of the hill. I could never forget this abominable action.

During the First and the Second World Wars the British had recruited all kinds of men into the Army as well as the Civil Services. These people's unbecoming behavior was, eventually, to lose them the brightest jewel in the British Crown. It was a common thing to see British occupants of the Railway carriages barring the doors to Indian passengers holding tickets for the class. Such actions lost them respect. The decline of British Rule in India had started.

After I had fully recovered, I rejoined the living. I was sent to the local primary school. It was opened by Mr. Butler (late Sir Montague, father of Lord Rab Butler, Deputy Leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Conservative Government). All the students were dressed in white with turquoise colored turbans. Our Sikh Head Master was quite rough and made use of the cane quite liberally.

My sisters and I attended the Madrasah to learn the Quran. Here too an old teacher, Abdul Karim, taught us. He earned his living by sewing clothes and gave his free time to the Religious Education of the village children. He was a master of inflicting novel punishments, such as making one catch one's ears by passing the hands, under the knee and making one croak like a crow. I still can remember this old terror with gratitude, for it was he who first imparted the noble moral values which are so rare in today's society. After I graduated by completing the Quran and memorizing a part of it, a party was thrown in celebration and sweets were distributed to all the children. Thereafter the Master became a real friend and guide; it was a pleasure to turn to him for advice when



needed. He died later in Madina during his Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It was a great personal loss.

Soon after, my younger brother and I, together with two sisters, were sent to the Aligarh to attend the Muslim University Schools for Girls and Boys. Our father insisted that we went to his Alma Mater and were imbued with the spirit of Islam, i.e., Brotherhood and true Democratic values laid down by Aligarh's great founder, Sir Syed Ahmed Khan.

Azmat, my younger brother, and I were given the same room in the English House that had been occupied by my father, Sir Nazimud Din, and the Nawab of Chattari before us. We had the same House Master, Syed Nur Hussain, who had been there during father's time but a new English Matron had been employed.

The first few days were rather rough for the freshmen but soon we were accepted and became part of the Aligarh's brotherhood. The mornings were spent at the school while afternoons, after the preps, were devoted to Cricket and Hockey for which the Aligarh Team had an all India reputation.

Those years from 1926 to 1931 passed too quickly. It was a life one would like to be repeated again. The Annual Exhibition where I went to see my first Theater and Cinema in 1930, and the *Kabob* and *Pratha* parties, still make one's mouth water. The annual Sports, Riding and Tent Pegging, the Tours with the cricket team all over India, even the Friday Prayers and the two rupees (about five pence) weekly pocket money, which was spent with the aplomb of a millionaire, can hardly be forgotten. But what made those years most memorable was the Spirit of Aligarh, the Liberal Islam and of the Democratic way of life inculcated in us at Aligarh. The brotherhood still exists and it was the students and ex-students of this great Campus who later spear-headed the freedom movement for Pakistan.

A picnic and cycling trip proved to be my undoing. Being novices in the art of cooking, four of us packed four dozen hard-boiled eggs and a loaf of bread and a pat of butter for food; and we cycled out some twenty miles down the Canal. Those dozen eggs and the dirty canal water landed me in the Hospital with a severe bout of dysentery which nearly killed me. As a result I was brought to Lahore, never to return to my beloved University, again as a student.

In the intervening years my father had taken to public life. At first he became an Honorary Magistrate of his area and was later elected to the Provincial Assembly. There he worked hard and got into the top echelon of the Agrarian Party, the Zamindara League, lead by a brilliant leader, Sir Fazl-i-Hussain, the Governor's Executive Councilor. Soon the Leader was elevated temporarily to the Viceroy's Executive Council and my father was nominated to act for him on the Governor's Council, as member in

charge of Revenue This was, till then, the pinnacle of power to which an Indian could reach in a Province, along with one Englishman who controlled the Department of Finance.

The other portfolios such as Education, Agriculture, Health Cooperative, Local Government were with Ministers who were just a class below. This was the system known as Dyarchy.

On Sir Fazl-i-Hussain's permanent elevation to the Viceroy's Council, father became permanent Revenue Member in 1930. In this capacity he became the leader of the Party as well. In 1932 with the Governor's illness and departure from India, my father became the first Indian to be the Governor of the Punjab. The Officer who had rejected him for a junior government post as Deputy Commissioner was fated to work under him as his Chief Secretary.

On recovering from illness, I passed the Matriculation Examination of the Punjab University and also Senior Cambridge in 1934. I was rather proud of the latter result because, on account of the Urdu medium education of Aligarh, both my English teacher, Professor A. S. Bokhari, and the Latin teacher had held scant hope for my success six months later. I joined the Government College at Lahore which was one of the best Educational Institutions of India. Sir Geoffery de Montmorency who, on retirement from Governorship of the Punjab, had become an Honorary Don at Cambridge, fixed a place for me in a famous college to work for my Tripos and also to become a Barrister. Fate willed it otherwise.

## CHAPTER - 2

### SERVICE IN ARMY

I was rather weak and easy-going on account of my previously indifferent health, and the spoilt favorite of the family. Therefore my astonishment almost amounted to a shock, when, on the day the family was celebrating my success in the Senior Cambridge Examination, my father turned round to me and asked why I had not thought of joining the army. I explained that my physique may stand in my way and in any case I had got admission to Cambridge. His argument was that a bit of kicking around in the Army would make a man of me and I would be keeping up an old family tradition. In those days sons never argued with their parents, a father's worldly wisdom and experience was taken for granted. Though Father was very friendly and unusually free with us, I do not remember ever initiating a conversation. One spoke only when spoken to not because of any fear, but just as a mark of respect. I consented, the only condition stipulated was that I may be permitted to join the Air Force. To this he promptly agreed.

I joined the local Flying Club which was some six to seven miles from our house. I continued to attend College. Since there was less turbulence early in the morning, I elected to take the early six o'clock period for flying. In those days we had two family cars and there were the Governor's official cars at our disposal, but I was not allowed to avail myself any of these. Like any other trainee I had to cycle those long seven miles on frosty winter mornings; complete an hour's flying in the open cockpit of a small D.H. Gypsy Moth; cycle back home for a quick bite of breakfast and cycle on to the College. It was also a part of my training, so as not to get swollen-headed on account of my father's high political office and to be just, like any other of my peers at the College.

Our college was run on the lines of English colleges. It had the pick of the professors, British as well as Indians, to teach us. Their Lectures and Tutorial group discussions were experiences in themselves. My favorite professor was Mr. A. S. Bokhari, later the head of All India Radio and who eventually represented Pakistan at the U.N. as its permanent representative and later still he became Assistant Secretary General at the U.N.O. He never touched a book nor lectured in the orthodox manner while teaching us. He used to talk to us. His wit, his knowledge, his cutting remarks if you had not read up his suggested books during the previous week, were in themselves an education thus his students became his adoring friends. During the course of his lectures, he made them master the works of William Shakespeare. He was also in charge of our College Dramatic Club and the College Debating Union. No student of his will ever forget his contribution. College was a haven which none of us liked to leave. My only regret is that I had to leave it so soon.

The peremptory order to join the Army had been given in April just a few weeks, before the Competitive Examinations. There used to be stiff competition among some one thousand boys from all over India. In those days there were just fifteen vacancies for the Army and only one for the Air Force. I appeared anyhow. I learned that I was placed sixteenth in merit for the Army and second amongst the Air Force. In those days twelve vacancies were allotted by competition and three were filled through nominations by the Commander-in-Chief on the basis of family background.

We were in the Himalayan summer capital of Simla which was shared by the Governments of India and the Punjab. It was a gay place and the daily official parties were a routine. Its steep and winding roads were busy with rickshaws going up and down, propelled by five livened men - a most monstrous and inhuman occupation for those poor coolies who had to propel the fat madams and their bemedalled husbands to gay parties. However, human life was then as it is now, the cheapest and the most expendable commodity in this sub-continent. What can be said for the rickshaw driver of Simla is that he rushed towards his death in a most scenic and verdant land. His was a choice of an asthmatic death in the cool climate of Himalayas of exhaustion instead of heat stroke and hunger in the sweltering plains.

My results were to be announced during the course of the week, when the Commander-in-Chief was to dine with my father, the Governor of the Punjab. That night father forbade my attending the dinner party, to avoid giving an impression that he was wishing to get me nominated. The C-in-C spotted my absence. He asked my father to an informal lunch the next day. There he broke the news that since I had just missed the fifteenth place by a single mark, he proposed nominating me. My father begged him off this course and informed me of his action on return I was naturally upset and told him that this would mean losing six months of Seniority, in the Service. He said that it would be better to try again and succeed on my own merit rather than to lean on him for the rest of my life. Succeeding on my own merit would stand me in good stead for the rest of my life.

I must admit that this was the finest advice I have ever received. He was quite correct and to this day I am grateful to him. The next examination was four months away and I passed out sixth without much effort. This time there was no vacancy for the Air, Force, and I was destined to join the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun, a newly created counterpart of Sandhurst, but a longer course of two and a half years instead of the one and a half at Sandhurst.

The Indian Military Academy was sited in a beautiful setting at Dehra Dun. It was away from the town and a picturesque road led through miles of tea gardens and forests. Just before one reached the Academy, one passed the famous Indian Forest Institute, which trained officers of the Indian Forest Services. The Institute grew plants from all over the

world. Its grounds and the buildings and trees afforded weeks of pleasure which many of us enjoyed.

The I.M.A. itself at that time consisted of four, residential blocks, two old ones belonging to a Railway Officers Institute situated there before creation of the IMA and two new ones added to accommodate the balance of 150 cadets who comprised the five terms. The classes were held in the old Railway Institute building. On the dais was engraved IMAs motto given in his speech by the then C-in-C, Lord Chetwood:

*"The safety, honor and welfare of your country comes first, always and every time.  
The honor, welfare and, comfort of the men you command come next.  
Your own ease, comfort and safety come last, always and every time."*

The old blocks were built more lavishly and were occupied by A and B companies. Therefore, it was considered a prize to get into A or B Company. Luck was in my favor and I drew a billet in 'A' Company. The Instructors consisted of a fine lot of Officers, posted from the Indian, as well as the British Army in India. All were British, from the Brigadier-Commandant to a sergeant.

One thing which must be admitted is that they were all dedicated people and were determined to produce officers better than those from Sandhurst, so that this new experiment of partial Indianisation of the Army succeeded. This scheme had been forced through the Indian Legislative Assembly by Mr. M.A. Jinnah, who had played a leading role in its passage. The Officers and the British staff lived in separate quarters. The new term's arrival was a major event; all the Senior Cadets were ready with a fitting reception for these newcomers. We were really kicked about and were the butt of many a practical joke, including a fire parade which gave us a cold drenching at the end. That day was spent answering whistles of the Cadet Sergeants and Corporals on the double and hardly a minute was wasted. But it was part of the game, which we paid back to the next term's arrivals as well as the senior term which passed out four months later.

The next day we were issued with new uniforms. I can well remember how difficult it was to raise one's feet in those Army issue boots, and the 303 Rifle seemingly weighed almost a hundred weight. It Was a struggle to get used to the queer shaped solar hat then in vogue. It kept slipping, to all rakish angles other than the Regulation Straight. On top of those boots one had hose-tops covered by woolen putties a thick piece of woolen cloth which had to be wrapped in a fashion so that the distance between each turn was exactly equal. The short sleeves had to be folded in a regulation pattern and it took a large tip to our orderly to teach us to tuck a piece of cardboard between the folds in order to give them a straight, even look.

The first few weeks were a regular nightmare, getting up in dark of frosty winter mornings at 5 am, shaving, changing into P.T. white shorts and singlets, rushing for a hot cup of tea and dashing for the Parade Ground. Fifty minutes of non-stop calisthenics were, followed by a mad dash for the quarters to change into khaki Drill outfit, withdrawing rifles from the armory, polishing them, adjusting straps and pulling through the barrel, shining it with cold hands. All this happened in twenty minutes.

Then the real ordeal of inspection by the British Sergeant Major started. The directly recruited G.Cs, (Gentlemen Cadets as we were called) were quite new to the art of drill and rifle exercises, as compared with the other fifty percent of the Army Cadets, who had enlisted in the Regiments as ordinary soldiers either to circumvent the open competition or as a promotion, or those direct cadets who came from the R.I.M.C. who had gone through this training at their College and were naturally, far ahead of us in arms Drill and where the ancillary activities of the Drill Square were concerned. However, no consideration was, shown to the novices who suffered quite a bit while catching up with the tricks of the trade. My constitution, 130 pounds at a height of 5 feet 10 inches was not much of an asset. It was real agony both physically and mentally; facing the drill period an inferiority complex was the order of the day, in the earlier stages of one's training and led to many humorous and humiliating, episodes.

One day I misunderstood the Sergeant Major's word of command and 'Ordered arms' instead of 'Presenting arms' or some such thing. The traditionally, humorous and sarcastic British Sergeant Major was not slow, in reacting. He ordered the squad to stand at ease, walked calmly up to me and asked me what my height was. I jumped to attention and replied, "Five feet ten inches, Sergeant Major." Pat came the reply, "Every inch a B.F., Sir." It took me a long time to live this one down.

Such clumsiness saw me more frequently than not on the Drill Square every Saturday, doing extra Drill as punishment. Digging trenches and route marches for seemingly unending miles proved, no easier. Both my feet and hands were covered with blisters when I returned to Lahore, to spend Half Term break with my family. I was in a poor, shape, but by that time I had resolved to accept the challenge, and make good. Soon I was to earn the distinction of getting a First Class in Physical Training (PT) and my Drill was second to none. By the end of the term I loved every second of that hard, back breaking, busy life.

In the second term, more interesting subjects came up and progressively increased as the term went by. I did well both in academic subjects and took part in games and sports like any other G.C. Map reading, military history and strategy fascinated me, so did riding in my Fifth Term I was lucky enough to get the commandant's commendation.

I considered it a great honor because I felt that I had really earned it through sheer hard work and grit in competition with cocky youngsters, who had joined five terms earlier, and without the aid of any outside agency.

This period was one of the happiest in my life, second only to that at Aligarh. I made good friends, such as the late Colonel Leslie Sawhney, the late Abdul Ali, Taj Khanzada, to be DSO bar, M.C., Altaf Qadir, S. K. Malik and many others, some of whom were to play a major role in my later life.

The excellent training imparted to us during these two and a half years made us into first class soldiers who could give a good account of ourselves, as compared with the Sandhurst graduates who had done only one and half years at the British Military College. Apart from the confidence that we had the spirit instilled in the minds of a good many graduates that we were not inferior to our British counterparts. Therefore, apart from commanding well in our own Regiments, it was our basic national duty to rid the country of the yoke of the foreign masters. I can well remember the secret meeting held by some of us on the night before the passing out parade, where all of us swore on whatever we considered holy to exert every effort to free our country of the British rulers. Inadvertently, Lord Chetwood the C-in-C India, had provided this inspiration when he suggested the motto mentioned earlier, especially the first part.

The day we were granted our Commissions still lingers in my memory. In the morning we marched past General Lord Gort in a parade which would vie with any Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. After the inspection we formed a hollow square and were addressed by Lord Gort, Director Military Training, later to be Commander of the ill-fated British Expeditionary Force in Europe. We got a month's leave and were Commissioned into the Army with effect from August 1936, getting a year's ante-date to match us in seniority with our age group from Sandhurst. That night we were entertained by the Juniors and the Directing Staff of Officers.

Next day we said good-bye to the lovely town of Debra Dun with a real wrench at our hearts. I still owed a few extra drills so I telegraphed an I.O.U., to the Sergeant Major at Debra Dun. In the IMA we not only learned the practical meaning of discipline, *esprit de corps* and the military science, we were also taught grit, tenacity and a forthright manner, to be able to call a spade a spade. The self-confidence and character instilled by our commandant, Brigadier Collins and his successor Brigadier Kingsley and their staff, was to stand us in a very good stead in our later careers. Here I would like to say thank you I.M.A!

The next month was spent getting ourselves equipped with officers uniforms and kit, attending parties in gay Simla. There was plenty of excitement after the spartan existence at Debra Dun.

## DAYS WITH THE BRITISH REGIMENT: THE 48TH

We had to join a British Regiment for a year. Two Indian and two British officers were posted as Unattached Officers. I purposely asked for and got my posting with the Northamptonshire Regiment (the 48th) who were at the time engaged against the famous Faqir of Ipi in the Waziristan Operations, at Razmak in the North West Frontier, Province. This service was an excellent training facing live ammunition.

My companion, Zahir, and I travelled together from Lahore to Bannu, both looking forward to the prospects of seeing active operations. Perhaps equally exciting was receiving and returning salutes from soldiers and N.C.Os for the first time. At Bannu we drew our revolvers and waited for the next convoy to take us up to Razmak. After a couple of days we were lucky to get seats in Bagai Bus convoy and left the dusty plain of Bannu for the mountainous country of Waziristan. All the hill tops on both sides of the road were picketed by troops to save the convoy from a possible ambush. We were rather nervous going up on that winding desolate road. All one could see was an occasional village tower or a permanent fort-like picket on top of a hill. The drivers of the convoy were, however, experts in their trade. The transport belonged to an enterprising businessman who had employed drivers from amongst the tribes as an extra precaution and insurance.

Razmak was a beautiful sight to behold. It was a small Brigade Garrison Town located in a bowl-like plain, surrounded by a ring of mountains. It was a Brigade Headquarters. Our Brigade consisted of the 48th, the 6/13th Force Rifles (Piffers) and a Gurkha Battalion. Each Regiment had its own permanent barracks and officers quarters. The whole town was surrounded by hills and barbed wired and picketed up to small arms range.

Our colleagues, all British officers, were extremely kind in making us at home. It was one happy family except for the odd misfit. My company commander was an old man who had seen the First World War. On account of the post-war block in promotions many Senior Officers had to stay as Captains till a ripe old age, without much prospects of advancement. This tended to make them dissatisfied and perhaps a little spleenful! One had to be tactful and bear up with their perennial gripes. I was assigned a platoon to command. It was real fun working with the British Tommies. Soon we became good friends.

We were assigned the duty of opening up the country occupied by the Faqir of Ipi, who had declared Jihad (a holy war) against the British infidels. One day we used to picket the hills, while the sappers and other battalions were busy digging the road. We had to go up the steep hills, rising several hundred feet on both sides of the valley. Many a time this task involved fighting and removing tribesmen from the top of the hills. Small 3.7" Howitzers, which were carried by mules, covered us from the valley. The real task



was getting up the heights at a brisk pace under enemy fire, a back-breaking job, with a full pack and a full quota of ammunition and grenades.

It was great fun listening to the grumbling, cursing and griping 'Tommy' struggling up the hill. It started with 'Damn the Army', next came an expletive against the commander and four letter epithets continued progressively. One came to learn that the British soldier really meant business and fought for his life when Royalty became the butt of his jibes. Then you knew that no enemy would be able to stand in the way of our capturing the position. The really dangerous time was either while taking up the position or, worse, when you were withdrawing after the task was completed. This was a particularly favorite time for the Tribals to come up and take over the position. At this time the Platoon Commander was the last to leave with his orange colored flag to show, and if necessary, calling the gunners to plaster the position as he left. Several times pickets got scuppered when leaving because the wily Pathan was a master in ambush and of making use of cover and camouflage. His cunning was enough to make one hurtle down the steep mountain equaling the performance of a mountain goat in speed and agility.

The next day the Regiment had to take its turn at the back-breaking job of digging out the mountain side to construct a road. It is surprising how a man can cut his way through. It Was a pleasure to travel over the road that our brigade had constructed. Most of the roads on the North Western Frontier were built by the army. I Wish to God that our army was utilized for this kind of task during summers nowadays. Half a million soldiers working on the roads or, other public works would both save the Nation millions in debts as well as keep the soldiers busy.

Sunday was normally an off day and time for us to call on a sister Regiment. The 6/13th was popular with us, as that was one of the few Indianised Regiments which was being officered by Indian officers. Sunday lunch in their mess was Indian fare which was a welcome change from the bland English food one had in the British Regiment.

During our not infrequent visits to the 6/13th, I met and made friends with the five Lieutenants Sher Khan (later Brigadier Sher Khan), Akbar Khan (later a Major General) Mohammad Musa, M.C. (later a General and Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army) and Adam Khan, MC. (later a General). Those earlier friendships lasted throughout our life. They were a fine lot of officers, keen in their profession, brave and friendly. Many of them were decorated for velour. One felt safe during operations when the 6/13th were picketing the hills. Both our Regiments were on excellent terms and there was an unprecedented '*esprit de corps*' amongst various components of our Brigade and also with the Tochi Scouts, who were the Irregular Force permanently stationed in the North Waziristan in those days.

Soon we were sent out on a Flag March to the Shahur Tangi area, where a column had been scuppered by the Tribesmen. It was a lively affair going to Kotkai, Sararogha and other places, on the way to meet the Brigade from Wana in south Waziristan. The Tribesmen gave us a run for our money. We were shot at when going up or coming down from pickets. Sleep at night was not too tranquil with whistling bullets and screaming men and mules that happened to get hit.

It was hard marching fourteen miles, interspersed by picketing once or twice during the day. Pickets had to go up two thousand feet or more above the valley. At one picket site I found an old shell fired during the Third Afghan War in 1919-20 and I carried this and other mementoes down and put it in my pack, but it was, heavy work. It seemed to get heavier as we went on.

One day I was really tired carrying the pack and decided to jettison some of the unwanted hardware. On opening the pack I learnt the cause of the excessive load. The rascal of my batman had thought of lightening his own load by stacking it with my boots, cleaning material, pots and plates into my pack. You can well imagine our confrontation that evening I still cannot forget the sheepish grin on his face when being rebuked. This incident, however, made a hero of him amongst the camp followers while I had a job, living it down in the Officers Mess. Thereafter Kit Inspection became a daily ritual with me!

Those were happy days: Hard work during the day taught one the dignity of labor; the snipers made us adept at the use of cover and proper deployment, while the going made us as tough as nails. Evenings were spent in sipping tea laced with stronger refreshments. We gambled hard at night, as there was no place to spend any money and the 'devil may care' attitude was bred into us by the helpful tribesmen. It was a training ground par excellence for a soldier.

Soon the winter set in; the peaks got covered with snow. There was an enforced but uneasy truce. Rain was appreciated as it meant a chance to stay indoors for a change.

Christmas came along; brisk preparations were made to serve the ritual Turkey and Christmas Pudding to the British troops. Officers were invited by the men and Warrant Officers to celebrate the Yuletide. There was chorus singing which was getting less and less pious as the evening wore on; some over did it with beer from casks, even watered down by the avaricious contractor. The next morning's Church Parade was a sight to watch: different shades of complexions ranging between green and yellow, and some with black eyes.

On the Christmas day I was rather touched when my platoon gave me a present and made kind speeches. Apart from the gesture, it was a token of being accepted by those simple, kind-hearted British soldiers drawn from the unemployed of Northampton.

Once they trusted you nothing was too much trouble. I was shown family snaps and letters, confided in about family problems of wives left behind and I would console them and help them unburden their minds. In their company one almost forgot (for the time) that there was either any color bar or any lack of respect for an Indian officer. Adversity brought out the best of human nature and fine fellowship.

Soon after, the Regiment's tour of duty in Razmak came to an end. There was a spate of farewell parties by various components of the garrison. They were poignant affairs, as all of us had shared danger and drudgery together. It was snowing when the Regiment was piped out of the station. I was commanding the Rear Guard. Luckily there was no mishap brought about by the Tribes. However, snow took its toll and we spent a rather cold and miserable day pulling out trucks, which had skidded off the icy road. I was so tired at night that I could hardly stand.

The next morning I was off from Bannu on a ten days casual leave while the Regiment went off by train to its new station at Danapur Patna in Bihar Province. It was a wrench leaving for the plain from this fascinating mountainous area to which one got so deeply attached.

I left Bannu for Peshawar and from there for Wah, where my father was staying during his annual Winter Holiday at the village. He had come to the Moghal Rest House Situated by the Springs, to receive me in pouring rain. Unfortunately he slipped and sprained his wrist. It was a pleasure receiving his affectionate paternal hug. He was happy that I had come through the baptism of fire, unscathed.

Next morning we left together by car for Lahore. On the way he asked me to light a cigarette for him as he could not manage it with his injured wrist. It was embarrassing as I had never smoked in his presence, as a mark of respect. After I had lit the, cigarette for him, he insisted that I should light one for myself. It was an unheard of concession in those days therefore he hastened to add, "It is better that you smoke in my presence so that I can keep your smoking under control."

On reaching Lahore I was given a surprise present of an Opel Super Six Convertible. Father agreed to be my first passenger. Ten days of holidays passed too soon, visiting my family and friends and dining and dancing at the Nedous Hotel and eating at the Stiffles, which were fashionable places in those days. It was a pleasure visiting the Government College and meeting Professor Bokhari and my other teachers who surpassed each other in their kindness. I had also an opportunity of seeing my boyhood friend; she had become a debater and a partner with my cousin Mazhar, who was a Champion debater at the University of the Punjab.

Three days before the expiry of my leave I packed up my luggage and with AJ, my bearer, got into the car and left on a long journey to Danapur, nearly a thousand miles

away. On the way I visited Delhi and Aligarh; my old Alma Mater. It was delightful to meet friends of 1931 who were still there, trying to prolong their stay by either missing the exams or else taking up new courses after attaining their last set of degrees. Kanwar Saadat Ali, my closest friend in the school, was now a Senior Student and a Grandee. He came along with me from Aligarh to see me off at the next railway station, but somehow our reminiscences kept him going till we reached Patna. On arrival I was immersed in the dull routine of Regimental life at a peace time Station. Arthur Best, 2nd Lieutenant, and our new Irish Regimental M.O., Capt. Darcy became inseparable and were regular visitors to the large Railway Colony. Vaqar Sheikh was then a junior Executive in the East India Railway. He and his English wife introduced us to their Club and were extremely kind. Arthur Best very nearly got into trouble for mixing with an Anglo-Indian girl, which was taboo for British Officers. We had a job extricating him.

It was in Danapur that my second serious clash with Imperialism took place. One evening while we were dining in the Mess a British Officer started bragging that he had sent a wog (a derogatory term used for an Indian) for a sixer. I could not restrain myself and asked for the reason. "The so-and-so brushed passed me on the road while carrying a load of grass on his head." I was very angry and told this officer that the man had as much right to use the road as he had himself, and an accidental brush was no reason for the thrashing he was given; moreover, if that poor man had not been carrying the burden after a hard day's work to earn a few pennies and pay his dues the Captain himself would be unemployed, living on dole. The man who paid the tax was his real paymaster. Furthermore, I told him that he should have been more careful about his bragging in front of me, that poor man's compatriot, and I challenged him to a fist fight outside the Officers Mess. Some of the British Officers intervened and a fight was avoided.

Later an apology was extracted from the officer concerned but I was highly incensed and the next day went to see Dr. Rajindra Parshad (later a President of India) who was living in Sadaqat Ashram at Patna. Dr. Rajindra Parshad, was kindness personified, when I offered my resignation from the army and informed him of my determination to serve the cause of National Freedom, thence forward. He promised to communicate with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who was handling the youth, on behalf of the Indian National Congress. I waited for a reply impatiently and fretted for my country's poor.

A week later I saw Panditji's reply. He argued that it was absolutely essential for nationalist-minded Officers to remain in the Army so that they could lead free India's Forces later. Moreover, he was reluctant to create embarrassment for my father who was heading the Anti-Congress Unionist Government of the Punjab. Later when I had Joined my Regiment I had the good fortune of meeting Panditji when he was a guest of my dear friend Mohammad Yunus Khan (the author of "*Frontier Speaks*"), in Peshawar. Panditji met four of us, all belonging to the 16th Cavalry; We had surreptitiously, moved ourselves into the house, dodging the Secret Police. Panditji was very gentle and

his kindness was overwhelming. That meeting was to be the beginning of a life-long friendship with that great man of India. He exhorted us to become top notch professionals and equip ourselves for the great task that lay ahead of us.

Soon afterwards Colonel Caldwell, our friendly C.O., was transferred from the 48th and after him the atmosphere in the Regiment changed considerably. A good Commanding Officer can make a great difference in a Regiment's life. I met him and several of the brother officers of the 48th later in England during the war, when he was serving in the Home Guards.

My period of attachment soon came to an end and my dear friend of college days and the IMA, the late Leslie (Duggie) Sawhney got me posted to his Regiment, the 16th Light Cavalry (originally the 1st Madras Lancers and the senior most Regiment of the Indian Cavalry). The Regiment was in Peshawar and I got two months Privilege Leave before joining. Captain Darcy, the Medical Officer in the 48th, known for his addiction to the bottle and mad antics, such as smashing one car a week (he kept two so that one could be used while he got the other repaired for the next smash), decided to come and spend ten days with my family in Simla, the Summer Capital, where my father was living during the Summer.

We decided to leave on a Saturday morning. In farewell parties, I did not see Friday's R.O. (Routine Order) in which the Adjutant had kept a surprise C.O's Parade for a Saturday, morning, an unheard of thing. As I was, going on leave on Saturday no one thought of telling me, as a result of which I missed the parade and was hauled up before the new C.O., for the first time, on my last day with the Regiment. Here I learned the first lesson that lack of knowledge could not be a plea for disobeying an order. I got away with a 'raspberry' (admonishment), but it delayed our departure by three hours.

We had planned to drive non-stop nearly a thousand miles to Simla, taking turns at the wheel because I had fixed a Dinner and Dance party in Simla on Sunday night. Little did we know that the condition of the roads in Bihar and United Provinces during the rainy season was atrocious. Most of the roads had been dug up for repairs and in many places there were diversions and broken culverts. What with a late start and seven punctures, we got to Allahbad late at night. Mugs full of coffee and cold meat did not lessen the fatigue. Darcy was driving almost in his sleep, which made the journey even more hazardous so I had to take the wheel from him at 4 am. We were pressed for time and luckily a good stretch of road south of Aligarh allowed a speed of eighty miles an hour. That speed in the early hours of the morning was very hazardous. Bullock-cart drivers, who usually travelled by night, invariably fell asleep leaving their carts to the good sense, of the animals. I suddenly saw a cart on the wrong side of the road, which was on a high embankment, with huge banyan trees flanking both sides. Since my horn did not make any impression and I was almost on top of it, I made quick decision to avoid it by passing the cart on the wrong side. To my horror the cart driver woke up

precisely at that moment the cart started moving to the left side of the I road. A glancing brush with the cart's pole smashed in windscreen. A branch ripped open the roof of my Opel Convertible. We went along the sloping embankment, for nearly a mile before I dared move down. This was a great shock but more of a disappointment as we would not be able to keep our date at the party in Simla.

Police formalities wasted three hours. Chasing a flock of deer we saw on the road side was too tempting. I took a shot with my rifle. I had killed one but wounded a doe also. When we caught up with them later I saw such pain in her eyes that I could not bring myself to kill her and we bandaged her instead. Ever since I have not shot a deer.

This impromptu hunt immediately after an accident convinced Darcy that the Irish were not the only mad race. Fortunately none of us was hurt seriously and we drove on without a windscreen and roof. However, on reaching Aligarh, we realized that we would not be able to keep to our schedule. Reluctantly we telegraphed that we had been delayed.

That evening we got to Kalka from where Simla's hilly roads debouched but we just did not have the strength to drive any more. I left my car at the Rest House, slept for a few hours and took another car to Simla where we arrived early the next morning.

A hectic week of celebrations ensued. In those days any excuse was good enough to throw a party and Simla had no shortage of the glamorous young. Darcy regained his reputation for madness by jumping down from the Gallery of the Bellisington Cinema during on interval in the show, to win a bet for a case of beer. The screams of the people below and the hush in the Gallery were both outweighed by the spontaneous applause the crowd gave him as he got up and walked away, bowing to each side.

Memory of another, party in the Viceregal Summer Resort is vivid. A few young officers on leave got bored at a formal dress ball at Daivico's Ball Room. All the good looking 'belles' were already amongst their own parties. One young bachelor decided to turn the tables. He excused himself from his companions and reappeared an hour later on the unused Minstrels Gallery supporting crates full of birds. Amidst a rather comely Waltz, suddenly ducks, quails, pigeons and chickens came fluttering down to the floor. Pandemonium was let loose; girls screamed; bemedalled Generals raised their brows and many left the arena in a huff. The young cavalier had all the approbation and a free introduction to all the nice young things. The party ran into the next morning, but the end was not too happy for the bachelors. While cooling their fevered brows with ice and long Toms (consisting of gin, fresh lime and soda), they were served with the compliments of the Military Secretary and told to report back to their Regiments! Their leave had been cancelled and they were in disgrace. Such were the exigencies of service in 1937-38!

## IN 16TH LIGHT CAVALRY:

On reporting to the Regiment, the famous 16th Cavalry (Bill Williams, the International Nine Goal Polo hero had been its C.O.), I was proudly, dined into the mess as a new member of the family. Everyone vied with each other to get me drunk. Even the C.O. conspired and abetted by engaging me in conversation while others surreptitiously mixed my drinks. By all the rules of the game I should have been tight but somehow I managed to drive my car back to my house. Although I woke, up in full Mess Dress the next morning, I was on time for the parade. The C.O. sent for me and congratulated me on my performance of the evening before and said, "Shaukat, remember always that a gentleman never gets drunk and one who is not a gentleman has no place in the most senior Regiment of the Indian Cavalry."

By this time training of recruits at the Regimental Canters had been given up because of the economy drive and I was made to undergo training along with a few newly recruited Other Ranks in Peshawar. It did not take long to disabuse me of any pretensions of being a horseman, for both my childhood training as well as the laurels I had won at the IMA. seemed child's play when compared with the rigorous Indian Cavalry Recruit Training. Jumping over a lane consisting of 4' 6" high jumps bare back was just a small part of the Recruits' course. If you knocked a jump down or did not move along with the horse, you were subjected to the ignominy of riding facing backwards through the lane, accompanied by a spate of curses from the training Sergeant Major (Daffadar Major) to the effect, "You, a worthless man, were ruining a priceless horse." Hours of dummy thrusting with sword and lance followed. An hour of sword drill seemed a joke compared with sliding down almost vertical embankments fully accoutered. However, nine months of training including numerous falls came to successful end.

Thereafter the mornings were spent breaking in young ponies and training them for Polo, or Show Jumping, or else doing general chores such as Malish Parade (rubbing down of horses) and attending the Squadron Office. In the evenings six Chukkers of Polo made something of a horseman of you. However, an officer had to be an expert equestrian and a bit of a Veterinary Surgeon and prepared to work with his own hands in order to command the respect of his men. One had to know every man and animal in the Squadron by name. I do not know how, but somehow, I made the grade and passed as a horseman, sharp-shooter and it lancer.

In early 1938 I took a fall in Polo. The horse came on top and I cracked a spinal disc. The agony became two-fold when a septic appendicitis had to be removed. The operation was performed successfully at Lahore by the famous Surgeon Colonel Mirajker.

I returned to Peshawar, which in those days was the most popular and attractive Cantonment in India. Pre-War life there was idyllic. The Peshawar Vale Hunt was well known. Twice a week, Thursdays and Sundays, there were regular meets. Out Regiment provided horses for most of the Club Members.

In those days Peshawar Club did not admit Indian Members. This color bar incensed the Members of the 16th Cavalry. Col. Williams refused to lend horses as Seven Eighthers (the amount of 7 rupees 8 annas, about 3/4 of a £, which a person had to pay for use of a Regimental horse for a month). The feed was provided by the Regiment. Col. Williams refused to let our horses be used if his officers, fifty percent of whom were Indians, could 'not receive equal treatment.'

As his embargo meant literally the closing down of Peshawar Vale Hunt, the Club's Executive Committee asked for a joint meeting, hoping that our delegation would consist of British Officers. On the contrary, Bill Williams nominated all Indians and gave them clear instructions to withdraw our Regiment's cooperation should the going prove to be rough. The result was a foregone conclusion. This strongest citadel of British exclusiveness was broken and for the first time since British Rule, in the nineteenth century the doors of Peshawar Club were thrown open to the Subject People. Many of us became Members. This was the second victory of the 16th against segregation; the first had been similar entry into the Quetta Club.

Life in those days was routine: parade at 6:00 am quick breakfast, looking after the horses, squadron office, and at 12:30 no parade bugle sounded, a quick wash, lunch and an hour's sleep before the ritual six chukkers of polo or a game of squash and a swim, then dinner in resplendent Indian Cavalry Mess Kit. Thursday, Saturdays and Sundays were off days spent in hunting, polo or languishing in the Club. In the mess each one was called by the first name and ranks were forgotten. I was trying to get into the Regimental Steeple Chase Team which meant keeping my weight down to help mess each one was called by the first name and ranks were forgotten. I was trying to get into the Regimental Steeple Chase Team which meant keeping my weight down to help compensate for heavier members of the team like Shiv Verma (later General Verma of the Indian Army) and) Shackles Maujumdar (who later died in an Air crash while on Army Air Liaison duty) and 'Popeye' Ghanshyam Singhji.

Evenings, other than the mess night, Were well spent at the club, dancing or calling rounds or entertaining friends from Khyber Outposts. Toffy (later Lt. General Altaf Qadir), a favorite friend of the Gang, Duggie KC and Self. He Was posted at Fort Sallopin 4/12 F.F.

However, there were some amusing moments in life. One Saturday night I was dancing with a Regimental Wife (Marth Wadalia) and brother officers wives were considered sisters. One was rather chagrined to see bright young ladies flitting along the ball room



with older men. One really cute one was dancing with General Dashwood Strettel, our Divisional Commander and an outstanding Polo-Player. As was usual with all youngsters, I was griping about it to Marth, questioning the right of those old men to monopolize such a bright young girl. I did not realize that the old man was following close on my heels. Soon someone tapped me on my shoulder, as I turned round, I was dumb founded to find DWS facing me with a twinkle in his eyes. He said, "Shaukat, you will have the same privilege when you reach my harmless age; anyway come over and have a drink after this dance."

I obeyed and as a reward I had the pleasure of dancing with the prettiest girl on the floor for the next tune. I blessed the General for his magnanimity and sportsmanlike attitude.

Another exciting happening then was an operation to stop the Powindahs from entering the Khajuri plain in Peshawar District. It was an unpleasant job as well as well as unhealthy and hot. Water was contaminated with germs and I soon landed in the hospital with dysentery. We managed to stop the Powindahs while the R.A.F. bombed some of the hideouts of the ring leaders.

### **THE SECOND WORLD WAR:**

I was at Simla on two months privilege leave when Hitler invaded Poland in 1939. Within a few hours we were all recalled from leave. My father, who was then the Premier of the Punjab, took up the Allied Cause and made an impassioned speech saying that the War was against the hordes of darkness and dictatorship. If the Punjab could help win the war it would build a Strong moral case for a free India or at least a Dominion status, for which he undertook to take up arms, if denied after the War.

On receipt of my orders of recall on the third morning, the family got together for a party and the last group photograph, of the Hyat Clan was taken in the tennis court of West Field our Simla house.

In the afternoon, my father, along with some friends accompanied me to the Railway Station. Just as I was getting into the railcar my father beckoned me, affectionately embraced me and said,

"My son remember the following advice and you will never go wrong:

- a) Fear God and none else will ever frighten you.
- b) Remember always that the Prophet fought against tyranny, so you should always try to follow in his footsteps.

- c) Always speak the Truth even if you have made a mistake, for truth never tarnishes.
- d) If you go up in rank and fame keep your head down in humility for the Tree that bears Fruit always bows or otherwise it would break.
- e) A 'Khattar' never takes a bullet in the, back; therefore don't ever turn your back towards the foe."

His advice, which I have followed throughout has landed me in difficult situations but it has brought me immeasurable happiness and contentment also, for Which I shall always be grateful to him.

Soon after I was on my way. The only other person on the Railcar was a young politician who had enrolled himself in the Army in the India Reserve of Officers and was being posted as a Censor Officer at Karachi Post Office. He was not at all excited about the prospect and sat glumly in his seat.

When we arrived at Kalka, where one had to change from the narrow to the broad gauge train, we found a German travelling in the same compartment, oblivious to the fact that war had just been declared against his country. The German was carrying a revolver which made my politician friend even more nervous. He had a sleepless night. The next morning at Lahore Railway station I handed the German to the officer in charge of Line of Communication Unit and cajoled my other companion into a train for Karachi. Thereafter I took the Khyber Mail to Peshawar. Nothing exciting was happening there except for the arrival of two old officers who had been sent to the Reserve, before my joining the Regiment and its Indianisation. They had not seen Indian Commissioned Officers in the Officers Mess. There were far too many Indians in the Regiment and those officers felt isolated. One of them became my Squadron Commander, and he spent his time trying to catch me making a faux-pas. He was unaware of the un-written understanding amongst the Indian Officers to outshine every Britisher at work or play. He gave me difficult tasks and when I performed well he complained to our regular British colleagues that such a seemingly carefree subaltern always succeeded in not tripping up.

Soon the monotony was broken by our Regiment being called to aid Civil Levies in the Waziristan area. We spent long days trying to catch up with the tribal Raiders. In the evening we used to camp at any suitable place. Our pals in the RAF, who were very friendly with the Cavalry and were honorary Members of our Mess on reciprocal basis, used to drop messages giving us the location of the enemy, as well as keeping us in touch with happenings back in Peshawar.

A few days later the tribes withdrew and we were ordered back to Peshawar. On return we were allowed ten days casual leave. Duggie, Kaishab Chander Khanna (known as K.K.) and I decided to avail ourselves of it together and go to Mussourie, a lovely and gay Hill Station above Dehra Dun, a haunt of Indian Princes and many more attractive people.

However, on return from leave the routine again bored me and I was extremely keen to enter the War and, since I was a qualified Pilot, I responded to a call in Divisional Routine orders to join the Air Force. I was asked to report to the Walton Training College, Lahore for further training. I arrived in Lahore with my Polo Ponies and all the Cavalry Officer's paraphernalia. I had my horses stabled with C.I.H. who were then in Lahore, and arrived with my car and AJ at the School Hostel. There I was surprised to see that the Principal, was a Civilian Scout Master, Mr. Hogg, who had probably been in the Air Force in the First World War and was a Reserve Officer, and the Adjutant was a Boxwalla (as any business man was termed by all the Regular Army Officers and our RAF Instructors).

I was the only Officer who had been selected as such in the school; the remaining students were raw youths from colleges and schools. The Principal could not differentiate between an officer who had done two and a half years of Cadets Training and had two and a half years of Commissioned Service to his credit, and the new boys. He refused to permit me to play polo in the evenings or to keep a car or occasionally dine in the Officers Mess of the Central India Horse. This was too much even for a keen volunteer like me, who had expected to get further training in flying and a quick posting to an active front where all the fun was going on. I protested and explained my aim frankly to the Principal, Mr. Hogg, but the Adjutant, whose life had been spent pedaling ties or the like, persuaded him to put me on the mat before the Air Vice Marshal on his visit. I offered to go back to the Regiment but they preferred to blot my copy book by sending me back with a bad chit.

When I returned to the Regiment I found that Baz Holmes, our Colonel, was rather unsympathetic and was too timid to take up cudgels on my behalf I was ordered to be produced in disgrace before General Dashwood Strettel, our District Commander. Colonel Holmes marched me in, ordered me to salute and stand to attention. DWS asked me to explain my conduct. When I told him my sole reason for joining the Air Force was to see Active Service quickly and that I had not been treated as an officer but as a cadet, not even allowed to keep my polo ponies or play polo during the off time, the old man exploded. As a Cavalry officer he was outraged at the behavior of the R.A.F School and dismissed my case, with an invitation for that evening at the Flag Staff House The General thereafter banned secondment of his Division's officers to Walton Air Training School in the future

## DEPARTURE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST WAR 1941:

I felt rather hurt at the unsympathetic behavior shown by my CO., so I applied for transfer to any Cavalry Regiment going overseas next I got a posting to the Skinners Horse (the 1st Bengal Lancers) then in Rawalpindi The day I arrived I found them packing to leave for the Front in a week s time Col. Tom Scott later to be General Scott Adjutant General of India placed me in the First Reinforcement Reserve which meant staying back at the Depot in India This was not in accordance with my idea of seeing active service. I managed to convince our Risaldar Major the most senior Viceroy's Commissioned Officer, who commanded a great respect to plead with the C.O., to allow me to accompany the Regiment. He convinced the C.O., that to allow me the Premier of the Punjab's Son, would have a very healthy influence and will be a morale booster for the Indian other ranks both because I was the first Indian Officer of Commissioned Rank to join the Regiment and secondly, because of my parentage. As a result I was allowed to accompany the Regiment!

We left Pindi for an unknown destination on the afternoon of July 1941 We had been served a farewell breakfast at the Signals Mess but our lunch was missed in the excitement of getting our baggage and vehicles loaded on to the troop train. We were not allowed to mix with anyone at the station. It was a relief when at 130 pm, we moved off. The Regimental Bands of Pindi piped us out by playing 'Aulde Lang Syne'. After a sandwich, washed down with a bottle of beer, we started the guessing game as to our, destination We were still at it, when we passed Lahore just after mid-night.

The next evening we found ourselves at the West Wharf in Karachi. We moved into the Troopship 'H.M.S Devonshire'. The men were packed like sardines into the lower deck while officers were given first class berths. We were still unaware of our final destination. We were in a Convoy of some forty ships some coming from other ports and meeting us in the middle of the Arabian Sea. Now we were told that we were to be the Reconnaissance Regiment of the 5th Indian Division moving to Sudan. The days were spent in Anti-Aircraft Drill and practice in abandoning ship. Most of the rest of the day was spent at the bar.

The C.O., a graduate of the Imperial Defence College, did not approve of such a routine and started a Map Reading and Message writing course under Major Hossack (later our C.O.) This got me a break. The I.M.A. and the 16th Cavalry had trained us well and I was far ahead of the British Officers. My messages were declared to be exemplary, but what really helped was my pointing out that Map-Reading taught in my new Regiment was off standard and they were out by several yards in pin pointing enemy positions and our own troops were in danger of being mowed down by our own artillery. A long argument ensued I stuck to my guns. All the British officers and VCO's opposed me. The C.O. had to be brought in and, at my request a map was drawn on the deck and both sides gave their coordinates. The gunners fired imaginary salvos on both the

instructions and my stand was vindicated. Thereafter I was excused classes as a pupil and became Assistant Instructor. This won me the confidence of all Senior Officers whose attitude towards their lone Officer of Indian Nationality, had just been condescending so far. Thereafter Colonel Scott was very kind indeed.

Just as we were getting ready to go into the Red Sea a plane appeared over our convoy. We were all new, and not too adept at air craft recognition and started shooting taking it to be an enemy plane. Actually it was a Blenheim Medium Bomber from Aden which had come to give us air cover. It was lucky for all concerned that no one hit it. We got a rocket from the convoy commander.

### **FIRST ACTION IN SUDAN:**

At last we reached Port Sudan unnoticed by the enemy, who were by this time in possession of the Somali land. Port Sudan in those days was a God forsaken place. We disembarked and went under canvas a few miles away. It was our first experience of the desert. Heat flies and flying sand turned our lives into a veritable Hell. There was grit in our food and it was quite an operation saving one's tea from becoming a swimming pool for the flies. Our eyes were red and swollen due to sand blowing into them. Ordinary goggles were no protection till Duggie Gray our astute Quarter Master, scrounged some motor cyclist goggles after making friends with Officers of the Ordnance Depot. This was a mixed boon. It kept sand out of one's eyes but brought in perspiration in lieu which stung worse than the sand. Life generally was miserable. Food consisted of hard biscuits, tinned bully beef and cheese and Australian fruit jam, with no taste. Our men's *chapatis* (unleavened bread) in spite of the kerosene taste of the field cookers, was a pleasant change. We were attached to the Gazelle Force which was to consist of our Regiment and the Sudan Defence Force under Col. Messervy (later famous General Messervy of 7th Armored Div and the first C-in-C of Pakistan).

Soon we were to acclimatize ourselves and learn to move cross country in the featureless desert. Sun compasses had not yet been invented and the maps consisted of cloth sheets with a few sand dunes shown at distances often miles or more apart. No contours, no paths or roads were marked. They were not drawn to scale and were very rough guides, of little use, if at all.

'C' Squadron was the first to be ordered out. It was commanded by Major Hossack. I considered it a great compliment when he asked the C.O., to post me as his Second-in-Command and Navigator on the mission.

We moved out early one morning well before sunrise, with enough rations and water for twenty four hours and were asked to recce the shortest route to Mekli Wells, near Kassala, which had been occupied by the enemy. The going was extremely rough and the heat unbearable. We travelled some 100 miles by 4 pm; the vehicles had boiled over

several times in negotiating unending sand dunes, interspersed by hard-caked, red soil and pebbles. Then I found that our water discipline was lacking. Thirsty troops had not only finished the water in their water bottles but had also gone through the contents of the *Chagals* (Canvas water bags) and had also consumed all the water in reserve tanks. The situation had been exacerbated by the spicy meal they had been carrying in their haversacks.

We had located our objective and I had arrived there on the dot. When Major Hossack told me of the troop's plight and the low level of petrol, oil and lubricant in our vehicles, we got rather worried. We had calculated consumption of petrol on a normal road basis and had not taken in account the consumption that low gear driving necessitated by negotiation of the sand dunes. Our efforts to raise H.Q. over the primitive radio sets that we carried with us proved utterly futile. It was decided to camp till the next morning but somehow we had to get water; petrol and food for the next day. I volunteered to go back with three vehicles to bring up these essential supplies. We arrived at our Regimental Camp late at night depending mainly on sense of direction and the stars. The *Langris* (Indian cooks) got busy and prepared food and bread. The Quarter Master filled us with supplies of petrol and water. We left by starlight in a convoy of three 15 cwt and two 30 cwt Chevrolet trucks. Halfway back we lost our previous tracks which were obliterated and got stuck in quick sand.

Our drivers were then inexperienced in negotiating sand and soon got the leading truck stuck axle deep in sand. By the time we got sand channels dug under the wheels half the vehicle was submerged. We unloaded water and petrol cans and then watched the uncanny sight of a vehicle disappearing completely into the sand. We quickly backed our own vehicle from the site, and distributed unloaded supplies into the other vehicles. We soon learnt the trick of rushing up the dunes and then quickly sliding down the other side. It was like skiing or sliding. The next morning we reached our destination but were perturbed to find no signs of the Squadron. The Squadron Commander had got impatient waiting for us and had taken the chance of returning in the hope of crossing us. We found a message on a sand mound with a title Shaukat's grave. We turned about and caught up with stragglers who had run out of petrol, collected them and joined the rest of the squadron in camp by the evening.

I was acclaimed for my effort but what was more useful was that we had learnt the lesson of being careful with water consumption. I learnt that wetting one's lips could quench thirst and from then onwards always saved water in my bottle for my men in an emergency like the one we had to face on the first day.

Col. Messervy came down and briefed us regarding the situation. The enemy had moved into a watering place called Mekli Wells. Two squadrons of Sudan Defence Force and two of ours were ordered to cut them off. 'A' Squadron commanded by Major Craddock Watson was to move out first, later to be joined by 'B' Squadron under Major

Denzil Holder. Craddock, had been a seconded officer; in the 16th Cavalry with us; he liked his bottle. The C.O., ordered me to join 'A' Squadron as second-in-Command. I was told to take care of the Squadron should it become necessary or if Craddock was incapacitated for any reason.

We reached our point of rendezvous with Sudan Defence Force at 3.00 pm the next day but there were no signs of them. Mekli Wells was surrounded by mountains and scrub country. I suggested to the Squadron Commander, that we carry out a fighting patrol to check the enemy. I was ordered to lead it. We took a troop and a couple of Light Machine Guns and moved up a valley. A mile away we saw an African signaler on top of a hill. He beckoned us. We thought he was Sudan Defence Force but his signals were indecipherable. We took up position and soon found that we were rather vulnerable as the hilltops were manned by enemy machine gunners. We returned before sundown. Col Messery arrived at our H.Q. I gave him the situation report. He explained that Sudan Defence Force had failed to materialize and he had ordered our 'B' Squadron to come up and become our right flank and we were, together to block the only pass through which the enemy could escape. We tried to contact Gazelle Force H.Q. and the 'B' Squadron over the wireless but again we failed to contact them. We settled down for the night under the scrub. One troop was deployed with eight Light Machine Guns to hold the perimeter. By this time Craddock was at the bottle but I was too busy to keep him company. I moved along with Risaldar (Senior Warrant Officer) Umrao Singh to check up on all our troops and explained the orders to them.

The 'B' Squadron had made a wider detour than necessary and had missed us. They were four miles out to the other side of the pass. They sent a Section under Daffadar (Sergeant) Mumtaz to make contact with us. They located our position late in the evening so I wrote out a message asking 'B' Squadron to close in and advising them of what had to do together the next day. As it got rather late and we were not aware of the enemy's movements. I ordered Mumtaz to stay the night in our *Laager* (perimeter) and leave at the first light the next day. The squadron commander was rather merry by this time so I issued the operation orders for the next day. One could hardly sleep on account of the excitement about our expected first action.

The next morning, just as we were loading up, Mumtaz came rushing back to report that the enemy was retreating through the pass therefore he could not reach his Squadron. Major C. Watson immediately ordered the squadron to mount their vehicles and started off before I could get the perimeter guards to load their weapons. He wouldn't listen to my radio calls or flag signals and kept rushing on up and down the *wadis*. In desperation I raced to catch up with him. As a matter of habit inculcated in the North West Frontier Province. I kept scanning, the hills with my field glasses. I saw movement on top of the pass and found machine guns and mortars just below the crest. Major Watson was rushing headlong into the cone of fire, quite oblivious of the enemy. I caught up with him just by a small hillock about three hundred yards from the enemy

and pointed out our dangerous situation. He asked what was to be done. I suggested that we should create a diversion while the squadron backed away from this unenviable situation he had got himself into. He asked who should do this. Rather than waste precious time, I offered to do it myself.

I dismounted and Arjun Singh my Sergeant and Mumtaz of 'B' Squadron who was riding in my vehicle, we moved up to the hillock and there exposed ourselves in full view of the enemy, who started firing machine gun at us. Bullets were whizzing past us like angry bees. Craddock in the meantime took advantage of the engagement and retired, taking away my vehicle as his own, was struck in the sand. When we saw them clear of enemy fire I ordered Arjun and Mumtaz to retire one by one while I covered them with fire from my rifle. I asked Arjun to go first as I did not want him to feel that I had extricated a Muslim soldier first. Both of them refused to leave before me. I had to order them away at pistol point. Arjun got a bullet in the shoulder while running, but managed to get away. Mumtaz went back a hundred yards and took up a position to cover my withdrawal. Just as I was coming down the hill Mumtaz shouted, "Sahib, look out! Enemy is coming up the hill."

I quickly managed to hide myself under a big boulder. The enemy section came and placed a machine gun on top of that very rock. They hurled grenades, one of them hit poor Mumtaz. Two of the enemy went and killed him and brought back his arm to prove that they had made a kill. I was almost sick to see the sight. However, I had more important things to do. I was carrying our weekly Cipher Key, which I tore up and ate. Ironically that day's cipher key read, "The man who ate his boots." I can assure you that swallowing a wad of paper was as difficult as eating a boot.

### **PRISONER OF WAR:**

I stayed in this cramped position for nearly two hours which seemed ages. I could hear the chatter of the "wogs" (as we used to call the Italian Enemy). At last they prepared to withdraw and their motor-cycle troops came forward to cover their retreat. I heaved a sigh of relief but it proved to be too soon. One young motorcyclist who came to cover them stumbled over a stone and fell on top of me. It was futile using my revolver with a whole section on top of me. He gave out cry which brought screaming African soldiers on to me. Some of them thought it would be best to kill me but their officer saw my badges of rank and persuaded his men to take me as prisoner. With a few jabs from bayonets I was herded on to the Pass. There they got orders to send me back to their Divisional Headquarters.

I was tied, bound hand and foot, to a mule, and the journey to the enemy lines started. On the way I was fired upon by troops of our on 'B' squadron, who had realized their mistake of over-shooting the rendezvous the day before and were closing in on the Pass from the other direction. Somehow we got through unscathed. Later I heard that, on



finding me missing, my Squadron Leader posted me as missing, believed killed. This message was relayed to my father and reached him in the midst of a cousin's wedding. In order not to spoil the celebrations he folded the message and put it in his pocket. Later he left for home and sent for my aunt and sisters. There was mourning in the house but father would not accept that I had been killed. He was proved right when two days later; Middle East Head quarters sent another message informing him that I was wounded and taken prisoner. The C.O., and Risaldar Major wrote extremely kind letters in which they extolled my behavior in action and suggested that I should be exchanged. However, my father refused to have me exchanged when other Indians Were also POWs, like me.

On reaching the Enemy HQ, I was confined to a small tent and on looking at my stocking tops I found them soaked in blood. As it happened I had been wounded in the leg with splinters of hand grenade which had been thrown at Mumtaz, and had been bleeding. All I could do was to apply my field dressing and spent the night tossing about on the bare ground. The next day they gave me some macaroni accompanied by a long harangue by an Italian Count from Brescia who could speak English. He played on my nationalist feelings by saying Gandhi and Jawaharlal were against the British and as a good Indian Nationalist it was my duty to cooperate with them. On finding my negative attitude, I was denied any more amenities in the form of food and drink.

That night I was loaded in a truck, guarded by an armed escort and sent to Asmara. On the way my guard fell asleep. I thought it would be a good opportunity to grab his revolver and make a bolt but the driver caught me. I was manhandled, tied up and the journey continued. On the way we came to where an Italian Supply Officer insisted on having his snap taken with me to send to his girl friend back home. A piece of candy was the price paid for my cooperation. I wonder what she thought on developing the picture of the rude grimace and 'V' sign I showed while the camera clicked.

In the evening I was deposited in the cell of the local Gestapo H.Q. For three days I remained in that dark hole. On the third day an Intelligence Officer started a grueling interrogation. One moment he was sweet and offering cigarettes and the next threatening me with dire consequences if I did not cooperate. Then something was mixed in my food and I started purging but was not allowed out of the stink hole. I stuck to the Geneva Protocol and gave my serial number and name which was luckily embossed as S. H. Khan. He commandeered the services of an Indian merchant living in Asmara and tried to get information through him. It was my first encounter with such sharks for whom money was God, and, they owed allegiance to nothing else. They had heard from the other Rank P.O.W. brought with me that I belonged to the 5th Indian Division. The Intelligence wanted to confirm whether there were five Divisions facing them or not. I did not oblige by imparting the knowledge that it was just one Division.

After three days of futile attempts the Colonel went into tantrums and ordered me to be taken away to a forlorn concentration camp at Forte Cadorna, on the Abyssinian border. I was once again put into a smoke-belching, heavy, diesel truck between the driver and a carabineer. No food or water was offered till late at night, when the driver felt hungry himself. We stopped at a wayside eating house. I was served with a most delicious omelet prepared by a plump Frau. This was the first substantial meal that I had had in a week and the last one for many months to come.

We arrived at the isolated fort perched on top of a 9,000 ft. high hilltop at midnight. It consisted of six cells, a cooking shed and quarters for our guards. The doors of our cells were solid steel plate. I was ushered into one of the cells where there was one South African and one Welsh officer; others contained British Officers and NCOs of East African Rifles captured in the Battle of British, Somaliland. Within minutes of my arrival the news was drummed out in morse. Signals thumped on the wall.

The next morning all officers and NCOs were allowed out for cooking, our breakfast. It meant roasting coffee beans and soaking dark brown rye rolls the size of two golf balls and then waiting for pasta (thick tubes of macaroni), a thimble full of olive oil and sometimes a spoon of tomato sauce for the luncheon and dinner. Occasionally an ounce of rice was substituted for the pasta. Naturally the prisoners were getting weaker and thinner.

One of our mates managed to get a small scale tourist map of the area. Some of us decided to break out. The two sergeants knew something about tempering metal. They heated up stolen shaving blades, stretched them and cut teeth to make a saw. They started cutting round the locks. It took weeks to finish the job. The idea was for the four occupants to slip out at night, sandbag the guard, rob him of the keys and let us all out. On the appointed night we created a tremendous din in the adjoining cells, simultaneously. The guards came shouting at us. During the diversion the sergeant slipped out, sand-bagged one of the guards but found no keys on him. The sand bag on the second guard slipped and glanced off his head. The sergeants were told to waste no more time and get away themselves. They scaled the walls with a rope made out of sheets and got away. They were away for three days but were eventually betrayed by local Abyssinians, whom they had asked for food, and were brought back to the camp, trussed up. The poor people were put on bread and water and the rest of us had our already meager rations halved.

However, this incident convinced the Italians of the insecurity of their eyrie prison and we were suddenly ordered to pack up for a move. We kept our eyes glued to the village signs to keep our bearings. After hundreds of miles of driving we were dumped at a concentration camp at a place called Adi Ugri in Eritrea. It was a German style of concentration camp with double high barbed wire fences and lookout posts with machine guns at every fifty yards and search lights were mounted at all angles. The

camp was divided into two separate compounds, one for officers and the second for the other ranks. The building consisted of barn-like structures with corrugated iron sheets supported on wooden tresses. On one side there were two small rooms for recreation and reading. On the other side a kitchen with a stove for cooking and two partitioned latrines and a bath room with a shower created by us by perforating a bucket. All these were partitioned by double planks of wood. There were large 90 gallon drums for water to use for cooking, flushing and bathing. We had iron bedsteads with straw-filled mattresses lined along opposite sides of the walls. The floor was of cement which was badly cracked.

There were already several Air Force Officers, a few Navy and Army Officers captured from various places. Most of them were British, Irish or Rhodesian. I was the lone Indian amongst them. However, soon we struck up good friendships amongst the group. The only two exceptions consisted of an Irish flying officer who had come down in flames and was, in the course of it, badly burnt. The Italians had nursed him well and he felt beholden to them. The other was an officer who had shown cold feet in the Somaliland Front, according to his brother officers. He was commanding a Machine Gun Company but had hidden himself in a cave. The C.O. thought that he had died in action and had recommended him for a posthumous award of V.C. which was announced on the BBC. Officers belonging to his Regiment avoided him as a pariah. He was a pleasant fellow and ingratiated himself with the Italians and learnt the language and, in turn, taught a few words to some of us also.

My thigh wounds had become septic and were giving me a considerable amount of trouble. The Commandant, after the repeated requests of the Senior British Officer, sent the Prison Doctor. He was a charming person. His qualifications were those of Veterinary Surgeon, but he had more interesting experiences to his credit. He had been working as a First Aid man to Al Capone's gang in the United States. He spoke English with an American accent and his stories of gangsterdom were most entertaining. However, his method of treatment was rather unorthodox. As soon as a scab formed on the wounds he removed it. It was a most painful procedure. I thought it was a way to torture me, but he claimed that it would leave no visible scars in actual fact he proved to be correct. The scars are barely discernible. He was a kind-hearted man and brought me tinned milk and tomato concentrate which, as the official cook of our Mess, I could make good use of, especially for the weak and the wounded. Cico (Chico) another attendant was just as obliging and occasionally smuggled tobacco, at a price paid out of our meager allowance after deductions of an exorbitant amount for the so-called rations supplied to us. This tobacco, and that salvaged from butts thrown away by the guards, was rolled in smuggled newspaper to roll our own cigarettes.

Soon life became rather boring and boredom led to unnecessary rows over trivial matters. Five of us, Captain Black of South Africa, a Yorkshire RAF Pilot Fuge a Welshman and Lindsay a Rhodesian, decided to dig a tunnel jointly to get out of the

prison camp. The first attempt was started in the bathroom under the water drum. Pieces of iron were cut out of the bedsteads and hidden in the roof trusses. The shaft was dug and the earth was hidden between the planks of the bathroom partitions, but soon our hopes were shattered, at the depth of nine feet we struck water, probably, seepage from the bathrooms. It was a great blow after a fortnight's hard work. We had to start all over again.

After careful investigation, a square crack in the floor under my bed lent itself as a perfect entrance and was selected. Soon a cover for the hole was cut out from the wooden benches, shaped to fit the crack. The wood was ingeniously painted with ash and oil to look like cement. An iron handle was fixed for raising it up. By now several other POWs got interested in the project. Five parties with one original tunneller and four helpers were formed. Two used to dig; two brought out the earth in a wooden box with batons at the bottom; one used to raise the earth to ground level. Four members of the second Party took the earth out to the compound where three other parties were busy creating a vegetable garden. One man was posted at a peephole nearest to the entrance to our enclosure, to give warning of the approach of prison staff or wardens.

The shaft went down to eight feet and then we started on a four foot by three foot tunnel sloping gradually to about eleven feet. Our idea was to dig about one hundred and fifty feet and then slope upwards beyond the outer fence just behind a search light.

It was a back-breaking job: one had to crouch uncomfortably and dig with a flattened and sharpened bars and, then fill the earth box which was pulled back by the helper. For the first twenty feet the work was not too difficult and the disposal was not a problem, as most of the earth was poured into the gaps between wooden partitions or taken out in trouser pockets and quietly spilled in the so-called garden.

Thereafter serious problems arose. The color of the earth suddenly changed and became lighter than the soil of our garden. Moreover the quantities increased and had to be carried out in cooking vessels. Some were half filled with earth and others with water. The new earth was quickly raked into the beds and watered.

After about thirty feet the problem of air supply started worrying us. Lack of oxygen made work extremely tedious. We had to carry oil lamps to provide light and also to provide a signal of oxygen shortage. Soon it was evident that without a system of air supply the project was doomed. Fortunately we found a mound of used tins thrown away at one end of the compound. These were quietly brought in and cut, one by one, at both ends. They were tied together with to up bed sheets and greased with oil to form a conduit, then leather from the boot issued to me by the Italians was attached to a wooden bellow as valves to push air through the pipeline, via this primitive pump. Two members now had to work on this contraption to pump in fresh air. It worked spasmodically till we reached the first barbed wire fence. Under this a vertical hole was

bored through the top and luckily it went through without the surrounding earth caving in. It was a day for jubilation when the light became visible and fresh air suddenly came in, but it proved to be a mixed blessing. Soon rodents found an easy way down to a well-built promenade. In order to save soiling our only pair of clothes, we used to work stark naked, therefore, these rats were not too welcome; as a matter of fact they completely immobilized some of the more aesthetic and sensitive tunnellers.

As the work progressed more problems plagued us. The guards became rather suspicious about the almost daily change in color of our, vegetable beds and the more curious ones on the lookout platforms started listening keenly to the noise of digging. We had to start a non-stop musical show during the operations and night work had to be abandoned. Then came the problem of warning the team working at the end of the tunnel to get out quickly enough to beat the incoming wardens, whose visits started becoming more and more frequent. We had to tie a rope round the digger's waist, and at a tug, one had to scramble back as fast as one could. This was not always easy.

Once I had a most trying experience. I was working at the face when I felt a tug. My partner managed to reach the shaft but by the time I got there it was too late. A number of guards had arrived with the Purser to pay our dues. There was no alternative but to close the trap door and I sat helplessly gasping for breath. There was great danger of finding me missing at pay time, and such exposure would have defeated our who scheme, but the presence of mind and ingenuity of two British Office saved the situation. Immediately two officers picked a sham quarrel in the reading room and started flying at each other; one started bleeding from the nose. Other officers acted as if they were trying to break them. The Guards rushed to the scene and forty odd officers cordoned them off. Lindsay, my partner and another quickly raised the trap, pulled me out and wrapped my naked body in a blanket. Another pair literally carried me as a sack of potatoes to the Bath Room and profusely drenched me with water to wash away the mud. I dressed quickly and was in line for receiving my pay as the rumpus had been automatically stopped on all clear signal. I have never forgotten those ten minutes or so spent in the suffocating darkness of the shaft and ever since I have suffered from claustrophobia.

At about this time the Italians became too suspicious and started coming in at all hours to look for signs of a tunnel. They could not guess that the block under my bed was the entrance.

Christmas arrived and there were preparations for a feast, for both the prisoners and the guards. I was becoming rather impatient and being the only non-Christian, I thought it was a good opportunity to break out while everyone was busy merry making. The Senior British Officer approved of my plan. I was given precious rations and a list of addresses of their friends and families by my brother POWs. All the arrangements were complete: a cover plan of a sing song was arranged; a panel was cut

out of the main door and a clipper was manufactured to cut the wire. I was to get out of the barn at 11.30 pm and cut my way out at midnight sharp. As I was saying my final goodbyes and was moving out of the door, the camp attendants suddenly entered the main gate. I was hastily pulled back and the panel put back rather precariously. As the timing of my intended breakaway was known to all the inmates it was suspected that one of them had blown the gaff. A war council was summoned each one was eliminated except the grateful airman whose burns had been healed by the Italians. He was summoned and a sharp knife was handed to me to show him graphically how tribesmen of Northern India dealt with spies and traitors. He broke down and gave his word of Honor for future cooperation.

Back we got into our tunnel. We met with hard going for some ten yards which slowed up the proceedings. Rats became a terror and were bold enough to come and nibble at the diggers. It was a rather unpleasant feeling. However, by the end of March we thought we had reached our goal. We divided into five parties each of five men led by one of the original entrepreneurs. We gave marks for the time each man had spent in the party in accordance with his date of entry in our venture. The party I led achieved second position for the getaway. We had been saving our meager rations for the escape. Bilton (dried beef) had been prepared by ten South Africans, who were expert at it. I baked hard biscuits. Milk tins brought by our friendly Vet Doctor and some sweetmeats, sent as a Christmas present by the Italian Air Force, were saved up for the occasion. Water bottles were collected. Haversacks were made by tearing sheets and sewing them up. Those who were not making the break contributed most of the daily rations they had saved. This tunnel is mentioned in Sir K. 'Traviskis' book on Aden, where he was, later, the British Governor. Each party started practicing long walks. Our aim was to make at least fourteen miles during the first eighteen hours if possible. Each party drew lots for the five different routes chosen out of a Tourist Guide.

By this time news was trickling in, both through new prisoners and the odd smuggled newspapers, that our troops were advancing and were held up at a cliff face near Keren about thirty miles away, and others were approaching from the West.

Then my own plans were very nearly jeopardized. Many Indian other ranks had been brought in as prisoners in the Other Ranks enclosure. I was allocated an orderly from among them to act as my batman. This man proudly went and imparted the knowledge of my presence to the others, giving my full name and my father's name and of the important office he occupied. So far I had not disclosed this to our captors. The Germans, on hearing of my capture four months earlier from the All India Radio, were on the lookout for me and eager to get me over to Germany, planning to force me to broadcast on the German Radio, in order to embarrass my father. There were evidently stool pigeons in the Other Rank camp, who gave the news to the Intelligence. The news was relayed to Berlin and, unknown to me, it was later disclosed by an Indian friend from Aligarh, who was in Germany, in charge of Broadcasts to India that he had

requested my presence. Orders came forth to send me by a Special Plane to Berlin. My Guardian Angel came to protect me in the form of new British Hurricane fighters, which replaced the outmoded Gladiator biplanes. They shot down two Bomber planes one after the other, trying to reach at the air field next to our Camp. Daily Hurricanes came and strafed the Air-field. The Italians were running short of transport planes, most of which they required elsewhere and gave up the operation as too hazardous. The last fortnight was spent cheering the sorties by our fighter planes.

The day for the break was fixed according to the phase of the Moon, when it Was dark at the time of the break out operation but light enough to travel as far as possible before sunrise. The Italians, who were now sure of a defeat on the Keren Front where the 4th Indian Division had temporarily joined the 5th, suddenly became most helpful and profuse in supplying extra rations, furniture and delicacies. Sofa sets appeared from nowhere, as did large quantities of green vegetables which we had not seen for five months, and meat, tinned fish and delicious cakes were laden on our tables. We were foolish and fell on the food as only starved men can do, and ate like gluttons, little realizing that nature had contracted our stomachs. Many, including myself, got acute dysentery and there were only three to four days to go.

Just one day before 'D' Day, the greatest anti-climax occurred. We suddenly noticed smoke belching out of the Prison Office chimneys and by mid-day the guards disappeared. We were surrounded by beseeching Italian men and women begging us to take their arms and protect them from the natives. Obviously they had been defeated and their army was on the retreat. That night we became the guardians of Adi Ugri Village, by mid-day the next morning our armored cars and ambulances arrived to evacuate us. It was a happy moment but a real blow for those of us who had stinted and starved for five months to dig the tunnel. All we could show for our effort was our tunnel entrance and break out point!

### **RELEASED:**

I was carried straight to the hospital. My Regiment came to know of it. 'Players' cigarettes were piled up, as were bottles of Johnnie Walker. I think the latter produced better results than the medicines which our very kind doctors produced! I was still wearing a battered bush shirt, a torn pair of shorts and oversize Italian boots cut down for the manufacture of the bellow for our air pump. Luckily my cousin M. Saeed, later to captain our cricket team in the UK, arrived with a pair of Chappals and some kind friend in the hospital offered me clean underwear, a shirt and a pair of shorts.

A few days later I moved to Hotel Ciao where the 5th Division H.Q. was located. Captain Harnarayan Singh, the son-in-law of Sardar Sohan Singh of Rawalpindi, a very dear friend of the family, was posted at the Division H.Q. and offered me a bunk till I

was strong enough to re-join my Regiment, which had proceeded to the next Italian redoubt in the impregnable mountains of Amba Alagi in Abyssinia.

The first night I walked into the mess every officer from General Mayne who had just taken over from General Piggie Heath downwards offered me a drink. Being good sports they accepted the first from me when I told them that I was celebrating my release. Soon some ten rounds passed and General Mayne, in a jolly mood, asked me if I would like to visit home (England) or to go to India I replied that I would like to visit England where the people were the targets of the ruthless air Blitz and would go back to India after I had settled my scores with the enemy. He promised to keep it in mind I thought no more of it, believing that it was just small talk.

A couple of days later I got an order to advance from my C.O. over the wireless, to be prepared to move forward with our armored carriers, which were under my command during my convalescence. The message further said that he had toothache and asked if could I fix up a dentist's appointment for him I did so. He turned out to be a good Italian dentist. Later I met the C.O. at the hotel. He was very pleased with my arrangements and hinted that I should get well as soon as possible, bring the carriers to the Front and he would appoint me his Adjutant after Jimmy Coaker (Later to be Major General, in the British Army). This was a signal honor and probably an appreciation of my actions before my capture. I was rather pleased with myself. Maybe, the C.O. who had gone round the night spots in the town, was in a good mood!

A week later I requested permission to rejoin the, Regiment and was ordered forward with about fifty armored carriers It was a long journey. I passed Fort Cadurna - my first prison. It was lying deserted and forlorn. We arrived at Amba Ajagi on the second day. It was a formidable place. The enemy had taken up position a thousand feet above us on an almost impregnable mountain. They had dug themselves into the precipice and their guns were emplaced in caves. The army was commanded by the Duke of Aosta, whose sympathies, surprisingly, were with the Allies but his General Staff consisted of Germans and hard Core Italian Fascists. I was given the command of the 'C' Squadron (Jats). We were ordered to go on the left flank and work round the enemy's position. Meanwhile, another Force was approaching from the rear of Amba Alagi, coming up from reconquered British Somaliland.

Mine was the leading squadron, and we captured our objective early in the morning, without opposition. But it was just a lull before the storm. As soon as the Regimental HQ and another squadron arrived, the enemy opened up with all they had. Worst were their heavy mortars. I was still sitting with the and the Adjutant when a heavy barrage opened and shells zoomed into our position. Each one of us, as a reflex action, started squeezing his knees towards his chest and looking a little green in the face. One shell cut off the telephone line from the guns to the Observation Post. A signaler went to repair it but was killed by the next shell. I went down to look at him and managed to



join the lines. Soon the gunner directed the guns on to the enemy. It slowed them down but their firing continued.

The enemy was holding a well-built ring of stone bunkers at a distance of two hundred to two hundred-fifty yards and was overlooking our position. Brigade ordered us to dislodge them. The C.O., took us up to the top of a hillock, and asked us to attack. Both 'A' Squadron leader and I thought that a day time attack through the exposed dip in the land between our position and that of the enemy would be suicidal. We would get into a deathtrap as soon as we entered the depression, and would get into the cross-fire. Of the enemy's machine guns. I told the C.O. that the Brigade Commander, who was an Infantry man, probably had not realized that the Cavalry Recce Regiment though strong in fire power was even less than half in man power then the average Infantry Battalion. Most we had were Carriers Light Machine Guns but not with enough bayonets and rifles to charge a defensive position. My colleague agreed. I offered to take two men and sneak through with hand grenades and bomb them out of their position. The C.O. preferred our other scheme to put in a night attack.

'A' Squadron was on the, right and 'C' Squadron on the left. 'B" Squadron and artillery to provide covering fire. We moved forward after dusk. About twenty minutes later I found that our advance guard was missing and our Squadron H.Q., was actually leading the attack. Soon a sustained burst of machine gun was fired in our direction. A soldier suddenly fell on top of me, taking me down with him. I thought he was hit and asked if he was alright. Instead I got rebuked. It was my orderly Jan Mohammad who had thrown himself on top of me, to save me.

I calmed him down, called up the rear section and moved it forward. We captured our objective. The enemy had fallen back in a hurry.

During this time, all hell was let loose on the 'A' Squadron front. Within a matter of minutes, half of them had been wounded or killed and the rest of the Squadron had to abandon the attack to carry, back their wounded comrades. Without waiting for orders I moved one troop to help them. The situation was getting bad. Soon we got the signal to retire. I was rather peeved at having to give up the gained ground. On my return I was given a word of encouragement by the C.O., but we were too busy helping Dr. John Young patch up the wounded and taking them down the hillside in the dark.

That night enemy, mortars did not allow us a, wink of sleep. My second in command, Dudley Hamilton, and I were in a bunker under a ledge. Each shell burst either just above or below us. Dudley wondered if any whisky was available in my flask. It was and up to day break the two of us twiddled our thumbs and drowned our fears of the mortar shells.

The next day we were moved back to the main road and carried out intensive reconnaissance from there. One of those freaks occurred: our mess kitchen was ordered to cook during the day and quench the fire before dark. They did so. Food was cooked and four cooks sat round the embers to keep themselves warm. Obviously the enemy had spotted them and had taken a range on their place. Suddenly a shell landed right in their midst and buried itself in the ground. Luckily it did not go off. Those fat cooks ran for their lives and I am sure if someone had clocked their timing he would have found them breaking world records!

The next two days were spent closing in the net. Our forces from the south also joined us and the Duke of Aosta sued for peace. When we had a close look at their defenses, we were astounded how anyone could give up such an impregnable position without a fight.

Then started the mopping up Operations. The Commandant of our POW camp was captured by us. Someone had taken off his watch which was soon located. A bottle of whisky and a good meal surprised the Commandant. I told him that according to our ethics we treated our prisoner humanely. He surrendered his Biretta Pistol to me and I got him some transport. I believe he was sent to India.

While clearing the caves, we suddenly heard a Pathan V.C.O. coming out cursing and reading verses from the Quran, seeking Divine protection from Satan. On enquiry it transpired that he had walked into the cave where the Italians had kept their women followers who were part of the army's morale raising detachment. They were all in various states of undress which shocked our Pathan who was not used to such luxurious 'appendages' in the army (or to naked female flesh!).

After the capture of Amba Alagi we moved forward unopposed to Desseye in Abyssinia. On the way I rescued a General of Emperor Hail Salassie, who promised to get me an award of the Lion of Judah. My Regiment was posted at Desseye and we had a whole Italian Tourist Hotel as our Officers Quarters and Mess. Life became boring. I started taking lessons in Italian. The only excitement that came to our town was the arrival of the Duke of Desseye, the eldest son of King Hail Selassie, with his entourage. Our Headquarters feared trouble and I was ordered to go and receive His Royal Highness two miles out of the town and disarm his escort. I placed some tanks under camouflage, on both sides of the road. We went past the cooing noises of locals in welcome to meet H.R.H. Before he reached the crowd, and after saluting him smartly and offering him my welcome, I informed him that I had to disarm all except his personal body-guard. This started a furore. I explained to His Highness that this was essential in the interest of law and order in his own country; this made him and his entourage even angrier. They wanted to resist. I ordered the tanks to remove the camouflage. That did the trick but a report was lodged against me, both at my H.Q. as

well as to the Court at Addis Ababa. I feel the indiscretion cost me my Lion of Judah or whatever the award was to have been, for rescuing their General!

### SECONDMENT TO THE WAR OFFICE LONDON:

Two days later I suddenly received a message from GHQ to go to Khartoum immediately and then report to Head Quarters Middle East at Cairo. I started immediately on receipt of the orders. I had a very interesting lunch with some old friends of 6/13th Frontier Force Regiment who were with me in Razmak and later at Amba Alagi. Major (later General) Sher Khan and Musa were there; and their hospitality was proverbial. I met many old friends both amongst the Officers, V.C.Os and he men.

On arrival at Khartoum I was told that it would not be necessary for me to proceed to Cairo. All I needed was some civilian clothes, and three passport size photos. In the meantime I spent three days seeing Khartoum's life, which was most disappointing.

I managed to get hold of a pair of grey trousers, a white shirt and a coat that just would not fit me. The next day, I was summoned to the Headquarters. handed a civilian passport and was told that I was to report at the War Office in London along with Major Graham of the Royal Scots Greys. We were to escort a Turkish Naval Mission which was proceeding to the U.K. to collect some destroyers presented by the British Government, and a VIP, the Finance Minister from Yugoslavia, who was carrying his Government's Gold Reserve to London for use by his Government in Exile. I was told many years later that it actually reached Canada and was duly returned to the new Yugoslav Government after the war.

We first flew to Juba where we had to put up for several days in a mosquito-infested hotel. As a recreation we went into Uganda to see the logging operation by tall local Africans, most of whom worked stark naked. The greenery and the surroundings seemed as if one was back in the Garden of Eden. We took snaps of the people in the boat who were not abashed or self-conscious in the least.

After a couple of days we were placed in a Sabena Twin-engine plane to fly to the West Coast of Africa via the Belgian Congo. We were flying low over the jungle on account of turbulence higher up. It was fascinating to see wild herds of elephants, giraffes, deer and other animals. However, this hedge-hopping was not too pleasant and we were thankful to get to Stanleyville where we spent the night. I became very friendly with the Turks who belonged to two different generations; the older one had seen the days of the Caliphate, and the younger was a product of the new Republic. They were all very pleasant but the new generation knew little about the Turkish Caliphate who had been accepted as Religious Guides of the Islamic World for centuries till the end of the First World War in 1919 and had been keepers of the Holy Places of Mecca and Medina and

their Satraps Governed Egypt and North African States. The Yugoslav Minister was a jolly old fellow, only worried about his country's fate and that of the gold he was transporting.

Next day, we went to Duala via the French Cameroons where the Gaulist Free French were in control. After a brief stop there, we were flown to Nigeria and landed in Lagos. The people were most hospitable. The Governor, when he heard of my background, asked me to the Government House and I was offered a swim at his lovely private beach where some of us were allowed to enjoy the afternoon.

Our, future plans depended on finding space on the Pan-American Clipper planes. They were making flights across the Atlantic and it was arranged that one of them might fly us out via Bathurst and Gambia to Lisbon in Portugal.

We heard of the German Invasion of Russia and Mr. Churchill's fighting speech pledging aid to the Russians by sea and air and to provide arms to them.

Friendship with the Americans got us seats in a Pan-Am Clipper a week later. We were flown in regal comfort to Bathurst and Lisbon.

Portugal being a neutral country Lisbon was chock-a-block with spies of all rationalities. One could not walk a step without knocking against someone speaking a different foreign language. Even in our civilian clothes we could not hide our military stance. We spent the day pub crawling and eating fresh fruit, vegetables and other delicacies which we had not seen for almost a year. Lisbon was a shopper's paradise. I went round sightseeing. A few hundred yards from the harbor one came across extreme poverty, and the slums reminded me of my own country. The contrast between the rich and poor was, stunning.

We were whisked away in the middle of the night to the harbor and huddled into a bare service plane, a long distance reconnaissance Catalina Sea Plane. Seats were improvised and we were issued old blankets. It was unheated and unpannelled. The poor Catalina was a slow but sturdy little bird. It had to fly right out and away from the occupied French coast and at a maximum ceiling because if attacked, it could get right down almost touching the waves. Shortly our teeth were chattering. The old Yugoslav Finance Minister looked grey with cold and soon produced a bottle of Cognac presented to him by his mission in Lisbon. He was courteous enough to share it with me sitting opposite him. It kept us warm while it lasted.

