

P. A. F. Public School, Sargodha.

NEWS SHEET

11th October, 1957.

No. 127

EDITORIAL.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Every man has success and failure in life. Both success and failure can bring pleasures and discomforts, making life more interesting. Failure can lead to success in later life. Once you have failed to do a thing then you re-double your efforts to do that same thing successfully, the second time. Success in life makes you feel happy in achieving your objective. But it is the failures that make him struggle hard, when facing odds, and ultimately leads him to a successful path.

SCHOOL NOTES.

THE PREMIER visits OUR SCHOOL 9th October, The Prime Minister of Pakistan Mr. Hussain Shaheed Suhrawardy visited our School on the 9th of this month. In the words of Mr. Sprawson, "This is the greatest honour ever paid to our School". The premier's visit was rather short because of his engagements in the town, but he addressed the School in the big hall.

Addressing the assembly Mr. Shrawardy said that he had never thought of speaking and expected only to see the buildings and boys at work. He said that the boys had been chosen from all over Pakistan having been observed, as it were, under microscopes like so many microbes and had been classified as insects are. "But you have to grow up and not remain insects" he added. The main purpose of the School was not education alone, but make the students better citizens of tomorrow.

Talking about the Air Force, he said that he hoped most of us would join the Force. He said, "The future of any country is in the Air, therefore the Air Force is the most valuable armed force in a country." He added that everyone could not join the Force because the necessary qualities of prospective Air Man were, a great physique, Stamina initiative, courage and bravery."

After he went to see the Fury House Prep. Room, and Tempest House in the Swimming Pool, he was given a hearty send off by Attacker and Sabre boys lining the road and shouting "Pakistan Zindebad".

OLD BOYS. Zaka, Khattak, Aftab and Wahab old boys of the School visited us this week. they all came from P.M.A. It was indeed, a pleasure to see them, and we hope that they will do so whenever they can.

ID-I-MILADUN NABI.

To commemorate the birthday of the Prophet an assembly was held on Monday. The following spoke: Satter - Tilawat, Iqbal (218) Mushtaq (227), Zaidi (201), Akber (135) Shahjahan (158), Gul Badshah (49), Humayun (102), Mr. Qazi and Mr. Tagvi also spoke.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEKS TEASER - Can you juggle letters.

1. Save	-	Salvage	8. Single	-	One	15. Urged	-	Spurred.
2. Sieze	-	Grip	9. Rates	-	Prices.	16. Pie	-	Tort.
3. Arches	-	Domes.	10. Brawl	-	Fight.	17. Store	-	Save.
4. Locks	-	Latches.	11. Portion	-	Piece.	18. Codes	-	Laws
5. Store	-	Mart.	12. Face	-	Front.	19. Knot	-	Tie.
6. Spin	-	Gyrates.	13. Binds	-	Ties.	20. Casts	-	Heaves
7. Lash	-	Cuts	14. Hovel	-	Shack.			

Those who submitted correct answers:

Ashfaq (11) Aman (145)

Aspi, (6) Hyder (202) and Mickey (184) - 1 wrong.

Afzal - 3 wrong.

SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Start writing your articles and hand them to Mr. Power. It is hoped to have the School Journal out at the beginning of next Term.

THE FLYING TIGER. A true Story.

When I was at Darjeeling in the summer I happened to ask someone if there were tigers in those parts; somewhat surprised he replied that there were not. Imagine, therefore, my surprise when I arrived back at Bagdogra (the little airport that connects with Calcutta) and a man exclaimed: "There's a tiger in the building." A small crowd had formed in a passage, and were looking down at a young tiger reclining by the wall; strangely, there was no panic; in fact someone was giving it bits of meat which it gobbled up with deep-throated growls; it was unaggressive, but was obviously not tame.

Presently it had left the passage; people speculated on where it had gone. When, however, we entered the waiting aircraft, a DC3, we were amazed to see it sitting near the back by the door. It was still quiet, and the pilots decided to take off. And so we flew to Calcutta with a tiger on board (It was, of course, nailed up in wooden box labelled 'Calcutta Zoo').

احساسات محمد

بیلی، اے ایف اسکول میں فزنگ پڑھا رہی ہیں۔ اگر اُس کے کہنے پر اپا بیں کھوجاتا تو میں۔
اس عوامی مدرسے کو بہترین پڑھاتا ہوں۔ رخصت الی اسکول اگر تھ سے ہوا یا اس میں۔

آئے گا پر یاد مجھ کو گاہے گاہے مجھ ہی تو۔

نہ کہ ہے سترج اسکران کا جان آرزو۔

مدرسہ میں یہ نشاۃ جزیرت دھن۔ اس میں جانے عالم میں یہ نہ الا و وطن۔

یہ ہے اخلاص و صفا کی پھرین اک انجن۔ تا ابد قائم رہے اس کو تھ اے ذوالمنن

یاد رکھنا اس کو تم یہ قول ہے مجھ کو کا

بھولنے پھلنے کی اس کے آس کی خبریں سدا۔

(محمد میاں)



SMILE FOR THE WEEK.

