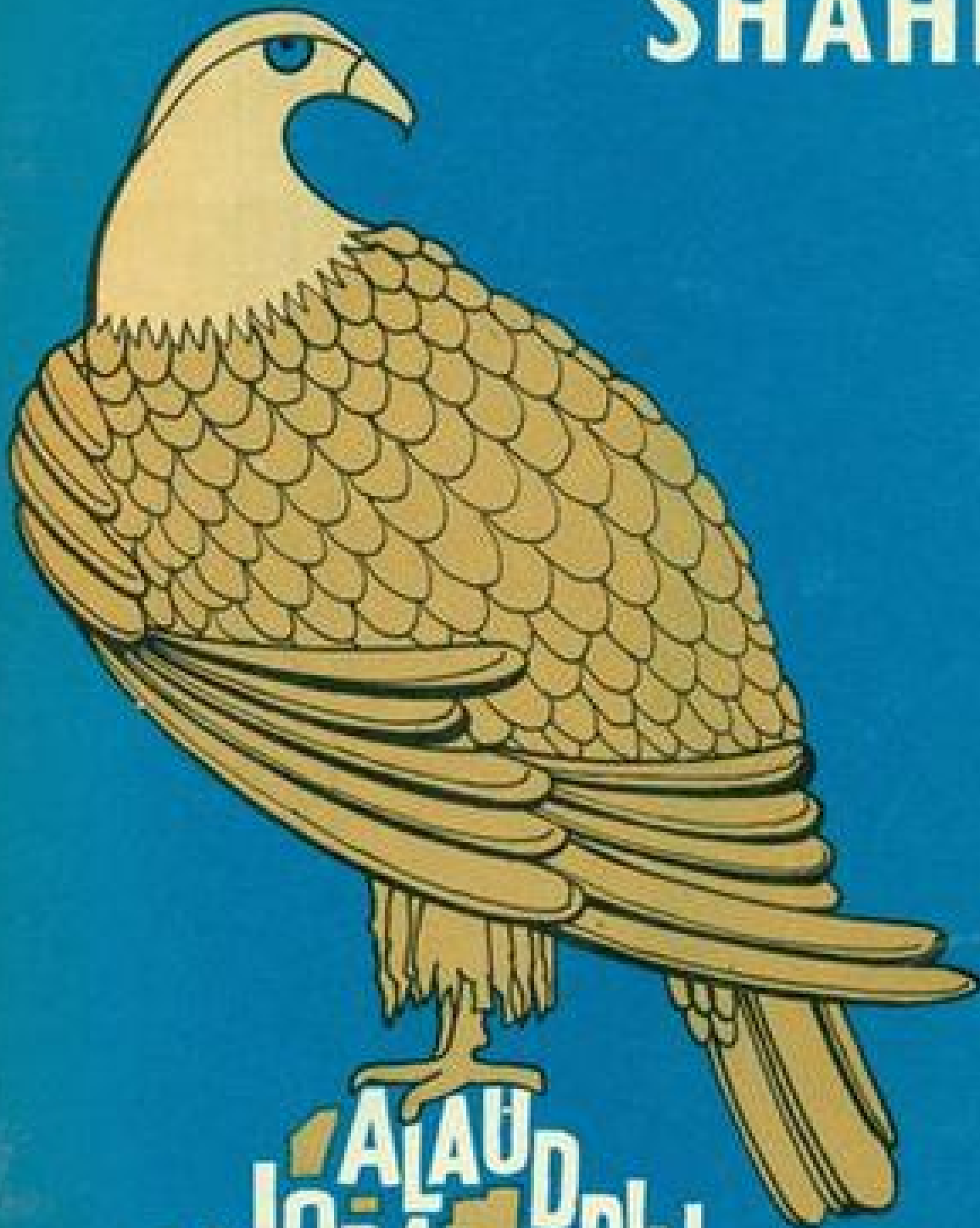


JOURNAL OF THE  
PAKISTAN AIR FORCE  
COLLEGE SARGODHA 1975

# SHAHBAZ



ALAUDDIN  
YUNUS  
MUNIR  
ALAM  
RAFIQI

# SHAHBAZ



1975

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PAKISTAN AIR FORCE COLLEGE  
SARGODHA



The Chief Guest Inspecting the Guard of Honour.