We heaved a sigh of relief when we sighted the coast of England and landed at Poole. Soon we were in the dining car of a train to London. We were served breakfast strictly in accordance with war time regulations. It was thrilling to be in a land which, single-

handed, was taking on the mightiest blows from a victorious dictator. There was no sign of panic and people went about their work with zest.

London was humming in spite of almost continuous air raids. On arrival we were to report at the War Office. We had been booked in at the Dorchester Hotel, which was one of the poshest in London in those days.

Major Graham took me to the War Office where I reported to the Public Relations Directorate. Later he got me enrolled as a member of the famous Cavalry Club in Piccadilly. Again I was the first Indian ever to have entered this most exclusive sanctum of cavalymen. Being a member of Skinner Horse (the First Bengal Lancers) was a good enough credential, more so, when initiated by an officer of the Royal Scots Grays. The India office paid me handsomely to get myself re-equipped in Military Uniform by a famous tailor, Stracchan and Hunt, again introduced by Major Graham. My father had sent me a thousand pounds. Sterling with a note to have a good time, for a soldier can never know if there is to be another day. My own six months deferred pay plus overseas and hardship allowance of a hundred and thirty pounds a month, on top of my Captain's salary of a hundred pounds meant more money than I had ever seen before. The Brigadier in charge of P.R. Directorate belonged to the British Nobility. He gave me a large stock of special hand-rolled cigarettes which was a rare commodity, and also gave me a note to his tobacconist in Haymarket. They enrolled me on their special list for the supply of 1,000 'Crown & Rasp' cigarettes a month.

This was indeed a boon in cigarette-starved U.K. One felt guilty at this abundance. However, people seeing overseas badges and medals used to go far out of their way to heap chocolates and other delicacies like eggs on us, which probably meant their going without them for a month. One was overwhelmed by their generosity and hospitality.

My first assignment was to go and give a talk on the Abyssinian Campaign, the only Front at that time where we had been victorious, to a mixed gathering of General Staff and a selected gathering of those taking an active part in the war effort was held at the Overseas Club auditorium in Jermyn Street. I was rather nervous, so I prepared a panoramic drawing of the Amba Alagi and waited hesitantly for the critical audience. Somehow I pulled through the forty-five minute ordeal: my first effort at public speaking. I started by quoting the following verses by Alfred Housman:

*These, in the day when heaven was falling,  
The hour when earth's foundations fled,  
Followed their mercenary calling  
And took their wages and are dead.*

*Their shoulders held the sky suspended;  
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;*

*What God abandoned, these defended,  
And saved the sum of things for pay.*

This start and probably my youth got me greater applause than I really deserved. After that I was ordered to go all over the British Isles on a morale raising tour, both for the Services as well as well as the people working in the factories.

I met Lady Willington, the ex-Vicereine of India, at the Overseas Club function. She was still very energetic and, taking part in a great number of war activities. Her husband was the Viceroy when my father was the Governor of the Punjab the first time in 1932, and she had been very kind to my family. She took me under her wing and imparted a great deal of wisdom. She told me that I was in England representing the great traditions of the Indian Army as an officer of the Bengal Lancers, and I also had to keep up the dignity of my respected family and not behave like some of the newly recruited Indian boys studying in England, by being seen in 'cheap' company. She was kind enough to introduce me to the fashionable set of the nobility which I thoroughly enjoyed.

I was invited during my off-days to manor houses and the houses of nobility which few other Indians could have seen. They were extremely considerate, treated me like one of themselves, as a country gentleman. One was overwhelmed by their kindness, magnanimity, hospitality and understanding. I established some very rewarding and memorable friendships among the young set, their affection and unprejudiced happy-go-lucky approach towards a stranger was most gratifying. At times, the amount of kindness these young people bestowed on one became embarrassing.

My work took me all over the country and was becoming routine. However, a few memories of beleaguered and blitzed England and the fortitude of its great people are still very vivid in my mind.

One was a harrowing experience in Jermyn Street near the Overseas Club. A German bomber had dropped a large mine down by parachute. On hitting a corner building it just blew it to the sky. I was passing by when I heard the faint voice of a brave English woman who had refused to leave London during this May-June 1941 Blitz and had stuck to her post. She was crying for help. Many ARP workers joined me and we dug frantically for hours during the whole night. We removed huge chunks of debris. By eight in the morning, though we seemed to be getting near our goal, and we had been struggling like mad men with lacerated hands, to rescue this bold soul, to our dismay she stopped her wails. It was a heartrending scene. We carried on but it took a large force to clear the place. The poor creature had been crushed by a girder and her legs had been broken. She died from loss of blood and shock. I can still hear her cries and recall the poignant scene of stretcher bearers carrying her to the morgue.

Another inspiring incident was near St. Paul's in the city. Once after a deadly raid which was aimed at the poorer quarters of London, I was passing through a blocked street and found a man frantically shoveling away stones and plaster to clear the road. I enquired if anybody had been hurt in the demolished house. The Cockney, without raising his head said, "Hell, yes, my mother, wife and three young children lie buried underneath the rubble." Rather bewildered at the statement, enquired then what was he trying to do. His reply was that he was clearing the road so that people could pass through and speed up the revenge of the brutal murder of his innocent family, and help the country to win against the Devil.

Another eye opener was an incident at Aberdeen. I had two hours to wait before my next talk to the local gathering of Service Officers so I went to see a film. Aberdeen in those days was the practicing run for young German pilots under training and raids were a daily routine. The cinema I went into was chock-a-block with young soldiers, girls and boys and a few old people. Soon after the trailer, an announcement appeared on the screen that an air raid was on and the air raid shelter was below in the cellar. I watched to see how many people, would leave. I was astonished to find only one man well over seventy who was sitting next to me asked the attendant how to get to the shelter. The rest of the audience consisting of nearly a thousand people just didn't stir, they twiddled their thumbs skywards and proceeded to see the show. Not one cared a 'tuppenny hoot' for the danger. After seeing the spirit that evening, I was convinced that England could never be defeated in that war.

Another interesting episode was when I went to address a large airbase in Wales. A young Group Captain came up to me after my talk and asked me if I could help by speaking to a very old man. He had had himself brought in his wheelchair to listen to an Indian Cavalry Officer, and said, he would be thrilled to have a short chat with me. His father used to be the Brigadier-General in Command of the Indian Cavalry before the First World War in 1911. The aged gentleman was really an old time 'Koi Hai' - Poona-Poona type of British Officer. He kept on Calling me *Sahib* a title used for the Viceroy's Commissioned Officer because, in his time, an Indian could only rise to the rank of Viceroy's Commission as opposed to the King's Commission given to a Britisher. He spent over two hours wanting to know all about his Cavalry Regiments, most of which had since been amalgamated and motorized. The old boy could not understand the mad rush for mechanization but was thrilled to hear that the Indian Cavalry in its new form, was adding new chapters to its glory in the Middle East.

I was greatly heartened by a letter I received from his son some, time later, on my return to the Middle East, to say that after our chat the old man had got a new lease of life and was glued to the radio, listening to the actions in which the Indian Cavalry was involved. I was most gratified by the gentlemanly gesture and to hear the news that I had been of some little help, to fill a void in the life of an old war-horse and "bucking him up" as a cavalry man would say.

Another incident concerned an English Police Officer's courtesy and helpfulness, in contrast with his counterpart in the Colonial Indian Empire. One night I was delayed at a late night party which ran into the early hours of the morning. When I came out into the blacked out streets of London, I soon realized that I was lost in the great metropolis. Taxis were rare and private cars still more scarce in those days. Soon I came across a Bobby who asked me what I was doing. I told him that I was lost and did not know how to get to the Cavalry club where I was living in those days. On checking my identity, he most obligingly put a call through and got a car from somewhere to deposit me safely at my Club. I shall never forget the kind London Bobby who was more of a helper than the tyrannical type in the law enforcement machine in India.

I was ordered to attend the Commando School, which was located right on the north-west coast of Scotland on the shore of Loch Ailort. I was billeted in a small inn about half a mile away from the Commando school. It had a wooden chalet attached to it where they put the occasional guest who came to visit the School. One night after attending the School I came back after dinner and went to my room, changed, locked the door and also latched the window. In those days there was an order not to leave any doors open because of the German parachutists used to land, to spy in the United Kingdom. I got into bed and went to sleep. I had taken off my watch and placed it on the bedside table. Sometime after midnight I was suddenly woken up by a gust of wind and heard my window fall open. I got up to see who had come in and found a black cat which had somehow opened the window and got into the room. I shooed it away and fastened the latches on the window again, with great care. I thought I would look at the time after drawing the black-out curtains. I looked for my watch but found it missing. This was indeed a great surprise because I clearly remembered taking it off, and putting it on the table. I searched for it all over the place but could not locate it. I had a rather uneasy sleep after that. A little while later, believe it or not, the window opened again and the cat entered. She came near my bed but I jumped out, she rushed out. As I locked the window again I saw watch lying on the sill! I sat up the rest of the night wondering what the phenomenon was.

Normally I was not superstitious but the next morning at breakfast at the inn I asked about the black cat. All those, including the owner of the local pub who was at the breakfast table, just went mum and would not say a word about it. Several years later when we were living in Kaghan Valley in the Hazara District of NWFP, a Scots lady, Principal Edmund's wife, came to visit us and we started talking about Scotland and I remembered and recounted the experience of that night at Loch Ailort. She asked me if I had not been told the story about the black cat which was supposed to be the ghost of the Lady who had lived in the Castle, where the school was located. Since her murder she had haunted the area in the form of a Cat. Wherever she went the doors fell open. This story was known to everyone in that area but they must have considered it bad luck to talk about it and were too frightened to tell a stranger about the presence of this



cat. The Inn-keeper was especially guarded because he did not wish for publicity lest people avoided his hotel, knowing it to be haunted.

As a rule, during my stay in England, I received extreme courtesy and consideration from officers of the British armed forces, as well the British civilians who appreciated our achievements in the Middle East. However, my experience with British officers of the Indian Army attached to the India office was an exception. They still seemed to live in the citadel of British Colonialism.

General Mouspratt, who was the Military Adviser to the Secretary of State for India, treated me in the same manner as had Major Phillips of the Indian Army Reserve of Officers, when he rejoined the 16th Cavalry in Peshawar during the war. My cavalry outfit and air of nonchalance which every Cavalry man was inclined to assume irked the General but I really fell foul of him when I submitted a report to Mr. Amery, the Secretary of State for India, regarding the morale of the Indian Soldier in the Middle East.

Mr. Amery had invited me over to his house. There he questioned me about the reason why my father resigned from the Viceroy's War Council. I did not know anything about it and said so. He told me that it had been a great mistake because Mr. Churchill had taken a great liking to him during their meeting in Cairo, and had decided to choose my father as the Indian representative in his War Cabinet, a signal honor. As a prelude Sir Sikander had been selected to the Viceroy's War Council from which father had resigned on the beckoning of the Quaid-i-Azam.

I told Mr. Amery that I did not understand Politics and was unaware of the circumstances because I had not seen my father for almost two years.

He then asked me to write a note for him on the conditions and morale of the Indian troops in the Middle East and U.K. I was foolish enough to accept the assignment. For days I sweated over the report which ran to several pages. I pointed out the iniquitous treatment meted out to Indian soldiers as compared with others in the same theatre despite the fact that they fought and gave their lives just as valiantly as any other in the crusade against Fascism. As it was to be a secret document, I had to type it letter by letter on a borrowed typewriter. When it was completed I showed it in confidence to Col. (later General) Akbar Khan of the Royal Indian Army Strives Corps, who had been evacuated along with his men from Dunkirk. He literally went into a fit about the candid discourse. He warned me that I could be sure of a court Martial when the Indian Army authorities learnt of it. I was too naive not to take him seriously. I thought he was just a good-for-nothing old windbag, lacking in confidence and decided not to heed his advice.

Off, went the volatile report, duly signed and sealed, addressed to the Secretary of State for India. Alas, too soon the wisdom of Akbar Khan's exhortations was to dawn upon me. I got an urgent summons to report to General Mouspratt. I was literally marched into the General's Office as if I was a defaulter, by the Colonel who was the General's Senior Staff officer. I saluted and stood to attention. The General gave me one of the dirtiest looks I had ever faced in the Army. I was rebuked in no uncertain terms, to the effect that I was guilty of an unheard of breach of Military Discipline when I communicated with the Secretary of State, without obtaining the General's prior permission. I was told that I would soon hear what my fate was to be. Though inwardly it shook my confidence, I managed to keep a straight face and replied, "Sir, since the Secretary of State is a member of His Majesty's Cabinet, I have obeyed his order, taking them as the Sovereign's Command, which my commission requires me to do." This non-plussed the old man. He threatened me with dire consequences and I was ordered to be marched out. He had a cheek to threaten me on account of a straight answer, but it was to be a forerunner of many such experiences in my later life.

However, I must here pay a tribute to the fairness of British Statesmen at the highest level. That evening, when drowning my anger with a good meal, a WAC. Motor Cyclist came into my room, saluted and handed me a sealed dispatch. It was a letter from the Secretary of the State to the effect that I had submitted my report at his behest. Thus he took upon his shoulders the responsibility for the so-called indiscipline for which I had been reprimanded by the India Office Brass. He also explained that there could not be complete equality in the conditions of all nationalities. There were marked differences even between those enjoyed by the Australian and the British Troops. Later I learnt that the report was communicated to the Viceroy who had told my father that, if it had not been his son, they might have thought it was seditious literature from a rebellious Indian National Congress Member. However, on my return to the Middle East, I found that many of my complaints had been heeded and rectified and the lot of the Indian soldier in the field had improved considerably.

Personally, however, I did not escape the wrath of General Mouspratt. Sir James Grigg, Secretary of Defence, had heard of my work in the U.K and of my broadcasts to India and Germany, as well as my services in Eritrea from Sir Firoz Khan Noon. The Indian High Commissioner in London, had been very kind to me when, Vicky Rikhy his secretary, told him of the report which I had sent. She must have put her own word too. Sir Firoz Khan discussed the ex-P.O.W's case with Sir James Grigg who had called for my papers, and selected me for the then considered a great of honor of selecting me to the Senior Staff College at Camberly, with the prospect of being a staff officer in the War Office. When General Mospratt got an inkling of it, he ordered me back to the Middle East as a punishment for my behavior.

I dutifully reported at Glasgow and was sent on a small cross-channel steamer down the Atlantic. The company was good. It consisted mainly of Army Chaplains and

Nurses going to Africa. The convoy consisted of several ships and it was heartening to see. H.M. Battleship Prince of Wales and the aircraft carrier Warspite. Both were unfortunately sunk off Singapore later, although they were lucky the first time to run the gauntlet through the Mediterranean. On account of these great ships we had a huge escort of cruisers, destroyers, mine sweepers and sloops. This gave one some comfort while sailing through the submarine-infested sea.

Within no time we reached Gibraltar. We got shore leave and some of us were lucky enough to be invited into the labyrinthine fortress constructed under the 'Rock' by the British tunnellers. Lord Gort, VC, who had been Director of Military Training in India during my cadet days, and who was the unluckiest General in the British Army, to have been placed at the head of an ill-equipped BEF in France in 1939 which was evacuated from Dunkirk, was appointed Governor of Gibraltar. Few would remember his heroic and masterly retreat at Dunkirk. That such an able man should be the victim of such a misfortune is one of the vagaries of war. He very kindly invited me to lunch. He was in a reminiscent mood about India and later showed us round his fortress HQ. He had literally made it impregnable. I greatly admired his courage, stoicism and devotion to duty. Later he was to be the Governor and Supreme Commander in Malta at its worst time. Such are the quirks of fate for some great Generals.

That night we sailed in full view of the German spies in Spain and could expect a hot reception from the submarine wolf-packs which were very active on the route to come. The next morning, when we got up, all notions of a safe voyage in the company of great battleships evaporated, because the great ships and their escort had sailed off through the Mediterranean. We were left with a small sloop, an auxiliary ship (an armed merchant ship) and a few smaller escorts to accompany our cargo-ships; tankers convoy to Bathurst on the west coast of Africa. The days ahead were disquietening. We had to mount round-the-clock look-outs, because submarines kept us on our toes. Somehow we approached our destination unscathed. We celebrated the occasion with a real party. Bets were taken as to the exact time we would anchor. I pointed at a time on the clock. No one was more surprised than me when I was handed forty pounds the next morning. It came in very handy at the port!

## **RETURN TO THE MIDDLE EAST**

There was difficulty in getting a passage to Cairo. Somehow the Officer, in charge of movements managed to get me on a plane which left via Chad, the H.Q. of the Free French; General Leclerc was training his Free French Forces there. After a night spent in a rickety old transit camp I flew on and landed at Cairo the next day. On arrival I learnt that the 5th Indian Division had been brought down to Cairo. I found them at Mena Camp, under the shadow of the great Pyramids just outside Cairo. It was a real pleasure being back with the Regiment. Many officers had left us to officer newly-raised Regiments in India. Apart from dust storms, the ubiquitous flies and scorching sun, life

was not too bad. I got the command of 'B' Squadron and was promoted to the acting rank of Major.

The days were spent in training and getting used to the sun compass, which had been invented for navigation in the desert. The officers club was a meeting place where one met long lost friends, played cards and gossiped. It was not as high-brow as the Gazira Club, which was a preserve for H.Q. boys who were in MEF HQ, and earned many a derisive epithet from those in the Field. However, the Club life was a change and great fun. They were all very kind to me. The weekly ritual of a bath in the Mena Hotel just by the great Pyramids and Sphinx was a treat in itself.

This existence was too pleasant to last. I was going for a Commando Course on the Suez Canal to avoid the tedium of static life, when suddenly we were faced with disaster in Crete and Cyprus: our most strategic base close to Turkey was threatened. We got an urgent message, to move. We drove our soft vehicles all night and left them with Line of Communication Area on the canal. It was a dusty, uncomfortable journey and none of us was recognizable at the end of it. At night we embarked on H.M Navy's hard pressed destroyers, which were shuttling back and forth evacuating troops under, fire from Crete and then moving others to Cyprus. We were warned not to accept the hospitality for which the British Navy was famous, as their supplies were running low but, despite our protests, the Wardroom insisted on giving us a treat. It was a touching manifestation, for we knew this meant, their going without amenities for days. We did not wish to disappoint those brave and valiant sailors but were unusually abstemious that night. We ate our bully beef and hard biscuits, washed it down with tepid water from our water bottles. It was still dark when we sighted land.

### CYPRUS:

We quickly disembarked at Famagusta, where we took over from a British Armored Regiment which had left its light tanks. These were not much better than our armored carriers. They were veritable death traps against anti-tank weapons and barely stopped small arms fire. This was however, an ideal, opportunity to train our men. The Regimental HQ was located in old ruins and catacombs of the Crusade days. My squadron had to go on detachment, on the northern coast which was vulnerable to parachute landings. The Commanding Officer ordered my squadron to go to Kyrenia. I left for reconnaissance, passed through Nicosia which was a bright spot full of night clubs and cafes, but the countryside was extremely poor. There was a mixed population of Greeks and Turks. Kyrenia was predominantly a Turkish area. Womenfolk were still wearing veils and strict rules of morality were observed. While the squadron was billeted in the village, I selected an adjoining orange orchard which had a two-room lodge in it, as my Headquarters. We spent the next, few weeks familiarizing ourselves with the local topography.

As my second-in-command I had a young British Tea Planter from Assam, Lt. Mundell. He had been dealing with the poor slave labor employed in, Assam's tea plantations. He could not speak Urdu, the language our troops understood. He spoke to the men, in a harsh manner and showed little respect for the Viceroy's commissioned Officers (now called the Junior Commissioned Officers) who used to command the three troops in the squadron. Thus, this raw youth had become both dangerous to himself and to his troops to himself because while respect begets mutual respect, hatred, if generated, could be very unpleasant if not fatal, on active service.

Leaving, aside the personal angle, lack of communication between an officer and his men on account of a language problem or otherwise can be disastrous in war. It was, therefore my first problem to get my second in command broken in and trained to take over in the eventuality of my becoming a casualty. I, therefore ordered him to speak in Urdu while in the mess and to spend most of the time with his men to learn their language. I also knew, that a British officer could get very ill if not accustomed to Indian food. In case of an action, the officers mess would fall back into B. Echelon and would be unable to serve. In a prolonged action which we were expecting officers would have to eat from the men's '*langar*' (kitchen). I, therefore, ordered that Lt. Mundell should eat one meal with the men. Mundell did not like my orders.

On the coming Sunday the C.O. wirelessly that he would come over for an inspection and lunch. He added that he would prefer D.K. (short for *Desi Khana* or Indian food). I had thy batman prepare some *Pillau* (rice pillaff) and Indian curry. The C.O. was very pleased with our training, had a beer in the mess and settled down to a sumptuous meal. I suddenly called out to take a message. Taking advantage, of my absence Mundell griped about what he thought unfair orders.

On my return the C.O. enquired about it. I called Mundell in the C.Os presence and asked him if he had spoken to the colonel about my order. When he replied in the affirmative, I rebuked him for reporting to the C.O., without first obtaining my permission. The C.O., also reprimand him for this. Thereafter I explained my reasons to him. The C.O., complimented me on my foresight. Later Mundell wrote to me from Italy, where he won his M.C., thanking me for preparing him for this honor. Poor boy, he later lost his life in action.

It started snowing and I decided to camp out to prepare my troops for European winters. Soon they were acclimatized and also learnt to find their way about in snowstorms. Thereafter we settled down to routine life. No Germans appeared and life became monotonous. The only break was an occasional visit to Nicosia, a bottle of indifferent local wine and a cabaret which was worse.

The forward Brigade held an exercise; the directing staff had deliberately made it confusing. One of my troops sent out to aid the infantry, having not quite understood

the orders in English, charged. The Brigade Commander, a foot soldier, criticized our failure to move the squadron to his headquarters and had a quiet dig at the Cavalry by making some cutting remarks during his summing up.

Captain Malik, who used to be my term mate in the I.M.A. but was detained for a term, met me after years at the Brigade H.Q. where he was a G.III. He mercilessly pulled my leg about the exercise. While I agreed that days of charging as a Light Brigade were over, I would not agree to my redeploying my troops until I had a clear picture of the situation. There was a thing known as deception and it would have been wrong to put all our eggs in one basket without having a clear cut idea of the enemy's intentions.

One day I suddenly got a signal to proceed to the Airport to board a flight for Beirut, en route to Baghdad. My father was visiting Indian troops in that area. A rickety Misr Air Lines plane flew us to that area. On reaching Baghdad I found my father in a Colonel's Uniform along with Mr. Anderson I.C.S. his Financial Commissioner, masquerading as a Captain, waiting at the airport to receive me. I saluted and we shook hands.

It was the first meeting with my father since I had left India in 1940. I could see tears of joy in his eyes. He was staying at Hotel Zia on the banks of the River. When we got there he embraced me and kissed me on the forehead. He said this was on behalf of my aunt, brothers and sisters. I was greatly touched and felt just like a child when he used to fawn over me, his sick son. Later we sat exchanging the years experiences.

Next day he was visiting the famous shrines in Baghdad; special arrangements had been made for his visit as these places were out of bounds for Indian Troops. The Iraqis had been wanting to join the Germans under Premier Rashid-el-Gilani, but their plans were foiled by the Indian troops who landed in Iraq. They therefore, hated us and were most unfriendly. That evening my father took me to a bank and forced two hundred pounds on me. I told him that I did not need the money but he insisted. That day I had to return to Cyprus.

On the way back I stayed for a couple of days in Tel Aviv, a prosperous new town built by European Jews. I made some good friends and was struck by the hospitality shown me by the Jewish community. Countess Skorski, a very interesting old lady, organized amenities for soldiers on leave, but one had to pay through one's nose for excellent meals and drinks. A young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Lefcis from Austria, were very friendly. Suzi Lefcis was the daughter of a millionaire. She took me to Jerusalem where she showed me the Wailing Wall and I was able to take her to the Dome in Aqsa Mosque. We became good friends and the last I heard from her was on my father's death in 1942.

On arrival in Cyprus I was told that I had been appointed Adjutant, an honor at the best of times. I was the first Indian ever to have commanded a squadron and to have become

the Adjutant of the Lancers. I still feel honored. Colonel Hossack' our C.O., gave confidence and I hope he had no regrets.

As the German threat to Cyprus did not materialize and Army under General Cunningham was preparing to go back on the offensive, our Regiment was brought back to Egypt as the Recce Regiment of 10th Armored Division. While preparing to go forward we were camped near Cairo.

A few days later vacancies for Junior Staff College were bring filled. My C.O., who knew that I had been selected for the Staff Collrge Camberley which I had missed in England, thought this would be better than not passing through the Staff College at all. He put up my name. I did not like the idea as it meant getting a GSO III job which was a lower rank than what I was holding and, moreover, things were looking up in the Field. I wanted to serve with the Troops during the forthcoming Operations. The General selected me and sent in name up to HQ MEF. This gave me a break. The War Office had been looking for me for posting to the Staff College at Camberly. They had tried to locate me during my voyage but Middle East Force did not know where I was nor did India Command. On seeing my name on the list of selectees for Junior Staff Course, General Sir Claude Auchinleck thought that, since the course had already started in England, he, in my interest, would select me to the equivalent Senior Staff College at Haifa.

I was by this time posted at Fuka Area where the RAF had a complex of forward air fields. The Germans used to come over and bomb these and there was a danger of parachute landings. A brigade group was formed under, my C.O. to protect these fields. I was, therefore, ordered to be the Brigade Major in addition to my duties as, the Adjutant. It was a terrible stint. I had to do my normal day time, work as an Adjutant and at night I had to keep awake in case of air-raids or probable landings from the sea. All the same it was interesting. Our three Squadrons posted separately in defensive position around the fields. 'C' Squadron had made their HQ in an old Egyptian pyramid which they had found. I went round to contact them and had lunch with them.

It seemed a perfect air raid shelter, 'C' Squadron was full of it - it was cool, free of dust and flies, which were the bane of our life in the open, near the sea. However, they soon came to regret it. One after the other the officers started coming down with high fever. No virus could be detected in the blood tests. They had to be evacuated from the country because the hospitals could not detect any known disease. Obviously some unknown species of bug was inhabiting the Pyramids. The men became superstitious and officers were ordered to get out of their so-called redoubt.

One day a signal ordering me to report to the Senior Staff College at Haifa was received. I returned to Cairo, and put up for a couple of days at 'Sheppards'. I had to get

instructions from GHQ and also hand over some Agents we had rounded up whom I had escorted back.

The next evening we were herded into a train leaving for Haifa. There were several of us going for the course as well as many troops going into Line of Communication Area in Palestine. The following morning we were horrified to find there was no dining car with the train. We had brought no rations and food was just not available for love or money. At Gaza we were able to get some hard-boiled eggs at an exorbitant price and washed them down with tepid, rather dangerous-looking water. The journey was uneventful except for pilferage by Arab urchins who kept on breaking into our compartments. We reached Haifa, rather tired, ravenously hungry and fairly nervous. Those of us who had, left the desert were rather upset at having to leave our comrades on the eve of the battle.

### **THE STAFF COLLEGE HAIFA:**

The Staff College was located at a beautiful vantage point on top of Mount Carmel, away from the bustle of port and the city. The work was arduous. The two years course had been compressed into six months. The staff was absolutely top notch. The Commandant was a very experienced General later to be the Head of Intelligence in General Montgomery's 8th Army and the Directing Staff specially selected to train future staff Officers to take up battle assignments at the end of the course as GSO II or equivalent. We learnt strategy, logistics i.e., supply, transport and (Admin) administration, planning and staff duties, signals and communications.

We were placed in small groups with a D.S. Member in charge of each. Each group had been billeted together in pretty and compact bungalows, served by a British soldier batman. Ours as a Cockney character full of fun and expert at scrounging and improvising. We ate together in Officers Mess where the D.S. and students mixed freely. Work started early in the morning. We had lectures followed by practical work, war games and exercises. We were taken for Swimming in the sea.

On one of these Bathing Parades, I learnt how treacherous Mediterranean currents could be. A few of us (Lonsdale of Sudan Defence Force, Speechly of RAAF and Peter, a British gunner) were swimming together. Suddenly, a breaker came in and took the sand away from underneath my feet. I tried hard to find a footing but it was not there. I struggled helplessly. When I next looked round I found that the current had taken me hundreds of yards away from the beach and I could only get glimpse of my other friends occasionally. I tried to struggle back but was soon too exhausted to try any more. I remembered the lesson learnt in the Life Saving class at the Indian Military Academy. I turned over on my back and filled up my lungs. Some waves went over me leaving me suffocated. I felt I was drowning, made a distress signal but either no one saw it or did not dare get into the dangerous current. I thought I was going to meet my



end, rather a sorry one after the dangerous life that I had passed through practically unscathed.

What I could remember afterwards was that I had been carried about three quarter of mile down the long beach. I could hardly breath, and was terribly sick. Some people rushed to me and gave me first aid which removed the water from my lungs. However, I was very groggy and had a splitting headache which kept me out of the College for two days.

News came of the debacle on the Desert Front where our forces had been forced to retreat to the Alamein line. The Germans were halted through the sheer tenacity of General (later Field Marshall) Sir Claude Auchinleck's sticking to the ground, while others were retreating pell-mell. His Punjab Regiment stood by him bravely. His efforts to prepare a sound defence and later his preparation for a counter attack have not found him the place in History which he really deserve.

However, the appointment of General Alexander, in place of Field Marshall Sir Claude Auchinleck and General Montgomery as C-in-C Eighth Army, in place of General Cunningham, was applauded. Montgomery came to our college to give a pep talk to the future Staff Officers of his army. He spoke with great confidence and explained his future plans. His constant use of the first person throughout his talk with us was very amusing.

But one could understand General Montgomery. The morale of the army in Egypt had sagged and he had to build their confidence in his charismatic personality to defeat Rommel and destroy the image he had created in the mind of our troops.

I had a very interesting holiday with my friend Major Peter, a gunner who had been the ADC to the Governor of Malta. We had struck up a very good friendship and decided to spend the mid-term break in Beirut, We left for Beirut and stayed there for the night at the famous Sea Side Hotel. We were disappointed in Beirut. The only pleasant incident was a meeting with Prince Ali Khan who was acting as a Major in Public Relations, in Beirut because he could speak French as his mother tongue. We had a very interesting chat about the war in Syria and the behavior of the Syrian people. The Lebanese were, he thought, at heart with us but he did not think much of them.

The next day we decided that the Beirut expedition was a flop and we had better go to some more interesting place. A place called Chatura in the ante-Lebanon Range was suggested to us which had a very interesting Hotel, a pleasant climate and an excellent cuisine. We found it to be a wonderful place. There were natural springs. In those barren hills this little oasis was heavenly in all respects. The French residents were extremely kind and friendly. We regaled ourselves there for the five days we had at our

disposal. On our return we got back to seriously making plans for stopping a German attack should it come through Turkey, as was then expected.

We had to carry out reconnaissance in separate parties and this took us right into the heart of Jewish Palestine, where we stayed near the Kibbutzim and met various foreign Jews who had come and made these settlements in the desert. There were two types of these settlements, in one there was collective living, collective cooking, the children were looked after in Nurseries. The men and women worked together in the fields, and once a week they went to the town for a break and to see the pictures. They were granted a month's holiday every year at the expense of their collective farms. The other type of farming was that of individual holders who ploughed their own lands, grew their own orchards, but all their purchases and sales were done through a central cooperative organization. We found that this communal system was working wonders in that area and was responsible, not only for the thriving agriculture, but making use of every agricultural products and by-products in industry which these people had set up themselves. We were greatly impressed their hard work and I felt ashamed and disappointed to see the adjoining fields, owned by the Arabs, lying fallow or very badly, cultivated. It hurt me to see that my co-Religionists, who had once conquered the world, had become so indolent.

I still remember the day when we had an arduous climb over a mountainous position which we thought would make an ideal defensive line against the Germans. We ran out of water and were rather thirsty when we got down to the road. We asked if we could find some water. The local farmer said he could not provide water but, if we would like to have a drink of milk, there was plenty of it. We were rather surprised, but went along with him and were entertained with large jugs of chilled milk which they had stored for the market. We had an excellent drink and I still feel grateful to the farmer who was so hospitable. I also made it a point to go over to Jaffa, which Was an Arab stronghold and met a lot of Arab gentlemen. I was surprised at their apathy and I urged them to improve themselves by hard work and to see that their land was not sold away by them. But they were too lazy or too fond of money to bother about their property. Very few reacted kindly to my suggestions.

Those who did listen were young Arabs who had spirit and wanted to stop the onslaught of foreigners. They were coming into their country in droves under the protection of the Allies, who thought that they would bring them there instead of absorbing them into their own countries or in the United States. They were in fact following on the Balfour Plan of the previous war, where a homeland for the Jews had been chalked out by the British despite the Arab help to Lawrence of Arabia which was responsible for the defeat of the Turks in Palestine.

Another experience was a curious dream. One night at the staff college I dreamt that my father was lying on a bed and I was massaging his feet when I saw a venerable

gentleman walk into the room. I heard someone say that it was the Saint Sheikh Abdul Qadar Gilani of Baghdad. In my dream I turned round to him and asked him to pray for my father and for me. He raised his hands and prayed for some time and then said to me, "I have prayed for your father." I looked up at him and said I knew that I was a non-conformist type, but were my sins so great that I was not worthy of his prayers. He turned round and told me that my prayers lay at the feet of my father. Thereupon I kissed my father's feet; he then, sat up and prayed for me along with the saint and wished me good luck in my future life. I suddenly woke up. I wondered what this was all about because I had never even thought or dreamt that my father would be coming to Haifa, as he was a very busy man as the Premier and spearhead of the War effort. However, I wished that, if it was the Divine Will, it would happen. Amazingly, when I went to College the next morning I was called to the Commandant's office and a signal was handed, over to me from the Army Headquarter. It said that Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan, the Premier of the Punjab, would be visiting the Indian troops in Haifa Area the next day and that Captain Shaukat Hyat Khan had been selected to act as his A.D.C. during his stay in the area. I was to receive him at the Airport and accompany him throughout the next two days. This was indeed a great surprise.

I reported at the airport and received my father and Mr. Anderson. I went round with them visiting various units of Indian troops who were very pleased to see their Premier taking such a great interest in their welfare. In the evening I asked my father, Mr. Anderson, the commandant of my college and the G.O.C. of the Area, to dine with me at Pross's Restaurant which was run by a great-granddaughter of Lord Roberts of Kabul fame. We had an excellent meal.

After that I accompanied my father to the hotel where he was staying. He looked rather tired so I sat down and started massaging his feet and as I was doing it I suddenly remembered the dream of the night before and thought that father was in 'the same position as he was during my dream, so I got hold of his feet and kissed them. He was always very much averse to anyone, touching his feet. He asked me what I meant by doing that. I therefore repeated the dream I had dreamt the night before and he sat up in his bed and prayed for me and my future. The next day he left for other parts of the Middle East and I got back to my usual routine at the Staff College. This was the first experience of this type in my life.

### **PERSIA AND IRAQ FORCE AND RETURN TO INDIA:**

Soon our course at the Staff College came to an end and we were summoned, one by one, to the Commandant who was to tell us of our, results as well as our postings. It was usual that the first ten of the batch got General Staff jobs on the Operations side, while the others went to the other staff jobs in the A & Q and branches of the Army. I approached the Commandant's office somewhat apprehensive as to my future. I had

requested previously to be posted to the 4th Indian Division which was taking part in Operations in the Desert so that I could go into action with that famous Division of the Indian Army. The Commandant told me that I had qualified amongst the first ten but General Jumbo Wilson, Commanding PAI Force (Persia and Iraq) in Baghdad, had asked for my services on his staff as a G.S.O.II.

A few days later after a lot of farewell parties, all of us, good friends that we had become, especially Peter and Speechly and Lonsdale, dispersed to go and take over our new assignments. I reached Baghdad via Damascus and was posted G.II Training at the Army Headquarters. The work was fairly arduous as we were expecting a German push in the early spring of the New Year. It was now November and we were carrying out very intensive training programs to meet the onslaught.

## CHAPTER - 3

### BACK FROM WAR

One day, I received a letter from my aunt (who had brought me up) saying that she was not feeling too well and that she had arranged for the marriage of my brother, Captain Azmat Hyat, who was then serving in the Indian Army in India, after a stint as an ADC to the Governor Punjab till he attained the age for a Commission. He was to be married to Khurheed daughter of Hakirn Ahmed Shujaa, and my sister Tahira to Captain Mazhar Ali Khan who was later to become the 'Editor of the famous Newspaper, "*The Pakistan Times of Lahore*" (at the time serving on the Burma front). My aunt said that she would be very happy if I could also join the celebrations, and she wished to see me at Lahore before she died.

I was rather touched by this letter and applied for a month's leave after my long term of duty overseas. But at about 12 o'clock I found my application back on my table with a note that the G.I. thought that it would be difficult to spare me at this critical time, and that I should consider withdrawing my application. This was most disappointing. I had a premonition that something serious was going to happen at home and that I must somehow get back to India as soon as possible. I remembered my dream of the great saint at Haifa and went to the Mausoleum of Sheikh Abdul Qadar Gilani, in whom I had great faith. I prayed there and I went back to my office. Waiting for me was a note from my Colonel saying that on second thoughts perhaps it would be best if I took in leave immediately for a month, and came back by the middle of January, so that I could take part in the exercises which were to take place in the early part of next year.

I approached Major Wait, G.II Movement, my course-mate to fix me a passage to India. He was rather apologetic and said that all seats both by air and by sea had been reserved for the British Officers who wanted to visit their families for the Christmas, therefore it would be next, to impossible to get me a seat to Karachi. However, as a brother Staff Officer, I asked him to see if he could somehow get me across.

That night at 11 o'clock my bedside telephone rang and it was GII Movements on the other end. He said that he had just heard that a Dakota plane carrying new aircraft engines to Burma was at Habbaniyah Airport about 30 miles away from Baghdad, and that if I immediately proceeded thence and was able to persuade the Captain to take me as a stow-away, I might achieve my purpose. I hurriedly packed up and got to the Habbaniya Airport where I met the Captain of the Dakota. I offered him a glass of beer and I asked him if he could take me along up to Karachi. He was rather reluctant

because the cabin was full of engines which had been tied down and there were no seats in it. However I agreed to sit on a cushion on the top of one of the engines and begged the Captain that, on account of my long tour of duty abroad, including the time spent in the P.O.W. camp, he should show me some consideration. He became mollified and agreed to take me along.

When we were nearing the coast of Gwadar, where we had to refuel, the pilot was informed that the weather at the airport was bad and the visibility was so poor that he would be unable to land. This was a great shock because we did not carry enough petrol to get us to Karachi. The Captain then decided to burn all his remaining fuel and crash-land. He came over to me and said that this was the decision that he had taken and there was very little hope for any survivor because of the rugged nature of the terrain and the danger of the engines breaking their moorings and crushing everyone to death. He circled round for almost an hour and then started descending towards the landing spot which he hoped he might be able to see. Luckily, as we were nearing the ground, we saw very lights being fired from the airstrip, where we had originally expected to land and refuel. He came down and very dexterously landed the plane. When he came out of the cockpit he was drenched in perspiration and badly shaken. A couple of cold beers in the make-shift control room at the airport restored his confidence and he refueled and flew on to Karachi, where we landed in the late afternoon.

I did not know where to go in Karachi when I suddenly recalled that Iqbal Shaffi, who was married to one of my nieces, was with McKinnon & MacKenzie in Karachi. I looked them up in the Telephone Directory and rang them up. They took me to their house where I was to spend the night, because the only train for Lahore was to leave early in the next morning.

Early next morning I managed to get a seat in the Mail Train for Lahore. I extracted a promise from Iqbal and Surraiya not to inform anyone at Lahore about my arrival because I wanted to give the family a surprise. Our train came into Lahore early the next morning, 16th December. Fearing that someone might recognize me at the main Railway station at Lahore, I decided to disembark at the Lahore Cantonment Station which is only a small siding. Of course, there were no Taxis at this small Cantonment station but I was able to get a *Tonga* (a one horse Buggy) to take me and my luggage to our house which was only half a mile away. When I arrived at the gate of the House, the Guard outside refused to let me enter the Prime Minister's House. Luckily our Sweeper Sunder recognized me. He came rushing to my aid and told the Police Guard that I was Sir Sikander's son.

I walked straight into the house and as I was entering the door my father was coming out for his customary morning walk. He was extremely pleased to see me, embraced me and took me into the house and woke up the entire family within seconds, and there

were jubilations all round to find one who they had heard, at one time, was missing believed killed in action in Sudan. My mother was ecstatic and so were my brothers and sisters. Soon I was surrounded by the entire family and the servants, each one more eager than the other to find out how I had fared in my two and a half years abroad. We had a very pleasant reunion breakfast. My uncle and his family were told on the telephone of my arrival and they rushed up from Amritsar which was thirty miles away.

Soon the subject of my marriage cropped up and I tried to resist it. I was still on active service and there was danger of my being killed, it would be unfair to get married and leave a young widow behind. However, I was in the minority of one and the entire family decided to go immediately to Amritsar to ask my Uncle to fix a date of my marriage, on 25th December 1942, just after the wedding of my brother and sister, a week from the day of my arrival. My maternal uncle, sporting as he was, first demurred at the idea of having to arrange the wedding of his eldest daughter, on a week's notice, but on my mother's entreaties he softened and agreed to consider the matter. Uncle agreed to fix the 25th of that month. Hectic preparations were started on both sides for the marriage. Our house was already in a turmoil because of all the relatives that had gathered a week earlier for Azmat and Tahira's weddings. There was an old custom in our parts of those days that all friends and relatives used to come weeks before the marriage with an offer to help during the wedding. In fact it was a convenient custom, as it gave an opportunity for everyone to meet and have a continuous string of parties for weeks, where they could gossip with old friend and exchange their experiences since the last such gathering.

The next day I had an argument with my aunt that I would get married in my uniform. She was insisting that I should wear the traditional Indian costume of the bridegroom, a golden brocade *Achkan* (customary long coat) and a *Banarsi* a hand woven gold-thread turban, a pair of hand-made gold shoes woven and sewn expertly by our village craftsmen. I would not budge from my stand. I thought that it was only proper for a soldier to get married in uniform during the War. As we were coming back after visiting my own mother's grave at Amritsar, I fell asleep in the car. I dreamt of a lady who said, "I am your mother and I had extracted a promise from your father that he would marry you in the manner that I would have wished to do, and now I believe you are trying to resist becoming a proper bridegroom, in the customary fashion. You must agree to dress up as everyone, has suggested. And tell your father that I shall keep my promise with him on the day of my death in 1918, I will come over and meet him the day after the wedding." I acquiesced.

Our whole house was profusely illuminated and there were special *Shamianias* (canopies) brought from the Indian States with silver poles and all covered in gold filigree work, and thousands of guests were invited. But there was an innovation, on every card, my father had printed, "No presents please for my children" The reason was

the thought that people might try to oblige him as the Prime Minister of the Punjab and he did not wish to create an awkward precedent whereby Ministers started taking presents from people. What a difference from the present day!

Just a day before Tahira's wedding thy father called me. He looked upset. He broke down and said his time was running out. I protested and told him that he was still young, barely fifty years old, and had a long fruitful life ahead of him. I was therefore surprised at his dejection. He asked me to pledge that I would look after my younger brothers and sisters just as he would do, when he was gone. He exhorted that I play the role as a father after him and never allow step-relationship to interfere in the unity of the family, which he had assiduously maintained throughout his life. His utterance made me extremely unhappy because I adored him for the love and affection that he showered on all of us, also for his consideration and self-sacrifice to provide us with the best of everything a life. I begged him to calm down and to please him, I gave him my solemn word of honor that whatever the consequences, I would do as he bade. He kissed me on the forehead and cheered up. My conscience is clear that I have lived up to his wishes and fulfilled my promise in its entirety.

That day Tahira was wedded to Mazhar, who had taken a Commission in the Army to please my father, after the German attack on the Soviet Union. There were great festivities. The whole family and our numerous friends had collected, but at home there was an easily, dissemble undercurrent of unease. I felt so sorry for our beloved and God-fearing father. Nawab Muzzafar Khan, Mazhar's father, who had really launched my father on his political career, tried his best to cheer father up by showing his gratitude to him in public as also in a private talk where I as present. There was not much respite the next day, as we had to take out Azmat's *Barat* (wedding party). After some more hectic preparations, we took a selected party with us to Hakim Ahmad Shujaa's house. He was Azmat's father in-law, a renowned scholar of Oriental Literature and at the time working as Joint Secretary of the Punjab Legislative Assembly. The cream of Punjab's gentry and men of letters had gathered for the ceremony. Father was very happy and full of life. That night after the wedding, our jovial cousin Col. Masud Hyat and Afzal and the rest of the youngsters got together and had a merry party at the Christmas Eve dance. I do not remember if anyone got any sleep that night.

Azmat's wedding clashed with my Henna ceremony which was to take place at Amritsar. The Henna is painted on the bride's hands as a symbol of good luck. Henna was sent to Amritsar with Captain (later Colonel) Asghar Sadik, who was also carrying bottles of whiskey along with it in the back seat of the car. One of these bottles broke and soaked the Henna. Mussarrat had the unique distinction of having been decorated with Scotch-Henna.

The next day was to be my turn. I got up rather late on this Christmas morning. In accordance with the custom, I had to stay away from public appearance. Late in the



afternoon, my father's barber came to shave my beard and gave me a facial massage. I changed into the Bridegroom's Robes. The turban (head dress) was heavy, but mercifully one has to wear, it only once in a life time.

We had to leave at 3.30 pm as the *Barat* (wedding procession) had to go thirty miles by road to Amritsar. I therefore, came down accompanied by Zahid Salim, my nephew, who was acting as my *Sarbala* (equivalent to a page boy). He was very much attached to me. The *Sehra bandi* (tying a veil of gold strings) was performed by my sisters in accordance with the custom. All the family members came forward to give their blessing to the groom. I came out to sit under the canopy where the marriage party had gathered. All the family friends with whom our family had customary relationships came and gave their *Tambol* (a wedding gift which used to be recorded and had to be returned when the donor's son got married), plus a large tip to the barber. After the "*Sehra Bandi*" ceremony the local bard sang the *Sehra* (eulogy).

The *Barat* (wedding party) started. There was a large cavalcade of more than a hundred cars. My father, his elder brother Sir Liaquat Hyat his cousin Nawab Muzaffar Khan and an old Sikh friend of the family, Sardar Sohan Singh of Rawalpindi, accompanied us in the car in which my **Sarbala** and I were travelling. While leaving, our gardener produced another *Sehra* made of flowers which I had to, wear to please him. The *Sehra* was too heavy and my father tenderly rearranged it by taking out some heavy strands of flowers, while we were travelling. On reaching Amritsar father left my car and went ahead to join the bride's side which had gathered to receive us. This was one of many thoughtful acts of his to show his affection for the bride's people. The local band joined us half a mile away from the bride's house. They reduced our speed to a crawl. They were gaudily dressed up and I remember it more for the unbearable din than for their music.

On arrival the reception party literally drowned me with garlands, almost suffocating me I signaled as if I was drowning and my distress was noticed by father who came to my rescue and unloaded some of the stuff. I was taken to the men's enclosure. My father-in-law, Mir Maqbool Mahmood, was a gentleman of great aesthetic taste. He had put up a lovely canopy, beautifully decorated. Under the *shamiana* he had built brick fire places among trees laden with citrus and huge log-fires were burning to keep the place warm. For me he had got a dome over the *Masnad* (a platform on which the bridegroom has to sit). It was screened all round with strands of flowers, the floor was covered with most expensive Persian rugs and one rested on a bolster made of gold embroidered velvet.

Soon the formal *Nikkah* (Marriage Service) was performed. A venerable old gentleman came over, recited verses of the Holy Quran and some sayings of the Holy Prophet about the sanctity of marriage, made me repeat some of them and asked the *Vakil*, Uncle and attorney, if he had obtained the girl's consent in the presence of two witnesses.

Then he turned round to me and asked me, if I accepted Mussarrat to be my lawfully wedded wife, I nodded my assent but he insisted, on my repeating audibly. 'I do', three times. Thereupon the whole congregation got up to congratulate my father and me. Dried dates, in keeping with Arab Islamic custom, and sugar-coated almonds were passed round to celebrate the wedlock. We moved on to a sumptuous meal. Uncle Maqbool had made excellent arrangements.

After the meal I had to face the ordeal of going to the Ladies Quarter for the customary ceremonies. My sisters-in-law wanted me to take off my shoes which, according to custom, they would have hidden to be returned after I had paid a ransom for them. Soon after, a mirror was produced in which we both had a shy squint at each other. Then we were made to read Quranic verse. It was almost ten p.m. by the time I was able to extricate myself from the womenfolk. We then posed for the Press Photographers.

Then my father-in-law came forward and helped us board our car with an exhortation to look after Mussarrat for his sake. My father thanked and assured him that she would be like a daughter to him. My elder, sister Mahmuda, my, friend Gobind Kapur and his wife and daughter accompanied us in the car on our way back to Lahore. It was late and in those days the road was not considered safe, therefore the drivers were ordered to move at a fair speed as did our escorts in the cars in front and rear.

When we arrived, at our house my brother-in-law Salim was standing there with a black, goat which he insisted Mussarrat should touch before it was sacrificed and distributed amongst the poor. According to the custom Mussarrat had to hesitate before entering the house; my aunt as is the custom offered to sacrifice herself over the new bride; I had to stop her. Then, after receiving a present and walking on cotton wool, she entered the Ladies' Quarters.

We got up early in the morning to go to my parents to pay our respects. Our brothers, sisters and their families gathered round, us for an affectionate chat over breakfast. My father was very happy and one could perceive their felicitations. At eleven the *Walima* party started. This is a Muslim function which is held by the bridegroom. Elaborate arrangements had been made. Specialist cooks of northern fare, who were experts at *Narinj* (candied orange peel) *Pillau*, *Kabobs* and *Tikka* (shashlik), had been summoned from Peshawar, for the vegetarian food cooks came from Amritsar and so on. The meal went on from 11.30 am-until 2.00 pm.

In the afternoon there was a joint-reception given by my father to celebrate all the three weddings of my brother, sister and me. The Governor and some three thousands notables from all over India had been invited. The three brides were dressed in white while all the three bridegrooms were in Army Uniforms. We stood in the receiving line and shook hands with each guest after he had met Father. It was a joyous party during which the famous Punjab Police Band played the music.

At the end of the function, Father insisted on bidding farewell to each one of the guests. We begged him not to over strain himself but he would not hear of it. Later he insisted that all our relatives who had congregated: from all over the country should dine with him. He reminisced with them till 11.00 pm. Azmat and I were excused from the party while Mazhar had left with Tahira for their honeymoon. After dinner Father was adamant in going through the list of *Tambol* (family's cash gifts). Accepting just a few, he ordered that the rest should be returned. He complained of stomach ache and took local herbal medicine for it. Then he gave presents to our sisters which was customary at the weddings of the brothers.

At nearly midnight he retired to his bedroom. Ten minutes later when my step-mother went to the bed room she could not hear him breathe. She thought he had fallen unconscious and shouted for someone to call a doctor. A maid came and woke me up saying that father was unconscious. I rushed down and was told that Dr. Lorbeer, a German doctor living in a house next to ours, had refused to attend. We called the family doctor who was immediately on the way. When I touched my father his body was cold. We were rubbing his feet and chest when Dr. Mahrai Krishan our family doctor ever since I could remember, came in, raised father's eyelids and started wailing and beating his forehead - which is a signal of death. We were all stunned. No one could believe that our dear father, who had been alive only a few minutes earlier, could be dead. Specialists were pulled out of bed to see him, but, alas, all of them confirmed that he had died of a sudden heart failure. The sad news spread like wild fire in the country. It was a shock for those who had met him at the wedding reception of his sons just a few hours before.

I was so stunned by the shock that I just do not remember a thing, till late the next morning. Our relations wanted to carry his body back to our ancestral village while the Muslims of Lahore insisted that he must be buried at the foot of Badshahi Mosque, which had been rebuilt and restored through Sir Sikander's efforts. They pleaded that he no longer belonged alone to the family but to the entire Punjab. I could not resist their affectionate demand and agreed to his burial in Lahore.

That evening we carried the *Janaza* (cortege) on our shoulders from 108 Upper Mall to the mosque some five miles away. It was apathetic scene - to see him lying in state under the same canopy where he had been entertaining people to a wedding reception only the evening before. Long poles had been tied to the *Janaza* so that the wailing and weeping crowds could lend it a shoulder. Lahore has rarely seen a funeral procession of that size. It seemed as if the whole population, irrespective of their religious beliefs, had turned, out. Women folk had climbed on to the top of the houses to pay their homage. Police and army had sent contingents. The Viceroy was represented. The Governor and British civilians joined the procession. On reaching the mosque and after funeral services, I collapsed and had to be carried back. I could not weep and was completely

stunned. To me the shock was three fold. I had not only lost an affectionate and loving father, but also one who had mothered me during very understanding friend and a guide, and from now onwards, I had to shoulder the responsibility of a large family, nine brothers and, sister, my step-mother, and my dear aunt.

At the age of twenty-seven this load seemed backbreaking, perhaps it would even have been daunting for a more experienced and older person. I had not had taken a morsel of food or a drink since the night before, so my relations forced me to have a cup of tea. I just could not stomach it. People kept pouring in from all over India to offer their condolences till the early hours next morning. I came out of the trance when I saw our dear friend R.B. Labh Chand, who used to look after our Tea Estates. He was a devoted friend of my father and the family. On seeing him I broke down and Wept like a child. This was sorrow and fatigue got the better of the nature came to my rescue and fell asleep for a couple of hours under medical care.

The responsibility weighed the down. I had to change my life altogether. Apart from other things I learnt that I could go without a drink several days, a habit I had picked up in the army. I decided to give it up for good. Thank God that I have been rid of this sinful habit thenceforth and have beseeched His forgiveness ever since. I had to change my entire life style to be able to clear our liabilities and meet the challenge of educating and settling my six brothers and sisters and to be a father to them.

The next week, from dawn to dusk, I had to receive multitudes of mourners; it was a touching tribute. Amongst them were both Princes as well as the poor, the landed class and from every other class of society. I received messages from Mr. Churchill, the British Government and father's friends from all over the world.

After a week, however, those long and luxurious limousines which used to visit our house to pay calls on my father's valet, Kalu, so that they may get access to the Premier in case of need stopped visiting us anymore. Apart from my uncles, my father's close friends like Khan Qurban Ali Khan, the Inspector General of the Police; Maulvi Fateh-ud-din, the Director of Agriculture, Ghulam Rāsul Mehr and Abdul Majid Salik, Editors of the *Daily Inqilab*, no-one else called.

My leave was expiring, so I made a request to the GHQ to post me in Lahore till the *Chehlum* (the forty days of mourning) was over. I was temporally attached to HQ Lahore District under General Hill. I used to go in the morning to the office and afternoons were spent trying to sort out my father's tangled affairs. He had been too busy in the affairs of the state to be able to attend to his personal matters. His Estates were in a shambles.

For a man who did not drink or gamble and who was a pious Muslim, an affectionate father and exemplary husband, honest to the extreme, he left huge debts of almost half

a million rupees. It would be over, a hundred millions today, due to nothing else but his hospitality, charity and giving the best of everything to his family. Obviously he was martyr to his sense of duty to the country and his family. He kept his worries to himself and kept on sacrificing till he could bear it no longer and died at the age of fifty. Perhaps it was merciful that he passed away at the peak of his career and after seeing much happiness in his last few days. None can tell what stresses and strains he had faced on account of politics and the war effort; and amount of pain suffered due to the ingratitude of the people. I know how very painful this can be, from my own personal experience.

Though his personal income amounted to over Rupees 45,000 a month all he left behind him was an adverse batik balance of Rs. 500,000, in those days, which I had to clear during the next five or six years. He had kept up the tradition of his predecessors in the Punjab, Sir Fazl-i-Hussain and Sir Mohammad Shaffi, both of them Viceroy's Executive Councilors neither had a penny out of the great opportunities their public offices had offered. I know when Sir Shaffi died he left a debt of Rupees 200,000 which had to be cleared by his successors. All he left them was barren land and this whacking debt. Sir Fazal Hussain's only possession was a little land which he had inherited and a small house worth about Rs. 30,000 which he had built, from his savings during his Law-Practice. It was his only investment in nearly twenty years or more of Government service right from the Ministership, Member of Governor's Executive Council and later the Executive Council of the Viceroy of India.

I remember, one day, my father had to make a very difficult decision between two cousins, who were both known to him were claimants of a property worth millions of rupees. He had to decide which one of them would inherit it. He had gone through the file very carefully and honestly came to a conclusion that one cousin was more deserving than the other and should, therefore, receive this the property in the Punjab while the other already had granted a large estate in the United Province. On the day he had arrived at the decision the person in whose favor my father had decided, suddenly asked for an interview and came to see him. He asked my father if he would kindly look into his case and do him justice, which was expected of him. My father assured him that his case would be decided on pure merits and not on any other consideration.

After this assurance the gentleman left. My Father started working on his files. A few minutes later when he looked up he saw a bag lying on his table and wondered who had left it, so he rang the bell and enquire from his Head Orderly who was the, last person who came to see him and was told the name of the gentleman who had just met him. My father then ordered the orderly to hurry and bring him back. The man was found and he came back to my father and stood there in reverence and obedience. Father enquired if he had left the bag. He replied in the affirmative and Father then enquired what was in it and was told it contained 500,000 rupees. At this my father rebuked him that he should not be so careless, leaving his money about like that. The

gentleman turned round and said, "Sir, this was just a small present for yow children's sweets." This infuriated my father and he told the gentleman to take it away and told him to get out of his sight and never enter his presence again. He hoped to God that his children died before partaking of such ill-gotten sweets.

After, the departure of the man, Father got hold of his file and pondered over it for a long time and thought about the action. He came to the conclusion that if due to the foolish act of that gentleman, he decided the case against him it would be doing a, grave injustice, therefore he wrote in the file that for personal reasons he did, not wish to decide this case and sent it up to the Governor. Incidentally, the Governor came to the same conclusion as my father and the gentleman got the estate.

Such were the traditions, he had to maintain to justify the prestige and the status of his office.

Sir Sikander and his predecessors had only one aim, to be of service to their people. The majority of the society was agricultural was being exploited by money lenders (*Banias*). They were being robbed, on account of usurious interest rates. Their entire produce was being removed from their fields and yet the interest was not fully cleared, their cattle and houses were being attached through Court Decrees. Even the rural artisans tools were being sequestered. Therefore, Sir Sikander, with the help of his Hindu Agriculturist minister, Sir Chottu Ram, brought about great reforms in the Punjab's agronomy. They were termed 'The Golden' Acts'

No agriculturist's land could be bought even through a *Benami* transaction (where an agriculturist's name was used illegally to make the purchase, to get round the law). No cattle or agricultural implements or artisans-artifacts could be sequestered. Debt Reconciliation Boards were formed to settle debt cases. They let these poor people off the hook if they had paid more interest than the principal. All mortgages which had lasted more than twenty-five years could not be continued because in that period much more than the debt had been paid from the income of the land. A quota was fixed for the agriculturists sons in the Services, commensurate with theft numbers, and many Services were banned from recruiting non-agriculturists until the agriculturists quota had been satisfied and filled in every tier of the service.

Sir Sikander, like his predecessor Sir Fazal-i-Hussain, created schools and employed teachers for the rural areas, so that the backwardness of the rural population was removed. In short, service and not wealth was the real aim and object of Sir Sikander. The Acts promulgated by him are still remembered by the agriculturists of the Punjab and they are grateful to him.

Sir Sikander depended on and utilized the support of the great Hindu Jat Minister, Sir Chottu Ram in the interest of the agriculturists but he never allowed the interests of his

Muslim compatriots to suffer on account of him. To quote two outstanding instances which are as follows:-

One was the decision in favor of the backward Muslim area of Thal. The non-Muslim members of the Cabinet along with two Muslims, under duress and in conspiracy with the British Governor, tried to sanction Bhakra Dam in, lac of Kalabagh Dam. When all the Ministers voted for the Bhakra Dam Plan, the Governor turned round to Sir Sikander saying, "All your Ministers seem to support Bhakra therefore the Thal Scheme had better be dropped." Sir Sikandar turned round and said, "Sir they have been very unfair to the interests of the Muslims therefore it is the Cabinet which needs to be dropped. The meeting better be adjourned and I will come back with a new Cabinet consisting of fair minded Ministers." When the meeting adjourned, every Minister went to him apologizing for their role. Half an hour later they met again to pass the Thal Scheme without any one raising his voice in opposition.

The second was the case of promotion of an Executive Engineer in the Irrigation Department. None of the Superintending Engineers then was a Muslim Sir Chottu Ram with the connivance of the British Chief Engineers recommended to supersede the senior most Muslim Executive Engineer. Sir Sikander disagreed with them and ordered that Mian Fakhrud-Din deserved to be promoted. On his return from the Office he retired to his own room Sir Chotto Ram suddenly called at the house. My father came down and enquired what had brought Sir Chottu Ram after office hours Sir Chottu Ram said that it was on account of his recommendation having been turned down which had made his position untenable and he threatened to resign. Without batting an eye lid Sir Sikander rang for his servant and asked him to bring the Minister a pen and paper to write his resignation, and left the drawing room. Sir Chottu Ram was flabbergasted and left without tendering his resignation!

Similarly, he did great service to the Muslims by restoring the Badshahi (Royal Mughal) Mosque at Lahore which had been used as stables by the Sikhs, and later, as an Arsenal. It was in a shambles. Many beautiful minarets had collapsed and much of the marble had been removed. Sir Sikander levied, a small cess, on the Land Revenue paid by the Muslims of 1/64th of a rupee which has restored this lovely monument.

The greatest service Sir Sikander did for the Muslim people was after the 1936 Elections, held under the 1935 Act. His Unionist Party had won almost all the Muslim Seats in the Punjab Assembly. The Muslim League had won only two Muslim Seats, of which one was that of Raja Ghazanfar Ali, who joined Sir Sikander's Unionist Party as a Parliamentary Secretary. The sole Member belonging to the Muslim League party was Malik Barkat Ali. The Muslim League in that Election had lost mall the Muslim Majority Province.

As can be seen in the following table showing the 1936-37 election results in the Muslim Majority Provinces, the Muslim League had lost in every one of them.

| TABLE     |             |              |                      |                            |
|-----------|-------------|--------------|----------------------|----------------------------|
| Provinces | Total Seats | Muslim Seats | Won by Muslim League | Won by other Muslim Groups |
| Bengal    | 250         | 117          | 40                   | 77                         |
| Punjab    | 175         | 84           | 1                    | 83                         |
| N.W.F.P   | 50          | 36           | 0                    | 36                         |
| Assam     | 108         | 34           | 9                    | 25                         |
| Sindh     | 60          | 35           | 0                    | 35                         |

Sir Sikander's Party had won such an overwhelming majority that there was no pressure whatever or need for Sir Sikander to join the Muslim League. However, he saw the treatment meted out to Muslims in the Hindu Majority Provinces, where the Indian National Congress had let down the Muslims and started Hinduising all schools and services so that even the Muslim boys had to join in singing *Bande Matram*, a song obnoxious for Muslims. Sir Sikander's education at Sir Sayed's M.A.O College, Aligarh, did not permit him to rest in peace. He took his Muslim majority Party in the Punjab voluntarily to the League's 1937 Session at Lucknow. He invited his class fellow, Sir Mohammad Saadullah the Chief Minister of Assam and his friend Sir Fazlul Haq the Chief Minister of Bengal, to join him at Lucknow. These two had won clear majorities of the Muslim seats in their Provinces. They joined the Muslim League with Sir Sikander.

There Sir Sikander signed the famous Sikander-Jinnah Pact - whereby all the Muslim Members of the Unionist Party would become Members of the Muslim League Party in the Assembly and in the future Muslim candidates to the Assembly would have to obtain Muslim League Tickets. This action of Sir Sikander put the Muslim League on the Political Map of India. But for this action it would not have been possible to pass the Lahore (Pakistan) Resolution in 1940 nor would it have been possible to create Pakistan.

Sir Sikander's detractors, ten or fifteen gentlemen who composed the pre-Pact Muslim League were not too happy to see the Unionist Muslim Leaguers dominate the entire Muslim League in the Punjab. They plotted and created problems for Sir Sikander but Mr. Jinnah put a stop to it in the letter addressed to Malik Barkat Ali dated 20.11.1937 which read as follows and shows clearly the respect Quaid-i-Azam had for Sir Sikander.

"I have received a very long letter from Ghulam Rasool and also from Sir Mohammad Iqbal and from yourself. I have not been well enough to tackle the various details that are referred to there. But it seems to me that it is unnecessary to stress points of detail.



May I just state one principle, once the Muslim Members of the Unionist Party or any Mussalman who becomes a Leaguer and pledges himself to the creed, policy and programme, he is no longer anything else but a Leaguer. And those who have been already in the League are not better than these Leaguers (Underlining is by the author).

"I hope you will show this letter to Sir Mohammad Iqbal and Ghulam Rasool. I have appointed some members to the Central Parliamentary Board which were suggested by Sir Sikander Hyat but that does not mean that I am not going to appoint some other members representing Punjab which may be suggested by Sir Mohammad Iqbal, Malik Zaman Mehdi Khan, Ghulam Rasool and yourself."

This clearly proves that there is no difference between the Unionist Leaguers and the handful of original members of the Muslim League that existed. This action proves that Mr. Jinnah appreciated Sir Sikander's action of having helped to strengthen the Organization. This is what he told me in Karachi when he called me to discuss the irregularities committed by the Muslim Leaguers after the partition. He told me that he wished to God that my father had not died before him; he would have died in peace knowing the destiny of Pakistan to be in safe hands. I am glad that I in my humble way, was able to serve the cause of Pakistan following in the footsteps of my father.

Sir Sikander's steadfastness and sincerity to the Muslim League's cause, after signing the Sikander-Jinnah Pact can be judged from the following incident.

The three Chief Ministers Sir Sikander, Sir Fazal-ut-Haq, of Benga and Sir Mohammed Saadullah of Assam were invited as such to become members of the Viceroy's War Council; to Mr. Jinnah at the same time it was conveyed, through Governor Lumley of Bombay, that they had been chosen as the representatives of the great Muslim Community.

Whether this discrepancy was deliberate or on account of a distortion of the message in transit, of which Quaid-i-Azam took notice. He summoned the working committee in Bombay to enquire and decide whether it was proper for individual Muslim Leaguers to accept the invitation.

Without knowing the actual reasons for Mr. Jinnah's demand, all the Muslim League members of the Punjab Assembly gathered together and decided that the exclusion of the Premier from the war Council shall be detrimental to the Muslims of the Punjab and almost a million Punjab soldiers serving in the war. They decided, therefore, to resign from the Muslim League if pressed against the best interests of the Province. Those who handed over resignations to Sir Sikander included Nawab Shah Nawaz of Mamdot, the then President of the Punjab Muslim League.

When the meeting was convened Mr. Jinnah showed Governor Lumley's communication and asked Sir Sikander if he had accepted the invitation knowing that it was conveyed to him as a Muslim, without even consulting the Muslim League. Sir Sikander told the Working Committee that the invitation clearly mentioned that he had been selected as the Premier of the Punjab and similar reasons were given to the other Chief Ministers.

When asked what he proposed to do? Sir Sikandar, in spite of the resignations of the Muslim Legislators he was carrying with him, turned round and said that he would follow by Quaid-i-Azam's directions and there and then resigned from the Viceroy's war Council and dispatched it telegraphically. This clearly showed his preference for the unity of the Muslims in the League over that of pleasing the British Viceroy and Mr. Churchill. Thus sacrificing his place in the British War Cabinet. Sir Fazalul-Haq on the other hand refused to forsake the Viceroy's Council and resigned from the Muslim League, instead.

This episode gives a lie direct today's critics who try to throw doubt on Sir Sikander's loyalty and his relationship with Quaid-i-Azam.

The Governor, under, the instructions of the Viceroy, tried to supplant Sir Sikander as the Premier of the Punjab. He first approached Sir Mohammed Nawaz of Kot Fateh Khan, a prominent landlord from Sir Sikander's District, to accept the office of Premier, which he refused point blank. So did other landowners who were approached similarly.

In Quaid-i-Azam's views, confided to me personally in 1948, he considered the death of Sir Sikander had deprived him of a successor!

Sir Sikander called Allama Mashraqi and advised him to hold his parades in enclosed spaces in order to avoid militant. Hindus and the Akali Sikhs emulating his example and creating a Law, and Order situation which the British would not countenance during the War. After the agreement Allama left for Delhi, without passing it down to his organization. Three days before of Muslim League's Session on March 23rd 1940, marched on the streets of Lahore, attacked and wounded the British Superintendent of Police, Mr. Gainsford, and his British Deputy, with their spades, seriously mauling them. The Superintendent of Police ordered his men to open fire. He came to the Civil Secretariat, bleeding to show his condition to Sir Sikander. Further Parades were banned. Sir Sikander rang up Quaid-e-Azam in Delhi and asked whether or not he should call off the Session. Quaid disagreed and suggested to call off only the Pre-Session Procession from the Railway Station to the Minto Park.

The Khaksars announced dire consequences as reprisals and issued orders to kill Sir Sikander and to create a disturbance during the Session. Passions, were whipped up in Lahore. **That was why, instead my father—who was not the author of 'The Lahore**

**Resolution', Sir Fazlul Haq had to move it in order** to avoid any hostile disturbance. Later the Khaksar organization was banned by the Government of India. In 1943 Quaid-i-Azam refused to accept Allama Mashraqi's advice to meet Mr. Gandhi and to arrive at a compromise over the decision about Pakistan which he advised should be deferred till after the Independence. This would have left the Muslims at the mercy of the Congress. On Quaid's refusal an attempt was made by a Khaksar in Bombay to murder him, which was foiled by his own presence of mind and bold action by grappling with the assailant.

Another time when the Muslim League Council was meeting at the Imperial Hotel New Delhi in June 1946, to pronounce on the Cabinet Mission Plan, Allama again desired the Muslim League to accept his proposal or else he would disrupt the meeting. However, our boys stopped them. A shot was heard. The Police had to fire a tear gas shell at the Khaksars who dispersed in disarray. Many were arrested.

Fearing that this schizophrenic Professor, Allama Mashraqi might resort to his previous tactics of 1940 and 1943 I took my fully loaded Pistol with me to the meeting, as an abundant precaution.

Quaid-i-Azam and Miss Jinnah were sitting on the dais and I was in the front row. I had arranged with our Punjab's stalwarts like Sarfaraz of Sialkot and other members from Chakwal and Rawalpindi to stand at the entrance of the Hall and stop any attempt to disrupt our meeting. We heard the call '*Bizan*', (attack & kill). I moved myself to the dais and sat in front of Quaid-i-Azam. While the Quaid did not bat an eye lid, Miss Jinnah became nervous and asked me why I was sitting instead of moving to the door. I moved my *achkan* (long coat) so that Miss Jinnah could see the loaded pistol. I told her not to worry because I had seven bullets in the magazine and I was a fair shot. Eight people would be dead including me before any Khaksar could reach the Quaid.

After the dispersal of the Khaksars, I went and sat on my own seat in the front row. Mr. Jinnah came straight to me at the end of the meeting. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Son, Miss Jinnah is little nervous and worried. Would you kindly agree to escort her to my house." We sat flanking Miss Jinnah in the car. I held my pistol, and escorted them to 10-Aurengzeb Road where we had lunch together.

One day while I was posted in Lahore, General Hill called me and asked me to report to the Government House. I asked for the message I had to convey and was told it was awaiting me at the Government house. On arrival I was saluted by the ADC and ushered into the Governor's room. Azmat, thy younger brother, had been his ADC. Governor Glancy greeted me and asked me if I was interested in Politics, to Which I replied in the negative. He said, "Supposing I offered you a Cabinet post?" I told him that even so it would not attract me, I was a Regular Soldier and liked it. Already I had done fairly well by passing through Staff College at the age of twenty-seven and I had

become a GSOII and a Major, and I was doing very, well in my profession which I loved while I did not understand the ABC of Politics. He said it was an order from up above. I was rather nonplussed, and enquired if I had any choice in the matter. He turned round and said. "Both of us have no choice because Winston Churchill has ordered that you should be inducted in the Punjab Cabinet in, order to carry on your father's splendid war effort in the Province."

This news leaked out from Khizar Hayat's house.

We were arranging a very modest Dastarbandi, an official act of Placing the Turban on a successor's head to show that he is the rightful Head of the family. Only close relatives and a handful of friends had been invited. But the news of my elevation, to the Cabinet was enough to start a scramble for obtaining invitations by the Punjab's gentry, in keeping with its tradition of worshipping the rising sun.

Then there was a great competition amongst the *Pirs* (the successors of Saints) to the right to place the turban on my head. At the official ceremony they compromised by accepting that the Governor should hand over the turban to Nawab Murid Hussain Qureshi, the most senior *Pir*, the keeper of the Shrine of famous saint Hazrat Bahauddin Zakria who would ask all the *Pirs* present to touch the turban which he would tie on my head. I looked a cartoon but could not do anything to stop this farce.

## CHAPTER - 4

### A MINISTER

My woes started soon after my swearing in as a Minister on 6th February, 1943. I was handicapped on account of my age, inexperience politics, my life-long training at home and also in the Army to always call a spade by its proper name and nothing else, talk straight and truthfully. It was hard to fit into this new scenario from the very first day.

It was not difficult to deal with files. I had been trained at the Staff College where I learnt to put my views clearly and concisely on paper. The mysteries of civilian jargon were soon mastered with the help of Mian Amin-ud-Din ICS, an able and experienced officer who was my Secretary in the Electricity Department. I had, on the local self-government side, another knowledgeable, and hardworking Deputy Secretary in Hafiz A. Majid ICS. I was less fortunate with the Secretary of the Public Works Department, Mr. Trevor Jones. The Chief Engineer was too dependent on his Under Secretaries named Varma and Dogra, who were able young men but suffered from a communal-bias.

When it came to dealing with politicians I was a sitting duck. They posed as great friends and well-wishers of my late father. They praised my unduly and criticized others in my presence. I was too inexperienced at the time to understand that this was the usual practice for them to ingratiate themselves with those in power. Sir Chottu Ram took me under his wing, but his occasional hints were not enough to school a soldier in the art of political prance.

I had to be elected a member of the Assembly within six months. The Governor had to add my name on the Electoral Rolls by a special enactment as I had been away in the Army when the voters lists were prepared.

Nawab Iftikhar Hussain of Maindot, who had succeeded his late father as President of the Provincial Muslim League and had also been elected to the Assembly in his place, was upset at a rank outsider like me becoming a member of the Cabinet, a post he had coveted for himself. He started a campaign of sending letters and telegrams to Mr. Jinnah objecting to my selection and sent students to him as Quaid-i-Azam had a great affection for the students. Thus, a concerted effort was made by Mamdot and some other politicians with personal axes to grind, to 'poison' the old man against me.

The Punjab Working Committee had to grant a ticket for the by-elections for the seat vacated by my uncle Nawab Muzzaffar Khan, in Attock, when he became a Member of the Public Services Commission. Under the provisions of the Sikander-Jinnah Pact I had to apply for the Muslim League ticket. A conspiracy was hatched whereby Malik

Mohammad Akram, son of Sir Mohammad Amin, who had, under a pact between our families, given up contest to the Attock seat in favor of our family for that term, was persuaded to come forward to contest this mid-term vacancy in violation of our previous understanding. Canvassing was started in his favor for the grant of the Muslim League ticket amongst the members of the Working Committee. The idea was to disqualify me by defeating me in the Working Committee. Moreover, this was to create an awkward situation for Khizar, who had a close friendship with Malik Mohammad Amin. Two of my father's protégés, Syed Mubarak Ali Shah of Jhang and Nawabzada Asghar Ali of Gujrat offered their resignations in writing to provide me with a vacant seat, but that would not have solved the problem of the Party Ticket. In the working Committee there were several nominees of my late father's but it was considered politic to get an overwhelming majority lined up to make the Nawab of Manid retreat. Mr. Ghulam Rasul Mehr and Abdul Majid Salik, the Editors the Daily '*Inquilab*', a very successful newspaper, publically took up a stand for me and privately won over Khalil-ur-Rehman, the General Secretary and Sheikh Zaffar Hussain, the Joint Secretary, to my side. They managed to win many others. Thus Mamdot was reduced to a microscopic minority of himself, Malik Barkat Ali and one or two others out of twenty-one members. I was assured of the ticket but there could always be an appeal to Mr. Jinnah.

In the meantime the All India Muslim League Session was called at Delhi. As a Member of the Punjab Assembly Party I had become an ex-officio member of the Council. I went to Delhi with my wife. We had been very kindly invited to stay with Sir Feroz Khan Noon, by now a Defence Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. Khizar, my Chief was also put-up there. Khizar insisted that I pay my respects to Quaid-i-Azam and assure him of my loyalty to him. I was hesitant because, by all accounts, the Quaid had a very cold and forbidding presence. However, at Khizar's exhortations I gave in and asked for an interview. I got a reply that I could call at 6 pm on 29th March.

Punctually at 6 pm I arrived at 10 Aurangzeb Road, the Quaid's residence in New Delhi. His Secretary, Matlub Ahmad, received me and made me sit in the ante-room, kicking my heels, for some twenty minutes. I thought he was busy with some other visitor. Thereafter I was ushered in for my first meeting with my future leader. As I entered his study, I found him sitting alone on a green leather-covered chair with a Pile of letters and files in front of him. He barely looked up, and rather reluctantly extended his hand and pointed me towards a sofa along the wall where I sat. He kept on looking at his correspondence, ignoring me completely. I felt as if I was back in the Interrogation Centre in Asmara where I sat in the presence of a Colonel belonging to Gestapo, as a Prisoner of War facing an interrogation. Probably the whole of my reception had been planned purposely to deflate me. Later he took out a cigarette, tapped it on the case and lit it, without offering one to me. Affronted by the gesture I rashly took out a cigarette also and started smoking. Obviously my gesture was noticed by him. Looking up from his papers he curtly remarked that he did not issue tickets. To which I retorted saying

that, though a political novice and basically a mere soldier, even I knew that tickets were issued by the Provincial Working Committee. Then he asked why had I come to see him and why I did not go back to the army, where I belonged.

At this opening gambit of his, I managed to keep my composure and told him that I was a soldier who had been drafted into an unfamiliar job. "In the army a soldier was required to lay down his life at the order of his Commander, but before he does that he has to have full faith and confidence in him, the righteousness of his cause and the Commander's ability to lead. I have come to see my General in the political warfare."

This apparently touched some sympathetic chord in him. He stood up left his papers and invited me over to sit on a sofa facing his beautifully kept garden. He sat down and gave me detailed appreciation of the situation. He explained the history of the Muslims in India; how the rulers of the country had been literally reduced to being hewers of wood and carriers of water by a design of the British Imperialists with the collaboration of the bigoted Hindu majority. He went on to say that if I needed any proof I had only to go into the streets of Delhi, where I could see the Moghal princes working as laborers, carrying loads of vegetables on their heads; go a little further and I would see a water carrier. Question him and he would reply that he was the direct descendent of the Mughal Emperor. At this moment the secretary came in to signal that my time was up but the Quaid, sent him away and told him that he would see no other visitor that day except me.

Then the Quaid went on to explain that he had been an ardent Nationalist all his life and, as such, had worked with the Hindus in the Indian National Congress, but he was completely disillusioned after decades of cooperation with them. He had found the best among them, when scratched, were basically narrow minded Hindus. To them, freedom the 'Ram Raj' of the Hindus and the complete subjugation of the Muslim minority. He had, therefore, been forced to demand a separate homeland for the Muslims in order to save them from being obliterated completely through sheer weight of numbers. He further explained that it would be a small nation; many independent countries had much smaller populations. Then he went on to say that the Muslims would get a chance to live according to their own culture and mould their lives according to the principles of Islamic welfarism. They could set up an experimental Islamic Free State which would be emulated by other enslaved Muslims all over the world from Morocco to Indonesia. Eventually, he hope third ideology, based on the first welfare state in Medina, would rise and bridge the gulf between usurious Capitalism and totalitarian Communism. He thought that Islam had degenerated because of disunity amongst Muslim people and loss of faith in their heritage and ideals. Pakistan would not, only free them from Colonial bondage but as a democratic state, it would offer them an opportunity for their latent talents to flower after 1,300 years. They would no longer be crushed by the Hindu Baniyas or their Colonial Masters. It was heady talk.

I was completely absorbed by his erudite discourse which sounded so sincere and convincing. He was a very able advocate and won my admiration and loyalty through the sheer force of his arguments, devoid of any emotions or sentimentality. When he finished I looked at my watch and was astonished to find that my scheduled interview of ten minutes had stretched itself into two and a half hours. I got up looking rather ashamed for having taken so much of his precious time: He guessed my thoughts and said. "Do not worry, I like talking to young people. After all, it is you who have to live in and run Pakistan." I thanked him for the kindness and begged to leave.

As I was bidding him good bye he asked, "Shaukat, what do you think of the Political General?" I did not hesitate for a moment and said, "Sir, I give you the word of honor of a soldier and promise not to spare any sacrifice for the sake of our common Cause." He said he expected no less of my father's son and I should let no one mislead me by telling tales of differences between us. He accompanied me to the door. Little did I know then that this meeting and my promise was to bring about so great an upheaval in my later life. I left rather elated, and left with full faith in him, prepared for any sacrifice; forgotten was my earlier discomfiture and diffidence. I knew that the man was sincere and honestly believed in what he had said.

It was a matter of relief for Malik Khizar Hayat who was expecting a storm over my inclusion in the cabinet. The next day I accompanied my Premier to the Open Session of the All India Muslim League. People greeted us by raising flattering slogans, for both of us, as we entered the *Pandal* (the canopied enclosure). We were seated on the dais. This was the first political meeting that I had ever attended and I was rather excited at the prospects. When the Quaid entered, the entire audience, consisting of nearly a hundred thousand people, stood up to greet him. It was a joy hearing the *Nara-i-Takbeer Allah-o-Akbar* (God is great), vociferously raised by this huge gathering and *Quaid-i-Azam Zindabad* (Long live Quaid-i-Azam) The Quaid raised his hand to greet the crowd when he faced them after ascending the dais. The people danced With joy on seeing their Leader, a thin lanky grey-haired patriarch, who could not speak their language fluently.

The highlights of his Speech were:

- 1) A review of the Previous Years happenings *vis-a-vis* the Muslim league in the Various Provinces;
- 2) A back-ground of the Indian Independence Movement;
- 3) Gandhi's emergence and his communal outlook and ideas;
- 4) The role of the Congress - the British and the solution;



- 5) His attitude to the war;
- 6) His attitude to the Landlords and the Rich.

In his review of the Provinces he related how through sacrifices and struggle, the Muslim youth of Bengal had overthrown the 'Lion of Bengal', Mr. Fazlul Haq, after he had betrayed the Muslim League's cause. Fazlul Haq's candidate in Natore lost the crucial bye election, failing to win ten percent of the votes against the Muslim League candidate and hundred percent success of the Leaguers for the election to the Upper House. This had made it evident that the voice of the Muslim League was considered synonymous with that of Muslim India and that duplicity would not be brooked even from the highest. Let others learn a lesson, he said. In Sindh he conveyed ninety nine percent of the Muslims were with the League. In the NWFP public opinion had undergone a transformation and a majority was now sympathetic to the League.

The position in the Punjab was similar to that of the Frontier but as a corner stone of Pakistan the Punjab had got to display a greater courage. He said that Punjab has fine human material. They had to shun their clannish and parochial attitudes which had kept them under the heel of conquerors for centuries. It had resourceful natural leaders who needed to brace themselves to act. Given a cause and a leader the very face of the Punjab would be different in six months. As regards the Indian Independence Movement he said a beginning had been made by the passage of Acts of 1861 and 1884 after the first meagre nominations were made to the Viceroy's Advisory Council. The second was for the creation of Local Councils, Municipal and District Boards, the results were that Muslim could not get elected.