Little Boy. "What do you repair shoes with?"

Shoe Repairer. "Hide."

Little Boy. "What?"

Shoe Repairer. "Hide! Hide! The cow's outside."

Little Boy. "I don't care if it is, I'm not afraid."

Rashid(274A)

NASIR/*

کاتب سجاد

CHIEF EDITOR: A.B. HAQQANI CO-EDITOR: A.M. QURESHI.

2.16.214

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NEWS SHEET

128

19th October, 1957.

No 118

EDITORIAL:

LITERARY BOOKS & MAGAZINES.

Leaves and pages of books and magazines are sewn and bound so as to keep them together. Now and then one does come across a nice picture, but remember that picture is there for everyone, not for you alone. It is indeed a shameful practice to tear good pictures from books or magazines. This not only spoils the magazine but also deprives others of it. It is very selfish to do this; no nation can afford to have selfish people.

What you do today will develop into your habits as citizens tomorrow, see that it is beneficial and not harmful.

TEASER:

A, B and C share a sum of money, which is $4.21/46$ of 'X' or $2.31/87$ of 'Y'. A gets 'Rs. X' more than B. B gets Rs. 7/- less than C and C gets 'Rs. Y'. Find how much is the total sum of money and how much does each get?

Afzaal (156 T)

NOTE:

Hand in the answers to the editor by Thursday.

'THE FRIEND I'D BE'.

"I'd like to be the friend you need
In sunshine or in rain,
I'd live to be with you in joy,
In sorrow or in pain".

"I want to be the friend whose hand
Can aid in all you do,
In every tangled path to stand
Close by to help you through".

"But most of all I want to be
The friend who has the sense
To know when you would be alone
And not to take offence!"

By Mrs. K. Brown.

'THE DAY I DIED'.

.....And I died! There is nothing strange about dying, everyone does die, so what is so funny about my death. You laugh? Perhaps you do so, because you think I lie, or perhaps you do not like me. I don't blame you, whatever the reason. It is not everyday that you hear dead people talking to you, and even if you believe me, my life had nothing good in it, I was always obnoxious to my fellow creatures. Why? I do not know. Perhaps God made me to be laughed at, to be despised, to be spurned by everyone. Perhaps the good in me never got a chance to come to light.

I was born in Delkaria - the Indian sub-continent was not divided into Pakistan and Bharat, as it is now - and I died in Delkaria. The earliest memory I have of myself is as a small boy; my shirt torn so that my shrunken frame and the coat of mud on it, was visible to everyone; my feet bruised and swollen by the sharp stones. I was forced to walk on barefooted, my hands cut by the constant impact of sticks - struck by everyone who thought I could not hit him back; blows by everyone who did not like my dirty face with its flat pulpy nose, sunken eyes, dry cut lips, and dislevelled hair.

The footpath had suddenly decided to join the ranks of my persecutors and hurts my back, the sun decided to shine straight in my eyes and the traffic once more produced its noise. I yawned, stretched myself, and stood up. Another day! Fresh troubles! Doubled hunger! Sometimes I wondered if it would not be better to beat my head against a wall, beat it so much and so hard that I would be free, but where could I find a wall. To stand near a house was to invite curses from its inhabitants, to lean against a shop was to ask for extra trouble; and as for getting inside walls, I had never been there, that I could remember.

A young man passed me, with quick short steps, I was brought back to reality and overtook him, not without difficulty. "Please Sir!" I pleaded "I am hungry, could you lend me some money" - I never heard more of him.

of being able to repay it some day.

He looked down at me, then with a shrug of his shoulders he walked away. Many young men passed me that day - with short quick steps, and many young men were asked if they could 'lend' me some money.

'Why don't you work?'

'I would like to, but no one employs me'

Could you get me some work?

'Liar, you are a habitual begger!'

My last sentence was always ignored. Why should I not have died? Can anyone live without being fed? Then why do you laugh at me? I starved to death, and you laugh. You were born to 'laugh', I to die.

BOOK REVIEW: 'TO HIM I OWE MY LIFE'.

This is a true account of Lt. Shahabuddin's experiences during the war. Setting out on a 'Merchant Navy' ship he was taken prisoner by the Japanese and kept in captivity in the East Indies. His fair complexion caused him extra trouble as he was mistaken for an Englishman. The book, truly a war epic, takes one to the Japanese prison camps; and the reader sees all the cruel methods of torture, the scarcity of food, and the disgusting 'sanitation system' before him. Lt. Shahabuddin tells us how in time of difficulty man turns instinctively towards 'God' for protection, and it is only due to Him that he emerges victorious from the trial. As the author says, "....otherwise I would have perished for ever in those black days; to Him I owe everything, to Him I owe my life."

