

# P. A. F. Public School, Sargodha.

## NEWS SHEET

31st August, 1957.

No. 121

### EDITORIAL

The 21st of this month saw the birth of a new term. Boys from West Pakistan started "pouring in" that day to join their E. Pakistani brothers who had arrived the day before.

Sargodha's welcome was in-deed 'Warm', a little too warm perhaps; but gradually the weather changed and on Saturday rain came as a relief.

Sports activities have started under the supervision of Mr. Stott and Mr. Khurshid, and new games groups have been formed. The houses are practicing on their own, for the Inter-House hockey and football competitions.

Mr. Gabriel, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Wiltshire left us last term, we wish them good luck and welcome Mr. Khalid Qureshi, Mr. Iftikhar, and Capt. Fasihuddin, Mr. Kazi, Mr. Hussain and Mr. Chughtai are back from England. Mr. Zafar Alam and Mr. Haq Nawaz are leaving this term for a year. We congratulate Nazir 41, Sharif 5, and Azen 147 for having been appointed 'School Prefects'.

On Saturday the film 'Rob Roy' was shown. Richard Todd, and Glynis John stars in this picture.

Lastly we wish the readers a very happy and succesful term, and remind them that the "News Sheet is THEIRS". It is entirely upto you to make it interesting. Hand in your contributions to the Editor by Thursday written neatly and on one side of the paper only.

### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Membership is now open to Forms 'C' V, IV, and III. A meeting will be held on SUNDAY the 1st September, 1957 at 7.15 p.m. sharp.

An Author (Basit), a Soldier (Aspi) and Entertainer (Mahmud) and a House-wife (Malik) will put forth their claims to the title "Most useful to Humanity".

Boys who want to become members should be present.

TEMPEST HOUSE REPORT.

Secretary.

We are all back in our beloved house except for Humanyun 224, who is probably down with influenza. Mr. Buckman our Housemaster, has also returned from England. Our Matron, Mrs. Clark, and Mr. Clark will be leaving us this term for England in the near future. She has looked after us for more than two years. We say Goodbye to her and Mr. Clark, and welcome Mrs. Brown as our new Matron.

On the 24th we had a guest, Magham, who is the youngest pilot to get Licence 'A' in flying. He was a student in our school and now is a Co-Pilot in P.I.A.

After the Overseas Certificate Examination, Malcolm (31) Hatif (70) and Bashir (74) boys from our house appeared for the Metric which they all passed in 2nd Division.

We hope to start the new Term with high spirits<sup>and</sup> ambition. I hope we are successful in our aim of attaining cups and shields, we will fight for them.

Nazar Hussein (41-T)  
Tempest House Correspondant ).

# THE WEAKER SEX. (ASPI-6-8).

An observant Pakistani would not contradict the statement that our 'Weaker' sex is slowly but surely starting to dominate their great superiors. They are gaining esteem and respect in social circles for they ARE the weaker sex. Behind this veil of weakness, they use their slippers with great effect, on poor rickshawmen who have the courage to look into their eyes asking them to hire a rickshaw; or on a loafer who has the nerve to stare at them. And surely a man cannot even raise his voice when addressing women.

'With the right and virtue of their place,' they tower above their poor husbands.

Now it is, "Get up! You lazy lump, wake up."

If a poor man misses a bus and is a few minutes late, "Where have you been all evening," but when the poor husband decides to stay home an evening to play with his boy, it is always time for the children to go to bed!

A man dare not pick up a match box from the kitchen or the 'She' would get angry.

At times they demand equal rights. On other occasions they make themselves to be the 'weaker' sex and then ask for respect for their feminine rights. Would they please make up their minds whether they want to REMAIN the 'weaker' sex or would they like to rise to the rank of their superiors.

WANTED. TO FILL THIS SPACE STORIES, POEMS, ARTICLES  
AND CARTOONS.

Chief Editor: A.B. Haqqani - Co-Editor A.M. Qureshi.