Lord Minto, alive to the sad plight of Muslims in previous elections, recommended sympathy with the Muslim demand for separate electorates. This was supported by the giants of Liberal statesmanship like Dadabhoj Naroojee and Gokhale, who were towers of intellect. They agreed that under the previous system release from British overlordship for the Muslims would be a new bondage to the Hindu majority. Had the role been reversed the Hindus would revolt against such an enslavement. However at the same time, there were great men like Bepin Chandra Pal who dreamt and preached Hindu nationalism, the supremacy of the culture, rejecting the British democratic system and demanding a purely Hindu social system.

Jinnah said that he himself followed Gokhale and Dadabhoj Narooji and strove for the League-Congress unity resulting in the Lucknow Pact; unfortunately it was mutilated by the British Parliament which chose to announce the Montague-Chelmsford Reforms of diarchy.

At this stage Mr. Gandhi appeared on the horizon of Indian Politics. Seven years after Bepan Pal's declaration of 1913 he declared in Young India's issue of 12th May, 1920.

"It would be seen that there are no Politics but religion. They sub serve religion I have been experimenting with myself and my friends and in politics by introducing religion into politics."

The Quaid announced that Gandhi practiced these notions with a vengeance On 21st October 1921 subsequent to his capturing the congress at Nagpur he said in '*Young India*' again I call myself a *sanatani* (orthodox) Hindu because I believe in Vedas, the Upanishads the Purnas and all that goes by the name of Hinduism and therefore in Avatar and *rebirth* (or reincarnation) and transmigration of the soul Secondly, I believe in *Narnash Dharma* (the later caste system) in its Vedic form. Thirdly I believe in protection of the Cow as an article of faith and fourthly I do not disbelieve in idol worship.

Later when he found that Hindus had to be reassured further because they had misunderstood his ploy to join the Muslims in the Khilafat Movement leading to their Hijrat or Exodus to Afghanistan Mr. Gandhi said in 1924,

"It has been whispered that being so much near Mussalman friends, I make myself unfit to know the Hindu mind. The Hindu mind is myself, surely and he does not have to live amidst the Hindus to know the Hindu mind when every fiber of my being is Hindu My Hinduism must be a very poor thing if it cannot flourish under influences most adverse."

The Quaid interposed saying this man who confesses that his every fiber is Hindu resents it when I ask him to meet me as a Hindu leader. The Quaid said that, from 1925 onwards Gandhi had wrecked every attempt at accommodation with the Muslims. The 1927 Delhi proposals for a meeting between the two communities, though approved by the Congress was, brushed by Gandhi and Motilal Nehru (the father of Jawaharlal Nehru).

He denounced Nehru's plans. Even according to the Maulana Mohammad Ali, a veteran of Congress, who had suffered great hardship and persecution on this account, Nehru's scheme was an attempt to amend the town crier's old announcement "People belong to God the country to the Queen, the Government to Company Bahadur (The East India Company)," into that of "The people belong to God, the country to the British and the Government to Hindu *Mahasaba* (bigoted Hindus)."

He further quoted Maulana Mohammad Ali's speech of 1930, "Gandhi is a communalist, he is fighting for the supremacy of Hindus and submersion of Muslims ... Gandhi has never intervened on behalf of the oppressed Muslims. Never did he denounce Sindh and *Sangthan* (movement of forcible conversions), aimed at annihilation of the Muslims. He has broken the Madras Pact and the Muslims were left with no option but to follow

the Quranic injunctions "to throw back the treaty at the face of treacherous pledge-breaking community For God approves not the action of traitors and pledge-breakers.

In the second round table conference Gandhi suggested that we forsake the cause of 70 million scheduled castes to win their support. How could we demand the right for self-determination and be a party to such a denial, of justice to fellow sufferers. Gandhi took the line that the minority question was non-existent and if such a thing existed, it should be tackled after Independence (i.e. throwing the minorities at the mercy of the majority). Even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a Gandhi sympathizer had to disagree with him.

Gandhi had since formed several institutions

- (a) Gandhi Ashram (or monastery);
- (b) Gandhi Seva Sangh or a College of Cardinals;
- (c) Harijan Seva Sangha to assimilate and subjugate depressed classes and deny them the right to join Christianity or Islam;
- (d) Hindi Parchar Sangha to propagate Sanskritized Hindi;
- (e) Nagri;
- (f) Wardha Talimi Sanghat to propagate Gandhi's philosophy and nationalism;
- (g) Gau Rakhsha for protection of the cow and the cult of its worship.

Now he has been hailed by the chairman of the Indian National Congress as a 'Dictator', similar to what Hitler was to the Nazis, Mussolini to the fascists or Stalin to the Communists, eulogizing Gandhi as creator of the Congress as it is at present constituted.

Such are the people, the Quaid said, who call Muslims undemocratic and communal. They themselves have created fanatic communal machines under the garb of Nationalism. Such Nationalism is the subjugation of one Nation by another through sheer weight of numbers. "Muslims learnt a lesson in democracy 1300 years ago, he said. "It is in our blood and it is poles apart from Hindu society. How can a Hindu who has practiced un-touchability and refuses to accept a cup of water from another, be so brazen as to call Muslims, who have practiced equality and brotherhood of man, undemocratic?" To the so-called preachers of democracy our answer is that of Carson the leader of Ulster, to Redman of Ireland, "I do not want to be ruled by you."

As to the reasons for the League's refusal to accept the Cripps' proposals, he said they were unsatisfactory. Firstly, all Provincial Assemblies sitting together were to elect one tenth of their number, and then, after the Constitution had been framed, a Province, by fifty-one percent vote, could decide to opt out of the Union. Thereafter a plebiscite would decide if this was to be so, and whether to remain single or joined with any other such Provinces to become a Dominion. In short, if the majority permitted our due

representation, the new Union agreed and the British still had a say, we could get Pakistan. It was just a carrot being dangled.

As regards collaboration in an interim government with the British during the war, where was the guarantee that they would not forsake us as they had done with the Arabs after the First World War? The Congress's refusal was three-faced. While Gandhi considered the creation of Pakistan not just a crime but a sin, the Congress gave out that it objected to the Viceroy's veto powers and the refusal to part with the Defence portfolio, while Nehru, in an article in the *New York Times* of 19th July 1942, blamed the rejection on the British - a project to divide and rule - a process they had initiated earlier by conceding separate electorates.

A "Quit India" resolution in the midst of a deadly war was no solution. The British could not be expected to accept abdicating in favor of such a Party and allow disruption of their war effort. As regards their efforts to 'Divide and Rule', the solution was in the hands of Gandhi's Congress. Let him accept Pakistan and bring about unity and a joint struggle for freedom. We could not just accept the ploy of my agreeing to head a Government responsible to a Hindu majority and, thereby, willingly knock the bottom out of our demand for a separate Homeland.

It was our firm belief that it was a war of India's survival. A defeated British could retreat to England following the saying, "After me the deluge," but with India, as a result, getting under the heel of Hitler or the toe of Tojo. We were prepared to cooperate with the British in our own personal interest, but they had to first accept our right to self-determination. Would Britain, in a super European state, be prepared to accept a Teuton or Slav majority to rule over them just because they happened to be smaller in number in the European sub-continent, or would the Canadians accept US superiority in the North American continent? The British had to follow Major Brown's advice who asked them to put themselves in Muslim slippers. Any Federal or Confederal idea would have been tantamount to shackling ourselves and handing over the chains to the Hindu majority. He assured us that the minorities in Pakistan would be safe. We have always been civilized people and the Holy Prophet (Peace Be Upon Him) has left us the tradition of magnanimity to the minorities.

Finally he answered the critics who accused him of being a protector of Capitalists and Landlords. He said Pakistan was not going to be created to permit the emasculation of millions of have-nots. We were struggling against the imperialism of the British and that of the Hindu Capitalist, for the emancipation of our exploited people. Those who had been fattening themselves by sucking the blood of the toiling classes had to understand clearly that either they altered themselves or prepared to face the consequences of their folly, in the creation of Pakistan where traditional Equality, Brotherhood and Fraternity of man would be the Law.

After, he finished he asked who could translate his speech. The late Nawab Bahadur Yar Jang of Hyderabad state offered to do so. He was an imposing figure, over six feet tall, well-built and with a well-trimmed beard. His command over the Urdu language was unequalled. Before he started I wondered if he could do justice to the Quaid's excellent extempore pronouncement. All my doubts were laid to rest as soon as he started, in his chaste Urdu, to speak just as brilliantly, point by point, and in correct sequence, with forceful stress at the proper places.

We heard him with rapt attention and enjoyed every minute of his speech. He could play so beautifully with words and upon sentiments, so as to make the crowd sway with pathos or humor as he wished. At one point he moved the crowd's emotions to near hysteria and the Quaid had to request him to slow down. On his appeal for funds people started throwing money and valuables at the Quaid's feet, women started removing their jeweler, others got up to make their announcements of donations. The Quaid-i-Azam got up and took over the microphone and said that he did not want to play with their emotions. He returned the blank signed cheques from rich men. He would want them to go back, consider the matter coolly and then send him what they could really afford. He wanted silver bullets and would prefer one silver rupee each from the many, rather than millions from a few. The response was phenomenal. In the next few days he was deluged by contributions from workers, peasants, small shop keepers, laborers, and petty government employees, totaling many many millions of rupees.

He said later that these little mites had given him greater satisfaction of heart than those blank signed cheques that he had received from the opulent few belonging to the business community. He used to say that this gave the people at large the sense of participation and him the confidence that the man in the street was behind him. He signed all the receipts personally. People still cherish as mementoes the receipts of the money orders signed by Mr. Jinnah.

A little later Khizar came to the podium to clear his position. He said inter-alia, On account of the sudden and tragic death of my predecessor, the late Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, an emergency had arisen. I being the Senior most Muslim Minister in the cabinet was invited by H.E. the Governor of the Punjab to form the Government. As a large number of Muslim members of the Assembly happened to be present at Lahore to mourn their erstwhile Leader's sudden demise, I had an opportunity of consulting them before accepting the invitation. Subsequently, a meeting of the Muslim League Party was held, where I explained to the Muslim members present, that I had accepted H.E.'s invitation owing to the emergency that had arisen, but it was open to the Party to have anyone they liked as their Leader, and I assured them that I would most faithfully abide by their decision and would support any person whom the Party decided to have as their nominee. This meeting unanimously expressed their confidence in me.

"As to the appointment of the sixth Minister in my place, I had the benefit of ascertaining the wishes of the Muslim League Party. At the Muslim League Party meeting mentioned above, the members left the choice of selecting the sixth Minister entirely to me, in accordance with the constitutional practice. I, however, invited the members to give me informally the benefit of their advice and, consequently, a very large number of them saw me individually and in small groups. I came to the conclusion after these interviews, that an overwhelming majority was in favor of selecting Major Shaukat Hyat Khan to join the Muslim League and, on his agreeing to do so, I advised the Governor to nominate him as a Minister. In accordance with the undertaking given by the late Sir Sikander Hyat Khan to Quaid-i-Azam in October 1937 at Lucknow, he had formed a Muslim League Party in the Punjab Legislature. This was in pursuance of the Pact I would not like to enter into a controversy as to whether this Party has been working as efficiently as was expected of it, but will endeavor to put greater life into it and consolidate it, and bring it up to the standard which will make it worthy of the great Organization of the Muslim League and the Muslims of the Punjab, to serve the true interest of the Muslims. Let me assure the Quaid-i-Azam and all present here today, that we in the Punjab feel proud of the great services rendered by the All India Muslim League under the leadership and guidance of the Quaid-i-Azam to the cause of the Muslims. You will never find me and my Muslim colleagues failing in our loyalty to the cause of the Mussalmans and their sole representative body the All India Muslim League."

On my return to the Punjab, I accepted the Muslim League ticket I as desired by Khizar, and signed their pledge. Khizar did not realize its ramifications, for he forgot that I was a soldier and, unlike a Politician, the act of subscribing to an oath of loyalty, my training would not permit my breaking this solemn undertaking short of death or dismissal. His wrong appreciation eventually proved disastrous to our personal relationship.

Elections were scheduled for mid-summer. In addition to my routine duties as a Minister, I had to go barn-storming through my constituency. I was inexperienced and shy at making public speeches. Mercifully my constituents asked for no speeches. I just had to put in an appearances at various villages and shake hands with some of the voters. People just wanted to see my father's son and since it was a soldier-producing area they were satisfied to see a Comrade who had been wounded and had been taken prisoner, at the front. Basically, the sentiment that they had to repay the debt of their departed benefactor, who had passed the Golden Acts which had saved them, turned the tide in my favor.

Khizar was rather worried. He did not want his choice to be defeated either because, like the Governor, he was not sure of my victory, or else because he did not wish to jeopardize his friendship with my opponents, for he did not actively participate in the electioneering. The Muslim League under the Nawab of Mamdot was even worse. They did not move a little finger. Some people had secretly wished that I might be defeated

and vacate a place in the cabinet for them I was upset about the Muslim League's indifference and, what was worse, I was appalled to find that it was almost non-existent in rural areas.

A few friends in the League, however, came along in their personal capacity, the late Pir Sahib of Manki Sharif who had a fair amount of influence in the area; Pir Sahib of Goira Sharif also supported me amongst his vast following in the area; my family members, including my father-in-law Mir Maqbool Mahmood, who was really responsible for my accepting a place in the Cabinet, and was my Chief Election Agent. He possessed a vast experience of elections and Politics. A brilliant speaker, he had been the Parliamentary Secretary to the Premier, Sirdar Barkat Hyat my uncle, Sardar Karam Khan, Sardar Akbar Khan and Major Dost Mohammad Khan were the most active members of the campaign committee. All of them commanded great respect and influence in the District. Most members of our District party and family, on their own accord, contributed to my election fund without my knowledge.

However, Malik Akram's father Sir Mohammad Amin, was no mean opponent He had opposed my father several times. He left no stone, unturned to defeat me. He had an able ally in the late A. Qayum a charming figure who was very popular amongst race goers and the gambling underworld. They, gave me a lively fight but soon it became apparent that the scales were tilting in my favor. At this stage, just two days prior to the poll Malik Allah Bakhsh Tiwana, a confidante and conscience-keeper of my cabinet chief, suddenly turned up to appear as if they were supporting me. Major Iskander Mirza who was a Political Agent in N.W.F.P. very kindly sent some *Ulemas* from the Frontier, to support me, unasked.

On the day of the election I visited a few Polling Stations. At places it was most touching to see the affection the voters bestowed on me. At one station I was deeply moved when I was introduced to a sick old man of over eighty who had insisted on being carried over twelve miles on a camel's back to vote for me. When his children remonstrated with him that it might kill him, this tough old octogenarian told them that he would consider it great good luck if he died in the act of voting for Sir Sikander's son. I went to thank him personally and to tell him that he had been over-kind to take the risk. He would not hear of it. He raised his hands in prayer for my success and said,

"My son, I owe such a great deal to your father. All my property would have been sequestered and my family completely ruined had it not been for the laws enacted by your father. I am just paying the debt I owe him and probably my last tribute I assure you that my children, if they carry my blood will do the same after me"

The results, when they were, announced, gave me a clear majority. I was a poignant scene. All my family members, men and women had gathered to hear the news and most of them had tears of joy in their eyes. It was a great occasion for jubilation and all

my leading supporters gathered together to celebrate. I received congratulatory messages from the Governor my Cabinet Colleagues and thousand of my late father's friends It was a great relief after a hectic two months of electioneering.

I returned to Lahore and faced the Assembly which hitherto I had been attending as a non-member. I had to pilot through the Local Bodies and Taxation Acts. Although I was quite a novice as a Parliamentarian, Uncle Maqbool's invaluable advice and the encouragement of my colleagues and party men supplied me the necessary confidence.

The Opposition of old Muslim Leaguers like the Nawab of Mamdot, who had not forgiven me for having been selected a Minister were ostensibly upset by the result of the election. They were hoping defeat. It made them more active against the Unionist Party. They started a campaign against Khizar for failing to organize the Muslim League as they had wanted it organized, and Mamdot made a statement that the Sikander-Jinnah pact was as dead as a dormouse. In actual fact he was having a dig at me that since I was elected on the League ticket, I was to be responsible to him.

He visited Jinnah and on return asked Khizar to make another statement showing his loyalty to Quaid-i-Azam. Failing that, they concocted the news that since I had been elected I was planning to supplant Khizar. Thus was a stratagem to sow seeds of discord within the cabinet. On 5th July 1943, I categorically denied this mischievous statement.

We got fed up with their daily pin pricks, Khizar and I decided that we must become more active in organizing the League on a sound basis throughout the Province, so as to defeat the machinations of these gentlemen. It was decided that during my Monsoon tour of the Province, undertaken to check the District Administrations and to give a further boost to the war effort, I should win over the support of the Muslim Leaguers in each District. I did not understand why he himself was playing shy and attributed it to Khizar's natural diffidence. I discussed it with Chaudhry Chottu Ram that in order to car the Muslims, it was a must that we played an active role in organizing the Muslim League otherwise the whole coalition would be in jeopardy. He appreciated the force of my arguments and the fact that I had been elected on the Muslim League ticket and furthermore Khizar had given his word in Delhi during the Muslim League Session to activate the League. He therefore gave his blessings to our project. Mumtaz Daultana had thought it was a ploy of Tiwana's to discredit me.

I left Simla to start my tour of the East Punjab, where the Muslims were in the minority, intending to culminate in the Central Punjab

On the 10th July in Karnal, at a reception given in my honor by the citizens, I received numerous complaints from the local Muslim community, including the Unionist



Members of the Assembly, against Kapur Singh, the then Deputy Commissioner of the District. There was widespread agitation against this bigoted officer who was a fanatical Akali Sikh. He was organizing and supporting Hindus and Sikhs against the backward Muslim minority. Muslims had been compelled by the majority's one-sided actions to boycott the Municipal Committee. I assured them that the Government would not tolerate any communalism and implored all communities to live in harmony, to further the war effort and thereby hasten the freedom of India. I also recommended to the Government that Kapur Singh must be transferred. This did not make me very popular with my Sikh or Hindu colleagues in the Cabinet. At the same time exhorting the people to make a united effort to support the war against dictatorship, I decried the communal tension and their Municipal dispute, and advised them to work unitedly, irrespective of their religious beliefs for the good of their town or else I would be forced to replace their Municipality, despite all my inclinations for Democracy, to place it under an official Administrator.

Afterwards in Ambala, Ferozepur and Sheikhupura I made several speeches in which I supported the war effort.

The Hindu press played on my speeches by distorting them though in both I had laid stress on inter-communal harmony, understanding and mutual accommodation. They did not like my warning that, unless they pulled together, I would be forced to suspend their municipality, nor did they like my reference to the Lahore resolution known as 'the Pakistan Resolution', the right of self-determination and my being under the discipline of the League having been elected on their ticket. Though it went down well with the Muslims the Hindu Jats' narrow-minded bigotry got the better of them. They went running to Choudhry Chottu Rath inciting him against me.

During my tour I had addressed huge war rallies in Ambala and Ferozepur. People were extremely kind and a great amount of publicity was given to my successful efforts. Obviously this was not expected and Khizar, who was by nature suspicious, did not relish my popularity and probably Sir Chottu Ram was incensed at my audacity at entering his domain and talking about Pakistan; he added to Khizar's alarm. Suddenly on the 15th, in the afternoon, I received a telegram from Khizar requiring me to return to Simla for an urgent cabinet meeting to which, I was advised, Sir Chottu Rain had also been summoned. I was too naive to understand that, though carrying out an agreed mission there should not be any room for misgivings, in politics people have double standards. I had a scheduled programme in Sheikhupura where the Local Muslim League had invited me to a dinner. I kept my appointment and decided to drive back to Simla after dinner. My speech there was again in accordance with our previous understanding:

"Gentlemen, I am most grateful to you for your kind, and cordial references to me. I pray that I may justify your expectations.

"In one of my recent speeches I had declared that I will comply with the directions of the Muslim League and the Quaid-i-Azam with soldierly discipline and loyalty, and will not run away from any trial or spare any sacrifice in carrying out the orders of my community and the Party. Certain organs of the Press have expressed surprise at my aforesaid declaration. Let me assure you that there is nothing new, or novel in my aforesaid statement, and that whatever I have said is in accordance with the Sikander-Jinnah Pact.

"I believe that nearly all of your Muslim representatives in the Punjab Assembly are not only members of the Muslim League but, under Sikander-Jinnah Pact, they are subject to the Rules and Regulations of the Muslim League Organization, like members of any other political party. The Muslim League is the sole representative body of the Mussalmans, and its leadership rests, at present in the hands of the selfless, far-sighted and devoted Quaid-i-Azam. If the Muslims work as a solid, disciplined team they will never go wrong, and they will be able to negotiate successfully any hurdles in the political sphere.

"So far as I am personally concerned, I can assure you that I have set before myself the ideal which I have suggested to you and I pray that I may be able to live up to it.

"Certain newspapers are in the habit of publishing the news that there is a tug-of-war between the Muslim League and the Punjab Ministry, and that a break-up is coming in the near future. The authors of these unfounded rumors forget that, under the Sikander-Jinnah Pact, there is a Muslim League Party in the Punjab Assembly. Our Premier Honorable Malik Khizar Hayat Khan is the elected Leader of that in whom the All India Muslim League Party has the fullest confidence. The present Ministry was formed at the insistence of Muslim League members by our Leader and as such our Ministry has been set up with the support of the Muslim League Party. At the same time, please remember that our Leader has not set up a purely Muslim League Ministry but the cooperation of non Muslim Members and on the basis of an agreed program, he has formed a composite coalition ministry. In certain other provinces also, the leaders of Muslim League Parties had to seek alliances and to evolve programs to suit their local conditions. In the Punjab our leader has maintained the same alliance and the same program which, the last 20 years, has proved a panacea for the backward sections of Muslims, Hindus Sikhs, Christians and other depressed sections of the Province alike. In the Punjab the Muslim League has upheld the same alliance which was founded in 1923 by that distinguished Muslim Statesman, the late Sir Fazli Hussain with the advice and cooperation of our respected Hindu and Zamindar leader, Sir Chottu Ram. You have observed that in other Provinces where Muslim League Parties have devised agreed programs jointly with non Muslim parties or members, they have drawn inspiration from the Unionist program of the Punjab. Take for instance the case of Sindh, where the Muslim League Party and their colleagues are now proposing the

same golden Bills which are accomplished fact in the Punjab through the joint efforts of ourselves and our comrades.

"I feel confident that in the parliamentary sphere of the Punjab the present combination of the Muslim League Party with their colleague will continue and that they will maintain the program which will benefit the largest number of every community. My aforesaid observations would make it clear that there can be no question of break-up or friction in the alliance of our Ministry which has been set up by our leader or in other words, by ourselves. It is no doubt true that in future if at any time the Muslim League should call upon its members to give up offices or Legislature in my opinion those members who at that time would owe allegiance to the Muslim League shall be bound to respect that mandate. But so long as the policy of the Muslim League is to work the present Coalition and thereby render the best possible services to the Electorate, no such question arises. Moreover, I am convinced that we cannot have any better alliance and program than the present I also feel confident that the Muslim League High Command does not differ with any parliamentary alliance or program which we the representatives of the Muslim League, feel is in the best interests of the Muslims of our Province.

"In conclusion, I beg you, Gentleman, to pray for me that in discharging my official duties. Providence may guide me to be fair and just to all Communities and at the same time I shall not be afraid of rendering justice to my own Community"

The Hindu Press made heavy weather of these utterances. They came out with hysterical headlines such as "Punjab Ministry has been formed by the League-Shaukat Hyat says he is loyal to the Muslim League", and cartoons showing me at the feet of Quaid-i-Azam, daring my non-Muslim colleagues to stop me Editorials and special series of articles decrying my stand were published.

The British papers like the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Statesman* taking their cue from the Government of India which was not in favor of Pakistan distorted and played up my speech. The Governor who, as evidenced from his dispatch of 6th July to the Viceroy, knew that we were working to a plan which for some reason had been blown up quite out of proportion to the actual realities of my utterances. He summoned me for a dressing down for uttering the word 'Pakistan'. I bluntly informed him that I had not gone beyond what the Premier had done at Delhi, nor could he expect me to break my pledge to the League whose ticket I had been asked to seek and on which I had contested and won the election. I could not understand why Kliazar and Chottu Ram were making such heavy weather of it when initially it was decided that I should go out and capture the sympathy of the Leaguers and see that we did not lose our case by default. Whether they said one thing and meant another or whether they got oppressed by my tour, whether my war efforts were disagreeable to them or my popularity amongst the people basically due to my heritage then it was the best for me to leave the

cabinet. I reminded him of my reluctance to become a politician when he had initially invited me to join the cabinet. I told him that there was nothing in my speeches which to my mind was offensive and under no circumstances was I prepared to retract them.

He could discuss the matter with the Premier and also reassure him that I had not dreamt of supplanting him. He seemed to understand, or perhaps my reactions astonished him. Be that as it may, he seemed sympathetic but advised me to go slow till I was more conversant with the tricks of the trade. Alas I was to disappoint him time and time again by sticking to my principles and displaying a conscience. That seemed to have settled the matter.

Mr. Jinnah in a letter of appreciation to Sir Mohammad Nawaz of Kot, said that after the Sikander-Jinnah pact the League Party had come into being and the Unionist party, as it was, had ceased to exist.

My Premier Khizar Hyat Khan Tiwana who had dispatched me on the mission had caved in under the pressure of his Hindu and Sikh colleagues. He did not have the experience or poise of his predecessor to be able to withstand people like Sir Chottu Ram and Baldev Singh. His complete volte-face disturbed me. Sir Chottu Ram who played as my political mentor came and advised me to retract my statement and so did Uncle Maqbool. However, I persisted in my refusal to retract from stand. Thereupon a formula was evolved where I restated that what I had said was in line with the Sikander-Jinnah pact and Khizar's own statement at the All India Muslim League session at Delhi in March 1943. It seemed to settle the matter as a face saver for Chottu Ram. Even this was hailed by the Hindu press as a defeat of the Champions of the Muslim League. I received a letter from Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, the then Secretary of the All India Muslim League, extolling my stand. However, this violent reaction of the Hindu press convinced me of what the Quaid-i-Azam had said about the anti-Muslim bias of the Hindu mind. The Nawab of Mamdot and his Advisers like Sheikh Karamat and Nizami tried to make out my statement was retraction although at the same time they sent Mian Amir-ud-Din to Khizar to supplant Mamdot in my place in the Cabinet.

In my work as a Minister I was daily noticing how the Hindu Officers were always trying to push their own Community at the expense of others. I was surprised to find that highly qualified Muslim Engineers with foreign qualifications were being superseded by less qualified or locally qualified juniors. While Muslims were being kept as temporary engineers their juniors superseding them were promoted into the permanent cadres. The trick was to make them sit for tests which were conducted by their Hindu superiors who invariably found them unfit while, at the same time, comparatively less qualified non-Muslims were declared fit for promotion. The results came up to the Chief Engineer who was surrounded by cunning Hindu Under-Secretaries. My Chief Engineer Mr. Trevor Jones, who was also the Secretary, was easy

going and left the work to young Varma who was his Under-Secretary. Consequently he backed everything his stooge put up to him. The young Under Secretary became rather cocky knowing that his Chief Engineer was related to Governor Glancy through the marriage of their children. When the case of promotion of Muslim officers came up with a negative recommendation, I lost my patience. I had learnt to be fair and impartial. As a soldier I had commanded both Hindu and Muslim Troops and as an Adjutant I had always been scrupulously honest in matters of promotions and awards. I, therefore, called the Secretary and asked, him to bring his under-secretary along.

After questioning the Secretary as to the reason why the three able Muslim Officers always got superseded and on getting an evasive reply, I took the bull by the horns and questioned the under-secretary about his own educational qualifications and how these compared with those of the officers he had recommended to be passed over. I feigned a loss of temper, and threw the file at him, saying that it stank of communalism and as long as I was the Minister I would not like to see such a file put up to me again. If there was any repetition, one of us would have to go and I assured him it would not be me.

This shook Varma. He apologized profusely. Both of them left with a promise to reexamine the whole issue. The file came back soon after with a proper note making amends for the previous omissions. The three Muslim engineers got their permanent appointments. All the three officers in the course of time attained the rank of Chief Engineers on their own merit. But little did I know how British Officers could damage you. Trevor Jones did not miss the opportunity to poison the Governor and Lady Glancy against the young Minister.

Be that as it may, it became known that the young Soldier-Minister was not to be played about with. This helped me in getting a firm grip over my Departments, but at the same time created a hostility amongst ruling British Civil Servants. Another incident which was to play an enormous part in my political downfall was the case of an old Christian Lady, an Education Superintendent of Lahore Municipal Corporation.

Several allegations were made against her to the effect that she was extorting bribes from her subordinate women teachers and also forcing some of them into activities other than educational. She had earned a notoriety for herself in a contemporary book by an American author, Fischer, entitled "*When the Rains Came*", The complaint came up to me as a Minister for Local Self-Government, as Municipal Servants were not Considered Government Employees.

I ordered a Special Enquiry to be conducted and when the report proved her guilty, several gentlemen including Mr. Raffia Rain and Mr. SP. Singha, prominent amongst the Christians of Lahore, requested a reconsideration. Therefore, instead of dismissing her on the basis of, the report, I agreed to hold a public enquiry by Mr. A. Hamid,, then Administrator of the Lahore Municipal Corporation. He made thorough investigations

and framed serious charges against her. He periodically submitted his interim reports on the progress of the Enquiry and was convinced that the woman was guilty. Unfortunately he died suddenly before submitting his final report. Then an Englishman took over. He tried to help out the Christian Lady by drawing conclusions quite contrary to the facts.

The case came up to the Secretariat and was carefully examined in detail by my Department's Deputy Secretary, Hafiz Abdul Majid, ICS, a very able young Officer. (He was to rise to the highest post in the Punjab, becoming the Chief Secretary, and on completion of his tenure, he was selected to be Director of the ILO in Geneva). In an exhaustive note, running into several pages, he found the lady guilty of gross misconduct and recommended her to be cashiered. The news of his note leaked out and I was approached by a Deputation of the Christians led by the Bishop of Lahore, the Reverend Barnes, for whom I held the greatest respect. I assured them that the case would be given unbiased consideration. They did not stop at that and also approached Lady Glancy or the Governor himself.

Lady Glancy also sent me a message to take a lenient view of the case. I gave her the same assurance. When the case came to me I found myself in a quandary. Majid had made a water-tight case against the Lady Superintendent recommending her dismissal. Keeping justice in view, I could do little to help her. However, as a leniency I suggested that she may be allowed to retire instead of being cashiered. If cashiered she would have lost her gratuity and pension. I passed the order mentioning that on account of her long service, I had taken a lenient view. Even Mr. Eustace, the secretary (SMLG) a diehard Imperialist, with whom I was not too popular on another account mentioned below, accepted my ruling. I thought I had done the best I could for her and forgot all about the case. Alas the British Governor was to take it as an affront and remembered that I had refused to accept his wife's request to exonerate the Lady Superintendent completely.

The incident about Mr. Eustace which I alluded to above was the case of land acquisition by the Lahore Improvement Trust. A very valuable piece of land right in the heart of Lahore, belonging to Mr. Muee-ud-Din, ICS, and his brother, was acquired by the Improvement trust. The Hindu collector fixed a ridiculously low price for it. They appealed against the price so fixed. The appeal was heard by a notoriously bigoted Hindu Officer who rejected it. The rules, as they existed, provided no remedy against such a glaring case of injustice. They therefore appealed to me, as the Minister-in-Charge, against the iniquity of the Rules. I happened to know this particular area and its value and was shocked to learn of the value fixed for it by the Department. I passed the appeal to SMLG (Mr. Eustace). The Secretary wrote back saying that the Rules did not permit interference. I asked him if the rules were made to dispense justice or to negate it; I further enquired if there was any provision to undo such iniquitous decisions. He replied in the negative again. This infuriated me and I enquired what

authority had formed such an injudicious rule. His reply was the Government. Following the Principle that the one that makes rules can also amend them, I told him that as I was representing the Government in this Department, under the joint responsibility in the Cabinet, I would use my inherent authority as rule maker to amend the rules. He demurred but I overruled him and got the concurrence of the Cabinet to my decision. This incensed him and hurt his British Ruler's pride. The case was again heard by an unbiased officer who fixed a just price. This action won for me the hatred of Mr. Eustace, and later the same Mueen-ud-Din worked against me and the Muslim League. His glib tongue was ever ready to disparage those who had joined the Muslim League Movement and he did not even spare me, his benefactor. He proved the old adage that, when someone told a Great Poet that such and such a person was talking against him, he replied "I wonder why, for I have never done him a favor!" I have, however, learnt, in time, that the mental satisfaction of doing justice is in itself the greatest solace and reward.

The only department in my Portfolio where I found cooperation, sympathy and satisfaction was the Electricity Department, where I had the good fortune of having Mr. Amin-ud-Din ICS, an upright and able officer as my Secretary. He was later to be a Governor of the Punjab but died at a young age. He guided me and acted as my teacher in the matter of Rules.

My convictions and adherence to principles were leading me relentlessly towards my downfall. The final act which led to in parting company with the Unionist Cabinet came when the Quaid-i-Azam came to Lahore to demand the formation of a Muslim League Parliamentary Party and bringing it under the discipline of the League because, unlike his predecessor, Khizar was too weak to face giants like Sir Chottu Ram and was dancing to their tune.

When the Quaid arrived in Lahore on 18th March and talks were about to start, Khizar's father suddenly died. All of us had to visit Kalra, Khizar's village, to attend the funeral. Quaid left to return a few days later to take up the matter again.

Unlike Khizar, his father, General Sir Umar Hyat-Khan Tiwana, A.D.C. to the King, was a kind-hearted soul, always generous to the poor, and a great patron of sports, to the great chagrin of his miserly son. A story was circulated that he once informed Khizar that he was arriving by train but on arrival found that there was no car to receive him. To teach his parsimonious on a lesson, he returned by the next train, hired every taxi he could find in Lahore and returned in a huge cavalcade making his son pay the return fare of all the taxis, after a feast for the taxi drivers and others he had brought along in his party. They were all entertained and, were paid before return.

Poor people came in throngs from all over the Punjab to mourn the old man. The wise among the mourners thought that the old man's departure would end the influence of

his family, as the son would be unable to maintain contacts and the hospitality. This would forfeit for him the loyalty of the wide circle of friends. Alas, it was to prove true.

In April the Quaid returned to Lahore. Either, a guilty conscience or Chottu Ram's pressure prevailed upon the Muslim Ministers except me to avoid the reception at the Railway Station. Almost a hundred thousand people had collected at the station to receive the Quaid-i-Azam. It became impossible for Quaid-i-Azam even to get out of his compartment because of the crushing crowd, nor could the bogey be detached, as the Railway line was blocked by the people who had got on top of the carriages just to get a glimpse of their Leader. I managed to get into the compartment from the opposite side to the platform and got the Quaid out by the back door. This was soon discovered by the crowd which rushed out of the Railway Station and surrounded my car which had been brought round to get the Quaid away. Quaid-i-Azam got on top of the car and spoke for a few minutes telling them that he would address them later and we got away through the surging wave of humanity. On reaching Mamdot Villa, Quaid summoned me into the Drawing Room. He enumerated his demands

- 1) That every member of the Muslim League Party in the Punjab Assembly should declare that he owed his primary allegiance to the Muslim League and not to the Unionist Coalition or any other party
- 2) The present Coalition's name Unionist must be dropped and be called a Muslim League Coalition Government because the old Unionist coalition had been changed when Akali Sikhs entered the Coalition under the Sikander-Baldev Pact.

Then suddenly he asked me, "Shaukat, do you remember the word of honor of a soldier you gave me at Delhi a year ago?" I replied in the affirmative. He then asked if I would go along with him in his attempt to secure the support of the Punjab Muslims. On hearing of my agreement he questioned. "Supposing I asked you to resign should my parleys with Khizar fail would you do?" I saw a pen and paper lying on the table and started writing out my resignation. He ordered me to stop and advised me to go and consult my family and friends before I took such a vital step. I replied "Sir, I did not consult them when I gave you my word and I do not intend to do so now, before I fulfill my covenant." I wrote out my resignation signed it and handed it over to him. He was obviously pleased and asked me to carry his demands to Khizar and advise him to also stand by the National Organization of the Muslims.

I went to Khizar and conveyed the Quaid's demands. I also begged him to let us stand together and strengthen the Muslim League, as his Leader, my late father, had done in Lucknow and Bombay. I told him, while he was rich and I was comparatively less opulent, we should act like brothers, and sit amongst our own people. I made the tactical mistake of telling him that I had left my letter of resignation with the Quaid.



This shook him and Nawab Allah Bukhsh, his cousin and mentor. Allah Bukhsh Tiwana had been brought up as a loyal British subject and used to be an Extra Assistant Commissioner, a Junior Post in the Provincial Bureaucracy. He just could not imagine that the British could ever leave the Sub-Continent and considered that a resignation from the British government's Cabinet was tantamount to committing a great sin. They put off the meeting till the evening. Obviously they discussed the serious situation created by my resignation amongst themselves and with Chottu Ram and they hatched a plan.

In the evening Khizar took me into his small study and said he had considered the matter and decided to collect the resignations of all his Cabinet, which he would tender to the Governor and then decide whether he was to continue or sit in the Opposition. He gave me a writing pad and I wrote out my resignation and left it with him. I came back and told the Quaid of what had transpired. Two days later I was to get the surprise of my life and learn a lesson on duplicity in Politics, which I was to meet time and again in the future.

At 9.45 am I was told that an emergency meeting of the Cabinet had been summoned and I must attend. I thought it was to discuss the political situation and Khizar's decision to resign. Quite unprepared I walked into the Cabinet Room. Everyone looked grim Governor Glancy opened the proceedings by saying, "Gentlemen a glaring case of injustice has been brought to my notice, an act of a Minister and, in my opinion, it is a great blow to the confidence of the Government servants in the Cabinet. It is my special responsibility to see that the interests of government servants are safeguarded."

Up to that point I was dumb enough not to realize that it was a rehearsed performance but only when the Governor suddenly brought up the case, nearly two months old, of the Lady Superintendent of the Municipal Committee, did I sense the trap. He asked me what I had to say. I told him that I had acted within my powers and in the interest of Justice and the reputation of the Municipal services, whose members were not considered Government Servants as such, in accordance with the law. I had taken the decision; moreover he could have discussed the case at the time when my orders were passed. I had no personal interest in the matter. The Cabinet should be supplied with a summary of facts and I would have no objection whatever if it thought fit to reverse my decision. The Governor would have none of it and in a preplanned manner asked each Minister if he did not consider it a grave matter. Puppet-like, they all nodded their heads in agreement. Thereupon the Governor solemnly turned round to me and said, "You have lost the confidence of your colleagues and therefore I dismiss you."

Bewildered at the low level of this conspiracy I walked out of the cabinet meeting and went to my room. The news spread like wild fire. Khizar called me and lied that he had no knowledge of the proceedings before-hand and that I should go to the Governor and see him to clear my position. I was reluctant and said goodbye to him rather gruffly. As

I came back to my room I was accosted by an old opponent of my father, Syed Raza Shah Gilani of Multan, who embraced me and said that my dismissal was akin to martyrdom in the cause of Islam and from that moment onwards his old enmity was forgotten and he would always stand by me in politics in the future.

Quite the reverse was the attitude of Nawab Ashiq Hussain (Multan), the son-in-law of my uncle Sir Liaquat Hyat, my father's elder brother, for whose sake my father had alienated the Gilanis. He, in order to prove that my Uncle and his father-in-law were opposed to my action, later accepted my place in the Cabinet. Such were the vagaries of Punjab politics. Similarly, Nawab Jamal Khan Leghari, the grand-father of President Farooq Leghari, belonging to Dera Ghazi Khan, who professed loyalty to Quaid-i-Azam, left him and joined Khizar's cabinet in defiance of the Quaid. This was in keeping with the traditions of the landed gentry of the Punjab, who were given the despicable title of 'Toadies'.

I went to the Quaid and told him the story. He was perplexed. On one hand he knew that this was the outcome of my loyalty to him, but his British Legal mind could not accept that the Englishman could be so unjust. Actually it was a well-planned stratagem by Governor Glancy, who had been trained in this type of intrigue as an officer in the Indian Political Department which dealt with Rulers of the Indian States. This Department was adept in bringing about the downfall of any Indian Prince who did not toe the line, by fabricating cases against him. He had not only planned to get rid of me when he heard that I had handed over my resignation to the Quaid, but had appraised the Viceroy, Lord Wavell, and obtained his clearance the day before, as is evident from the Viceroy's Journal dated 25th April. Quaid would not commit himself one way or the other. Mamdot and Mumtaz Daultana were taken to task by the crowd gathered outside. They asked Miss Jinnah to intervene. She assured them that they had no cause for anxiety, but they were worried that, if I was betrayed, the people would be alienated from the Muslim League's Leadership. Quaid decided in the late afternoon to send a letter to Khizar insisting on the acceptance of his demands. The letter was taken by Mumtaz but Khizar refused to accept it. Later Mumtaz and Mamdot went, under orders from Quaid to carry an acknowledgement receipt which Khizar was required to sign but Khizar refused to do so. This infuriated the old man who rang up Khizar, from a telephone lying on the Verandah, and asked him why he had refused to sign the receipt? "You are heading for disaster - I wish you God speed."

Meanwhile, the Governor sent for me saying that the Premier had asked him to see me.

I was far too offended to be rebuked by my Uncles Sir Liaquat Hyat and Nawab Muzaffar Khan, who, remonstrated saying that I had destroyed nearly a hundred year old friendly relationship between our family and the British, and that I must show the courtesy of going to see the Governor. The Governor said that he had sent for me at the behest of the Premier not to discuss his fiendish act of the morning, but to offer that if I

agreed to resign from the Muslim League he would see that I was reinstated in the Army as a Colonel, and would receive a grant of valuable land, for my father's services, that he had rendered to the War effort. I rudely refused to accept the proposition and left Government House.

On my return my Uncles said that I had no right to damage the interest of my younger brothers. I told them that my brothers were at liberty to accept a present from an unjust and ungrateful Government if they so desired but as far as I was concerned, I could not sell my conscience for a piece of land, however valuable it may be. Sir Liaqat, Nawab, Muzaffar Khan, Qurban Ali Khan and Hakirn Ahmad Shuja, my brother Azmat's father-in-law, thereupon summoned each one of my brothers and explained to them my stand. I am proud of their reactions. Each one of them refused to make a deal for land at the cost of my honor. To this day I have tried to repay my debt of gratitude to them by giving them a square deal and also meticulously avoiding step-brother/sister differentiations. While they shared my adversities I shared out equally whatever I got through my personal efforts later. I am happy to be the head of a united family despite all differences, of temperament amongst us. They all show respect and over the years have learnt to, be obedient and trusting.

Uncle Liaqat, disappointed at my brothers reaction, had his own plans to rehabilitate the so called, family honor. On his own, quite unknown to me, he gave an assurance to the Governor that I would not pursue the matter of grave injustice done to me.

The next day I had a very high temperature and Quaid came over to see me, which was an unusual gesture for him and was considered a rare honor. He made it a rule not to make personal visits to his followers as it would have been an impossible task for him to perform. He sat with me for over an hour, met my wife and reassured her. He was very pleased to see her and admired the bold-front that she was putting up at the age of nineteen.

## CHAPTER - 5

### DISMISSAL AND AFTER

Two or three days later I was invited to the Punjab Muslim League's Conference in Sialkot which the Quaid-i-Azam was to address.

I accompanied the Quaid-i-Azam on the eighty mile route to Sialkot. It was lined by enthusiastic crowds who had gathered to see the Quaid and the Punjabi freak who had sacrificed a seat in the Cabinet for the ideal of Pakistan. When we reached Sialkot we were taken through the streets in a memorable procession. My car was behind that of Quaid's. The crowds overwhelmed me with their affection, garlanded me profusely and cheered me all along the route.

The Governor, as is obvious from his correspondence, tried to play down my reception in his letter to the Viceroy, in an effort to prove that his action had had a salutary effect and cowed down the Punjabi. However his British Chief Secretary mentioned in his Confidential Report of April (which was probably not routed through the Governor) that reception by the masses had been more emotional than even that of Jinnah. Though it was a slight exaggeration he honestly conveyed fact in the hope that it would be noticed I have learnt through bitter experience not to get too elated by emotional public opinion for the people have extremely short memories.

I slept the night in a camp along with other workers instead of moving into the Rest House like most of the Leaders had done. My army training stood me in good stead and the workers liked my roughing it out with them.

Next day there was a Council session and an open session under a huge *Pandal* (canopy) drawn over a large dried *Talab* (Water Reservoir). People sat on the steps as well as on the seats arranged in the tank itself Quaid and the leaders were seated on the platform. Mumtaz decided to be the Party's General Secretary in the Punjab. Mir Khalilur Rahman the incumbent General Secretary, was a very sincere old worker, who sacrificed all his property in the cause of the Muslim League It see impossible to supplant him.

I was approached on Murntaz's behalf. I thought he would lend strength to the organization on account of his ability and many other assets. On my proposing him, Mr. Khalil very sportingly withdrew his candidature, as a favor to me. This was my first gesture to Mumtaz the son of my father's very dear friend which was one of the many to follow in the next 30 years but destined to be one-sided forever.

People blamed me for my steadfastness and acts of loyalty but unfortunately my basic training in feudal scruples and its norms of friendship had always stood in the way. As a consequence I have suffered innumerable rebuffs disappointments and incalculable political setbacks, moreover his training under the supervision of Chaudhri Shahabudin the last Speaker of the Punjab Assembly, who had adopted him and exhorted him to study Machiavelli. He himself was later to be a victim of his own protégé's (Mumtaz) ingratitude. Mumtaz was adept at impressing people with his book learning and using people for his own benefit then casting them off when his purpose had been served. This trait stayed with him throughout his life.

Later, Quaid addressed the Open Session. The address of welcome was read by Nasir Ahmed Malhi in Urdu, but with an English accent. Malhi, who was an authoritative scholar of the Quran, later became a freewheeling atheist but eventually returned to his faith. His was a very engaging personality. The Quaid in his address exhorted the people of the Punjab to gather round the banner of the Muslim League. He said that events had brought the League's victory within sight. He paid me a great compliment by mentioning my name, saying that I had sacrificed my Cabinet post for the sake of the Muslim Nation. He said all the stories given out by the Government controlled Press and the hostile Hindu Press belittling my great sacrifice were nonsensical. If I had committed a crime then my detractors should have the courage and try me in an open Court of Law, and should they fail to do so, my case would be placed before the Bar of Public opinion and he was certain that the people would - vindicate my honor against the charges trumped-up by a British Governor. The people would honor me by recognizing me as Shaukat-i-Punjab (Glory of the Punjab) instead of a criminal. Throughout my political career people have honored me by using that title for me.

I was soon to learn the lesson which colonial masters liked to impart to any truant. In accordance with the unforgiving nature of the Punjabi: Feudal Lord, Khizar provided a reply to Quaid-i-Azam's eulogy by maligning, coercing and harassing me. Little did he realize that each unkind act was turning me into a hero in the eyes of our people. For the docile and obedient Punjabi it was unusual that anybody should stand up against the *Sarkar* (the Government) let alone stick out against a British Governor. The Rules in British India were forgetting their psychological approach and thereby loosening their grip over the hitherto loyal subjects.

To start with, a notorious concocter of false cases, a Superintendent in the Indian Police named Bhag Singh, was asked to fabricate something criminal against me. He chose my purchase of land which I had made in partnership with a very old Hindu friend, Gobind Kapur, who had been the best man at my wedding. Our idea was to build our own houses and sell the surplus area, after improving it to recoup our cost. He stood as guarantor for me for a loan, as my own agricultural land was not accepted as collateral by the banks in those days, on account of the Land Alienation Act. This land was some six miles out of Lahore, adjoining Model Town. It had been dug up for the manufacture

of bricks and was about ten feet below the average level. We had bought it for Rs. 550-800 a. Kanal (1/8 of an acre) in 1943. Others, including Syed Fida Hussain ICS; and Malika Pukhraj, a renowned artist, had bought adjoining land even cheaper. Even, Sir Chottu Ram, the Revenue Minister had purchased leveled land adjoining mine at Rs. 400/- per Kanal., The police officer promised one of the six brothers who had sold land to me that his land would be restored to him free of cost if he agreed to state that I had, brought pressure to bear upon them through the Improvement Trust. All the other brothers refused to corroborate his statement.

Ch. Zafrullah, the Tehsildar in charge of Land Acquisition, was offered a promotion to the post of Extra Assistant Commissioner, provided he made a false statement against me. He, of his own volition, went to the High Court and recorded a statement that he was being pressurized through temptation to make a false statement. Thereafter he was demoted to the post of Patwari by the Khizar Government.

The second charge was that I had purposely shown a wrong caste in contravention of the Land Alienation Act, to prove that I was an agriculturist just to become eligible for purchase of this land in Lahore.

In actual fact the certificate of caste was a duplicate of the Revenue record of the adjoining District, Sheikhpura, where my grand-father had purchased an agricultural estate nearly eighty years earlier. Both these charges were so glaringly and palpably false that even Sir George Anderson ICS, the then British Financial Commissioner of Revenue and Mr. Williams ICS, Deputy Commissioner, refuse to entertain the complaint and exonerated me. However, this did not, stop Governor Glancy from reporting to the Viceroy insinuating that reliable evidence had been found against me, misstating facts.

Then a case under the Arms Act was registered against me for keeping a shot gun, a Savage rifle and an Italian Biretta pistol, won as a prize of war, without license. Actually I had been an exemptee under the Arms Act, both as a Minister and an ex-soldier. This case again collapsed.

Another case was manufactured that I had decided to break up the monopoly of the two Bus Companies namely Nanda Bus and the Green Bus who were running the transport in Lahore and that I had brought in other parties as an undue favor. Here again Mr. Cuthbert King ICS, Commissioner of Lahore, of his own accord, made a statement that it was he who had selected and introduced the new parties. He further said categorically that I, the Minister, had no hand whatsoever in that matter. Thus the Governor's own British subordinates cleared me of all blame.

The Governor, all the same, used these very fabricated charges to malign me and justify himself with Lord Wavell, who without any scrutiny passed it on to the Secretary of

State as appears in the recent H.M. publication on Transfer of Power in India in 1944. Actual charges were omitted from that dispatch. I was informed by the Editor, Sir Penderal Moon, that in order to avoid action under the Law of Libels no mention was made of the actual cases or of my subsequent clearance on all these false charges. I told Sir Penderal that I would not bring any action provided that he agreed to include the outcome of these charges, also.

Then our landlord was asked to throw us out of my father's rented house. My father, during his long stay in Lahore holding High Offices in the Government, had not built himself even a Residence in Lahore. He had always yearned to go back to the rustic haven of his village with its bubbling natural springs, murmuring streams, and verdant gardens. He had chosen a site for the village house. The notice to quit was a blow. We had no other shelter in Lahore and my poor aunt was suffering from cancer.

They became even meaner, and cut our quota of petrol which was rationed during the war. Under a similar pretence even the petrol ration for my ailing aunt's car was stopped, she could not go out for a drive in an act was stopped by Jack Hearne, ICS, the Financial Commissioner in charge of Petrol Rationing, who came to her rescue saying, "Petrol Rationing and Lady Sikander were both above Politics", and sanctioned her sufficient petrol. Jack Hearne thought that the Governor's action against Sir Sikander's son and his family had forfeited all rights to loyalty for the British. He was sure that the Englishman's days in the Punjab were numbered. He chose, therefore, premature retirement and left India in disgust saying that the Irishman Glancy, by his action, was going to lose face for the British.

Beholding the vindictiveness against me, a dear friend of my father's, Khan Qurban Ali Khan, All India I.G. Police anticorruption, came to our house and advised us to move our family back to the village and he took me into his own house in Lahore Cantonment. The vindictive Sir Khizar Hyat Tiwana thought that this new shelter would thwart his designs to harass me and requested the Government of India to shift Qurban Ali Khan's Headquarters from Lahore to New Delhi. The Viceroy acquiesced. However, Qurban Ali Khan, while moving himself to New Delhi, left his family behind in his Lahore House, so that I could stay there and be looked after properly. This further incensed Khizar, or shall I say his conscience-keeper, the late Sir Allah Bakhsh Tiwana.

A personal letter went to the Viceroy from the Premier of the Punjab that Qurban Ali Khan was circumventing his transfer orders and was still affording me shelter which in the opinion of the Punjab Government was impeding Justice, and it was tantamount to harboring a Criminal Sir Evan Jenkins ICS later to be Governor of the Punjab was then the Private Secretary to the Viceroy. Jenkins had served in his young days as Deputy Commissioner in Hoshiarpur where Khan Qurban Ali Khan was the then Superintendent of Police. Both had great regard for each other.

Jenkins, I learnt much later, wrote a semi-official letter to Qurban Ali Khan, suggesting tactfully that His Excellency the Viceroy, in the interest of Law and Order, would appreciate if Qurban Ali Khan would throw me out. Qurban Ali Khan kept it as a secret knowing that, should I come to know of the situation, I would voluntarily remove myself to save him from any embarrassment. He wrote back to Jenkins reminding him that nearly twenty-five years of his service as a Police Officer had been spent in the maintenance of law and order by apprehending criminals. If he was convinced that I was a criminal, irrespective of the fact that Shoukat was just like son to him, he would be the first person to apprehend me and hand me over to the authorities. He asked Jenkins to find out from the Viceroy how his Excellency would react, if his own son should be seeking asylum from scoundrels who were hounding him were bent upon his persecution and humiliation by concocting false cases against him. If His Excellency's ethics permitted throwing his innocent son to the wolves then he would indeed be surprised. It would obviously mean that the British values and Code of Honor had undergone a transformation for the worse since their early days of service. In that case, he would wish to sever his connections with the British Government and he enclosed his resignation from the Indian Police Service. No more was heard on the subject from those quarters.

All the false cases fell like nine pins as such cases were destined to do. However, the publicity in the Hindu press gave me a tremendous push up amongst the Muslims, who historically have a soft spot for victims of injustice.

I had decided to take my case to the bar of public opinion. Unlike my other friends, Mamdot, Mumtaz and Ghazanfar, who thought of taking time off in the cool Vale of Kashmir, where Quaid-i-Azam was spending his short vacation, I undertook an extensive tour of Ambala division in East Punjab where the Muslims were in a minority and yet had contributed a great number of recruits to the Indian army. I had the honor of commanding Rahngarhs and Kaimkhanis who are valiant soldiers belonging to this area.

In the scorching heat of May and June I embarked on my political crusade. I was accompanied by the Late Sufi Abdul Hamid (later to be a minister in Punjab and the President of the Punjab Muslim League); Mr. Khalilur Rahman, ex-General-Secretary of the Punjab Muslim League; Sheikh Zafar Hussain; Joint Secretary of the Punjab Muslim League, Mahboob Ahmed, Joint Secretary of the All India Muslim League, and M. Ghulam Bhik Nairang, Member of the Indian Legislature. All of them were dedicated workers.

We had well-attended meetings in Hissar but the Public Carriers belonging to Sir Chottu Ram's Rohtak area were non cooperative in transporting us to Rohtak. However Zafar's ingenuity and presence of mind came to our rescue for a time. He pretended that he was carrying his marriage party to Rohtak and bought our tickets for the bus



However the CID people proved to be cleverer. They made the driver drop us halfway between Hansi and Rohtak. We had to catch a lift on a passing bullock cart till a bus with a Muslim driver agreed to transport Muslim Leaguers to Rohatak. The Muslim League was so unpopular with the governing Unionist Party that people of the area avoided us at Rohtak. Even the Members of the Legislative Assembly who had benefitted great deal from my father avoided me like poison. It was rather distressing. There was nobody of any consequence prepared to offer us shelter. We, therefore, gratefully accepted the invitation of the driver of our bus who bedded us in his meager quarters sending his family away.

That night we held a very well-attended public meeting but many of the prominent listeners had covered their faces with their turbans to avoid recognition by those in power. Some MLAs came surreptitiously in the middle of the night to pay their respects and to extol my efforts but when asked to join the Muslim League Assembly Party, which I was forming they unitedly took shelter under a well-known Punjabi saying, 'Is God nearer or the Fist?' They preferred to give up God to avoid the fist! It was a disappointing manifestation for members from Muslim minority areas who had always been so vocal about the high-handedness of their Hindu Jat compatriots. There were however notable exceptions among people of great integrity and foresight like Mir Ghulam Bhik Nairang renowned Scholar and Member of the Central Assembly, Abdul Sam Khan, Sahibdad Khan and Mohammed Hussain of Ludhiana and, of course, my companion, Sufi Abdul Hameed.

We went on to other places in the Ambala Division. In Ambala proper we had to stay in the local Islamic School because all the other people were afraid to put up a dismissed Minister, while only a few days earlier, when I had visited Ambala as a Minister, they were vying with one another to have me as their guest. However, the masses of ordinary people joined the Muslim League in droves. Even the British D.I.G. Intelligence and the Chief Secretary, who used to send their reports independently to the British Government, reported to the India Office that my tour of East Punjab had been a great success and I had caught the fancy of the Muslim People.

On my return from the tour of East Punjab we held our first meeting of the newly created Muslim League Party in the Assembly consisting of Allah Yar Khan Daultana, Mumtaz Daultana, Nawab of Mamdot, Raza Shah Gilani, Malik Barkat Ali, Sh. Mohammad Amin, Sh. Sadq Hassan, Raja Ghazanfer Ali Khan, Mian Nurullah, Moulvi G. Mohi-ud-Din Kasuri, Sheikh Karamat Ali and those, from East Punjab I had mentioned earlier. We formed the, first purely Muslim League Party in the Punjab Assembly.

They elected me their leader, but it probably did not suit the purpose of Mian Mumtaz Daultana and the Nawab Mamdot, who had returned after the summer break in the Kashmir Valley. Mumtaz was not keen on my becoming a hero as well as the Party

Leader. May he be considered that it would be difficult who supplant the late Sir Sikander's son who had also sacrificed his seat in the Government.

Quaid was approached through the students like Zia-ul-Islam and others demanding Mamdot's appointment as Leader. I was called to Delhi and asked to make way for Mamdot who was senior in the Organization. Mahboob, the Joint secretary of All India Muslim League advised that I should defy this undemocratic command but I thought the League's solidarity and discipline were more important. I agreed, to abide by Quaid's orders but insisted that he should write an order to the Members. He gave, me a letter for them. The letter to the Party was to the effect that I had agreed to withdraw at his command. Despite this the public sympathy and that of party members was so strong that they decided to ignore the Quaid's wishes. However, I stuck to my promise to him and as a last resort, Mamdot was elected the Leader and I was chosen to become his Deputy.

The response from the Muslim people was quite different from that of the MLAs, title holders and landlords who depended on crumbs from the British Master's table. An unusual upsurge took place; the poor and the middle class Muslims honored me beyond my contribution. Overnight an ex-Minister in the Unionist Government became a favorite of the people. Newly-born babies were named after me. Be that as it may, I can say with a pardonable pride that the Muslim League's caravan rolled on gathering tremendous momentum. This popular wave in favor of someone dismissed by the British Governor understandably unnerved the Government.

My reception by the people of the Punjab, especially those belonging to the rural area enthused me considerably. They started joining the Muslim League in droves. What really made an impact on the Muslims belonging to the agriculturist class, who were considered to be great loyalists of the British was beyond our expectations when they perceived the treatment meted out to me by the British Governor.

This was the class whose loyalty had kept the Punjab under the British heel. Their confidence was completely shaken by Governor Glancy's action.

What was even more encouraging was the reaction of the youth which found a kindred spirit in me as would be seen from the following episode.

During my visit to a village on the bank of River Jhelum, to canvass for Raja Ghanzfar Ali. When we reached the village our way was blocked by villagers carrying sticks. The local Muslim Headman of the village was a Unionist and a Loyal British subject. He was heading the crowd obstructing our way. Suddenly a boy came forward and enquired who I was. When he was told that I was Sirdar Shaukat Hyat he exclaimed. Then you are the man who sacrificed his British Cabinet post for the cause of the Muslim League and Pakistan. You have accepted a grievous blow by ending your long standing family

relationship with the British Crown. He begged me to wait a while. He himself disappeared in a house for a while returning carrying the Holy Quran with his father's pistol on top. He was the son of the village Headman. He asked his father not to turn his back towards the Quran, otherwise he would have to shoot him. This action of the brave youth turned the tables. The entire village converted itself into a bastion of the Muslim League.

Be that as it may I can say with all humility that the Muslim League's caravan of Shaukat-i-Punjab rolled on gathering tremendous momentum. This popular wave in favor of someone who was jilted and dismissed by a British Governor showed the signs of revolt against the Masters.

On 30th July 1944 the Council of the Muslim League met at Lahore Quaid explained that the so-called Rajagopalchari's formula which was given out for a Hindu Muslim settlement and had the tacit approval of Mahatma Gandhi, was unacceptable. He said that the suggestion of a plebiscite on a District basis to decide the issue of two separate States was ridiculous. It would mean that not even Provinces with a Muslim majority, but districts of every province would decide its future, and there would be an unspecified Commission to decide about the contiguity of the districts and a compulsory mutual agreement for Defence Commerce Communication Finance and for other essential purposes without specifying defence against whom. This proposed, in fact a maimed mutilated and moth-eaten Pakistan, by passing our demands and effective only after the British departure from India. It was also proposed that Muslim majority Districts were to be handed to the Muslim League and not to the Hindu Congress.

Then he informed the Council of the letter that Mahatma Gandhi had sent him in the Gujrati Language insinuating thereby that there were linguistic and ethnic ties between them and religion was just secondary Quaid, in reply had invited him to his house in Bombay in August, after he (Gandhi) had regained his health.

A Condolence Resolution on the untimely death of Nawab Bahadur Yar Jang the great Muslim Leaguer and the President of all India States Muslim League, an able Leader and a matchless orator was passed. He died very young and there were rumors that he had been poisoned on account of jealousies he had aroused in Hyderabad State. Thereafter the following resolution was passed:

"This meeting of the Council of the All India Muslim League condemns the action of the Governor of the Punjab in dismissing Sirdar Shaukat Hyat Khan as apart from the question of his power to dismiss an individual Minister, by virtue of power conferred upon him under section 51 of the Government of India Act, he never furnished the particulars of allegations and charges against him nor did he allow him any opportunity to give his explanation or defence which is the

inherent right of every citizen according to the rules of natural justice before dismissing him, thereby casting grave reflections on his honor, and in spite of repeated demands calling upon him to place the full facts of the case, the Governor had declined to do so."

"The Council therefore calls upon the Government of India and the British Government to recall the Governor as he is no longer qualified to hold this office of great responsibility and has been guilty of abusing the extraordinary power vested in him by the constitution embodied in the Government of India Act 1935."

In his speech Maulana A. Hamid Badayuni said that my dismissal had released new forces by arousing the Muslims in the Punjab. Then the Council approved the expulsion of Khizar Hyat Khan from the League as recommended by the Committee of Action on account of his flouting the Muslim League's directions and refusing to appear before the Council to give his explanation. Khizar had stuck to his guns by saying that the Quaid was flouting a solemn agreement.

The Government's discomfiture manifested itself in redoubled efforts to persecute me. I had written to the Governor on Quaid's advice to make public the charge and all the facts of the so-called grave injustice culminating in my dismissal or else the Government should exempt me from the Official Secrets Act and permit my making the facts public. Long and protracted correspondence took place. The Governor dilly dallied and through the Premier forbade under the Official Secrets Act my publishing the true facts. I threatened to release the correspondence to clear my record. I published the correspondence later. This cleared people's minds as to the nefarious design of my erstwhile Chief and the vindictive nature of Governor Glancy, an autocrat out of step with the times.

The more violent the attacks against me the higher rose my popularity amongst the Muslim masses. They seemed to relish the defiance of the British authority by a Muslim. I had sent the entire correspondence to the Quaid-i-Azam for his advice. However his role as a lawyer in the British Courts got the better of the Leader whom I had followed and for whom I had sacrificed my office. He sent me a seemingly unsympathetic reply saying that he was not my legal Adviser and I had better seek advice from my own lawyer. This was indeed a jolt for a faithful follower. However, with the benefit of hindsight I can say now that he was correct. He would not have been able to pursue my case politically, if he had accepted my brief.

This puerile attempt to malign an innocent political opponent showed how low the Unionist Government had sunk. The Government failed to take up my challenge and hold an open trial against me so that I could vindicate myself. However, it boomeranged badly on them and the Government stood discredited on account of the

charade of my dismissal as well as for trumping up false charges. It was painful that nearly thirty years later a Minister of the People's Party, probably not born at the time of the incident, dared repeat Khizar's accusations to deride me. It is interesting but ironic that once again, it boomeranged against the Government, for among them were people still alive, and some were senior Ministers, who knew the facts of the case and contradicted and admonished the impetuous Minister, whose basic idea was the same as Khizar's, to malign hoping that the mud may stick and mislead some people.

We kept our pressure up throughout 1945 and 1946 by breaking into rural Punjab especially in the soldier-producing areas. People were at first bewildered and then disillusioned at the treatment meted out to Sir Silander's son and a fellow soldier. Thus the confidence, and loyalty amongst that anchor of the British Raj in India, the Punjabi-Soldier got dangerously eroded.

For the young, I, somehow, became a symbol that they were looking for and to my utter surprise I found myself extremely popular amongst the students. It somehow aroused their spirit and urged them to fight for freedom. The last bastion of British Imperialism in India, the Punjab, was in ferment and later surprisingly for the British up in arms against the British Raj.

My life was difficult. My father had been an affluent man, by the standards of those days, with a personal income of over forty thousand Rupees a month (in today's values perhaps a hundred times that amount) plus his salary. Unlike the modern, post - 1958 Pakistani politician, he never succumbed to temptation or corruption. As a matter of fact he had kept up the old feudal tradition of having an open house for any friend who would drop in for a meal. His banquets had been not only lavish but fabulous. However, he had left me with a whacking debt of five lakhs Rupees. He did not own a house or property in Lahore.

My ailing aunt, suffering from deadly cancer, was forced to move into the village on account of the machinations of a British Governor, whose Nation had been served so well by her late husband. She just could not understand this lack of loyalty and disregard of long services of her late husband. However, after nearly twenty-two years she went back to our ancestral village house in Wah.

Aunt became seriously ill and was taken into the Railway Hospital at Rawalpindi, where her first cousin, Dr. Salim Mahmood, was in charge. He looked after her and put up all her attendants including my wife in his own house This act of munificence and family loyalty is unforgettable. For months my aunt was under his care and he did his best to make her comfortable. Since she was not improving we moved her to Albert-Victor Hospital at Lahore. Her condition rapidly deteriorated. Her cancer was spreading fast and all measures to check it had failed. Her disease spread and one could

not bear to watch her agony; one wished and prayed that she would be spared any further pain.

I often wondered why such an angelic and pious person should have to suffer so much. The most poignant and heart rending duty was reading the Quran to her as she was dying. I choked and was literally sick with anguish. She passed away without any kind of protest at 9 am on 8th May 1945. We buried her, next to the famous Lahore Shrine of Data Ganj Bakhsh.

Thereafter we stayed in Lahore till the end of the mourning period of forty days. We decided that it would be easier and more economical to shift to our house in the Tea Estate at Palampur where we had plenty of room in the old nineteenth century house. We all shifted there. I tried to bring this neglected estate into order.

My presence in the estate plugged a number of holes through which our income was leaking out. As a result we got a record harvest and I was also able to obtain licenses for direct export to Afghanistan and Central Asia, which saved as the cream that was being skimmed off by the middle man and merchants of Peshawar. This gave us a better income than selling out Tea Quotas which had fallen steeply on account of the War. Our specialty was Chinese Green Tea which was greatly prized by connoisseurs in Afghanistan and Central Asia. Our Garden's Tea always fetched a premium over other manufacturers.

My second mother and unmarried sisters and younger brothers also lived with us. It was an idyllic life in the foothills of the Himalayas. Our estate was spread over hundreds of terraced acres from 5,000 to 7,500 feet above, sea level and in addition our forests also ran into many hundreds of acres of pines and other Himalayan trees; the surroundings were enchanting. We owned some seven, residential bungalows, hundreds of laborers quarters and a Tea Factory.

1945 was a hectic year both from the point of view of my personal affairs as well as some major political events which took place that year. I had to be running between the sick bed of my aunt and the rural areas of the Punjab in order to organize public opinion in favor of the Muslim league and Pakistan. Opposition came mainly from the Unionists with all their Governmental patronage, such as titles, land grants and other awards, which were lavishly distributed in order to win support amongst the rural masses. However, we were able to by-pass them by winning over the youth. Thus by weaning away their children we won older people's support, and all the Government's patronage to win allies was in vain.

That year, during the Budget Sessions, the much-heralded accusations against my person were read out in a White Paper by the Premier, on the floor of the House in order to avoid a libel action against him in a court of law. I had already been cleared of

all these false charges by his own British Administrators, who could be quite detached, just and fair, when it came to deciding cases between two Indians. I had taken voluminous notes of the accusations contained in that smear oration, but, when I was going to get up for a rejoinder. I was advised by my senior colleagues, Sheikh Mohammad Amin Bar-at-Law and Raja Ghazanfar Ali that it would not be wise to expose my defence personally at this stage and that I should retain it for any future legal action, that we may decide to take. Therefore, Raja Ghazanfar Ali agreed to reply. I got up and replied to this 45 minute speech by just reading out a couple from our great poet and leader Maulana Mohammad Ali Jauhar of Khilafat Movement.

"The, Punishment for the sin of being true to love is of no consequence, O Judge, for every Punishment only increases the desire to commit the, same sin again."

After, that I sat down and Raja Ghazanfar Ali very ably tore the accusations to pieces answering them point by point, high-lighting every one of the falsehoods, untruths and innuendos contained in the White Paper. After the completion of his speech even the Congress Members of the Assembly and those opposed to us rushed to congratulate us and said that it had been proved that the culprit was the Premier and not Sardar Shaukat Hyat Khan. Even the hostile Congress press the next morning gave the headline, "The Accuser Stands Accused" Khizar Hyat, by pouring out this venom which he could not substantiate and which was easily repudiated, enhanced, if anything, my prestige amongst the Muslims of the Punjab.

Governor Glancy, to justify himself, wrote to the Viceroy that Khizar had made a great speech and Ghazanfar Ali failed to make any impression.

Later that year the famous Simla Conference took place, where Lord Wavell announced a new working plan for the Government of India with parity between us. There would be five Hindus to be selected by the Congress and five Muslims, of which four would be the nominees of the Muslim League and one of the Unionist Party. Unfortunately, after my aunt's death I had to shift to Palampur which deprived me from being present in Simla during the negotiations. However, I was in constant touch with the Party High Command and placed my views, that the headway the Muslim League was making in the Punjab would suffer an irreparable setback if they recognized the Unionist Party by accepting their nominee in the proposed Viceroy's Executive Council. This I thought would upset our chances to prove at the polls that the Muslim League was the sole representative body of the Muslims in the Punjab, as it already was in the minority, Muslim provinces. Many senior leaders, including my uncle Mir Maqbool Mahmood, who had been reared under slavish British Rule, believed that collaboration in Power was the only passport to success They vehemently opposed my views. Many other leaders were keen to get into the Government irrespective of the damage that it might have done to our larger strategic interests. However, my view seemed to be in line with that of Quaid-i-Azam, who carried his reluctant Working Committee with him to reject

the Plan. This led to the plan being scuttled by Lord Wavell, instructed by Mr. Winston Churchill that it would be wrong to ignore the Muslim League which had not opposed the War effort and to allow the Congress with its 1942 Quit India Movement background, to lead the Government. Many an insult was hurled at Quaid-i-Azam by the Congress and others: He was accused of being a British stooge. His refusal to budge from his stand not only resulted in the breakdown of the scheme, it also enhanced the prestige of the Muslim League among the Muslims. Quaid-i-Azam became supreme as the sole Leader of Muslim public opinion.

Soon the war against Germany was over, and the Labor Party won the election. Japan surrendered on 15th August 1945, thereafter the British Cabinet decided to call elections in India. The Viceroy announced on 23rd August that the elections would be held in the coming cold weather.

A British Parliamentary Delegation was sent to India to assess for themselves the strength of various parties and views prevailing in the country. Moreover, the British wanted to make sure that they would win over the goodwill of the people of India, offering them freedom in exchange for trade to make up its depleted financial resources. The Delegation interviewed various Parties in all-the Provinces of India. Our Party in the Punjab was represented by Raja Ghazanfar Ali ,Nawab Mamdot, Mumtaz Daultana and me. We were summoned for a meeting. They turned round to our leader, the Nawab of Mamdot, and asked him what results he expected for the Muslim League in the coming elections. Mamdot avoided answering but Ghazanfar Ali guessed it at fifty percent, while Mumtaz could not predict beyond sixty percent. When my turn came I predicted ninety percent Muslim seats. I had based my guess on the vast knowledge I had gained during my tours of the Punjab during the past year and a half, which the others had not done. This caused considerable mirth amongst the Mission, especially Woodrow Wyatt (later Knighted). The Delegation thought I was being quixotic and was wide off the mark.

Henceforth my time was not my own. On the one hand I had to rush between the various constituencies to study the local situations and on the other to attend meetings of the Parliamentary Board in Lahore to select our future candidates. Rarely did I get a night's sleep at Lahore because soon after the meeting I would be rushing away to another district. On the Parliamentary Board with me were Mamdot, Mumtaz, Ghazanfar and Sheikh Mohammad Amin, a dear friend of my late father and a great well-wisher of mine.

It seemed as if some under-currents were running. Nawab Mamdot wrongly feared that I might challenge his leadership again and once more get elected as the Party's Leader. Mumtaz, who had ambitions of his own of eventually becoming the Leader, thought that it would be easier to supplant Mamdot than me, a favorite of the Muslim masses. Meetings were being held in Mumtaz's house, where Ghazanfar was a permanent house



guest. The situation was electric and in the interests of the Organization I suggested that we should not grant tickets on a partisan basis, instead we should adopt the known method of consensus. That, for the time being, smothered the fire but alas the embers kept glowing for a long time afterwards. Later I will recount the unfortunate happenings.

We divided the Punjab into four regions: Rawalpindi, Multan, Lahore and Ambala. Mumtaz was to oversee the largest Multan division, Mamdot the Lahore division, and I was to look after Rawalpindi and the Ambala Divisions. We did not have enough applicants for the Muslim league tickets and had to tour all areas to pick and coax people to become our candidates, especially in some of the rural constituencies in Multan Division from where three of Khizar's Cabinet Ministers hailed from. Consequently it was decided that Mumtaz, Mamdot and I should be awarded tickets for safe seats, so that we could be spared for efforts in other Elections in the Punjab. Mamdot chose Ferozepur where his vast estate was situated. Mumtaz, instead of going to his own seat in Vihari (Multan), chose Sialkot, a Jat seat of the Speaker, Chaudhri Shahab ud Din who had adopted him as his son. I was given the ticket for Rawalpindi Divisions Urban Seat, because in the Cities the Muslim League was well-organized and my personal presence would not be essential. I could then be relieved for electioneering elsewhere in all Constituencies of the Punjab. Ghazanfar Ali had been given a ticket for the Central Assembly from Jhelum.

Firoz Khan Noon who had resigned from the Viceroy's Executive Council to get on to the Muslim League bandwagon, tried for a ticket. My colleagues did not trust him and thought that he might be a British Trojan Horse, sent to capture the Muslim League. However, I was very fond of Uncle Firoz and remembered his kindness to me during my posting to the War Office in 1941. I, therefore, pleaded his cause. As he had applied for my constituency in Rawalpindi Division, I gave it up for him. Thereafter I was allotted a ticket to the second largest city of the Punjab, Amritsar. There again it was a matter of supplanting my very dear friend and the Vice-President of the Punjab Muslim League, Sheikh Sadiq Hassan, who naturally was extremely upset. Consequently I refused that ticket also. The only urban seat left was that of Ambala Division (Towns). It was a dangerous constituency as Ludhiana the largest town in this area was supposed to be a Congress Ahrar stronghold I thought of going back to my own District Campbellpore from where I had been elected in 1943. But Quaid-i-Azam wished to defeat Ahrar s (A Muslim faction of the I.N. Congress) nominee and therefore desired that I should contest the Ambala division's urban seat I was therefore drafted to contest it and had no option but to accept it.

Finding suitable candidates in the Rawalpindi division was a Herculean because the people of this area were very conservative and loyal to the British Government. They were afraid of affronting the British by accepting the Muslim League Ticket. However, I was able to persuade people in Campbellpore and put up my two cousins to contest on

the Muslim League tickets, but when it came to Gujrat it was matter of picking up unknown people to oppose deeply dug in Unionists both Gujars and Jats. Two candidate were picked up during my public meetings in Kharian, and in Phalia The Gujjar landlords were supreme and none dared challenge them. After addressing my public meeting at Kharian I asked our local workers if there were any educated agriculturists available. They named Ch Fazal Ellahi later to be my Parliamentary Secretary, and in 1973 elected the President of Pakistan. He was a petty landowner and a small-town lawyer. I therefore invited him to contest behalf of the Muslim League. On account of his straitened financial circumstances he was reluctant to do so. However I agreed to finance his campaign from the Muslim League election funds. He agreed but none thought that he would succeed. I exhorted the local workers to work for him diligently which they earnestly did and the result justified my gamble.

In another Gujrat constituency of Mandi Bahauddin there were two Jehan Khan Bhosals, one was a notorious feudal lord and cattle hustler, the other was an ordinary gentleman supported by local workers. After the public meeting which lasted till late at night I asked Jehan Khan Bhosal to get up. I liked the look of him. He was a typical rustic landowner I decided that he should get the ticket. No one was more surprised than he himself, but nonetheless he took on the fight and won. Later he proved to be a staunch supporter of our cause. The daily public meetings and elections took me right into September. Then I had just enough time to visit my constituency Ludhiana was one town that I had somehow missed during my previous year's whirlwind tours; I hardly knew anybody there. The only person and not a local at that, was Mahboob Ahmed, the Joint Secretary of the All India Muslim League, who owned a small Hosiery Factory supplying socks to the Army during the war. I, therefore, chose one room in his factory as my Headquarters.

I called a public meeting. That night some fifty thousand people turned up. We had very poor lighting arrangements as the Muslim League had almost no organization in that town. When I saw, the crowd, I could discern thousand of Congress Gandhi caps, or those, of the Ahrars, which was rather disconcerting. I made a short speech, "O people of Ludhiana, if I ask you for your vote I have no, right to do so; I should go to my own constituency in Campbellpur, but I have come under League's orders. If you wish to vole for the creation of Pakistan, (then I picked up the Muslim League's flag and stuck it dramatically in the ground) I will see tomorrow how many houses fly the Muslim League Flags." The next morning the city was covered with our flags. On seeing the few Congress flags, young Muslim League volunteers went up to dislodge them. One of them was stabbed to death which turned the tables against the Ahrars.

I went to Ambala to file my nomination papers. Ambala was the Muslim League stronghold; Sheikh Yamin was a prominent worker in the cantonment and the President of the city Muslim League was a very prominent lawyer. They undertook to run the campaign for me and asked me to spare just two days for them. In Simla, Zakaullah, the

President told me that I need not visit Simla for more than two hours: just to show my face and say *Juma* prayers.

My services for the election campaign in the various constituencies were greatly in demand. This assertion is supported by Sir Malcolm Darling a great expert on the rural Punjab. In his book called "*Punjab Revisited*", he said the only other leader, apart from Jinnah the villagers knew as it Muslim Leaguer was Shaukat Hyat Khan. However, this meant a terrible strain. It was routine to hold four to five Public meetings daily, and an average motoring of 150-200 miles a day for five months. The programme was haphazard as candidates from widely separated areas wanted my presence.

All my time, other than twelve days spent in my far flung constituency, I gave to other Muslim Leagues candidates opposing the Unionist: such as Multan, Dera Ghazi Khan, Hoshiarpur, Amritsar, Batala, Gurthspur, Attock, Pindi and Sargodha. These were all the towns on my beat and travelled day and night making six to seven speeches a day and thus carrying on the Muslim League's flag. During the elections I used to send a copy of my programme to Quaid-i-Azam. One day I got a message from Quaid-i-Azam saying 'Shaukat, I believe you are going to Batala, which I understand is about five miles from Qadian. Please go there and meet the Hazrat Sahib of Qadian, request him on my behalf, for his blessings and support for Pakistan's cause.'

After the meeting that night, at about twelve midnight, I reached Qadian. When I got there Hazrat Sahib had retired. I sent him a message that I had brought a request for him from the Quaid-i-Azam. He came down immediately and enquired what Quaid's orders were? I conveyed him Quaid's message to pray, for and also support Pakistan. He replied, 'Please convey to the Quaid-i-Azam that we have been praying for his Mission from the very beginning. Where the help of his followers a is concerned, no Ahmadi will stand against a Muslim Leaguer and if someone disobeys my advice the community will not support him'. So Mumtaz Daultana won an overwhelming victory over the President of local Ahmadi community, a sitting member from the Sialkot District.

Quaid-i-Azam had also ordered me to visit Maulana Maudoodi when I reached Pathankot. I did so after addressing a meeting there. He was living in the adjoining village belonging to Chaudri Niaz. Maulana Madoodi basically belonged to the Deoband School of Theology, which was at the time supporting the Indian National Congress. When I conveyed the Quaid's message to, him requesting him to pray as well as support Pakistan's Cause, he asked how he could pray for Na Pakistan (Impure Pakistan). How could there be a Pakistan till the whole of India had been converted to Islam? Such was the vision of the Leader of Jamaat-i-Islami.

Later the same Maulana beseeched my help as a Minister in Punjab Pakistan to rescue him from non-Muslims of that area, which task I performed by sending Pakistan's

troops to extricate him from Pathankot. On reaching Pakistan he gave out an edict (*Fatawa*) against the Mujahids embroiled in Kashmir's Jihad saying that they would not be Martyrs but would be dying the death of a dog instead because no Islamic State had declared the Jihad. Obviously he was chagrined on account of the creation of Pakistan. It is indeed a somersault by his Jamaat-i-Islami it is shouting from the house-tops exhorting people to join the Jihad (Holy War) in Kashmir today. Later still Maulana Madoodi started an agitation in favor of the so-called *Ulemas* thirty-five points and started sabotaging the Muslim League's stand for the creation of a liberal Islamic State in Pakistan. They are today creating problems for the newly liberated Soviet States in Central Asia. They are becoming a prey to the old Punjabi saying "Of tying knots with their hands which Pakistan may have to untie with its teeth." Maulana Madoodi's Party started meddling in Pakistan's Politics instead of keeping to Maulana's original aim of creating better Muslims.

Later on, when the results of the elections were compiled, it was seen that we had won seventy-six seats and some of the others who were elected as independents also joined us giving us a total of over ninety-five percent of the Muslims seats in the Legislature. We had improved from twenty-one members who had gathered under the Muslim League's flag at the time of my resignation/dismissal in April 1944 to seventy-eight seats by December 1945. A veritable revolution amongst the electorates. With a pardonable pride I can claim that in this turning of the tables in the Punjab, my resignation had played a part. As I have recorded it earlier somehow we kindled the fire of revolt amongst the normally docile and loyal Punjabis. This itself shook the British Government and its Intelligence Agencies who had thought that the Punjabis were avaricious for land grants and titles and would remain loyal as they had been for almost a century. But it turned out to be a great miscalculation and led to a loss of face for the pro-Sikh Governor of the Punjab, Sir Evan Jenkins erstwhile Private Secretary to the Viceroy. He had just replaced Governor Glancy. After the elections he saw to it that Anglo-Indians and the Christian Members who had assured us that they would vote for the Muslim League and thus create an absolute majority were kept away from us.