Written by a simple, God fearing sailor, the book is certainly not spectacular because of its English. The author at times betrays his lack of control over the language. Still with all its draw-backs, 'To Him I Owe My Life' is a book magnificent in its presentation. I certainly is one of the best books that shows what a complete and dedicated man, a man with faith in God can endure.

(By our Special Correspondent)

I VISITED LONDON.

Some days ago, while I was playing table-tennis I heard some boys talking about a war-club of the stone age; I stopped playing table-tennis and thought, "I visited London when I was nine years old, accompanied by my uncle, and lived in a fire proof hotel. It was then that I visited the British Museum, where I saw a war-club of the stone-age." I made up my mind to tell the boys; but they made fun of me. I assured them, and was sure myself, that I did visit England as the picture of mummies, stone age weapons, ancient swords and many other things were still fresh in my mind.

When I went to have supper, all the boys near me made fun of me, and said that they wanted proof. I said that I was going to prove it by a photograph of myself, my uncle and the manager of the hotel, standing on the 'revolving stairs', but where is the picture? I don't know. Perhaps it is at home, and told the boys that I would get the picture very soon.

After having our supper we came back to the house, did our prep. and went upstairs to sleep. I threw myself on my bed, my head dizzy with thousands of thoughts about my visit to London. I thought about my picture on the revolving stairs. Suddenly! I remembered that it was all a dream, which I dreamt some days ago, and it was in my dream that I saw my picture on the revolving stairs, but being accustomed to another sort of stairs, I lost my balance and tumbled off them. I had actually tumbled off my bed and found myself lying on the ground in my dormitory, instead of in England.

Sarwar(285-S)

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NEWS SHEET

26th October, 57.

No. 129.

EDITORIAL.

'THE HOUSE'

We all feel attached to the building we live in, to the dormitory we sleep in, to the people we see around us at all times. All these make "The House" of the school and to do all we can for "The House", our house should be a pleasure to us all. Games are not the only important things, our feelings and actions within its four walls count too.

Treat your house friends well, do what you can to make their life comfortable, try to help them in every way. The house is only a temporary resting place, you have to leave some day but it is worthwhile to leave a good memory of yourself behind.

SCHOOL NOTES.

M.G.M.'s SHOOTING IN SCHOOL

On Thursday Metro Goldwyn Mayer visited the school to take a few shots, for their forthcoming picture about the P.A.F. They filmed some swimming, basket ball and football. They also took a shot of the four houses arriving for lunch.

SENIOR'S DEBATE.

A meeting of the Senior Debating Society was held on Sunday last, the topic under discussion was, 'The Schools are an obstacle to proper education'. The motion was defeated by 40 votes to 21.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

A new society of this name has come into existence under Mr. Kaszi, its office bearers were elected in its first meeting, the names of whom will be published later.

OLD BOYS NEWS.

Tassawar (98) of our School who joined RISALPUR COLLEGE, is one of the four selected to go for higher training in U.S.A. Finally two of these four will be selected. Our best wishes go with him.

TEASERS.

No one submitted correct answers to the last weeks' Teaser. The answer is:-

A gets Rs. 14/3

B gets Rs. 6-8-0

C gets Rs. 13-8-0

Now try this one sent by Nawaz (276).

Three men went to an inn, they spent a night there; in the morning when they asked the inn keeper for the bill, he asked them for Rs. 30/-, so each one paid Rs. 10/- when they had gone, the inn keeper realised that he had charged more, so he gave Rs. 5/- to his servant to give back to the men. But the servant gave only Rs. 3/- and put Rs. 2/- in his own pocket. That means each traveller paid Rs. 9/-.

So 9×3 travellers = 27/- 2/- Rs. (the servant kept) = Rs. 29/-.

Where is the 30th rupee?

I WILL NEVER FORGET.

I can never forget that night. I feel a black fear when I re-collect that close and muggy night. The city was under the sweep of death. Men, women and children were dying like flies. We had inoculations but we wanted to leave the place. We could not make suitable arrangement. And the night was to come. It was black night. It was a dark night. It was a night of death. None of us could go to sleep. Some were tossing in bed; others were saying prayers. I tried to read the best seller of the year, but the words danced before my eyes. Father was the only person sleeping soundly. His steady snoring gave us a sense of assurance. All at once we heard a man coughing, gurgling, crying out in pain. There was a shout of agony and then the word "dead!" was heard. There was a terrible outburst of shrieks. The women were beating their breasts

and the old people were crying like babies. My father woke up and told us that we were safe since we had been inoculated. Another shriek in the distance!

Another shriek in the distance! The silence of the night was broken by the helpless cry. I held my head in my two hands. How dreadful is death when "it comes and you go", so spoke a Greek cynic. Really the disintegration of the body must be terrible. You writhe in agony... You have strange convulsions. The body is dehydrated, you cry for water. Your eyes burst out of their sockets. You are seized by terrible coughing. Your side split with pain and still you do not want to die. The wife cries in utter misery, if you happen to be a husband. The more are needed the greater is the sense of helplessness. One full house clings to you but no one can save you. There must have been terrible sweeps of death before - "The Black Death", in Europe, the terrible death of 'Pompeii'.