NASIR/\*

## NEWS SHEET

7th September, 1957.

No. 122.

EDITORIAL.

With the new term about a fortnight old, the boys have settled down to the daily routine. The weather is still quite warm, but it only serves to make the shower after games or P.T. more enjoyable.

The Overseas School Certificate examination time-table is on the notice board, and the 'C' Form boys have settled down to serious study.

There was no film show last Saturday as the picture could not arrive due to the floods. A meeting of the Seniors' Literary and Debating Society was held on Sunday the 1st September. The result of the Balloon Debate was:- Soldier and Author 31 votes each; Entertainer 19 votes and Housewife 21 votes. Boys of the III & IV Forms who attended the meeting should give in their names and numbers to the Secretary at their earliest convenience.

OLD BOYS NEWS:

We congratulate Hatif (70T), Warris (66-F), Murtaza (13-F), Shujaat (7-F) and Abbas (2-A) for having been selected to join the P.A.F. College, Risalpur. F.H. Mirza (83-F) will shortly be joining Ohio University for further studies.

We congratulate Rauf (38-F) former head boy of the school, and Chief Editor of the News Sheet - for having won a scholarship awarded by the Iraqi Government for a degree course in medicine.

We thank our readers for their response to our advertisement for contributions. We hope that the contributions will always exceed demand in this way so that the desired standard can be reached, and the News Sheet made interesting.

#### A SHAKESPEAREAN ROMANCE.

This is a short Quiz; the answers of all the questions is the title of one of Shakespeare's Plays. The answers are given elsewhere.

1. Who were the lovers?
2. What was the courtship like?
3. What was her answer to his proposal?
4. What night of the month were they married?
5. Where did they buy the ring?
6. Who were the ushers?
7. Who gave the reception?
8. In what kind of a place did they live?
9. What was his chief occupation after marriage?
10. What caused the first quarrel?
11. How could it be described?
12. What did their courtship and marriage prove to be?
13. What did their married life resemble?
14. What Roman ruler brought about a reconciliation?
15. What did their friends say?

Mrs. E. Montgomery.

I GC WEST. (No.1) By Mr. Qazi.

NOTE: This interesting account will be contributed every fortnight.

#### KARACHI TO LONDON BY P.A.A. CLIPPER (A).

The idea of travelling abroad has always been in my thoughts. The discoverer in me still remains unsubdued. The prospects of seeing the western countries were ever so thrilling.

I was impatiently waiting for the first of July - the day we were scheduled to take off from Karachi for London by a P.I.A. Super-Constellation. However on arrival in Karachi I learnt of a slight change in the schedule. Instead of leaving on the

1st Oct. we were ~~now to leave~~ on the 30th of September - a day earlier, by P.A.A. Clipper.

My host, one of the bosses of Civil Aviation, who lives at the Drigh Road Air Port had ordered a sumptuous meal, on the eve of my departure, considering that perhaps a hearty Pakistani meal would not come my way for sometime, but I, in my childlike excitement had lost all appetite. My winged fancy was already rooming over the lands that I was now going to visit.

We drove to the airport exactly one hour before the plane was supposed to take off and going through the usual formalities and check up, were ushered into the waiting hall. We enplaned at 10.30 P.M. and a few minutes later the giant machine roared and rolled on to the run-way. Everybody fastened his belt and a minute later we were air-borne. Down below gay Karachi was waving us goodbye with its myriads of twinkling lights. Incidentally this was my 20th flight, the last one being from Gilget to Chaklale, on our way back from the first Pakistan Expedition to the 3 Kara Koram Glaciers, when we flew over the snowy summits and had a close view of the majestic Nangaparbat.

Soon the metropolis of Pakistan was left far behind and we were soaring at a height of 18000 feet at a crimsing speed of 350 miles per hour. In the calm awe-inspiring quietude of the celestial heights, the Clipper looked like one of the heavenly bodies swimming through space.