After losing elections in the Punjab Congress itself played an unethical game. They sent Maulana Azad to the Punjab who asked the Muslim League to send a delegation, which consisted of Ghazanfar and me. The Maulana was a red rag to a bull where the Muslim League was concerned. He had lost his own election but tried to pose as if he had won the majority in the Punjab Assembly, knowing full well that this was not so. He discussed a coalition between the Congress and the Muslim League with his tongue in his cheek. Of course it was a preposterous suggestion and I dismissed it out of hand. I also lost my temper and asked him whom he was trying to represent. Only the Muslim League had been voted into the Central Assembly hundred percent from all over India. He having lost, had no right to represent the Muslims. The Congress had sent him only to make fun of us, which made any arrangement with the Indian National Congress impossible.

Be that as it may this stratagem failed with us but he showed the mentality of the Indian National Congress by forming a coalition between the Congress and the seven odd renegade Muslims belonging to the Unionist Party plus mostly Independents. Khizar with his seven Muslims and some eighty non-Muslim members, Sikhs and Hindus formed a Government as Premier. He was by now the most hated figure amongst the Muslims of the Punjab. Governor Jenkins also played a most unethical game of calling upon Khizar to form the government knowing fully well that he did not represent his own community let alone the entire Punjab Governor Jenkins reported in his dispatch trying to justify himself, that Mamdot was not able to show him his majority conveniently forgetting that he himself had kept Christians away from the Muslim League. He should have said that he did not allow Mamdot to get a majority to form a Government. This unfortunate happening was one of the causes for trouble later on in the Punjab and slaughter of Muslims all over the Indian sub continent. If more foresight had been shown by the Congress as the major Non-Muslim Party, bringing about a detente between the two warring communities in India it would have been the stepping stone to a greater agreement which was required later. I have something to say later of the high-handedness of the British governor and the Indian National congress which led to so much trouble later on in the Punjab.

A few days later Khizar approached the League to persuade Mr. Jinnah who was then visiting the Punjab to offer Muzaffar Qizilbash a Cabinet post as a Minister then he would join the Muslim League. Almost everyone was shy of facing Quaid with such a proposition. Mian Amir-ud-Din whose nomination papers had been high-handedly rejected by the British Deputy Commissioner and I were sent to the Quaid to place Khizar's proposal before him and add that it would help us to form a Government, which was the League's due and in its interest Mr. Jinnah lost his temper and asked us:

"Do you want me to place 'a Premium on Treachery'? The Unionists have defied me, they have defied the Muslim Nation and they have defied all Principles of decency by accepting Leadership of the Hindu Party when they knew that their own community had spurned them completely. Please go away and don't ever, repeat such a silly request to me again. Don't be in such a hurry to get into the Government because many a Cabinet post is destined to be at our feet."

Both Amirud Din and I felt ashamed when we came back sheepishly and reported it to our League friends.

Later on Qizilbash who was acting as the Premier in Khizar's absence placed a ban, under the Safety Act on carrying arms in public by supporters of political parties. Although we did not believe in violence - and how could the majority party in the assembly wish to do so this order was served on us not that we possessed any,

weapons. The Deputy Superintendent of Police an Englishman visited our National Guard's Office without a warrant, and wanted to search the office. Our office Secretary rang me up as the Secretary of the Committee of Action and called me to the office I rang up Mian Iftikhar-ud-din, Mumtaz Mamdot, Firoz and Mumtaz Shah Nawaz and asked the office Secretary to request the DSP to leave the office alone. Although the office had nothing illegal or offensive there were some helmets acquired at a War Surplus auction by Mamdot as a Protection against brick batting from the rooftops. He thought the volunteers could wear them in case of need as self-protection. Khizar and the British bureaucracy thought the time had come when they must get rid of us by forcing us to start an agitation which could be crushed by force.

Soon Iftikhar and I reached the Office. Others arrived a little later found us standing in front of the door of the National Guards Office, which was locked refusing to allow the police to enter Mumtaz also lined up with us and so did Mamdot. When Firoz Khan Noon and Begum Shah Nawaz arrived they thought we were being childish and the Nation was not ready for a Movement. Having been in the Government of India for a long time they had lost all taste for standing up against the British. As a matter of fact they had never taken any part in the Civil Disobedience Movement. Begum Shah Nawaz kept Firoz's Company till her daughter Mumtaz chided her, saying "Beji you have made a mess of your political career by joining the Viceroy's War Council and now you at going to make a second mistake by not resisting along with your leaders." Thereupon she also came and stood along with us.

Firoz tried to have a chat with the DSP but to no avail. The officer was adamant on obeying his orders and we on the other hand were determined not to allow him to do so. We sent a message to the city nearby and informed them that the Police had raided the Muslim League office and invited the people to come and resist. Soon the office was surrounded by more than five thousand people. The DSP lost his nerve and rang up the authorities telling them that we were defying his orders. He was told to take us into custody and remove us to the Civil Lines Police Station in Lahore.

The news spread like wildfire all over Lahore and people came to know that the Muslim League was up in arms and so were they. That night we were kept in the Police Station which the crowd threatened to break up and therefore, we were removed to the Lahore Jail. Iftikhar was the only person among us who had seen a Civilian Jail as a Congressman. He taught us all the tricks of the trade, therefore the order came that he should be taken to the far away Jail of Dharamsala in Kangra a place where Emperor Jehangir kept Empress Noorjahan jailed three hundred years earlier. We lay down in front of the vehicle refusing to let him leave us. The Government tried to defuse the situation by deciding to release us. We went straight to a Public meeting where I made the speech, *Takht* or "*Takhta*" (that we would be satisfied either with the Throne or else only with the Coffin). People liked it. They followed me when I asked them to go and surround the Nawab Palace where Muzaffar Qizalbash lived. They all came along. The

Police tried to stop us from going beyond a certain point on the Empress Road, where we sat down. That midnight all the leaders were arrested and sent to various jails outside Lahore.

I had asked Masud Raffi a Wireless Engineer to set up a Wireless Transmitting Station somewhere in Baghbanpura. A list was prepared of those who had to lead the procession every day as well as the secret list naming subsequent Commanders of the Movement Arrangements were also made with the '*Daily Dawn*' to print the news as soon as they received it over our Secret Telephone installed by Muslim League's sympathizers in the Telephone Department. We also started a News Sheet which gave daily reports of the Movement.

Mumtaz, M. Ghulam Mohyudin Kasuri, Maulana Abdul Bari, Syed Amir Hussain Shah, the Commander of the National Guard several others and I were sent to the new Political Jail in Gujrat, while Mamdot and Firoz were taken to the Kasur Jail in the hope that Firoz would be able to overwhelm Mamdot and persuade him to call off the Movement. Mamdot was pestered by Firoz who did not hear any news of the agitation going on outside and was pressing Mamdot to make peace. Mamdot was clever and he said he would not take such a serious decision without consulting his Secretary, whereupon the Government had arranged for Mumtaz to be shifted to Kasur Jail.

In the meantime, Gujrat Jail was under siege by the Muslim Leaguers that area. Food was being cooked and great feasts were arranged for the prisoners who were jailed on account of Pakistan. Soon we had to go out and beg them to let us cook our own food and live on daily jail rations otherwise we would all be sick.

I had to run the movement from the jail Mumtaz servant used to bring special food which Mumtaz could digest, and hidden in the hollow handle of the saucepan he used to bring the day's report to us.

We also found a convenient hole in the jail's wall meant to drain out the rain water. We used it to good purpose to communicate our orders of the day which were noted by a scribe who quickly sent them over to our Broadcasting Station and Telephone, in Lahore to relay them to the '*Daily Dawn*.'

Daily the news of arrests and of the processions all over the Punjab were printed in the '*Daily Dawn*' which was carried by our wives and other women workers from some stations before Lahore and handed over to male workers to distribute all over the Punjab thus conveying the news as well as our instructions.

Before Mumtaz left, I made it quite clear to him as the Secretary of the Committee of Action that they could not take any decisions without a consultation with the Committee of Action, and the Working Committee had to be convened to take a final

decision on any approach made by the Government, otherwise we were not going to come out of Jail to expose them to the people and inform them of the betrayal of our cause. Mumtaz, Mamdot and Firoz were taken to Lahore There Mumtaz and Mamdot conveyed our message and said that they were not in a position to deliver the goods unless the entire Working Committee was gathered together to take the decision on behalf of the Muslim league. Thereupon it was ordered, that they could go back to jail.

Next day the Government arranged for all the Working Committee Members to be collected together in the Kasur Jail to decide upon action. This was in itself, a victory for those of us who wanted to carry on the Movement. There were some who had joined us from amongst the Unionists Party recently, such as Chaudhri Nazir Ahmad, later to be a Minister, in Liaqat Ali Khan's Cabinet in Pakistan. He decided, on his own to go to the Quaid and say that the Muslim League Movement was a childish affair and that it was bound to fail. The Quaid just looked straight into his eyes and asked him if he was ill. The answer was he was not. The next question was why was he not in jail with his Leaders. Whereupon the Quaid told him that he had no business whatsoever to come to him without the prior permission of his leadership. It was a shame that he was still out. He had to return immediately and court arrest.

The working committee got together and we had managed to get Iftikhar back from Dharamsala Jail before we met. There was only one dissenting voice to the continuation of the Civil Disobedience and that was of Firoz Khan Noon, who thought that we were losing. The rest of us were quite adamant wishing to see the movement achieve its desired results and destroy the illegal and unethical Government that had been foisted upon the Punjab. We decided to send a representative Maulana Dawood Ghaznavi, who had joined the Muslim League leaving the Presidentship of the Punjab Congress to go and see the Quaid. The Quaid heard him out and decided in favor of those of us who wanted to see the movement come to a successful conclusion.

This news leaked out as soon as Maulana returned and the next day we heard that all the prisoners were to be released and Khizar's Government had resigned. But instead of asking the Majority Party to form the Government, Governor Jenkins decided to apply section 93 and took over the Government himself. I wish he had not done so. If he could have foreseen the consequences of his action which led to the murder of hundreds of thousands of innocent Muslims in East Punjab and many Hindus and Sikhs in the West, he would not have adopted such a course. He took shelter under the argument that a purely Muslim Government, along with two Indian Christians, an Anglo-Indian and an Englishman without the participation of the Hindus and Sikhs, would be improper. He had conveniently forgotten that only a short while before he had invited Khizar, with a few renegade Muslims who could be counted on the fingertips to form a Government on the strength of the Hindus and Sikhs. This showed clearly that the Governor was not interested in helping the Muslim League and gave the lie direct to all those, critics, who are today saying that the Englishman was responsible for the creation of Pakistan. I



wish the British Governor had been honest. Similarly, throughout the Wavell period as the Viceroy and that of Mr. Amery as the Secretary of State, correspondence between them was absolutely anti-League and insisting that Pakistan, or the Division of India, should be resisted at all costs as can be seen in the Transfer of Power Papers.

Actually, the fact of the matter was that, there was a difference of opinion between the British bureaucrats in India and the British Labor Government. The British Government was more pragmatic and wanted to win the good will of the Indians and settle the debts which had accrued during the War by granting India Independence, in return, wishing to win India's sympathy and trade. The bureaucrats, on the other hand, though that the Indians were not capable of ruling India and it was a short sighted policy to give up the proverbial Hen that laid the Golden Egg the Brightest Jewel in the British Crown.

Between them, this battlement on right up to the end. The Government at Home did not win the British Civil Servants' cooperation. The Civil Servants saw to it that the trouble and rioting should increase to provide them with an excuse to say that the Indians were not ready for self Government and India must continue to remain in British hands. This is proved by the fact that after the killings in Bihar, and when there was blood in the eyes of the Muslim soldiers belonging to the Rawalpindi Division, most of them were sent on leave. After having seen the horrors perpetrated in Bihar they were all for revenge for what had happened to their brethren in Bihar and started with similar, murder, rape and pillage in their areas.

When these riots started, the politicians of all Parties got together at Fallettis Hotel Lahore to try and stop the killings. The Governor intentionally chose Maulana Dawood Ghaznavi, the ex-Congress President in the Punjab, who was not well-known in the Rawalpindi Division, to go and stop the riots. Naturally, he did not succeed. I, who belonged to the area as well as to the Martial Class, was permitted to go after a delay of four days, to stop the killings in my area. It took me only twenty-four hours to bring the killings to a halt, whether of Civil Service, or the Police or the Army were generally inimical to the idea of gathering Independence to India. Every action of the British Officers were directed towards proving the point that we were unfit for freedom.

The Sikhs were being armed by the DIG Police Lahore Range in which Amritsar was located. DIG went generally, to collect, boxes full, of Currency and he delivered Arms in lieu to the Sikhs in the Golden Temple. The Sikh Forces were being trained openly by the INA, General Mohan Singh, and they were preparing, for war to kill every single Muslim resident of the Punjab. All their Holy places, like Darbar Sahib situated at Amritsar and Panja Sahib at Hassanabdal Marhi of Ranjit Singh at Lahore, became veritable arsenals. I have seen with my own eyes the murder, the rape that was carried out by the Sikhs egged on by the Hindus, who wanted to use them for their own nefarious purpose. But the main encouragement came from the British officers who made it easy for them to prepare for a civil war, hoping that they would create so much

chaos that the British government would be forced to reverse their decision of granting Independence to India. They thought that the British Government could not allow the British Officers to leave the country in chaos.

The real trouble had started because Tara Singh, the Arora Sikh, Akali leader, and a converted Hindu, on hearing the news of the Rawalpindi killings, exhorted the Sikhs to take revenge for murders including that of his mother committed in Rawalpindi Division, before my own visit had materialized. On in return I saw him standing on the steps of the Punjab Legislative Assembly shouting that Sikhs would turn Pakistan into a *Qabristan* (Graveyard).

The Muslims surrounding him wanted to kill him. I happened to pass that way and went up to find out what was happening, and on hearing the slogan, I immediately went up to Tara Singh and asked him not to be so foolhardy. Thereafter, I had, to carry him, to safety in, my own car.

Such was the general attitude of the Sikhs. Led by their blood-thirsty leaders they started killings in Amritsar, where hundreds of Muslim were killed or maimed. I went there and saw the wounded Muslims being attended to in the Hospital by a team of Doctors led by Col Dr. Amirud Din, Dr. Shujaat Ali and Colonel Dr. Sher Mohammad. Seeing that they were getting medical attention we went into the City trying to calm feelings, because I was sure that communal trouble was not in the interests of either the Hindus, the Sikhs, or the Muslims; It could put off the Independence.

Thus the fire started in Bihar and spread in Rawalpindi was now taking the entire Punjab into its wake. This was deplorable. The British civil servants refused to deal with the problem and innocent, non-political people were being murdered because these gentleman did not want to quit India.

I can say with all confidence that it was not the Muslims who wanted trouble nor their leadership. We were without any arms and had resolved to create trouble. All we could do was to form first aid stations and use the few licensed guns of the locals to make small protected perimeters where the Muslim women and children could be moved to in case of trouble. The effort to pass the blame onto the Muslim people was entirely uncalled for, and in bad faith. I know, and I will mention later what happened when Lord Mountbatten had started to scuttle in a hurry. The very haste itself proved to be the end of many innocent lives in the Muslim minority areas.

I wish a more experienced person in Indian affairs had been at the helm, instead of Lord Wavell or Lord Mountbatten, both soldiers, neither of them understood the mentality of the Hindus, and the schemes they prepared to create trouble. Nor did these two gentlemen understand that the British Governors and Civil servants, and the Army were all averse to the idea of peace, which would mean an early Independence. Lord

Mountbatten however, thought it was just like a military operation and he had a calendar printed which would daily show days left before the Independence of India. Naturally, all these steps to hasten matters were sealing not only the fate of Muslim India, but also of those hundreds and thousands of people who were forced to migrate from one part of the country to another on account of the lack of adequate preparations and protection by Mountbatten.

Only a deranged person or an imbecile could fail to see the consequences of nearly ninety years of British domination, being ended in almost ninety days.

By early 1946 we had received indications that the Cabinet Mission had come out with a plan for the area of Pakistan, both in the East and in the West. It was meant to make Pakistan less viable.

A meeting of all League Parliament Members was summoned by the Quaid to think about and decide on this matter. It was not a meeting of the All India Muslim League, but it represented the elected legislators from all over, India. First of all we had a difference of opinion over the resolution which was amicably settled by the Quaid's wisdom and frankness.

I was a representative of the Punjab on the Subjects Committee. When the resolution about the Missions plans was moved from the Chair, I found that it claimed the majority Hindu area of Ambala Division in Southern Punjab. I got up and objected that it was contrary to our own demand that the contiguous areas where Muslims were in the majority would constitute Pakistan. On what basis could we demand areas where Hindus were in an overwhelming majority? At my objection I was heckled by Raja Ghazanfar Ali and Yusuf Haroon and Qazi Isa. They accused me of challenging the wisdom of Quaid-i-Azam. I refused to withdraw my objection. It created a commotion in the hall. At this, Mr. Jinnah adjourned the meeting for luncheon and made a bee line for me. Instead of berating me he, to the chagrin of my critics invited me to lunch with him. He asked Ghazanfar Isa and Yusuf to join him. When we sat at the table Miss Jinnah questioned, "Whatever came over you, Shaukat, that you challenged the Quaid-i-Azam?" I replied that I would not subscribe to an unjust demand until I was convinced by the Quaid that we should make demands which would counter our own claim for Pakistan. At this Ghazanfar, and Yusuf also started making fun of me. Quaid turned round to his sister and told her to keep quiet as she had not understood my objection and these other gentlemen were only criticizing me to please him.

"The boy is quite correct and let me try to convince him of my reason" Quaid said turning to me "Shaukat, do you know Gandhi's caste?" I replied in the negative, then he asked if I knew what caste he belonged to. Again I gave a negative reply: He said,

"Gandhi is a Bania and I am Khoja. When the two are haggling unless I demand twenty annas (one and a quarter rupees), he would not concede even twelve annas (three quarters of a rupee). Therefore I have intentionally claimed more than my due as a leverage to have three quarters of my claim accepted by Gandhi."

This I understood and withdrew my objection. It was a democratic trait of his mind that, however fierce his opposition, he would not stop urging a cogent argument and he would never dictate but would wait till he was able to carry the objector with him. He was steeped in British traditions of democracy.

Later Suhrawardy proposed the resolution on behalf of East Pakistan that, instead of two independent Sovereign States, we should consider making one single Pakistan consisting of parts of both wings. Later on I made a speech on behalf of the martial people of the Punjab who had supplied the majority of the Indian Army during the War. Later on, others spoke and amongst them Firoz Khan Noon, who spoke rather vehemently about playing the part of Halaku Khan and his Mongols if Pakistan was not granted! After a few more speeches the resolution was put to the vote and unanimously accepted.

Henceforth I had little else to do but to keep the Punjab awakened and prepared for the final struggle.

In the meantime the Congress coaxed its members to accept the Cabinet Mission plan of Provinces remaining together for ten years, and later to part amicably if it was found that justice has not been done to the Muslim aspirations. Nehru advised the Congress to accept the Cabinet Commission Plan put up by the three British Cabinet Ministers to negotiate with the Congress and Muslim League. They gave a plan which was favoring Congress, but all the same it allowed a chance to Hindos and Muslims to live together for a period of ten year while permitting them to separate, if they so desired, by a majority vote in their respective assemblies.

This plan was first disapproved by the Muslim League's Working Committee, then Pandit Nehru approached Mumtaz, Iftrkhar, and me and asked, "Boys if the Muslim League Council meeting tomorrow approve this plan I will get the Congress approve it." He was then the President of the 'Indian National Congress.

Three of us went to Mr. Jinnah that evening with the proposal. Mumtaz and Iftikhar adept, in political finesse, were circumspect and would not speak. I was basically a rough soldier, and spoke out, "Sir, are you creating Pakistan for your generation or for us also? "Of, course for your generation," came the reply.

Then I said, "Sir have our generation got a say in the matter?" Jinnah said, "What do you mean?" I replied "Sir, You are passing the Resolution on Pakistan, which will affect our

generation, as well. Do we have a right to tender our advice?" He immediately saw through it and said, "Shaukat, who has been at you?" I turned round and truthfully told him, "Pandit Nehru has spoken to us saying that if you could get the Council to accept the Cabinet Missions proposal for provinces to stay together for ten years and if they desired to part company by passing a Resolution in the Provincial Assemblies to leave the Federation they could do so. If we succeeded in getting the Council's approval he would undertake to get approval of the Congress". Jinnah smiled and said, "Put up this amendment when the Resolution is placed before the Council tomorrow."

The next morning I placed my amendment to the Working Committee Resolution proposing that we should accept the Cabinet Mission's proposals and remain together for ten years after which we could vote ourselves out of the Federation, passing it by a simple majority in the Provincial Assemblies. When I moved my proposal to amend the Working Committee's Resolution, Maulana Hasrat Mohani, a veteran of the Khilafat Movement, got up and said, "What is this youngster trying to get at?" 'Quaid-i-Azam stopped him with the plea that, I was in the possession of the floor. Later he put my amendment to the vote saying the youth's proposal should be accepted. After that the Resolution was adopted.

We rushed to Pandit Nehru, who happened to be lunching at the Imperial Hotel Balcony, telling him that our Council has adopted his proposal. He turned round and said, "Sorry boys, Patel Ji would not agree. He says that if an arm gets gangrenous, it is best to cut it off and throw it away rather than to keep it with the body. It would poison the entire body"

We went sheepishly to the Quaid and told him of it. He smiled and said, "I knew it would happen this way, you cannot trust the Hindu leadership. I wanted to teach you a lesson in practical politics."

A cabinet was formed consisting of Congressmen and the Sikhs but the Muslim League stayed away. We held a meeting in Bombay which was attended by both Mussarrat and me along with the Punjab Contingent. We received a great welcome. Daily we were asked by the people of Bombay to one function or another, in addition to attending the meetings.

In this meeting for the first time in history, the Muslim League proposed to use unlawful methods by proposing Direct Action in order to achieve our object. The right to decide when to start was left to the Quaid's Action Committee. It later, delegated their powers to the Provincial Committees of Action. I was appointed Secretary to the Punjabi Committee. This led to civil disobedience and the Calcutta killings and riots by the Hindus, after the killing in Nau-Khali in East Bengal, which was in fact a continuation of the Bihar killings.

In Delhi I went to see the Quaid. He had just been visited by Mr. Hussain Imam, the Muslim leader from Bihar, who had just left before I arrived. He told him harrowing tales of violence, murder and rape carried out by the Hindu majority in his province. When I was ushered in, I saw the Quaid in tears. He said, "Shaukat I have just heard the tales of Bihar atrocities, and I didn't know that our Resolution would lead our people to become victims of such atrocities. The Hindus had been roused to frenzy by the Congress when we passed the Direct Action Resolution."

Quaid asked me to visit Bihar and distribute the Bihar Relief Fund which he had received. Many people had been rendered homeless and were facing great misery in Bihar. I said that he had better select someone else because the Muslim people always suspected poorer workers who handled and distributed money on behalf of the various organizations. Thereupon, he selected Firoz Khan Noon to go and do this work along with Mamdot and Sirdar Abdul Rab Nishtar.

At the same time we had decided to appoint local commanders in every District of the Punjab, to arrange the defence of safe localities. The best and most trusted leaders were appointed for this job. These leaders were to be given instructions that in case of trouble in East Punjab, they must make defensive perimeters around the Muslim majority areas in the cities, where all the Muslim women and children should be collected and there must be a well arranged first aid programme as well to defend these localities with the licensed arms of the Muslims who were to be asked to bring them into that area.

There was a sad aftermath to my appointment of these commanders each one of whom had been given a code name. These were to be conveyed to each one of them so that they could communicate with each other should the necessity arise. Since I was not to meet the Couriers we called Shaukat Ali, the son of the late Malik Barkat Ali to convey this list to a gentleman called Mumtaz who dealt in the sale of opium and could deliver these papers all over. Unfortunately Shaukat Malik proved to be quite irresponsible and left these papers in Mr. Justice Achru Ram's Court. Mr. Ram got hold of them and conveyed them to the Congress High Command as well as to the Viceroy, adding that I should be charged for conspiracy, and as an abettor to murder.

I was not charged but unfortunately the Congress picked up each one of these great workers like Azmat Wasti and Bahauddin from Batala, Zakaullah from Simla and many others, who were all murdered in cold blood, in jails to which they had been conveyed under the Government's orders. On the other hand the Hindus had prepared the warlike Sikh community, from the Punjab, not to accept the offer made to them through me on behalf of the Muslim League High Command, offering to protect their community's interest by reserving twenty-five percent seats in all the Services, allowing them to be taught *Gurmukhi* (a Punjabi Script) in their classes, and to perform their religious ceremonies without hindrance such as the carrying of swords publicly and killing their meat in the form of Jhatka. This proposal was thrown out of hand by their

leader, Master Tara Singh. Although I had used the same intermediary as my father had done, to settle the Sikander - Baldev Pact, namely Sirdar Mukhbain Singh who had persuaded Giani Kartar Singh to accept this and join with the Muslims for a united Punjab.

Master Tara Singh had personal reasons for not accepting our proposals. Firstly, he was an Aurora Sikh. Secondly, his mother had been unfortunately killed during the riots in his village near Gujarkhan, which he naturally took to heart. For this reason the Sikhs are suffering today because they played as a tool in the hands of the Hindus, and created for themselves the enmity of the Muslim. They have been paid in the same coin by Indira Gandhi and her Successors. The Sikhs had to murder her, which would have been quite unnecessary if they had taken our advice and created a country on the basis of an understanding between the Muslims and the Sikhs.

The Sikhs started the holocaust for which they had prepared along military lines, and they had hoped to conquer Lahore and the areas where the Rulers and their Saints were buried and had their other religious places and relics nearby. This they could not achieve but they did succeed in bringing great misery to the Muslims of East Punjab and over half a million Muslims were murdered, a hundred thousand women abducted, and children killed in order to appease their religious fervor.

## CHAPTER - 6

### PERSONALITIES

#### QUAID-I-AZAM

Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah was not a person but a phenomenon one that occurs once in a thousand years. He was not a conquering general nor a saint, or a religious scholar. He was a sage destined to create a country, sans arm, sans an army without carrying out civil disobedience or using the tactics of fast unto death as his weapons. But by his fearlessness by his genius, by his grit and by shunning all temptations and offers of offices, by his single minded resolve he founded Pakistan. May God bless his Soul. How many people in the history of the world can match his achievement? And that too in seven years. He was quite correct when he claimed that he, his typewriter and his sister whose devoted care of him during his failing health, that crated Pakistan.

He was the shining star which attracted many a young man into his orbit, lending them his light his spirit and his courage. He lent them the sang-froid to face his formidable foes, the British as well as Hindu imperialism, winning his compatriots a homeland a safe haven and economic emancipation.

To achieve this he had to struggle, to face setbacks and traumas which tempered him and steeled his nerves. But for him, his steadfast pursuits of his goal there would have been no Pakistan.

Quaid-i-Azam was a cool and unemotional being but at the same time he could be extremely humane. This could be seen from his thoughtfulness on account of my young wife who he felt must have been worried for my removal from the Punjab Cabinet. He came over to reassure her that my sacrifice for the Muslim people and Pakistan would not be in vain. He at the same time told me not to feel forlorn because the entire Nation was at my back, which was most encouraging for me.

He had always kept a keen eye on the welfare of his workers. I remember when he called me in early 1947 and advised me to quit politics I looked askance at him to which he replied, "I can see why you surprised that I should be asking one of my Champion Fighters to quit the battle when we are right in the mid-stream. Shaukat, I know that you are hard working, conscientious, honest and you have been of great service to the cause of Pakistan. But you suffer from one drawback which makes you vulnerable, because you have not got large resources available to you as compared with other Punjab leaders. Please go and make money, because the nation you are serving has a habit of listening to the sound of silver in its leaders' pockets. Look at great men like



Maulana Hasrat Mohani, Maulana Zafar Ali. They did not get their due. Even I was not accepted till I had some fifty to sixty lakhs of self-earned assets." I said, "Sir, are you serious that I should quit at this stage? Being a soldier I have neither learnt to desert in the middle of a battle nor have I learnt any other method of making a quick buck." He thought for a minute then asked K.M. Khurshid, his Private Secretary, to get Mr. Azizul Haq, the Commerce Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, on the telephone, which he did. When Sir Aziz came rushing to the phone the Quaid said, "I am sending Shaukat to you. Help him to become rich honestly." Then he turned to me and asked me to go to Sir Azizul Haq (or Hassan).

When I reached Sir Azizul Haq's place I found him waiting for me on the drive. He asked, "Sirdar Sahib, what can I do for you?" I told him that I really did not know and recounted to him what had transpired at the meeting between the Quaid-i-Azam and me. Sir Aziz called, his Chief Controller of Imports, Mr. Mehta, and the Chief Controller of Exports, Mian Amin ud Din. By the evening I was loaded with licenses worth over a crore for items which were almost impossible to import or export because of restrictions imposed during the Second World War. War had just ended and licenses on a restricted scale were being issued again.

The next morning it was known all over that I had been awarded these licenses and soon the sharks in the business came rushing to my Hotel offering me up to twenty seven lakhs rupees, if I could let them utilize these licenses. Of course I could not do so because I considered it a dishonest act, and improper behavior for one who was Quaid-i-Azam's nominee.

That day, I went rushing to the Quaid and said, "Sir, you have landed me into great trouble by this kindness. I do not know what to do with these licenses. I know neither the tricks of the trade nor illegal transactions." He called Khurshid to connect him with Seth Ahmed in Bombay who was directed to contact me in Lahore and help me out of my difficulties. Ahmed had an Imports and Exports organization in the U.K. and Europe. He placed a few trial orders on my behalf.

Soon however, I landed in Jail on account of the direct action against the Punjab Safety Act. Later, when I came, out we were in the middle of riots right up to 14th August 1947. Later still I had become a Minister and considered it improper to carry on business along with running my Ministerial office. After the Quaid-i-Azam's death, when I was out of office, I went to the Chief Controller of Imports and Exports of Pakistan, I think it was Mr. Ismail or Dr. Usmani, I do not remember which. He told me, 'Sir, you have not utilized your licenses earlier, therefore there is no category for you in Pakistan'. I asked him how I could have got a category when I had been involved in the nation's battles and how the Bombay immigrants had got their categories. He told me that it would not be possible under the existing Rules to assist me on the basis of those licenses, obtained for me by my great leader. Therefore, I threw the whole bundle of them in the

Controller's waste paper basket. And that was the end of the great favor he had done to mobilize a deserving worker.

This was only to show how humane and concerned Quaid-i-Azam could be for his loyal workers, and how far he could go out of the way to ensure that honest workers were looked after while they were rendering service to the Nation. This was one of the reason why young, poor and middle-class workers were always prepared to lay down their lives and to make every possible sacrifice for such an affectionate leader.

To understand Quaid-i-Azam fairly one must take into consideration the great traumas he had suffered during his early life. To find this one must go back to his youth. First of all, he was married at a very young age and immediately afterwards was sent for job training with Graham & Company in England, as a junior apprentice in business. There he was soon to learn that his young wife had suddenly died. Then he found that he was temperamentally not suited for training in business for which he had been sent out.

He went round looking for other employment. He found that he had a talent for acting but his father considered it an unsuitable profession for his child. Then he chose to become a Lawyer and started looking for a proper college and chose the Lincoln's Inn from where he was called to the Bar. In the meanwhile he suffered another shock on hearing the news that his doting mother had died. On top of all this, he learnt that his father had met with recession in business leading to his being declared insolvent. All these shocks received while away from his mother-land were a great setback for young Jinnah. These events not only shocked him but weighed him down with grief affecting his personality later on. He made up his mind to come back immediately and earn enough to redeem his father's debts to the last penny.

On his return, instead of staying in Karachi he chose the bigger metropolis of Bombay to earn his bread and butter as well as his reputation. He managed to get the job of Presidency Magistrate but it did not suit his genius and he resigned. He, therefore took to treading the long winding corridors of the Bombay High Court and diligently tried to win his first briefs. During these days he had great encounters with the Judges which earned for him the reputation of being a fearless advocate. Once it is said that a Judge told Mr. Jinnah that he was unable to grasp his arguments Jinnah turned round and said, "Sir it needs brains to understand my logic." After that courageous stand he could not stop getting cases to argue and bring to a successful conclusion. Soon he was able to repay all his father's debts and established himself as a very successful lawyer.

He was soon recognized as a liberal politician in the society and he joined his erstwhile idol Dadabhoj Naoroji together with Mr. C. R. Das and Gokhale. He became active in liberal politics like those leaders. His contribution was recognized by the Indian National Congress when they named the Hall in Bombay after him. Later he became a

torch bearer of the Hindu-Muslim Unity. He declared it was a *sine qua non* for Indian Independence.

Soon he was a well-known person His wit and knowledge were sought after in Bombay Society. Here he in with the first hypocrisy of the Indian gentry who had double standards in the matter of preaching liberalism and inter-marriages between the different communities but when it con corned their own kith they behaved differently. He found Sir Dinshaw Petit had different standards in the case of his own daughter, Ruttan Bai, when Mr. Jinnah asked for her hand in marriage Sir Dinshaw acted like a conservative communalist. He violently opposed the marriage and even invoked the aid of Law, as she was under age by a year. Mr. Jinnah waited and gave her the time to determine whether she would be prepared to enter wedlock when she was of age, a year later. When the time arrived she proved that she was truly in love with Jinnah and converted to Islam, going through the marriage vows in a Muslim ceremony. Her parents were forced to give their blessings.

Later her independent nature led to a social conflict. At a Government house, dinner party Lady Willingdon saw her wearing a low cut dress and asked the ADC sarcastically, to bring a wrap for Mrs. Jinnah otherwise she might catch a chill. Jinnah got up and sad, "If Mrs. Jinnah feels cold, she will ask for one herself," and that he had not accepted the Governor's hospitality to have his wife insulted. Thereafter he walked out of the Government House. Thus he earned for himself the dislike of Lady Willingdon, the strong-willed Vicerene-to-be. Thereafter he quit Bombay and went to England to practice Law there, and did not return till after the Round Table Conference.

Mrs. Jinnah was a brilliant conversationalist. Her talk sparkled with wit and humor and she could hold her own against the best, in repartee. An interesting anecdote is related that soon after her marriage she was in Delhi with her husband, who was there in connection with his duties as a member of the Imperial Council. In those days Lord Chelmsford sat enthroned in the Viceregal Lodge as the Viceroy of India. He had invited a few distinguished guests, to dinners including Mr. and Mrs. Jinnah. According to the protocol of those days, as soon as, the A.D.C. announced the arrival of the Viceroy and the Vicerene, the guests stood to attention; ach one walked to the hosts to be presented personally, each lady making an appropriate curtsey to the Viceroy and the Vicerene, as was customary for the, English to do when presented to the Royal Family. When Mrs. Jinnah was introduced to the Viceroy and his wife she saluted them in manner customary with Muslim women in India. The A.D.Cs. watched, exasperated but the hosts concealed their anger at this "rank arrogance", maintaining serenity on the surface.

However, as soon, as the dinner was over, and the guests and hosts, were asked to see each other in turn. The Viceroy got Mrs. Jinnah summoned to his presence. "Your husband, Mrs. Jinnah, has a great future awaiting him and you should not mar his

chances. You did not greet us in the manner customary at the Viceragl Lodge. In Rome, you must do as the Romans do." Mrs. Jinnah did not flinch. All smiles, she looked straight at the all powerful Viceroy and said. "Your Excellency, that is exactly what I did. You are in India and I greeted you the way any Indian gentlewoman would do."

They were very happily married and spent their honeymoon in Kashmir and had a very blissful life. Later on these strong headed individuals fell apart and she took to Theosophy. She left for France. There, she fell seriously ill. Mr. Jinnah accepted the services of common friends Devan Chamn Lal and his wife Hellen to bring about a rapprochement and Quaid-i-Azam came over to Paris to patch up their differences. They made up but he was horrified two days later when she fell dead. This was another great tragedy in his life. His beloved wife died literally in his arms.

She left him a little daughter, Dinah, who was brought up by her Parsi grand-parents. Later when he was at the height of the leadership of the Muslims she married a Parsi, Mr. Wadia Quaid-i-Azam was very upset, but she was his daughter and had inherited his character and willfulness. Therefore the loving father and the daughter parted never to be together again during her lifetime. He was attached to her that his chauffeur several times saw him at night taking out her clothes and laying them on his bed watching them mournfully and weeping.

Another great trauma in his earlier life was to see the Indian National Congress adopt a communal outlook and prefer the Hindu Gandhi to all the liberal nationalists, including himself. All these shocks, the fickleness of the Indian National Congress which proved to be the last straw for him and, above all his frail health, leading him into blood-spitting tuberculosis turned him into a shy aloof person, unlike his compatriots Mr. Gandhi and Nehru.

Quaid-i-Azam always took refuge behind a curtain which he had erected for himself to hide his shyness. He only let it slip away when he was in the company of the youth whom he always wished to inspire. Only a glimpse of the real Jinnah was seen on such occasions. As soon as an older man approached one could almost perceive his action of getting behind the self-created curtain. In place of the warm lovable leader one would perceive a cold, and impenetrable personality. For this reason he was greatly misunderstood. Lord Mountbatten after his first meeting with him, described the experience as if he had been sitting on an iceberg for an hour. In actual fact, Quaid-i-Azam was well aware that he was a unique fighter for Muslim freedom quite irreplaceable in this fight which he had to carry out unaided despite his serious illness. He knew that if his health condition became known his whole effort could be defeated by his opponents, with the simple stratagem of postponing the issue till his death. Therefore he chose for himself this lonely course.

He was always ready to meet his opponent's arguments. Never was he cornered even by such able men as Sir Stafford Cripps, Mountbatten or Gandhi. He kept on fighting for his cause alone and single handed till the victory was won. He succeeded in winning freedom from the economic domination of the Hindus and the British for his Muslim Compatriots.

The only draw-back of his aloofness was that he could not get the first-hand reactions of his people on account of his ill-health. He had to rely on secondary sources such as letters and telegrams as an alternative to assess his people's reaction. This handicap of his was taken advantage of by some close associates.

When it became known that Mountbatten desired to be the common Governor General of India and Pakistan for six months to win a laurel for himself, and also a gesture of respect for the Crown, it alarmed Liaquat and those close to him. They feared that Mountbatten might not persuade Mr. Jinnah to be the Prime Minister for the interim period. They planned a Telegraphic Blitz against Mountbatten.

I was present in Gul-e-Raana when this operation was being finalized. I was present attending the Capital Selection Committee and Mumtaz was resent for the Committee deliberating about the selection of Pakistan's Flag. Nawabzada asked both of us and Chaudhri Mahammed Ali his Secretary to stay for Luncheon. The whole matter was thrashed out in my presence. It was planned to dispatch telegrams to Quaid-i-Azam, maligning Mountbatten and saying that Mountbatten could not be relied upon, as he had close, relations with Nehru and his family.

I vehemently disagreed knowing Mountbatten's vanity. I told them that the Muslim League turned him down he would jump at becoming the Governor General solely of India. He could create many problems and handicaps for Pakistan. I therefore, asked for an interview with the Quaid which unfortunately was granted a few days later.

At our meeting the Quaid turned round to me and said, "Shaukat, look at the thousands of telegrams I have received on the subject. You, Nawab Ismail, Nawab of Bhopal and Sirdar Abdur Rab Nishtar are the only exceptions opposing it. How could I ignore the general trend?"

I said, "Sir, I have a feeling that this campaign has been engineered." I told him that knowing Mountbatten as a Commander I felt that this decision would be catastrophic for Pakistan because he could do a tremendous amount of damage by accepting the Sole Governor Generalship of India.

I argued that we still had to divide our defence supplies and other assets. Moreover the Sikhs were up in arms and the eighteen regiments of British troops under his command

would never be utilized by Mountbatten just as the Governor General only of India. It could open the floodgates of a holocaust against the Muslims.

My fears proved to be true. On account of Mountbatten's reaction we did not get our due of armaments out of the military supplies. All we got was either over-sized boots or other useless stores. Mountbatten allowed the Muslims to be burnt at the stake or murdered mercilessly in the East Punjab Saharanpur and Delhi because he refused to use the British troops available to him to save innocent Muslims from being maimed and murdered. I think we lost Kashmir mainly on this account because Mountbatten changed the Radcliffe Award. This has been confirmed recently by Mr. Beaumont, of the Indian Civil Service, Secretary to Radcliffe who admitted the change was made on account of political expediency. This was also confirmed by the map Radcliffe left with the Governor of the Punjab showing the Majority Muslim District of Gurdaspur which was arbitrarily attached to India against all Principles that were laid down as the basis for division, thus creating a connection between India, and Kashmir. Similarly Ajnala Tehsil of Amritsar and two Tehsils of Ferozpur were wrongfully attached to India Ferozpur just to appease the Maharaja of Bikaner, because the Head Works of Bikaner Canal was situated on the Pakistan side of the border at Mianwala, again ignoring the very basis of Partition. Similarly we lost the major arsenal at Ferozpur.

All this was on account of the ghastly decision of not permitting Mountbatten to be a common Governor-General; because the Quaid was impressed by the dishonest telegraphic offensive which proved disastrous for Pakistan. The Quaid, unfortunately, ignored the fact that his writ would have always prevailed in Pakistan as Gandhi's would in India, even without their holding the office of the Governor-General.

India, on the contrary, gladly accepted Lord Mountbatten. It won for them the advantage of Mountbatten's friendship and British Commerce as well as their goodwill. Where Pakistan was concerned we suffered on account of this short-sighted decision without fully considering the consequent disadvantages to the Nation. This proves that Jinnah was human he could make mistakes. He suffered from frailties like any other human. He was not infallible or free of all faults, which according to wise men is an attribute only of Prophets.

Even so I personally think that he was the greatest Muslim Leader that India had produced since the Muslims first entered India in the eleventh century. Even when compared with Muslims abroad he stands head and shoulders above most of them excluding the Four Caliphs, Imam Hussain and Umar Bin Abdul Aziz and the Saints. This decision clearly proves that he was not a Prophet and could suffer from human fallibility and other frailties. He could also err like other human beings All the same he performed an almost impossible task of creating a country by sheer force of his character and his ability to argue his case so well and by his sheer strategy. He deserves all credit as one of the greatest Muslims who ever lived in India.

It was due to his sterling qualities such as his fearlessness and his incorruptibility, rather than his knowledge of the intricacies of the Quran and the Hadith, that crowned his efforts with success. In respect of his Religious knowledge probably some of the *ulemas* who opposed him and his concept of Pakistan were far more conversant but they could not grasp the requirements of their nation as well as Mohammad Ali Jinnah had done.

But it does not mean that he could not make mistakes. In my opinion the decision to become the Governor-General of Pakistan was probably one such mistake which he committed because of the stratagem used by his Lieutenant Liaquat Ali Khan who served him poorly. The carnage, murder and rape which the people of East Punjab had to endure could probably have been avoided if Liaquat had not employed the stratagem of a Telegraphic Blitz against Mountbatten's appointment as a common Governor General of India and Pakistan.

I have written this with a full sense of responsibility and as a very loyal and true follower of Mohammad Ali Jinnah and without the fear of some of my compatriots who assume for themselves the sole right to loyalty patriotism and that of being the sole interpreters of Quaid-i-Azam's moves, even though they may not have enjoyed the privilege of getting as close to him as some others enjoyed.

To educate and enlighten our Youth with true facts about our movement its leaders and our ideology, is the basic purpose of this book. It is essential that I be completely candid, irrespective of the criticism that it may provoke it is my duty to tell the truth without prejudice, with full respect for the Quaid and without unnecessarily hurting anyone's feelings. I have to mention faults where I have perceived them and offer praise where it is due.

I am one of the very, few people still alive who saw Quaid-i-Azam at close quarters, therefore, I must show that as a man he was human open to human weakness even though he was my personal ideal. His only weapon was his pen his armor was intellect, his brain and the unlimited courage with which he subdued Mountbatten and his kind. He really made all the sacrifices possible and risked his very life and health to achieve what he did-dying within a year of achieving his goal.

In fairness to him we must show that he was not super human yet despite his human frailties he achieved his goal without facing a bullet or by using one. He created Pakistan through his wisdom his courage and his steadfastness and without much assistance from his advisers or the ability of his followers Jinnah's achievement was a miracle. He led a disorganized people, a people without a clear aim welded them together into a Party and finally achieved a Nationhood for them. It was the achievement of a logical mind, of an unswerving faith in his cause and his unwavering

attitude. He achieved this in less than eight years which was more than his compatriots in the Indian National Congress could do in almost fifty. May God shower him with his choicest blessings.

### **LAQUAT ALI KHAN:**

Nawabzada Liaquat All Khan belonged to the Nawab of Karnal's family. He was married to Nawab of Muzaffar Nagar s daughter and had settled there. Later he was educated at Oxford University He met Quaid-i-Azam in London along with other students during the Round Table Conference. On return to India he was elected to the Legislature as a Member of the Agrarian Party led by the Nawab of Chattari Later he married a second wife Raana Liaquat Ali.

He became the General Secretary of the Muslim League when it was reorganized by Mr. Jinnah in the Thirties, because none of the prominent Muslim Leaders were prepared to assume the responsibility at that time.

In the Interim Government of the Viceroy he became the Finance Minister and became well-known in India on account of his first Budget which was drafted by his Private Secretary, Ch Mohammad Ali of the Indian Accounts Service. It taxed the tycoons belonging to the Indian National Congress and was therefore partly responsible for the Congress's acceptance of Pakistan. Liaquat's main qualification was his docility as the Honorary Secretary of the Muslim League. Later still he was selected as the Prime Minister of Pakistan because of the non-availability of a more suitable person.

Politically Liaquat slipped many a time as will be seen from the account given below.

Where personal honesty was concerned he was impeccable where money matters were concerned or in matters concerning nepotism. He could be not so honest in political matters which would be described subsequently. I wish I could say the same of Begum Liaquat Ali.

Where Begum Liaquat Ali's acts of nepotism were concerned one case I must mention was that of Kashmir timber belonging to Isher Das the father-in-law of her sister.

Mr. Ishei Das, a businessman from NWFP and owner of Makarwal Collieries had worked Kishan Ganga Forests in Kashmir for extracting timber before partition. This timber came down during the September floods into the Punjab where the Forest Department collected and ceased at our lower Headworks. As a first subterfuge the owner's son approached my younger brother Rifaat Hyat offering him a share which would earn him at least two hundred thousand Rupees as a partner, provided Rifaat could persuade me to release this timber worth millions. Naturally I refused I told my brother, 'Do not you realize that this gentleman was using you to offer a bribe to your



father's son? Do you consider it proper for your brother to accept such a proposition?' Rifaat quietly backed out of the deal.

I had not realized that Mr Ishar Das' son was married to Begum Liaquat Ali's sister. Soon I got a message from Nawab Sadiq Ali Khan then acting Political Secretary to the Prime Minister asking me to release the timber. I explained over the telephone that according to the International Law all timber that comes down in at flood when recovered by people living lower down becomes the property of the lower Riparians. And since it was Pakistan's property on trust with me it could not be released. This answer earned for me the displeasure of Begum Liaquat Ali Khan henceforth. Thereupon Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, Ch Mohammad Al's choice as a non Leaguer Finance Minister in the Government of Pakistan, was sent to the Punjab to sort out the matter with me. He was a master of verbal battle I explained to him that it was Pakistan's property and it cannot be given to any individual without any *quid pro quo*. Ghulam Mohammad cleverly agreed with my proposition that the timber belonged to us as Lower Riparian and said Pakistan was the lower Riparian State and not the Punjab, therefore it fell within the purview of Pakistan Government I understood the subterfuge and warned him that as long as this timber was in the possession of the Punjab Government the Pakistan's Government would not be able to hand over the timber to the individual without the use of the Army. He should have remembered that I was an ex soldier, with hardly a handful officers senior to me and the rest were all my juniors Moreover I had earned the goodwill of Punjabis for several reasons and any attempt to hoodwink me would not be an easy matter for them. Knowing my obdurance, Mr. Ghulam Mohammad cleverly worked out a scheme, whereby he asked Isher Das to agree to a proposal that he would spend the sale proceeds of this timber for erecting Premier Sugar Mill at Mardan. Isher Das was cleverer than the poor soldier-politician he accepted the proposition, appointed Major Bacon an ex-political Department Officer as general manager to look after this concern on his behalf. This Clever Political Officer brought in young Amir Afzal Khan as a Director of the Mill. Afzal later purchased Isher Das's shares in the Factory and paid for them in Indian Rupees in India.

The first dishonest political act of his was the signing of the Dessai Liaquat Pact which he signed, when a doctor told him of the serious condition of Quaid-i-Azam's health in 1945 and that Jinnah had only a few days left to live. Congress Hindus were very allergic to the Partition of India. There was no one else in the Muslim League to carry the Pakistan movement to a successful culmination so Liaquat thought it would be a personal Insurance for him if he secretly agreed to becoming party to an Interim Government just to please the Indian National Congress - with a basic understanding to adapt a low-profile later where Pakistan was concerned. This agreement was entered into surreptitiously without informing or obtaining the Quaid s approval.

When the news of the Pact leaked out, Quaid was deeply perturbed and enquired from Nawab Ismail Khan the real leader of the Muslim League and its Working Committee in the United Province to find out the truth Nawab Ismail showed complete ignorance of any such Pact Quaid-i-Azam was greatly incensed at this treachery and asked for Liaquat's explanation Liaquat's answer was considered quite unsatisfactory. Quaid-i-Azam wanted to remove him from the job of Honorary Secretary. It was with great difficulty that Nawab Ismail and others persuaded the Quaid to forego the action at that critical juncture in the interest of the unity of the Muslim League and the ideal of Pakistan.

Liaquat's most unforgiveable act of political dishonesty was the sending of spurious telegrams and letters to the Quaid, dissuading him from permitting Lord Mountbatten to become the joint Governor-General of both India and Pakistan - with horrendous results.

Liaquat was completely ignorant of the facts and geography of the country of which he had become the Premier. Firstly he accepted the doctored Radcliffe Award - whereby the Muslim majority District of Gururdaspur was arbitrarily allotted to India. This later resulted in the horrible problem of Kashmir, which became a running sore and continues to be so, till this day, for Kashmiri Muslims. It has also endangered the head waters of our canals. Similarly he let go the similar Muslim majority areas of Ferozepur District to appease the Maharaja of Bikaner whose canals' head works were located in Pakistan. Lastly he let go Ajnala Tehsil of Amritsar to satisfy the Sikhs. And in East Pakistan the removal of Seven Parganas, the hinterland of Calcutta. All these were the doings of Lord Mountbatten whose aspiration to be the joint Governor-General was denied on account of Liaquat's machinations. The Radcliffe ward was accepted despite my protest in the Viceroy's House in Delhi where I was present on behalf of the Punjab. I had advised him to reject the doctored proposals and seek Quaid's orders, which he refused to do.

Later, during the attack on Kashmir Mountbatten came to Lahore At a dinner attended by Liaquat, Governor Mudie and the four Ministers of West Punjab Lord Mountbatten conveyed the message from Patel the Strongman of India asking Liaquat to abide by the Rules over the future of Indian States previously agreed upon between the Congress and the Muslim League that those States whose subjects made up of a majority of a community and the State was contiguous and adjoining a Dominion would accede to the adjoining country. Patel had said that Pakistan could take Kashmir and let go Hyderabad Deccan which had a majority Hindu population and was nowhere near Pakistan by sea or, an. After delivering this message Lord Mountbatten went to sleep in the Lahore Government House I being overall in charge of the Kashmir Operations, went to Liaquat Ali Khan I suggested to him that, as the Indian Army had entered Kashmir in force and we would be unable to annex Kashmir with Tribal Mujahids or

even with our inadequate Armed Forces we should make haste to accept Patel's proposal.

Nawabzada turned round to me and said, "Sirdar Sahib, have I gone mad to give up Hyderabad State which is much larger than the Punjab for the sake of the rocks of Kashmir?"

I was stunned by the Prime Minister's reaction and, ignorance of our geography and his lack of wisdom. I thought he was living in fool's paradise and did not understand the importance of Kashmir to Pakistan while hoping to get Hyderabad, which at best was only quixotic wishful thinking. It was not connected with Pakistan anywhere. A protest, resigned from the position I was holding in Kashmir operations.

Another unwise political step taken by Nawabzada Liaquat Ali, at the insistence of his wife, was sending his resignation from the Office of the Prime Minister. What happened was that the Quaid-i-Azam chided Raana at dinner saying that she was assuming false airs of importance by posing as the senior Lady in Pakistan which she was not, and that the Senior person was his sister Fatima Jinnah who had stood by him and Pakistan through thick and thin. The copy of Liaquat Ali's letter of resignation dated 27-12-1947 is in Quaid-i-Azam's Archives and which shows that Liaquat's wife was overpowering even in political matters and she could influence her husband to take such vital political decisions.

Quaid-i-Azam had completely lost faith in Liaquat Ali Khan which he confided to me during my visit to him in Karachi in April 1948. Quaid-i-Azam told me that he put his hand in the pocket and every coin that turned up was a dud one including Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan. Similarly he had confided in Mr. Ayub Khuro saying that he considered his Prime Minister to be mediocre. At that time it rumored that Liaquat was being removed from his job and was being appointed as Governor of East Pakistan. However before Quaid-i-Azam could implement that, he became seriously ill and was taken to Quetta and Zarat.

On 29th August 1948 when Liaquat visited Ziarat the Quaid said to his sister "Fati, Liaquat is not visiting to see how well I am feeling he is actually visiting me to see how soon I am going to die." Actually Quaid Lost his temper with Liaquat for not sending Kashmir papers to him and Doctor Illahi Bakhsh had to intervene in the interest of his patient. This fact was mentioned in Dr. Illahi Bakhsh's book "*With the Quaid-i-Azam in his last Days*" but later those pages were replaced on Liaquat's orders. I found them missing even in the Punjab Public Library where the Original book had been kept in a safe. When the Librarian obliged me by asking it out. I was surprised to find that those particular pages had been removed and replaced with others amateurishly stuck in place with a piece of straw. Liaquat had warned Doctor Elahi Bakhsh not to divulge facts of our conversation with Quaid-i-Azam to any one or he would have to face dire

consequences. Dr Illahi Baksh was later found dead in the Flashman Hotel Rawalpindi, during his visit. These facts of Liaquat's Ziarat visits are contained in the manuscript of "My Brother" by Miss Fatima Jinnah ( also in National Archives at Islamabad).

Later when Quaid-i-Azam was brought back to Karachi on a stretcher, only one Red Cross Ambulance was sent for him by Mr. Jamshed Mehta, the President of the Red Cross. This vehicle broke down on the way. The driver said that he had run out of petrol. It is surprising that only one vehicle was sent to carry a VIP, without a follow-up ambulance. No vehicles from the CMH and the Naval Hospital were commandeered. This shows the callous neglect by the Prime Minister.

Liaquat Ali selected non-League Ministers such as Gurmani, Ghulam Mohammad and even Khan Abdul Qayum whom he considered to be more pliable than those Muslim Leaguers who had taken a part in the battle for Pakistan This eventually proved to be his undoing.

The other vicious political acts of Liaquat Ali Khan will always be remembered because Pakistan is still suffering on account of them, forty three years after his sad death.

The first was to remove Suhrawardy a duly elected member of the Assembly from East Pakistan. He was late in taking the Oath as he had stayed behind in Calcutta to save his Muslim compatriots with the aid of Mr. Gandhi. He returned later to take the oath. An unprecedented Act was passed whereby the members of the Assembly removed another duly elected colleague from his seat. This act of Liaquat, to remove a potential rival eventually ended in the secession of East Pakistan. As a consequence Suhrawardy formed a new Party the Awami League. This party was not allowed to form a government inspite of winning a clear majority in 1971 due to the Yahya-Bhutto conspiracy ending in the breakup of Pakistan.

The second was the dishonest political precedent that he created during the sole election held in Pakistan that is in the Punjab during his regime. Here rigging was done officially - he personally oversaw the elections in order to get his favorite Mian Mumtaz Daultana to succeed against the Nawab of Mamdot who had formed the Jinnah - Awami League with Shaheed Suhrawardy. I was told personally by the Presiding Officer in Vehari where Mumtaz had contested, that he spent the whole day marking bogus ballots in favor of Mumtaz as did many other officers in other constituencies. This precedence was later to be emulated by others in Pakistan. Thus Liaquat has the dubious honor of initiating dishonesty in elections.

He delayed the completion of the Constitution to avoid elections which he could not win because he had no seat in Pakistan and had to be elected by East Pakistan. He, on the advice of officers belonging to the United Provinces broke the Liaquat Nehru-Pact about the agreed areas for migration from India to Pakistan requiring the records of

property to be exchanged officially. He, quite against the agreement, permitted inhabitants of U.P. and Rajasthan to enter via Khokharapar thus open floodgates endangering the stability of the already overloaded boat of Pakistan. I objected to this in the Assembly. This action of Liaquat was quite partial, allowing only people from his old Province and the adjoining area to migrate unfairly into Pakistan in order to create a seat for himself in Karachi. The people of the rest of India were left to stew in their own juice.

This act of his created a lot of confusion with people getting allotments in Sindh, without records on each other's dubious evidence. This led to the problem MQM and their hatred by Sindhis. These refugees got a monopoly of jobs in the cities and deprived local Pakistanis of their rightful share. The political instability still persists.

Lastly, Liaquat tried to win over the fundamentalists. He allowed them a foothold by accepting their demands, under the pressure of Maulana Shabbir Ahrned Usmani, one of those very few Ulemas who had joined the Muslim League during the struggle. Liaquat introduced the Objective Resolution, which lead to the later pressures of so called islamisation, which Quaid-i-Azam had meticulously avoided, because Pakistan also had many Non-Muslim inhabitants.

His end was a sad one. He became a victim of a conspiracy by his non League Ministers, who arranged his murder while addressing the people of Rawalpindi. I remember well my dear friend Khalil-ur-Rahman ex-General Secretary of the Punjab League approaching me with a message from Liaquat Ali Khan. He conveyed to me that Liaquat had now realized the mistake he had made by encouraging non Leaguers in the Government and treating us, the Loyal Muslim Leaguers so shabbily. I was told that he had decided to make amends and requested that I listen to his speech which would be broadcast over the Radio. After that he hoped and wished that I would agree to see him.

Poor man. All he could say was "My Countrymen," when two bullets hit him one from the front from the gun of Said Akbar and another from behind. At the same time an order was shouted that Said Akbar should not get away alive.

Later the plane of the investigating Deputy Inspector General, Aitizazud-Din was made to crash to do away with the evidence he had collected.

Poor Liaquat. May God forgive him.

### **LORD MOUNTBATTEN:**

Admiral Lord Mountbatten was a member of the Royal Family who had been commanding the South East Asia Theatre. He was appointed Viceroy of India to replace a very well-known Soldier, Lord Wavell. He had known India only as an A.D.C. to the

Prince of Wales when he visited India in 1922. He was closely connected with the British Royal family whose role he wanted to emulate wherever he went.

When Lord Mountbatten arrived in India he wanted to earn kudos for winning over India's goodwill by working out a formula for independence between the various political parties in India, which others before him had failed to achieve up to 1946. Without any personal knowledge of the intricacies of the Indian problem, he tried to find a quick solution to solve the whole problem over night. He did not understand the gravity or the depth of the problem underlying the independence of three hundred million people, who themselves were divided into various races, castes and creeds. He played to the gallery, and boasted that he intended to win over Congress and, at the same time he aspired to win over the Muslim League displaying his determination to solve the problem and to bring it to a successful culmination within days.

He was confronted with leaders like Gandhi, Jinnah, Nehru, Patel and others equally capable. He could talk his way through with everyone including a person like Gandhi, who was an old and crafty hand in the game of politics; Lord Mountbatten apparently won over his agreement to his pet formulae. Where Mr. Jinnah was concerned the simplistic solutions and his methods did not work. After a long, talk with Mr. Jinnah, Lord Mountbatten accepted his defeat. Mr. Jinnah could not be purchased, or be hoodwinked, or be frightened, with empty words or the charm which was Mountbatten's main weapon. Nor could he be overawed by Mountbatten's battle of words. On the point of principles neither did he give in to Mr. Gandhi, Nehru nor to the Viceroy of India. Nor would he ever compromise his position on principles; Jinnah would rather break than bend, which became clear to Lord Mountbatten who had charmed his way through Gandhi and Nehru. He found that he had met someone who could not be melted by just the Mountbatten charm.

Later differences between Quaid-i-Azam and Mountbatten were almost like those between Congress and the Muslim League. When Mountbatten offered solutions other than partition, Jinnah was too convincing and his arguments against it were too solid to be refuted. Sometimes Mountbatten thought that Jinnah was senile. Jinnah insisted that the division of India was the only solution. There was no halfway; there was no substitute. Mountbatten tried other gambits. He suggested partition of the Provinces such as the Punjab and Bengal, which shook Jinnah, because this was obviously on account of prompting by the Congress, who wanted to frighten Mr. Jinnah by saying that it would lead to the Division of Provinces he had included in Pakistan. They tried to dismay him by pushing him off his aim but Mr. Jinnah was not to be moved from his resolve. The conclusion that frightened even Mountbatten was that Jinnah was unbreakable and he could not be won over by his persuasiveness. He failed to impress Jinnah who was fighting for a 'cause'. He was offered many posts by previous Viceroys and even the Congress offered him leadership in the Government of India but it did not budge him from his firm stand.

Basically the Boundary Commission created under Lord Radcliffe was constituted on Mr. Jinnah's advice. Mr. Jinnah rightly or wrongly, had the impression that the British Judiciary and the British Lawyers could not be dishonest. This was his basic training and his experience with British Courts. Unfortunately the person whom he had agreed to, the Lord Chancellor of England, could not bear the heat of the Indian Summer and was not available for this purpose. Therefore, Mr. Jinnah accepted the suggestion that Radcliffe, a senior British Lawyer, take the Lord Chancellor's place, without hesitation. This probably was one of the great mistakes in his political career.

That gentleman came here. He went to Bengal and then he came to the Punjab. The Sikhs Hindus and Muslims Judges were nominated to assist him. A similar Commission was created in Bengal to assist him on the boundary commission. He left a map of the Punjab over which Radcliffe wished to fly, which he considered belonged to Punjab-Pakistan. That map was given to Mudie, the Governor of the West Punjab, as mentioned earlier. According to this he gave the Gurdaspur and parts of Ferozpur district as a Muslim majority area to Pakistan. He went back after writing the decision, leaving it with Mountbatten to announce. As mentioned earlier, according to Beaumont, in his recent book, Radcliffe was forced to change it.

I happened to be one of the three members from Pakistan: Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Fazal-ur-Rehman from Bengal and I from the Punjab. We were staying in the Viceregal Lodge in Delhi. Liaquat Ali Khan was called into the Viceroy's room where he was handed the supposed Award, as Lord Radcliffe's decision left in custody with Lord Mountbatten. When Liaquat Ali Khan came back and read it to us I, on behalf of the Punjab, immediately rejected it. My plea was rejected by Liaquat who told us that his orders were to accept whatever was awarded. He seemed to have become so fond of the post of Prime Minister that he was not prepared even to take a stand for areas most essential to Pakistan which were separated from it by Mountbatten's pressure, and without consulting the Quaid-i-Azam regarding this altered plan, not even on the telephone as requested by me! Gurdaspur was notionally a part of Pakistan even before the Award was announced and Raja Hassan Akhtar PCS was appointed its Deputy Commissioner.

Would this tampering with Radcliffe's award have taken place if Mountbatten had been common Governor General? This placed the water supply of the Punjab in jeopardy and we had to construct very expensive dams in order to collect water for our irrigation and to produce our electricity, which is now inadequate as well as expensive.

### **THE BOUNDARY FORCE**

At this time the Boundary Force came into being and Brigadier Dhigambir Singh from India and, from our side, Colonel Ayub Khan were selected as the respective representatives of the two countries working under the orders of General Reece, whom

I had known as the Brigade Commander in Palestine. Later he had gone on to Burma to command a Division. He called me aside and said,

"Shaukat, whatever has come over your people, that against the fine soldier that India has selected to represent their country on the Boundary Force, you have selected a man whom I had sent back from Burma when he showed tactical timidity, shown after the death of his commanding officer? He was therefore posted to the training command in India. How do you expect him to be of any assistance to you, and how could I learn to depend on his wisdom after what he had done, in the past?"

On 8th or 9th August 1947 I decided to visit East Punjab from where harrowing tales had been received in Lahore. I asked General Reece to provide us with an escort so that Ayub and I could visit East Punjab and see the conditions for ourselves in Jullundhar area. I could also visit my constituency in Ludhiana. He provided us with two Army jeeps and an escort manned by Mazhbi Sikhs, a depressed class of Sikh in the Army. The first night we spent at Amritsar where my father-in-law's house was situated. I enquired about it and found that it had been looted and nothing was left there. That night we slept in the local Army Mess. While I went to sleep, Colonel Ayub was taken for a sing-song party somewhere in Amritsar, which kept him busy till the early hours of the morning. I had to pull him out of bed to resume our journey.

When we reached Jullundhar on our way to Hoshiarpur, I met with the British officer in command, who was an ex-Colonel of my Regiment and was at the time Commanding the Jullundhar Brigade. He took me aside and said, "Shaukat, come along and see the road right up to Hoshiarpur. It is littered with dead bodies of Muslims who have been murdered by these marauding Sikhs." Accompanying him I went to see the situation. It was worse than that described by him. I was horrified to see the sight.

He told me that he had been trying to protect the Muslims in his local area but he had been transferred. His advice to me was to arrange the evacuation of Muslims from the East Punjab and save some of them. I asked Ayub Khan if that was possible. He said that Pakistan had hardly four Battalions available in the country, so it seemed to be an impossible task to move millions of people across the border.

I thought of the procedure we used to follow when moving in the North Western Frontier against the Pathans during Razmak operation in 1937. I asked Ayub why we could not do exactly the same by picketing the way, having three parties, one protecting, another moving ahead to take their position and the third then protecting the rear, then leap frog, in their turn. It was not possible to obtain permission from Quaid-i-Azam or Liaqat Ali Khan from Jullundhar but I considered the situation so serious that on my own initiative I gave the order that all the Muslims from East Punjab should be collected into camps the largest being at Jullundhar, and later to be moved



out in whatever transport we could muster or on foot if it must be. This order was put into effect immediately. I decided to return to make arrangements for their reception.

On our way back near the Bias Bridge I was horrified to see a bus overloaded with frightened Muslims I saw a young mother carrying her child and trying to board the bus. The conductor told her that there was no more space for two, so she left the child on the road side. She was in such a great fright that she wanted to escape herself, leaving her child behind. This to my mind, was the height of terror for a mother to abandon her young child. We picked up the child and caught up with the bus stopped it and insisted that the mother was allowed to carry the child up to Amritsar.

A little further along the Road near Beas we saw, thousands of armed Sikhs standing along the roadside. There was a village on fire Just off the road. I questioned them as to what was happening, and they all kept silent and feigned ignorance, whereupon I asked Ayub could we go and see if it was a Muslim village. He thought it was very dangerous to go along with the Sikh escorts but on my insistence he agreed to go.

When we got near the village we saw Sikhs carrying away young girls When we shouted to call the villagers, only an old man appeared. I asked him what had happened and where the other men were. He told us that the other men were hiding in sugar-cane fields. Young girls had been carried away while old women and children had been thrown into a house full of hay and had been set alight. I first ordered our Sikh escort to fire at the Sikhs who were carrying away young girls, but they said that the gun was stuck. Ayub said it was dangerous to be harsh with them, but I took the gun away from them and pressed the trigger and on hearing the noise of bullets the Sikhs ran away leaving some of the girls behind. For those other women and children who were being burnt alive, we could do nothing, because the heat was too intense to reach the site of the fire. I thought it was perhaps due to our lack of feeling, so we shouted for the men of the village to come out of their hiding as the army had arrived. When they appeared we asked them to go and see if they could rescue their women and children from the fire, but even they could not save them. I can never forget the shrieks of the hapless creatures. We decided that the best our Sikh guard, Ayub and myself, could do was to get the survivors away. We made a column and marched them to the nearest Police Station with one jeep in front and the other in the rear. We took two or three hundred people and went to the next Police Station at Jandiala and handed them over to the Police for protection ordering the Police to look after them till we could send transport to fetch them to Amritsar. This was how we finished our first round of inspection I had to give up all ideas of going any further into Ludhiana, my own constituency, to rush back to Amritsar to report the situation to General Reece, hoping he could do more than we could.

On arrival at Amritsar we found the people had obeyed my orders and had placed those Muslims that they could collect into a safe locality at Sharifpura. There we heard

the story that almost the entire town of Taran Taran was on fire and people were still being killed. I therefore, commandeered all the buses belonging to Muslims like those of the Crown Bus Service and escorted them to Taran Taran. All we could muster was some forty buses.

On arrival we found that the city was on fire and there were hundreds of Muslim bodies scattered in and around the mosque or on the roadside. The Gurkhha Regiment which was supposed to be protecting them was not concerned. We found the Major in Command was fast asleep during the day, while this killing was going on. I asked Ayub to go and wake him up, but instead of giving an order as a Senior Army Officer he asked the Major to get up as an Honorable Minister-Elect was waiting outside. I berated the Major for his callousness sleeping while people were being murdered outside. The only thing left for us to do was to get all the Muslims out of the town and get them to board the transport. I gave the Major one hour to complete this task.

After an hour I came out and found the buses were full with men and their belongings, but they had callously left their women-folk and children behind. This made me livid. I got them all out of the buses and threw their belongings out, told them to get hold of their women and children who should be put into the buses while the men must march along the road to Amritsar, under our protection.

After hours of marching we reached Amritsar and got them to the safety of Sharifpura Camp. We heard the stories of Muslims in Katra Mahnsingh where Muslims were surrounded and were being murdered. I decided to go myself especially to the place where a Sikh sniper was firing. People tried to stop me but I did think my life was any more precious than those who were being attacked. Such inhuman and callous behavior displayed by neighbors who had lived together for years shows that men had become worse than animals. Naked Muslim girls were being paraded outside Darbar Sahib. We rescued as many as we could. So far we had been able to stop such atrocities from taking place in the West Punjab but these stories were travelling fast into our part.

When I returned on the 12th I got frantic messages from Nawab Mamdot saying that I must come to his house immediately because it had been surrounded by the Muslims of Amritsar. On arriving there I found that the house was indeed surrounded and Mamdot had hidden himself somewhere. The people were chanting '*Jan lenayaye hain, Jan lekay jaengay*' ('We have come to take life and we will go back after having taken it'). To hear this cry from the Muslim people was exasperating I asked them what their grievance was and they said, "We in Amritsar are being killed. Whole of Amritsar was being butchered while you leaders are sitting in peace here." This offered me an opportunity to chide them, I asked one of the youngsters who was leading the people they had collected from Lahore. "Which part of Amritsar do you come from and why, have you come away leaving your mothers and sisters behind. At what time did you leave Amritsar for Lahore?" They told me that they had come a day earlier They further

said they were at the Railway Station which was outside the main city and had rushed to Lahore without making sure if their own area was affected, nor having visited it to see if the murders of the women and children had actually taken place. Neither had they tried to rescue them. I told them that they had no business whatever to leave the poor women and children behind undefended at the mercy of their enemies. Young men had no business whatever to be in Lahore. Then I told them that I had just returned from Amritsar I had been to the camp I had been to Hall Bazaar and various other parts of the City facing bullets from the roofs and I had carried their women back to safety. I told the people of Lahore that those cowards deserved no sympathy as their womenfolk had been abandoned by them in Amritsar. At this, the Lahore people lost their temper and ordered them to go back to Amritsar and they promised to go with them.

This stopped the killings and looting in Lahore which had started since the arrival of Amritsar people in Lahore. They had broken all our Rules; we had insisted on keeping the West Punjab peaceful and safe for the non-Muslim in the interest of Muslims left in India. These rumor mongers were ruining our entire scheme. I immediately rushed off to the city and advised them to refrain from any high handedness to the Hindus or the Sikhs.

Then came the stories of the trains being stopped and looted and every Muslim whether man, woman or child was being slaughtered at Amritsar Railway Station or at the Junction Station at Bathinda near Patiala. There were other stories that the Sikh States Forces of Farid Kot and Patiala had moved into Lahore and had taken up position with plans to push out the Muslim inhabitants of Lahore and as soon as they come out of their homes to massacre them by machine-gun fire from their positions. This rumor unfortunately was confirmed by a Hindu caught outside Mochi Gate. He had confessed to a Sub Inspector Dildar Hussain Shah who was a really tough investigator that the plans had been completed to kill every single Muslim in Lahore so that it would become part of India.

We did not have any arms to protect us against the Armies of the Indian States therefore the only way whereby we could defend ourselves was to have Molotov cocktails prepared and sent into the inner city where people were taught how to use them in case they were harassed. Mr. Mushtaq Ahmed of the Indian Railways Service took the risk of shunting one of the petrol tankers into a siding from where we emptied all the petrol. Ordinary soda water bottles were collected. They were fitted and improvised fuses were attached to them. These bottles were taken into the city by brave girls like Mumtaz Shah Nawaz because the men were all searched on entering or leaving the city. Once the bottles were there and the exact positions of the Sikh Army were found out these Molotov cocktails were thrown at those houses to set them on fire. This leakage of their secret plans shook them and soon those soldiers sneaked out of Lahore City.

Such were the schemes of the foolish Sikhs who were being misled by the Hindus exhorting them to conquer their old Empire and that they would grant them full freedom of these parts. This dangling of the carrot worked. It was dangled so close to their noses that they could not see beyond it. The entire game was being played to destroy the Muslims. This showed us that they had made up their minds to kill every single Muslim in India, starting with East and West Punjab. What a wanton scheme! We could not stand such stories of murder and rape any longer.

The trains from Amritsar and Bathinda were sent across the border to Lahore, full of dead bodies to frighten us. Only in some trains where British Officers were commanding the Ghurkas were they brave enough to give their lives to save their wards. I wished Mountbatten was not in such a great hurry and had used the British soldiers to keep peace.

My uncle, Mr. Hasan Mahmood, a Deputy Controller of Imports and Exports in Bombay, came by one such train which had been attacked in Amritsar. He was travelling with his young son. At the Railway Station all his belongings were looted, and only on account of the bravery of a British Officer, who, on his own, started to fire to keep marauding Sikhs away from the train, my uncle arrived alive in Lahore a very frightened and bitter man. He had been in service all his life and most of his friends were non-Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs. It shook him that their compatriots could become such animals as to kill without distinction, just because certain people belonged to the Muslim faith. You can well understand the feeling of anguish which people like my uncle Hassan had to suffer. He was soon posted as Deputy Commissioner in Gujranwala, a fairly large City near Lahore, a District with a large Sikh and Hindu Population. Mir Hassan Mahmood tried his best to get the non-Muslims out safely, and to send them across the border to India.

Alas, the modern generation living in Pakistan has no idea whatever of the sacrifices and tribulation their elders went through in order to create Pakistan. They have become far too materialistic even to think of the miseries suffered by their parents. As the time passes fewer and fewer people who witnessed this holocaust are still live. Death has taken its toll, in nearly forty-seven years that have passed since partition. This is a long span for those people who were already thirty or forty years old in 1947. I wish someone had told the whole truth without any embellishments or without adding their own ideas of the horrors. I am sure that the younger generation would not then believed the propaganda which is being carried out by authors from England and India, telling stories from their own angle of the happenings then. These stories are normally colored and it is mostly hear-say. It is being conveyed to our youth that Pakistan was mad man's dream and that in India they would have been better off. No one tells them of the plight of Indian Muslims.

I know of many Hindus who gave protection to little children at the risk of their lives in India, and similarly how Muslims had protected their neighbors and friends in the West Punjab. Like those in my own village, Wah, where hundreds of Hindus and Sikhs lived. Many more did the same at Panja Sahib in Hassanbdal, a sacred place of the Sikhs. They were given shelter in Muslim houses till trains were available to take them across the border. Our people kept their money and valuables on trust, returning it to them after the situation had normalized. The Muslims generally were not as bloodthirsty, having won Pakistan, unlike the Sikhs who had lost the Punjab in which their lands were situated and where their Saints had lived and been buried.

The shortsightedness of the Sikhs and the callous attitudes of Hindus led to misery for half a million Muslims, who were unnecessarily murdered and maimed in East Punjab, where the Sikhs were in the majority. Against this the only case I can recollect is that of a misunderstood instruction by the Local Inspector of Police at Kamoke. He had been asked to hold up just one train for two or three hours, so that its occupants could convey the message to the people of Amritsar and Bathinda that holding up trains was not the answer. Dildar misunderstood the orders and not only stopped the train but let the locals go and loot it. They also murdered all the occupants. It was quite unintentional. The Inspector was taken to task for it by Qurban Ali Khan, the then Inspector General of West Punjab. However, seeing the train had a salutary effect on the killers in the East Punjab because after this they stopped such acts.

In the rest of the West Punjab we gave strict orders that these people were inhabitants of our country and it was forbidden by Islam to differentiate between non-Muslims and Muslims.

## CHAPTER - 7

### THE INDEPENDENCE

#### THE DAWN OF PAKISTAN

Four of us were sworn in as the Cabinet Ministers: Iftikhar Hussain Khan of Mamdot as the Chief Minister (Premier) holding Law and Order & General Administration; myself holding several Portfolios, as the only Minister, with previous experience, namely Revenue, Irrigation, Information, Rehabilitation, Excise and Taxation, Islamic Reconstruction Cooperatives and Electricity; Mian Mumtaz Daultana in charge of Finance and Industry; Sheikh Karamat Ali - the only urbanite, in charge of Education and Public Works Dept. This was the size of the first Cabinet. There were some four, or five Parliamentary Secretaries to share Parliamentary duties with us.

As we walked out of the Governor's Room after the ceremony I was accosted by Khan Qurban Ali Khan, the Inspector General of Police. He requested me to proceed forthwith to the inner city where stabbing and rioting was afoot. I went post - haste to the city.

There were tremendous recriminations. The Muslims were blaming the Sikhs and Hindus belonging to Armed Forces of the Indian States. Hindus were crying about the destruction of their property and about instances of stabbing. I collected Muslims at street corner meetings and exhorted them to desist from such acts, as we had taken over the Government, and from now onwards we were the guardians of our minorities. Therefore, in keeping with Traditions of the Prophet (PBUH), they must desist from harming minorities henceforth. Above all they must prove themselves worthy of being an Independent Muslim Nation. They must remember that their behavior would reflect on the treatment of minorities in India. The Lahore Muslims were always kind to me and as usual listened. No further case of arson or stabbing occurred in Lahore, thereafter.

The Indian Leadership used every tactic to run down Pakistan; they incited murder and rapine in Bengal and Bihar; those now in the East Punjab and - Sikhs were employed as hatchet-men in the East Punjab Sikhs handled their job through trained ex-army men who had joined the Indian National Army. They organized murder squads, on a military guerrilla pattern. Thanks, to their diligence they took too long a time to have the guerrillas ready. The blow planned for June did not materialize till August. It was a holocaust, which came too late to serve the propose of British civil servants, in the Police who had encouraged and abetted these killers, by shutting their-eyes to their preparations. They, withheld their reports to higher-ups in the British Government.

They showed pleasure over the confusion and unrest created hoping to provide an excuse for the British Parliament to postpone the Declaration of Independence, and providing them with proof that Indians were not yet ready to govern themselves or for freedom. August however was too late to serve their purpose.

Now part of the Indian leadership's plan was to cut up caravans of people whose evacuation I had ordered in Jullundar. Trains carried our people from India, where they were working as civil servants or those in other employment were waylaid. Two favorite spots for these dastardly acts as mentioned earlier were Bathinda area in the Patiala State and the other was Amritsar. Cold-blooded murder was committed after stopping these trains. One such train was visited by the Quaid-i-Azam at Walton at Lahore, when he visited the metropolis. This was the scene which moved the Quaid to tears, when he saw the bloated bodies of women with little babies suckling at their breasts, pierced through with Sikh lances. He exclaimed, 'O God, I did not realize that my innocent people would be victims of such brutality at the hand of those butchers.'

The most difficult job faced by our young cabinet related to the influx of refugees. We had some five million people who came in, seeking shelter, without any arrangements for them. A general strike had been organized by the Hindu shopkeepers under instructions, to whip up fear amongst the minorities and encourage them to migrate in order to cripple the newly born Pakistan's economy. The Hindus had locked their shops and left the country. We were both short of Senior as well as of Junior Officers. We had to make arrangements for feeding these refugees, and when we expected 5,000 to arrive some 50,000 would turn up. We had to open abandoned shops, by breaking open locks in the presence of the Police and Magistrates, leaving an inventory of the items removed for feeding these hordes of homeless people, and then re-sealing the shops. Many of these people arrived without even a blanket or a piece of cloth to cover their bodies. I made it a rule that no local would be given any of the evacuee property, left behind by non-Muslims. All of it was kept for the Rehabilitation of Refugees.

To receive the Refugees we opened a make-shift camp at Walton, in Lahore where barracks had been built during the war to lodge Chinese Trainee-Pilots of Generalissimo Chang Kai-Shek's Army. Hangars also had been built to hold aircraft. All these still existed Mansur Ali Khan an ex PCS Office who had become a victim of Hindu British punishment on account of his sympathies for the Muslim League and had been forced to resign, was made the Commander in Charge and an ICS Officer, Atta M. Khan Leghari S/O Nawab Jamal Khan Leghari, was asked to oversee the camp and manage collection, storage and distribution of victuals Sh. Fazal Ellahi, a senior ex-PCS Officer, was also appointed to help him as an additional in-charge.

It was a nightmare coping with the situation. I stayed, in my office for days on end catching snatches of sleep just by placing my head on the table and drinking several cups of tea or coffee a day while attending to requirements of those hapless people.

We felt the shortage of Provincial Civil Service, on account of migration of non-Muslim Officers of this cadre. These had to be filled on a priority basis. We decided that thirty-six vacancies must be filled up by promotion of deserving Tehsildars then in service. I asked Mr. Akhtar Hussain Financial Commissioner Revenue to make a selection of suitable Tehsildars. The only condition I laid down was that during the selection. Other things being equal he must give a preference to those officers who had only one chance left before their retirement.

He came with a tentative list asking for my preference if any. I clearly told him that I had none and I was not aware of their capability so he should know better. Therefore he must select them on pure merit. Later he put up a list of forty officers leaving the final choice to me.

Meanwhile, my Parliamentary Secretary Mr. Raj Mohammad Tarrar asked me to keep the selection of his son in mind. Similarly my colleague Sheikh Karamat Ali approached me for the selection of his son in-law and lastly my own cousin Ashraf came to plead for his own selection. He had been seconded for the Air Force during the war. I assured them all the I would keep their recommendations in mind when the case was put up to me.

Similarly many other friends and acquaintances came with their recommendations. I asked them to write down the names and particulars of person concerned and leave them with me. As soon as the persons left threw their chits in the waste paper basket, as I had made up my mind that we should end the pre-Independence system of recommendations.

The day I received the list from the Financial Commissioner, a deputation of twelve members of the Provincial Assembly came to see me. Among them were many of my friends. On my enquiry for the reason of their visit they told me that they were the Jat Members who had come in a group to commend the case of my Parliamentary Secretary's son. I told them that Raj Mohammad had already been to see me and I had told him that I would do the best that I could in the matter. "Now all of you have come to pressurize me. For this very reason I shall not be able to help the boy now". On principle my pen would not move in his favor. They enquired where they should go to get the needful done. I told them to meet the Chief Minister in the next room. Nawab Mamdot met them but as was usual with him, he sat with them almost an hour without uttering a word. Later he opened the connecting door between our rooms and asked why I had directed these gentlemen to him. I told him frankly that on principle I cannot oblige them. The file would be put up to him and he can change my recommendations if he so wishes.



On perusal of the file I noticed that all the three of the candidates were below the first thirty, six on account of their age. I therefore drew a line below the thirty sixth name and put the file up to the Chief Minister.

Nawab Mamdot called saying that it would be difficult to discuss this case in the Secretariat because of the rush of the visitors and work. Could I bring the Chief Secretary to his Residence to discuss the matter calmly.