Really death is very terrible when you study it from close quarters. You say you are released, but how many of us think in this way... and the night was passing like a heavy gaited toad.

At long last the night came to an end and I packed up in spite of my coming master's degree examination and went with others to a safer place outside the city of death. The morning News Paper said that more than three hundred had died that night.

'WHEN YOU ARE LOSING'

Remember:

To be sporting all the time my Friend.
And ready with a smile to greet the sadness
at the end.

Beyond despair - beyond reproach, no matter
what the fee -

Limitless in the Quest to test your real ability;

Elated the thritted when pitting skill against
Adversity.

Too often noisy, clapping crowds put errors in
your aim.

Entitling you to bitterness when luck is not your
claim,

No wonder then your temper flares, but tame the
same to shame,

No sports man can afford to gamble honour for
his name.

Intime of tribulation, just play on, enjoy the
game,

Spin boldly, drive with heart and skill - and
smile your way to fame-----

Mr. Buckman. *B*
Mr. Cameron *ATC*
Mr. Lawrence. *E*
Mr. Power. *W*
Mr. Ruck. *AP*
Mr. Taqvi. *S*
Mr. Qureshi. *W*
Mr. Kazi. *W*
Mr. Husain. *AT*
Mr. Chughtai. *W*
Mr. Naqvi. *W*
Mr. Khurshid. *W*
Mr. Hafeez. *W*
Mr. Rafat Ali. *W*
Mr. Iftikhar. *W*
Mr. K. Qureshi. *W*
Mr. A.R. Qureshi. *W*
Flt/Lt. Rehman. *W*
The Librarian. *W*

Farooq Ahmed 226 T

NASIR/*

CHEIF EDITOR - A.B. HAQQANI - CO-EDITOR A.M. QURESHI.

NEWS SHEET

9th October, 1957.

No. 130.

EDITORIALGames spirit.

We play games not for the sake of winning or losing, but for the sake of enjoyment and mental development. When a boy is on the games field he puts in all his efforts to gain success. Whatever he does there, he does to the best of his ability and keeps on struggling hard in a sportsman-like manner till the end. Remember always to keep the spirit of the game alive in all games you play whether as an individual, or in a team.

SCHOOL NOTES:

The C-in-C of the Pakistan Air Force visited the school last week during break. A more recent visit is that of the Governor of West Pakistan who came this week and saw the 'Forms' at work. He also went to see Sabre House. The boys lined the road as he left and gave him a hearty send off.

Old boys of the school now at Risalpur College visited us last week. These were Hatif 70, Tassawar 98, Abbas 2, Warris 66 and Mo'in 86. We are very sorry to report that Tassawar 98, is not going to America, as he stood 3rd in an examination of which only the first two were selected.

ISLAMIC SOCIETY:

This new society came into being under the Presidentship of Mr. Qazi on Friday the 18th October, 1957. The aims and objects of this society are to train the young boys in the principles of Islamic Idealism. The society will hold meetings and discussions on Islamic Concepts.

The officials elected are Vice President Wahid-ur-Rehman (141), General Secretary Shahzad Riaz Ahmed Khan (153), Assistant Secretary Anas (115) and two representatives from each of the houses, who are as follows:-

Fury House -	Ashraf (105) & Malik (32).
Attacker House.-	Mosleh-uddin (109) & Mushtaq (227).
Sabre House -	Safdar (134) & Mo'in (116).
Tempest House -	Afzaal (156) & Khairul (190)

S. Riaz Ahmed (15)

DO YOU KNOW THAT:

Zero Hour is the time when organised warfare starts.

Blue Nose is the nick-name of Nova-Scotians.

White Flag is a sign of surrender.

Napoleons III was called the Man of December.

India is called the wonder-land of the East.

Bijapur was called the City of Victory.

For a feast in the Hawaiian Islands, guests contribute the different dishes.

Before the introduction of English food, when the diet was almost vegetarian, Hawaiian people weighed 20-30 stones.

From the point of view of the Mongols, the lens of a camera is made of a child's eye.

Papuan dancers wear head dresses equal to their height.

In Breton Farm houses people go to sleep in cup-boards.

Iqbal Javid (218)

MY NIGHT VISITORS:

I gave myself up to the pleasant weariness that overwhelmed me^{and} at the next moment I was hurled into space and my sense were blurred.