My fellow passengers had already started dozing when the Air Hostess called our attention and told us what to do in case we crash-landed or were ducked in the deep sea. I paid little heed to what she said. I sat near the window peeping out at the starlit heavens and the distant planets and dreaming of the romance of space trevel. I too dozed off.



By the time I woke up we had already crossed the Arabian sea and were flying over the Arabian desert. The dull monotony of the vast endless sandy expanse of the great Sahara was broken every now and then by a scurried range of sun-baked barren rocks and deep ravines too dreadful and horrible to sustain any semblance of life.

ANSWER TO QUIZ.

1. Romeo and Juliet. 2. A mid summer nights dream. 3. As you like it. 4. Twelfth night. 5. The Merchant of Venice. 6. Two Gentlemen of Verona. 7. King Lear. 8. Hamlet. 9. The taming of the shrew. 10. The merry wives of Windsor. 11. Much ado about nothing. 12. Loves labour lost. 13. A comedy of errors. 14. Julius Caesar. 15. Alls well that ends well.

SMILE FOR THE WEEK.

Teacher:- Hamida! What is the formula for water.

Hamida: HIJKLMNO! Miss.

Teacher:- What's that? Who gave you the funny idea?

Hamida:- You Miss! You said yesterday that the formula for water was H to O.

(A.Q.Haye 167-F)

CHIEF EDITOR: A.B.HAQQANI (110) CO-EDITOR: A.M. QURESHI (32)

/BASHT

## NEWS SHEET

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14th September, 1957.No. 123.

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EDITORIAL:

A meeting was held on Wednesday the 11th September in the big hall to commemorate the death anniversary of our departed leader, the Qaid-i-Azam. A number of boys and three members of the staff, Mr. Qazi, Mr. Naqvi and Mr. Zafer Alam spoke in praise of our leader.

For the last two weeks we have not had a film.  
It is very likely that we shall see 'Americano' tonight.

SABRE HOUSE ENTERTAINMENT.

The Saturday before last a competition of verses was arranged between the Cambridge Formers and the 'Rest' of the house. In the end the former ably led by Anwar and were victorious. Mr. A.G. Qureshi kindly consented to preside and judge.

After the competition film records were played 'Lal Lal Gaal' and 'Jadoogar Bengal Ke' were liked most. A record of Kasi Day the blind singer was also played.

Sarwar sang 'Lal Lal Gaal' and Humayun 'Haye Haye yeh Nigahar'. The mouth organ was played in a masterly fashion by Aspi and Shahit while Islam played a tune on the flute.



### LIBRARY NOTICE.

Boys who take books from the shelves in the library MUST put them back in the same place, otherwise much confusion and inconvenience to the librarian is caused.

S.M. Naqvi.

### THE MANGO PLANT - MY FRIENDS MURDERER.

It all happened the day after my friends' operation on his tonsils which had been unsuccessful, a lot of blood coming through the mouth, because some vein was disconnected.

He could neither recognise nor talk to anyone, he only gazed all round with astonishment, while everybody cried.

Now the blood was thrown in the pot of a mango tree, planted by my friend. Day by day my friend grew paler and paler, hope was given up, and the doctors said that he had not long to live. But the mango tree bore fruit within six months, which was rather strange. Moreover, they smelt of blood, and the skin was red, as blood, no one ate them, because of the strange taste and colour. It bore more mangoes, but my friend grew weaker day by day, and true to the prediction of the doctors he, my dearest friend died. On the same day a new branch of the mango plant grew out, but it also died. Sometimes I think that the plant was in some way connected with my friend, and it sucked his blood and so grew rapidly; thus it took my friend's life. Ever since I have hated mangoes and whenever I see them I remember my friend.

Sarwer 285-S.

### SCAVENGER HUNT.

By the time I reached Mr. Afsar's house and banged on the door saying, "a grain of wheat please"! poor Mr. Afsar had given away a few seers of wheat. It all began ten minutes before at 7.15 P.M. when Mr. Power told us to change into games clothes and go for a scavenger hunt. In groups of four we dashed for our prays. The ladies were terrified at the shouts, bangs and rushes of the boys at this untoward hour.