We went along after office hour one afternoon. There Nawab Mamdot asked me to drop the last three names on the list, put up on merits, and substitute them with my cousin, Karamat's son-in-law and Tarrar's son. I frankly told him that it would be unfair, they can easily wait till the next selection. Their names cannot be added, on principle, with my pen if he so wished he can do so with his own.

He did exactly that and sent the case back to me for implementation. On receiving the case I noted on it that it would be very wrong if we started meddling with selections. It would be a poor start for Pakistan. I therefore requested that a case may be put up before the full Cabinet with a summary. I appended a note with it that, if my advice is over-ruled my resignation from the Cabinet may be accepted. Because, I would not, on principle, like to be a party to such a precedence.

I was alone in the house as my wife and children were away in Kashmir and could not return because of my wife's fall from horseback in Gulmarg. She was taken to a hospital in Sri Nagar, where Col. Mirajker, the famous surgeon, patched her elbow with great difficulty and put it in a splint, after fixing a nail through the bone in her elbow. She could not travel down by car. I was therefore, able to devote the whole of the day attending to the refugees.

It was my routine on those days to sit out in my lawn from early in the morning. People used to congregate there with their problems. Mostly refugees asking for instructions to various concerned officers to help them. I used to keep a bundle of slips to write my instructions, some to Deputy Commissioners for rural settlement and others for Officers incharge of Rehabilitation to attend to urban problems.

Many workers from the East Punjab came with their problems. Once I saw a young boy, who was the Secretary to the District, Muslim League. On seeing him I welcomed him and enquired about his family. He informed me that his entire family including his parents and sisters were murdered by the Sikhs when he was away from the village. I asked him what could I do for him. He said he would like to join the service on merit. He further said I need not by becoming a minister all powerful. He told me that he had reached Pakistan only a day before and the last day for submitting application for the job of Naib Tehsildar had expired a day earlier. He was a Graduate and all he needed was a recommendation that the last date for lodging application might be relaxed in his

case. He did not require any help for obtaining the job, he would compete for it. I wrote a note for the Commissioner of Lahore asking him to accommodate this boy as a Naib Tehsildar.

When after visiting various Refugee Camps I reached my office at 11.30 a.m. my personal assistant informed me that the Commissioner Lahore has been trying frantically to reach me. I asked him to put me through. The Commissioner of Lahore was one of those nominated Indian Civil Service Officer selected on the basis of his family's loyal services. All such officers were more British than the British Officers themselves. Such Indian Civil Service Officers were not in any way interested in the country's politics. When I reached him he asked me if I had given a chit to this boy, asking to appoint him a Naib Tahsildar. Did I not know that it was his prerogative to appoint Naib Tehsildars. I told him that I did. That was the reason for sending him with the note. He replied even so I was interfering in his domain. Without knowing my reason for commending or legitimate cause for my approach, he took the uppish line of a British Bureaucrat. I therefore enquired if he knew whose right it was to appoint or transfer a Commissioner and ordered him to see me in the Secretariat immediately. When he arrived I informed him of the boy's sacrifices for Pakistan and the loss of his parents and the family on account of his connections with his Pakistan Movement, which was much more than the Commissioner could claim.

Thereafter he apologized for his ignorance. The boy succeeded on his merit to become a Naib Tehsildar, later to become a Member of the Provincial Civil Service on his personal merit.

Another episode that might interest the reader was about two dozen villagers from the Sharaqpur area inhabited by opulent Sikhs Community, who arrived at my morning gathering. They were carrying two *charpoys* (bedsteads). Thinking that they were carrying some wounded or sick persons. I rushed to rebuke them for bringing them to me instead of taking them to a hospital. They asked me listen to them in privacy. On doing so, I was informed that they belonged to Sharaqpur Area from where the Sikhs had run away in a hurry leaving all their belongings intact. These villagers found their valuables such as jewellery lying unattended. When they beheld it they thought that it was legitimately the property of Pakistan and as such must be preserved. Therefore, fearing that they may give up their sense of honesty because of greed they decided to collect the valuables by seeking them in groups and further decided not to touch it with their hands using tongs and sticks to dump what they found on the beds. These weighted some twelve maunds (about a thousand lbs). I extolled their efforts but requested them to take these valuables to Nawab Mamdot Sahib because I did not wish to risk storing them in my house. This gold, I was told later was spent on Kashmir Operations.

The first caravan that started from Jullundhar, arrived after facing many hardships, and hazards on account of floods in the Punjab rivers that year. They ran short of food. Governor Mudie came to my aid by arranging to supply food by air drops, on the banks of the River Bias, where they had been stranded shelter less and without food. Many were brutally murdered when they strayed from the caravans and we found their bodies, floating in rivers downstream. Many, of their women were abducted.

The spirit and sacrifices made by the people of East Punjab are demonstrated by a very old woman bent with age. When she crossed the border, simultaneously a train crossed into Pakistan whose occupants shouted Allah-o-Akbar (God is great). She turned round and asked if Pakistan, the promised land had been reached. When she was told that it had, she sat down beside the road, thanked God and said *Kalima Shahadat* (I stand witness that there is no God but Him and Mohammad was his true Prophet) and died on that very spot.

As a result of fiddling with the Radcliffe Award many hundreds of thousand Muslims were murdered and hundreds of thousands of women were abducted. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, the hero of Baroness Orczy's novel about the French Revolution, Colonel Dara of International Hockey fame arranged to go deep into the area and brought out many women folk from there. Similarly he had saved many Hindu and Sikh girls in Lyallpur, Sheikupura area by keeping them in safe custody till the Indians sent Forces to retrieve them. The Local Indian representative in Lahore, reported it as abduction to Khan Qurban Ali Khan, the Inspector General of Police, who was very upset with Dara. Dara produced the protected ladies, who gave evidence independently without any, persuasion to the effect that they had been treated very kindly, just like mothers and sisters by colonel Dara and his guards. One would wish that Muslim women were treated similarly. I know personally of a case of a poor girl who was abducted from Riasi in Kashmir - she was related to my wife. At my special request to the Chief Minister of East Punjab, Mr. Bhim Sen Sachar at a Interprovincial Partition Committee meeting, she was located, but refused to come back because of having been treated as a concubine by her captors, she was so ashamed that she could not face her family again in Pakistan. We had to form joint Committees to locate and bring back these unfortunates from the other Dominion. Despite our efforts still about 100,000 of them remain in India.

Apart from my duties in Lahore I had to visit Jullunder regularly for Partition Committee Meetings, which my other colleagues avoided. I also visited India along with Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, Prime Minister of India. Pandit Nehru who had been kind to me since our meeting in Peshawar, decided to see Pakistan and to visit Hindus and Sikh minorities. I accompanied him everywhere.

When he came to Pakistan he refused to stay with the British Governor Mudie and desired to stay with me. I had to get my official residence at 7, Club Road properly

decorated and furnished it by bringing my father's furniture which had been stored in Lahore when we were thrown out unceremoniously by our Hindu landlord after my arbitrary dismissal from the Government in 1943. I had to make arrangements for three kinds of meals: European, Vegetarian and Indo-Pakistani for Panditjee and his party. It was an expensive affair but hospitality to guests was, part of my heritage. Those four or five days of entertainment cost me my next eight months' salary. In those days of economic pressure on our newly born country, one's patriotism did not permit me to place the burden on the Provincial Exchequer.

I visited Sheikhpura District, Lahore and Amritsar along with Panditjee. On his arrival at Lahore he asked me where my wife and children were. I told him of her fall from a horse and that she could not travel by car on account of the splint and we had no other means available to move her from Sri Nagar. He was extremely anxious and ordered his personal plane to take my brother-in-law Abdul Salim Khan to Kashmir and fetch my wife and children, my sister and her family with that of Ch. Mohammad Ali, the then Secretary - General of Pakistan. Such were the mutual courtesies among genteel families in India and Pakistan, even in those days.

The first visit to Lahore after the Partition by the Quaid-i-Azam was in September 1947. I was asked to arrange the meeting and other functions during his visit.

The meeting was arranged in the University Cricket Ground on the Lower Mall. We collected as many amplifiers as available so that his speech could be heard by those attending the first meeting. In fact the rush was so great that apart from the ground the crowd overflowed up to the PWD Office near old Anarkali and it was impossible for the people to hear. It was the largest gathering I have ever witnessed. Some half a million people from all over the Punjab had gathered together just to get a glimpse of their beloved Quaid-i-Azam, the man who had performed a miracle by creating a new nation in seven and a half years just by the sagacious use of his pen, brains and unparalleled leadership with the help of devoted Muslim people who doted over him.

On account of the plight of refugees from East Punjab we decided to cut down on pomp and show as far as possible. We arranged a reception for him in his honor at the Lawrence Garden renamed as Jinnah Garden. It was held in the Rose Garden to be named as Gulistan-i-Fatima to honor, his valiant sister and constant companion who stood by him throughout his quest for Pakistan. She nursed and sustained him as only a devoted sister could have done. All we served at this party was the frugal fare of seasonal fruit and tea. Mussarrat my wife acted as the hostess. Quaid was very happy to see this reception.

My uncle Liaquat Hyat Khan who had chastised me for having broken our hundred years old friendly relationship with the British in 1944 was seated on the Quaid-i-Azam table. He was big enough to accept that I had shown a greater foresight by having

chosen to follow the Quaid-i-Azam steadfastly Quaid in turn honored him by offering him an Ambassadorial position in France which he was unable to accept on account of some personal reasons.

Later Quaid-i-Azam visited the Refugee Camp at Walton and broke down on seeing a train full of Refugees completely scuppered at Bathinda, as mentioned earlier.

Even Ministers who had crossed the border like Mamdot , owning some 90,000 acres of land was not allowed to get any large tract of land until all other refugee claims had been settled. Mian Aminud Din ICS later to be the Governor of the West Punjab was made the Refugee Commissioner. He did colossal work assessing and equating land in the West Punjab with what they had left in India Various caravans of refugees were turned in the direction of Districts earmarked for them. There were lapses but very few. One of them I remember clearly was in Lyallpur.

I happened to visit Jhang District in the middle of the winter rains and, as I was returning, I passed the refugee camp at Lyallpur which was located at the Cattle Show Ground. I stopped there and asked my orderly to go and get the gate opened. There was no one there, and we went in. The sight which met me was horrifying. I saw filth and mud all round. I found children who had smallpox playing together with others. All were in a filthy condition. Hygiene was non-existent. I went on and saw a tent made of ordinary cotton cloth. I asked the inmates to come out, and was shocked to receive the reply of an old woman saying, "Sahib, we cannot come out. The few pieces of cloth we had when we arrived have been made into a tent. It is impossible for my young girls to expose themselves to the public." I asked for the Camp Commander, who was not available.

As I went little further a *Janaza* (a cortege) was being carried for a funeral and about eight people were holding the *charpoy* (wooden bed). I asked them what had happened and someone replied that they had found a dead body. I told them to stop so that I could have a look at it leaving the charpoy and the body, they fled. I was so surprised that I ordered my orderly to look at the body. What did he find? Those people were carrying, wheat flour wrapped in cotton cloth which was issued for making shrouds for those who died in the camp. Both flour and cloth was in short supply, those days and were being smuggled out to the black market. This infuriated me, so I went to the camp Office and demanded to see the camp Commander.

I found that the camp Commander very rarely attended his office, because he was in fact the tutor of the Deputy Commissioner's children. Mr. Hamid, the Deputy Commissioner happened to be an old friend of mine and was with me in the Academy till results of the ICS were declared. He had left the Military Academy. He was a very able Secretariat Officer but here he was in charge of the largest District in the Punjab. I therefore, ordered that he should be summoned. He was found watching a film in the

cinema with his wife and children. I also asked for the Superintendent of Police, Khan Najaf Khan. I was told he was running a high temperature and couldn't come. I ordered the DC, the SP and the District medical officer, should be brought to me without any further delay however and wherever they be.

It was getting near dusk; rain was falling drenching refugees who were shivering in the cold. When these Officers came, I enquired why these people had not been sent to a proper camp or to houses which had been vacated by non-Muslims. I was informed that Hindu evacuees had vacated the camp only two days earlier, and it had not yet been cleaned, therefore there was no other place available. I asked if colleges were closed for winter holidays. The answer was in the affirmative. I also enquired if all the temples and the mosques were occupied, the answer was no. I therefore ordered that every refugee must get under shelter by midnight, in the colleges or temples or Mosques. The next day we would see that their camp was ready and improved, so that these poor victims of circumstance, thrown out of their hearths and homes in the East Punjab would find proper shelter. They were dying of pneumonia and various infectious diseases, in this hovel of a camp. They sent the District Health Officer to me who said, "Sir, if we move them now, they will die of exposure."

I asked the Doctor if they would die in this damp camp, exposed to the rain and nature, or would they die if they were taken under shelter in schools, colleges and mosques. His talk did not make sense to me.

I asked Najaf Khan, the Superintendent of Police, who had come out despite running a high temperature, to stop every bus which passed through Lyallpur, disembark the passengers, and use them as transport for the refugees to be moved out of this death trap and got under cover. This work started after dusk that night and by 2 am., we had moved every man, woman and child to cover.

The next morning I ordered the Financial Commissioner to come out immediately, as also the Chief Engineer of the Irrigation Department. The latter was asked to move whatever earth moving machines, such as caterpillar tractors available to Lyallpur to clean up the old camp, and to help lay down the foundations for additional space. These acts found headlines in morning Newspapers saying "Shaukat says 'Do it at once'" and long stories of the misery of the people who had suffered in those camps were given out. Newspaper reporters flocked into Lyallpur. By that afternoon we had cleaned the camp, we had also collected cotton cloth and cotton wool from local factories. I asked for lady volunteers of Lyallpur to come forward in our aid at the refugee camp. Local women organizations started stitching eiderdowns for those poor unfortunates who had been deprived of any cover and distributed new clothes for those who did not possess any clothes, including the women I had spoken to in the make-shift tent.

Thereafter I sent for every single Patwari in the District. A Patwari is on the lowest rung of Officials in the Revenue Department and is an expert at measuring land and preparing plans for its distribution. I addressed them about the misery of refugees and asked them to inform me if there was any land wrongfully possessed. At first none of these wily old men would tell me anything. But later, when I announced that anyone who informed me he would be rewarded, a younger Patwari got up and said, "Sir, if I am given protection, I will tell you that a certain Nawab high up in the Muslim League has occupied over forty Squares of land." I ordered that this land should immediately be reclaimed, and made a rule that every family in the camp should be allotted up to eight acres of subsistence holding until records had been exchanged between India and Pakistan, when everyone would get their full allotment, according to their entitlement. I asked the Financial Commissioner which authority could promote the helpful Patwari. He said that he could do so. I ordered the informant to take two steps forward. The FC promoted him to be Naib Tehsildar. An old man who refused to budge from the stand that no land was left in Lyallpur District was immediately transferred to a penal Station. Then other Patwaris, one after the other got up to divulge details of more land and one of them informed me that the whole Tehsil (subdivision) of Jaranwala had been kept by a certain Revenue Officer, in reserve for people belonging to his District in East Punjab, quite unlawfully and against our instructions. His people were required to go to Muzaffargarh. I immediately ordered demotion of the concerned officer to a lower grade.

These acts did the trick and within the next twenty-four hours we found enough land to rehabilitate every single one of those 40,000 refugees or more, on the land we discovered in the Lyallpur District. All Hindu and Sikh houses were distributed among them which emptied the entire camp. I saw to it that further buildings were added to put up refugee labor in Lyallpur; which later came to be known as *Gharib Abad* (The Poors Colony), and was later to be occupied by thousands more refugees who arrived there afterwards.

At the same time I rang up Mamdot requesting him to post his able Secretary, Pir Ahsanud-Din, ICS, a very efficient officer as D.C. in Lyallpur. I offered Hamid the job which suited him best, that of my Private Secretary in Lahore. To this, the British Governor objected saying it was acting beyond my powers. I immediately returned to Lahore and requested a Cabinet meeting. We took up the matter, and decided that after the Independence the Governor no longer possessed any special powers with regard to Services. Services must be brought under control of the Cabinet. Moreover, the Cabinet approved of my actions and Hamid was made an Officer on Special Duty at Lahore. The Governor, who was an ex-UP Chief Secretary and had been specially brought over to the Punjab by Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan, on account of personal gratitude owed to him in UP., Mudie, reacted by requesting Liaquat Ali Khan to take Hamid as his own Private Secretary.

This was the first act of intervention in Provincial affairs by the Prime Minister of Pakistan which led to many a complication in times to come. Hamid had his knife in me thereafter. This showed that the position of the elected representatives was still secondary to that of the Officials, as had been the custom during the British Raj in India.

### **DIVISION OF ASSETS:**

Where the division of assets was concerned after the Partition, India did not play fair with us. Where the Army's equipment was concerned we did not receive any supplies of Ordnance and all the factories put up during the war and earlier were in the South of India and large depots, such as Ferozpur, were wrongfully handed to India under pressure from Mountbatten. We did not receive any supplies from these factories or arsenals. All we got was what happened to be already in our possession in Pakistan. All we received were over-size boots and useless equipment.

The Division of Assets Committee had been formed in East and West Punjab and met alternately at Lahore and Jalandur, the temporary Capital of East Punjab. The rules were that, in case of differences between us, the case would be referred to the Arbitral Tribunal headed by the Chief Justice of India, Sir Patrick Spens.

The question of Division of Water between Indian and Pakistani Punjab was to be decided at a meeting to be held in Jalandur. I attended this particular meeting along with the Secretary-Cum-Chief Engineer of the Irrigation Department Mr. Abdul Hameed, and the Chief Secretary, Hafiz Abdul Majeed ICS. We were accommodated in a ramshackle old hotel.

I remember an old Hindu friend from Lahore called on me. During conversation he said, "Shaukat Jee, Your Pakistan is not viable, it will not last long." I told him not to live in a fool's paradise. "The Nation which could handle half a million refugees that you have cruelly thrust on us, that Nation can cope with any situation". He said "Shaukat, you have not understood me. To understand my point, please, on your return, buy a pair of dogs; chain them separately in opposite corners. Do not feed them for three or four days. Kill a goat and place the meat in the centre. Then let them off the leash at the same time. On seeing the meat they would first go for each other, to be the first to get at the meat. One would win and he would over eat and fall exhausted. The other will over indulge in what is left over by the first. Both will be sick with indigestion. We have left your hungry and impoverished people so much wealth that they would go for each other's throats, after seeing the glitter we have left behind. Afterwards you would become like those dogs, losing your direction on account of greed. We have left so much wealth in your part of the Punjab that your Nation would become corrupt, on seeing the glint of gold and would start worshipping Lakhshami Devi our goddess of wealth." How true his prediction turned out to be forty-seven years later!



The next day we had to tackle the matter of the division, of water on which our economy entirely depended. We, discussed it amongst our own party and came to the conclusion that even if we took this problem to the Arbitral Tribunal and got a favorable decision, how were we going to get it implemented when the Head Works had been unfairly allotted to India, in the so-called Radcliffe Award. Therefore, we decided that we should find a via media to share the expenses of running the Head Works and part of the canal system located in the East Punjab. The Hindus, after long discussion, came to an agreement. Alas, in keeping with their Chanakian (Machiavellian) philosophy they reneged later, a day after the end of the Arbitral Tribunal. They stopped our share of water from the Head Works at Madhopur feeding Baridoab and from the Ferozepur Headworks, which supplied water to Dipalpur Canal irrigating the Montgomery area and to the Bahawalpur Canal. This came as a deep shock to me.

I called my Chief Engineer for Irrigation to find an alternative means of water supply otherwise hundreds of thousands of people would be without water both for irrigation as well as for drinking purposes. They explained that for the time being we could divert the Ravi water into the Baridoab Canal by lifting it up stream of Lahore. On my enquiry whether we could produce enough pumps, their reply was affirmative. But they were doubtful if we could dig a twelve miles long canal to carry this water to Burki. I ordered them to go ahead with the installation of pumps and undertook arrangements to dig the canal I also requested them to demarcate the canal.

That day I broadcast to our people, informing them of the gravity of the situation and dangers looming ahead for our people mostly refugees who had been settled in the area I appealed to every Pakistani living in the vicinity to come out with digging implements to help us defeat this latest blow. I also requested the Police as well as the Army to assist us in this National Emergency.

The next day, along with my Cabinet Colleagues, I arrived at the site for digging. It was a morale raising sight to see almost fifty to hundred thousand people present to take part in the task. There were just twelve days to complete the channel. Believe it or not we achieved the object, without spending a penny. Later the canal was widened and lined with bricks. It proved to be a great blessing both for agriculturists and later for our defence during the 1965 War. It became an unsurpassable anti-tank defence. Where the Dipalpur Canal was concerned we diverted water towards an adjoining *Nallah* (a dry water course) above the Mianwala Head Works near, Ferozepur and diverted it to Dipalpur Canal Irrigated Area Obviously this stratagem shook the Indians.

Thereafter the Government of India called a Conference at New Delhi Mr. Ghulam Mohammad who was on fairly good terms with the Indians Wag to lead the Pakistan delegation Mian Mumtaz Daultana and I were the other members of the Pakistan Team. Pandit Nehru and the two Punjab Ministers made up the Indian Team. Pandit Nehru

took up a still attitude but both of us from the Punjab refused to budge from the Agreement we had arrived at Jalandhar and since the Arbitral Tribunal had ceased to exist. We suggested that the case may be referred to the International Court of Justice was also rejected. On Mr. Ghulam Mohammad's appeal to Mountbatten an agreement was produced which we had to sign without changing a comma to the effect that the East Punjab Government would progressively diminish its supply to Central Baridoab Canal in the West Punjab but permitting reasonable time to West Punjab to find alternative sources. In the meanwhile we were to place the expenses in escrow.

We the Punjab's Ministers refused to sign the Agreement, but Mr. Ghulam Mohammad informed us that it was an Agreement between the Government of India and Government of Pakistan to which Ministers from both Punjab were just witnesses. Thus this Agreement was thrust down our throats by force. Later the Indians were even more dishonest and demanded and assumed rights to all water of the Rivers of East Punjab. This meant expensive alternatives like the Mangla and Tarbela Dams. Where Bhawalpur was concerned, large tract of its land became barren.

#### **RESIGNATION FROM PUNJAB CABINET AT QUAID-I-AZAM'S BEHEST:**

As I mentioned previously I had written to Quaid-i-Azam that we were going wrong in the Punjab. He called me to Karachi where I explained to him the problems which were being faced in the Punjab and also suggested a solution which he said his lawyer's mind could not accept. He directed me to Liaquat Ali Khan.

Liaquat Ali Khan who was pro Mumtaz Daultana had already recommended to Quaid-i-Azam that Mumdot was probably not able enough to carry on the burden of Punjab and he should be replaced. He further recommended that Mamdot may be given the charge of East and West Pakistan Affairs in the Central Government. Asking Mumtaz to become the Chief Minister of the Punjab. Quaid-i-Azam called us to Karachi and suddenly during our meeting said, 'Churchill should come in and replace Chamberlain', meaning Mumtaz Daultana should replace Nawab Mamdot. This came as a bolt from the blue. I objected to it and told Mumtaz he should not expect me to serve him if he betrayed his leader, Mamdot whom he had earlier got selected by a stratagem himself. Thereupon Mumtaz changed his mind and said he would prefer to work together with present Cabinet. When he was back in the Punjab he started undermining Mamdot again.

Quaid-i-Azam then called the entire Punjab Cabinet to Karachi. Mian Iftikhar-ud-din by this time had left on account of his differences with other members because he wanted to carry out reforms on the Communist pattern, which was not possible in the then existing atmosphere. He had disagreed with us and left the Cabinet. He had been a Minister in charge of the Rehabilitation for the short time but started stretching his authority and started interfering with every Government Department. Anyhow four of us reached Karachi.

Quaid-i-Azam told us that he could not let Punjab get into a shambles and he had decided that Mamdot should come to the Central Government and Mumtaz should take over the leadership of the Punjab. I accepted Quaid-i-Azam's verdict like a loyal follower. He said, "Gentleman, you submit your resignations immediately. I will swear-in Mamdot as a Minister in the Central Government and Governor will swear-in for the new Chief Minister of the Punjab". At this I asked Quaid-i-Azam as I was no longer concerned if I could return to Lahore. He acquiesced, and allowed me to go back and as Karmat was not involved either he was also allowed to return. Mamdot said that he would collect all the resignations and hand them over to Quaid-i-Azam's Secretary. Later Mamdot made an excuse that he would not find Karamat as soon he would collect his resignation, he would deliver them. He intentionally waited till mid-day, when Quaid-i-Azam used to rest during the afternoon. Mamdot got to the Governor General's House during Quaid's siesta and handed all the resignations to the Secretary.

Karamt and I were in the train when these colleagues also turned up. I asked them have you been sworn in? Mamdot answered how could he do so till Mumtaz had accepted to become the Punjab Chief. Mumtaz had taken the line with him that he would not take the oath of office till the Assembly Party approved the arrangement. Mamdot conveniently took shelter under this excuse.

In those days trains took twenty-four hours to reach Lahore. Governor Mudie had returned from Karachi by Air a day earlier. He called a Cabinet meeting in the morning. When we gathered, Mudie told us that I have been asked to return your resignations. Quaid-i-Azam had returned them. He was very upset with your behavior and would not wish to deal with you any longer. Mamdot was sitting next to the Governor. He put the resignations in his pocket. I told Nawab Sahib that we cannot afford to annoy Quaid-i-Azam but he did not listen. When we came out in the in Varrandah I told him again that we cannot exist if Quaid-i-Azam was unhappy with us. I am not prepared to take back my resignation. He said Sirdar Sahib let us go to your house and discuss this matter. The four of us gathered in my, house and started a discussion. There Mumtaz very cleverly suggested that Nawab Sahib, Shaukat is correct that we should not defy Quaid-i-Azam. If we must we shall have to ask Sir Feroz Khan Noon and Justice Din Mohammad to come into the Cabinet with us, to be able to defy the Quaid's directives. I still refused to have anything to do with this new scheme, and refused to withdraw my resignation. We could not arrive at any agreement. Therefore the meeting was adjourned till tea that afternoon. They all went to their homes. In the meanwhile Mumtaz wanted to get my support and he used the services of Khan Qurban Ali Khan the then Inspector General of Police and was just like an uncle to both of us.

When the meeting started again my wife called me to the dining room where Qurban Ali Khan was waiting. He said to me, 'Shaukat, Mumtaz is just putting Mamdot in a difficult position by suggesting that Feroze Khan Noon and Justice Din Muhammad

should join the Cabinet if he is to defy the Quaid. He has already, conveyed to both of them that Mamdot's invitations to them was in defiance of Quaid-i-Azam's wishes and they have refused to join. Why are you defending Mamdot?' I told him that it was a matter of honor for Mumtaz to stand by Mamdot. He was the person who had got Mamdot elected as a leader in the first place through Quaid's intervention and has been loyal to him ever since why, ditch him now - it is not cricket. I am sorry I would not become a party.

That evening my uncle Hassan Mahmood and I sat down and drafted the letter of resignation and sent it to Governor Mudie that very evening. Mumtaz actually sent his resignation forty eight hours later. But both appeared in the same Gazette. For which reason Mumtaz and my resignations were bracketed together. It was a decision that we took separately and independently. And our resignations were submitted on different days.

The next day Mamdot sent his emissaries Raja Hassan Akhtar and Khawaja Rahim two officers of the Government, famous for their Muslim League leanings. They told me that if I stay in the Cabinet Nawab Mamdot is prepared to give you in writing, that all the powers of the Chief Minister shall be in your, hands. I refused and told them that I had already sent my resignation and I am sticking by it. Mumtaz in the meanwhile agreed to take the Oath with Mamdot subject to his conditions. Nawab however, decided to reform his Government without Mumtaz and me.

The reason Mamdot had left his Cabinet's resignations in Karachi while Quaid-i-Azam was resting was simply because he did not wish to face Mr. Jinnah and accept becoming a Minister in the Central Cabinet. Quaid-i-Azam returned our resignations in anger to show his displeasure.

Mamdot appointed his own new Ministers in our place along with Karamat. But Mumtaz still had the backing of Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan. In the meanwhile we got message from the Quaid-i-Azam not to worry he would settle the matter amicably on his return from Ziarat. He died on the same evening the 11th of September 1948.

Later Mamdot was asked to resign under pressure from Governor Mudie on account of his mismanagement of the Punjab's affairs. And was tried under PRODA. A Governor's Rule was proclaimed in the Punjab. This was done on the instructions of Liaquat Ali Khan as Mr. Jinnah was already dead. Governor Mudie ruled along with four advisors, but he himself became a target of agitation by the President of the Punjab Muslim League Maulana Abdul Bari. Then the election was called only in the Punjab, which Liaquat Ali Khan supervised personally. He came to the Punjab to help Mumtaz and a lot of malpractices took place during those elections. I came to know from Chaurdhri Zafarullah Khan, the Presiding Officer, in the Vehari seat, that he had spent the day marking phony ballots in favor of Mumtaz to make it possible for him to win. Similarly

the Deputy Commissioner of Lahore and others elsewhere interfered in the election. This was the beginning of dishonesty in elections in Pakistan.

Mamdot left the Muslim League and formed a new Party: Jinnah Muslim League. Later he joined his Party with that of Mr. Shaheed Suharwardi's Awami League. The united Party was named Jinnah Awami Muslim League.

This was the beginning of the rift in the Muslim League and later gave birth to many new Leagues. This was the start of a sad disruption in the party which was responsible for the creation of Pakistan.

### **MY FIRST OUSTER FROM THE MUSLIM LEAGUE 1950:**

In early 1950, Liaquat Ali Khan's Home Minister brought back through an Ordinance that horrid and hated law enacted by the British Imperialists during the Second World war, the Safety Act, without placing it before the Assembly. We the Punjab Members of the Constituent Assembly, gathered at Mian Iftikhar-ud din's residence to issue our disapproval because we had started our civil disobedience against this very Act, leading to the arrests of some fifty thousand men, women and students. The intention of this Act was to curtail a citizen's civil liberties. It was successfully resisted by us, leading to the downfall of the Unionist-cum Congress Coalition Government in 1947. The Punjab's jails were filled beyond their capacity; many others including women were driven miles out to nowhere and left on the roadside Muslim women of the Punjab had, for the first time joined a mass movement. Several of these were gassed in the prisoner van, when they refused to disembark on the Multan Road miles from any habitation under orders from a British Police Officer. He had them pulled out of the van and thrown on the road-side. They had suffered serious burns and were left stranded on the road. My wife, who had followed in the direction they were going, picked them up and brought them back in our station wagon to the hospital. Therefore the re-emergence of this very detested law of arrest and imprisonment without trial was most unpopular in the Punjab.

The agitation against the original Safety Act was greatly responsible for the dismissal of Khizar's government and a major step forward to the achievement of Pakistan. In our rejoinder we reminded the Government of Pakistan of our earlier movement and their betrayal of the Punjab which had sacrificed so much for the freedom movement. We threatened to oppose it in the Assembly. Mumtaz Daultana had drafted our joint Statement.

When the Assembly was called we went determined to oppose it jointly. We actually objected to it in the Party meeting and reserved our right to oppose it.

When these ordinance were placed on the agenda, we decided to oppose it. Mumtaz Daultana, who had drafted the Resolution, came to Mian Iftikhar and me saying that it

has been his old custom to spend the New Year with his wife. He therefore requested us that, if the motion came up during his absence, he would be grateful if we could prolong the debate till the 3rd or 4th January so that he could participate and support our proposition. The bill was placed before the Assembly in his absence. Iftikhar and I lengthened the proceedings till the 4th January but Mian Sahib did not show up. Suddenly Iftikhar and I received a notice from Abdul Qasim Secretary of the Parliamentary Party, to show cause why we should not be expelled from the Party for breach of the Party's discipline. It shook me because I never expected that anybody would dare call my loyalty to the League in question. I was rather proud of my services to the Muslim League during the creation of Pakistan. I therefore enquired in writing from the Secretary as to who were the movers of this resolution. I was certain in my mind that no Punjab member could be responsible for it because each one of us had signed our statement to the press.

I was astonished when I saw the name of Mian Mumtaz Daultana on top along with some Bengal Members and U.P. mohajirs now elevated to the rank of Deputy Ministers, on account of their sycophancy to Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan.

When the resolution came up for the Party's consideration it was just one day before the end of the Session. I asked the reason for such a hurry in dealing with members who took pride in their service to the Muslim League. Sir Firoz Khan Noon and Sirdar Abdurrab Nishtar stood up to back us and said that party discipline could not be endangered when the Assembly was not in Session. Sirdar Nishtar wrote down a line for me that I assured the Party that I would not be found wanting in discipline, which I read out. When they still objected I retorted that I further undertook to be no less loyal to the Party than Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan himself. Some of the Bengal Members, including Khawaja Shahabuddin, wanted to get rid of us, as we had been backing up Shaheed Suhrawardy in the Assembly. They made it a point of prestige and decided to expel us, after we had walked out of the party meeting as a protest against their behavior. This was the treatment, after the Quaid's demise, to one known as Shaukat-i-Punjab, since he had called me so in 1943. Nawabzada who had succeeded him laid down the precedence for a new Civilian Dictatorship.

We appealed to the working committee which formed a sub-committee consisting of Chauhdri Khaliquzzaman, and Sufi Abdul Hamid the new President of the Punjab League and Mian Mumtaz Daultana, to deal with our appeal Mumtaz was our prosecutor and now appointed Judge by Liaquat and his henchmen!!

I put up a lengthy appeal by recounting my services to the cause of Pakistan. Safi Abdul Hamid was sent to me to tell me that they would exonerate me but not Mian Iftikhar ud din. I told him that it was unacceptable that two people accused of the same crime should receive different treatment, on the same charge. I had, in my reply, objected to

the composition of the court which was rejected We were both thrown out on this flimsy charge of breaking the Party's discipline.

*When desires slaves have assumed  
Twin roles of prosecutor as also the judge  
Whom to chose as an advocate  
And from whom to seek a fair decision*

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

When we were expelled from the Muslim League on account of the charge "of so-called breaking of the Party's discipline". We were convinced that democracy could not prosper under Liaquat Ali Khan, who was displaying such a crude form of injustice. We had already witnessed his ham-fisted display of justice in the case of Shaheed Suhrawardy and later in the case of Nawab Iftikhar Hussain of Mamdot. We therefore had no other course than to float a new party to emancipate Pakistan of such a totalitarian system Thus came the creation of Azad Pakistan Party.

We based our programme on justice and fair play for the people especially those being ridden over rough shod by the feudal landlords now in control of the Government. We drafted a radical programme to serve the poor and have-nots living in Pakistan.

Many sincere workers came forward to join us. We held our inaugural meeting at the famous 'Mochi Gate' in Lahore where we launched our new programme. Our programme was noticed by the downtrodden people. Soon after its launching we were invited by the fledgling Government of the People's Republic of China to attend the Peace Conference in Peking in October 1952. Our delegation included prominent workers of the Azad Pakistan Party and also well-known personalities like Pir Sahib of Manki Sharif.

In China we were surprised to see the transformation of the lethargic Chinese people. The corruption that prevailed during the Kumintong Government of Chang Kai Shek had disappeared as if by a magic wand. One could see the results of hard work in hardly in a couple of years after their independence. We could see the new multi-storied Hotels built for the Peace Conference Delegations in three to six months, and noticed the cleanliness and the bustle in Peking's Streets. We wondered how this transformation had taken place.

They told us how they had achieved a clean society. They de-centralized justice to ensure fairplay to all. Courts were created in each precinct (Street). Locals presided on them. They knew the people and called upon them to indict, thieves and other anti-social elements. This hastened justice because of the local knowledge of the trial courts. Exemplary punishments were awarded. About a hundred thousand people had to be hanged, by such summary trials all over the country. It seemed cruel and I said so. They

argued that it was not. Literally it was being cruel to be kind. Was it cruel to kill a hundred thousand people by this method, amongst whom may be one or two percent who may not have been guilty but it saved many hundred millions comprising the Chinese Nation.

At that time it sounded like cruel logic. But today when I look at the lawlessness, theft and corruption in Pakistan - people from the top to bottom have been infected, that, seems to be the real answer to our problems. To save many millions from the epidemic it may be kindness to award exemplary and quick punishment to a hundred thousand people: to save the Nation from God's retribution.



## CHAPTER - 8

### THE KASHMIR INVASION AND MISCELLANY

Just before the creation of Pakistan, Mr. Gandhi and Pandit Nehru had conspired with the Hindu Maharajah of Kashmir, who presided over a people whose vast majority were Muslims, not to accede to Pakistan. Similarly they persuaded Lord Mountbatten to change the Radcliffe award and give the Gurdaspur District, through which the road to the Kashmir Valley passed, to India. The Maharajah became adamant and refused to sign a document which would have acceded his State, with a majority of Muslim population and contiguous to Pakistan and with the major routes running through Pakistan. It was, in accordance with the League-Congress understanding, to be a part of Pakistan and Hindu Maharaja was bound to accede to us.

After the Frontier Referendum, I was so exhausted that I thought that a break was justified. I decided to join my wife and children who had been sent to Kashmir on account of the pre-partition commotion in Lahore. After joining with the family I visited Srinagar. Sheikh Abdullah and the High Command of his Party were mostly in jail. I met Mohy-udDin Kara one of the leaders who had moved under-ground. He informed me of the plight of his Party-men because of the cruelty of Mr. Kak, then the Chief Minister of Kashmir. He asked me give them the wherewithal to eliminate him.

Later after the creation of Pakistan. I requested Mian Iftikhar-ud-Din who was on good terms with Sheikh Abdullah, because of their friendship during the days he was in the Congress, to go and persuade him to help Kashmir opt for Pakistan.

Sheikh Abdullah sent Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammad to meet Liaquat Ali Khan in Lahore. Unfortunately Bakhshi's visit was mishandled. He sat cooling his heels in Lahore for several days before Liaquat condescended to meet him. This made a poor impression on Bakhshi. Sheikh Abdullah went to Delhi to meet Pandit Nehru who, with the Congress, made much of him. which was indeed a contrast to our handling of Bakhshi in Lahore. This had dire consequences.

A third generation Kashmiri, Pandit Nehru treated it as a bone of contention ever since 1947, and tried to annexe it by various means, even after having accepted the Security Council Resolution to hold a plebiscite. He would not allow it to be held despite their solemn assurances in the UN and reneged on the decision to hold a plebiscite.

Seeing the Maharajah's and India's bad faith, we therefore, decided to walk into Kashmir. I was put in charge of the Operations. I asked for the services of Brigadier

Sher Khan and Brigadier Akbar both of 6/13th Frontier Force (Piffers) and requested that we should be allowed some arms which we could retrieve from stocks of locally made rifles, lying in the Lahore Fort. In addition, I called General Kiani of the ex-Indian National Army, Colonel Dara, Taj Mohammed Khanzada to assist.

Taj was made Commander on the Northern front while General Kiani was put in charge of cutting off the Kathua Road by taking over Alkhnoor thus cutting off Kashmir from any contact with India.

At this time, Ghulam Mohammed, the Finance Minister, came up with his kinsman, Major Khurshid Anwar, an Army in India Reserve Officer in a Railways Battalion during the war. He had been leading the Muslim League National Guard during NWFP Referendum playing hide and seek in Peshawar Ghulam Mohammad recommended that I include him in the High Command; his only qualification seemed to be their common paste, Kake-Zai. I refused to have any non-soldier commanding, a military operation but Ghulam Mohammad and Liaquat Ali Khan beseeched me, and to keep him and his National Guards happy. I agreed to employ them as Lines of Communications troops, on condition that he would use of none other than National Guards. I had feared that he may, in his enthusiasm, use outsiders in operations. He was banned from employing Tribals from the Frontier or asking for arms from a military source. All the conditions he was to disobey, jeopardizing the entire operation. I was asked to release forty thousand rupees as his budget. This money was misused by him for transporting the tribesmen from Mahsud and Mohmand areas. We had planned to attack Kashmir in a pincer movement from Muzaffarabad and through Kathua Road. We had planned to utilize only the Black Mountain tribesmen of Swat to cross contiguous hills adjoining Kashmir and had decided to avoid employing other tribals for the sake of surprise and secrecy.

Suddenly we got the news at Rawalpindi Headquarters that Khurshid Anwar had flouted my orders and worked up the Mahsud tribesmen of Waziristan to come and take part in an Islamic Jihad (religious war). This was in complete disobedience of orders. He also disobeyed the other order to keep away from the Pakistan Army, by going to Brigadier Iftikhar in Nowshera and asking him to make available some military machine guns to the tribesmen. This again did more damage than all the Indian army could have done. Brigadier Iftikhar reported the matter to his superior, Commander-in-Chief of Pakistan, who reported the matter to Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Joint Commander of the Army in India and Pakistan. Governor Cunningham, who did not know of this operation suddenly got reports from his political agents that tribesmen were being utilized for attacking Kashmir. He passed the news on to Mountbatten,

Therefore, surprise, which was the essence of a successful invasion, was completely lost by this man who pretended to play the soldier. We fixed a day in September as the 'D'

Day but found Khurashid Anwar was missing. He had got married to a Muslim League worker in Peshawer and had disappeared on his honey-moon. This delayed the attack. India by this time had deployed troops under the command of Lord Mountbatten into Kashmir. To do this, they wangled an accession agreement from the Hindu Maharajah of Kashmir on the pretext that an invasion was planned. However, when we launched our I attack, we went through the Kashmir Army. In accordance with orders, Khurshid had to stay away from the main road and move in darkness to avoid air strafing but again he disobeyed the orders and rushed on in trucks and lorries during, day light, reaching Baramula. On the other side General Kiani had gone up towards Kathua. The Maharajah's Army withdrew against our pressure on both fronts. India moved a battalion by air.

When I got up to Muzaffarabad border, beyond which I was not permitted to proceed, I was clearly instructed that as a Minister of the Pakistan Government I should not be caught in Kashmir, and that this should remain an unofficial uprising.

I had removed 4,000 locally made rifles from the Lahore Fort, which had been collected during the war. I went personally to get them out. These rifles were sent to Kiani. For the ammunition I had to fly in a two-seater Trainer Aircraft to Karachi piloted by a young Air Force Pilot Officer, Abdulla. I found that the British, before leaving, wanted to destroy all the ammunition and had ordered tons and tons of small arm ammunition to be dumped into the sea. I managed to stop it being dumped by getting Quaid-i-Azam to order the local Commander to desist from destroying this ammunition. Therefore the Railway wagons carrying ammunition were returned. This was distributed between the two fronts. In addition, we blockaded all petrol and food going into Kashmir.

Taj Khanzada's Force Khurshid Anwar and his tribesmen did well in the Northern but they, came to a halt at Baramula. The Tribesmen refused to obey Khurshid Anwar's orders. The dispute was over the petty amount lying in the Kashmir Treasury. Khurshid Anwar had foolishly entered into an argument with Tribesmen over the money. He argued that it would belong to Pakistan while Tribesmen averred that it would belong to the Mujahids. In actual fact, it consisted of a paltry sum of three lakhs Rupees. Tribes insisted that they would celebrate the *Eid* (the festival of sacrifice) before they moved forward. For three days they would not move. They started looting locals and cutting lockets and earrings from the Nuns who were running a Convent at Baramula. Eventually, after great exhortations from Sher Dil, Deputy Superintendent of Police, who was acting as a liaison, officer, they moved forward. The Indian army Battalion, the 11th Sikh Regiment was already at Srinagar. Even so, these people pushed on and the Indian Battalion was forced to retreat. Instead of going forward and taking over Srinagar Airport, these Pathans started looting bazaars and wasted precious time. By then more Indian reinforcements arrived by air into Srinagar Had they blockaded the airport instead of by-passing it, this would not, have been possible.

We lost Kashmir through our own blunders and bungling. The people there were jubilant over Pakistan's action and wanted to join it, but the tribes fell back pell mell.

The rest of the story is very well-known. The case was taken to the UNO and its Security Council appointed arbitrators several times. Pandit Nehru agreed to a Referendum but did not ever permit it to take place, backing out of it time and again. Thousands of people have been killed in action in Kashmir, and India has made hundreds of thousands of Muslims their slaves. Once when Mussarrat my wife and I were asked to dinner at Pandit Nehru's house in Delhi, he turned to me and asked "Shaukat, what do the people in Pakistan think and say about me?" I replied, "Panditji, are you asking for the reactions of your friends or people in general?" He said "Of course I am asking about the opinion of friends". I told him "Your friends think that India has gained a great Prime Minister, but unfortunately Asia has lost a very great leader. Had he treated us fairly, he would have been the most respected man in Asia." He asked, "How?" I answered, "Panditjee, you do believe in Hindu joint family system don't you? Supposing your father dies and the younger brother is insistent that he should get an extra bathroom which is next to his room would you break up the joint family for that reason?" He said "No, but you are hinting at Kashmir. It is an emotional problem with me." At this Mussarrat reacted saying, "Just because you are a third generation Kashmiri Panditjee." He said "Yes" She retorted "So am I a third generation Kashmiri and I love Kashmir as much as you do therefore your argument does not hold much water" At this he became defensive and made the flimsy excuse that if he gave away Kashmir the Hindu population would go against him and he would not be able to protect Muslims elsewhere in India It would be dangerous to reverse the decision.

It was a lame excuse, just proving the old adage that "Might is Right". Otherwise, Pandit Nehru had no reason whatsoever, or justice on his side, to take such an attitude which was not only illogical, but would not allow the old hatreds to diminish or to remove the fear from which the Muslims had suffered all along.

I told him that the Kashmir problem may lead to the destruction of Pakistan but eventually it might involve India itself in a process of Balkanization. I advised him that we must solve our problems If we could settle our mutual disputes we could offer a Joint defence against invasion by any outsiders.

He asked what a face saving solution could be I suggested a Condominium both Pakistan and India could have High Commissioners in Srinagar and both of us could guarantee Kashmir's borders both of us moving freely without visas in Kashmir and being able to enjoy mangoes sitting together peacefully oil the Dal lake. He said this was an excellent idea which would be workable ill could persuade Pakistan. Unfortunately the Officials in Pakistan refused to accept it when I explained my proposal on my return. Later the case was ruined by Bhutto's so-called Simla agreement.

Three generations have passed, Panditji is no more. His daughter who had saved herself by invading East Pakistan was murdered, and so was Rajiv, her son, to whom. Bhutto's daughter betrayed the Sikh and thereby exposed Kashmiris to the might of the Indian army.

Is it not wise that we all sit together to solve the problem that exists between us. Following this course we would achieve a strength without getting involved in any super-power politics. Instead of genocide, murder and rape of innocents, let leaders of both countries become the real Statesmen that our Nations deserve. We would save money being wasted on Defence. Utilize it in Nation building, for the creation of industry, and employment. Spend the savings in the Defence expenditure on Nation building activities, such as food, education and health. We can gain our economic superiority like those countries in the East Asia.

Let us pray that wisdom, fairplay and friendship shall prevail on our sub-continent.

### **The New Interpretations. Now Being Coined For The Creation Of Pakistan:**

Where Pakistan is concerned we should know what the reasons were behind creating a homeland for the Muslims. Basically it was the emancipation of the Muslim people from the economic domination of the British, as well as the Indian moneylenders, who emaciated the Muslims.

First of all, it must be clearly understood that Quaid-i-Azam the founder of Pakistan, had given an interview to the American press just after passing the Lahore Resolution, that Pakistan would not be a Theocracy and that we do not believe in a Theocratic state. This was in 1940. Pakistan was opposed by the fundamentalists amongst the Muslims, such as the Ulemas of Deoband, Maulana Hussain Ahmed Madni, Maulana Abu Al Kalam, who was leading the Indian National Congress, and most of the other known religious leaders, like Maulana Maudoodi and Mazhar Ali Azar who went so far as to declare that Quaid-i-Azam was Kafir-Azam, meaning that he was the Greatest of Infidels. Others too, like Ataullah Shah Bukhari and many like him were against the creation of Pakistan. Today they have the cheek to call it Home of Islam and that it was created for it. They seem to believe in the adage that people have short memories, and the Muslims in Pakistan must have forgotten such Ulema's roles during our fight for freedom. Even our illiterate masses would not accept them. They can mislead some for some of the time but not all for all the time.

The only Ulemas with us were the Nawab of Mahmoodabad's friends, the *Alims* (learned men) of Farangimahal. When I was dismissed from the Cabinet, Maulana Ghulam Murshid, the Khateeb of the great Shahi Mosque at Lahore joined us in sympathy. Another was Maulana Abdul Hamid Badayuni, who was working for the

League and some other Imams joined us. Otherwise, until 1946 did other prominent religious leader join the Quaid's crusade.

In 1946 Maulana Shabbir Ahmed Usmani, a famous *Alim*, (learned man) dreamt that the Prophet was coming out of iris house in Medina, where all known Ulemas of India and of Deoband were lined up. On the other side he saw a frail old man wearing European dress standing hoping for an audience: People said that it was Mr. Jinnah. The Prophet turned his back on the Ulemas and went straight to Jinnah and embraced him. He therefore, sought an interview with the Quaid-i-Azam and became his follower.

Now I will discuss the role of the Pirs, only a few among the hundreds in the Punjab, who aided the Pakistan movement. They can be counted on fingertips. First was Pir Sahib Taunsa Sharif related to the Nawab of Mamdot joined his disciple, Pir Qamar-ud Din of Siyal Sharif and the Pir Sahib of Gola Sharif followed. The other one was Pir Sahib of Jalalpur Sharif, who was closely related to Raja Ghazanfar Ali. The other three I can recall were Pir Jamaat Ali Shah, Pir Sahib of Manki Sharif and Pir Sahib of Zakori Sharif of NWFP. They made a direct entry in to the League because they were convinced that Quaid-i-Azam was a just cause.

Therefore, to say today that Pakistan was made for Islamic fundamentalism is akin to accusing Quaid-i-Azam of falsehood. The Ulemas if they considered it an Islamic Movement as they are going hoarse announcing it today, why did they not support us then? As a matter of fact they were actively opposed to the Pakistan Movement. Today they are seeking a support in the slogan which little boys chanted during our Movement: "*Pakistan Ka Matlib Kia Laillah li Allah*", (Pakistan means there is no God but One). First of all, this was never used as a slogan by any one of us. There is no God but One, there is no quarrel on that point but He is the same for Hindus, Muslims, Christians and Jews, therefore, we could not claim Him as the sole property of the Muslim people. Unlike Maulana Maudoodi's party and General Zia, who assumed for himself the role of the sole Protector of Islam, with which he cloaked himself when he usurped power, and murdered his benefactor Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, and to hide many more of his sins.

Had it been the desire of my Quaid to make it a Religious State, being a straight forward and a truthful person, he would have said so. How could he, when he knew that his scheme consisted of Punjab, Frontier, Sindh, Baluchistan, Bengal and Assam, which were inhabited by both Hindus and Muslims; Thereby making such a dangerous claim that Pakistan was to be a homeland only for Muslims? would have been unwise. Nor had he planned or even thought of any exchange of population which was later thrust on us by Hindus.

Today many interpretations of Pakistan's creation are being coined. This disinformation campaign was actually started by the circulation of a postcard by Maulana Maudoodi's

Party demanding the so-called, thirty five points as the basis of Pakistan, requiring their incorporation in our Constitution in 1948-49. The only mention of Islam, to satisfy Maulana Shabbir Ahmed, was inserted in the preamble to the constitution: "Wherein the Muslims shall be enabled to order their lives in the individual and collective spheres in accordance with the teachings and requirements of Islam as set out in the Holy Quran and Sunnah and shall bring their economic system, in line with that of Islam."

In his very first speech to the Constituent Assembly in August 1947 at the time of the Independence of Pakistan, Quaid-i-Azam declared, on the 11th August 1947:

*"From today onwards in Pakistan there shall be no Muslims and no Hindus, (meaning that they will all be Pakistanis). Hindus will go to their temples, Muslims to their Mosques and others to their own places of worship without let or hindrance and the State has got nothing to do with their religion."*

Can anyone refute it? Only those who are using the name of Islam for purposes of their own, or for the creation of fundamentalism, or for saving themselves from retribution for having usurped People's Power. One dictator adopted Islam as a facade just to cover his own misdeeds.

We wanted to be straight, truthful honest and steadfast Muslims who followed a leader having had all these qualities. Alas we failed him and many of today's leaders are using Pakistan to enrich themselves by fair means or foul. A majority of them forget the saying of our Quaid-i-Azam that Pakistanis not being created for the good of the exploiting landlords or the moneyed class. I may add for the information of the greedy, avaricious, corrupt Politicians or the Bureaucrats, whether Civilian or from the Armed Forces, that Quaid-i-Azam wished to create Pakistan as a homeland for the poor and the deprived majority, where they were, to have equal status and rights. None shall be allowed to exploit the poor tenants, or the underdogs in the cities. Which, unfortunately, the order of the day today, under the so-called defender of the faith, General Zia ul Haq, and his creations. All of them are out to rob the poor. There are few Muslims who act in accordance with Quaid-i-Azam's basis of Islam, which was expected to bring about economic emancipation for the under-dog.

Are we not ashamed to see in the foreign press Pakistan's Leaders and Generals being quoted as being amongst the richest in the world? From where has this wealth come to them? I know the background of most of them. Few of them has truly followed Islam or rightfully inherited any wealth. Islam does not allow any Ruling Class. We went off, the righteous path long ago. Today we are worse than the Robber Barons, looting the country with both hands. Can they compare themselves with the conduct of the Second Caliph Hazrat Umar, who was given his share of cloth captured as booty, which was, not sufficient to make a robe therefore he borrowed his son's share to complete a garment for himself. When he wore it, he was questioned by an ordinary Muslim 'Tell

me, Umar how it was possible for you to make a robe out of your share of the cloth. It was not sufficient for it.' He got up to satisfy his critic and explained how he had borrowed the share of his son to be able to complete it. That was greatness not like today's race of becoming rich overnight, each displaying his worldly goods. The greatness in Islam was not in empty slogans or hypocrisy, as being practiced by today's 'Rulers'. Ours was a non-sectarian movement. We wanted to achieve economic well-being and to live in accordance with the way the Prophet had lived. What we need is to practice Islam its equality, brotherhood and fraternity, honesty and fairplay that it teaches.

I have tried to explain that the aim of Pakistan was not that of the fundamentalists; Quaid-i-Azam himself, in spite of his greatness, may not have been a perfect practitioner of certain Islamic injunctions. He was no hypocrite. He used to say "Don't expect me to be the epitome of Islam. I may not be a very good Muslim, I am your lawyer holding the brief to see that Muslims are not emaciated by the blood sucking Bania Money lenders of India." He was a pragmatic person. He wanted to live in the country as it was and where reform was concerned, he wanted to correct the People's character by practicing the real code of Islam, not just following 'Rituals,' like the gentlemen who are using Islam only as shields for hiding their own malfeasance and dishonesty.

On the one hand, you may be paying the *Tithe* or the *Zakat*, and on the other, if you are practicing un-Islamic acts, you would be nothing but a hypocrite. Hypocrites stand cursed in Islam. I could give hundreds of examples where many a crime has been committed in the name of Religion, either by the Christians or by the Muslims or the Jews. It did not make them any better Christians, Muslims or Jews. Good Muslims abhor iniquity and it is iniquities which are being practiced in certain countries today, including Pakistan, in the name of God and Islam.

To expect that we should go back 1400 years in laws and usages that do not fit in today's conditions would be utter madness and anti-Islamic. It would make Islam moribund. No Islam considers that the Almighty is daily showing new methods and revealing new Miracles which were unknown to human beings earlier I remember being told not to listen to the Radio when it originally came to India, because they thought it was Satan's voice that was coining out of the speaker if that is Islam then no Muslim would recognize new facts of life or, would believe in the new scientific discoveries, thus getting out of step with realities and the true religion of Islam. It is a universal religion revealed for all times and has to be able to cope with and adapt all knowledge revealed to mankind and to be able to cope with modern times and inventions, which were not within human understanding 1400 years ago.



## Democracy Practiced By The West In The Third World:

Many long years ago when the British ruled India and the sun never set on the British Empire. I was attending the Government College. at Lahore. a prestigious British - Indian institution. British teachers dominated the faculty. We were being taught that the British form of Government was the best; Democracy was extolled sky high. It was inculcated in us that Dictatorship of whatever kind, whether Mussolini's Fascism or Hitler's Nazism, were as evil as Stalin's Communism. Party's Dictatorship was abhorrent. Day in and day out it was drummed into Our heads by Messrs Dickinson, Garrett and later by my British Instructors at the Indian Military Academy Dehra Dun, that it was every gentleman's duty to fight against all types of totalitarianism. We were told that every form of Government which was not democratic was evil.

We were truly brainwashed democrats, so much so that we believed in it as almost a religious truth. Totalitarianism was spreading its tentacles in Africa through Mussolini and in Eastern Europe by Hitler's Nazis which convinced us that to fight dictatorship was serving the cause of freedom and that the democratic system was the best for a free India. For the Muslim people, everywhere, it was the nearest thing to Islam, as practiced by the Holy Prophet. Hence I became a believing democrat. So much so that I changed over from 16th Cavalry (the First Madras Lancers) to Skinners Horse (the first Bengal Lancers) who were leaving for the front first, just to be able play my part to serve the cause earlier I was wounded and captured, later to be released by our own forces when they captured Eritrea. I faced the Blitz in U.K; I fought in the Western desert. I was also greatly impressed by the U.S. support for the cause of the freedom of India.

My first disenchantment with the democracies came with the Yalta Conference where Eastern Europe was thrown under the yoke of Communist Dictatorship without asking those people. Many shocks were still in store for me when I found that the United States backed Chiang Kaishek in China and introduced Syngman Rhee's totalitarianism in South Korea; Marcos and his predecessor Ramulos in the Phillipines; Diem & Company in Vietnam; General Suharto in Indonesia, Ayub Khan, Yahya and Zia in Pakistan; the Shah of Iran in Persia, General Neguib in Egypt; General Gursel and other Generals in Turkey; Bourgiba, in Tunis and King Mohammad in Morocco; They had tolerated General Franco in Spain.

The whole scenario spelt treachery and shook my faith in the so-called supporters of democracy. A lame excuse was given that democracy only suited the genius of Anglo-Saxon races and prospered amongst those living in a cold climate. Actually Anglo-Americans preached what suited their own personal interests best. Some of us were despondent, not able to perceive any longer the difference between the USSR's following their self-interests and those of so-called democracies following what suited their own Imperial or Capitalist aims In short it has weakened my faith in and loyalty to the cause of democracy. The politburo and Anglo-American democratic Cabinets

seemed to be alike In Pakistan we won freedom through the ballot box and not by the bullet. The attitudes of the U.S. and U.K. have shaken us 'Believing Democrat'. The new and fallacious slogan of Americans equates a strongmen and stability. Their favorite dictators or strongman installed at the helm of affairs in the third world were considered more dependable than those democrats who fought for their respective Nation freedom and had always considered their country's interest and democracy at par. We have been sorely disappointed by the new Anglo-American attitudes.

Without any qualms of conscience Anglo Americans have, shortsightedly, brought in the bureaucrats both Civil and Military, because they, were expected to be more pliable than freedom fighters or politicians Americans forget their earlier slogans that the People can fight for their own freedom and defend themselves better than the military elite These attitudes have created a great chasm between our thinking people and the Western Democracies. An erstwhile Democrat like me is convinced now that there is no such things as loyalty to an ideology. It is selfish personal interest first and last.

### **Pakistan Under The New Pattern Of Democracy**

At its inception Pakistan consisted of five Provinces: East Pakistan now Bangladesh the Punjab North Western Frontier. Baluchistan and the Sindh. The whole of Pakistan had been kept economically backward by the British.

Industrial development was kept away from the NWFP and the Punjab which were reserved as recruiting grounds of gun-fodder for the army. Its people were, therefore, kept sub-servient under a feudal system. Baluchistan had become a neglected tribal society After the mutiny of the Baluch Regiment and during the First World War, on their refusal to take up arms against the Muslim Caliph of Turkey they were thereafter declared a non-Martial people completely forgetting the British political officer's description in late 19th century, in which he had termed Baluch as valiant foes. An average Baluch became a slave of their Sardars. Their fate was similar to the Bengal Army of India after the Great Indian Mutiny of 1857 The British after the mutiny, dubbed the loyal Bengalis who formed the bulk of their Indian Army till then as a non-martial. people, unfit to bear arms. I have been a Squadron Leader in the 1st Bengal Lancer where there was not a single Bengali soldier. The majority of the soldiers who had conquered most of Northern India for the East India Company had become non-combatants unsuitable for the army just because of disloyalty during the mutiny. Even we in the Punjab forgot that the Bengal Soldiers used to spend their six months' leave (furlough) in the Punjab fighting the Sikhs to emancipate Punjabi Muslim from the Sikh's misrule as a *Jihad* (Holy War). They had been relegated to the jobs of mowing grass for the Indian Cavalry and made subservient to the Hindu Tax Collector, as mentioned earlier. Even after the Partition and freedom the old British stigma was allowed to persist in the Bengal leading to estrangement and feeling of deprivation, amongst Bengali Muslims as well as the Baluchs.

In Pakistan we adhered to the old British pattern rather than that of an independent people. We kept the Baluch and Bengali out of the army and services. Most of the employment went to Punjabis or to the people from NWFP. In a dozen Baluch Regiments we have hardly a handful of Baluch Servicemen. NWFP was also kept partially tribal under the heel of the Political Department, the rest under a feudal tutelage.

The Colonial system remained only the officers were changed. In place of the British the Punjabi and refugee civil servants became masters. The system remained. Unfortunately Punjab was more populous than all the three other Provinces of West Pakistan put together. Eighty percent of the Armed Forces hailed from the Punjab and the rest from NWFP not because people of other Provinces were of inferior stock but because the Punjabis were treated as the elite by our erstwhile masters.

Later, Sindh's newly irrigated lands were deliberately distributed amongst ex-soldiers and serving Generals, by Ayub Khan.

In Sindh, lands belonging to Hindus who had migrated were distributed among the Refugees from United Province, brought in during Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan's Rule, without any official proof of the property left behind by them because they were to provide a safe constituency for him.

Smaller Provinces had a rightful reason to grouse when they found that a major part of our budget and of foreign aid was being spent on the Armed Services. Eighty percent of the Budget was being spent on the Punjab Army in addition to other benefits accruing to Punjabis such as job in the Civil Service. During the British rule Punjabis were, far more than others, in the Government Service. They were posted, after the partition, in place of Hindus and Sikhs who had left Bengal, Sindh, Baluchistan and the Frontier. The behavior of the Punjab Civil Servant was not much different from that of the British Colonial Civil Servant.

This was partly the reason for the estrangement between the Punjabis and the Rest. In East Pakistan Muslims, originally, converted from owners into serfs, of the Hindu Tax Collector. The lack of education among them, with its consequent unemployment, was responsible for their complete exclusion from business and services. For their backwardness they blamed the West Pakistan rather than the Hindu extortionists. They perceived that they had only changed the Colonial-Masters, Civil Servant of Punjab and U.P. supplanting those of British origin. They were in haste to become Civil Servants but Civil Servants could not be created over night. The Hindu Teacher sowed seeds of hatred for Pakistan in the minds of the young, blaming their Muslim compatriots from the West Pakistan for all their ills. They inculcated alien ideologies in the young Muslims' minds.

Similarly the Baluchistan tribes, left completely uneducated by the British, still continued living in a primitive tribal society. The British had employed Police, Doctors and Teachers from Punjab or from NWFP, in Baluchistan. There, too, Baluchis had become inimical to these Punjab servicemen whom they blamed for their own backwardness.

In Sindh they blamed the Punjab because of the settlement policies mentioned previously. Sindh people considered Punjabi not as settlers but as usurpers of their land, forgetting that the British had brought Punjab settlers to break the newly irrigated land after the creation of the Lloyd's Barrage, on account of the inefficiency inculcated in the Sindh *Hari* (cultivator) by their landlords.

Thus, advertently or otherwise, the Punjab's Officers and those who had opted for Pakistan from the rest of India sowed seeds of suspicion, and unrest amongst the locals, leading Pakistan to the very edge of the precipice.

Sindh which had been a part of Bombay province used to be the Hindu businessman's haven. They had become financial conscience - keepers of the indolent Sindh landlords and managers of their demesne. They lent money to the Muslim landlords and controlled their lands and minds. The tenant was treated worse than the serfs of medieval England. They were treated as goods and chattels. The landlord discouraged them from education or the military service for the fear of their becoming independent. The landed gentry themselves were too lazy to join the army. Landlords blamed the Punjab's Army for becoming settlers of Sindh's newly irrigated lands. Their argument was that the Army had been settled by the Pakistan Government to create Officers' vested interests in Sindh. Unlike the British custom of just giving land grants to Ex-Viceroy commissioned officers (*Subedars* and *Jamadars*) with long meritorious services, officers right up to Generals were inducted into newly broken Sindh lands by the dictator Ayub Khan in his own selfish interest.

Though linguistically and ethnically Bengali, Sindhi, Baluchi and the Pathan are all different. In Sindh they are all mixed Baluchi, Mekranis, Punjabi old land settlers Pathans and locals.

Baluchistan's population consisted of Baluch, Pathans, Brohis the original inhabitants and the Hazaras the forest dwellers who are the original inhabitants from Afghanistan, and the imported Punjab and NWFP servicemen.

In West Pakistan, landlords were emaciated by the blood sucking Hindu Sohkar (money-lender) and the Muslim people were kept away from industry, even from employment in the factories. They were just recruiting grounds for a mercenary Army

or lower echelons of Civil Services or as cheap labor performing menial tasks. Just a handful of minor industries belonged to the Muslims such as Five Flour Mills and some ginning factories owned by Sheikh M. Ismail and one small Tea Factory in Palampur Kangra owned by my family. There was one sole Broker of agriculture produce that existed-in the whole of the Punjab, at Mandi Bahauddin. Only three shops were owned in the whole of Anarkali, the Karnal Boot House the Bombay Cloth House and Sheikh Inayat Ullah. Chief Boot House was the solitary shop on the Mall, and a couple of small printing presses, one of Paisa Akhbar and the other belonging to Feroz Sons.

Many hurdles had to be crossed by the Muslims because of the personal likes, and dislikes of their British masters. Eventually they conceded a moth-eaten Pakistan, hoping that it would collapse within six months of its creation.

The British, while going away, placed their trust more on their own framed Pakistani Civil and Military Servants, some of whom had become their agents or informers, than on the freedom fighters. The British depended more on the loyalty of the former creatures such as Ahmed of the Indian Police Service. A letter addressed to him was intercepted by us. It was the start of the game of undermining the politician and musical chairs of the Political Governments leading to the eventual ascendancy of the civil and military services in Pakistan. In fact, out of the, forty-seven years that Pakistan has existed, it has been about eight years, and that at intervals of five to ten years, that the politicians were allowed to govern. The armed services assumed for themselves supremacy over those who had fought and won freedom and were the real founders of the country.

The Services, in the effort to maintain their own supremacy even broke UP the country, by forcing Bangladesh to secede, by denying them the result of the elections in which they had won an overall majority. Bengalis found that the British Colonial Master had just been replaced by a worse Civil and Military Colonialist belonging to West Pakistan.

I would say with deference that the lasting answer still lies in true Democracy with a provision of hope for betterment of the people's lot in every country. A little sacrifice by the opulent North; a little selflessness, a little magnanimity in place of big power's selfishness and less avaricious interest shown by the Anglo-American Block in the negotiations could result in a much happier and stronger democratic world. I may be dubbed as a Utopian but I would much rather die in hope, rather than to live under the tutelage of Strongmen, whether imposed by the Eastern Communists or by the Western Capitalists.

The Soviet Union had been kept at bay for a hundred years on the River Oxus by the British, converting Afghanistan into a buffer state. Perceiving the disinterest by the Anglo-American block and the disarray within Pakistan on account of their internal

problems created by unrepresentative governments, the Russians took advantage and walked into Afghanistan.

To counter this thrust the Americans made use of fundamentalists both in Afghanistan and in Pakistan, with the connivance of the military dictator. He landed us into this particular adventure as a willing tool of the United States. We unwisely allowed an uncontrolled influx of refugees into the interior of Pakistan right up to Karachi. Their numbers have grown to three million.

After the breakup of the Soviet Union, these refugees have proved to be a permanent burden for us. No longer are the Americans bothered about their erstwhile tools or supporting these people or taking any interest in their return. Many of these Afghan Leaders are today embroiled in a war among themselves, destroying Kabul and each other.

This permission by Pakistan to use our country as a sanctuary as well as a base for the conveyance of sophisticated arms to them has proved to be a terrible calamity for Pakistan, opening floodgates of corruption, greed and introduction of narcotics into Pakistan with all consequent ills. Moral values have been eroded. Both men and women have fallen victims of addiction to narcotics. The drug money has had a most detrimental effect on our politics. The Smuggler has reached Legislative Assemblies - a rat race is afoot for becoming rich overnight. Many smugglers have entered politics, bringing with them many ills such as purchasing their way into power. Many fight elections on their ill gotten wealth leading to horse trading of members. The prevailing price of a member has run to ten million rupees. There are Dacoities at gunpoint by the addicts, gang wars, taking of hostages for ransom. Many accusing fingers are being raised against members of the Government. There is a breakdown of law and order, illegal sale of arms by Generals during the Afghan War to other countries culminating in, a blow up of the Ordnance Depot in Rawalpindi with consequent loss of life and property just to avoid detection of misfeasance of lethal weapons. There is consequential loss of control of law and order by marginally elected governments.

Already there are movements from within what remains of Pakistan, after dishonest shedding of East Pakistan's majority. The smaller provinces are considering Punjab as their tormentor with a population equal to the other three federating units. Punjabis are considered enemies by the non-Punjabi's Provincial and parochial interests. Should there be a secessionist movement in Baluchistan which is being openly preached, saying that eighty percent of the Punjabi Army is guzzling major portion of country's budget and wealth, thus depriving the smaller Provinces of their rightful due.

A possible solution of our Problem can be a change the Provincial boundaries, created by the British for their own administrative convenience. Why not remove them and the bogey of the Punjab's majority? There is not such community as the Punjab. Punjab just

means Five Rivers, of which half have already gone to India. Nor are they ethnically homogeneous. Amongst them live Jats, Gujars, Rajputs (originally Hindus, converted to Islam). There are Gakhars, Awans, and Mains, Baluch with as many sub-tribes who came from outside. Physically Punjab is divided into Potohar from Indus up to the Jhelum, Central Punjab of Jats and Mains. The Saraiki area of Multan, Muzaffargarh and Bahawalpur are contiguous to Khairpur and Sukkur which are also a Saraiki speaking people. Dera Ghazi Khan and Jacobabad of Sukkur Division is more Baluch than Punjabi or Sindhi. Why not create more ethnic and terrain-oriented provinces? The original Derajat Division consisted of Attock, Abbottabad, Peshawar, Mardan, Dera Ismail Khan, Kohat, Bannu, Mianwali and Rawalpindi. This could become the Northern Province. Lahore Faisalabad, Sheikhpura Sahiwal could become the Central province. Another Province, Multan Muzaffargarh, Bahawalpur, Khairpur and Sukkur (minus Jacobabad and D.G. Khan) could be the Saraiki Province and the Southern Sindh and Karachi could become Sindh. Baluchistan would have Jacobabad and D. G. Khan attached to it. These provinces would be self-supporting and more homogenous.

The outcome of the foregoing events is the hatred generated against Punjab, in the other federating provinces on account of the part played by the services belonging to the Punjab, and because of eighty percent of the being spent on the predominantly Punjab Army and Defence forces.

The greatest advantage of reformation would be to remove the fear of Punjab and its majority from people's mind. All are nearly alike and can be balanced without treading on any one's toes. It can integrate people and beget each other's trust. Let the thinkers take a tip and re-draw boundaries which are at present un-suitable for today's Pakistan.

The answer therefore lies in a truly democratic Government. There is no need for a strongman in power today. Punjab can be thrown to the wolves in a vendetta by those who feel that their economy has been emasculated unfairly by the Punjab Army. With a large army Ayub Khan could not overawe our people nor could Yahya, his successor by using the Army could suppress our disgruntled people in East Pakistan ending, in disintegration of the country. Proving that none can suppress and keep own a people by a mere force of arms: No-one has. so far learnt a lesson from the East Pakistan debacle nor from the British helplessness against the unarmed people of the Indian Sub-Continent.

The army could do little to suppress the Baluch when their Leaders were thrown out of the Government, arbitrarily by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and thrown into prison. It led to three years of blood feud and in the end the army had to be withdrawn.

Last of all, the idea of fundamentalism preached by the Saudi Government is counterproductive. Khomeneism cannot prosper amongst the better-educated people of Pakistan. People are no longer prepared to be satisfied simply by the proverbial 'pie in

the sky'. Zia tried to base his power on that idiom ending up in a massive blow up of his plane.

Our problems are mainly economic and not religious. I agree that our religion is Islam. But Quaid-i-Azam never envisaged a Theocracy for Pakistan.

Religious gendarmes cannot force religion down people's throats. Pious exhortations alone cannot fill hungry stomachs. Unfair administration of law, nepotism, bribery and endemic corruption is destroying people's faith in Islamic Democracy. What people need is food within their means, safety of their homes, health and education of their children and a peaceful existence. No-one seems to be bothering about these. Politicians are only interested in capturing power to misuse it to line their own pockets. Let our country ponder.



## CHAPTER - 9

### BUREAUCRAT RULES

Now I must recount the reasons which made it impossible for democracy to prosper in Pakistan. If someone asked me to spell out, in one word, the reason for its downfall and for the breakup of Pakistan, my answer would be 'Bureaucracy', whether it be the civilian or the later Military Bureaucracy. They had always been co-conspirators.

In the beginning, Quaid-i-Azam's personality was far too strong to be challenged by any bureaucrat and, therefore, we had peace between the politicians and the bureaucrats for one year.

After Quaid-i-Azam there was no Leader who commanded the same amount of respect all over Pakistan, nor were there many capable political personalities in the Provinces, apart from Shaheed Suhrawardy, Khawaja Nazimuddin, Fazal-ul-Haq in East Pakistan, Sirdar Abdul Rab Nishtar of the NWFP, Raja Ghazanfar Ali, Sir Firoz Khan Noon, Nawab Mamdot, Mumtaz Daultana and perhaps me on account of my previous experience in the Punjab. In addition, there were some prominent leaders of the Pakistan Movement such as Miss Jinnah, Raja of Mahmoodabad, Hassan Isphahani and Ibrahim Rahmatullah who were still alive.

As regards to the bureaucrats, the only capable ones were those who had passed the Competitive Examinations to the reserved seats for Muslims. The majority of these belonged to the Indian Accounts Service, ranking probably third amongst Civil Services and had climbed up the ladder-by playing the Hindu's game more proficiently, that is in keeping together and safeguarding each other's interest and by aligning with and ingratiating themselves with the British.

The second in line were the handful of Muslims in the Indian Civil Service: men who had passed the Competitive Examinations such as, Bashir Qureshi, Hafiz Abdul Majid, Khawaja A. Rahim, Pir Ahsan-ud-Din from the Punjab; the others were all junior. The few senior ICS Officers were all nominated on account of their families' services or their proficiency in sports.

Ingratiating themselves with the politicians was encouraged by Chaudhri Mohammed Ali a Deputy Secretary in the Finance Department posted as Private Secretary to Liaquat Ali Khan, the Minister of Finance in the Viceroy's Council of Ministers. It was Chaudhri Mohammad Ali who was responsible for bringing in his retired mentor, Ghulam Mohammad, then serving under a non Muslim business magnate as Pakistan's Finance Minister. He was a man who had never been a Muslim Leaguer or known to

have uttered a single word in praise of Pakistan His best qualification was that of being a master, of intrigue Pakistan's Civil Secretariat was packed with Indian Account Service men such as Zahid Hussain, Shujaat Ali, Mumtaz Hassan and Abdul Qadir.

After the murder of Liaquat Ali Khan they stopped the next Muslim League Deputy Leader, Sirdar Abdul Rab Nishtar, from accompanying the cortege to Karachi ordering him to stay in his post as the Governor of the Punjab on a flimsy pretext that India might take advantage of the murder and attack! These clever men of the Indian Accounts Service knew that under the Indian Independence Act the actual power lay with the Governor General.

They had utilized Khawaja Shahabuddin Nazimuddin's brother and the Governor of NWFP to persuade his brother to become the Prime Minister, instead of Sardar Abdul Rab Nishtar. The Accounts Service succeeded to elevate their group's leader to a post with real power, that of the Governor General. Thus a bureaucrat Ghulam Mohammad, usurped the office of Governor General.

During the forty-seven years that Pakistan has existed the only politicians who were really permitted to rule were the Quaid-i-Azam and Liaquat Ali Khan during the first three years of the country's life. And later Bhutto from 1973-1977. Bhutto was a politician who ruled only half of Pakistan having deliberately lost the other half. Altogether the politicians, who have been the favorite flogging horses of the dictator's have presided over Pakistan's destinies for only eight out of forty seven years of its existence. After Quaid's demise the Bureaucrats found the suitable to revive the old British method of pitching one politician against the other. They persuaded Liaquat to replace Mamdot by Mumtaz, who anyhow, was near to his own heart. Mumtaz had won him over by showing his personal loyalty to him. Similarly Qayum was preferred to Sirdar Abdul Rab Nishtar a veteran compared to the former who had joined only in 1946 after his virulent publication against the Quaid and the League titled "The Guns and Gold on the Frontier".

Where Baluchistan was concerned, bureaucrats had a free hand there because the society there was still tribal and Government Officers were free to rule. Finally, in Sindh, they had a fight arranged between Khurro and Qazi Fazulullah and Abdul Sattar Pirzada. In East Pakistan Nazim-ud-Din and later Nur-ul-Amin were given preference over Shaheed Subrawardy.

Therefore not one part of Pakistan was beyond the intrigues of the Bureaucrats. They ruled supreme whoever may be the political leader. It was a misfortune for Pakistan that it did not inherit many political leaders with administrative experience. Bureaucrats ruled the roost so much so that they did not stop even at rending asunder Pakistan. In their machinations the bureaucrats even utilized the services of foreign diplomats. Politicians may have been few and inexperienced but were far more patriotic

than the bureaucrats who on the other hand started thinking themselves omniscient and assumed for themselves the sole right to patriotism and exclusive ability to rule in Pakistan.

These gentlemen played musical chairs with the politicians throwing out one Prime Minister after the other at will. The worst example was the removal of the good and honest to the core, Khawja Nizaud-Din. They had the temerity to dismiss the Prime Minister whom they had themselves advised to forsake the office of the Governor General and assume that of the Prime Minister. Nazimud-Din appealed to the British Sovereign. Naturally the Queen could not entertain Nazimuddin's protest because the Indian Independence Act had devolved all the powers of the British Government onto the Governor General. In Nazimud-Din's place they brought Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra belonging to a Zammdar family from East Pakistan who had been posted as Ambassador to Canada and later to the United States, after Mr. Ispahani. He was a very pleasant gentleman more interested in gadgets than in running the administration he came forward to take over Nazimud Din's place just a piece of gimmickry to offer a lollipop to the East Wing. Ghulam Mohammad had used his dictatorial powers to remove Nazim-ud Din, Bogra and later the Officers were all nominated on account of their families' services or their proficiency in sports.

Ingratiating themselves with the politicians was encouraged by Chaudhri Mohammed Ali a Deputy Secretary in the Finance Department posted as Private Secretary to Liaquat Ali Khan, the Minister of Finance in the Viceroy's Council of Ministers. It was Chaudhri Mohammad Ali who was responsible for bringing in his retired mentor, Ghulam Mohammad, then serving under a non Muslim business magnate as Pakistan's Finance Minister. He was a man who had never been a Muslim Leaguer or known to have uttered a single word in praise of Pakistan His best qualification was that of being a master, of intrigue Pakistan's Civil Secretariat was packed with Indian Account Service men such as Zahid Hussain, Shujaat Ali, Mumtaz Hassan and Abdul Qadir.

After the murder of Liaquat Ali Khan they stopped the next Muslim League Deputy Leader, Sirdar Abdul Rab Nistar, from accompanying the cortege to Karachi ordering him to stay in his post as the Governor of the Punjab on a flimsy pretext that India might take advantage of the murder and attack. These clever men of the Indian Accounts Service knew that under the Indian Independence Act the actual power lay with the Governor General.

They had utilized Khawaja Shahabuddin, Nazimuddin's brother and the Governor of NWFP to persuade his brother to become the Prime Minister, instead of Sardar Abdul Rab Nistar. The Accounts Service succeeded to elevate their group's leader to a post with real power, that of the Governor General. Thus a bureaucrat Ghulam Mohammad, usurped the office of Governor General.

During the forty-seven years that Pakistan has existed the only politicians who were really permitted to rule were the Quaid-i-Azam and Liaquat Ali Khan during the first three years of the country's life. And later Bhutto from 1973-1977. Bhutto was a politician who ruled only half of Pakistan having deliberately lost the other half. Altogether the politicians, who have been the favorite flogging horses of the dictator's have presided over. Pakistan's destinies for only eight out of forty seven years of its existence. After Quaid's demise the Bureaucrats found the climate suitable to revive the old British method of pitching one politician against the other. They persuaded Liaquat to replace Mamdot by Mumtaz, who anyhow, was near to his own heart. Mumtaz had won him over by showing his personal loyalty to him. Similarly Qayum was preferred to Sirdar Abdul Rab Nishtar a veteran compared to the former who had joined only in 1946 after his virulent publication against the Quaid and the League titled "The Guns and Gold on the Frontier".

Where Baluchistan was concerned, bureaucrats had a free hand there because the society there was still tribal and Government Officers were free to rule. Finally in Sindh, they had a fight arranged between Khurro and Qazi Fazulullah and Abdul Sattar Pirzada. In East Pakistan Nazim-ud-Din and later Nur-ul-Amin were given preference over Shaheed Subrawardy.

Therefore not one part of Pakistan was beyond the intrigues of the bureaucrats. They ruled supreme whoever may be the political leader, It was a misfortune or Pakistan that it did not inherit many political leaders with administrative experience. Bureaucrats ruled the roost so much so that they did not stop even at rending asunder Pakistan. In their machinations the bureaucrats even utilized the services of foreign diplomats. Politicians may have been few and inexperienced but were far more patriotic than the bureaucrats who on the other hand started thinking themselves omniscient and assumed for themselves the sole right to patriotism and exclusive ability to rule in Pakistan.

These gentlemen played musical chairs with the politicians throwing out one Prime Minister after the other at will. The worst example was the removal of the good and honest to the core, Khawaja Nizauddin. They had the temerity to dismiss the Prime Minister whom they had themselves advised to forsake the office of the Governor General and assume that of the Prime Minister. Nazimud-Din appealed to the British Sovereign Naturally the Queen could not entertain Nazimuddin s protest because the Indian Independence Act had devolved all the powers of the British Government onto the Governor General. In Nazimud Din s place they brought Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra belonging to a Zammdar family from East Pakistan who had been posted as Ambassador to Canada and later to the United States after Mr. Ispahani. He was a very pleasant gentleman more interested in gadgets than in running the administration; he came forward to take over Nazimud Din's place just a piece of gimmickry, to offer a lollipop to the East Wing. Ghulam Mohammad had used his dictatorial powers to

remove Nazim-ud Din, Bogra and later the Sovereign Constituent Assembly, itself. These gentlemen, will be remembered as those who played havoc with Pakistan.

Several people were appointed Prime Minister, one after the other. Nazimuddin was a Prime Minister for one year and six months, followed by Muhammad Ali Bogra for two years and four months; Shaheed Suhrawardy for one year and one month; Mr. I. I. Chundrigar for four months and Sir Feroze Khan Noon for eleven months. All this happened without holding any elections. The real power was ensconced in the hands of the Governor-General. Politicians always remained at the mercy of civilian or military dictators.