Now I saw the smoke arise from an invisible underground vent and form a mushroom. Slowly the clouds of smoke disappeared and there floated a visionary city full of coloured houses. Suddenly all doors banged open and smoky figures came out. In the middle came a familiar shape - a girl. She was the ugliest creature I can imagine - with hooked nose, swollen cheek, thick lips and bulging eyes. The other figures were all monsters with their grotesque figures and long thick canine teeth. They all approached fixing me with their covetous eyes while their long red tongues slobbered. I shuddered and tried to run away but in vain. I could not move a step inspite of all my efforts nor could I shout for help. The bloodthirsty monsters came nearer and nearer laughing and dancing. Suddenly I heard a drum beating furiously and the monsters all ran at me opening their mouths wide; and with a loud note of the drum, they all opened their infernal jaws simultaneously to devour me. I felt a flash of fire run through my body and I shouted out with all my might and sat down on my bed. My father came running from the adjoining room and caught me. My heart throbbed like a drum, I was sweating all over "The same nightmare again! The same nightmare again!"

(J. Akbar 135)

TEASER:

Messrs North, South, East and West - who are not necessarily respectively, a doctor, a banker, an architect and a solicitor - have just sat down to play bridge. None of them occupies the position at table corresponding to his own name. Mr. South is sitting North. Mr. North's partner is the banker. Mr. West has the solicitor to his left. The architect has Mr. East to his right. Who is what, and how are the four players seated?

(Amen - 145)

SMILES:

1st Friend: I could not sleep last night.

2nd Friend: Why? Because of your own snoring?

Newaz 276.

A traveller who had spent many years in Africa was telling his friends of his adventures.

"When I was in El Fasher," he boasted, "single-handed I made fifty Arabs run".

"How did you manage it?" he was asked.

"Oh! It was nothing extraordinary. I ran, and they ran after me."

NEWS SHEET

16th November, 1957.

No. 131.

EDITORIAL:THE ODEON.

When we came to the school on 27th November, 1953 we were stationed in the 'Odeon' which is the present Air Force Station. Boys from the first entry still remember the days they spent in the recreation room, or on the muddy fields outside the Odeon. Most of the boys kept themselves busy playing cricket on the lawn. As wickets were unavailable bricks were used instead. The morning P.T. was held on the cricket field, which was barren and uneven. Since all the boys were not issued with P.T. shoes many came in chapplies to do the morning P.T.

Once a hockey match was played between Fury and Tempest, the players from both houses found it very difficult to play because of continually losing the ball on the muddy ground. On the free afternoons we enjoyed listening to the Radio set. Every Sunday boys from the two houses arranged friendly matches. A film was shown to us every Saturday on the roof of the 'Odeon'. It is quite true that the boys from the first entry had to face many hardships in the beginning, but now they can very proudly call themselves the pioneers of the school.

SCHOOL NOTES:

On 15th November, Mr. Mumtaz Daultana - the Defence Minister, paid a visit to the School. In his interesting speech he described the boys as the future guardians of the country's destiny. He persuaded us to join the P.A.F. as future pilots. He congratulated us for being educated in one of the finest educational institutions in the country. He praised our high standard of discipline in his speech.

After addressing the school the Defence Minister inspected the Science Department. The Defence Minister was then taken to Attacker House. The Minister was accompanied by the D.C. and some other high ranking officials.

The boys from Forms CA & CB had a medical check up on 15th November.

We congratulate Aftab Alam (17-F) for being finally selected to join the P.A.F. College, Risalpur.

ACADEMIC TROPHY:

This year the points for the award of the "Sixth Form Academic Trophy" has been changed slightly. (1) in order to give more boys in each form the chance of winning a point, (2) as the F.Sc. Examination is no longer taken, points are given as follows:

Cambridge School Certificate (1st Division)	5.
Cambridge School Certificate (2nd Division)	4½.
Cambridge School Certificate (3rd Division)	4.
Matric (Not in addition to Senior Cambridge)	3½.
1st in each form in Final Term order each term.	3.
2nd in each form in Final Term order each term.	2½.
3rd in each form in Final Term order each term.	2.
4th in each form in Final Term order each term.	1½.
5th in each form in Final Term order each term.	1.
6th in each form in Final Term order each term.	½.

Fury is ahead at the moment. However, the competition still remains very open and may well depend on this Term's final form orders.

CONGRATULATIONS:

We congratulate Anwar (12-S) for breaking his previous records in 800 M and 1500 M and for equalling the record in 400 M.

MY NIGHT VISITORS: Part II (Continued)

There was no doctor in that backward jungle of Assam where we lived. A native told my father that a witch doctor was famous for removing evil spirits. I never believed in spirits but still I yielded optimistically thinking, "No harm". But who knew that witch doctor would aggravate matters.

According to instructions my father and I went to the witch doctor's house a Tuesday at dusk, barefooted and with a white 'Dhoti' on. There we met the Assami 'Dum' with doctor dressed in a yellow 'Dhoti'. He had wooden sandals on and around his neck was a 'mala' of peculiar seeds and bones. He had long dishevelled hair and fierce eyes.