1st Oct. we were ~~now to leave~~ on the 30th of September - a day earlier, by P.A.A. Clipper.

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Hemida: HIJKLMNO! Miss.

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## NEWS SHEET

21st September, 1957.

No. 124.

EDITORIAL.House Spirit.

It is saddening to note that the house spirit in our school is slowly but steadily on the decrease. It might have been unnoticeable at first, but now a keen observer can very easily tell the difference between the matches of 'those days' and 'these days'.

Gone is the ear-splitting noise from the touch lines - the shouting that almost invariably rendered all throats hoarse. Instead one can see inter-house matches being watched in cold silence, the observers not 'concerned' with the result.

It is not only in matches that this happens. Any good player seems to think that he is doing the house, the housemaster and the prefects, a favour, not knowing that he himself, and his friends are the 'house'. This results in threats - to the house - if the player is displeased with anything. The question, "What does the house do for us?" is becoming only too common.

As house in a school is like a nation in the world. Loving the house is the first step towards caring for the nation. At all costs we should not let the house suffer. Unity is strength, if the house is divided, it becomes vulnerable to attack, just as a divided nation falls an easy prey to scheming enemies. The idea of a house is to promote a feeling of friendship and love among its dwellers, who in future will develop into a united nation. Let us do our best to make the idea successful.

APPOINTMENT.

A. Malik (32-F) has been appointed a School Prefect - congratulations Malik.

A Meeting of the Seniors' Literary & Debating Society was held on Sunday. Mr. Kazi, Mr. Chughtai, & Mr. Hussain spoke on different aspects of schooling in England.

THE QUAID-I-AZAM      Sept. 11, 1957.

Today the Quaid-i-Azam moved on into fuller life. His spirit lives and is with us today. The hallmark of his living was a complete, dedicated, selfless commitment to bring birth and direction to a nation. That nation came to birth and has a key role in world affairs. It is to be an effective part of the Muslim world which can be a girder of unity for the whole of civilisation. To do this means that lip-service to high ideals finds fuller content in the decision of everyone to live an ideological answer for the needs of this nation and the whole world.

J.C.B.

Editor's Note: We were unable to publish this contribution due to lack of space, last week.

S.A.T.C. CAMP AT SAMUNGLI.

On the 31st of May, twenty-five boys from our school took off for Samangli at 7-30 A.M. After a happy landing we rested for a while, since we were very tired. The C-in-C arrived at Samangli on the same afternoon, and stayed with us for a while.

In the evening everyone was anxious to visit the town. A trip to Quetta was arranged. On the following day we visited the neighbouring hills, and enjoyed the pleasant atmosphere. On the 2nd June we paid a visit to Urak Catchment area, where we played a Soft Ball Match.

Although we were not worried any more by the daily morning P.T., long lectures were a head-ache to us all. On June 5, we came across a new game called "Tambole". We witnessed the army and air-force exercises on 7 June. When we came back to the camp everyone of us was awfully thirsty. We ran here and there for water, but in vain; finally Sgt. Malik came to our rescue, and brought some water for us.

On 8th June we left for Ziarat, a hill station about 75 miles from Quetta. We were back at Sumangli on 9th June. Two days later we visited Hana Lakes. We had a dinner party on the 13th June in the Officers' Mess. On the 14th June some boys left for East Pakistan, and boys from West Pakistan left on 15th June.

(Afzaal 15<sup>th</sup> T)

### I GO WEST 1.

From Karachi to London by F.A.A. Clipper (P) Mr. Kazi.

The early streaks of dawn kissed the Clipper's forehead over the Persian Gulf and flying over Abadan, the fabulously rich oil city of Persia. We entered Iraq. The luxurious delta of Tigris and Euphrates - the Shattal Aral as it is called - once upon a time the dreamland of the early desert Arab, looked gorgeous with its limitless groves of date-palm trees.