The East Pakistan Legislators who had accepted the ousting of Khawaja Nazimuddin, belatedly realized that the real fountain-head of Power was the Governor-General, who could throw out any Prime Minister. They now perceived the folly of Nazimuddin in accepting the Prime Minister's Office in place of Liaquat after his murder. They got to plan and pass a piece of legislation to curtail the Governor-General's powers. They approached me and Mumtaz Daultana. We were doubtful of Mohammad Ali Bogra's stamina to stand tip against the Governor-General but they all swore on the Holy Quran, even though we thought it was quite wrong to bring the Quran into political matters, reluctantly we agreed to support them. Maulvi Tameezuddin, the President of the sovereign Constituent Assembly, agreed to waive the notice period for the resolution, but someone from among the movers informed Ghulam Mohammad of the plan. Ghulam Mohammad called Mohammad Ali Bogra and threatened him with dire consequences including dismissal.

Mohammad Ali Bogra caved in. He called his East Pakistani supporters and told them that the news had somehow leaked out and had created, danger of a non-Party man from East Pakistan being inducted as the Prime Minister, in his place. All those gentlemen who had sworn on the Holy Quran, against our protestations, backed out from their earlier resolve!

I was shocked to learn of the U-turn taken by the Prime Minister and the East Pakistan Members. Mumtaz and I decided to visit Bogra that evening to register our protest. Taking advantage of my personal friendship with him, I was really harsh and said, 'Mr. Prime Minister even a worm turns; your action has let us all down.' He shifted from his chair to the floor saying, 'I am worse than a worm.' It was pathetic. I told him, as a friend, I would not like to oppose him but I also refused to sit in company with cowards in the Assembly. As I was then a very sick man, I left for the United Kingdom, for treatment. I assured him that this reprieve would provide him with a very temporary relief and predicted that he would be soon out of his office.

Later Ghulam Mohammad surrounded Bogra with a Cabinet chosen by him including Iskander Mirza as his Interior Minister and General Ayub Khan as his Defence Minister.

I happened to pass the Bungalow on the Bleak House Road where Ayub was residing, I found many cars outside bringing people to offer their felicitations. I also entered the house and saw Ayub receiving them. I told Ayub that this was no occasion for accepting praise over his action, because I felt it was a great folly to involve our Armed-Forces in politics. I had made a similar mistake by accepting a Cabinet Post on the insistence of the British Government in 1943 which I still regret, because I have not learnt to call a spade anything but a spade; till this day. I have not been able to learn the art of telling lies. I advised him to get out of this position post-haste to save the Army. Ayub soon left the Cabinet, I thought he had seen the wisdom in my advice but it proved to be for an entirely a different reason. He had other plans.

I left for England to get myself treated for chronic stomach problems. The Harley Street specialists treated me with highly expensive medicines without much effect. A friend suggested that the best place for stomach problems was Zurich in Switzerland where the Kanton hospital had many well-known specialists in stomach diseases.

We thought that we should visit the scenic parts of Great Britain before going to Switzerland. As I could not take too much strain in driving, my cousin Riaz Mahmood promised to accompany us, as his University was closed for the summer break.

We first visited the famous Lake District and stayed at Windermere and went round Cumberland then crossed over into Scotland passing through the famous run-away marriage haven of Gretna-Green From there we went to Glasgow, the great ship building centre but there was not much to see in Glasgow therefore we moved on to the famous golfing resort and Hotel at Gleneagles. From there we moved to Edinburgh. There we fell in love with Princes Street.

Soon after we decided to leave for Zurich in Switzerland, we drove out in our car to Folkstone and ferried across to Dunkirk by air. From there we moved to Brussels in Belgium and visited Waterloo on the way. Thence we moved to Antwerp and on to Arnhem, famous battlefield of World War II. where we had an excellent trout lunch in the restaurant located beside the bridge then on to Frankfurt. We avoided the high speed autobahn and travelled along the beautifully scenic road running along the River Rhine to Karlsruhe the Black Forest, Freiburg on to Zurich. On the way we spent two delightful nights at Bonn with our Ambassador Dr. Omer Hayat Malik, the great educationist and freedom fighter, who had a lovely house at Bad Godesberg.

In Zurich we followed Mian Iftikharuddin's advice and we stayed in a small family Pension with a dozen bed rooms and an excellent Restaurant, at a lovely place called Rushclikon near Kilchberg. The hotel keeper and his wife were looking after this very comfortable place and providing outstanding meals. We told them of Mian Iftikharuddin's recommendation. They were extremely kind to us, offered us two bed rooms, one for both of us and an adjoining one for the little baby. Their charges were

unbelievably low for the room, breakfast and one meal. Such a reasonably priced hotel I have never seen in my life.

Lala Rukh was slightly indisposed and Mussarrat took her to the nearby Doctor's clinic where she met an angel of a person in Mrs. Eichenberger who took them both to their lovely house in Kilchberg. Mr. and Mrs. Eichenberger had two young children, the elder was a daughter named Suzi and a boy called Rudolph. The family immediately adopted Lala Rukh and took full charge of her. They, invited us to their house which remained open to us throughout our stay in Zurich. The mother and the daughter voluntarily undertook to look after the little baby even when I was away at the Kanton hospital to which they had guided us.

There we had the honor of meeting with an outstanding doctor and a gentleman Professor Rossier. He put me through a complete check up. While screening my, lungs he turned round and said he could see T. B. Scars nearly as old as me. I told him about the sole therapy then available *i.e.* anti phlogistine poultices and clean fresh air with me hanging in a hammock at a hill station, sleeping between the Pine trees during summer and in winter covered only with blankets and a mosquito net, in the open. Then he asked me how did I get cured. I told him of Doctor Permanand, the Assistant Surgeon in the Jail Department who also practiced homeopathy. Then Professor Rossier treated me with an inexpensive drug made by CIBA and performed a similar miracle.

At that time Shaheed Suhrawardy was in the same Hospital. He had been operated on to remove a growth in his stomach. While convalescing, he was advised to take a drive every day. Shaheed asked us if we could take him out in our car. We gladly agreed.

One day Shaheed told me that Z.A. Suleri, the person appointed Editor of the Muslim League Newspaper by Mohammad Ali Bogra, and indebted to him for the appointment, had come to see him. I was surprised. During the drive he asked me to take him to the best Department Store in the town to select a couple of suitcases, fit for the luggage of a Prime Minister. Now I understood the point of Suleri's visit. He had changed his loyalties - in these days quite usual for the new breed of journalists. He must have brought a message from Ghulam Mohammad, the Governor General.

I asked Shaheed if he intended to fall a prey to the old man's web. Poor Mohammad Ali Bogra was going to meet the fate which I had predicted to him. I asked Shaheed if Suleri had, conveyed him an invitation to become a Prime Minister. He asked me if I did not consider him fit for the office. I candidly told him that people seem to mistrust his loyalty. He vehemently objected, I had stayed back in Calcutta voluntarily for saving Muslims from being massacred and went round the city along with Gandhi at the risk of my own life. As a consequence I sacrificed my sure chance for becoming at least the Chief Minister of East Pakistan and then suffered the indignity at the hands of usurpers who quite unlawfully unseated me a duly elected member by the East Pakistan

Assembly, dishonestly by an illegal vote of my fellow members of the Constituent Assembly which they had no right to do.

He said he was always conscious of the bigotry of the Hindu Leadership, I remembered his talk with Jinnah at the Imperial Hotel seeking Quaid's, permission to win over Bengali Hindu Members to create an Independent country which the Quaid allowed him to try, at the same time warning him to beware the crookedness of the Hindu Leadership.

Even so I told Suhrawardy that he was taking a great risk by walking into the diabolical scheme of an insane selfish dishonest immoral and unscrupulous Governor General. However Suhrawardy succumbed and was soon on his way to Pakistan to be let down. Instead of being appointed Premier he was made a law Minister, under Chauhdry Mohammed Ali.

Professor Rossier let me out the hospital but wanted to keep me under observation for at least a month. He, however allowed me to drive round Switzerland during this period. I decided to visit the famous places which had been visited by my father some twenty years earlier. We stayed a couple of nights at Geneva where we met our old friends Naseer and his wife, who was representing Pakistan in the International Labor Organization (ILO). They kept us in their house and very kindly took us round to see all the scenic places. It was through the kindness of Naseer that I bought my first gold Rolex watch at the paltry sum, equivalent to a couple of thousand rupees at a diplomatic discount. We returned via Bern to Zurich. Throughout our stay in Switzerland we followed the advice of our guide and had our meals at small taverns where a lot of old cars carrying Swiss marking and number plates were parked outside. This was a guide to their excellent food. I have not mentioned that we had left our little Lala Rukh in the care of Mrs. Eichenbergur who looked after her much better than we could have done for the ten days that we were away.

We left the beautiful and most hospitable and affectionate people in August 1954 and travelled via Lake Como where Mussolini had spent his last days and came over to Milan the business and industrial centre of Italy. There were some beautiful old monuments like the Duomo, we had been advised to see, apart from Venice Rome and Naples.

We travelled to Venice via Brescia, deciding to lunch at a roadside restaurant, leaving Lala Rukh in the car parked on the opposite side of the road so that we could keep an eye on her. After a quick lunch we moved on to Verona and Venice.

In Venice we parked our car in the multi storey garage and moved to the Grand Hotel. While taking the luggage off the rack we found our most precious suitcase missing. All the baby's clothes and Mussarrat's jewellery were packed in it, which reminded us of



the advice of our Swiss friends to be careful about our belongings in Italy. We were greatly perturbed and had no heart for sightseeing, apart from a short Gondola Ride on the canals. I rang up the Police (Carabinieri) and informed them my loss on the way to Venice introducing myself as a Member of Pakistan's Parliament. They advised me to sleep the night at Venice and the morning a policeman would accompany us to Brescia.

When we arrived at the Police Headquarters there, the Inspector asked us for the description of our suitcase that we had lost and what it had contained. We told him of the various items packed in it. He asked us to move to the next room where we found our suitcase lying. He asked us to check the contents and we found everything intact. I wondered how this had happened because the suitcase was well secured on top of the car rack and could not have fallen off. He explained that someone pulled it off the top of the car but another man saw him doing it. The witness tried to bargain for a share but they could not come to an agreement. Therefore, the other man reported it to the Police, who recovered the suitcase.

From Brescia we travelled down to Rome and stayed near the centre of the city in the Hotel San Giorgio. We remained in Rome for several days and went round various sites including the Vatican City and great Roman Church of St Peter. Then we spent some days in Naples and visited the famous Arts Museum there. We shipped the car to Pakistan from Genoa and travelled to Paris. On reaching Paris we were taken round sightseeing by Shaista Ikramullah a colleague in the Constituent Assembly.

Meanwhile Ghulam Mohammad the senile Governor-General who was almost at the verge of insanity, fearing another attack on his powers decided to dissolve the Sovereign Constituent Assembly. He had no power whatever to take such a step. Maulvi Tameezuddin the Speaker challenged it in the Sindh High Court which pronounced Judgment in his favor. The Sindh High Court wisely and correctly ordered the Assembly's restoration.

Unfortunately the Supreme Court at that time was presided over by Chief Justice Munir, a Kakezai clansman of Ghulam Mohammad who in my opinion pronounced the most perverse judgment in the history of the Law by reversing the Sindh High Court decision under a newly coined term 'the Law of Necessity,' which is singular in the History of Anglo-Saxon Jurisprudence. Even the Star Court Judges had refused to pronounce such a judgment against the Sovereign and had resigned instead.

The Supreme Court's Judgment was almost akin to the Fatwa given by some Ulemas after the Murder of Hazrat Imam Hussain in favor of Yazeed's elevation to the Caliphate; I also consider both Ghulam Mohammad and Munir as the forebears of unconstitutional practices which have abounded in Pakistan ever since. The Judgment which bravely restored the sanctity of the Supreme Court was pronounced Judgment

against the decision of another power-drunk President Ghulam Ishaq Khan, dismissing a duly elected Government of Nawaz Sharif, a fellow protégé of the General Zia.

The Judgment announced in 1993 by chief Justice Nasim Hassan Shah cleaned the Court of many of the previous questionable decisions and shortcomings, such as the miscarriage of justice in Z. A. Bhutto's case, the rape of democratic constitution by Iskandar Mirza, Ayub, Yayha and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and Zia. Our Judges, or at best a good many of them had accepted Munir's law of necessity. The Supreme Court bravely passed orders undoing previous miscarriages of justice and, that passed by this court under the influence of General Ziaul Haq, who had the distinction of breaking his own oath of fealty sworn on the holy Quran before Mr. Bhutto despite the latter's protestations. He later flouted the Constitution Which he had sworn to protect by usurping the Office of the President. The Pakistani Politicians had lived up to their past reputation and accepted this wily General, keeping up the past servile practice of always worshipping the rising sun.

Unfortunately, other Muslims belonging to the West Pakistan Civil service posted in East Pakistan, which was devoid of any trained officials, behaved worse than the Colonial Masters. Thus the major population of our country was deprived even of the fruit, of freedom and their due share in the services or participation in the Government. They were treated as subject people and were victims of the same deprivation they had suffered under the British Rule, perhaps even worse. This colonial attitude and condescending behavior was the basis for the revolt by those poor under-dogs in 1971.

On my return from Europe I found that the Muslim League under the Presidentship of Mohammad Ali Bogra was issuing tickets for various Constituencies for the elections. In the Punjab Mian Mumtaz Daultana had become his staunch ally. It was agreed between them that tickets for the Punjab's seats would be issued in accordance with the wishes of Mian Sahib. I applied for the Muslim League Ticket which I was assured by Mumtaz, would be mine for the asking. I was called to the committee of the Parliamentary Board which was deciding these tickets. It consisted of Mohammad Ali Bogra as the President of the Muslim League and Mohammad Hussain Chatha and Raja Khair Mehdi as members. I was completely taken aback by the first question that I was asked by Mohammad Ali Bogra, "Sirdar Sahib, have you got any Service to the Muslim League's cause to your credit?" This I considered to be a deliberate insult. I replied, "Sir, if you, as the President of the Muslim League, are so ignorant of my services to the cause of Pakistan, you had better ask the answer from the two boys sitting beside you on the Selection Committee: whether they were or not my workers during the Pakistan movement and, secondly, if they remember how Quaid-i-Azam had extolled my services at Sialkot when I resigned from the Punjab Cabinet at his behest. In the circumstances I feel that it would be wrong to accept the Party's ticket I withdrew my application immediately.

Soon afterwards Sheikh Zafar Hussain, who used to be a Joint Secretary of the Punjab Muslim League and had accompanied me on my first tour of East Punjab, came to me with a message from Mian Mumtaz Daultana saying that I should stand as an Independent and he assured me that the required number of votes of the Punjab Assembly Members would be delivered to support my candidature.

I refused the offer because I could not depend on the reliability of Mian Mumtaz as a friend, because I had suffered greatly on account of his infidelity previously: such as my ouster from the Muslim League in 1952. And his letting down his own selected leader and the Chief Minister Nawab of Mamdot. And lastly his cowardice in accepting disqualification under EBDO voluntarily instead of facing the charges to clear himself of any blame.

He earned the dubious honor, of being one of the two prominent Muslim Leaguers, who had held office as Chief Minister and that of Minister in the Central Cabinet, but chickened out rather than to absolve themselves of any charges of political misdemeanor. He accepted the choice of disqualification from contesting Elections for a period of eight years, instead of boldly facing a Trial under Elected Body Disqualification Ordinance (EBDO) Promulgated by Field Marshal Ayub Khan, after the latter took over the country as Chief Martial Law Administrator.

Iskander Mirza, who was in the Indian political service and, therefore, adept at playing one against the other, eventually demolished the supremacy of the Indian Accounts Service and moved Ghulam Muhammad out at pistol point.

A Constitution was hammered out by the Assembly but Iskander prevaricated and would not sign the 1956 Constitution unless he was first assured of being appointed as President in the new set up.

Later on, General Ayub realized that the Civilian bureaucrats were really making unfair use of him, to rule supreme themselves. He, therefore, decided take over himself. One fine morning he led a *coup* as a highly ambitious, selfish and greedy C-in-C and took over from Iskander Mirza. He called off elections which were going to be held under the new constitution and abrogated the constitution itself, ruling thereafter by decree. Ayub became the self-appointed President. He held the reins undisturbed for ten long years. He mutilated his own new Constitution and defeated the torch-bearer of democracy Miss Fatimah Jinnah, the Quaid-i-Azam's sister using all mean tricks, including rigging, display of troops to over awe the voters, corruption and using foreign influence such as that of Chu-en-Lai, the Prime Minister of China, to win over Maulana Bhashani to change sides after having himself sponsored Miss Jinnah, Ayub ended up with a blatant rigging of election to defeat her, eventual by ending her life by physical strangling by an agent. His so-called victory was celebrated by his son Gauhar

Ayub in Karachi by shooting several people in Miss Jinnah's stronghold, while leading a victory procession in Karachi.

To divert people's attention he launched an adventure in Kashmir, leading to a War with India and humiliating appeal for peace by Ayub through President Johnson of U.S.A. He was later forced out after country-wide agitation. Even Bhutto, his favorite Minister, who used to call him 'Daddy', joined the anti-Ayub movement of the Opposition. Ayub, flouting his own tailor made Constitution, handed over power in another, General Yahya, instead of the Speaker as required by law. This was in order to save his own skin after ten years of misrule and flouting the constitution with the help of his Generals. He passed his power to General Yahya, his Chief of Staff and his stooge. Yahya in actual fact, was the most unsuitable person for the job and later was one of the parties responsible for the secession of East Pakistan. The same might repeat itself in West Pakistan, if hatred between the Provinces increases to an unbearable degree.

Yahya's guide, philosopher and friend was his Policeman brother, Agha Mohammad Ali, the Head of Intelligence, who thought of Bhutto as a weaker adversary, who could be easily disposed of compared with established Parties like the Muslim League in the West and the Awami League in the East. He, therefore, assisted the newly created PPP by every possible means, in West Pakistan and wangled the defeat of the Muslim League. He saw to it that the Quaid's Party was defeated, in spite of receiving more votes in the Election. Winning only seven seats in the whole of West Pakistan, which was ably manipulated by General Umar the head of Army Intelligence and Security.

Bhutto proved to be too clever for them. He pitched the Army against the Country's largest Party, the winners of an overall majority in the whole of Pakistan. The Army obliged by falling into Bhutto's 'trap'. It was defeated in a fight against its own Nationals - India taking full advantage of the situation by helping the Awami League against Generals, by walking in, which hastened the Army's defeat. East Pakistan was separated and the Army lost face on account of their surrender. The manipulator Bhutto achieved separation of West Pakistan, to rule it by himself without any Opposition. He deliberately signed away Kashmir in the Simla Accord.

Zia called for a 'Phoney Referendum' a system removed from the Interim Constitution deliberately by us in 1973 as we considered it unsuitable for our illiterate voters. Zia ruled the roost for over eleven years and was removed violently in an air crash engineered by some unknown Intelligence Agency.

Zia assumed the clever facade of Islam and announced just before the so called Referendum that, if his so termed 'Islamic Laws' were approved he would consider it a vote of confidence and stand elected for another five years. Firstly his so-called laws were net to nothing and secondly he presided over the period when Heroin and narcotics smuggling became a fashion, corruption the order of the day with sales of

American arms by and through his senior officers. These arms which were to be sent for the Afghans to fight against the Russians were sold to the international Black Market. When the Americans announced an inspection the whole dump was blown up to hide the sales thereby killing an unknown number of people.

Zia stayed in power from 1977 to 1988. He used the slogan 'Islam is in danger' to hoodwink his people. Zia thus threw dust in people's eyes and only played with the destinies of our people presiding over the most corrupt administration in thirty-eight years. The Referendum he held to get people's approval of his own appointment was crooked, another example of his cunning and fraud. He died in a crash after ruling or misruling Pakistan for over eleven years.

Then another bureaucrat Ghulam Ishaq Khan became an all-powerful President and condescended to bring in Bhutto's young daughter. She was elected but at the same time Nawaz Sharif, Zia's creation, was brought in as the Chief Minister of Punjab by manipulation. Thus seeds of discord between the Centre and the major Province of Pakistan were sown following the dictum Divide and Rule.

Finally he dissolved the Assembly and Benazir's Government and replaced it by a docile caretaker Prime Minister, Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi who accepted that elections were rigged by a Special Cell, at the President's House keeping up the traditions of the Punjab Assembly in 1951. As a result his protégé from the Punjab Nawaz Sharif was declared elected and appointed Prime Minister. Sometimes even a worm turns so did Nawaz Sharif against the use of eighth Amendment in the Constitution, vesting vast powers with the President including the right to dissolve a duly elected Assembly a legacy of General Zia. He dissolved the Assembly unceremoniously. Benazir, his erstwhile victim and whose husband had been jailed, had, along with her staunch followers become a catspaw for Ishaq throwing away all norms of decency. Benazir instead of supporting democracy, sided with her father's erstwhile opponent. It will be recalled that as Bhutto's Secretary General of Defence he had double crossed him by informing Zia that the orders of his dismissal were on the way. And Zia took over during the night with the help of the local Commanders.

Nawaz Sharif appealed to the Supreme Court. In a brave Judgment nearly fifty years after Munir's abomination in Tamiz-ud Din's case the Court over-ruled Ishaq's high-handed decision. The consummate and intriguer bureaucrat President, to satisfy his personal vanity and ambition arranged an insurrection by two of the Provinces the Punjab and the NWFP. They planned a Long March led by Benazir which would have surely disintegrated and destroyed Pakistan. Benazir became a willing tool to help Ishaq. She and Mir Afzal Khan of NWFP ordering a so called 'Long March'.

Thank Heavens for the wisdom of the young and professional leadership of the Armed Forces who perceived looming dangers to Pakistan. They forced all three Parties to

abdicate their powers to a neutral Cabinet and called off the Long March and participate in fresh elections. This was heaven sent and a most welcome transformation of the situation.

### **Pakistan's Foreign Policy:**

The greatest faux-pas in our Foreign Affairs policy was that committed by Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan his decision to go to the United States. First of all the United States was at the time not conversant with Pakistan's geographical position and knew only of India as the fabulous part of the British Empire where natives were kept in bonds. The Hindu propagandist had done well in the United States in painting Pakistan as the outcome of Muslim clerical's bigotry. They, therefore invited the Prime Minister of India Jaaharlal Nehru to visit the United States. At that time people of the United States could not distinguish clearly between India and Pakistan. They held the belief that Pakistan was created by religious zealots, and the Indian subcontinent had been unfairly divided by the British Colonial Masters.

On hearing of the invitation sent to the Indian Prime Minister Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan asked Pakistan's Ambassador in Iran Raja Ghazanfar Ali, somehow to wangle an invitation from the USSR through the good offices of the Prime Minister Mussadaq of Iran. He managed to extract an invitation. Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan should have gone to the USSR first, instead he called the U.S. Ambassador and showed him he Russian invitation. This was a highly unethical and undiplomatic action. And he sought an invitation to the United States, promising to ignore the one he had himself maneuvered, from the USSR. The 'Super-Power' jealousy worked.

Liaquat kept the USSR's invitation pending, till he received an invitation to visit the United States. He went to the United States of America about which he wrote a tract 'Discovery of the United States'. The Soviet Union rightly took it as a great affront, and withdrew their invitation as a protest.

Although Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan considered it a great achievement on his part, it was at best a puerile act. Pakistan has suffered USSR's hostility ever since. They have not forgiven us, and have always supported India against us. So far as any economic assistance is concerned very little if any came from the USSR. In their policies they took no notice of our very existence, actively supporting India, in every way, including the use of their veto over the Kashmir. Issue in the UN. They have done tremendous harm to our legitimate interests - thanks to Liaquat's fallacious 'foreign policy'. We became U.S. stooges and the lackeys of the United States of America. Time and again, it has been proved to us that, like their counterparts in the USSR, the US have always, quite correctly, considered their own self interests supreme in the matter of foreign relations. Although having supported us initially in the matter of Kashmir, when US got Admiral Nimitz appointed a U.S. mediator, they have never since then pressed for a settlement

between Pakistan and India on a fair basis of a referendum. USSR on the other hand have always taken a position in favor of India, applying their veto power in the Security Council whenever needed.

The Americans have always used smaller nations for their own purposes and have seen how it suits their own National strategy. They have always equated strong men with stability, and would rarely support democrats in other countries especially those located in the East or in the South. They have always been pro-White which can be easily discerned from their first use of the Nuclear device in Japan and not in Germany. They have been helping dictators every where such as Changkai Shek in China and then in Taiwan, the Dictators such as Ramulos and then Marcos in the Philippines, one after the other. They picked Generals in South Vietnam, got into an unpleasant war adventure and then abandoned the Vietnamese people to the Communists, because American Public Opinion turned sour against the Asian adventure. Their policy has been to impose strong men against the people in client states, such as Cambodia. The strong men in Thailand have always been supported by them.

In Burma and later in our beloved land they interfered by bringing up bureaucrats, first the Civilians, then the Army men General Ayub Khan and later Yahya Khan. He and Bhutto broke our country into two, before bringing about a so-called Civilian Government and one man's rule by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Bhutto made the cardinal mistake of forgetting the callous behavior of his own class of a feudal lords who never forgive an affront from a smaller man or a tenant, should he ever dare hurl an insult at him. Bhutto made the mistake of attacking Mr. Carter, Mr. Trudeau and his wife, and Saadat. When Members went rushing to him to congratulate him on the brave insults he hurled at these leaders of their lands during his speech, I did not oblige him.

He sent a Minister to call me. He asked, "Sirdar Sahib, everyone has come to congratulate me; why have you not done so?" I said, "Zulfi, this was probably your worst speech in the Assembly. You must remember that like you the American President is a super - *Waderah* (Feudal Lord) and they do not relish insults from their stooges. I fear that today's speech is going to cost you your Chair, during the next few weeks." It unfortunately proved prophetic.

They chose and then forsook their own chosen agent in the Middle East, the Great Arya Mehr, the Shah of Iran, who was then in charge of the American interests in the Middle East and the Arabian Peninsula. He dared to lead the Middle East Oil Producers, to claim higher prices for oil, forgetting to take into consideration the American interests and those of their friends. He was removed unceremoniously for becoming too big for his boots. They removed him by working up fundamentalists like Khumieni against him. He himself, was completely jilted, not even allowed to find a grave or a hospital in the United States, where he owned large estates and had plenty of funds stashed away. The Americans preferred the safety and interests of forty-odd Americans in the U.S.

Embassy in Tehran, over that of a loyal ally, like the Shah. The poor Shah had to run from country to country and eventually found a grave in Egypt.

This is a classic lesson for those who believe that they can depend on the personal friendship of the Super Powers. Super Powers have no personal friend, it is always their selfish self - interest that counts, and quite rightly so. It is the interest of their own country that they follow when formulating their policies. They are not individuals and they do not believe in individual loyalties. I wish to God we had learnt a lesson from their foreign policies.

Further we can see how, they installed Sadaat in Egypt, General Gursel in Turkey, Bourgiba in Tunisia and King of Morocco. These are just a few examples I have quoted to show how we are only the products of necessity where the United States is concerned.

We were back into favor at the time of President Nixon when we arranged for Kissinger to visit Chou Enlai the Chinese Prime Minister to counter-balance the Russians. Later we assisted Mr. Nixon himself when he went to China. Therefore, as good followers we were of service to them but when we needed their succor during the 1965 War, the Americans let us down and showed us the door, of the USSR, whose enemy we had earned on account of our friendship with the USA. They asked us to go to Tashkent and accept the USSR's arbitration over the Kashmir War. Therefore, we should notice how they forsook us., We were defeated in the War despite the heroic acts of bravery by our soldiers and the pronouncements by General Ayub to hoodwink his own people by shouting from the house-tops that we had won a victory over the Indians. Actually we were dressed down and ordered by US President Lyndon Johnson to stop the war: a classic let down by our so-called ally, who had stopped and withheld supplies of War material on its way. The American treaty of friendship was obviously only meant for our services against USSR.

What I mean to stress is that it must be remembered that there can be no friendship between 'the big and the small', between the 'rich and the poor', between the 'strong and the weak'. The sooner we understand these basic truths the better it will be for us. Then we will stop thinking unrealistically and make our plans to live and let live peacefully with those living around us. Let us solve our problems through wise dialogue, rather than by breathing fire and brimstone at neighbors. From 1971 onwards we were forgotten. During 1971 war we were given a false sense of security, by the US President's promise of help through the entry of the Seventh Fleet into the Bay of Bengal, which never materialized. How could we expect, the United States with, their Jewish bias to assist the so-called largest Muslim State in the World? We had annoyed the Israelis, ever since we backed Arabs, and quite correctly in the Security Council. Jews who hold tremendous influence in the United States both in the Congress and the Media have opposed us ever since. Jews are considered their most dependable friends



by the US, even more than the Kings of Saudi Arabia and Sheikhs of UAE on whose oil the United States depends for themselves and for their allies in Europe and Japan. We are considered secondary despite our loyalty because India has been drummed up as the greatest democratic state and considered to be a more viable capitalist country. With a greater depth; and considered as a more useful ally against the Communists in China. No-one in US has studied Chanikya (Kuotilya) the Indian 'Philosopher of Deceit.'

## CHAPTER - 10

### GENERAL AYUB KHAN

General Ayub Khan had started dabbling in politics since the time he was posted to command troops in East Pakistan. There he saw the ICS Civil servants ruling the roost and making use of the divide and rule, methods of the colonial era between various political factions. Later, after the unfortunate death of C-in-C elect General Iftikhar, in an air crash he was selected C-in-C mainly because of his connections with Sardar Bahadar Khan a Deputy Minister from North West Frontier Province. General Ayub started dreaming about taking over the control of the Government of Pakistan very early on and made notes on it at Claridges Hotel in London when he was there on his way to USA. As a first step towards his ambitions he accepted becoming a Minister in the Bogra Cabinet, in 1954.

I went to call on him at his Karachi residence on the Bleak House Road, a throng of people waited to be the first to offer their felicitations to the new General-Minister. When my turn came I said to him, 'Ayub! people here wish to be the first in offering their homage to you. They are professional sycophants but my purpose is quite to the contrary. I have not come here to congratulate you but to advise you that you have made a terrible mistake in accepting a political office, it would sully the good name of the armed forces.' I asked him to resign at once and to be clear of such a stigma. I recounted to him my own story and what Quaid told me after a dinner hosted by Hassan Suhrawrdy, Shaista Ikram Ullah's father in Quaid-i-Azam's honor at the Imperial Hotel in Delhi.

Then he discussed the division and promotions among the army officers with me he said, "Shaukat you have experience in the army, you can best fit in the Pakistan Cabinet as my Defence Minister". My answer to him was "Sir, I would be a most unsuitable and undesirable choice. Only a handful of Muslim officers in the army today are just a few years Senior to me and a majority of them are Junior. I have already been tainted by joining politics and if I take it into my head to politicize the army and use them for my selfish motives, it would sound a death knell of Democracy in Pakistan. Therefore the army must be kept clean of Politics, in its own best interests." The Quaid had appreciated my answer, and just gave me a task to make a list of probable Senior officers who could be promoted to Command various formations. I advised Ayub that he should do exactly as I had done when I was offered the honor of becoming Defence Minister and refused. He should go back to do his duty as a Defender of the Country. He soon reverted to his post in the army.

Ayub Khan did not give up his nefarious ambitions and later he was instrumental in using his Generals to remove the imbecile Governor-General Ghulam Mohammad from

Office almost at a pistol point, and dispatching him on leave. Otherwise it would have been impossible to remove Ghulam Muhammad from the office, which he had usurped by subterfuge after the death of Liaquat Ali Khan. In Ghulam Mohammad's place he inducted Isikandar Mirza, a political service officer, as the Governor General as a stop-gap arrangement. Three years later Ayub Khan removed his erstwhile friend, Isikandar Mirza and forced him to abdicate in his own favor, having achieved his plan which he had thought out much earlier on his way to USA. He dissolved all Assemblies and abrogated the newly-framed 1956 Constitution.

The saga of his ten years as an absolute dictator/ruler of Pakistan is not hidden from any one. During this period his avarice and land-hunger manifested itself in many a way. At one end, he would stoop to allot himself a pine covered hill located in Abbottabad Cantonment, which had been refused to him earlier, and took over Camping Ground at Haripur and for his family. His hunger for land was probably because of his own negligible holding in Rehana. This very fact forced him to award himself a Sitara-i-Jurrat for the 1965 war, which he had lost ignominiously, just because this Award carried two squares of Land with it.

Then an Industrialist corrupted him in a novel way. Ayub Khan was asked by this big industrialist to participate in buying shares in his newly floated Company to bring him good Luck. Ayub Khan told him that he could not afford to buy any shares as he had no funds to which the Industrialist replied, "You don't have to worry we shall purchase shares to be allotted to you, through a Bank, which would gladly oblige." A few days later he came and told him that he had sold his shares because they had appreciated tremendously and gained him a huge profit, without his having invested a penny himself!

This industrial tycoon also persuaded General Ayub to believe that his son had a great latent talent for business and therefore he was being wasted in the Army. Gohar Ayub was released from the army and he joined his father-in-law. General Habibullah, who was a prospective rival had been retired as general to become the Head of Gandhara Motors, after the original owners of GM's Assembly plant had been removed! Gohar Ayub became a businessman over-night thanks to the advice to Ayub Khan!

Ayub selected, as his sons-in-law, two princelings of Swat. It is rumored that soon after the European market was flooded with this most precious stone, and the emerald market there crashed.

Ayub had seen to it that he would get rid of all the able Generals from the army after becoming the President. Habibullah was the first victim; General Azam another, and so on. He chose an innocuous General like Musa to become the Chief of the Army Staff. All other good Generals were side-tracked. His sycophants were placed in all the key posts.

He, or the Khan of Kalabagh with his approval, had sent Abdullah Rokhari to me at Naran in the Khaghan Valley where I was vacationing during the summer, just to persuade me to support the Martial Law Government and accept a position in it. I told him frankly that it would be impossible for me to serve a military dictator who had usurped power. This was in keeping with my principles, to oppose every form of bureaucratic interference in our politics. Which I have practiced throughout the reign of dictators whether civilian or military.

When I returned from Kaghan, the telephone bell rang in my house at Lahore; the person at the other end introduced herself as Fatimah. I asked which Fatimah and she replied Fatimah Jinnah. She said, "Shaukat, I need your advice urgently because you were always treated like a son by my late brother. How soon can you reach Karachi?" I told her that I would be there by the afternoon and she asked me to ring her up as soon as I arrived. I booked myself into the Intercontinental Hotel from where I rang her up. She asked me to come over immediately, and share a cup of tea with her. While we were having tea she confided in me that various parties including Maulana Bhashani and Maulana Madoodi's representatives were pressing her to become the Combined Opposition Parties' candidate for the Presidential Election and they had asked for her permission to call on her in a Deputation the next afternoon. She was completely doubtful of the *Ulemas* sincerity in proposing a woman to assume power in Pakistan.

I asked her, "Miss Jinnah, do you want a politician's answer or that of a well-wisher?" She replied, "Of course I have called you as a son to obtain a correct and frank advice." My reply was, "Miss Jinnah, if you hope to win please do not make even an attempt, because elections will be rigged against you. It would be impossible to win in this limited electoral college of eighty thousand created by him but if you are prepared to lose it, it would be the greatest service to the Nation by breaking the back of the present dictatorship" She said, "Let me sleep over it for the night Come and have breakfast with me tomorrow morning and I will convey my decision to you."

The next morning I reached the Mohatta Palace on the stroke of eight. She opened the door and ushered me into the dining room. She told me that she had herself scrambled an egg and brewed some coffee for me. While we were having our breakfast I noticed that she was smiling happily. I enquired, "Miss Jinnah have you decided not to contest? You seem so happy as if a load is off your mind." She replied, "No, Shaukat I have accepted your advice, given in the interest of the Nation and shall jump into the fray to extricate our people from the clutches of the usurper. But please keep it as a closely guarded secret till I have given a shock to those hypocrites who are calling to see me. But you have to give me your word that you would run my election and arrange the entire campaign." I promised that I should be happy even to lay down my life for the Quaid's brave sister.

Ayub had violated his own Constitution which had been drawn up by a naive lawyer gentlemen, by asking for another term of office, as he was short of three votes that were required for the majority to amend the Constitution and win a second term. He managed to purchase two from the Punjab and the third of a Maulana, whose vote was purchased in no other place than the Holy precinct of Holy Kaaba. Chaudhry Zahoor Elahi told me himself that they had obtained this vote by offering a large sum for Maulana's madrassa in lieu of his vote, under instructions from Ayub Awan the head of Intelligence who had accompanied him to Mecca.

After amending his Constitution he agreed to be nominated as the next President for which h was not even qualified because he had promoted himself as the Field Marshall, who never retires from the Government's Service. When he heard that we were going to take this objection to his no nomination he had two pages removed out of the Army List and ordered every keeper of the Army List to replace them but we got two of them through the good offices of Jamaat i-Islami. This objection was unlawfully rejected my Mian Mueenuddin helper of Khizar Hyat in 1946 elections by now Ayub's Election Commissioner.

I arranged a tour for Miss Jinnah in the Army producing regions of Punjab and the Frontier. We started Madr-i-Millat's Election campaign in Peshawar and later Jhelum which we reached in a cavalcade of cars via Gujranwala and Gujrat. We stayed the night at Jhelum. The next morning she addressed a huge meeting near the river, which was a great success. It took me and Chaudry Altaf (now Benazir's Government's Governor of the Punjab) a long time to extricate ourselves from the crowd at the meeting to reach his house, from where we had to carry lunch for her party. We had arranged that she would stop at a rest house near Dina before attending her next meeting at Chakwal. Her party reached the Rest House before us.

Part of this Rest House was occupied by the Army on an Election Exercise. On seeing them, she lost her temper and left the place before we could reach it with her luncheon. We rushed but we could not catch up with her cavalcade right up to Chakwal. On the way her car was showered with flowers mostly by Armymen who were travelling on that road. When she reached Chakwal she stayed in the Rest House.

The meeting was being addressed by the two speakers whom we had sent as an advance party. The local Muslim League had just arranged food for two of them because they had not been asked to arrange luncheon Madr-i-Millat s party. On arrival Miss Jinnah demanded her lunch because she used to travel without taking any breakfast. On finding that the food was not available, as we who were bringing it along had been left behind, she lost her temper again and refused to address any more meetings. The workers, in a hurry, washed the chicken but it contained chilies as she was not used to them she refused to eat it. She asked how an old lady of her age take the strain of long drives interspersed with speeches could go without any food?

When I arrived I found Chaudhri Mohammad Ali and her Secretary Syed Matloob hiding outside the Rest House to avoid her temper. They explained the situation to me. I went in and when Miss Jinnah saw me she scolded me for my failure to provide her food and refused to address any meeting at Chakwal. I told her, frankly it was due to her own fault, of not sticking to the programme we had drawn up. She herself left the Rest House at Dinah where the arrangements for her meal had been made. Then I adopted a daring course of admonishing her, to the effect that if she could not stand the delay it in one meal how would she run the Government for a hungry people who were facing starvation. It shocked her. My tactics obviously worked. Thereafter she meekly ate her lunch and attended the public meeting.

The meeting was such a great success that she came out of the place in a very cheerful mood. We were delayed in our departure and people had been standing along both sides of the road from Chakwal to Mianwali since early in the morning, and were being disappointed. It was dark by the time we in the vanguard reached the people. They had lit lanterns with a desire just to get a glimpse of the Quaid's sister. My car was rushing far ahead of hers wishing to reach Mianwali to warn people of the delay so that they may not disperse. On the way I took pity on those poor people flanking the road and thought of a stratagem. Abu Saeed Anwar who was travelling in my car had grey hair like Madr-i-Millat and he also resembled her slightly, so we draped him with a *Dopatta* (Scarf) and started shouting slogans "MADR-I-MILLAT ZINDABAD." Abu Saeed sportingly kept waving his hand to satisfy the people, along the road, who thought that it was actually Miss Jinnah who was passing them. Ever since we jokingly called Abu Saeed 'Madr-i-Millat', which nick-name stuck to him.

At Mianwali, Malik Kalabagh's own District, the reception was overwhelming. After spending the night there we left for Bannu and Kohat area on our way to Peshawar and Rawalpindi.

When we reached Kohat, I got a frantic message from Lahore. My wife told me that my sixteen year old son, Sikandar Hyat, had been arrested from his bed early one morning on a trumped up charge that he had written on the Government House walls "Quit or we shall make you Quit", although he had not done so. This was a slogan used by the Indian National Congress during the War in 1942.

My wife asked me to come back immediately because they had taken the boy to the torture chambers of Lahore Fort. I could immediately see that this was a ploy to wean me away from Maadar-i-Miliat's campaign team, therefore I told my wife that the boy may die if he must, but I was not going to forsake Miss Jinnah and her campaign started by her to win our freedom from dictatorship.

Mussarrat went to see the boy in the Fort along with Begum Bashir Ahmad (Sister of Begum Shah Nawaz) and found that the boy had been kept awake for several nights and was quite un-recognizable on account of coercion. She went straight to the High Court. Luckily the Bench consisted of Chief Justice Aziz son of Maulana Ghulam Mohiyuddin Qasuri and an Englishman, Mr. Justice Orcheson. The Government Advocate General tried to make much of the case, painting it as if it was inciting people to rebellion. There was not much room for argument under the Public Safety Ordinance and Defence of Pakistan Rules. Mian Mahmood Ali Qasuri, our lawyer, felt stymied. At which point my wife got up and said, "My Lord! I do not know, intricacies of Law or of Pleading, but as a mother I can well judge how sick my young boy is. All I request you is that Sikandar should be summoned to the bar of this Court and the Court should judge for itself whether he has been tortured or not during these last few days in the Fort and has, lost his senses. I cannot see how else could a youngster who was taken away in good health from his bed in my house only the other day, should have transformed so much."

When Sikandar was brought to the Court, they decided that his mother was right and they ordered that he should be removed to a hospital. Nawab Kala Bagh viciously, to please his master, sent the boy to the lunatic asylum from where he was eventually rescued again by the orders of the High Court. These were the methods used by the so-called President and his loyal Satraps.

Some days later I was attending a wedding at Zakir Qureshi's residence at Lahore Cantt. Doctor Toosi, who had been educated by my maternal grand-father in Amritsar Medical School, now a favorite medical attendant of Nawab Kala Bagh and his mother, stood behind me and started talking with another man loud enough for me to hear. "Nawab Kala Bagh is a very good friend and a very gallant enemy". I turned round and told the Doctor that Kalabagh might be a very good friend because he had constructed a house for his mother, in the New Garden Town, but he did not know the rules of enmity as practiced by the zamindars (Landed Class) of Punjab. Obviously there was something wrong with him. If he carried a zamindar's blood he would have murdered me and my son would have gone to seek revenge in accordance with our traditions. But he went about it the wrong way to torture my sixteen year old boy just to punish me. I said, "You will be going to the Government House after this dinner. Please convey this entire message to him."

Sure enough I received a telephone call from the Military Secretary, the next morning requesting me on behalf of the Governor to come and have tea with him that day. I understood what it was all about and accepted the invitation.

When I was ushered into the Governor's office at Government House, Amir Muhammad Khan was sitting in the very seat used by my father. He pointed out a chair to me, which I had occupied as a Minister, without rising from his chair, which annoyed

me considerably. I could remember Amir Muhammad Khan of Kala Bagh standing outside Mianwali Rest house waiting for an interview with me when I was a Minister. He had come to ask me to honor him by having a cup of tea with him at Kala Bagh!

I sat there watching him and as was his habit he started twisting his moustache which is considered an insult. On seeing this happen I lost my temper completely. I said, "Amir Muhammad Khan how dare you twist your moustache in my presence? Are you in any way superior to me in politics or in position amongst the landed gentry or in Genealogy that you should dare do this?" At which he immediately dropped his hand. He got up from the table and asked me to come and sit on the sofa along with him and ordered tea.

I remember asking Amir Muhammad Khan, "Is it because of Doctor Toosi's report that you have bailed me?" He said, "Sardar Shaib! I am a dog and I bite whomever my Master orders me to do," meaning that he had obeyed Ayub's instructions in torturing my son. On hearing this, I immediately got up from my chair and said, "Amir Muhammad Khan, I m nearly fifty years old and in this period I never sat with a dog to partake my food. And before going let me make a prophecy that you will die like a dog. Either your retainer or your son will eventually kill you." This is exactly what happened to him when he was unceremoniously dismissed as Governor and went back home where his son murdered him.

At every place we met with roaring success. Later at Lahore and Multan Miss Jinnah's support was overwhelming. I stayed back in the Punjab to visit other Districts which she could not visit. Her Election Train passed all major towns on the Main Line in Sindh up to Karachi and she was welcomed by roaring crowds at every station.

As has been mentioned earlier, Ayub's henchmen left no hatches barred and stooped to every trick - buying of Election Agents' Authority Letters signed by Miss Jinnah or her appointed representative; Army units were deployed near the Polling Stations as a show of force to over-awe voters.

The East Pakistan tour was even more successful. Therefore not an iota of doubt remained that the entire Nation was behind her.

The manipulated result of Ayub's success were obvious from the fact that the results from far away parts of East Pakistan were announced long before those of the Dacca city and Chittagong. People harshly rejected the phony announcement.

Orders were issued on a very restricted scale, to some senior Commanders, to the effect that every precaution has been taken to avoid the President's defeat. In the unlikely event of a defeat, the President's long range Falcon Plane would be standing by to assist his escape from the country. A second one contained instructions for these commanders



of action to be taken after his escape. We got hold of the copies of two restricted documents and I flew out to Dacca carrying them to Madr-i-Millat, to deliver these to her. I asked Mr. Fazal-ul-Rehman to be at the Airport on my arrival. As I was getting out of plane and moving towards the lounge of the Dacca Airport people had lined on both sides to receive me. While passing them I gave the letters to Fazal-ul-Rehman asking him to go to Chittagong by the first plane, where Miss Jinnah was scheduled to address the meeting. She had gone in the company of General Azam Khan the ex-Governor of East Pakistan, who had been removed on account of his extreme popularity in that area. Ayub feared that he might not challenge him. I took a later helicopter to join her there, where we discussed the orders I had brought and tried to chalk out our own strategy.

After the manipulated defeat of Miss Jinnah, jubilation vendettas and reprisals became order of the day. I became the first direct target on account of my conduct during Miss Jinnah's election. A cinema, planned and sanctioned on our very valuable land situated just a hundred yards from the WAPDA Building and across the Road from the Plaza Cinema, had its license suddenly revoked under the orders of Governor Kalabagh, without any reason whatever; the D.C. just refused to extend the period of construction. Without the slightest consideration to millions that I had already invested on construction.

The next high-handed act of injustice against me and my family was of depriving us of our inherent contractual rights created in 1922 by my father, the late Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, while negotiating the sale of our stones and lease of our land for putting up the Portland Cement Company at Wah, later transferred to the Associated Cement Company of India with, our permission, and special royalties on account sanctioned to my father. My father was ex-officio Director. I succeeded him to this office but as a Minister I similarly could not assume Office. My uncle Sirdar Barkat Hyat Khan who did not hold any land in his own name in the Wah Revenue Estate requested me to permit him to have some land as well and occupy my place as a Director of the Associated Cement Company.

On the creation of Pakistan, Associated Cement Companies wanted to pull out and tried to pass on the Company to Associated Portland Cement Manufacturer (APCM) of the United Kingdom. In this effort they took two steps namely asking for my and our family's approval which was essential to transfer under Sir Sikandar's Original Agreement. Uncle Barkat approached me for approval presenting his scheme which contained no better terms for the Wah Owners but wished that I personally share with him, the additional Royalty, which was received by us on account of my father's services. This suggestion was horrid for me because my father had handed over his children's welfare and left his property in Trust with me. It went against the grain to be dishonest to my brothers and sisters therefore I frankly told Uncle Barkat that my conscience would not permit me to play false to my brothers and sisters. Then

obviously he interested the then Finance Minister Mr. Shbaib by getting an offer of General Managership of the Company for his son. He also won over Brigadier Nawazish's sympathies. When I tried to contact the President, Nawazish stood in the way of my getting an appointment. At the same time he arranged such an appointment for my Uncle for the next morning. Luckily at that time my brother-in-law Colonel (later Brigadier) Riffat Mahmood, was the Private Secretary to General Burki the Health Minister and the strong man in the Cabinet. Burki had been with me in Sudan while I was serving with the Skinners Horse; he was then the ADMS, to the 5th Division. I approached Burki through Riffat. Burki called me and in my presence rang up Brigadier Nawazish asking the reasons for his not permitting me to see Ayub and at the same time gave an order that I must see the President at the same time as Sirdar Barkat Hyat the next morning. When Uncle Barkat saw me the next day he was astonished.

During our meeting I asked the President why he was permitting a foreign company to come over and usurp our contractual rights created by my late father. Such an arrangement would be an injustice and may be questioned in a Court. At this Ayub said that he could allow me to bring in a Foreign partner because Pakistan was very short of cement, as reported by a U.S. Firm appointed for the assessment of the Cement situation in the country. I agreed to the proposal. He gave me two months to produce a foreign partner, assuming that it would an impossible task for me. I accepted the proposition.

I had a long time American friend, Morden Murphy, who was at that time employed in a senior position in the Bankers' Trust. I wrote to him saying if possible he should find me a reliable American Partner who would like to become a shareholder in Wah Factory. He invited me to come over to the United States immediately. When I met him in New York he introduced me to Mr. George Wood of the World Bank, who used to be a Financial Advisor with Kaiser, an International firm with billions of investments in Australia, India, Hong Kong and in the United States. They were leaders in aluminum, cement apart from ship-building and heavy engineering. These very people had been sent by the World Bank to assess the possibilities of the cement industry and its requirements in Pakistan. Luckily Chaudhry Mohammad Ali, the ex-Finance and Prime Minister of Pakistan, happened to be visiting the U.S. George Wood made a confidential enquiry about me from him. Chaudry Mohammad Ali kindly spoke well of me. Thereupon Mr. Wood introduced me to the Kaiser Corporation's Chairman, Mr. Edgar Kaiser, who invited me to their Headquarters in Oakland, California. The Headquarters of their Permanente Cement Companies was also located at the Kaiser's Center.

Edgar Kaiser who was then controlling Kaiser's Industrial Empire, was one of the greatest gentlemen, I had ever come across. Edgar and I seemed to click with each other. He agreed to my proposition and sent out an advance party to make assessments of potentialities of A.C.C. Wah. Meanwhile George Wood told him, while I was a country gentleman, it would be wise to rope in a Pakistani Industrialist also. On enquiry Chaudhry Mohammad Ali suggested the name of Adamjees, the Jute Kings of Pakistan.

I agreed to the proposal and tried to contact Abdul Wahid Adamjee, a dear friend of mine and the elder brother of Gul Mohammad Adamjee who was in the same school and boarding house with me. I was informed that Wahid was away in the United Kingdom. I rang him up there and was astonished by the courtesy and efficiency of telephone operators in USA and UK. The Operator in London found that Wahid was away from the office. From there she learnt that he was lunching at his Club, where she connected me with Wahid. Wahid after a brief enquiry, agreed to join us as a partner.

Wood and Kaiser were both well acquainted with the Head of the A.C.C. Bombay, Mr. Dharamsey Khatao. They immediately contacted him to check if my father and I had any contractual rights to purchase their factory. Dharamsey immediately confirmed the truth of my claim that I had the right of first refusal to buy the factory.

The reconnaissance party consisting of Peter Hass and Perlik, their Legal Adviser, came to see Wah Factory. I put them up in the new wing of the Flashman Hotel in Rawalpindi. From there they used to visit the Plant etc. They sent a telegram approving my proposal. Kaiser along with the Permanent Cement Company's General Manager, Wally Marsh, came over and stayed at Uncle Barkat's House. They approved the signing of a tripartite agreement between Kaiser's Adamjees and Shaukat Hyat, all three being equal partners and each having to invest one third Capital and would get a share of one third of the Managing Agency. I informed them frankly that I would have to raise my share of capital by borrowing against my property. They undertook to finance my share till I had raised the amount.

I told Uncle Barkat of the arrangement and asked to produce one half of my share of Capital. He replied that he could not invest the amount and I informed him that I was in the same predicament and I was proposing to raise the Capital against my Lahore House and by pledging my shares. I advised him that he should adopt the same line to which he replied that he would not pledge his House because he had declared it a family Trust though this was no bar to his pledging it still Uncle Barkat refused.

A new spanner was thrown in the works, when I met the Finance Minister. He said he would not like to allow these big businesses Dawood and Adamjee to obtain more assets. This led to Kaiser being forced out of the deal. Thereupon I made the alternative suggestion that we may agree to pay for ACC's assets by sending them surplus cement available to us in Northern Punjab and permission was granted to me. But the hurdles kept on growing. First Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the Industries Minister, wished to get a share for the Sindhis through his nominee because Rohri Factory was situated in Sindh. I had no objection to Sindhis obtaining a due share in the Factory at Rohri. Moreover, I was interested mainly in Wah Cement Works.

Thereupon I went to Bombay to sign an Agreement on my suggested basis to which the A.C.C. agreed. Suddenly Tahir Ayub son of the President, along with Brigadier

Nawazish's brother suddenly arrived with a message that the President of Pakistan would be at their back. However, the Hindus showed greater ethics than the so-called Muslims. They kept Tahir and Co. sitting outside till they had signed the Agreement with me. Later they called them in and informed them that they had already signed and sealed an Agreement with the legitimate successor of Sir Sikandar, with whom they had originally signed the Agreement.

Obviously they contacted Rawalpindi while I was on my way to New Delhi along with the ACC representative. The ACC man came rushing to me saying that a Mr. Manghi of Sindh had arrived to dissuade the Indian Government from allowing permission to me. Luckily as was usual, Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru soon received a report of my arrival in Delhi from the Customs Police. He invited me to dinner that night.

When we met he asked, "Shaukat, whatever has brought you to Bombay and Delhi." I told him that I had come to Bombay to sign an Agreement with ACC who were contractually bound to my father to pass on this Factory to me but certain people including the President's son, and the Industries Minister were trying to place hurdles in my getting the approval of Government of India. He said, "Don't worry. We shall not be unjust like your Government."

Next morning at 10 a.m. the telephone rang and the Secretary of Industries of Government of India asked if he could come over and see me at the Hotel. I acquiesced. He came immediately and told me that Pandit Ji had woke him up at 2:00 a.m. in the morning and ordered him to deliver the Government of India's permission to Sirdar Shaukat Hyat at his Hotel; permitting him to purchase the ACC Factory.

I already possessed one from the Secretary of Industries the Government of Pakistan, that I was the only person who had been issued the letter of permission to acquire the ACC Factory. The other letter was from the Ministry of Planning sanctioning me a loan of millions of U.S. Dollars for importing a new kiln to add additional capacity to the Plant.

But still I did not receive the formal sanction for the purchase, which was only a formality. Months passed. One day my friend Taj Mohammad Khanzada, an ex-Comrade at the Indian Military Academy, came to Lahore, driving all night to convey certain news. He had of his own volition, spoken to General Habib Ullah, the father-in-law of the President's son Gauhar Ayub. Taj told him of the unreasonable delay in my getting the formal letter of sanction and on his own, suggested that he would persuade me to give a small share in the managing agency to Gauhar. Habib Ullah discussed it with Ayub and told Taj that on hearing the proposition his mouth salivated with greed. Taj was asked to proceed to Lahore immediately to get my consent to the proposition which, should be conveyed to Habib Ullah, by me, at the Lahore Airport, he was

passing in the morning. Taj forced me to his car in a hurry and on the way conveyed the news to me.

I immediately reacted violently to his suggestion. I asked him if he had not heard the Hadith (saying of the Holy Prophet) that both the giver as well as that who accepts a bribe shall be the fuel of Hell's fire. I said, "Taj, neither my father nor I have ever accepted or offered a bribe to anyone. Being a weak human I cannot stand the rigor of fire. Ayub may not mind suffering from such terrible punishment. Therefore I cannot break the rules which I have followed for the last fifty years." Taj rebuked me for my cussedness. I thanked God when we reached at the Airport. I saw Mir Ajam, the then Commissioner of Lahore, married to Habib Ullah's sister, coming out of the VIP Lounge and told Taj that the plane had just taken off.

This was the end of my claim to Wah Cement Factory. The next I heard was that the permission given to me for its purchase had been arbitrarily withdrawn and Nawab of Kalabagh summoned Dharamsey Khatau and his colleagues to Lahore. I am told that they were smuggled in without Visas and forced to sign my Agreement verbatim. The Law of Acquisition was changed illegally giving the Power to the Government to acquire property without any notice; the powers of acquiring officials were withdrawn, the statutory period of lodging objections were omitted from the Law and, unknown to us, the possession was taken at midnight, in order to avoid any resistance from us against this misappropriation, or a Stay Order against the Government.

We went into an Appeal in the High Court which was lengthened beyond reasonable time. My lawyer was the famous Mr. Manzoor Qadir, the brother of my very dear friend and colleague; General Altaf Qadir. At first he would not accept my brief because he had been a Minister of Law in Ayub's Cabinet and the author of that horrid Constitution for the Military dictator. I insisted and asked him whether he considered my case fair or not! He agreed with me that it was a grave injustice done to me. Then I reminded him of the legal ethics which were followed by his famous Uncle Barrister Saleem. He filed the case in the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court was presided over by the famous, Judge Mr. Hamoodur Rehman whom I had known because he was the brother-in-law of my dear friend Ali who was murdered by the Japanese during the Second World War. Hamoodur Rehman saw the justice in my case but took shelter under the excuse that my petition was pending in the High Court, instead of calling the file to his Court, staying the action by High Court, which was obviously expected to stand by the Government on account of their subservience.

I lost all respect for this weakling Chief Justice who avoided annoying the Government in Power, by taking the file on his own Court leaving us at the mercy of selected Judges of the High Court to pronounce an unfavorable Judgment, thus forcing us into further litigation which people, like me, could ill-afford.

This happened way back in 1965. We are still clamoring for compensation. As the other family members thought that their prayers for an early settlement of their dues would be delayed on account of Government's Political animosity with me, if my case is adjudicated at the same time, I withdrew my huge claim for damages suffered on account of the expenses incurred by me and the loss of my basic contractual rights that existed amounting to several millions. In order to reassure them that my case would not place any hurdle in their receiving justice, I gladly withdrew my case. Unfortunately even they are still awaiting to obtain justice. They have become a ping-pong ball between the Lower and the Higher Courts. It is very doubtful that even the Younger generation will ever see a positive result within their life time.

Now the People Party's Government has decided to disinvest in various Factories they had acquired during the Bhutto regime way back in seventies. They have advertised the sale of A.C.C. Factory. at Rohri but there is trick in the advertisement, in order to circumvent the Supreme Court's decision that anything acquired for a public purpose if no longer required for that purpose reverts to the original owners. To avoid my family and co-Sharers getting it back and in order to deny us this legal remedy they have cleverly said that the acquisition of Rohri Factory would have with it the right, to get six hundred thousand tones of clinker, that is ungrounded Cement of Wah Kilns. This seems to be the last parting kick to the owners who have been denied their legal rights, who, have suffered for over twenty-five years.

The Rawalpindi Muslim League insisted that I must stand down from their Constituency. Our area of Wah had been arbitrarily removed from the Attock District to which it has belonged since early British times, and attached it to Rawalpindi on flimsy grounds, to dilute the seat which my father and I had held since 1922, just by a Gubernatorial Order. Senior Muslim Leaguers, fearing rigging and intimidation of voters, thought that I was only person who could win it and pressed me to contest. I told them that if Madr-i-Millat could be defeated by subterfuge and trickery how could I escape it. I was of the opinion that all Muslim Leaguers should boycott such phony elections through a small restricted Electoral College, which could be easily manipulated by the Government through threats or bribery or both. However, they were bent on proposing my name.

My opponent was Ayub Khan's creature from Taxila. The campaign, however, tilted in my favor. Most of the Electors had known my father and me well. Malik Amir Mohammad Kalabagh temporarily shifted his Headquarters from Lahore to Rawalpindi to oversee the election and to save the Government from the ignominy of defeat in the Capital city. Policemen were deputed to round up my voters a day before and even those from my own village and the adjoining area who were my certain supporters were incarcerated in the Government House to deny me their votes. More than two hundred of my supporters were thus kept away from voting to engineer and inflict a

phony defeat by very few votes on me, which the whole world acknowledged was a complete farce.

Elections to the Assemblies were also completely rigged as could be seen from my phony defeat, in my Home Constituency. There was only one Muslim Leaguer, Khawaja Muhammad Safdar, who was permitted by Governor Kalabagh to succeed from the Punjab and later made the Leader of loyal Opposition.

The 1965 war was started only to show Ayub's great concern for the people of Kashmir. It was only a ploy to take people's minds off the rigged elections in which he "managed to defeat" Miss Jinnah, the Quaid's sister who had the support of most of the people in Pakistan. Pakistan was actually defeated in the 1965 war which was declared as a victory by the official media.

I can well remember the day when the Opposition Leaders met in Rawalpindi, just a day before the war started, to deprecate his unfortunate decision to invade Kashmir, just to avert the public's mind from his manipulated election. In the middle of the night Air Raid Sirens were sounded. When Ayub suddenly decided to summon us, most of us had dispersed after our meeting. I was pulled out of the train leaving for Lahore and Chaudhry Muhammad Ali was still available in Rawalpindi. The result, in a nutshell, was that the raiders sent by Ayub did not find shelter in occupied Kashmir, where people became informers leading to their death. Fine young men had been dispatched to commit suicide. This rashness led to an attack by India.

When I arrived at the President House in the afternoon the only other leader present there was Chaudhry Mohammad Ali. The Military Secretary spread large scale maps of Amritsar and Shakargarh Fronts. Ayub had moved himself to the underground command post dug - out under, the Ayub Park as a safety against Air attack. He came out from his shelter looking rather pale as well as unsteady on his legs.

He explained things to us by showing the points where the Indians had crossed the border on the Lahore Front. Actually the Lahore garrison was busy having their breakfast while the Indians had come right up to Lahore, but, thinking that it may be some trick that they had not met a soldier, they had quietly retired to the Canal which we had constructed earlier with volunteer labor, some fifty thousand strong, in 1948. He told us that he proposed to cut all Indian troops by putting in a right hook over Khemkaran with his Armor through Tarn Taran thereby cutting off the Indians' retreat. I asked him how he could use heavy Armor on this route when there were three Canals which his Tanks would have to cross from Khem Karan onward. I was sure the enemy would breach the canals and as an ex-tank soldier, I could say that tanks would sink and become immobile. At this he seemed to lose his temper. Chaudhry Mohammad Ali, standing behind me whispered, "Shaukat the man is not sober it is not wise to get into an argument with him in his present state." Thereafter he dismissed us.

As it happened I reported to the Headquarters at Lahore because they had called all Majors under the age of fifty years to Colors. I had managed to go through my medical test and sat listening to the armored battle over the radio, in the station Commander's Office, awaiting my posting. It happened exactly as I had predicted, we lost our Tank Forces with which he had proposed to cut off Amritsar area. Most of our tanks had sunk under their own weight in the breached canal area. Later Ayub was rebuked by President Lyndon B. Johnson who ordered him to announce a ceasefire. The Americans washed their hands of Pakistan and diverted their ammunition ships.

On the other Front, Chamb and Janurian, the Commander was an able General, Malik Akhter, who was changed in the middle of the battle and in his place General Yahya Khan was appointed. My brother, Brigadier Azmat Hyat, went forward during the night, by a long night march, and captured Chamb taking the Indians by surprise, and also captured their forward Tanks. He asked for further instructions, but Yahya had only reconnoitered by flying over the area. Azmat was being fired on by an Indian detachment from his flank which he managed to remove. In the meantime the River Tawi went into high flood but Yahya ordered him to cross the River and capture Akhnoor. His forward vehicles could not cross and there was a stalemate on this Front.

Meanwhile the Indians had put in an armored attack towards Sialkot. Azmat's Brigade was shifted there to defend Sialkot. When the Indian Tank Regiment, the 16th Cavalry, attacked towards Chawinda, his Brigade plus the Gunners put up a tremendous show. They shot the Tanks who were passing over a ridge, exposing the Tanks' soft bellies, and almost the entire Regiment was destroyed. On the other hand our tanks charged their tanks and bravely defeated the attack. Azmat was informed by General Musa, the Commander-in-Chief, that he would be given a Hilal-e-Jurat for his action at Chamb and Jaurian but it was never to be, because Yahya, the non-playing General, snatched this honor quite undeservedly for himself.

Despite many brave and heroic individual actions our Army failed to enter India. General Ayub had to stand a barracking by President Lyndon Johnson for starting the War. The Americans had already stopped all shipments of arms on their way on the High Seas, and further rubbed Ayub's nose in the dirt by asking him to go to Tashkant and arrange for a truce under the aegis of the Russians.

Pakistan could hardly stand a week's war with the Indians which was an obvious lesson. But it has not been learnt by our Commanders till this day.

The result of Ayub's Electoral Folly of Madr-i-Millat's unfair defeat led to Ayub's total defeat and failure in his own job of fighting a war. Later poor Miss Jinnah was murdered. I was the first person to witness the red scar on her throat which was obviously made by a handkerchief pulled across her throat following the technique



which Thugs practiced during Lord Bentinck's days in India. I myself arranged to have her neck covered to hide the ugly scar, just to save many more poor people being killed as they were bound to have come out on to the streets, on hearing the news demanding a revenge, and would be shot down similar to killings during the victory parade, led by Ayub's son Gohar Ayub, when an orgy of shooting and murder took place.

The total outcome of the exercise was that she lost her life and he lost face on account of the Tashkent Accord. This was sad end of the drama both for the Savior as well as the Tormentor. She became the victim of foul Politics by the Army and the Civil Servants and he was a victim of his own folly.

Alas no-one learnt a lesson from the happenings mentioned above. Bhutto and Yahya's tussle and selfishness eventually destroyed the unity of Pakistan.

Later we started an agitation against the Tashkent Accord which we thought was a defeat for Pakistan. We went in a symbolic group to break Section 144. I lead the first and was arrested in Mochi gate and I was incarcerated in jail first at Sukkur and later at Hyderabad where the first attempt was made on my life under the orders of Nawab Kala Bagh. He ordered the mixing of ground glass with my *atta*. This information was passed to me by one of the jail birds on fatigue duty as an orderly to the Superintendent of the jail. In the Hyderabad jail I started writing this book.

Another attempt was made on my life later by a doctor, when I was removed to the Family Ward in Mayo Hospital Lahore. The doctor prescribed a medicine which was still in an experimental stage and was just the wrong treatment for my disease. I was drowning in the liquid which I started retaining because of the drug and within forty-eight hours of my taking it I just could not breathe. When the Doctor came I explained to him that I was seeing double and my breathing had become labored. He told me that it must be psychological. Dr Arif Elahi assistant to Dr Yusuf, Professor of Cardiology came to see me and prescribed Lasix, which was brought in surreptitiously. I passed twenty-six bottles of urine in one day which brought my eyesight back to normal and the swelling on the face subsided.

The attending doctor met the late Mian Abdul Khaliq of the Muslim League at a party in the evening and on his enquiry informed him that I would soon die. He told him to go and arrange for my funeral because I would probably not last that night. Khaliq rushed back to my house finding that all my family was away at the hospital attending to me, he came into my hospital room from the back door because the Police guard was posted in the front. My poor wife had dosed off after losing sleep attending to me for two days. These were the methods used by Ayub and his henchmen who tried to destroy the Opposition. It is indeed the Grace of God that both my tormentors both Kalabagh and Ayub, are dead I am still alive to recounts their misdeeds.

## CHAPTER - 11

### GENERAL YAHYA

The last but most sordid act, of General Ayub before his reluctant relinquishment of his self assumed Presidentship of Pakistan, was his sudden decision to hand over power to his protégé and 'Chief Collaborator', General Yahya Khan the C-in-C of the Army. He correctly appreciated that Yahya would protect him and his family from the scrutiny as well as the wrath of the people, though it was against his own promulgated and imposed constitution whereby he was required to hand over power to the Speaker or the Chief Justice of Pakistan.

Yahya, to start with, became the Chief Martial Law Administrator, another *coup* by the armed forces. He took as his deputies other C-in-Cs., that of P.A.F., Air Marshal Noor Khan, a hero of the 1965 war and Admiral Ahsan, the C-in-C of the Navy and once an ADC of the late Quaid-i-Azam. The third Deputy was Yahya's crony, the Chief of General Staff of the Army General Hamid. Both Yahya and Hamid were two years my junior in the Indian Military Academy and in the Army. Unlike Ayub, Yahya refused to pass over the mantle of C-in-C even to General Hamid.

Many stringent Martial Law Regulations were promulgated and the Army which had remained a disinterested onlooker at the demonstrations which brought about the fall of Ayub, suddenly became active to suppress Civil liberties. Some of Ayub's tactics of 1958 were repeated such as making a scape goat of some 303 Civil Servants, who had been close to Ayub's ruling Junta and who, in order to please their master, had generously distributed permits for setting up Factories, Import licenses, loans and grants of Government-owned lands, munificently to enrich Ayub's family and those of his henchmen. They had also blatantly helped themselves or their families at the Nation's expense. Others, for their Geobellian Zest to raise Ayub to a high pedestal, and of immortality akin to almost that of a "War Hero" manufactured the myth called "A Decade of Progress" had been his ghost - writers of the obnoxious work named "Friends not Masters" - a unique, so-called autobiography, by a reigning President of any country wherein there was little worthwhile that even justified the price of the paper on which it was written. Some of the foolish slips in this work did harm to the relationship between Pakistan and its neighbors such as the King Zahir Shah and to no less an extent the Shah of Iran - but that was a digression.

The real purpose of his purge was to shift the people's attention from the misdeeds of the soldier ex-President, his family, his political henchmen and above all his Generals who had done well for themselves. The latter, along with some favorite stooges from amongst the civil servants, had been granted state lands while they were still in service and when they retired they were absorbed to head the nascent industries, with fat

salaries. It was a normal sight to find ex-Generals and Civil Servants on the Boards of Banking Houses, Private Industries, Oil Refineries and made Heads of the Semi-Government - bodies like the PIDC, Agricultural Development Corporation, Sui gas distributions and Small Industries Corporations. This was a unique phenomenon, especially the grants of lands.

During the British regime grants of lands up to the extent of some 2 acres used to be made to retired Other Ranks and Junior Commissioned Officers for long and meritorious service but not to a serving Officer except for acts of outstanding gallantry. Even then grants were rare and made in special cases only. The Ayub regime gave grant to serving Officers, to buy their loyalty. Yahya got a medal when he was a Commander of Chamb and Jorian Front, appointed in the middle of action in which he had taken little or no part. Yahya Khan was employed in camouflage and cover the actions of his benefactor. Those million smuggled out in the form of foreign exchange, precious stones sent in the President's Special Plane during his official visits abroad were allowed to go unheeded.

My first encounter with the new Martial law Administrator was over the unforgivable and scandalous omission to bring the real culprits of wrong doings to book.

A function was held to meet Mumtaz Daultana our new Party President in a precinct of Lahore. I was asked to speak. I said that if Yahya Khan really meant he could get the runaway 'black' money back into the country, which was not difficult to do. I offered to undertake the task provided he granted me his powers for twenty-one days and, should I fail bringing Rupees hundred millions of Foreign Exchange back, into the Country, I would accept the punishment to be hanged.

The very next day, while I was slightly indisposed, my bedside telephone rang. At the other end was some young Colonel who was Assistant to the Local Martial Law Administrator. He enquired if he was addressing Sirdar Shaukat Hyat Khan; I confessed to being the culprit. He ordered that I should report at 11.00 am in the morning at the Brigadier's Office. I enquired if his Brigadier had a telephone. His reply was in the affirmative. I told him that I was not used to receiving orders from Private Secretaries and banged the telephone down.

Two minutes later the Brigadier himself rang up and rather haughtily demanded to know if I had refused to accept orders from his Colonel. I politely told him, that in thirty-odd years of my career I had saved no wealth but the only possession I had been able to preserve was my self-respect which I did not propose to give up in the twilight of my life, If he required my presence officially all he had to do was to ask even a junior lieutenant to issue a warrant, showing cause, and I would be duty bound to come, but telephonic summons were not legal and ran counter to the concept of Civil Liberties, for which I had struggled all these years. Therefore, I could not accept such peremptory

orders. At this he became rather sarcastic and enquired if I would present myself before General Atiqur Rahman the Martial Law Administrator of the Zone. I lost my temper with him and told him that unofficial calls whether from him, his General or even the Chief Martial Law Administrator, would get the same reply. Both these gentlemen were junior to me in age as well as in Seniority in the Army. This non-plussed him. I followed by assuring him that if they wanted to get my views unofficially, any of them was welcome to come and share a cup of tea at my house but officially the only proper method was the one I had suggested.

He became apologetic and said that he wanted to find out if what had appeared in the press was based on any, true information, for patriotic reasons. I told him that in matter of patriotism I was not prepared to give in to anyone in the army, who was serving the British masters while we were fighting for freedom and that I had made the statement with the fullest sense of responsibility and was prepared to bear any consequences for it. He could repeat my offer to those gentlemen.

This telephonic encounter ostensibly saved me any further trouble with the martial Law Authorities, who did not make the mistake of having any further direct confrontation, but as I learnt much later from General Yahya it had earned me black mark with the Martial Law Authorities and I was consequently regarded as a rebel. I rudely showed a derogatory signal.

General Yahya soon started a campaign of lulling the oppressed people of Pakistan to sleep, those who had been ground under the heels of his ex-Chief, ably supported by the bayonets of the Army. He promised to transfer power to the People's Representatives. He started this Machiavellian design by meeting with the leaders of political parties.

Mian Mumtaz Daultana and I were summoned together. I had known Yahya as a Junior cadet in the Indian Military Academy, at the time I was in my final term of two and a half years' course. He was then a keen and bright soldier. He told Mumtaz that he especially wanted to make himself acquainted with him, as he and I could understand each other on account of our previous, acquaintance.

He tried to discuss politics, but he was no match against Mumtaz, who would run rings round him, but Yahya deftly changed the subject whenever Mumtaz tried to pin him down to a definite statement of policy. He belabored the point that he was equally, if not more, loyal to the policy of the Muslim League and the Quaid-i-Azam's ideals, than any of us. He said he wished the unity of Convention Muslim League and Council Muslim League. He said he would order Malik Qasim to follow us, the real Muslim League, and also promised to advise Qayum Khan to act similarly. He beseeched us to receive Qasim. Later we learnt that he did not even mention the matter to Qasim who had followed us for an audience.

As we came out: of Government House' both of us simultaneously said that the man had been talking with his tongue in his cheek and that he did not intend to bring in democracy any more than his predecessor, and that his efforts would be to side-track it and hoodwink the people with the belief that he intended restoring democracy and in the process, encourage splinter groups and would do his best to avoid the emergence of a strong Muslim League.

We had been too long in politics to be taken in. We knew that our country was in for hard times and our Party, Which had borne the brunt of the struggle during Iskandar Mirza - Ayub regimes and as such had earned a considerable goodwill, we felt was going to be the primary target of the new regime. However, as matter of expediency we had promised to take his professions, about the restoration of democracy at their face value though with a huge pinch of salt.

I sent him a memorandum with a copy to General Gul Hassan, soon after our meeting, before his public pronouncement of policy. Mumtaz Daultana, though agreeing with the contents, was skeptical about their reception. I thought it was our duty to keep the record straight.

A soft-spoken and perfect gentleman from East Pakistan, Dr. Malik, an old labor leader and an, ex-Minister of Pakistan, was taken as a Minister. However, Muzaffar Qizilbash with a Unionist past was given the important portfolio of Finance. The only basis for his inclusion was that he belonged to the Sh'ia community, and to his clan's Senior Branch while Yahya was a descendent of the Junior Branch. They soon shouldered out General Sher Ali and over - awed all others including Mahmood Haroon the younger brother of Yusuf Haroon.

The Ministers had to give an undertaking not to take part in elections, which President Yahya had promised to hold. In any Case none of them except Mahmood Haroon could have been elected.

However, he started making Constitutional, decisions before the Assembly could meet. Firstly he made the decision of undoing West Pakistan in the face of opposition and contrary to the advice from the Civil Servants. The General had decided to divide and rule. The ostensible reasons given was the public clamor and to avoid the danger of parochial and regional campaigning, thus eliminating interprovincial jealousies, which was partly true on account of over-centralization by Nawab Kalabagh, Ayub Khan's autocratic Governor of West Pakistan. The leaders of the Political Parties on the eve of the Round. Table conference, as has been narrated earlier, had given a sensible and feasible alternative of Provinces, a sub-federation of West Pakistan. This present order was in fact a well thought out and deliberate action to make all the Provinces in the West pull in different directions on the lines of extremist elements in East Pakistan, so

that the Junta could become the proverbial monkey between the warring Provincial cats.

Another act was to continue Ayub's decision of Joint Electorates, which mattered little in the so-called basic Democracy System but was a fatal blow to the Two Nation theory with adult franchise to be introduced. In a previous chapter I mentioned how the majority of Muslim members from East Pakistan had begged and prevailed upon us during the consideration of 1952 Basic Principles Report to save them from utter disaster and from the clutches of the prosperous Hindu community, who would hold the balance of power in case of Joint Electorates which would help them to get Anti Pakistan Muslims returned through their votes. Later events proved that this was a well thought out action by Yahya and Co to find an excuse to dump East Pakistan altogether, with an ostensible effort to look westward to a confederation with Iran which was sought by some foreign powers as well as the Shia lobby.

Then a date was set, later to be postponed for an election to the Constituent Assembly after one year. As it happened it was almost a year and a half. One year was long enough to launch a mushroom growth of parties and start a match in polemics with an idea to debunk the already maligned politicians and to confuse the people whose proverbial short memory could be depended on to forget those who had borne the brunt of the fight against totalitarianism during the Iskander Ayub eras. We, and here I must give credit to Mumtaz Daultana who really saw and pointed out the danger of this well-laid trap, felt helpless in this matter i.e. weakening of democratic forces, in which we were going to be the main losers.

The next act was the starting of a National Security Department under an over clever young General named Umar He became the Government's main arm twister in playing games with politician hiss and used abilities in sowing seeds of disruption and rift within existing parties- new Parties and providing them with finance, seizing funds of others and prohibiting the Business and Industry in backing the tried patriotic and democratic forces by taking away their collections and distributing them among the Junta favored.

Those gathered round him were General Umar, Hamid, President's Chief of Staff, Pirzada, Head of President's Public Secretariat a dubious character who had been ordered out of the President House by Ayub but as, in fact, a confidante of Yahya and God knows who else. He had come from the Bombay area where his family still lived and had also maintained close ties with Bhutto. In addition there were, for some unknown reason, General Mitha, who was married to Miss Chatterijee, Brigadier Ishaq, Head of President's Personal Staff, General Akbar the head of army intelligence (later dropped). Agha Muhammad Ali, Yahya's brother, got a promotion after retirement as Inspector General of Police, to be Head of all Security, along with a few civilian

bureaucrats led by M. M. Ahmad, President's Economic Adviser who became the real power behind the throne on account of his American connections.

Yahya, who had been fond of his wine and women even before he took over as the President and the Chief Martial Law Administrator, and Chief of the Army Staff, was soon provided with a surfeit of both. His staff and officers in addition to their other duties thought it more profitable, power wise to immerse him in drink and became procurers for his debauchery. The poor man fell into the trap and rarely had a sober moment during which he could fall back on his sharp brain. His lucid moments gradually became shorter and shorter. Pimps and prostitutes held the fort in Islamabad. The thousand and one nights of decadent Baghdad had not only been overtaken but surpassed in the Court at Pakistan, the largest Muslim State in the World!

The President appeared in his 'lucky' last week of every third month on the T.V. and Radio to issue his edicts for the next quarter. Air Marshal Noor Khan, whom I had known as my younger brother's school-mate in RIMC at Dehra Dun, was in a hurry to bring about a Revolution and had collected whiz kids (following Kennedy's style) from amongst foreign-educated youngsters, while Deputy Martial Law Administrator, in charge of Labor, Education and Land. He brought them to Lahore when later he was posted as Punjab Governor.

Soon he was running with his bit between his teeth, despite my sincere warnings that he would trip up. The bureaucrats resented the interference by his highly paid novices, brought up in the sheltered Fabian Society of Oxford under-grads or in other Foreign Universities, with little comprehension of realities of life in their own country. Big business was upset by the Governor's labor policies; land owners hated the open encouragement by the Governor of their peasants; and politicians, alarmed by his over-candid remark against the new settlers in Sindh, all joined together to sow the seeds of discord between the President and his West Punjab Governor.

As I had predicted he was soon shunted out unceremoniously. Having resigned his office of C-in-C Air, unlike his Chief, Yahya, who stuck on to the office of C-in-C of the Army, poor Noor was left on a limb. General Atiqur Rahman the local Martial Law Administrator became the Governor Nur Khan another popular war hero of 1965 and considered a danger to the ruling coterie, had been done away with. He was to be first victim; it was to be a start of musical chairs, and the Court intrigues.

In early 1970 a Legal Frame Work Order was proclaimed a document giving plans for the so called return of power to the people by the Military Governors of Pakistan. It was the document giving pious guidelines of the General's so-called mode of return to an Islamic Democracy. A code of conduct for elections was promulgated, which is remembered more for its violations deliberately contrived by its formulators.

The rules of the Constituent Assembly were also published. The Assembly was not to be Sovereign, it was debarred from amending the LFO, which power the President reserved for himself, the elected representatives of the People could only advise but he could refer it back or reject the advice. The Assembly had been granted ninety days to pass the Constitution or stand dissolved, implying the promulgation of a constitution by the President himself. Thus he would impose his will on the Country and enforce a constitution ready-made and prepared by his Law Minister to be thrust down the people's throat when the politician would stand condemned in ninety days for failing to formulate one.

Thus the Army became the fountain head of power, as well as the protector of the constitution manufactured to suit them. A French pattern of constitution had been on the anvil in the Law Minister's sanctum.

There was a public outcry but the politicians were too busy making slanderous attacks on each other, the use of invective had become the order of the day. All my efforts to unite the Old Muslim Leaguers were thwarted by Abdul Qyum Khan, who shy because of his previous experience at the hands of Mumtaz, was prevaricated by Yahya's henchmen. It was imperative to persuade them to sit together and have a joint Muslim League which could uphold the ideology of Pakistan and counter balance Mujibur Rahman.

At my exhortations intermediaries Yahya made an ostensible move by calling Qayum and Mumtaz separately to persuade them to unite. I had a further reason because Mumtaz seemed dejected after Muzaffar's inclusion in the Cabinet and had come to the conclusion that Yahya and Co., were out to oust him. I thought perhaps eight years of EBDO (Elected Bodies Disqualification Order) during Ayub's regime had demoralized him further, that a collective Leadership comprising of Mumtaz, Qayum and Fazli-Qader Chaudry was at best a mirage and wishful thinking.

Mumtaz after his return from the audience seemingly gave up the ghost and was preparing to go abroad for health reasons. He was throwing in the sponge or at least assured the Junta that he would not contest the League's Presidential election in 1970. In order to cure his frustrations, I beseeched Qayum to give up his personal antagonism in the interest of the Nation, remembering that, at his call. I had contested the Muslim League Party's Presidential elections against Mumtaz. He agreed and promised a declaration for a merger after his party meeting on the 15th. I announced that in the press but unexpectedly perhaps under instructions Qayum Khan denounced me by stating that I wished to unite the Leagues through drawing-room intrigues while he wanted the decision by confrontation in the public. I felt let down Khawaja Safdar the Secretary of the Punjab Provincial Muslim League took me to task and questioned my right to negotiations.



I belabored Mumtaz for permitting his followers to demean me publicly after having entrusted me with the work himself. He, as usual tried to gloss over it but I forced him to issue a rejoinder clarifying the situation and by announcing that I had been acting at his behest. This discomfited Chatha who had made Safdar condemn me publicly, but, as usual, he himself remained silent for a time.

It seemed that the Junta had decided to disrupt the Muslim League Party, like Ayub Khan. They chose Abdul Qayum Khan, who had sought pardon after only three days in jail during Ayub Khan's times and he had gone into a self-imposed retirement from politics. He seemed to be the most reliable tool to Yahya and Company. He lived up to this reputation in this respect-later serving as Z. A. Bhutto's Home Minister in 1972-73 and played the ignominious role of destroying civil liberties and creating confusion and confrontation in the N.W.F.P. and Baluchistan. Qayum was asked to transform his newly formed Quaid-i-Azam League, with a splinter group of Ayub's followers to assume the title of Pakistan Muslim League.