The money matters settled the witch doctor lit a small fire under his large banyan tree and sprinkled some white powder over it. A cloud of red smoke curled up and the doctor started his spells. With a tripod on hand he went round and round the fire reciting strange words. In five minutes he started a strange dance. His figure and action reminded me of my night visitors and I shuddered. The dance reached the climax and the doctor abruptly stopped with a thundering roar. He fixed his eyes on the tree top, pointed at it with his tripod and shouted, "who are you?" "Trilochon Paucha Bhirt" replied a strange voice from the dark night air. We held our breath with fear while a conversation went on in a strange language. Putting out the fire the witch doctor said, "this was the spirit who caught you one night when you had been out into this jungle. I have tied him up with seventeen knots". Producing a bone from his sac he continued, "keep this bone under your pillow when you go to sleep. Vishnu will save you".

That night I went to sleep with that bone under my pillow. Now slowly a weariness crept over me and I submitted to that happy slumber. I heard a faint beating of a drum and there appeared before me a small fire in the distance. It slowly came nearer and now I could see a red cloud of smoke curling above. The smoke rose up and there appeared in the middle that bone. It came near me shaking like an aspen leaf. Panic seized me but I could not shout or run away. Suddenly with a loud beat of the drum the bone splits into several pieces and every piece became a monster, - all familiar faces. There was that ugly girl, that grotesque devil. In the background I saw my witch doctor busy in his manoeuvres around a small fire. His eyes were fixed on mine. The drum beat furiously and the dance increased in tempo. The monstrous apparitions came near, floating in the air. With a thundering peal the devils all opened their infernal jaws and came to devour me. I shouted with all my might, sat straight on my bed, looked at the bone under my pillow and shouted once again as I threw it out of the window.

The next morning we took the train to Dacca and there my father consulted a doctor. The doctor said that these nightmares were partly due to indigestion and partly the bad climate of the jungles.

آپ کو یاد کیا کرتا ہوں۔ شہزاد صاحب کو شہزاد کیا کرتا ہوں
 تیری یادوں کا سہارا لیکن۔ دل کو آیا دیکھا کرتا ہوں
 لئے فرست کے جو جا جاتے ہیں۔ مجھے یاد کیا کرتا ہوں
 دیکھتا رہا ہوں کبھی شب و روز۔ کبھی سے شہزاد کیا کرتا ہوں
 ان کے ارشاد کو دہرا کے معین۔ مجھے ایسا دیکھا کرتا ہوں

محسن البین خان (۱۱۴)

CHIEF EDITOR: A.B. HAQQANI, CO-EDITORS: A.M. QURESHI & S. RI'Z AHMED

NEWS SHEET

23rd November, 57.

No. 132.

EDITORIAL AND SCHOOL NOTES

The senior Cambridge exams started on the 20th November. This time there are 41 boys appearing. We wish them all the best of luck.

On Friday, 8th, November, a meeting of the Islamics Society was held. Mr. Kazi presided. The members were very lucky in being addressed by Dr. Abad Ahmed Ali the Principal of Government College Sargodha. Mushtaq, Lt. Afsar and Masleh-ud-Din took part in recitations from the Holy Quran, Gazal, and speech respectively.

The Society although only two weeks old, has been of great success.

We congratulate Tassadaq Hussain (97-S) for being selected for the PAF College Risalpur. Come on boys, I am sure every one of you wants to write something or the other for the news Sheet. Why hesitate, get cracking.

PICNIC.

The class jumped over with excitement when the proposal of a Picnic was placed before Mr. Qureshi, and to our astonishment, within no considerable time it was agreed upon.

On the day before the Picnic-Sunday, contributions were collected and the same evening, all provision were purchased and utensils collected. The next morning the weather was fine. We collected all that was needed and took our seats in the Bus.

As the bus left the School bounds, a buzzing noise was produced, and in a few minutes it was turned into a roar, created by songs, and jokes that filled the atmosphere of the inside of the Bus. At last we reached our destination - the River Chenab. The bus was unloaded and 'Dueriez' spread down.

To begin with, we decided to play the indoor games we had brought. The boys started doing different things, while the boursers looked after the cooking of the meal - the chickens. It was about 1 p.m. when we set down for a meal. Which was enjoyed by everyone.

The meal having finished, we took a very short rest. We, then, decided to play an interesting game (I do not remember the actual name), in which Mr. Qureshi also joined us. While the game was in progress, it was decided that Mushtaq and I should arrange a "Treasure hunt". We did so. It was an interesting one, too. Every clue was easy but "hunters" found it difficult to find the second last clue. They gave up at last and I showed them the clue which was lying in a mentioned broken house, half covered with dust. The winning clue was lying under the shoes of Mrs. Qureshi.

A second "hunt" was, then, suggested and plotted. This time a prize of Rs. 2/8/- was to be won in 10 minutes. Though the "hunt" was won after a long struggle, but the winner could not be entitled to a prize, for the time taken exceeded the given time.