Cutting across the Syrian Desert we were heading towards the Lebanese Capital Beirut where East & West seem to meet in a warm embrace. Lebanon is decidedly one of the most delightful health resorts of the world, which attracts tourists in multitudes from all over the globe, every year its shores are washed by the blue transparent waves of the Mediterranean and its densely covered gently rising mountain slopes, the stately poplars and majestic pines and its lush green valleys with innumerable orchards laden with luscious fruits, fill every heart with joy. As we hovered over the Lebanese mountain ranges, my eyes were searching in the beauty spots, where I had rambled and refreshed myself several years ago.

The sun was shining in its full splendour in the clear blue skies of the Mediterranean. When we touched down at the Beirut Airport we received warm greetings from the smartly dressed airport officials who spoke arabic with a soft sing-song accent.

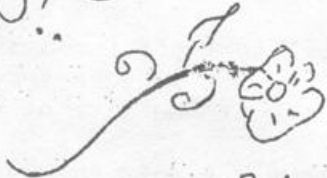
Our passports having been collected, with all civility we were conducted to the first floor of a luxurious restaurant, where I sat browsing at the breakfast table and enjoying the superb scenic beauty, so lavishly displayed in front of me.



## منزل -

شوق مخدج بیاں ہے مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔ میرے منہ میں بھی زبان ہے مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔  
 چشم نمناک، جگر چاک لبوں پر آہیں۔ زندگی اتنی گراں ہے مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔  
 پاؤں اٹھتے رہے اذر راہ وفا پتی گئی۔ منزل عشق کہاں ہے۔ مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔  
 دل جو ملنے میں پھر نہ لے ملنے میں۔ یہ بھی دستورِ حیا ہے۔ مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔  
 اشکِ جوانی سے نکلتا تھا کبھی وقتِ سفر۔ جاہلِ عمرِ رواں ہے مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔  
 بے وفائی کا مجھے جس لمحہ تھا ہمدام۔ وہ قریبِ رگِ جاں ہے مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔  
 میں شہیل جگر افکار سے ملکر سمجھا۔  
 اس قدر سکر بیاں ہے مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔

سہیل بخاری  
 (میتھ نفوزی)



P.A.F. Public  
 School please!  
 even some funny  
 beings —  
 contact P.A.F.  
 over !!!

(Sajjad.)



# NEWS SHEET

28th September, 1957.

No. 125.

## EDITORIAL:

### New Boys.

Soon some new boys will be joining us; boys from all over the country, strangers to us, and to each other. A lot depends on the first impression they get about us, our houses and our school.

To bully the new boys may be quite a success at 'Dilawar', 'Risalpur' or 'P.M.A.' but here it would be a bad practice. Boys joining those institutions are mature, and grown up while here the new boys are just out of their homes, soft, and childish. To beat them with poles from mosquito nets, to talk harshly in front of them to other boys or to ask them to stand to attention before you would be stupid and ignorant. Treat the new boys as your brothers, be kind to them and help them; a lot depends on your behaviour towards your 'small friends' - help them to become useful members of the school.

### Seniors' Literary & Debating Society:

A meeting of the society will be held on Sunday the 29th September at 7.15 P.M. in the big hall. The topic of debate is

(For the progress of humanity war is more necessary than peace).

### SCHOOL NOTES:

An assembly was held on Saturday the 21st September in the big hall. The Principal presented the Medals and Certificates for Life Saving. He also showed the School, a cup for indoor games, presented by Zaidi and a cup for Football which the School Basketball team had won.

We thank Mr. Harrison from the British Council for presenting a set of new books to the school library.

STAMPS COLLECTORS' CLUB:

This Society started under the guidance of Mr. Naqvi. Jamshaid Nazi No.214-- has been appointed Secretary.