Other followers of Ayub, under the Presidentship of an East Pakistan leader Fazal-ul-Qadir Choudhiy, were first cajoled, then threatened, to join Qayum. Fazal-ul-Qadir, who had inherited the mantle, and also the fabulous amounts of money extorted from supplicant. Industrialists by Ayub Khan, demurred. He was called for an audience but he insisted that the only hope for a revived Muslim League was to have an East Pakistan leadership, meaning himself. Fallacious as this stand may have been, he had the support of the opportunist elements of West Pakistan's New league, who hoped to buy their way into the new Assembly through the largesse of Ayub Khan's hoarded funds. They advised Fazal-ul-Qadir not to join up with Qayum or us, the Council Muslim League, which had kept the Quaid-i-Azam's flag flying by supporting Miss Fatima Jinnah.

In the meantime the Provincial League's elections had approached Chatha, Mumtaz's confidante, was at the time the Provincial President. I sincerely believed that, in the interest of the Party, to remove the prevailing hostility against Mumtaz, there should be a change. I discussed the matter frankly with Mumtaz. He told me that apart from the fact that Chatha was not keen in his opinion he was not active enough to lead the Party effectively during General Elections. He proposed that I should agree to step down and undertake the responsibility. He proposed my name. Irrespective of the fact that it meant degrading myself, by stepping down from having been a Secretary General to the office of a provincial president, I agreed to it in the interest of Party's cohesion in Punjab as well as in Pakistan. I had only one stipulation that, as I had a great personal regard for Chatha, Mumtaz should undertake to obtain Chatha's consent. He agreed to do so.

As usual there was a discrepancy between Mumtaz's professions and thoughts. He conveniently avoided the subject right up to the eve of the Party's elections. By this time

the delegates to the Provincial League from the districts had been manipulated. I asked Dr. Javed Iqbal to be my Vice President which I thought would bring him up in the party hierarchy. From this he was dissuaded. I was pained but not surprised at Mumtaz's duplicity. However, in the interest of the Party I decided to fight. It became a war of nerves. Javed Iqbal stayed away from the meeting as did other candidates. Mumtaz gave in at the last moment. I was elected unopposed and to avoid a rift.

I accepted Khawaja Safdar as my Secretary. Unfortunately Safdar did not appreciate the spirit behind my gesture and consistently non-cooperated with me. As I had no desire to pack the Provincial Parliamentary Board with my supporters, I even agreed to form it in consultation with Safdar; hoping that it would settle matters amicably. Mumtaz would lead the all Pakistan Party while I would work under him as a Provincial President, and provide a gloss to his tarnished image.

I did not have much faith in his professions. I was approached both by the Government and Party members from East Pakistan to contest for the Presidentship against Mumtaz. I explained that I was averse to creating a rift within the Party in the Election year. As a further argument I told them I had been crippled financially by the Ayub regime and could not afford to bear the burden. A most revolting suggestion was made that I should accept a monthly stipend and funds would be made available to me for the organization. Qayum would then be forced to fall in line. To my great annoyance I received an envelope from a messenger. On opening it I found a large packet of five hundred rupee notes which I handed back immediately. I was livid with rage and told the sender what I thought of him. I made it clear to him that I may have been reduced to sad straits financially. I may be poor, but my political conscience has never been a saleable commodity. If I had to go after money, I should have stayed with the British and preserved crores worth of property granted posthumously to my late father which they had withheld, or kept the possession of my Cement factories, by lining up with Ayub. The man who had sent me the bribe was obviously so used to buying people that he was completely taken aback and apologized profusely and gave a lame explanation that it was a personal offering from a friend to help an honest man, who had come up to save the National situation. Knowing of Mr. Rizvi's meager personal means, I was even more upset at his personal apology.

I had decided to back Mumtaz but Shafiq-ul-Islam wanted Abdul Qasim to contest the President's position and he that of the General Secretary. Shafiq approached me and I promised him all help to persuade others to do so including a friendly business man, to pass a few thousands of Rupees for his election expenses, through a common friend in East Pakistan. The meeting was scheduled to take place in Dacca.

Mumtaz was ostensibly adamant on not contesting, but when we reached Dacca I found that he had got a record number of delegates from West Pakistan to reach there, many at his own expense or that of his friends.

He addressed the Working Committee and West Pakistan members refusing to take up the job himself asking them to elect someone else. This would have been a blow to the organization in an election year but Mumtaz wanted to impress People in Rawalpindi that he was prepared to make way for Qayum to please the Yahya Junta. I implored him, along with others to reconsider his stand and he gave in at the last minute. However, he insisted on having a Secretary of his choice I told him that I was honor bound to vote for Shafiq ul Islam. He wanted me to back out of my word to Shafiq and threatened to resign if Qasim was not elected I pleaded my inability as I was averse to backing out of commitments once they had been made.

I voted for Shafiq but then I was called by Mumtaz through Chowdhri Zahur Ellahi who left me with him. In the meanwhile they spread false news amongst my supporters that I had instructed Zahur Ellahi to tell them that they should vote for Qasim East Pakistan delegates wanted Shafiq and wanted me to be the President. Since I had decided not to accept the office thinking that I could be of better service to the Party in the Punjab these people were very upset and backed Shafiq strongly to protest against Mumtaz's attitude. It was rumored that Qasim was purchasing votes Mumtaz was tense during the count Somehow Qasim managed to scrape through, to the great satisfaction of Mumtaz. The Party also passed a resolution not to unify with any faction of Ayub Khan's League without the prior approval of the council. Later at a Karachi meeting the decision was reversed and a Committee formed to negotiate with the Convention League.

Though our people in East Pakistan thought they would win a majority of seats in that part, after my visit to East Pakistan. I was convinced that they had been unable to rehabilitate themselves since the 1954 debacle in Elections and the situation had worsened on account of the confusion created in the people's mind by Ayub Khan's name tacked to that of the Muslim League Party. His Convention League and the strong arm methods used by the Governor Monem Khan (who was later assassinated) had created a hostility against the Muslim League. Mumtaz and I, therefore, decided that, we should concentrate on 20-30 seats in East Pakistan and make our major effort in the West. We also decided that as our Party's funds were not being restored, we should get out for a fund raising campaign.

The industrialists who had been upset by Noor Khan's hasty reforms and Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's pronouncements of Socialism, were generally backing Maulana Maudoodi's Jamaat-i-Islami. We were certain that this organization, though well-knit, did not have enough pull amongst the masses and in urban areas was meeting with hostility from other opposing religious groups. Moreover, we were certain that the basic thought of a theocratic dictatorship could not fool the modern youth who were suspicious of orthodoxy and were leaning towards the so-called Fabian ideas of Socialism. We tried to convince the politically bankrupt Big Business to be prepared for reforms and forget

the protection of strong men and back democratic forces. We were able to convince some influential sections.

They undertook to find enough funds to back some 120 candidates. They committed to help us within six weeks, but later when the elections were postponed on account of floods in the East Pakistan their zeal flagged. By our repeated journey we managed to brace up some of them again but the Government, through General Umar, intervened and ordered them to place the funds at his disposal.

The main purpose behind this move was to deprive our Party of the means of a fruitful and effective election campaign. It was obvious that the Junta was bent upon defeating the Muslim League. We witnessed the drama in utter dismay. Our workers became despondent and instead of getting out for the party's election campaign, confined their activities to their personal constituencies. This action of General Umar to dry up our election funds and withholding of League's funds frozen by Ayub Khan. All these machination against our Party, which had a bank of good will as those responsible for creation of Pakistan and as the people who bore the brunt of Ayub regime's Opposition stoically, meant that it was part of General scheme to deny us victory in West Pakistan, by every possible means.

The Government policies had changed with their moods in an effort to bring about small manageable parties, whose differences they wanted to exploit. After failing to create a similar situation in East Pakistan they suddenly decided to use their Press Trust Newspapers which had an extensive circulation to build up Mr. Bhutto's Peoples Party in the West as a counter weight to the Awami League of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. This was a party well provided with funds and having the advantage of Mr. Bhutto's charismatic personality, and a keen sense for understanding the People's moods and their short memories and their weakness to fall for dramatics. He assiduously built up a facade of socialism *Roti kappra Aur Makan* (Bread Clothes and Shelter). He used the well known fascist pattern of hero-worship and demagoguery which was based on Hitler's techniques. He appealed to the vast unemployed educated, the hoodlum the laborer and the peasant and the small shopkeeper and the have-nots. He had seemingly unlimited financial resources for publicity which did the trick for him. All the goodwill for our ten years of opposition to dictatorship was stolen by the brightest of the ex dictator's own Minister Bhutto with the full assistance of Ayub's Chief of the General Staff and those in charge of his Intelligence & Security. Ayub was dead but long live his son Zulfikar Ali Bhutto!

Muhammad Ali Yahya's brother, hinted one day that PPP may wipe us off the board mentioning the great crowds Bhutto was drawing I asked him where the funds for their publicity were coming from. He feigned ignorance! I, however left him with an impression that they were supporting Bhutto's victory over the Council Muslim League which they thought might close ranks with the Awami League the sure winners in East

Pakistan Their strategy was obvious one of backing Qayum Khan in N.W.F.P and Z. A. Bhutto in Punjab and Sindh.

A few days later Agha Muhammad Ali asked us to his son's wedding At the reception dinner, Mumtaz, Bhutto, Qayum and I were allotted places on the High Table where the President his Chief of Staff, Ministers and some Foreign Diplomats were seated.

At the dinner Yahya asked "Zulfi how are you getting on in your campaigning." Back came the reply "Mr. President, you know better than anyone else that you have involved us in futile political masturbation." President kept quiet there was a hush at the table. I was upset that such an indecorous reply should be made in such company. Bhutto next turned to me and said "Sirdar Sahib you have called me a fascist several times in your speeches in the past seven days" (which was a fact and I honestly believed that he was following the techniques adopted by Hitler and Mussolini). He continued, "I have today addressed a meeting in your own area and spoke to the people, even your own family would not vote for you." The President injudiciously or mischievously turned and asked me what I had to say to that I was already chaffing because of Bhutto's taste displayed in the earlier reply to Yahya. Without a minute's thought in keeping with my training as a Parliamentarian, I replied "Mr. President to the best of my knowledge and belief my family has not given birth to an illegitimate child"

My remark however shut up Mr. Bhutto for the remaining time at dinner. I believe his mood did not improve until the after dinner drinking and singsong by the dancing girls which had been arranged by Yahya. The only politician present was Bhutto beside some Generals, youngsters, pimps and prostitutes.

Mumtaz, it seems had tried to appease the Junta by doing more than actually appeared. He offered to make way for Qayum and offered to resign suggesting that so should Fazli-Qadir and Qayum and the three leagues should unite under one leadership in which the Junta had complete faith He only mentioned to me that there was no hope for the League on account of various reasons and that he was contemplating to resign This other bombshell he exploded just three months before the General Election.

Hurriedly a council meeting was called Qayum confided to General Umar that this was a gimmick and he doubted if he could be elected by the joint League session. However his more cocksure Lieutenant Makhdoomzada Hassan Mahmood assured General Umar that the trick could be done by getting Abdul Qasim Khan, Mumtaz's own nominee as General Secretary, only a few month earlier, to contest Qasim had a soft corner for Qayum Khan and would later make way for him. His relationship with Mumtaz had been strained since his election Hassan Mahmood demanded two hundred thousand Rupees for the purpose. This amount was made available by General Umar to fetch members from East Pakistan. Mumtaz got alarmed to see so many East Pakistan Councilors arrive. This made apparent to him the General's duplicity; he had

been assuring him all along that his heading the League was all important. Suddenly, the Government media started a campaign that Mumtaz's resignation was phony. As usual he would take a somersault, hoping thereby to pressurize Mumtaz to stick to his resignation in order to redeem his reputation, and make the post available for the Junta's nominee.

Mumtaz' clique assumed without, any cause and quite illogically, that I had thrown my lot in with their opponents. They had a guilty conscience on account of their earlier futile attempt to remove me from the Punjab League's Presidentship. They deliberately did not include me in their counsels. On the night before the elections I became aware of Hassan Mahmood - General Umar Plans. I was incensed at the attempt which would have proved that Quaid-i-Azam's party could be captured by mere provision of transport, board and lodging to some East Pakistan members. Although this was a corollary of Mumtaz's own actions, taking West Pakistan members to Decca at his own expense. I thought that he would still be better than Qayum who had accepted the role of a puppet to the ruling Junta.

At two in the morning I visited Mumtaz and assured him that I was neither an aspirant nor involved in a party intrigue. He was despondent because his proposed alternate candidates, Chatha or Yahya, were reluctant to contest. I, therefore, requested him that he should agree to withdraw his resignation, if he was unanimously requested by the Council. He weakened but could not believe that this could happen.

I got our members from all over the Punjab whipped to attend. The next morning we showed strength. Just as Hassan A. Sheikh was proposing Qasim's name I intervened that there should be no Office Bearer's elections at this crucial time and a committee of ten, comprising five Senior Members from each wing should sit together to consider the matter. In the meeting the majority of East Pakistanis who were my friends agreed that it would be disastrous to have a change of leadership in the middle of the election campaign and the news of East Pakistanis having been bought by Government or Makhodomzada's funds would be a shameful slur for a Party, which had claimed to be the real successor to Quaid-i-Azam and Madar-i-Millat's Party, and which had suffered so much during the crusade against the Ayub regime to sell out so easily. (Having won over nine out of ten members the tenth Qasim stayed out). We went to the Party with our decision and, thereupon, the Council unanimously requested Mumtaz to stay on as a patriotic gesture.

Mumtaz was taken aback but made a brilliant come back speech. He was a lion once again! After this Chatha approached Fazali Qadir Chaudhri to arrange a pact between the Council and the Convention Leagues and at the latter's request I became a mediator and guarantor. A pact was drafted and signed despite opposition from some of the Conventionists.

There was a quick retaliation in the form of a peremptory Presidential edict seizing Convention Leagues funds. This was a repetition of a similar act of Ayub Khan in 1958 when he had sequestered our Party's funds, collected by Quaid-i-Azam himself. Enquiries were instituted against Fazal-ul-Qadir and his Party to coerce them into submission. News of the imminent arrest of Fazal-ul-Qadir were circulated. He suffered from diabetes and got extremely worried. Mumtaz valiantly came to his rescue by making a statement condemning the Presidential action and by himself without obtaining my consent, he appended my name to his written Statement. The very next day he received rather unceremonious summons from a Colonel attached to the Local Martial Law Administrator to report the next morning to Brigadier Ishaq, who would arrange an audience with the President and the Chief Martial Law Administrator at the latter's leisure.

I was sleeping in the afternoon when Mumtaz suddenly rang up and requested that I may be awakened and asked me to visit him immediately. On reaching his home I found his car ready and loaded, Yousuf Khattak and his wife were also ready to accompany him. Mumtaz handed me the original summons. I was shocked at this brazen faced affront by the Martial Law Authorities to one who was occupying Quaid-i-Azam's Chair, as the head of the Muslim League, the Party to which the Quaid and his sister had belonged. I strongly advised that he should contemptuously ignore the order and say that he had more important business to attend to. I recounted to him my own experience and reaction to a similar move mentioned earlier in this chapter. However, I was unable to brace him up. He made the lame excuse that it would seem discourteous if he did not go. He would not listen to my protestations that the President's summons were no act of courtesy. When I saw that he was being timid, I offered to accompany him and barge into the President House and speak out my feelings. He declined my offer but gave me his word of honor that he would not retreat one step from his stand taken on account of his democratic principles. He rang me up from Rawalpindi saying that I should reassure Fazul-i-Qader that he had saved him from arrest and had fixed up a meeting for him with Yahya.

There was no end to in astonishment when I read in the Press the next morning Mumtaz's abject surrender and apology by shamelessly saying that he had been misunderstood. I was shocked and rang him up to say that I was issuing a statement disassociating myself from him. He begged me to await his return from Karachi. I could not even have dreamt that Mumtaz would also conclude a deal with General Yahya, Pirzada and Co. Which he had obviously done.

Our timid leadership, with its habitual intrigues, despondency and refusal to change according to times, by depending still on an outmoded feudal mores of caving under the pressure of those in power, overlooked the prevailing conditions and People's moods. It failed to speak to the people in the language they understood and things they wanted to hear, from their leaders: the promises to achieve People's aspirations. Our

revolutionary Programme of Reforms sounded hollow when they saw the spineless leadership. The confusion was more confounded by the creation of three Muslim Leagues and a score of Religious Parties. As would be seen, though, our Muslim League won a substantial number of votes, an overall majority, because of People's affections, but lost the majority of seats in the National Assembly Election on account of the dithering Leadership and General Umar's manipulation of results through the election officials, under orders by the Intelligence authorities. This was responsible for the lopsided result in West Pakistan. Only seven seats were conceded to us, the fighters for Independence and Pakistan, an Unbelievable over-kill by Agha Mohammed Au, General Umar and Co.

My own election was a miracle. I had intended to contest for the Provincial Assembly but could not find a candidate to contest the National Assembly Seat, election to which was to precede the Provincial elections. I tried to get my Convention league opponent to take our ticket. Malik Aslam was a nice young man and ,I thought it would also put an end to the long standing family feud between us. He agreed but his father would not hear of it. I was therefore, landed with an unwanted contest.

I had not been to the District for twenty-seven years, having been elected from other constituencies under the Party's directions. In the meanwhile our opponents had inflicted two defeats on our family on Account of their collaboration with Ayub Khan in the indirect Elections through Basic Democrats. My opponent, in addition, had been the Chairman of the District Council during the Martial Law Period, of Ayub Khan, controlling the Council's workers and teachers. Some of my supporters were very apprehensive and demoralized. They begged me to stay out of the contest. I thought the only way to cure their apathy and revive their confidence was to take on the fight. I, therefore, announced the decision to contest for the National Assembly also.

After taking the decision I left to address meetings all over the Punjab to help our Party's candidates. Mumtaz was not prepared to come out to espouse what he considered a lost cause. At the end of six months I was completely exhausted by the long campaign for the party. During this period Press and Political Parties were deliberately given the licenses beyond bounds of decency to defame each other and thus discredit further the already defamed political leadership.

I remained occupied in deciding the Party tickets in the Punjab At this time Mr. Bhutto sent me a message through my son to concede him only thirty seats in the Punjab and he would support us in the elections. We refused on principle.

I left for my constituency on the 27th October and started my campaign on the 28th October, for the elections that were to be held on 7th December. My supporters considered it a hopeless task. We were short of transport, means for entertainment, publicity and had hardly enough workers to make personal contact with the voters.



The challenge itself spurred me to a marathon effort to meet voters spread over hundreds of inaccessible miles. I worked eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, going without food. Luckily it was a month of *Ramazan* (Fasting). Taking one area at a time I addressed as many voters as possible, holding on the, average seven meetings a day. My opponents Aslam (of Ayub's Convention League) depended on local gentry and influential people.

The people's Party carried out a surreptitious campaign concentrating on the landless tenants, promising to snatch the land from the feudal landlords and re-distribute it amongst them. As they did not come out in the Open, it looked as if the main contest was to be between Aslam and me. I kept my approach based on village homilies simple such as "Do not you look for the pedigree of a horse when buying it?" and then "Is it not the practice to find out if the animal has any vicious habits?" Then I explained the service rendered to the agriculturist by my father and my part in the Muslim League's crusade for Pakistan. Muslim League's land reforms; building up an economy from scratch in 1947, and finally fighting against Ayub Khan's corrupt dictatorship against heavy odds, contemptuously turning down offers to power and losing thereby our freedom as well as wealth. Still I did not side with the dictator. My opponent Aslam was a minion of Ayub Khan like the Chief of the PPP, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto who served as Foreign & Industries Minister under Ayub for eight years was a Party to the opposition of Madri-i-Millat and a signatory of the dishonorable 'Tashkent accord'. He later castigated the Muslim leaguers for opposing the accord, while, he defended it on the floor of the National Assembly.

The candid talk and the direct approach to the voter instead of using intermediaries like those used by the other candidate, and by impressing upon them the value and the power of their vote, seemed to turn the tide in my favor.

7th December was a chilly day. I started it by visiting the Polling Stations of my party's Candidate, Pir of Makhad, another Leaguer, and later in the day as many of my own Polling Stations as I could manage in the remaining time.

In accordance with our instructions, results started pouring in from the polling stations from 7 p.m. onwards. I was leading from the start but the lead started diminishing at 8.30 p.m. Sikander, my son, and his team collating the results got worried, but I told them not be despondent. I turned in at 11.00 pm. Hardly had I dozed off when I was roused by cheering crowds. I had a lead over both my Opponents by more than twelve thousand votes. Joyous workers came dancing to embrace me, I literally passed out at 2.00 am. I was too tired to listen to other results from the Punjab.

The next morning when I woke up at 5.00 am. I heard the news that the PPP had won a landslide victory thanks to gerrymandering by the Martial Law authority. My Party had

lost all but seven. Seats which we had won only in the Punjab, losing all in Sindh, NWFP and Baluchistan. In East Pakistan the Awami League had a total victory conceding only one Muslim seat. of Mr. Noorul Amin of the PDP and one to an Independent Raja Tridev Roy, a Bhuddist leader.

However, there was no feeling of elation as my Party's fate had been sealed for the coming week's Provincial Elections also. As was to be expected we secured only a score of seats in our strong hold of the Punjab, one in the NWFP and a few, in Karachi: to all intents and purposes, a total defeat on account of General Umar's Organization, which managed the defeat of the Muslim League and thereby fatally injured the Pakistan ideology and integrity. The disunity nurtured so assiduously by the Junta, gave birth to two giants in the forms of the Awami League and the Peoples Party. One wanted personal rule in only one part of Pakistan and the other wanted to escape from the high-handedness of West Pakistan's rulers.

Yahya and the Junta tried now to grapple with the two major Parties, trying to insert a wedge between them by playing one against the other.

The summoning of the National Assembly which was to meet within a month of the elections to perform the impossible task of framing viable constitution within one hundred and twenty days was postponed for an indefinite period. The President's periodical pronouncements regarding restoration of democracy, though always suspect, now completely lost all credibility.

General Yahya Khan left for Dacca in the late December for parleys with Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. After a talk with him he openly hailed him as the future Prime Minister of Pakistan and asked people to take their lead from him. He ostensibly requested the Sheikh to receive Mr. Bhutto, which the Sheikh promised to do just before the Assembly, and demanded calling an early Session. Yahya promised and reportedly came to certain terms on Six Points. Actually he was only trying to gain time and hoping to pull, a fast one instead on his much heralded democratic stance of promising to hand over the reins to elected political representatives.

On his return from Dacca he invited himself to Larkana, Zulfikar Au Bhutto's abode. He asked him go over to Dacca and evolve a political detente with Mujib. In fact it was to sow a seed of discord between them. Bhutto who had won only in two provinces of West Pakistan, namely, the Punjab and partly in Sindh, was unhappy over the absolute majority of Mujib's, leaving him no room for maneuver and he was afraid of being relegated to a secondary position and more probably to a role in the Opposition at the National level. Apprehensive that his conduct of debunking Mujib, and every other party, may lead to an overwhelming alliance against him, the Chairman of the People's Party condescended to go to "the Mountain" in Dacca. The great Crusader for the People's democracy gave a call that there were only three parties in the country, the

PPP, the Awami League and the Army, and demanded an equal voice with the majority party!

He went to Dacca with a great fanfare and a large team of advisers in the last week of January. Mujib gave him a great welcome. They cruised together on the river but their talks were stalled despite Mr. Bhutto's concession of giving in on half of the Six Points of the Awami League. It became known later that the talks had floundered on account of PPP's demands over the distribution of 'loaves and fishes' in the new Government to be set up. Ostensibly Bhutto left on a sanguine note that the talks would be resumed before the Assembly Session.

Meanwhile President Yahya saw me informally at the President's House on 24th January. After some small talk and manifesting a feigned astonishment that my appeals against the highhandedness of his predecessor's regime had not been decided, he offered to order that all matters must be decided before the Assembly Session. He also asked me to promise that the Muslim League would allow an understanding to take place, between Bhutto and Mujib. I told him that as democrats we would wish an Awami League-PPP Coalition could be achieved at the earliest. Therefore he had nothing to fear on our score. We would play the most essential and next most important role in a democracy, that of a patriotic Opposition. I asked him if his Generals could be reconciled with the idea of handing over to the contemptuous politicians. He agreed with me that a Buffer would be essential till the politicians were securely in the saddle. I told him that since he had paved the way for the return of democratic government and had a couple of years of experience, perhaps he would be asked to become the President. For the first time, the cat came out of the bag when he said that he refused to be another Queen Elizabeth that is a power-less Constitutional Head of State. I explained to him that even as a Constitutional President his advice could carry a great deal of weight under the present circumstances. He agreed to my sounding Mujib in this respect when I got to East Pakistan on 31st January.

I happened to be going to East Pakistan where the IDBP. Board of Directors had to decide our loan application which had been pending for over a year, although the Centrals Government had agreed to make amends for the action by the late Nawab of Kalalbagh against my wife's cinema.

On arrival in Dacca I heard that Mr. Bhutto had just left and, the newspaper men surrounded me. The first question was whether I was on a political mission. I frankly told them that I was there on purely private business. To the question whether I would see Sheikh Mujib-ur-Rahman, I replied that I would certainly make a courtesy call. The next question was to elicit my views about the Six Points. I referred them to a previous statement made in West Pakistan Press where I had said that the Six Points, if they were to suit other provinces would suit the Punjab most because it was self sufficient in food cloth and other necessities of life for its people. Punjab is economically the only viable

part of Pakistan but the Six Points might not suit NWFP Baluchistan and even the sponsoring Province of East Pakistan. If they were taken to their logical conclusions, Punjab would be paying only 28% of taxes in accordance with the representation in the Assembly on the basis of population. This would be most advantageous for the Punjab's own development. But the Punjabis had always put their interests subservient to those of Pakistan, and they had, throughout made sacrifices for the safety welfare and integrity of the country, so much so that they had accepted a secondary position economically in Commerce and Industry by making way for the refugees. We did not propose to change our position and would accept the consensus of all Provinces.

This statement of fact was deliberately and perhaps under advice twisted. And taken out of the context in West Pakistan papers to embarrass me. It created a furor to which I had to reply by quoting the full reports as they appeared in the East Pakistan papers. The emotional approach to National problems in the Punjab Press which arrogated to itself the sole monopoly in patriotism has been a major cause in the creation of misunderstandings between Punjab and the other Provinces. Giving birth to the disastrous anti-Punjab feelings and consequent weakening of bonds between component unit's of Pakistan. I might confess that by abandoning the statesman like approach, which had been a strong point of our elder statesmen our shortsighted parochial approach now was paving the way to the dismemberment of Pakistan.

I dropped a card at Mujib-ur-Rehman s residence when he was out. He came back at 10 p.m. that night and immediately rang me up offering to return the call. I jokingly said that he was conveniently getting out of the party, which he owed on account of his victory. He asked me to come over and share *rashogolla* (Bengali sweetmeat) with him. I arrived at 10 30 p.m. He was in great spirits. It was a pleasant surprise to find his usual haughtiness completely missing and I thought it was a good omen if he was to play the role of the Prime Minister of Pakistan.

His humility about his success was striking. The only other person who was present was Qamaruzzaman but he politely left after tea had been served. Mujib told me that he was dismayed on account of the unexpected failure of the Muslim league in the Punjab as he had hoped to use our strength as leverage to persuade certain elements in his party to ease up on his Six Points. He was also disappointed at the behavior of our Party members in the East to whom he had offered 29 to 30 uncontested seats but the offer had been spurned on account of their over estimates of their own strength and popularity or perhaps at the behest of the Junta which was more likely. He was therefore worried at the success of some young extremists who had infiltrated into his Party, some of whom he had purposely put up against our stalwarts so that they might lose against them. The Muslim League s candidates had lost even to these youngsters!

I asked him to rise above the status of being a leader of only one part of the country and justify his role as that of a National Leader, a position which he had achieved by getting

an overall majority in the National Assembly. Moreover I rebuked him for failing to visit West Pakistan since his victory. His refusal to visit the President in Islamabad was being minterpreted to fan up feelings against him both among the People and the Army. He frankly told me that he would have done so and would have asked us to hold joint meetings in Lahore and Karachi but he was most skeptical about the sincerity of the Generals and did not want to enter the lion's den unless re-assured by us. In the meanwhile he felt safer amongst his own followers in the East Pakistan.

He asked me what I thought of the Army Junta Being closer to Islamabad and with personal knowledge about them. I should be able to guess their real intentions. I told him frankly that it was difficult to judge and he would probably need a buffer in some form till democracy had secured its grip. In the existing situation I advised him to play along with Yahya by asking him:

- a) To remain the President for one term and that the President should be the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces;
- b) To provide in the Constitution the power for the President in Council to declare War emergency when the Assembly was not in Session;
- c) To empower the President in Council should be empowered to declare an Economic Emergency should the Country face an economic disaster like the one it had on account of the cyclone
- d) To appoint Ministers at the pleasure of the President on the recommendation of the Prime Minister;
- e) To empower the President on the advice of his government to appoint Governors;
- f) To impose Presidential Rule in any Province where Law and Order broke down and fresh elections had to be held.

Mujib agreed with (a), (b), (c) (d) and (e) but was rather doubtful about (f), firstly because he had a bad experience of misuse of powers by the previous Governors General and because Yahya had tentatively agreed to appoint Governors on the advice of Provincial Governments. I argued with him that this would lead to complete loss of control by the Central Government should a Province decide to defy the centre's mandate. A day later he agreed to my proposition in toto.

After this he described his encounter with Bhutto and his advisers. He thought that Bhutto was a pawn in the hands of the Generals and during his talks with him had shown little interest in constitutional proposals over which he was prepared to go along

with him. It seemed to him that Bhutto's real interest was in something else. I forcefully advocated to him that he should make a Coalition Government with Bhutto in the interest of democracy as he had won elections in Punjab and Sindh. It would be wrong for the Muslim League to aspire office after our defeat in the last elections. He appreciated my advice but refused to allow Bhutto, the minority leader, to call the shots.

He also mentioned in one meeting that he had seen my statement on Six Points. He thought it was quite a diplomatic stroke. His advisers were worried about it, for they thought what was good for the Punjab could not be so good for other Provinces. He reiterated his previous statement after the RTC that the six points were not sacrosanct and could be adjusted if we and the Wali group could use it as the basis of an alliance between our respective Parties. He could use it as an additional argument with his own Party and was confident of his success. Since I avoided being drawn in to a Constitutional discussion he suggested that Mian Mumtaz and I should come three or four days before the Assembly and promised to hammer out an agreed constitution and he would pronounce publicly, about his agreement to such adjustments as we might suggest. He was, however, suspicious of Bhutto's, attitude which he thought was at the instance of the Generals. Bhutto had insisted on a prior agreement and settlement between them before the Assembly could be convened. He thought that a conspiracy was being hatched to undo the decision of the majority of Pakistan's people and to rob the single majority party of the right to demand that a Session of the Parliament be convened. Therefore as a gesture of their honesty the Generals must call the Assembly by 15th February, as on that date he had already summoned all his elected members. He felt that he would be in genuine difficulties, especially with the Naxalites and Communist, inspired extremists, who might insist on passing a constitution unilaterally should Yahya fail to honor his own legal framework order. I pointed out to him the physical difficulties of convening an assembly in fourteen days and the impossibility of getting members from far flung areas to be able to gather in Dacca in such a short time. It could take place at the earliest in the last week of February or in early March. To this he agreed and asked me to convey his request and the gist of his agreement to General Yahya, that the announcement of the date at least must precede the meeting of his members on 15th February.

I went immediately to Admiral Ahsan, who was then the Governor. I explained the whole position to him and asked him to signal the gist of our conversation to the President who was, at the time, in Karachi. I had known Ahsan since he was the A.D.C. to the Quaid-i-Azam and had great regard for his honesty, selflessness and integrity. I discussed the East Pakistan situation with him. He told me that it was the result of the ever changing policies of the Central Government. One day they would be tough and the very next moment lenient. He was not permitted to enforce LFO during the elections and now that the elections had been lost they wanted him to take a tough line, which at this late stage would be tantamount to breaking up the country, for which he

had forsaken his home in Hyderabad Deccan in 1947. I thought that as their man on the spot his word must carry weight. He pathetically confessed that he had been duped in taking on this assignment, and his advice was being overruled by junior Generals on Yahya's staff. He wanted to get away from this unenviable and anomalous position. My fears were confirmed that the much heralded return of democracy, might well turn out to be a big hoax.

When I called on Mujib on the 2nd to bid him farewell, I also inform him that I had conveyed his message. There I heard from the newsmen of the hijacking of Indian National Airways' plane "Ganga". My immediate reaction was that we could not ill afford a war psychosis or hijacking I feared that this was an Indian ploy to cut off communications between East and West Pakistan. With this sense of foreboding I boarded the plane which was to be the last direct flight between East and West Pakistan. I heaved a sigh of relief on crossing the Indian border on my way to Karachi.

Mujib made a similar statement after mine, disapproving acts of hijacking. On my return I found that I had been dubbed a traitor and a coward on account of my statement on the "Ganga" affair, by the hysterical West Pakistanis. I was not surprised at being called a traitor, because with his taste for dramatics, the Chairman of the People's Party had welcomed the hijackers as saviors and publicly embraced them. The Government, oddly enough, reacted in a tame manner and let off the two boys with a water pistol, which was supposed to have been used for the hijacking. They got a reception like heroes the slogan chanting, by hysterical followers of the PPP. They made much of the incident as a publicity gimmick. They mobbed the Airport and surrounded the plane, instead of just letting it take off leaving behind the so called hijackers later proved by the Enquiry held by a Judge of the Supreme Court to be Indian Intelligence Agents as I had feared. The Government thought fit to unload the passengers and its crew and repatriated them.

Two days later the hijackers were allowed to burn the over-age plane, in an amateurish manner (it had ten hours of flight left in its life before being permanently grounded). Thus we played right into the hands of the Indians who banned our flights of PIA to East Pakistan. We were now forced to go round the Indian sub-continent via Ceylon, more than doubling, the costs and flight time. Yahya's Government and Chairman Bhutto were both in agreement with this deliberate shortsighted approach and handling of the hijack episode, transparently a stratagem by India.

On my return to West Pakistan, I followed the President to Rawalpindi. I arrived on the tenth and asked for an interview to appraise him of my talk with Mujib but I was not allowed an audience. As an alternative I had to see his Chief of Security, General Umar. This was my first meeting with this young Intelligence officer. He claimed to have been a Muslim League student worker from Aligarh who had visited Punjab during 1946

Elections, but I could not place him. At the most he could have been just an unknown junior worker.

I explained to him what Mujib had to say about my proposals regarding General Yahya. His offer of cooperation provided he was accorded the courtesy due to the leader of the House and the date of the Assembly must be announced before the 15th in order to reassure the Sheikh and his followers that the West Pakistan Generals were not playing to the tune of the minority leader Mr. Bhutto. I strongly advised that, in the interest of national integrity, we must meet Mujib's demands which were his democratic privilege.

I hoped that I would be allowed to see the President to place my views and impression before him. He promised to arrange a meeting but it never materialized! On the other hand Mr. President spent from 11 to 3 p.m., with Mr. Bhutto whom I met as he was entering the Hotel lobby in high spirits. He seemed to have done full justice to the liquid refreshment. In his recent speeches he had been calling me a traitor to West Pakistan and blamed me rather, unfairly that I had sold out for a promise of an office.

I have learnt from my long experience that people have a weakness in judging others by their, own standards and are conveniently apt to overlook their own and, the other person's past. I could not therefore bring myself to act hypocritically in reciprocating his ebullient cordiality He said he would like to see me that afternoon but it was not to be. Probably he overslept. I left for Lahore and he for Peshawar. That evening 13th February, the President summoned the National Assembly to meet at Dacca, on the 3rd March.

The next day I met Mumtaz and brought him up—to date with the happenings of the previous fortnight. He told me that he had received a telephone call from Bhutto late the previous night, who complained that Yahya had double crossed him threatening dire action if the President went on with the plans for holding the Assembly in Dacca on the announced date ignoring Bhutto's advice to keep the Assembly's Dacca meeting in abeyance until Mujib met him and came to terms with him, and that under no circumstances should the National Assembly meet before the 23rd March. He had threatened that otherwise, there would be demonstrations from Khyber to Karachi.

Mumtaz told me that he thought Bhutto was drunk as he had started his telephone talks with abuses to Yahya. I thought otherwise, I felt it was an agreed pantomime. Mumtaz did not tell me what he had told Bhutto in reply. He said that he had promised to speak to Bhutto when he was sober the next day in Lahore where he was attending a marriage and that he had begged him to avoid a Press statement before they met. Bhutto however, before coming to Lahore addressed a press conference announcing his refusal to go to Dacca before a prior settlement on constitution outside the assembly!! If forced to go, he threatened to start an agitation against the session of the Assembly. If it was not postponed, he promised to set the entire West Pakistan ablaze. The entire text of his



vituperative challenge received headlines in the Government-controlled National Press Trust, which goes to lend strength to my fear that Bhutto and Yahya were acting in unison.

Instead of meeting with Mumtaz in private he chose to speak at the Wedding Reception. I was there when he arrived rather late and came over to Mumtaz along with his advisers. I moved away, what talk took place is not really known to me, because Mumtaz left soon after their conversation. Later he told me that the Chairman was bent upon breaking up the Assembly Session.

I saw Bhutto leaving and the entire gathering showed their obeisance by rising. I could not conform with this historic Punjabi custom of worshipping the "Rising Sun" despite Chaudhry Zahoor Ellahi's insistence that I should also do the same. Bhutto saw this and came straight over to me for a small chat but he did not mention anything about his latest histrionics and decision to wreck the elected Assembly's Session, as he had planned to do.

A couple of days later I went to Rawalpindi on private business. Suddenly I learnt that my sister-in-law was unwell in Peshawar. I took the afternoon flight on 21st February 1971 to see her. Yousuf Khattak, who was our Provincial President in the NWFP, and who had later joined with his sworn enemy Qayum Khan to win the Peshawar seat as a joint candidate of the two Muslim Leagues, came to see me. He urged me to see Qayum. I told him that I had little faith left in Qayum as he had become a stooge of the Generals and I was sure he would meet a sad end. Moreover, I had admired his opponent Wali Khan, who was at least a brave man. I did not wish to be misunderstood by Wali and lose, his friendship, just because Abdul Qayum Khan had been carrying on virulent and unbecoming propaganda against him. I disapproved of Qayum's personal attacks as much as those made by Bhutto against other leaders who he considered to be his opponents. Apart from sullyng the already execrable political atmosphere, it was only helping the design of the Generals to discredit the political leadership which had already been systematically maligned during ten years of Ayub's era. However, to appease Yusaf, I agreed to make a courtesy call.

Qayum received us in Shamas-ul-Haq's residence. He spoke against Mumtaz which I told him was an attitude which would make, the rapprochement he was advising impossible. Talking of East Pakistan he gave a long discourse that it was best to let it get away; they had nothing in common with us and were, anyhow, a liability. I disagreed with him. Apart from being staunch Muslims, East Pakistan held a unique strategic position which made it so important and above all by forcing them to become an Independent state, we would be negating our own ideology and damaging the very foundation of our existence. Moreover, such an attitude could give rise to fissiparous tendencies in other Provinces comprising West Pakistan. I assured him that any repetition of Bhabra firing was not practical today. It would lead to the disintegration of

Pakistan. He contemptuously rejected my pleas and said he knew how to handle Pathans. I was greatly dejected by his attitude, till the next morning, I was not to know that he was just repeating 'His Master's Voice'. When leaving I, asked him to reconsider his attitude but in vain.

On my return to my sister-in-law's house, I was surprised to receive a call from Mumtaz Daultana from Lahore, who had surprisingly traced me in Peshawar. He was rather worried and told me that he had got the red signal from General Umar, wanting our Party to boycott the Assembly. I told him that it would be disastrous and would be tantamount to burning the only bridge between East and West Pakistan and it would virtually break up the country. He seemed to agree but was in no mood to oppose the powers-that-be, on account of the people's frenzy generated by Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's demagoguery. He, however, begged me to see Yahya in Rawalpindi the next morning and convey our fears which he shared with me. I told him that since he wanted me to attend a Party meeting in Lahore the next evening, at the most I would have two hours in Rawalpindi. Moreover he should know that I would not be allowed to cross the rampart created by the Generals around the President. He authorized me to tell the Military Secretary that he had commissioned me to see the President on urgent business.

I reluctantly rang up Brigadier Ishaq who, under instructions from General Pirzada and Co., was reluctant to let me see the President on account of my straight-talking and non-conformist, attitude on national affairs. I told him curtly that I had to see the President and he could go and tell him that it was a matter of utmost national urgency and that I Was phoning him on Mumtaz Daultana's instruction to convey a message on his behalf. I must have sounded emphatic for he rang back to say that I should call at 10.30 the next morning. I informed him that I would be staying with Farooq A. Sheikh, owner of the Colony Sarhad Textile Mills.

The next morning I managed to get a seat in the early morning plane. When the plane arrived at Peshawar Airport from Rawalpindi I saw General Umar alighting from it. I got hold of him and asked him what madness had overtaken them since our meeting on the 11th, and why they were asking West Pakistan to boycott Assembly which was sure to result in East Pakistan's secession. He smiled quizzically and said that there was an International intrigue afoot in East Pakistan turning it into a liability and we would best rid of it I rebuked him and questioned what kind of Muslim Leaguer was he who could so easily accept these rumors and preach the dismemberment of Pakistan for which he professed to have struggled. I also told him that it would only be a matter of time for West Pakistan to break up, after East Pakistan was written off. Inter-Provincial jealousies would tear the entire fabric apart. I made the mistake of telling him that I was seeing the President that morning to dissuade him from following the disastrous course of making West Pakistan boycott the assembly. He told me that I would be wasting my time as the President's mind was made up. I said that in the interest of Pakistan I would

make one last attempt in a patriotic effort to change the President's mind. This seemed to have worried him as he feared that Yahya may get swayed by an old comrade like me. I was called to board the plane and in half an hour I was in Rawalpindi. On arrival just as I was preparing to leave for the President's house. I received a call from Brigadier Ishaq apologizing that the President was very sorry he could not keep the appointment on account of an unforeseen engagement! I could see that Umar had not wasted any time to bar my way and that the telephone was quicker than the plane.

I had to leave for Lahore without completing my mission. I met Mumtaz and told him of my failure. He informed me that the M.N.As of the Party would meet at ten the next morning to take a decision and that he had asked Chatha, Safdar and Air Marshal Noor Khan also to attend. At the meeting Mumtaz explained that public opinion had been whipped up and the Government were also bent on boycotting the session unless a prior understanding was reached between Bhutto and Mujib. Chatha, Safdar and Noor Khan supported me that it was undemocratic, and a conspiracy to widen the gulf between the East and West leading to an eventual separation, in order to allow the Army and Bhutto to rule in West Pakistan independently, each with a hope of ousting the other at an appropriate time. This effort to perpetuate authoritarian rule is bound to disrupt West Pakistan also in the course of time.

Zahur Ellahi vehemently advocated that we fall in line with Yahya Khan's directives. He had got access to Yahya through the latter's girl friend and was also hobnobbing with Bhutto, with whom he had worked as a part of Ayub's court. He was adept at sailing with the wind.

Mumtaz finding the consensus amongst the four of us was non-plussed but refused to draft a resolution demanding that the Assembly should be held on schedule. He pleaded that he was tired of going against the current and now that the public opinion generated in the Punjab was for a boycott he therefore could not oppose it. At this I reminded him that it could not be public opinion that mattered with him because he had retreated in spite of public opinion and resigned from his office as Chief Minister of Punjab in the fifties. Then like now it was on account of his failing nerve Mumtaz was cut to the quick and said he could not draft what he did not consider as practical politics. Therefore I undertook to draft the resolution and the meeting was adjourned till 5 30 pm.

I drafted the Resolution deprecating rigid attitudes of Mr. Bhutto, exhorted Sheikh Mujib to rise to a National level of Statesmanship and asked Yahya not to become party to the destruction of the edifice of democracy he had been preaching for nearly two years.

When I returned to the meeting, Chatha and Safdar, both Mumtaz' supporters, were missing. I was later told that it was on account of protest against Zahoor Ellahi's remark

that he (Chatha) was not an M.N.A. Safdar was also absent without any reason. My resolution was quickly thrown out as unsuitable and Mian Sahib was asked to draft a resolution to boycott. Nur Khan objected to this change of position and walked out. I was left alone facing Mumtaz, Zahoor Ellahi, Zakir Qureshi and Malik Dost Mohammad his fellow member from Sargodha Mian Sahib read out a draft using the word 'boycott'. Time had passed for polite discussion. I refused to be a party to such a decision Mumtaz tried his usual tactics by saying that he would not like to pass a resolution unless I also accepted it. Mumtaz passed his draft for me to amend. I struck off the words 'Boycott' and substituted that any useful outcome of deliberations would become problematic unless a consensus could be arrived at between the representatives of the two wings Zahoor Ellahi rudely said that I did not understand English and Mian Sahib's draft was ideal. I told him that the English language was not my mother tongue but it might be his and therefore he should correct it. He took offence and eloquently abused me in Punjabi and said that I was in league with Rizvi. Whereupon he was told that unlike him I had never sold my soul to those in power which he had done, so consistently and was clearly displaying again at this juncture. Finally I shut him up by saying that I was not used to hearing insults and he could go to hell. These hot words disconcerted Mumtaz and Zakir who proposed postponing the meeting till the next day. At this moment Zahoor Ellahi was summoned to the telephone and Mian Mumtaz was twice called out to listen in.

They called in Zakir also. When they came back they said the decision must be made there and then. It transpired that General Umar was pressing for an immediate decision. He was told of my opposition and the decision of an adjournment. General Umar told them that if they could not overrule me they might not bother about the resolution at all. Mian Sahib came back and said that he had decided that his draft must be released. I told them that I would not be a party to the liquidation of Pakistan and the Parliamentary Party had no right to pass a policy resolution without the assent of the Working Committee or the Council. After some more heated discussion it was suggested that we had dinner. I had no appetite for a meal in the company of Zahoor Ellahi. Mumtaz and I remained in the Drawing Room. I told him again that if he insisted going through with his draft, it would be a suicide for him in the party meeting. As he was going over the final draft, I produced a short statement to the effect that I was not a party to the arbitrary resolution which had been forced upon signatories, by means of arm twisting by the Generals. When I read out what I proposed releasing to the Press simultaneously, Mumtaz agreed to modify the draft according to my proposal. I left him to do so.

The next morning I had a real heart-to-heart talk with Mumtaz and told him in no uncertain terms what damage he was doing to his stature as well as to the National solidarity. He relented and asked me to call an emergency meeting of the Working Committee on twelve hour's notice and pass a resolution that all M.N.As be directed to attend the meeting. I gladly agreed. The meeting was called on the 26th. Mian Mumtaz

decided to leave for Karachi that day but before going he had sent a draft resolution which said all that I had wanted and more, but from the Railway Station he sent a note that the wildest rumors were afloat and we should go about the discussion carefully.

I asked those belonging to Mumtaz faction to speak first. They were bitter in their criticism of M.N.A's statement. The whole house insisted on drawing up their own draft resolution, even more categorical and condemned the Government and Mr. Bhutto. Zahoor Ellahi was the sole dissident, and was literally booed out of the meeting. The resolution was passed unanimously.

On the 28th, Bhutto had called for a mass rally at Lahore to oppose participation in the Assembly. I left Lahore that day. Bhutto threatened to break the bones of any member of any party who went to Dacca, as he had come to know that we had already convinced a number of Members from the Punjab to attend. We had also obtained the approval of all the Parties, excepting Qayum's, to conform. This meant between 40 - 50 MNAs attending out of a total of West Pakistan membership of 130. Bhutto also threatened that no member of other parties who went to Dacca would be permitted to land on return in West Pakistan, therefore he advised us to buy one way tickets.

We had decided to dare him and his collaborators of the military Junta. We had booked our seats for the 28th and 1st for Dacca. Meanwhile I had requested Sheikh Mujib to give a lie direct to the conspirators by announcing that the Six Points were negotiable. He obliged by an impromptu speech on the 28th. I arrived in Karachi on 1st of March and was to take the 4 p.m. plane the same day, for Dacca. As I alighted from the train I was met by Mumtaz's valet who whisked me, straight to his house. I was surprised to find that he was still in Karachi. He had been scheduled to leave for Dacca the night before. He told me that he had not been able to get a seat on the plane. (I learnt later from Hurmat Beg, the Director of Operations of PIA that Mian Sahib himself had cancelled his seat). Mian Sahib without owning that he had met Yahya or his Junta expressed the fear that the Assembly may be postponed before the 3rd. I told him that Pir Saffiuddin of our party and I were leaving that afternoon. He asked me to keep his room for, him as he would reach us by a later flight. I tried to find out who was leaving by the flight on which I was travelling but could not elicit the information from PIA under orders from the Generals.

At 1 p.m. Mumtaz rang up to say that the Assembly had been called off, Saffi and I should not go. I pressed that as a gesture of our determination to cooperate with East Pakistan and accepting Sheikh's invitation for negotiations, to save our national unity, we should all go but was told that it would not be safe. Thus the Yahya Bhutto plan for dismemberment of Pakistan was launched on that fateful afternoon twenty two days before the thirtieth Anniversary of the Lahore Resolution and just over twenty two and a half years after Pakistan's creation.

The sordid game had the desired repercussions. Riots broke out spontaneously in Dacca where people heard the news over the pocket radios during a match, but were controlled quickly by the Awami League. Chittagong, which was further away, could not be controlled. There was a tragic loss of life and property of West Pakistanis. Clashes took place between Hindus and Muslim refugees from India. It took forty-eight hours for Awami League to bring about sanity there. It was rumored that the Intelligence Department of Pakistan Government had a hand in compounding the trouble in Chittagong in order to justify the Government's action in the eyes of West Pakistan's people.

Thereafter, in order to control the law and order situation, Sheikh Mujib virtually took over, the Government of East Pakistan in his own hands. Yahya thereupon replaced Governor Ahsan and the Martial Law Administrator, General Yaqub, with General Tikka Khan later given the name 'Butcher of Bengal,' who was appointed the Governor. No judge of the East Pakistan High Court dared to administer, the oath of office to him.

On return to Lahore I went to see Agha Muhammad Ali and told him that they were playing with fire in an amateurish way and asked him to speak to Yahya to undo the damage that he had done. I said that Yahya must undertake to go over to Dacca along with Mumtaz to make amends and to bring about an agreement. He called Umar who would not face me, but sent Col. Mubarak and Muhammad Ali to speak to Mumtaz and me, Mubarak said that the President was going to Dacca himself and we could play no useful role until after he had been there and, in any case, it was impossible to convey us to East Pakistan sooner. The President would be happy if we could reach it on the 18th. It was obvious that they did not want a settlement.

Were the Generals acting under some foreign pressure? It was interesting that Mufti Mahmood and Maulana Ghulam Ghaus Hazarvi of JUL who did not have much pull with Mujib were able to get seats and were flown over to Dacca, while we could not.

They came back with the expected negative results Agha Muhammad Ali and General Umar played the role of villains in the entire drama Muhammad Ali, an ASP appointed in Kasur Sub-Division by I.G. Qurbar Ali Khan dared recently to blame Mumtaz and me for the debacle which he himself had engineered. I can only say that it is a mischievous lie to defend himself and his brother to save them from the charge of being called co-murderers of East Pakistan. Can they ever be forgiven for the heinous crime that they had committed?

We had a meeting of all parties who had decided to attend the Assembly under the Chairmanship of Mufti Mahmood. It was well attended and we demanded an immediate Session of the Assembly Qayum and PPP were not interested and kept harping on the official tune.

The President left for Dacca on 10th March and called the Assembly for 25th.

In the meanwhile Sheikh Mujibur Rahman was under great pressure. His Committee met on the 7th and we learnt later that nineteen out of twenty-three insisted on unilateral 'Declaration of Independence' Mujib and two others differed. A rally of a million people was held in the Paltan Maidan in Dacca where the extremist spoke for hours for separation. Sheikh Mujib came at the last moment and veered the crowd off that extreme course by making four new demands withdrawal of Martial Law, return of troops to the barracks the transfer of power to the majority party and convening of the Assembly for passing the Constitution. He Also reiterated that the Six Points were still his plank.

Yahya and his advisers Generals Prizada, Urnar, Chief Justice Cornelius and M. M. Ahmad under instructions started negotiations which were prolonged from day to day forcing the Awami Leaguers to take a more and more rigid stand under public pressure. In fact final touches were being given to a Turkish pattern of constitution of which the Army becomes its sole guardian.

We arrived in the late afternoon of 18th March *via* Colombo dead tired when we alighted from the plane. I was in poor shape. I had travelled such a long distance despite having a heart condition. A reception had been arranged for us by the Intelligence Department. We were booed by a collection of West Pakistanis and Bihari refugees awaiting their departure from Dacca by the same plane. Actually many of them were travelling to and from Dacca and Karachi taking advantage of the frightened people to exchange money at half rates. Some of these had travelled back with us from Karachi. In this sordid act of devaluing our currency it is said even since General also participated!

We perceived that every car was flying a black flag and all the drivers and the Hotel staff were wearing black bands: The atmosphere was ominous with evil foreboding.

On our journey out General Hamid had travelled by the same plane. I spoke to him, exhorting him to use his influence to bring about a peaceful solution. I described to him some of the difficulties of an Army taking hostile action against its own Nationals and reminded him of Indians across the border ready to intervene. He should remember that the external line of communications made logistics an impossibility with hostility within the country. He promised to do his best, but when I tried to contact him in Dacca later it was impossible to reach him. The only glimpse I had of him was at midnight of the 23rd and from his attitude I could gather that they had plans of their own to involve the Army into action. Congenital Fools!!

We met Sheikh Mujib on the evening of the 19th. Mumtaz and I went together. His house was surrounded by crowds; procession after procession were calling on him to

assure him of their support. When We entered the house I at once noticed the difference since our last meeting. This time the Sheikh was not alone; Taj-ud-din and Nazrul Islam sat With him. This was a change since 2nd February. When he asked the two to get tea for us only one would go at a time and the other sat glued to his seat and would not budge even if requested till the other had returned to stand guard. Sheikh spoke bitterly about Six Points. He, however, gave me a meaningful look when Nazarul Islam was not watching and changed the subject to small talk. He had to go out from time to time to greet the incoming processions, and doors of drawing room where we were sitting were bolted each, time. An hour later we left, not much wiser about the situation.

Mujib was extremely critical of Bhutto who, when summoned by Yahya to Decca, had made a fateful pronouncement before embarking at Karachi "Let there be two Assemblies and you rule there and we here" implying that he would not concede to anything short of two separate countries. Mujib rightly argued that once East Pakistan had achieved a majority in the house on the basis of one man one vote and that, too by a single Party, once gain West Pakitanis were thwarting them and starting schism through the strength of their Army and their mouth-pieces like Bhutto and Qayum. Thus they were losing the opportunity of appeasing the anger of the down-trodden East Pakistanis. This, according to him, spelt disaster for Pakistan; his people would no longer countenance the rule of the bayonet.

We begged him to forget his personal feelings and agree to include Bhutto's nominees in his Government as he had won in the West, moreover both. Mumtaz and I had no aspirations to office, especially after our people had rightly or wrongly rejected us. He kept on repeating that taking Bhutto was impossible; it would be allowing the entry of a Trojan Horse. Thereafter we begged leave and we promised to get in touch after a meeting with Wali Khan and others. Sheikh insisted despite our protests that we should go back in his car as his honored guests. We were surprised by this gesture and even, more so when he kept standing by the door of the car while we entered it. We begged him to go inside but he kept standing and ordered the leader of his Awami Guards accompanying us to go fetch his cap. Just as this was happening he whispered to me that soon someone would call on us.

On arrival at the Hotel I received a call from Begum Fazalur Rahman that a visitor had come to see me and she had sent her car to fetch me.

The mysterious visitor was none other than my dear friend Mushtaq Khondkar. He told me of the happenings since our last meeting a month earlier, and how Sheikh Mujib had saved the situation on 7th March by his deft handling of the crowd, in the face of heavy odds, at the Paltan Maidan. Nineteen of their party men had voted against his views as against three or him. Mushtaq had, tears in his eyes and informed me that ever since the Sheikh and he were suspects in, the eyes of their opponents and, that Sheikh was virtually kept under guard, as a prisoner by the, extremists. He begged me to explain to



the General that the situation was getting out of hand and they must be realistic and pass over power to Mujib so that he, might get the situation under control. He sounded extremely sincere and said that his desire to save Pakistan was much more than any soldier or neophyte-politician like Bhutto. He had suffered years of imprisonment since Khalafat days to get out of the clutches of British Imperialism and the blood sucking Hindus. I believed him. I had known and worked with him in the Muslim League for years and later during Ayub Khan's Round Table talks. I promised to convey his message to Mian Sahib and the Junta, if we could get access to them. So far we had been completely ignored.

Bhutto and later Qayum arrived under heavy military escort to stay on the 11th floor of our Hotel. The staff staged a walk out and returned only when ordered by Sheikh who told them that his friends were also staying in the same Hotel. None of Bhutto's Party with perhaps the one exception of it Ali Ahmad Talpur, ever came down to the dining room. The Foreign Press and our Party were the only diners Khan Qayum's and Mr. Bhutto's Party men shunned the public rooms and lived under the protection of guards in their corridors, aimed with sub-machine guns. Outside the Army's carriers were affording them protection moving to and from the President's House. They were provided total security by truck loads of troops in Jeeps with light machine guns flanking their cars. Both spoke the official line and made pronouncements to convey that the President had no business to transfer power, under Martial Law, only the Assembly could do it and rested their argument on L.F.O., which they had themselves flouted throughout.

Wali, Mufti and I met the next day and decided to send an ultimatum to Yahya that if he had no time to see us we were returning. A day later we were summoned, after the Junta - Bhutto and Qayum had decided upon their joint line. Bhutto's representatives, Mian Mahmood Ali and Hafiz Prizada called on Wali and us to exhort us to line up with them.

By this time the Awami League was becoming impatient with deliberate delays and gave out that if the West did not agree they could follow Mr. Bhutto's suggestions of having two separate assemblies, one for the East and the other for the West, to formulate their separate constitutions and then meet together if necessary. This meant the dissection of Pakistan. We insisted that we were elected to one National Assembly and not to two and should meet as such and adopt a resolution incorporating Mujib's four points for return to normalcy. General Yahya called us on the 22nd and appraised us of his angle He kept harping on the unreasonableness of the Awami League asking for the transfer power under Martial Law order although he had agreed to their formula. We suggested that he should make his acceptance public and subject to its passage by the Assembly on the 25th and that he should announce his solemn assurance to certify it.

Meanwhile the situation changed from moment to moment. One minute we would hear that agreement had been reached and in the next Mr. Bhutto or someone would deny the fact Awami League delegation were called to thrash out the details and asked to prepare a draft of the President's pronouncement. When that was ready for discussion other constitutional issues were suddenly raised. Obviously the patience of the Awami League was wearing thin. Moreover fresh troops started arriving and the Awami League were quick to appreciate that East Pakistan was being occupied in unnecessary parleys while the Generals, in fact, were preparing to crush them by force. When we met Mujib he was naturally adamant and unyielding on account of the latest moves by the Generals, Bhutto and Qayum, the arch villains. Mujib, in fact, was exasperated over the posture of the Army. He was kept well informed of every move by the Army, by his people.

On the 23rd the students hoisted the Bangladesh flag and no private car was safe unless it flew one. A flag was put up by them on Mujib's house. That night Bhutto's effigy was burnt publically and a bomb exploded near our hotel.

Late that evening when we had returned from Mujib's thinking that the President would call us the next day. When all of us had dispersed, we received urgent summons from the President's House at near midnight. All of us were collected from various parts of the city; Wali came along without Bizenjo, whom he could not reach.

The President was sitting wearing his slippers, a vest and a towel as a scarf, holding a drink. He asked us what had happened. Wali told him, not too accurately, that we had failed dismally. The President threw up his hands and said, "Then what do you expect me to do? I am becoming the laughing stock of the world as well as of the Army and there is a limit to any man's patience." Then he became chatty and said that Wali was the only man who had cooperated with him and understood the problem and to Mumtaz he said that he had let him down by agreeing to attend the Assembly despite having assured him that he would not Mumtaz was discomfited.

I intervened by saying, "Mr. President; you are blaming the wrong person. I am the culprit who forced Mumtaz's hands. I did not wish to breakup Pakistan." I told him bluntly that I was Pakistani first and friend afterwards and the existing situation was of his own making for having called off the Assembly summoned for 3rd March. He agreed that he had made a mistake. I again said that this mistake would not only break Pakistan but also West Pakistan and the Army. We had an inter dependent economy between East and West Pakistan carrying out trade of 154 million with the balance of 54 million in favor of the West and that 194 million of foreign exchange earned by East Pakistan was being used for servicing our debts, while the West's earnings, of 200 million was being utilized to buy the defence hardware and essential medicines He interrupted me by saying that I was talking economics I informed him that politics and economics were intertwined and complementary.

He asked, "Then what should I do to normalize the situation?" I wanted to draw him out and said sarcastically, "Shoot! but a wise man does not do so from his own shoulder. It would be disastrous to use that of the West's Army's. Why not let Mujib shoulder the gun?" Wali protested saying I was being a soldier but the gleam in General Yahya's eyes gave him away. I was now certain that the fears of the Awami League were correct. A military action was afoot I said "Sir, time is running out," and that he should speak to Mujib and I alluded to my talks with Mujib's emissary. Yahya said that he had heard the Awami League say the same more than once. Then Maulana Noorani boldly intervened and said "Mr. President the only course for you is to hand over, power to the majority Party and extract yourself out of this unenviable position, by handing over the reins of the Government to the people's elected representatives. Thereupon the President got up and said we could go back the next day and asked General Pirzada who surprisingly enough had been present throughout our political discussions to arrange for our seats in the return flight.

On my way out I saw General Hamid and begged him to think hard before taking any hasty and unfortunate step. I could gather from his odd remark that they were determined to crush the majority party of Pakistan by force. I could not sleep the rest of that night and lay awake thinking about the disaster which was going to overtake Pakistan. Only the night before I had had an attack of cardiac insufficiency and wished that it had been fatal rather than to see my beloved country broken up and destroyed.

Early next morning I slipped out of the hotel and called Mushtaq Khondkar to see me at a friend's residence. On his arrival I told him of my evil premonition and also told him that if the Army started shooting, we would feel just as affected, because considered East Pakistani children as our own. I requested that he must beg Mujib on my behalf to avoid a confrontation at all costs. He told me that they were already aware of the danger and a meeting was in session at Mujib's residence to decide the course of action. I begged him to hurry with my message. I still hoped against hope that we would be able to defeat the diabolical conspiracy of the Junta, Bhutto and Qayum, and thus avert the catastrophe.

On return from my errand I found Mumtaz and Saffi frantically knocking at my door. As I had not appeared and no-one would answer my telephone they thought perhaps I had passed away during the night. They had sent for duplicate keys. When I appeared, I told them what I had been upto.

No news came till 11.30 and we were to leave the Hotel by 12.30. Mumtaz rang up Mujib ostensibly to bid him goodbye but was informed he was still in the meeting. Our hopes soared. We thought perhaps some good may come out of the protracted deliberations. We were to be sorely, disappointed.

At twelve noon Mujib rang up. He told us that he had lost and requested Mian Sahib and me to leave Dacca that day as it would be difficult to make his people distinguish between friends and foes. He went on to say, "Shuakat Bhai, we may not meet in this world but we are sure to be together in the next as we had been to in the creation of our Homeland Pakistan." It was a poignant farewell. Both Mumtaz and I were deeply touched by it.

We left Dacca at 2.30 on the afternoon of 24th March 1971. It was a sad journey with a deep sense of foreboding. Mumtaz Ali Bhutto and some other members of the People's Party and Qayum Khan were on the same plane. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had stayed behind.

On arrival in Karachi the press collared us in the VIP room. We were in no mood to make statements. Mumtaz said something as did Qayum and a PPP spokesman.

A reception had been arranged for us by the PPP. As Maulana Noorani came out he was booed and manhandled. He had to be whisked away by the Police. When I emerged, a PPP leader gave a signal and some disreputable looking boys approached me and questioned me in a taunting manner if I had become a Minister. I told them that I had left West Pakistan's Minister-elect, Mr. Bhutto, behind to receive the honor. They tried to be mischievous and I told them that I was not Maulana Noorani, a novice in politics and if they started trouble, their leader would not be immune to it when he entered the Punjab. They seemed to understand my language. Noorani was brought back to the VIP room and we drove away together in a PIA car.

Early next morning the Army, moved into action in Dacca, arrested Mujib and created a war-like situation in East Pakistan which was to end in a disaster. Their expected victory in seventy-two hours became a horrible nightmare. Pakistani was pitched against Pakistani in a dance of death. Both sides were equally, brutal but the Army, armed with modern weapons, egged on by their superiors and fed on horror stories, naturally had an edge. About half a million people had to flee for their lives to India. Their numbers were exaggerated by the Indians and lists were brought out in Calcutta. Awami leaguers took their revenge against unarmed innocent West Pakistanis, Biharis and any soldier they could ambush. This went on for months.

The party that was the real gainer. was India who wished to disrupt Pakistan, control the communication system of East Pakistan and create a buffer between their Naxalite-ridden West Bengal and China. They became the champions of Bengla Desh. India deftly handled the foreign press, whom our short-sighted Junta had unceremoniously thrown out of Dacca. The entire Indian Diplomatic Corps, the world over and the resources at their disposal were sagaciously and systematically harnessed and utilized to build up a sympathy for East Pakistan's inhabitants as champions of democracy and the victims of what they termed "Genocide" by our Army.

Their own radio and news media, by spreading horror stories, demoralized the Hindu population who, in turn, encouraged Muslims who had sided with the Awami League to flee with them to seek a refuge in India. Camps were opened which were crowded by thousands of frightened refugees. These numbers were bolstered up by Indian Bengalis. The foreigners were told that nine million people had fled their homes and taken refuge in India. They cashed in on world sympathy which was created by well meaning liberals of every country. They were, assisted by the insidious propaganda of the Soviet International communist agency. The horror stories and pictures were the technique reminiscent of the Korean war, or that of the white Russians or Jewish exodus. In accord, both the Western allies and the Eastern European media painted the black picture even blacker, India became a hero instead of a scheming villain trying to disrupt the freedom of yet another neighbor.

Our power loving rulers of Pakistan further spoilt our already hopeless cause by refusing entry to foreign Press, or the UN Observers. Even people like Senator Edward Kennedy were refused entry into East Pakistan. Too, late did they realize their blunders and tried to make amends but the harm had already been done. Every West Pakistani was considered a barbarian like Changez Khan or the butchers of Hitler in the German concentration camps.

In West Pakistan, the Junta created a psychosis about murder of West Pakistanis and pro-Pakistani elements. Harrowing tales of murder were circulated. Leaders were asked or forced by the Junta to create public opinion to praise the valiant soldier as saviors and to castigate Mujib and his party, which had been banned.

The Army build up in East Pakistan was increased to nearly three Divisions. In addition Frontier Constabulary were sent with license to shoot, rape and plunder locals. The latter had been briefed by an Officer who had lost his son-in-law in East Pakistan. His personal vendetta created havoc unparalleled in the annals of a civilized nation. Even loyal East Pakistanis were horrified and many migrated to save their honor. In fact the real culprits were mainly Irregulars there were only a few sheep amongst the regular Soldiers who took part in looting, arson or other atrocities, but the whole Army got the blame on account of the actions of the auxiliaries. A Razakar Force was created by Jamaati-Islami, and some other rightist parties, and Peace Committees were created by all political Parties excepting the Awami League which had won the people's confidence.

The Awami League had created the Mukti Bahni consisting of some trained Leftists or young students and other Indian trained agents mostly Hindus. They also wreaked their vengeance on those who had joined the Peace Committees and were being termed as collaborators. Gruesome stories of murder and arson were related by some survivors who reached West Pakistan. India started giving arms and training to the Mukti Bhanni and provided the hard core of a guerrilla force, mostly half naked and conscripted

youth from the refugee camps. Daily infiltrators made raids, blew up bridges, telephone lines, railways and electric installations, sank cargo boats by attaching limpet mines to food shipments. The monsoon flooded the plains and provided them ideal opportunity for their guerrilla activities. They had free access by country boats anywhere and it was difficult to locate them. The local population was either frightened of reprisals by guerrillas or else were sympathetic towards them. Even so the Army making use of scanty roads and as well, as the river transport brought about some semblance of order and control over large towns, suburbs and accessible areas.

It was difficult to defend such a long border. East Pakistan was surrounded on three sides by India. Raiding parties crossed over through Jungle trails and returned into India if they met opposition. India realized that this force would not be able to stand up against the well-trained Pakistan Army, once the rains were over and when the land dried up in October. They, therefore, amassed troops on the borders to intervene at a proper time after world opinion was sympathetic enough for them, to enter as knights-errant in aid of the victims of what they called a genocide.

I was unhappy at this state of affairs. I could see the Indians succeeding in their nefarious designs to break up Pakistan which they had been planning ever-since 1947 but had been thwarted by the political Governments and the strong feeling of National solidarity. Now with one stroke, inept Generals egged on by ambitious politicians offered them the opportunity they had been waiting for all these years. The youth had been brain-washed, the unity disrupted and Muslim was killing Muslim, against the basic tenets of Islam.

On return to Lahore I had another attack of thrombosis. My physician got really worried about my heart condition and I had to take enforced rest for three months. On recovery I tried to convince those near the government of the hopeless situation our country was drifting into.

I spoke to politicians, government-servants, Police and Intelligence officers plainly, that inexorably they, were being sucked into an uneven conflict with India which had both the numerical superiority as well as that in modern arms, supplied by the USSR. Indians would be fighting on interior lines and would be free to concentrate their force at any time and at the place of their own choice. Apart from being inadequate and having been unwisely deployed, in penny packets, and on account of the lack of sufficient men and material and vulnerable communications, the fate of our army in the East was sealed.

Even in West Pakistan the Indians could blockade Karachi, cut our rail and road links between our only port at Karachi and the army and people in the North as well as East Pakistan. Moreover no Army could sustain itself for long on imported arms, ammunition and fuel. On the other hand India was manufacturing their own tanks,

guns, planes, artillery and ammunition had a superior Navy and much larger Air Force. They had been well equipped with basic Heavy industry by the competing Soviet Union and the United States. Ever since the Sino-Indian conflict and even more so since 1965, they were inimical to Pakistan. They had been supplying India sophisticated weaponry and providing them training in the USA, USSR and Israel, with a sole purpose of fattening them for a battle with China. We stood in the way of global interests of both USSR and USA therefore no one was going to raise a little finger to help us and may be quite happy to see Pakistan's thorn being removed from India's side.

I also explained that China with all its desire to assist West Pakistan against India could not give effective aid, over the land-route. It was far too long and far beyond the combined logistic capacity of China and Pakistan, even if they wanted to collaborate. The sea lanes were not free for China, as China's maritime capacity was very limited. In East Pakistan China would not like to be a party with us; it was evident from the activities of East Bengal's Naxalites and pro Chinese communists who had already got an upper hand. The chances of creating greater Bengla Desh State consisting of East and West Bengal and Assam, Nagaland would offer them a buffer they needed, and may start a snowballing effect elsewhere in India by letting loose centrifugal forces, without the Chinese being involved in a direct conflict. Even if this premise was discounted, Chinese leadership was the wisest in the world and would never permit themselves to become actively embroiled in a global conflict until their own country was equal in progress to face the combined onslaught of USSR and USA. Their advice to us was both sound and wise to bring about a political, settlement between ourselves. I was also conscious that China did not consider us too reliable a friend since our acceptance of USSR as a mediator of dispute between India and Pakistan at Tashkent, when, without even telling them; we had willingly danced to the tune of the USSR/USA.

Those with understanding and wisdom agreed with my analysis as also my foreboding of further disruption in Baluchistan and perhaps the NWFP, but pleaded their helplessness.

The perennially short-sighted politicians either dubbed me a traitor, timid, tactless or just a mad man. The only way I could register my protest was to remain silent, anyhow no newspaper was allowed to publish my statements as a non-conformist. I also avoided meeting with the Junta.

Only once I was forced to speak at a meeting in Jehlum when I happened to be travelling to Campbellpur with Mian Mumtaz Daultana, who had suddenly become active at the request of someone in Islamabad.

I based my short speech on religion; I made three points: firstly that while God in the Holy Book had promised to forgive an individual if he sincerely repented. When

speaking of nations. He is quite unforgiving and His laws are immutable. In the beginning he imposes on such Nations, that forsake the straight path and become unprincipled, the rule of terrible tyrants and if they do not mend their ways. He destroys them. There are no exceptions and even the people of the Prophets such as Noah and Lot suffered destruction.

The second point I made was that nowhere in the Qum has God described himself as exclusively God of Muslims but throughout call himself God and a Blessing for all the worlds. Lastly, I pointed out that one main reason for the discord in Islam was the tradition of those in power of dubbing anyone opposed to them as traitors or heathen (Kafirs). The history of Islam was replete with such examples and as an aftermath of such repressions it had divided Muslims into seventy-two sects.

I, therefore did not wish to become a party to calling Mujib a traitor just because the Generals wished us to do so, unless he was declared such at the Bar of Public Opinion. I clearly declared that it was anti-Islamic and unjust that a Muslim should be killing a Muslim. Only one paper dared publish part of this speech made in July 1971.

I met Agha Muhammad Ali, the President's brother, and told him that his brother was destroying himself politically as well as morally. His debauchery was becoming a public scandal and he was playing a fiddle while Pakistan was burning. Muhammad Ali did not like it, but this time he looked less confident than during our previous encounters.

All my attempts at conscientious objection were thwarted. The Government saw to it that my views were not printed in any newspaper and, if at all, as .versions mutilated beyond recognition, with all effective portions excised. The only exception to this rule was an unusual request from Z.A. Suleri to write a 2000 words article for the Independence Day supplement of the Pakistan Times. I scribbled my reasons on the catastrophic state of our national affairs. Somehow it appeared to have escaped the censor. Probably it was considered harmless though portions of it were loaded and can be seen in the following extract.

### **Only Faith, Unity And Discipline Can Save us.**

The Independence Day is normally a day of rejoicing and national pride. When I look back to August 1947, it was an occasion triumph, a victory of oppressed against the oppressor of the downtrodden against the exploiters. We were jubilant yet sad because it was marred by mass killings of Muslims in the East Punjab, by the misery caused on account of the exodus of millions from their hearths and homes losing their means of livelihood as well as their belongings. Majority of them had lost their dear ones. Thousands of women had been abducted and others molested. We were numb with shock and fatigue of weeklong efforts to save innocent lives. Yet it was exhilarating to



hear the bells toll at the midnight. of 13th August. All sacrifices seemed worth-while because 'Islam', the motivating force of Pakistan Movement, had been unshackled and freed from the slavery of the twin dangers of the British as well as caste Hindu Imperialism.

It seems a long time, almost a forgotten episode, the new generation hardly knows of it today, after only a brief period of twenty-four years, so short a span in the life of a Nation. Few seem to know why those sacrifices were made. The martyrs for freedom or the Father of the Nation, if they could be brought back to life, would genuinely feel they have been betrayed, and wonder what has happened to the Nation which only a couple of decades previously sacrificed all, staked their very lives and worldly goods to achieve their cherished goal. Who is the culprit? What has caused the present stage of confusion? If it is not checked may well turn out to be a twilight of a short wintry day. The answer, though rather, complicated is yet very simple.

### **The revolutionaries themselves betrayed the revolution.**

Firstly those who were too young, or not connected with politics in the pre-partition days were unaware of the reasons for our cause of Pakistan. They were misled by the opponents of the movement that had entered Pakistan, to think that it was just a crusade-like territorial nationalism, which is a foreign concept. Being unaware of the ideal they accepted foreign ideologies and outmoded notions of narrow nationalism to seek an answer to our problems. No-one explained to them, that actually it was deviation from our real objective that had brought about the present sad state of lopsided development, selfishness and ever increasing gap between the haves and have nots. We cannot blame them.

We the fighters for freedom had failed to apprise them as to the real goals that were in our mind when we sought freedom: what we meant by Islamic Fraternity, Brotherhood and Equality. Nor did we tell them that the lives of the Holy Prophet, Caliphs Ali and Umar were the stars which we chose to guide us during the long and arduous journey of Islamic renaissance; and that neither Marx, Engels, Lenin or Adam Smith nor Napoleon, Adolph Hitler, or Emperors of yore had any place in our political philosophy.

One has to just go to a bookshop or through the educationists' syllabi to realize how we have failed to acquaint our youth with our movement's history or the basis of our ideology. The Politician, the Educationist, the Historian or the Journalist who had participated in the struggle and above all the successive Governments equally neglected this sacred duty. The youth was forced to rely on alien ideas or the distorted versions by strangers or people hostile to Pakistan.

### **Scramble For Wealth**

Secondly the politician was initially overwhelmed by the problems created by the influx of hapless refugees, and the ensuing confusion was compounded by the dearth of Civil Servants and lack of an administrative base, or an economic infrastructure. Later they disagreed over policies among themselves, or personal ambitions divided them after the death of the Quaid-i-Azam. The Civil Servant with colonial training and background took sides in the intrigues and divided the politicians, in order to rule themselves.

Thirdly the evacuee property left by the non-Muslim migrants literally became a bone of contention which sapped the spirit and strangled the enthusiasm, character and idealism of our people.

Fourthly as only a handful or senior experienced and responsible officers were left in Pakistan, rapid adhoc promotions had to be granted to relatively junior officers. This started a scramble, each vying with the other to please their superiors through sycophancy and intrigue. The foundation of a stable administration started crumbling at the very outset before it could really get established.

Then the 'newly-born' businessmen, became avaricious and turned themselves into robber-barons, using all means, fair or foul, to amass wealth. They corrupted the public servants as well as spread the virus of becoming rich quick among their compatriots.

The Iconoclast who had smashed the idols of imperialism themselves became the worshippers of the goddess of wealth.

These factors not only relegated our idealism to the background, but it also gave, rise to a superiority complex in our government servants, a closely knit class, to consider themselves as the Superman in Children's Comics. They developed a dangerous psychology that they and they alone were sanctums of patriotism and the only people who possessed the capacity to run our infant State. Thus a new political party was born quite unaware of the basic motive for the creation of Pakistan.

They did have groups in their bureaucratic hierarchy. The first to strike was the Indian Accounts Service who grabbed power and placed one of themselves as the Head of State; another became a Prime Minister. They were ably assisted by anti-Pakistan Politicians who had served the British. Soon the Indian Civil Servant supplanted the Accountant and brought up the Secretary for Defence to wrest the power. It did not take long for the Soldier who had been used as a prop to realize that the power of these bureaucrats-turned-politicians wielded came through the barrel of their guns. Their appetites were whetted when they in turn took over from the intriguing civil servant. Thus the metamorphosis became complete the inheritor of Quaid 's mantle, the policy making politician who had created Pakistan became mere pawns in the hands of the uninitiated and ignorant who had been employed and paid by our people either. to

Serve or to Defend us. The idealist died and the sycophant re-emerged in our political life. Pakistan was transformed from being an Islamic Democratic Republic into a Totalitarian Fascist State.

Each change in the masters brought successors who knew less and less of the two Nation theory which gave birth to Pakistan. To please the new masters the ambitious new generation propounded new theories that a developing state has got to pass through an era of corruption. They deliberately obliterated the basis of Pakistan. Movement and downgraded Quaid-i-Azam, his high idealistic standards and his sayings.

This enabled the wily enemy, who had been waiting for the opportunity which confusion in thought could provide to assist his already deployed force. The teachers doctors and businessmen had deliberately stayed in East Pakistan, with orders to obliterate Islam from the minds of the East Pakistani youth. They were brainwashed taught socialism communism and atheism. In the backward down trodden East Pakistan this newly-educated youth became the elite, respected and blindly trusted by the starving villager. The result is what is happening in that part of the Country in the past few months. Posterity there has lost its soul. The sons of Pakistan's freedom Fighters are today the flag bearers of Regionalism and Disintegration.

West Pakistan was not spared either The Indians exported young men who were brainwashed abroad to become their agents here to lead, our youth astray with alien slogans.

These are a few of the reasons which have landed us in a life-and-death struggle The spirit is being sapped from our body Pakistani is killing Pakistani. The Indian army is waiting to pounce for the final kill.

Thus this Independence Day is perhaps the saddest in our history. The values which were held dear are in danger of destruction. Quaid's words an Faith, Unity and Discipline are the only weapons which can save us from death. Let us once again resolve to achieve Brotherhood Islamic goodwill through love affection, fairness and sacrifice.

I hope we shall be able to rise to the occasion and will not allow posterity to blame us for losing our heritage by presiding over the funeral of the glorious land which we created with the help of God in order to start the Islamic renaissance. Let us resolve today to dedicate our lives even sacrifice them to save our cherished ideal. "Let us not forget that though the enemy is strong, our Protector is the strongest".

## Quaid-i-Azam Zindabad Pakistan Paindabad

Another, statement which saw the light of day but again in bits and pieces, was my request to Mr. Bhutto not to start another fratricidal war amongst brothers belonging to the Sindh and the Punjab over the canal water dispute. It has to be settled amicably for the sake of our National Unity, as ours was already a wounded nation which was in a great peril.

Privately, I kept on communicating my fears and suggestions wherever I could I had an occasion to talk to the U S Ambassador Farland and the Deputy High Commissioner of Australia soon after. While the government at the time took the line that UN observers were not desirable. I took a different line with them and asked them to use their influence with our Government as well as theirs to save a disaster by posting UN observers on the East Pakistan borders and bring about a political solution. I was asked why I did not go abroad and place this sane and understandable democratic point of view before the people overseas. I told them that it was for the government to express such a wish. I was asked if I would accept an invitation to go abroad but I told them I would never be allowed as it would be embarrassing for our government with whom I did not see eye to eye over their actions. It would never accept my going abroad as a plenipotentiary or in any other capacity because by then I had already become a persona non-grata with the powers that be in the country I had helped to create.

In the meanwhile public pressure was mounting for a United Muslim League. We knew that Khan Abdul Qayum had expressed a view that the President did not want such a unity because of the independent posture of the Council Muslim League. We and Convention League agreed to call meetings of the Councils and take their authority for a merger. Although we knew it was to be an exercise in futility Mumtaz thought we might at least appease public opinion.

Meanwhile the government living in their fool's paradise started thinking that people abroad would forget their horrible actions if they were able to win control in East Pakistan. They argued that Nigeria's action against Biafra and the Rhodesian whites successful defiance of world opinion had been accepted in the long run. They declared a general amnesty even to rebel armed forces and twenty MNAs of the Awami League. Therefore Yahya Khan declared that his so-called march towards restoration of democracy would go on. He appointed a civilian Governor Dr. Malik and started negotiations with the East Pakistan Parties other than the Awami League to give their suggestions for the nominations to the cabinet Dates for fresh elections were announced for eighty seats belonging to Awami Leaguers and declared vacant.

When the Muslim League working Committee met in Karachi before the Council session, I was reluctant to attend. I had been pressing Mumtaz to dissuade our Party members from joining the puppet Cabinet and boycott the farcical elections as both

these proposals were diametrically opposed to our democratic stand and was tantamount to sending our representatives as well as our principles to the gallows. Mumtaz told me that those people were keen to get in and were indirect league with the Junta whom they would obey. He therefore was not prepared to issue a directive which in his view would be disobeyed anyhow, and would only succeed in attracting the wrath of the government towards him. I was most disappointed at this short sighted political *harakari* (suicide) following his earlier infamous speaking tour on behalf of the Generals. Sick at heart I therefore walked away from the Council meeting after a bare appearance and left Karachi.

Bihari refugees from East Pakistan, who were most emotional cursed Yahya for bringing their lives and honor into danger and urged him to quit but Bengali Muslim Leaguers aspirants to power which could at best be only a mirage opposed them Mumtaz made a speech mostly on foreign relations!