It was about 3-30 p.m. then. We decided to have our tea. Being tired by the "huntings of the treasures", a short rest was taken, and at about 4 p.m. we loaded the bus and took our seats. Catching a last glimpse of the place where we had spent about six happy hours, we left. The return journey, which we spent munching dry fruits was a calm one, for every one was extremely tired.

At about 5-15 p.m. we entered the School bounds. Soon we were in front of Fury House, where we all parted, thinking about the next day's "vocabulary test"

Iqbal Jawaid (218-F)

"EXAMINATIONS"

I sat by the table with my hands under my chin. My hair was tousled and my eyes fixed on the letter, which lay before me on the table. I was sunk in deep thought which were about none other than the letter's information. The Exams were to start within three days time.

I cursed myself for wasting time instead of preparing for the exams. Now, I realized the value of time, and this drew tears from my eyes, because I had cheated my parents to whom I had promised that I would do well in the exams this time.

I lost hopes and found it useless to study due to the shortage of time. There was a knock on the door and coming in my brother gave me a letter, which I read in

the twinkling of an eye, and jumped for joy. The exams were postponed for another month. The next moment I was studying confidently with a genial smile on my face.

Musood (188-F)

SMILE FOR THE WEEK:

A milk company, by the name of 'D' Milkwell, was soon distributing milk to the public. In course of time it was found that the milk contained a considerable amount of water. When the people inquired into the matter, the company owner replied that the name was already 'Dilute Milkwell'.

Ashraf Choudhry (105-F)

:- گایا پلٹ :-

مجھ کو لگتی ہے جب کبھی سردی
اُن کو اکثر بیمار ہوتا ہے

سر کو پیٹیں جگر کو وہ تھما ہیں
جب میرا انتظار ہوتا ہے

میرے دل میں تو بھول کھلتے ہیں
اُن کے دل میں میرا ہوتا ہے

یہ غزل جب کبھی سناتا ہوں
اُن کو ایک دم بیمار ہوتا ہے

جبکہ ہو جائیں چار چھ خانے

عشق ہو تار تار ہوتا ہے

ادولیس احمد جیلانی (۲۹)

کاتب: طیسر احمد (۱۴۹)

P. A. F. Public School, Sargodha.

NEWS SHEET

Monday 16th December, 1957.

No. 133

EDITORIAL.

OUR PRINCIPAL.

The end of this term will see us saying goodbye to our beloved Principal. It is, indeed, a loss not easily estimated, and the gulf he will leave will not be easy to fill. He had worked hard for our welfare and, ever since the School was a few days old, he has done all in his power to make the School thrive. Who knows the result of his efforts better than we?

We have seen the School grow and change and expand into the best educational establishments in Pakistan. We have seen boys leave the School and bring credit to it by their successes at Risalpur, Kekul and elsewhere - and all under his care and guidance. He is a great benefactor of the School. I am afraid the editor's pen is not strong enough to write of all he has done for us.

We say goodbye to him, and wish him continued good luck, and hope that we will hear from him regularly.

With the departure of the Principal, the School is also losing Mr. Lawrence, Attacker's Housmaster and Mr. Power, Fury's Housemaster. We wish them good luck, and say good bye.

A number of boys are also leaving Humayun (102) and Shahid (104) from Sabre, Jeffri (44) from Attacker, and Masood (48) Nazar (41) and Varris (43) from Tempest. We wish them all good luck!

"VICE VERSA".

A particularly interesting piece of exploration work in the Central Sahara was that undertaken by F.A. Hodd in 1922, and again in 1927, among the wandering Toureg Tribes which inhabit the "Mountains of Air". The men of these tribes wear veils while their women-folk go unveiled. Not that the men are effeminate. They are hardy, great hunters, and fearless fighters. The veil is a piece of indigo cloth and so worn as to form a hood over the eyes and covering over the mouth and nostrils. Only a slit is left open for the eyes and no other part of the face is visible.

In this veil, the man lies and sleeps. They lift up the "imawal" - as the lower part of the veil is called - to eat, but in doing so hold the hand before the mouth. When the veil requires refixing, a man will disappear behind a bush to conceal his features, even from his own family. The man does not don the veil until the mature age of twenty-five. The ceremony of putting it on for the first time is accompanied by much rejoicing in the family and feasting and dancing.

Extraction from "ROMANCE OF EXPLORATION" By J.H. Hepstone.

Contributed by Iqbal Jawaid - 218 (F).

I go West No.4.

The Turkish province of Anatolia over which we were now flying had become the target of Moslim invasions as early as 637 A.D. The Country side looked very rugged. The steep slopes of the Taurus mountains were thickly wooded and the valleys all covered with fruit trees especially figs and olives. The large size glossy, luscious Sinyrna figs have always been considered a drinty.

Leaving Conis, the birth place of Maulana Jall-uddin Rumi, one of the greatest Moslims Saints and the spiritual guide of Iqbal, to our right, we were making for Istanbul which enshrines the ancient Ottoman glory and was at one time the seat of Eastern Roman Empire and bore the name of Constantinople.