TEASER:

Smith, Brown and Jones are dining at a circular table. They are (not respectively) a doctor, a clergyman and a lawyer. Brown is on the clergyman's right, Jones is on Smith's right. What is the name of the clergyman?

Answers should be handed to the Editor by Thursday. Correct answers will be published in next news sheet.

(Aman-145)

MATHS PERIOD.

When Maths time comes round,  
I try to pay attention  
To everything my teacher says,  
But I am always in detention.

They have tried to teach me Algebra,  
But that I cannot do,  
And as for Geometry-  
I haven't got a clue.

Arithmetic is not so bad,  
When it's in the distance,  
But when the old exam. comes round,  
I find I need assistance.

Oh, I wish that I had brains like those,  
Who get sums right all day,  
But how to reach those dizzy heights,  
I really cannot say.

(Zahir Ahmad 149).

## "زندگی خواب ہے، اور خواب..."

ایک دن آنکھ لگتی ہی میں خوابوں کی دنیا میں پہنچ گیا۔ دیکھتا کیا ہوں  
ایک بڑے بڑے جنگل میں ایک بڑی جگہ پر کچھ خیمے لگے ہوئے ہیں۔ ان خیموں کے درمیان  
دو ڈھائی سو نوجوان اور کچھ اچھے عمر کے اصحاب جمع ہیں۔ ان میں ایک لمبا ترنڈا آدمی  
ایک طرف سے آیا۔ اور دوسری طرف نکل گیا۔ اس کے جاتے ہی،  
ہاں مری چشم کھل گیا بگڑنے پر یہ بھی دیکھا

کیا سارا مجمع خیموں کی طرف چلا گیا۔ اور اس نے اسے سناٹا ہو گیا۔ سب خیمے خیمہ خانی  
بنے ہوئے تھے۔ ایک ایک خیمے میں شہکار بیا تھا۔ دل نے کہا۔ جیو اس کی بھی شیر کر لیں!  
اندر کچھ نئے نمونے اور نئے ڈیزائن کی ٹیچوں والے بھی موجود تھے۔ اس خیمے میں بدبو الیس بھی  
معلوم ہوتا تھا کہ یہاں جنگ انیوں اور تمباکو کا ٹھیکہ ہے۔ کہاں تو اس جنگل کی پاک  
اور کہاں اس خیمے سے نکلتی ہوئی بدبو جس نے اسے اس میں بھی بدبو پھیلادی تھی۔ موضوع گفتگو کیا تھا

یہ بھی دراز خط ہو۔ جیسے آئینہ فلک کی شان میں حلقہ پیکار بھینکا کر قصیدے پڑھے جا رہے ہیں۔ صبیحتی سے شادی کرنے کے پروگرام بن رہے ہیں۔ کتنے پیارے انداز ہیں!!

رات آئی۔ اور نوجواں تو سہ گئے۔ لیکن اس خیمے میں گرامر کم بخت ہوتی رہی۔ لیکن ایک طرف کچھ حضرات کہیں جانے کی تیاری کر رہے تھے۔ رات کی تاریکی سے فائدہ اٹھا کر، اور یہ بیداروں کی آنکھوں میں زہول چھونک کر باہر پہنچ گئے۔ کیا کسی کا ڈر اور کیا کسی کی سیرا۔ چلتے چلتے ایک صاحب فرماتے ہیں۔ ”یار اودہ جو بچہ نادہ۔ بہت بدتمیز“ گیا بچہ۔ اس کی حرکت ہونی چاہیے۔ اور ”تکے تو ماں میں ہاں بدائی لیکن ایک حضرت“ جنہیں اپنے شاعر ہونے کی غلط فہمی تھی، کہنے لگے۔

جد کے خاک سے کردوں تو داغ نام نہیں

اور رات کا سناٹا ان کے کھجڑے اور بے مہرے مہقموں سے ٹوٹ گیا۔ (راجی انیس)

ان استفاق حیدر نگرانی  
غبر ۱۱۔ سیر ۱۵

کاتب  
”محمد علی الوری“