That was to be in last glimpse of some very dear comrades who had been with us since the struggle of the Forties.

Abdul Qasim and Nawazish of East Pakistan joined the Cabinet; General Umar let down his protégés Khair ud-Din and Shafiq ul Islam. I felt sorry for all of them. Later the much heralded elections which were impossible to hold under the conditions then existing turned out to be farcical nominations of a few men from every party. Even the PPP threatened not to recognize the Assembly unless their demand for allotment of six seats in East Pakistan the Province where the Peoples Party did not even exist. The few seats which were to be contested by them as an eye wash never came about.

Out of this hodge podge of nominated members and under direct pressure from Yahya, Mumtaz and Qayum with an assurance that Bhutto would never be allowed to assume power and Noorul Amin would be Yahya's selection as Prime Minister, another mongrel political coalition UCP (United Coalition Party) was born. I tried to kill this monstrosity before it was born but Mumtaz once again agreed to join it without calling the Working Committee of his party to decide upon such an important policy matter. I refused to sign the joint resolution and walked away from the motley meeting.

In the meanwhile the farcical trial of Sheikh Mujib ur Rehman by a Martial law, court dragged on. The result as stated by the defending lawyer AK Brohi was a foregone conclusion, after the television pronouncement by President General Yahya in the presence of foreign Correspondents that he considered Mujib a traitor. However Mujib kept his equilibrium and told them not to produce any Bangali witnesses who had been coerced to appear as it would be tantamount to their signing their own death warrants. He said that it was Yahya and not him who should be standing trial as the accused. Brohi told me that Mujib was not prepared to lead defence, when I offered to appear as a witness. He asked, when the government had granted general amnesty to murderers,

deserters in the armed forces and even members who were known to have taken refuge in India how could that very Government morally or otherwise. Justify action against a man who stood by his principles and was an elected leader of the Majority of People? Mujib had refused to run away from the country and offered himself to be arrested. In the meanwhile the situation in East Pakistan was taking an ominous turn. The Indians were openly giving artillery support to the Mukti Bahni and any fool could predict that this would escalate into a fully fledged war prior to the meeting of the rump parliament.

On the one hand war hysteria was being whipped up and on the other Nur al Amin was being asked to head the Government. I met him and asked him to beware of the pitfalls. He was respected by all Pakistanis and he would ruin his reputation if he agreed to become a cat's-paw of the Generals. He promised me to do everything within his power even at the risk of his life and that of his children to preserve the integrity of Pakistan but he was not going to become a tool of anyone and thereby destroy his utility as a peace maker. He had before now refused to accept the job of puppet Prime Minister and he would stick to his guns. Moreover he was not prepared to be a party with Bhutto who had been responsible for the sad state of our beloved country and who had lost no opportunity to insult him.

President Yahya met him and assured him that he would follow his advice of giving the fullest possible autonomy to East Pakistan and considered him an all Pakistan leader. President Yahya mentioned by the way that the Chinese had invited a delegation to discuss the defence of Pakistan and he was sending his Chief of General Staff, the Foreign Secretary Air. and Naval Chiefs. The Chinese had separately asked Mr. Bhutto to visit them in his private capacity therefore he was including him in the delegation as a non-official member. Once again Yahya Khan had double crossed Nur-ul-Amin. It transpired that Bhutto was to be the Leader of the Delegation. This shook Noor ul Amin who left for Karachi on his way back to East Pakistan.

Bhutto left for China under a blaze of publicity, and was once again brought into prominence and given a chance to retrieve his position which was on the downward curve since his stand on the Sindh Punjab water dispute and the formation of the UCP. He came back and made much of his diplomatic feats in China. In actual fact rumors were afloat that the Chinese looked askance at Bhutto's leadership of the delegation as they suspected him of leanings towards the USA.

While Bhutto was parading in Pakistan as a hero who had won over China, Yahya quite unperturbed went on with his social life. I saw him on the 18th November 1971 at the inauguration of the Pakistan-China Heavy Machine Complex at Taxila without showing the slightest sign of care. All one could see was a look of indolence on him, the common sign of over-indulgence. As I left I got a glimpse of Ambassador Farland in his car speaking over a radio telephone. I wondered if the situation was so bad that he could

not wait for half an hour in which he would have reached Islamabad, but had wanted to get in touch immediately.

Umar accosted me at the function. He looked a little paler than usual. I asked him why he had killed my article. "Possible solution of our national crisis". He lied that he knew nothing of it and would collect it that evening and have it published. He did not do either thing. In any case it was already too late. The Indian Army had entered East Pakistan two days earlier. The worse had happened. Russia had armed India to the teeth, the USA had banned all arms and spare part shipments to Pakistan. We were in a hopeless situation, much worse than on rd March of that year.

Nixon had kept up our hopes while mediating between Mujib-ur Rahman's party through the American diplomats in Delhi. The US Councilor at Lahore asked my wife and me over to dinner on the 19th November to meet his counterpart from New Delhi. I spoke very clearly to his colleague that a war by India may destroy Pakistan but it would be a beginning of the Balkanization of India itself. The fissiparous tendencies in India would soon become manifest on the lines of Bangla Desh. Several communities and states might make claims to a separate nationality. I asked him to convey my feelings to Younus, my old friend and now the Secretary of Foreign Trade in India, so that he might advise Premier Indira Gandhi to avoid the shortsighted policy and agree to a settlement with a United Pakistan to save both our countries, otherwise it would only be a short lived advantage ending in a terrible disaster for the entire sub-continent. It was a naive effort but a sincere one. Time alone would prove whether what I advocated was correct. I was certain that even if India succeeded taking over East Pakistan it would be only compounding its own misfortunes by undertaking a load of back breaking economic burden or encouraging her own dissident peripheral provinces to revolt. Today India is having trouble both in Punjab as well as in Mizoland, and in South India.

Be that as it may, the war machine of India rolled into East Pakistan on 22nd November. Our Army was too thin on the ground spread in penny packets with at best tenuous lines of communications. The ports of East Pakistan were sealed its aerodromes damaged beyond repair with the latest Russian and Israeli bombs. Pakistani troops valiantly fought a forlorn war. Their boats had been burnt for them by the Indian action. They fought without air cover and against a force three times as big.

The world attuned to stories to West Pakistan's barbarities fed to them by the Indian propaganda machine and the Indian based foreign correspondents, watched silently. The UNO which was in Session saw the aggression by one member state against another with equanimity. It remained mum like the League of Nations at the time of the Italian rape of Ethiopia way back in the 30's. USSR conveniently forgot the Tashkent accord drafted under their dictation, in which it had been solemnly provided and

guaranteed that both Pakistan and India would not interfere in each other's internal affairs.

Ten days went by without any effort from any quarter to stop this bloodshed. USA moaned that India had queered their pitch, by pre-empting a strike into East Pakistan when their diplomatic offensive had brought a rapprochement and political settlement within sight. Nixon's directives to his Secretaries were conveniently side-tracked. That was all the help we got from our erstwhile ally bound to us by a Treaty to come to our aid in case of aggression helped by International Communism. If in 1965 there was some lame excuse that the treaty was meant against the aggression from the USSR this time there was a direct assistance given to India by the USSR and the presence of Soviet technicians, soldiers and guns, armaments and pilots did not leave any doubt about Communist interference.

Therefore the truth has dawned upon the people of Pakistan what many other client states of the Big Powers are bound to learn in course of time that the Big Powers have their own selfish personal interests which decide their global strategy. 'Cuba' cannot take place anywhere else because of its location near the American homeland and was the only reason for the strong US reaction. The Russians had to swallow the insult of a retreat in Cuba to try to save face elsewhere. The stakes of the giants were too high to expect a confrontation between them over the fall of a small pawn in the global chess game.

The only course for small nations is to develop themselves, by mutual understanding for maintenance of peace and avoid parading large armies with borrowed plumes, in the form of imported military hardware. If they could spend half as much on their own development as they are spending on their Armed Forces they could fill many a hungry stomach and attain a better standard of living, which in itself is a deterrent to unnecessary armed conflicts. This is the lesson to learn from USSR, USA and China's attitudes during 1971 Indo-Pakistan conflict.

General Yahya or shall I say his Junta despondent, dejected and disillusioned tried to trick both his own frantic people and the World by making a desperate effort in West Pakistan and parading their Army on the borders, where they were not really expecting any conflict. No serious arrangements for dispersal of oil, arrangement for transport, collecting of clothing and blankets had been made. It was just another one of Yahya's bluffs which was destined to be called off.

On the third evening I suddenly heard the feared pronouncement that India had attacked West Pakistan and our forces had been ordered to attack. Our Air Force made deep penetration into India and bombed the Indian Air fields right up to as far away as Agra. Initially we captured Chamb in Azad Kashmir, pushed back the Indians from Lahore borders crossed into India in Sialkot Area and also in Ferozepur and Rajputana.



It was whispered that we would be soon be in Amritsar and our armor would reach Bias and cut off the route to Kashmir and that in three days of Air battle our Air Force had shot down nearly 100 Indian planes. We saw the Indian planes over Lahore bombing the two aerodromes, one next to our house. The Ravi bridge was attacked time and again but only our anti-aircraft fire kept them away. The Russian missile boats sank one of our destroyers but one of the Indian frigates was sunk by our submarine. The Navy could have done better if they had warned their Subs in time that a war had broken out Someone had boobed and beautiful targets sailed by unattacked while we lost a submarine and a destroyer.

The President called upon Mr. Nural Amin to become Prime Minister at this last minute and Bhutto to be Foreign Minister, and Deputy Prime Minister. The former refused to accept the office and remained Premier designate!

UCP made a Provincial Defence Committee against my wishes and named me as its head. I thought it was farcical and resigned. I offered to join the Civil Defence Organization as a volunteer.

Meanwhile the UNO Security Council met twice and the resolution passed to stop war and withdraw the troops by both sides was vetoed by Russia, inspite of the fact that eleven votes were for the resolution. That Russia by stalling such an action was gaining India the time to finish off East Pakistan and to present a *fait accompli*, which was evident even to the uninitiated. Agha Shahi, Pakistan's popular UN Ambassador moved the case to the General assembly and managed to .get an overwhelming 104 to 11 vote majority with England and France and Canada abstaining.

But the UN Assembly Resolution according to the UN Charter means nothing. It is only authorized to make recommendations and it is the big five permanent members who hold the power to accept or reject the advice. Any one of these could thwart it by veto. Russia once again exercised the right to veto and proved that the General Assembly was just an impotent busy body. Bhutto, who had been rushed out to plead Pakistan's case, conveniently became indisposed when the Russo-Polish resolution for a political settlement was being discussed. He, however, made an impassioned and farcical speech to fight for one thousand years just for home consumption and rather impetuously tore up the Polish resolution presented before the Security Council and walked out. He had known that by this time his own President had accomplished what the Indians and Russians had been aiming for. He ordered General Niazi to capitulate a hundred thousand strong Army and an equal number of armed volunteers still fully equipped and able to give battle for two months. The entire force, totally dedicated, full of fight and ready to die rather than to surrender, was asked to capitulate.

The East Pakistan war was a saga of heroism of valiant men, brave officers and vacillating treacherous supreme Command irresponsible and debauched local

Commander called 'Tiger Niazi', who matched his President Commander-in-Chief in debauchery just whimpered like a dog and surrendered.

India's estimate to overwhelm this gallant Force within twenty-four hours, whose commanders had conformed to their strategy by trying to defend too many places with too few defenders, failed miserably because the Indian Commander had forgotten that morale is a dominant factor under normal circumstance but that of a trapped army moved with the Islamic spirit and a desire for martyrdom is ten times more difficult to beat.

A handful of defenders devoid of air cover and hemmed in by hostile elements, faced overwhelming odds; the Indian Infantry brigade supported by medium artillery and Armored Regiments were held up and badly mauled by a handful of defending Infantry men, in Company and Platoon strengths. They gave ground at one place, to become veritable walls at another. Suicide squads broke up Armored attacks. The ack-ack made the Indian, Air Force veer off in spite of their overwhelming superiority.

Our Air Force was concentrated in the West leaving just a Squadron of outmoded Sabre Jets in East Pakistan, which had been grounded on the first day of war, as their Air Fields had been damaged beyond repair. The Air Force had been concentrated on West Pakistan to support the main armored thrust on the Western Front, which never materialized. I know personally how demoralizing it is to be without an Air cover in the field, when you are under constant air attack. Despite this, our soldiers fought on undeterred. India kept on their psychological war but it did not affect our people because many a time they heard over the Indian radio that the places they were holding had been run over.

Then came the surprising news that General Rao Farman Ali had sent a message to the Secretary General of the UN to get him and his forces safe conduct. General Farman later gave out a denial, left his job as an assistant to the Governor, to command troops in the front. He surrendered two days later after General Niazi, who had been proclaiming to the foreign press till twenty-four hours earlier that his troops would fight to the last man and last round, suddenly surrendered. Those who knew Farman could not even think of him showing such cowardice. Rumors were afoot that the message was inspired by Islamabad, though GHQ denied the whole thing as a hoax. After this Maneckshaw the Indian Army Chief demanded surrender of the East Pakistan Army threatening them with dire consequences, should they refuse to accept his ultimatum. He landed heliborne troops near Dacca, the capital of East Pakistan and cut it off from the troops on various fronts, but what surprised and shocked everyone was that there were nearly 40,000 troops that surrendered in Dacca which is protected on three sides by river barriers. Such a force could have easily dealt with attack from one remaining direction and defended the City for a long time along with the majority of the citizenry who were prepared to fight the Indian.

How the hard drinking, swaggering, high living, hawkish General Niazi packed up is another mystery. An army of over a hundred thousand strong could have easily been concentrated to fight a long war of attrition or fought its way out in a grand rear guard action into Burma or Tibet. Far fewer, only twelve thousand soldiers with less powerful equipment, their fathers, had fought their way out of Malaya and Burma during the Second World War. Some fought on for months in Malayan Jungles even after the British had surrendered to the Japanese.

Why, everyone was asking, why this sudden collapse? People say it was in spite of the protest by some local commanders and on direct orders from Yahya and his aides. Why a General on the spot who knew his situation and had explained that he could fight on for months was overruled is another of those unanswered questions.

Several of the officers and men disregarded these inexplicable orders to surrender and died fighting rather than give up. The truth is not known even today, after the brave but betrayed Army returned from captivity.

If our position was so grave, why did not we accept the political solution of the Russian Polish Resolution in the UN? In Lahore after the 4th there were no signs of gun flashes from the expected right hook that our armored corps was supposed to launch. Even when our troops had made a dash of thirty-eight miles into Rajasthan they were ordered back. The same happened elsewhere like Chhamb in Kashmir and in the Amritsar district of the Punjab. We were told that President Nixon had asked General Yahya not to go forward. This was to be confirmed to me in a conversation with an American diplomat, that otherwise we would have been chewed up by the better-equipped Russian backed Indian army and that President Nixon was sending a task force of the 7th fleet to make Indians desist from taking over West Pakistan.

Thus the grand strategy of defending East Pakistan by counter thrust in the West Pakistan was suddenly halted. The majority of our soldiers did not even fire a bullet in anger. A great number of our aircraft were not used after the first few days they were told to conserve themselves for the major offensive! After the first few days one rarely saw Pakistan planes while Indian planes guided by Russian's electronically equipped radar planes continued to blast our Railway Bridges, Airfields and later the Civilian Population. Our planes that went to attack them were immobilized by the Russian plane which was, equipped with some secret electronic device which forced our planes out of control and shut down. The Russian missiles hit our oil installations at Karachi and Indians dropped some very heavy Israeli bombs amongst residential areas.

After the surrender of East Pakistan, Yahya Khan addressed the Nation and explained how his brave soldiers had been overwhelmed but he would fight on in West Pakistan.

Two days later we opted out of the war by a belated acceptance of a Security Council Resolution, passed after the surrender of East Pakistan.

The man in the street wept like a child; he just could not believe that his kith and kin could give up without fighting. There were cries of treachery and every man woman and child wanted Yahya's head. The soldiers who had stayed in trenches inadequately clad, poorly fed, were stunned. Their Generals were just as bewildered. General Tikka Khah who had been called back from East Pakistan where he was reported to have been restoring peace and sobriety through the so-called humane use of power, was brought back to Command a Corps in West Pakistan, stood awaiting orders. He was considered a potential danger to Yahya and so was Gul Hassan the popular Chief of General Staff. They were to be liquidated as scapegoats but were warned in time and escaped with the help of the Air Force which threatened to make an air strike on the President House to liberate the General and force Yahya to surrender power. I demanded that Yahya should hand over power to the Chief Justice who could hold fresh elections to a Constituent Assembly in due course. Instead the Generals recalled Bhutto who had stayed back to talk to friends in USA. He returned post haste after the meeting probably getting the blessings of President Nixon and Secretary of State. Rogers. On arrival he was received by the US, Ambassador at Islamabad airport. He drove to the President's House and was sworn in as the President and Chief Martial Law Administrator in a mock ceremony, by General Yahya.

Thus the man who opposed Mujib's being transferred power under a Martial Law Order of 23rd March of the same year assumed power under the same Martial Law Order himself. This paradox brought to an end the pseudo collaboration between personalities, each of whom had been wanting to usurp power from the democratically elected majority. Yahya and Bhutto had many things in common. They both liked the good things in life and were equally interested in wresting power. Each wanted to use the other for his ascent to the 'throne.' Both of them cooperated in planning but with opposite motives. Each was dancing with death of Pakistan. They hoped to shed East Pakistan in order to have unchallenged reign in West. Pakistan.

Bhutto was cleverer. He let Yahya embroil himself in a hapless war in East Pakistan which he was bound to lose and thus cleared the way for Bhutto's ascent to power. Yahya, who had used the Army, got rid of the Majority Party of East Pakistan. Bhutto's cronies like General Gul Hassan and Air Marshall Rahim helped Bhutto ascend the 'throne' and in the process signed their own death warrants. Bhutto won. One can at best make a guess that some god-father had crowned one of his protégés. Yahya, one of the greatest bluffers, had been dethroned and discredited, but the people only realized this after he had destroyed the Country.

People cheered the one and cried for the blood of the other; chanting crowds wanted to see Yahya hanged: Bhutto honorably retired him and some of his protégés, and warded

off the attack on Yahya at first by saying that only defeated politicians were making demands for Yahya's trial. When the public clamor increased, and our party demanded a Judicial enquiry and trial of Yahya and his Junta and the political advisers from 1969 with special reference to periods between the election in December 1971 to the end of war, the new President made a volte-face and appointed a commission under Hamoodur Rehman, the Chief Justice of Pakistan, with a limited scope and reference to enquire into the causes of the failure of War in East Pakistan Ever since there had been repeated demands by us to enlarge the scope to bring it in line with our demand but Bhutto, a master at the game, diverted the attention by one dramatic announcement after another. He just put Yahya and Hamid under house arrest to save his face and their lives. To this day the Report has not seen the light, of the day, even up to 1994 because it probably exposed the Army, Bhutto and Qayum, all collaborators.

The events described in this chapter, destroyed (we hope just given a temporary setback) to the ideal of reviving Pakistan as a middle of the road State based on Islamic justice, fairplay and the survival of the down trodden people. Many forces played their part to undermine Pakistan the vital machine that could marshal and be the spear-head of the renaissance movement in Islam. Whether Israel had a hidden hand behind the conspiracy which helped destroy us cannot be easily determined. It suits neither the usurious Capitalist, nor the students of Crusades of the Middle Age or the disciples of Agnosticism to see the idea of Islamic justice prosper.

## CHAPTER - 12

### Z. A. BHUTTO.

After the traumatic end of the so called war in East Pakistan and having abandoned about a hundred thousand soldiers who were made to surrender to an Indian General in 1971, Yahya the ambitious General lost his position. As a result the other wrecker, Bhutto whom he had helped to win an outstanding number of seats from the Punjab by subterfuge achieved his goal to get rid of the majority of East Pakistan, as well as Yahya his ally, whom he had used as a tool for this purpose General Yahya Khan aiming for his own ascendancy, had pitched the Pakistan Army to fight against its own countrymen thereby helping India to enter East Pakistan and achieve its long desired purpose of removing the danger of the two fronts it had to face since the creation of Pakistan.

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto returned to India after the completion of his studies abroad lost his case for his father's property in India for some reason and gave up his Indian nationality in 1954. He took refuge in Pakistan part of which in the course of time he deliberately sacrificed in order to achieve his own ascendancy to power in the Western half.

He started his career by adopting Iskander Mirza the civilian Governor General as his guardian-angel. His first political gambit was to marry a Persian Lady a friend of Naheed Iskander Mirza's wife. As a result he was picked out of the blue to become a Minister in the Pakistan government. In Pakistan in the creation of which he had played no part and probably had little loyalty towards his only loyalty seemed to be to himself and his sole aim to achieve ascendancy over Pakistan. His later conduct after the removal of Iskander Mirza from the Presidency by General Ayub Khan and his Generals throws light on his ambitions and cleverness. He not only joined Ayub's Cabinet but also adopted him as his 'Daddy', later to desert him as soon as Ayub's star waned after his defeat in 1965 War.

Later after the fall of East Pakistan Zulfikar Ali Bhutto although an elected Member of the National Assembly, assumed for himself both the office of the President as well as the Chief Martial Law Administrator, which shows his tendencies toward a totalitarian system. According to his own broadcast he called himself the 'Chosen Instrument of Destiny'!

Within six weeks, we in the Opposition who had fought the battle for democracy against Ayub and Yahya became very suspicious of Bhutto's conduct. We started

clamoring for summoning of the National Assembly. He tried to give the Opposition a lollipop by restoring Local Bodies and Provincial Assemblies to be convened by 23rd March 1972. The idea of not calling the National Assembly and just the Provincial Assemblies was based on his scheme to hoodwink the People by saying that he was not calling the Central Assembly, because he did not accept Bangladesh as a Sovereign State and was prepared to vacate his place for Sheikh Mujibur, Rahman. This was another subterfuge of his to avoid the People's charge for having been party to the break-up of Pakistan along with Yahya and his Generals. He was also expecting opposition to his much heralded Land - Reforms and on account of the indifference shown by him to the Islamic Order so far.

In March 1972 he announced certain Land Reforms but excepted miles of Shikargahs which were mainly located in his own Province and covering huge areas. He himself hardly lost any irrigated land, belonging to him. Taking advantage of his position as a Chief Martial Law Administrator, he got rid of several Officials of various branches as a revenge, in the manner of his predecessors, Ayub Khan and Yahya. Apart from this he revealed his basic character of being loyal to no one other than himself, by shunting off two of his major supporters in the Armed Services, General Gul Hassan and Air Marshall Rahim, who had played a great part to help in his ascendancy to power. General Tikka Khan, was appointed the Chief of the Army Staff to begin with, later to be promoted to become the Commander-in-Chief.

He signed a pact with Wali Khans National Awami Party and Jamiatal Ulema-i-Islam successors to Pro-Congress Jamiat-ul-Ulema-i-Hind who were running the Governments of the Baluchistan and North Western Frontier Provinces jointly. It was announced by him on 6th March amongst other things to summon a three day Session of the Pakistan National Assembly, for a limited purpose, of passing a Vote of Confidence in him as the President on the 14th April and to approve an Interim Constitution prepared by Mian Mahmood Ali Kasuri based on the Government of India Act 1935 and Indian Independent Act 1947. The other was a proposal that Martial Law would continue till 14th August. Bhutto's PPP wriggled out of the tripartite Agreement in several ways but later in order to win over the sympathy of the people, he offered to raise the Martial Law from 21st April instead of 14th August, provided the Interim Constitution was passed by 17th April.

### **THE FIRST NATIONAL ASSEMBLY SESSION AND DRAFTING INTERIM CONSTITUTION 1971:**

The opposition met before the Session to discuss our policy over the interim constitution. We decided that we should accept the Interim constitution although we had many differences with it, in order to achieve our object of having a constitution drafted so that we could bring about a proper democracy with the Chief Executive being answerable to the Parliament.

At this Session, being the most experienced man in Parliamentary Affairs, I was elected as the official spokesman of the Opposition which I remained till 1973, when Khan Wali Khan agreed to become the leader of the Opposition at the request of Chaudhry Zahoor Elahi, who preferred to keep me away from this honor, on account of my previous stand against him when he sided with the Generals, in opposing Mujibur Rahman, and secondly, I along with other Opposition Members vehemently decried his speech saying "My children worship Bhutto's photograph every morning."

The next day the Assembly met. Many people from Tribal areas had come with petitions against certain acts of the officials Ghous Bakhsh Bazinjo and I, on behalf of the Opposition, went to collect their complaints.

Bhutto was running his Party on the lines of the Nazis in Germany, where he had organized an equivalent of Brown Shirt hooligans amongst his workers, teaching them the same tactics as Hitler had used. When we were returning after collecting the Petitions, the gate-keepers allowed Ghous Bakhsh to pass through and then suddenly locked the doors on me I could see Ghulam Mustafa Khar, then the Governor of Punjab and also an MNA signaling his hooligans to man handle me which they did and tore my shirt in the process before I could persuade the gate-keeper to let me in. This was obviously the 'pattern PPP high Command had drawn up for handling its Opposition's leaders.

When I re-entered the Hall with my torn sleeve and shirt I raised a point of privilege of the Assembly and said, "Let the People's Party take note of this action of their workers. They should remember the old saying that it is dangerous to create enmity with crocodiles while living in the same River, it is asking for reprisals. Let Mr. Khar know that I represent the Martial people of Attock and I promise him that by this evening they will be here to avenge the insult the PPP had hurled at me. While his boys have torn only my shirt mine will de-trouser his leader. Wali Khan got up to support me and pointing to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto said, 'Beware the use of bullet it is a two way street. He should take care of his own safety if his Lieutenants are permitted to manhandle a respectable leader, one of the Founding Fathers of Pakistan. Mr. Bhutto stood up and apologized to me and the Opposition and promised a magisterial enquiry. They never risked of such an action again.

Next we elected a Drafting Committee, on which members of all the parties were represented. I was the single Muslim Leaguer, present to represent my Party because Mumtaz, the second member, had chosen to become Pakistan's Ambassador to the United Kingdom.

At first Mahmood Ali Kasoori represented the People's Party as their Law Minister in-charge of Parliamentary Affairs. Soon he realized that instead of bringing a Socialist



Revolution Bhutto was bent upon introducing National Socialism on the pattern of Hitler and he was being used as an instrument. He was persuaded with the help of his sons to resign his place in the Cabinet which he did. Thereafter Mr. Hafeez Pirzada, the new Law Minister, the Committee.

We had tussles over many of the Clauses of the new Constitution. The main one was the question of making the Prime Minister answerable to the Legislature, like the British Prime Minister as opposed to the American Presidential System where the President is not a member of the Congress. The other major point of contention was to make Bhutto the Head of the Armed Forces. Third was the matter of fundamental rights and the power to suspend the Constitution and rule through Presidential Orders. In addition it was our desire to make the Judiciary completely Independent of the Executive and also bar any future repetition to a decision on the 'Basis of Necessity.' I objected to the provisions of a Referendum which had been included in the Interim Constitution by Mahmood Ali Kasuri. I took up the cudgels to omit this part from the permanent Constitution of Pakistan. I was clear that having an Electorate which could not sign their own names or read the name of their candidate necessitated a system of symbols for the recognition of each candidate on the Ballot Paper. I at that we could not expect such voters to pronounce on intricate constitutional problems as well as on multi issues. Last a matter of dispute was the extent of autonomy to be allowed to the Provinces which were forming the Federation.

### **Invitation By Muslim & Arab Ambassadors:**

The Arab envoys were taking a deep interest in our Progress of Constitution Making in the National Assembly. As the sole spokesman of the Opposition I was consistently voicing the demand of the Opposition which seems to have been noticed by them. The Moroccan Ambassador became a good friend and was impressed by the part I was playing to bring about a consensus between the Opposition Parties and the Government to achieve a unanimous Constitution Obviously they discussed my role amongst themselves. They all seem to have appreciated it. They perceived my behavior in dealing with various elements constituting the Parliament. At that time the tenure of the existing Secretary General of the Islamic Conference, Tunka Abdul Rehman was coming to an end.

One day my friend Ambassador Muttaliq of Saudi Arabia arranged a party in my honor, as the leader of the Opposition to which all the Arab envoys had been invited. They kindly broached the subject of Secretary Generalship of the Islamic Conference and enquired if I would accept the honor. Muttahq told me that His Majesty Shah Faisal seem to remember our meeting in Karachi, when he came along as the Crown Prince and had approved the Ambassador's proposal of putting up my name for the office. All the other Ambassadors concurred. This news somehow go carried to Mr. Bhutto as well as Mr. Sidney Sober the Acting American Ambassado.r The latter who had a very

cordial relationship with our family, visited me and offered me the unsolicited advice not to accept this office as it was not suitable for a man of my standing. Similarly during our meeting at Murree Mr. Bhutto sarcastically remarked why I had to ask the Arabs to propose my name. If I was keen for a Foreign assignment he would happily offer me one of the best. I told him that the proposal was not mine and I had conveyed to all the Muslim envoys that I was far too busy hammering out a constitution for my own country which had not been completed in the last thirty years and I had regretted that I could not accept their very kind offer.

The real problem however, was to overcome the megalomaniac desire of Zulfikar Bhutto to remain the sole arbiter, as a President On this point he was sticking. After a great deal of thought by the leaders of the opposition we came to a conclusion that it would be a cheap *quid-pro quo* to allow him stability for three Elections or ten years to retain in power as a Prime Minister unless a two-thirds majority of the Ruling Party moved a vote of no-confidence against the Prime Minister I asked the new Law Minister, Hafeez Pirzada, to sound out Bhutto over this compromise.

Pirzada, thereupon arranged a meeting of ten Leaders of the seven Parliamentary Parties of Pakistan to sit together and hammer out a compromise formula, which we did after a considerable amount of haggling. A unanimous decision was announced. We paid a high price to achieve the first viable constitution for Pakistan. The pen with which we signed the Accord was presented to me, on account of my role in achieving this concord.

About this time the question arose of nearly a hundred thousand Prisoners of War taken in Bangladesh who were languishing in POW Camps located in India. I offered my services to Bhutto to go over and discuss the matter with Sheikh Mujibur Rahman in Dacca. He kept on promising me that he would arrange with the International Red Cross to fix a meeting for me. But all these assurances were being given with his tongue in cheek. Obviously he wanted to humiliate our Army further, in order to obviate another take over. After many an attempt in this matter, I took the Law in my own hands.

I rang up Begun, Fazalur Rahman who along with her, son, was, whisked away to U K with my help. She had a good relationship with Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. Her son Sohail was helping Bangladesh to run their Industry, Air Service and Business. She rang back to convey Sheikh Mujibur Rehman's message to me. He said that Sirdar Shaukat Hyat Khan was always welcome to visit Bangladesh. He asked me to come immediately to Singapore and contact him from there I informed Bhutto that I had arranged to visit Sheikh Muiib to settle matters regarding our prisoners and enquired from him to tell me if he wanted me to take up any other matter with Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. At that time in order to appease Pakistan's public opinion he had broken Diplomatic relations with those countries which had recognized the Government of Bangladesh. He even

pulled out of the British Common-Wealth of Nations, which act alone did tremendous harm to Pakistan. He took me into his confidence and under a promise that I would not broadcast his views publically, he wanted me to sound Sheikh Mujibur Rahman regarding the recognition of Bangladesh.

Soon Mussarrat and I left on a tour of the Far East. We reached Singapore where we were received by an old time friend belonging to the Chakwal District, Mr. Mohammad Khan, the President of the Local Muslim Community and a great supporter of Pakistan. Mohammad Khan was a self-made man who started his life as catering contractor for wedding parties of the Royal Families in Malaysia. When I met him first during my earlier visit he was running a Cane and Rattan Business. By now he had become a well-known industrialist and had set up a huge Wood Working Factory in Malaysia, supplying furniture all over the world. He had not only become opulent but was also a known philanthropist in Singapore.

On reaching Singapore I contacted Mujibur Rahman over the telephone. The phone was answered by his son Kamal; the poor boy was brutally murdered later. Kamal had informed me that his father had gone to Japan on an official visit. I told him that he had called me to Singapore in order to visit him. I asked him to contact him and inform him of my arrival Soon. Kamal was back on the telephone and informed me that his father has offered his deep apologies and suggested that I meet him at the Kuala Lumpur Airport where he would arrange for a service stop. At the same time asked me to keep our meeting confidential.

In those days Mr. Taj Abbas was the Manager of the Pakistan International Airlines. They were a very pleasant couple and had a cute little daughter. We still carry affectionate memory of our meeting with the family and our friendship still exists. I confided with Taj that I was on a Special Mission. He arranged my air booking to Kuala Lumpur as well as a booking in the Hilton Hotel under the name of Khan. I informed Kamal that I was leaving for our meeting place. He told me that a reliable officer from Bangladesh Embassy would receive me and I would have to lie low till I meet Mujib. The officer concerned happened to be a son of an old Muslim Leaguer. I told him that he should communicate with Mujib and tell him that the secrecy he has sought for would be completely lost as soon as the Press found me meeting him at the Airport. Mujib got the message and asked the Malaysian Government if his plane could be attended to at their Airport and he was permitted to make a short halt. I think Tunko Abdul Razzaq was the Prime Minister in those days. Since it was month of Ramazan he invited Mujib to an Iftar Party.

Mujib sent me a message that he would direct the Embassy Staff to come and see him off at the Airport on his return from the Party, while the young officer I knew had been instructed to take me to the Bangladesh Embassy, where he would come to meet me Mujibur Rahman came to the Bangladesh Embassy after the Iftar Party. I was sitting

alone waiting for him in the drawing room when Mujib entered. He embraced me and started weeping and said Shaukat Bhai what great sacrifices we made together to achieve Pakistan and see what the Wreckers have done to destroy it "Mujib and I reminisced about our old days for a long time. I asked him if he would like to normalize our relationship and get Pakistan to recognize Bangladesh. He said 'Of course' I told him that public opinion was so hostile on account of India keeping nearly, a hundred thousand Prisoners of War. According to the media these POWs were being mishandled and maltreated there. I said that the news papers had further published that his Government proposed to try some for War Crimes. He would have to prevail on his Government to desist from such a course and recommend to the Government of India to release POWs honorably and let them get back to their homes. Such an action was essential to prepare the atmosphere, for me to achieve this difficult task. I begged him as an old friend and a colleague to agree to this demand and said I would do my utmost to get Bangladesh recognized as a Sovereign State. He kindly replied that as this request was from a person like me who always stood for a fair deal to his people he would accept my request. He said, "You can convey this in a coded message to Bhutto."

"I went straight from the Bangladesh Embassy to Pakistan Ambassador's Residence and conveyed to him the details of my mission and the result requesting Mr. Irtaza Hussain (if I remember correctly) to have the message coded and sent to Islamabad for the President's eyes only. The poor man sat up in the middle of the night to get my message encoded and sent it requesting an early reply. Meanwhile I proposed moving from Kuala Lumpur to Hong Kong from where I planned to proceed to Bangkok. In Bangkok I proposed staying with my dear friend Abdul Ghayur, brother of Late Sardar Abdul Rab Nishter, who was our Ambassador there. I reached Thailand after four days and found a message saying "Well done, carry it on. Further instructions will be conveyed soon."

I sat cooling my heels in Bangkok where we attended the party of the "Lady Minister in charge of Transport along with our Ambassador and his wife to attend their Annual ceremony in November in memory of dead ancestors. They put flowers and candles on little boats and float them in the river. After waiting for four days I gave up any hope of a further message and returned to Islamabad.

That night the Prime Minister was being entertained in the Assembly to a Dinner Party given by the Speaker. My seat was right opposite the Prime Minister's. When he came to occupy his seat he saw me and said, "Shaukat what are you doing here?" I replied, "Since you sent me no further instructions I came back. I did not hear anything for almost a week." Aziz Ahmed the Foreign Minister was sitting near me. Bhutto enquired from him why I had not received his message. Aziz gave some vague reply which had no meaning. Either the Foreign office was opposed to my achieving the object of getting our poor Prisoners of War released or else it was an another one of Bhutto's theatricals.

## Adieu Politics-Resignation From National Assembly-Retirement From Politics:

In 1973 all the leaders of Baluchistan belonging to the NAP were thrown out of the Government including the Governor Ghous Bakhsh Bezinjo on flimsy and concocted charges that they were all anti Pakistan and conspiring to secede. Maulana Mufti Mahmood's coalition Government with NAP resigned in protest. The National Awami Party's entire leadership was incarcerated, including Wali Khan and Ataullah Mengal. I considered it a great danger for the Federation of Pakistan because if Baluchistan and North Western Frontier Province were forced to revolt it might lead to the disruption of the Country. I therefore, took the step on my own initiative as the Leader of the Muslim League Party of approaching Bhutto in his Chambers in the Assembly.

I conveyed to him my fears about the result of his hasty actions in which I was sure he was being prompted by his ally, the Leader of Qayum Muslim League, who was his Minister of Interior and as such in charge of Bhutto's Security and Intelligence. He seemed to agree with my anxiety and my fears and said he wanted to pull the Army out from Baluchistan and also make up with the Leadership of National Awami Party in order to strengthen the Federation. He requested me to persuade Sardar Sherbaz Mazari, an MNA belonging to NAP, to meet him.

I found Sherbaz entering his car to leave. Sardar Sherbaz had long family relations with us. We held mutual respect for each other. I was able to persuade him to settle the problem with Bhutto. He reluctantly agreed and I took him to the Prime Minister's Chamber. They came to an agreement for the release of the imprisoned leadership and promised to have a further dialogue with him to finally settle their matters on the next Thursday.

Khan Qayum's Intelligence conveyed the news to him. Any compromise between the NAP and the PPP would sound the death knell for his politics. He was an expert in dirty tricks and had treated the Red Shirts very harshly during his tenure as the Chief Minister NWFP by ordering the Police to shoot indiscriminately and disperse the meeting that was being held at Bhabra. He, therefore, planned that his FSF men should break into Mazari's House in Karachi where Mazari's wife was living by herself along with household staff, while Sherbaz was attending the Assembly. This dastardly act incensed the proud Baloch, in Sherbaz Mazari, who refused to see Bhutto, thinking that he had double crossed him and had no intention for a settlement.

Bhutto asked me to see him. He swore by whatever was Holy that he had had no hand in the dastardly action. Qayum had arranged the whole drama by himself to annoy Sherbaz, making a detente impossible. He told me that he had none other to approach Sherbaz to bring about a settlement. He therefore begged me as an elder brother to help him solve his dilemma in the interest of Pakistan **I, judging him by in own standards, foolishly believed him most naive act; perhaps it was the greatest folly committed by**

**me in my long political career. He invited me to join the PPP because no one else in his Party could be trusted by the NAP leadership. I unfortunately acquiesced, wishing to save Pakistan from dismemberment. With the benefit of hind sight, I accept it was the gravest and most foolish mistake on my part.**

I clearly showed the Quaid-i-Azam's Manifesto during the 1946 Elections and said that I was joining him on the basis of that philosophy, which he had to implement. He made a clever and rather insulting riposte saying "I assure Sirdar Sahib before this congregation that he has a great future in Pakistan and his Services will be utilized for very high and noble purpose". He mischievously tried to malign me as if, I had accepted to take a job in his Government. A proposition I had shunned ever since the demise of Quaid-i-Azam.

I was invited to his Birthday Party, which he used to hold in a lavish manner at Larkana, but it was not to be. I had been elected as a Member of Namibia Commission by the International Parliamentary Union in preference to an Indian candidate. The meeting was, called in Geneva therefore I had to leave to attend.

On reaching Rome I heard the sudden news that he had decided on General Elections in Pakistan and the Assembly was dissolved. I immediately contacted him over the telephone as I was elected a member on the basis of my membership of the Parliament. The dissolution of the Assembly has removed my credentials. Therefore I suggested to him that a Senator such as Farobq Leghari who was also a Member of our Delegation in Spain, replace me. He agreed.

After informing the Commission of the situation I returned to Pakistan. I applied for a ticket from my own District where I had succeeded earlier. Mumtaz Bhutto and Hafeez Pirzada wanted to award the ticket to their hunting partner Sirdar Sarfraz of Khunda instead of me. They, asked me to select any other constituency which I refused and they were forced to award the ticket to me.

During the Elections I visited the voters and found it bank of goodwill for me and my father still intact. During this election I was shaken by the Superintendent of Police's and the Deputy Commissioner's offer of assistance to win the Elections I told them, "You gentlemen must know that the day I feel the need of official help and assistance to win an Election I would prefer to retire from politics altogether." I won by the largest majority in my constituency - a hundred thousand votes.

As soon as I returned from the Elections I heard that many a prominent leader had been elected unopposed including Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, whose opponent, Maulana Jan Mohammad was abducted without any reason by the then Deputy Commissioner Larkana Mr. Klialid Kharal, who disappeared during Zia's regime but lived to win a reward of becoming a Minister for Information in Benazir's second Government. This

unopposed victory of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was actually an insult for him because the whole world knew that he would have flown through the Elections against poor M. Jan Mohammad. Similarly Pirzada and several other Ministers and Chief Ministers of the Provinces were declared elected unopposed. In addition, many stories of rigging Elections, in several other constituencies were circulating. I was unhappy over this. Now I understood what my District's S.P and D.C. had meant by offering their services to me.

Soon after the Election a race for Offices in the Government was started amongst the PPP Members. I was summoned into the Prime Minister's Chamber where the Governor of Punjab Nawab Abbas Abbasi of Bahawalpur was present. Mr. Bhutto asked me if I would agree to become the Speaker of the National Assembly. I replied that I had not joined this Party to acquire any Office. I had joined just on his own invitation to become a mediator between PPP, ANP and JUI, in the NWFP and Baluchistan. He said, "Sirdar, Sahib, I know that it is not a high enough Office for a person of your standing and dignity, it is going to be a stepping stone to your becoming the President of Pakistan shortly." I asked him jokingly if he wished to make a prisoner of me like Chaurdhy Fazal Elahi, wishing people to scribble slogans on the walls of the Presidency 'Please release Shaukat'. "No thank you, Mr. Prime Minister I have no desire to hold any Office in your Government and I have refused many such offers before. You should have known that I have never accepted an office since the death of Quaid-i-Azam. And I do, not propose to break that rule even now."

Soon public agitation was started by the Opposition Parties against the rigged Elections. I issued a statement saying that re-Elections should be held in all those Seats where there were genuine charges of dishonesty. Bhutto happened to be in Lahore and his so-called *Jialas* (the Brown Shirt hooligans of Hitler), had started trouble. I flew over to Lahore to offer my advice.

I was called to see him in the evening I found that my nephew Sadiq Hussain Qureshi who had been elected unopposed using similar tactics was sitting with him. I told him that he should hold Elections in the questioned seats or even call another General Election as he was bound to win a sure majority if not a two third majority in the Assembly Bhutto turned to Sadiq Qureshi and asked him if he had heard my, opinion. My nephew told him that his uncle had obviously lost his mind and to take no notice of him Mr. Bhutto sent him away. He sat for some considerable time without uttering a word. I turned round and said, "Zulfi you are under a great stress, on account of the sin of your supporters. I advise you to get a bottle and get some sleep." He turned round said that he had given up drinking whisky. Then I suggested he should call a doctor to prescribe something to put him to sleep. Thereafter I asked for his leave. He said 'Shaukat please come and see me again'. Two days later when I rang up his Military Secretary to enquire if the PM still required me to stay in Lahore, the message came back that I should join him for a cup of tea that afternoon. When I was taken to the

Prince of Wales Suite in the Government House, I found him sitting in the Varandha with his legs stretched on the table and he was smoking a Churchill Cigar. Tea things were laid on the table. He was trying to convey, that he was in full control of his nerves. I turned round and said, "Zulfi, all this drama does not impress me. You are in trouble whether you accept it or not. Please allow me to return to Islamabad if you have no further need for my advice." Which he did.

Later it was as a consequence of my appeal for sanity that I was thrown out of the Party. I had shown alarm over the report of the Prime Minister's speech at the Worker's Rally on the 15th. This meant a direct confrontation between the PPP and PNA on the streets. The same day worse happened. Some people were killed and other seriously injured in a PPP-PNA Clash. I had called a hurried Press Conference at mid-night to appeal for peace and recommend a political dialogue.

Mr. Pirzada rang me up while I was meeting the Press and told me that all was well PNA had been routed in Lahore that day like earlier in Karachi. I told him that it was an ill omen for the country that its poor people were being killed. We had to desist or else we would be embroiled in a bloody Civil War. In my statement I only said "I appeal to all MNA's to get together in Islamabad and collectively inform the Prime Minister of actual situation in their Constituencies instead of his becoming dependent on dubious reports from Intelligence Agencies, mostly colored and false. Let the People's Representatives ponder over the dangerous atmosphere of confrontation which is looming over our heads and might well lead us into a civil war"

Various MNAs contacted me and at the request of some I came down to Lahore. They were contemplating resignations. After discussion we arrived at a consensus to demand the enacting of certain Laws and the holding of General Elections afresh. Anwar Ali Noon Mian Salah ud Din and I were chosen to meet the Prime Minister.

He asked me why I had issued a statement on the 15th which was his sole prerogative as the Chairman. Had I done so under some foreign influence? He was told by me that the Nation's well-being was more important to me, than that of any person or a Party. By joining the PPP I had not abdicated my right to express my feelings and that I was alarmed at the killings at Lahore, on account of his rash utterances.

We told Bhutto that instead of taking any extreme step we wanted to place our demands before him. He informed us that he had a major breakthrough with the Opposition in the previous twelve hours which was weakening Pir Pagara had spoken to him over the telephone after five years. Nawabzada had spoken to Mufti and Nasim Wali Khan. They along with Jamaat Islami and Sherbaz Mazari would be prepared to accept Yahya Bakhtiar's formula enacting prohibition and creating a Commission on Islamic laws. He expected only Asghar Khan to take up a stand against it. He asked the three of us not to take an extreme step which might jeopardize his negotiations.



I told him that Pirzada's telephone talk the night before did not augur well for the peace and tranquility of Pakistan. Pirzada denied that he had ever spoken on these lines I told him that he was not speaking the truth and the matter may be settled by playing the tape-recording of our conversation, as I am not in the habit of telling lies. The Prime Minister asked Pirzada to drop. The subject, I further told him firmly that if he doubted my integrity and patriotism, which he had been so unkind as to hint at, by asking if I was acting under foreign pressure, he should have known better because I had been fighting against foreign Rulers and Hindu Supremacy in India unlike those who were with him I have been meeting diplomats, of various countries all my life. Foreign Diplomats were not so naive as to take the liberty to suggest any action to me on national matters. A person with my record does not give in the matter of patriotism to any mother's son in Pakistan. The Prime Minister immediately climbed down and said he had no doubt about my antecedents and intentions and that I had misunderstood him.

On our return it was the consensus of all the signatories to release a statement to the Press so that the people might know that members belonging to the People's Party agreed to the enactment of Shariat and were prepared to support the holding of the Elections again.

That night I was peremptorily thrown out of the People's Party. In my case it was an apt-proverb 'Give a dog a bad name and then hang him', I have been a persistent victim of this motto throughout my long political career. The British Governor Glancy in 1944 disliking my advice to the late Malik Khizar Hayat Khan to obey the Quaid-i-Azam and resign with me, used a flimsy excuse to dismiss me. The underlying notion was to overawe and discourage the Punjabis from following the Quaid. Mr. Bhutto again singled me out for a similar honor out of many Punjabi MNAs in the Party. He choose to remove me from his Party to punish me for my speaking straight and to overawe the Punjabis in all walks of life. History had repeated itself. Punjabis once again picked up cudgels for the survival of Pakistan just as ardently as they had done against Colonial Rulers for creating Pakistan. They had to go through a blood bath and sacrifice their lives and property then as they were determined to do now.

In the end of both of my tormentors were to lose their high pedestals.

My fault has always been outspokenness. I was told that it was counter to the People's Party practice. Straight talk in the face of a cruel and brutal ruler has been a part of my faith, following the advice of the Holy Prophet and demand for consultation was tabooed for the PPP MNA's. Moreover, my presence unduly worried the party hierarchy which was nervous on account of my reputation for being a stickler to principles.

It is ironic that only three weeks earlier I was asked to accept the high office of the Speaker, which I had declined. My only desire and request was that my advice, when given on important national issues as a humble worker, should be heeded. I gave a statement to the Press saying, "Now that the prime Minister in his wisdom has decided peremptorily to throw me out of the party, I feel that democratic ethics demand that I should resign my seat fought on PPP ticket. I am doing so now. It is a seat in my District and I shall be prepared to take on any opponent that he can select"

Finally I announced my retirement from politics to atone for the sin that I had committed by foolishly joining the Fascist People's Party.

Zulfikar Ali Bhutto had various weaknesses. Firstly he could not stand criticism of his action, however true and made in good faith. The other was that he could not forget or forgive any slight. In my case he even remembered the trivial incident of his visit to my House in Lahore, after he had resigned from Ayub's Cabinet bringing with him a communication from Miss Jinnah that Bhutto was desirous of joining the Muslim League and requesting me to see him and discuss the matter.

He arrived at a time when I had two other visitors from Sindh, namely Nawab Zahid Ali and Nawab Muzaffar both refugees from India settled in Sindh. They were very much opposed to him. I therefore met him out on the verandah separately to save him any embarrassment, while I left the other gentlemen in the drawing room. Bhutto considered it to be an insult that I should see him out in the Verandah. He recounted this incident to me several times later.

Similarly he was incensed by my parting Statement issued to the Press when thrown out of the PPP.

Early in the morning the Police called to fetch me. They took me to the Aabpara Police Station where they asked me to sit in the room next to SHO's till they received instructions as to which Jail I had to be taken to. My cousin Siddique Butt had come up to the Police Station with me. He saw Mr. Mark Tully the BBC representative in Islamabad and told him that I had been arrested and was sitting in the room next to that of the SHO's and he could see me through the window, which he did. He asked me on what grounds I had been arrested, I told him that I was considered a hazard to the Public Safety and Order since quitting PPP. He immediately communicated the news to the BBC which broadcast it from London. The next morning it appeared all over in the Press.

I was taken to the Rawalpindi District Jail where I was lodged in a compound which was originally meant for the women prisoners. It consisted of four cubicals, one for me and another as the kitchen, the third as a night lavatory and the fourth for the prisoner's, servants. I was allowed to walk within the small compound where a day

time bath room was also located. The switches for the lights and the fan were located outside in the Compound. I insisted on having them moved inside and also having the rooms white washed; I insisted that wire gauze should be fixed in the window, and the bars of the door in my room should be covered for the sake of privacy. I also demanded permission to have my own radio and television, which was granted. The Deputy Superintendent of the Jail at that time enquired why I was taking such pains to have all these amenities provided. I told him jokingly that these rooms would soon be occupied by my tormentor, Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, a prediction that unfortunately came true.

Unfortunately on account of the new white-wash my cell became damp and I suffered from cold and asthma, which seemed to have triggered my old heart ailment and I was suddenly removed to the Federal Government Hospital in Rawalpindi.

Meanwhile negotiations started between the Combined Opposition Parties (COP) whose leadership was kept in Sihala Rest House. Ninety nine percent of the points were settled and only the matter of signing the Accord was left to be completed, when the cunning and wily General, promoted above seven of his seniors and who had sworn his fealty to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto on the Holy Quran, struck at mid-night and imposed yet another Martial Law on our unfortunate country.

I had been released on completion of my two months detention; Sherbaz Mazari was staying with me in my House. A Major arrived in the small hours with an escort to arrest Sherbaz.

Then the reign of terror descended on the country from that night. Zia began by arresting Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and others. PPP was banned and its workers arrested and the 'Zia-Model' of Islamic Justice began. Workers were mercilessly punished with humiliating and degrading Public Whipping. The flogging was exhibited on PTV. He tried to frighten and subjugate all and sundry.

All the politicians were ordered to give an account of their assets from the time they entered politics in Pakistan. I was called to the Military Court of Enquiry at Lahore to submit mine. Months went by. At the end of it, only about five of us were declared completely clean. In the mean time the Generals were appointed as Martial Law Administrators in all the Provinces where they were also very strict in creating fear in the minds of the people. All the licensed arms were confiscated as if they were going to be used in an uprising. Even my Arms, which were exempted from license as an ex-Service man, were taken over. I protested to General Iqbal that it was an unwise policy to deprive all the peace-loving citizens of their arms. None of the arms usually used by criminals were licensed or registered, therefore his Order was only exposing law abiding citizens to the hazard of being looted or injured by the decoits and criminals. I received a curt and disrespectful reply from the General, who was not in the Army when I had retired to become a Minister.

## CHAPTER - 13

### ZIA AND AFTERMATH

"Your guide no firm conviction holds  
No rapture your prayers impart,

Such vain and useles worship quit  
Company with such leader part."

Iqbal - Bal-i-Jibril

Bhutto was in a worse predicament. He was arrested along with five policemen, for the murder of Ahmed Raza Kasuri's father. Bhutto's order to fix Ahmed Raza up for having defied him while he was a member of the Peoples Party was misinterpreted or misunderstood by his FSF deputed for the purpose. They thought that it meant killing Ahmed Raza. He was driving from a function where he had accompanied his father. They opened fire on his car accidentally killing his father instead of him. Now this charge was brought up against Bhutto as an accessory. He was tried by the Lahore High Court presided over by the Chief Justice Mushtaq Ahmed a Muslim League worker. I sensed from the press reports, as also from other sources, that they proposed to hang Bhutto as an accessory to the murder.

I happened to be visiting the High Court on some work and passed the door of the Chief Justice's Chamber. I enquired if he was present. On receiving an affirmative reply I asked his Secretary if he could check whether the Chief Justice was free to see me. He called me in and showed me all respect. I said, 'Mushtaq, I hear that you propose hanging six people for the murder of one man. Would it be just, under the British Jurisprudence or under the Islamic Law, to do so? If the news is correct does not he realize that if his Judgment is quashed by the Supreme Court he will be placing his own person in danger of reprisals by the People Party.' He told me that he had been solemnly assured by a majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court that his Judgment would be upheld by the Supreme Court.

Then Chief Justice Mushtaq added another miscarriage of Law to many others pronounced by our Courts. Five men were hanged for the murder of one. The Supreme Court upheld the Judgment as had been predicted by Chief Justice Mushtaq. Only two Judges, namely Mr. Justice Durab Petal, and one Muslim Judge and Mr. Justice Safdar Shah had the courage to disagree. Poor Safdar Shah had to quit his country to save

himself from the vengeance of General Zia. Bhutto was hanged On the phoney charge. May be it was a punishment for some other sin, such as the murder of East Pakistan.

I wonder if Zia ul Haq's own end was not a quirk of fate on account of his own cruel actions. Zia's promised Election never came about nor did any of his much heralded Islamic Constitution.

When a historian eventually writes about his regime he will not fail to point out some of his misdemeanors: such as when the Jordanian Army Arab soldiers refused to fire on the helpless Palestinians refugees, even disobeying their monarch's orders. It is said that Zia, who was a Military Advisor only, himself got into the tank and shot those poor souls, killing and wounding many. Nor would the writer miss the story of the Sale of American munitions, meant for Afghan Rebels, to other countries with the connivance of General Abdul Rehman and later enacting the drama of the Ojheri Depot Blast, killing many Afghans who had come to load the munitions for conveying to the Afghan Rebels, also killing many others belonging to Pakistan who were working at the Ordnance Depot, just because the American Inspection Team was expected to arrive the next morning. Then who will miss his connivance and help to Heroin Smugglers from Afghanistan to carry the dreadful substance to other countries, creating millions of addicts in Pakistan, including both males and females young and old, ruining their entire families? Last but not least of his heinous crimes was allowing the epidemic of corruption which spread amongst our bureaucrats as well as Members of a *Shoora* (a name used for the Advisory Body of the Caliph in early days of Islam!) and the people at large. Do these acts earn him the title of *Mard-e-Momin* and *Mard-e-Haq* (A pious and a truthful Muslim)?

I had occasion to meet him just once in his eleven year's rule. He acted as a very humble and God-fearing person. After discussing some of the National problems he turned to me and asked me, "Sirdar Sahib, please tell me if I can be of any personal service to you:" This shook me. It seemed as if he wanted to buy me. I politely asked him to please pray to Almighty God that He does not relegate me to a position in which I have to beseech help from any other than Himself.

All he did for Islam was to corrupt many Imams of mosques by allowing them perks from the Zakat Funds, in order to use them for his own personal propaganda and publicity from the pulpit, quite contrary to the prescribed use, of Zakat Funds, as prescribed by Islam. Finally he misused the name of Islam to get an extension to his Office of President by a Referendum which asked people to vote if they approved of his Islamic actions, if they voted in the affirmative he would consider it a vote of election for himself to rule for another term of Office.

I cannot forget it because my son Maqbool was getting married on that day. When we were passing Polling Stations we found most of them empty but for the Election

officials who were seen busy stamping the ballot papers by themselves. He won hands down! He used Islam only as a facade to hide many a crime that he committed.

Does he deserve the annual expense of millions by his successors on the flags alone to commemorate his air crash? And who is financing it and how

The worst legacy he left behind him was his illegal amendments to our unanimously adopted constitution through Martial Law Orders. The worst was the Eighth Amendment on account of which the entire Nation has suffered. This was the most draconian amendment, which he left behind, allowing powers to the President to dismiss the duly elected Parliament. This has been used so often by his equally unprincipled successor who had made a mockery of the constitution.

Elections to the Assembly has become a lucrative business. Consequently the election expenses have spiraled.

The 'Horse-Trading' has increased the election expenses in every constituency because of greed. Unlike our days when one got elected on the basis of service and popularity. In my own case the six elections that I have contested have not cost me even one hundred thousand Rupees, in all my elections put together. Today's Assemblies are becoming almost akin to prostitution, where the members' bodies are on sale!!

If someone asks me to give the reasons which contributed to damaging the great spirit of patriotism and sacrifice, generated by the Muslim League before 1947, and what made our people forget the holocaust at the time of partition, the murder of half a million Muslim People of East Punjab and abduction of a hundred thousand of our women, and the abandonment of their abode by five million 'people of East Punjab, my answer would be as follows:

1. Greed and Corruption;
2. Ghulam Mohammad and the Civil Servants
3. Ayub Khan with an ambition which led him beyond his Oath of Loyalty; followed by other military dictators,
4. Misuse of the name of Islam without any practical imposition of Islamic social laws by General Zia.
5. Inexperienced and inept political leadership.

It started with the Evacuee Property and Business left behind by the non-Muslims. It created such greed and competition for acquisition of wealth that our people forgot the

spirit of Islam and adopted instead, Lashkmi Devi the Hindu. Goddess of Wealth as an ideal for their emancipation.

Secondly Ghulam Mohammad and his Accounts Service assumed for itself the, sole right to patriotism and wisdom, committing heinous crimes of disloyalty to the Constitution. In these intrigues of Ghulam Mohammad, the Guru of the Accounts Service, Chaudry Mohammad Ali has also to accept a share of the blame for bringing him into the Cabinet and then pushing him up to the Governor-General's office. Later Ghulam Mohammad played havoc by disallowing the proper and rightful succession by the Politicians, stealing for himself the all powerful Office of the Governor-General, by trickery. Supplanting the most appropriate and honest successor to Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan after his murder, Sardar Abdul Rab Nishtar. He held on to his ill-gotten selfishly assumed Office for five whole years, destroying the very fabric of honesty, fairplay and Justice during this period, leading to the most dishonest judgment in the history of Jurisprudence under the so-called "Law of Necessity" announced by his clansman Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He dishonestly upheld Ghulam Mohammed's most dastardly act the dissolution of the Sovereign Constituent Assembly, created by the Indian Independence Act passed by the British Parliament in 1947 and remained as a leech sucking the Nation's blood till he was removed from his illegitimately acquired Office, by the Generals, under the orders of the CSP, Defence Secretary Iskander Mirza, at the gun-point on account of his senility. Iskander Mirza after having himself elected President under a Constitution hammered out through the efforts of that honest Accountant turned Prime Minister Chaudhri Mohammad Ali. Iskander was himself removed by very person whose shoulders he had used to climb up to his august Office - General Ayub Khan.

General Ayub Khan was a man with an insatiable ambition, who had planned the demise of democracy. According to his own book, he wrote the plan on his way to America, thus giving birth to the 'doctrine of disloyalty' to the Oath of his Office, which was to be emulated by his successors. This enabled those employed to guard our House to assume its ownership, unlawfully.

Before return to the conduct of our politicians I would like to repeat my retort to General(R) Aslam Beg when he asked for a permanent role for the Defence Forces in the Administrative affairs of the country, forgetting the havoc created by the troika consisting of the Commander-in-Chief, the CSP President and the Prime Minister.

Among other things I mentioned that I had seen his suggestions regarding the permanent role he wished to create for our Armed Forces on a similar pattern to what was practiced during totalitarian system practiced by the communist Dictatorship, in Russia of yore. I opined that it seemed that the wrongful assumption of power still holds a great attraction for our avaricious and ever hungry Generals. Such a life of ease and luxury which was enjoyed by them during the reign of usurpers like General Ayub

Khan and more so under General Zia. Those two created many lavish and previously unheard of perks for their Defence Constituency which they seem still to yearn for. The Generals seemed to be missing the carrion which they had enjoyed during that period, a largesse far beyond the means of our poor nation. A resort to uncontrolled borrowing to provide themselves with expensive Armament, which were destined to become useless scrap in the course of time but leading to our continued 'Bondage to the Lenders.' Some of the Commanders earned huge kick backs, and even migrated abroad to enjoy their spoils, some on their Ranches in USA.

In consequence of the vested interest created by the Generals for themselves, they have drowned us up to our eyes in debt. As a consequence of the wasteful expenditure we are today lagging far behind other nations, who won their Independence even later than us. They are far ahead of us today, where their national development of their countries and the welfare of their people is concerned. Enough is enough, Generals.

The modern Generals in Pakistan do not seem to know the meaning of "A Nation at Arms" as practiced in Israel and Singapore, even richer countries than ours. I had suggested this course way back in the fifties during a debate in the Assembly, that we should follow, the examples of National Service, adopted by other countries, to train every young educated Pakistani who attains the age of eighteen, to take compulsory training for a year or so in the Armed Forces and thereafter become a National Reserve, we would create a very effective and large Defence Force, at a much smaller expense. I do not accept their lame excuse that the training in modern arms has become far too complicated for a person to learn, in, one year's training.

These young Generals were not born when, during the Second World War, it was decided that the Horse Cavalry should become the Armored Corps. I was, at the time, a Cavalryman, and I saw with my own eyes how young village yokels basically trained as horse men became adept in handling tanks within six months. The only trouble with Commanders is that they lack enough patriotism to be frugal and have their cloth cut according to our national means. This country cannot afford the luxury of an expensive Defence Force. We have already seen the efficiency of their armaments and training in the two Wars of 1965 and 1971 both of which we lost in; matter of days not months. In our Nation it is a must to create love for the Country on account of the welfare benefits that their Country provides them so as to enthuse them to fight for every inch of their sacred home-land.

Do they know that a determined and patriotic nation cannot be conquered. I know how Britain defended its freedom against well prepared and equipped Germans? During the Second World War I was in England and beheld personally the Home Guards, who were carrying old shot guns, even blunderbuss or armed with prongs used for stacking hay; their spirit was indomitable. The Generals must learn that we created this country



without any, army or armaments. It was created through the sheer will-power of our great leader and the grit of our people.

Probably all the Generals, even Zia, had not entered the Army when Quaid-i-Azam took up cudgels against the economic emasculation of the Muslim People by the Hindus and the British, in 1940 at Lahore. Nor would they know that he founded the country to run a democratic system of government, similar to that created in the United Kingdom, at the time when King John, was forced to accept their Bill of Rights, some six hundred years ago. In two hundred years of Democracy created in the United States not a single General or the Armed Forces have ever tried to snatch the powers from the Congress. Nor has any Indian General ever tried to displace the democratic government of India in the past forty-seven years. On what basis does our Army claim the Divine Right to Rule our people - their real masters and employers? The Army is maintained to fight and defend the country but not to govern it.

To conclude, Pakistan fell a victim to the nefarious designs of an inept General Ayub Khan to be followed by a debauch, General Yahya and later Zia-ul Haq. The corruption started by Ghulam Mohammad went one step further during Ayub's regime where he helped himself as well as his son. Yahya was only a debauch, but Zia broke all records of dishonesty and corruption, stooping down to theft of American Arms and its sales to other countries, with the assistance of his cohorts such as General Abdul Rehman, and such, who permitted heroin smuggling.

During General Zia's regime the country suffered from the gross mismanagement on account of him and his avaricious Generals, untrained for the job they had undertaken by force. Some of them were accused of becoming God-fathers of narcotics-smugglers, gun-runners and guilty of extreme forms of corruption. By following a system which bankrupted the Country. Zia tainted both the Military, the Civil Services, even the Judiciary, and his creature in Politics. He had the distinction of first sustaining and then eliminating Bhutto, making him a martyr. He was also responsible for the creation of Businessmen Politicians such as Nawaz Sharif, a protégé of his Governor of the Punjab, General Jilani and later adopting Nawaz for himself. A novice in Politics transformed into becoming the Prime Minister almost overnight, with no qualifications for such an important office. Long live the self proclaimed savior of his Islam!

To a simple practitioner of Islam like me the real spirit of Islam lies in unswerving faith in Oneness of God and following Islam's basic principles:

1. Kalima -Declaration of One's Faith in God and His Prophet;
2. Prayers - Worship of God'and complete submission to His Will;
3. Roza - Abnegation, (through Fasting);

4. Zakat - Charity for the poor and needy;
5. Hajj - Congregation at Mecca to create unity and encourage mutual consultation and to serve common interests;

All these lead to Taqwa - a Pious behavior, avoidance of falsehood, complete banning of corruption, shunning of pomp and show, kindness to young and the poor, respect of age and its wisdom, Honesty and Truth.

Apart from the malpractices enumerated in the last but one para, Zia encouraged pomp and show, such as lining the entire roads with policemen from Rawalpindi to Islamabad, to show his strength, and to over-awe the people. He moved between two points with a bevy of escort cars in front on the sides and in the rear led by Jeeps blowing sirens to appease the ruler's own vanity. I remember Sir Zafrullah Khan, the Foreign Minister, reply to a foreigner's question as to the utility of his gun man. He told him, "He is the man who would shoot the man who shoots me!"

Zia's actions were emulated and added to by his successors with a vengeance: the building of palatial residences for the Prime Minister, spending millions and more of this poor Nation's resources, in furnishing them; creating shooting galleries for a President, just for the correction of the incumbent's aim; Air (Safaris) Junkets carrying plane loads of favorites and the court jesters, either to visit other States or for performing Umras and Hajj at the Government's expense. I wonder who will earn the '*Sawab*.' (benefit or reward) for it. Legislators and Officials are sent abroad at huge Government expense for the treatment of personal ailments, generally available in Pakistan. There is a saying in the Urdu Language "*Halwai Ki Dukan and Nanajec Ka Fateha*," (you throw a feast at the expense of the confectioner for the benefit of your grandfather's soul). Today most expensive cars are being imported for the Prime Ministers or their families, duty-free, at the expense of our poor country.

I can well recall the simplicity adopted by the founding fathers of our country: Quaid-i-Azam travelling into huge meetings without any escort to protect him, with just one pilot motorcyclist to warn of his arrival. The first Prime Minister travelling on ordinary Orient Airways Plane along with other paying passengers. We as Ministers and Members of the National Assembly used to travel by the Economy Class. No-one seems to remember that we did not even have a proper Secretariat at Karachi to start with. The Officers sat in temporary, barracks, without today's modern facilities. The offices were bare of carpets. I remember visiting Karachi in the beginning when accommodation was scarce and I was put up by the then Secretary-General, Chaudhri Mohammad Ali. The only furniture I found in my bed room was a bed covered with a clean sheet and another sheet to cover myself, with only one chair and small table. This was the standard that even the most senior bureaucrat, maintained. I can also remember my

first official house bare of any furniture. I had to bring my personal furniture in order to make my official residence presentable for Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru who was to stay in my house as he had refused to live at Government House whose occupant at the time was a British Governor Sir Francis Mudie. I remember how Quaid-i-Azam and Miss Jinnah checked even the trivial, expense in the Governor General House to save the burden on the Nation and the Quaid himself charging just one rupee as a token salary from the Nation's coffers.

Zia left us a legacy of tons of lies, deceptions, lavish standards of living and free-for-all loot. In addition to tampering with Justice, he allowed inefficiency, greed and corruption to become epidemic. In religion he cleverly encouraged schism, sectarianism and disunity, between various schools of thought each calling the other a infidel. Calling names seems to have become a part of our culture.

In Politics he gave birth to Constitutional Amendments such as the Eighth Amendment and obtained a seal of sanctity from a servile Chief Justice Anwarul Haq.

The Soldiers, Services; Mullahs and Politicians must accept the part that they played in the unhindered downhill progress of Pakistan, towards the abyss and sure destruction.

"Blood flows no - longer in the veins,  
Purpose and desires exist no more  
Prayers, Fasts, Sacrifice and Hadj  
Rituals, remain but no longer You."

Iqbal - Bal-i-Jibril

The period of Ghulam Ishaque Khan's Presidency will be remembered by his free use of the Eighth Amendment created by his predecessor to begin with he encouraged the pent-up emotions of the voters who were tired of being ruled by unprincipled Generals. The Muslim Nation has an inborn sympathy for the Party that seems to have been a victim of oppression and injustice, since Imam Hussain's martyrdom; and by allowed Benazir to form the Government. But at the same time Ishaque manipulated helped and helped Nawaz Sharif achieve a majority, through the purchase of the loyalties of the Independents in the Punjab Assembly. With a purpose to sow disunity and dissension between the largest Province and the Central Government. Thereafter the President who had sworn to protect the Constitution started playing a cat and mouse game between the Government and the Opposition. Thereby he gave birth to a new term in our body Politic, 'Horse Trading', whereby each Party vied with each other to purchase the loyalties of Members. The price shot up to the extent of ten million Rupees. Benazir's Government was not completely unblemished; equally horrendous acts were and are being performed by her Party also.

He created an atmosphere of disagreement and distrust between the Prime Minister and himself. To assert his will over the Government he dismissed the elected Parliament, under the Eighth Amendment. At the same time he created many a case through a 'Cell' created in the Presidents House to concoct those cases against the Prime Minister and her spouse and placed them as reference before the 'Special Courts' created for trials. Poor Zardari spent the next two years in jail awaiting trials. All that Ishaque achieved was a colossal expenditure on trials to appease his vanity, by squandering millions of the Nation's funds to pay the lawyers' fees and just to justify himself. This was all in vain because when the next PPP Government came into Power, after a later Election all the cases against Benazir's Regime fell like nine pins. He had burdened, the nation with the colossal expense of another General Elections in 1990 under a Care-taker Government led by Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi. Jatoi himself confessed later that it was the special Cell created in the Presidency which manipulated those Elections in order to bring Nawaz Sharif into Power.

Later still he had confrontation with Nawaz Sharif over the Eighth Amendment and dismissed him. Nawaz went to the Supreme Court. The Court's decision was like a breath of fresh air after over forty years. They decided the case against President Ishaque. The name of Chief Justice Nasim and Judges of his Courts should be written in gold for their exemplary decision.

The later highly objectionable and unfair and uncalled for insinuations by Benazir and her Party men, did not do credit to murdered Bhutto's daughter said that the decision was on account of the glitter of gold.

Later still the foxy President made use of Benazir his erstwhile victim and the Chief Minister of NWFP Mir Afzal Khan to threaten a long march from NWFP and the Punjab against the Centre. This would have been a sheer insurrection created by the jilted President to assuage his personal pride without even a thought that he was pushing Pakistan towards the precipice and eventual disintegration and destruction but just to appease ins vanity and to secure his self interest. He was the perfect practitioner of Divide and Rule Par Excellence!

The situation was saved by the timely intervention of an apolitical army command. This insisted on Benazir and Mir Afzal to stop their threatened anti-national long march and accepting Nawaz Sharif's condition of packing home President Ishaque Khan. Thus paving way for fresh election under a non-political government presided over by an ex-World Bank Executive.

But it seems the whole exercise proved to be an exercise in futility. Both the opposing parties failed to achieve a clear majority in the Parliament in three out of four provinces, resulting in a most vicious spate of 'horse-trading' everywhere.

Today each party is increasing its use of invective against the other. The country has become even more unstable due to puerile politicians who are vying with each other in a race towards the Nation's destruction on account of prevailing confusion and rampant corruption. For one who has played a small part in Pakistan's creation the present state of affairs is a nightmare. It is soul destroying.

May God save us from such guardians of our destinies.

## CHAPTER - 14

### EPILOGUE

If I were to draw a profit and loss account to assess my gains and losses in thirty five years of my political career the losses would pertain mainly to my worldly goods:

The first was the loss of fertile land in Sahiwal (Montgomery) District, earmarked on account of my father's services, which was withdrawn after my refusal to accept the Governor's advice to desert Quaid-i-Azam and the Muslim League.

The second was illegal confiscation and misappropriation of the Associated Cement Factory at Wah. The acquisition of which had been formally agreed between the Indian owners and me, and based on my father's contractual rights; this happened because I had failed to fulfill the Dictators demand to provide a small share of managing agency to his nominee.

The third was the loss of 'Hyat Center' and two and a half acres of prime Lahore land on which it stood. Both were worth some Rupees Ten Crores on account of a loan of eighty one lakhs, partly repaid; which was bolstered despite my repeated requests to the Bank and Government Departments (for ten long years) to declare it a 'Blocked Account' because all sales had dried up on account of the careless pronouncement of the Finance Minister that black money was being diverted to purchase of shops etc., in new Plazas.

Habib Bank forcing us to sell this valuable property, in which we had invested by selling our valuable agricultural land in Sargodha, to someone specially selected by them, for a paltry sum of Two Crores and Twenty Lakhs. My family and I suffering a loss of Eight Crores on account of a loan of Eighty Lakhs originally advanced to us.

Perhaps the greatest loss I suffered was on account of own naivety of accepting Mr. Bhutto's invitation to join the PPP. When negotiations with Sherbaz Mazari broke down on account of the dastardly action by the Federal Security Force (FSF) in his Karachi House, the Chairman invited me in the interest of Pakistan's unity; to join the PPP, and bring about a reapproachment between them and the National Awami party in Baluchistan and the NWFP which invitation I had foolishly accepted. I had to atone for it by resigning from the National Assembly and voluntarily quitting politics for good. This was an intangible loss for me. On the profit side would be:

Firstly, the confidence and the affection I received from the Muslims.

Secondly, the satisfaction of achieving Pakistan.

And lastly I am happy to have been able to live up to the *Sunnah* of the Holy Prophet (PBUH) by resisting a demand of a bribe in lieu of the Associated Cement Company.

Though I have been, forced to part with ninety five percent of my inherited property, to be able to exist uphill today. I have the satisfaction of not having sold my soul to achieve a political or a monetary gain, or of accumulating wealth by unfair means. God in his kindness has saved me from begging a favor of anyone other than Himself. I am most grateful to the Almighty God for His benign favors and kindness.

I am certain in my mind that, those who have amassed wealth by unfair means, shall not carry any of it with them to their graves and shall live in constant fear of a guilty-conscience. In comparison with, them I have the advantage of having none of these fears and I fall asleep within a few minutes of my lying in the bed, without any qualms to have fallen to worldly temptation - Allah be thanked.

Pakistan today is at its Nadir, where its political situation is concerned and this has a direct bearing on its foreign policy and economy. Corruption thefts, deceit and immorality, addiction, greed and dishonesty are at their Zenith. Politicians of today are on sale. Each political party is pointing its finger at the other, whether belonging to the opposition or in the ruling party. Each is accusing the other of robbing Banks and Cooperative Saving Institutions or the Nation itself. From the President to a Peon, all are being accused of bribery and corruption. No-one's honor is safe. Armed robbery rape and abductions, daily shootings and *dacoities* seem to have become a fashion today. The real patriotic Pakistani is ashamed of the state of our affairs. Oblivious to the National interests our political leaders are busy using invective against each other. The *Ulemas* turned-politicians are not far behind at hurling curses at each other sectarianism and *fatawas* (edicts) galore are being issued declaring people of the other sects infidels. In short the country is going under. The poor and middle classes are being crushed and groaning under cost of living. The Nation is literally drowning on account of lavish and uncontrolled spending by its Rulers. One is forced to ask whither Pakistan? The seems intent on rushing towards the abyss ad its doom.

Some say we are heading towards an uncontrolled revolution on the pattern of the eighteenth century. French upheaval leading to lawlessness and cruelty.

Others predict that nothing can save us from a heavenly punishment It is God's tradition that in the beginning He imposes a cruel Ruler oversuch ungrateful sinner if they do not mend their ways He destroys them replaces them with a God-fearing people.

As a born optimist I would not preach hopelessness I am still sanguine I remember being told that it takes four generations to transform a poor wretch into a rich man both mentally as well as physically. The first generation accumulates wealth by fair means or foul the second vies with each other in squandering it on worldly pleasure the third become wiser on account of their forebears' short-comings and seeks education, finally the fourth becomes mentally rich. They then spend their wealth on philanthropic causes. They fear God and do the right. At this stage they become really Rich.

Pakistan is still young only forty-seven years old. We are sure to read the third and fourth generations. I have a tremendous faith in our posterity it is bound to react to the rat race in which their parents are involved and thereby become worthy of being true Muslims believing in total submission to the Almighty's will.

I am not despondent about our young people. They will learn from the sad experience of their forbears. They are sure to revolt against today's waywardness and create a better and ethical world of a grateful and God-fearing people

"Despair not for Hopelessness spells  
decline of Wisdom and of Knowledge."

Iqbal - Bal-i-Jabril



## APPENDICES

At times I was so seriously alarmed by the great peril facing the Nation from within that I could no longer remain helpless spectator watching the Nation slide inexorably towards its disintegration and doom. I was forced to address the Chief of the Army Staff and at times others to intervene. Below are two such wails of anguish.

### Appendix - I

May 24, 1993.

My dear Waheed,

This is a letter of a seventy-eight year old, retired follower of Quaid-i-Azam who had enjoyed the affection of your father and was a protégé of your revered uncle, Sardar Abdul Rab Nishtar, who was a paragon of virtue and who had earned an impeccable reputation for honesty.

This communication is from an ex-soldier, trained to call a 'Spade a Spade' whatever its consequences. I have followed this motto throughout my long career, without ever fearing the powers that be.

I am horrified to perceive that our beloved Country, which we were able to put together, is sliding inexorably towards an abyss as a result of the perpetuation of the infamous 'Law of necessity' initiated by Munir to justify the diabolical act of dissolution of the Assembly by his clansman Ghulam Mohammad way back in 1950s an enunciation of a law which shall always be remembered as a perversity and a travesty of justice.

Ever since then the country has become a hostage to adventurers, devoid of decency of honesty and of patriotism. It led to the alienation of all honorable men like your late lamented Uncle from the National Politics and in consequence the country became a prey to Charlatans like Iskander Mirza and Ayub, Yahya and Bhutto, surpassed now by the present CSP incumbent, Ishaq.

While I hold no brief for Ishaq's pawns and creatures like Nawaz and Benazir, I do feel strongly for and I am a loyal protagonist of the Parliamentary system institutions deplly wronged by Ghulam Mohammad, Zia and Ishaq. Unless we save them here and now we shall be consigning the Nation to sure disintegration and will become a prey to the slavery of our enemies.

The rule of law, faith and fearless honesty of the Quaid-i-Azam and his loyal followers like my Father and your late revered Uncle can only rescue our benighted land.

The Supreme Court is sitting in Judgment over the evil machinations of man on the Hill. The only recourse left to the scoundrels is to involve the Armed Forces by declaring an Emergency recourse which would surely place the Armed Forces on Trial - a recourse which has failed miserably before during Ayub, Yahya and Zia regimes.

My sincere advice, as a man without any personal axe to grind, to you and all other young men in Uniform today is to eschew becoming tools of Machiavelli's designs. You all must spear-head a Nation at Arms against all evils National or International.

I am certain that you will prove that you are a worthy son of your forebears and would place the derailed Nation of Ghulam Mohammad - Munir era, back on the straight path.

May God guide you.

Your affectionately  
Sd/-  
(SIRDAR SHOUKAT HYAT KHAN)

General Abdul Waheed Kakar  
Chief of the Army Staff  
Rawalpindi.

I have not yet been spared by any of the Political or Bureaucratic Governments. My major fault is to speak up truth in face of all cruel and oppressive Rulers ever since the demise of our beloved Quaid-i-Azam. The latest attempt to defame me, was to wrongly include my name amongst the defaulters of Bank Loans - in the Company of those who had defrauded the Nation by having their debts written off. I had only got remission of penal interest on the basis of Merit. My rejoinder and statement mentioning the actual facts was killed in the Press. I wrote to the Speaker of the National Assembly and sent a copy of it to the Prime Minister, in her capacity of the Finance Minister to protest, for inclusion of my name in the lists of rouges. And that too under the Portals of the National Assembly, where I am not permitted to defend my honor against such slander.

So far my grievance has not been redressed. Below I am repeating Letters and Bank Statement.

## Appendix - II

June 26; 1994

My dear Mr. Speaker,

On 23 June 1994, the National Assembly was informed about the persons and companies which had managed to seek their Loans Written-off. The Press reports carry my name at the head of the list. The information provided or published is rather misleading. With full responsibility, I deny the credibility of this information. To clarify the matter, I have provided the relevant details in the enclosed statement. It may be seen that a selective resort to the effect of a transaction past and closed has reopened the memories, relating to the loss of a valuable property in exchange for a remission of penal interest raised for no fault on the part or my company. The National Assembly forum has been chosen to malign a senior and patriotic companion of Quaid-i-Azam.

I suggest that you may advise an appropriate inquiry into this case, on the subject. This will reveal gory details of rip-offs of property by the Management of the Nationalized Banks. What has been done in my case may only be a tip of the ice-berg. There is a need to distinguish between accountability and persecution/libel.

I expect an expeditious action I propose to release my letter and statement to the Press also.

Yours sincerely,  
Sd/-  
(SIRDAR SHAUKAT HYAT KHAN)

Mr.  
Yusaf Raza Gilani,  
The Speaker, National Assembly of Pakistan,  
Islamabad.

CC.  
To the Finance Minister C/o  
Prime Minister Secretariat,  
Islamabad.

## Appendix - III

| <b>DETAILS OF LOANS OF RS. 1 MILLION &amp; ABOVE<br/>WRITE OFF FROM 1ST MARCH 1985 TODATE</b> |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
|---|----------------------------------|--|--|---------------------|---|--------------------------------|
| (RS. IN MILLION)  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| Sr. No  | Name of Borrower<br>Company/Form | Name of Directors/Partners<br>/Proprietors | Amount of write off<br>Waiver/Remissions<br>etc. | Date of<br>Approval | Whether<br>Approved on merit<br>or on<br>recommendation.<br>The name of<br>recommending<br>person Authority<br>may also be<br>mentioned | Actual<br>Date of<br>write off |
| 14  | M/s Hayat<br>Center              | DIRECTORS                                  | 21.876   | 1990                | Merit   | 29-3-1990                      |
| <b>REMISSION</b>  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 1. SARDAR SHOUKAT HAYAT.  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 2. BEGUM MUSARRAT SULTANA   |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 3. MRS. NOURIN HAYAT  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 4. MST. ZUBADA HAYAT  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 5. MRS. FARHANA HAYAT   |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 6. MRS. ASIMA HAYAT   |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 7. LALA RUKH HAYAT  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 8. SARDAR MAQBOOL HAYAT   |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 9. MRS. UZMA HAYAT  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| <b>ADDRESS</b>  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 1. Bungalow No. 2 28th Street F/6-1 Islamabad   |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 2. 55 Tipu Block, New Garden Town Lahore  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| <b>Sd/-</b>   |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| USMAN GHANI BHATTI  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| Senior Vice President   |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| Habib Bank Limited  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| Head Office, Recovery Cell  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |
| 2-Mohamadi House, Karachi.  |                                  |  |  |                     |   |                                |