A little later we were in Circuit over this queen of cities which received tribute from at least 70 satellite countries when the sway of the Ottoman Caliphate extended from Budapest on the Danube to Baghdad on the Tigris and from the Crimea to the first cataract of the Nile. It was the scene of unprecedented pomp and show ever witnessed by human eye for over six centuries from 1300 to 1922 when 36 Sultans ruled in succession, all direct descendants of Usman, the illustrious founder of the dynasty. The large township with its population of a Million souls lies astride the Bosphorus, one foot in Asia and other in Europe. The narrow strait of Bosphorus divided the lands and joins the seas. It connects the Black Sea with the sea of Marmara and separates Europe from Asia.

Luckily the weather conditions were perfect and as we came down to make a landing we had an excellent aerial view of the whole Metropolis with its myriads of domes and minarets and luxurious palaces and villas from the days of Opulent Pashas spread over the Golden Horn. Exquisite was the view of Santa Sophia and the Sulaymaniah Mosque known after Sulayman the Magnificent and one of the rare specimens of Moslim architecture; their resplendent domes looked gorgeous against the clear background of the blue Mediterranean Skies. I had hardly enjoyed a gaze when the Clipper touched down and made a perfect landing.

(Zahiruddin Ahmed)

" Lesson "

"Learn from your mistakes".

1. He who never mistakes never makes " ANYTHING",
2. Get wise after making mistakes.
The only crime in making mistakes is making it once again.
3. The trouble with one who never makes mistakes is one who does not know a mistake while committing it.
4. As people make mistakes, foolish people repeat them.
5. There is only one fatal mistake and that is not to admit or realize a mistake.

Round and Round the little dog chased his tail.

"What is the big idea?" asked the big dog, who had been watching.

"I'm seeking happiness" The little dog replied.

"And I have been told that happiness is in my tail. * Therefore I'm chasing it; & when I catch it I will have it".

"I, too, am seeking happiness," the big dog replied, "and I, too, have been told that happiness is in my tail. But I have noticed that when I chase after it, it keeps running away from me. So I go about my business, and then I find it comes after me".

(Abdul Gafur Mughni) Ex-101(1)

Last year (1956) one of my friends invited me to a party on his THIRTIETH birthday. A week later there was another party to which I was invited again. This time it was his father's ELEVENTH birthday.

From the information given above can you find out the date of birth of my friend and his father and hence the age of the father when he will celebrate his THIRTIETH birthday and the date on which he will celebrate it.

(Hint:- The father was 24 years old when my friend was born)

By Sajjad A.K. 13C

D. N.

When the stars go away
In the blue coloured sky,
and the sun is away
Behind the mountains grey;

The dark has disappeared
In the old night's beard:
"It's twilight," says John,
and we call this time dawn.

The birds daily twitter
To welcome the morn
and the men daily pray
To God in the Dawn.

Nasir No.163 Tempest.

غزل

بے نشان کو ہوس نام و نشان ہے اب تک
یری مرحوم تمناؤں میں جان ہے اب تک
دل کو بیکن مڑے آئے کا گمان ہے اب تک
کیوں ترا نام مجھے ورد زبان ہے اب تک
اپنی دل کا وہی اک طرزِ فغان ہے اب تک
ایک نشتر سا قریب لگ جان ہے اب تک

لامکان منتظم کون دھکان ہے اب تک
دل پہ اجڑی ہوئی بستی کا گمان ہے اب تک
آنکھ کھلتی ہے مجھ کو اک کھٹی تھی شمع محفل
زندگی اپنی کٹی ہوئی کریں کھاتے شاید
بدلی سو بار نظر اہل نظر نے بیکن -
پڑے اندازِ تبسم کی کہیں یاد نہ ہو -

اے سبیلِ آپ بھی دنیا کی ادا تو ہیں
سے رسیدہ ہے مگر جان جہاں ہے اب تک

موت کر پیدا کیا یہ دن دکھانے کیلئے
ہر نفس کہتا ہے تو آیا ہے جانے کیلئے

کچھ کچھ معلوم ہے کرنا ہے کچھ کو کیا ہمایاں
لے کے خالی ہاتھ تو آیا ہے جانے کیلئے

چوڑ کریمانہ ہم نے راہِ حق کی سجدی اب
فہم کردی کہ خودی ہی کچھ کو پانے کیلئے

کہ دیا تم نے یہ کیا کرد کچھ فرصت نہیں
یہ ادائیں خوب پسیرے مستانے کیلئے

جس نے کچھ کو پایا اس کو مل گئی پس راحیں
میں بھی رہا رہا ہوں کچھ کو پانے کیلئے

وقت ہر سنی ہا میں ہے تو پھر کیا فوٹ ہے
موت آنے کیلئے ہے جان جانے کیلئے

گر تو جا ہے راستہ حق تک پہنچنے کا تہ
بھول جا پھر اپنی ہستی اس کو پانے کیلئے