# SHAHBAZ

1975

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## Editorial Notes

The degree scheme at the P.A.F. College has been fully implemented. The change-over from a public school to a fullfledged Military training institution has been achieved in almost all detail. Our first batch of graduates (62nd G. D. course)—B.Sc. (Punjab)—are at present undergoing flying training at the P.A.F. Academy, Risalpur, and are reported to be doing well. A resume of the last year's activities is given below:

An Adventure Training Camp for the 64th G. D. (P) course was organised during the summer break at Kawal in the Kaghan Valley for 10 days, which proved to be highly effective and successful. It provided multifarious opportunities to the cadets to display and develop leadership traits of character. More camps of this nature are being planned in future for the other courses.

12 of our cadets attended a Ski and Survival Course at Naltar and gained valuable experience in training and skill. A report appears elsewhere in this issue. A Motivation camp was held at P.A.F. Base Samungli for college students from all over the country. It was attended by a batch of our cadets as well, who gave a helping hand to the organisers to make it a success. The camp provided the students opportunities for gliding, hiking, target-shooting, learning the art of unarmed self-defence and pursuing other recreational activities. The object was to promote national cohesion and solidarity. The camp lasted for a week or so. A report on this appears elsewhere in the following pages.

Our last Matric result of the Sargodha Board was excellent as usual. 76 out of 77 pre-cadets passed in the 1st division, the average score being 700.55 marks out of 900, the highest ever in the Board. One of our boys secured third position in the Board with 810 marks. In F.Sc. (Spring, 1975) the top five positions in the Board were taken by our students, who secured 819, 818, 808, 804 and 801 marks respectively, the average score being 677.77, again the highest in the Board. In F.Sc. (Autumn, 1975) examination, one of our cadets stood first in the Board with 794 marks.

Group Captain Inamul Haq visited the College on 24th September and addressed the cadets on the importance of developing for themselves a strong and dependable character. He stressed the need for cultivating and imbibing the Islamic values by

all leaders, especially the P.A.F. cadets, who had to lead and command men by setting a suitable personal example. He said that if they became true Muslims they would not only feel and be regarded morally superior to others and respected but would indeed be engaged in the act of worship even while performing their normal professional duties. On 3rd March, 1976, he spoke on "Military Campaigns and Leadership in Islam". Reviewing the history of military campaigns in Islam, right from the great Battles of Badr and Uhud to the 1965 and 1971 Indo-Pakistan wars, he established the point that the Muslims had always been heavily out-numbered in strength and ill-equipped materially as against their enemies, yet they won their battles due mainly to their unflinching faith in Allah, righteousness of their cause, courage of conviction, sincerity of purpose, and superior strategic skill and high morals. They did not fear death but courted martyrdom for the sake of eternal, blissful life in the hereafter. The Muslims could still win their wars by fortifying themselves with these virtues.

A grand Mushaira was organised at the College in honour of Dr. S. M. Naqvi, M.A., Ph.D. who retired after about twenty years service. A galaxy of well-known poets from Rawalpindi, Lahore, Lyallpur and Sargodha participated, prominent among them being Hazrat Ehsan Danish, Syed Zameer Jaffari, Dr. Wazir Agha, Allama Shabbir Bukhari, Prof. Ghulam Jilani Asghar, Prof. Masud Anwar, Rashida Seemeen, Munawwar Sulatana, Riaz Majid, Akhgar Sarhaddi and Rashk Turabi. It was presided over by Group Captain Suleman Kiyani, Director of Education, Air Headquarters, Peshawar.

Ft. Lt. Tahir Mahmud, Head of the Aerosciences Deptt., has kindly agreed to write a series of articles on the conquest of the Air for the benefit of the cadets. The first article is being published. A variety of other literary attempts, some of them fairly good, have been selected for publication. We have no intention to discourage those of our young writers whose articles have not been included. They are advised to try again and try harder. In this connection, the effort and zeal of Ft. Cdts. Ehtishamzeb and Wamiq Abrar must be commended, who urged all and sundry to write for the magazine.

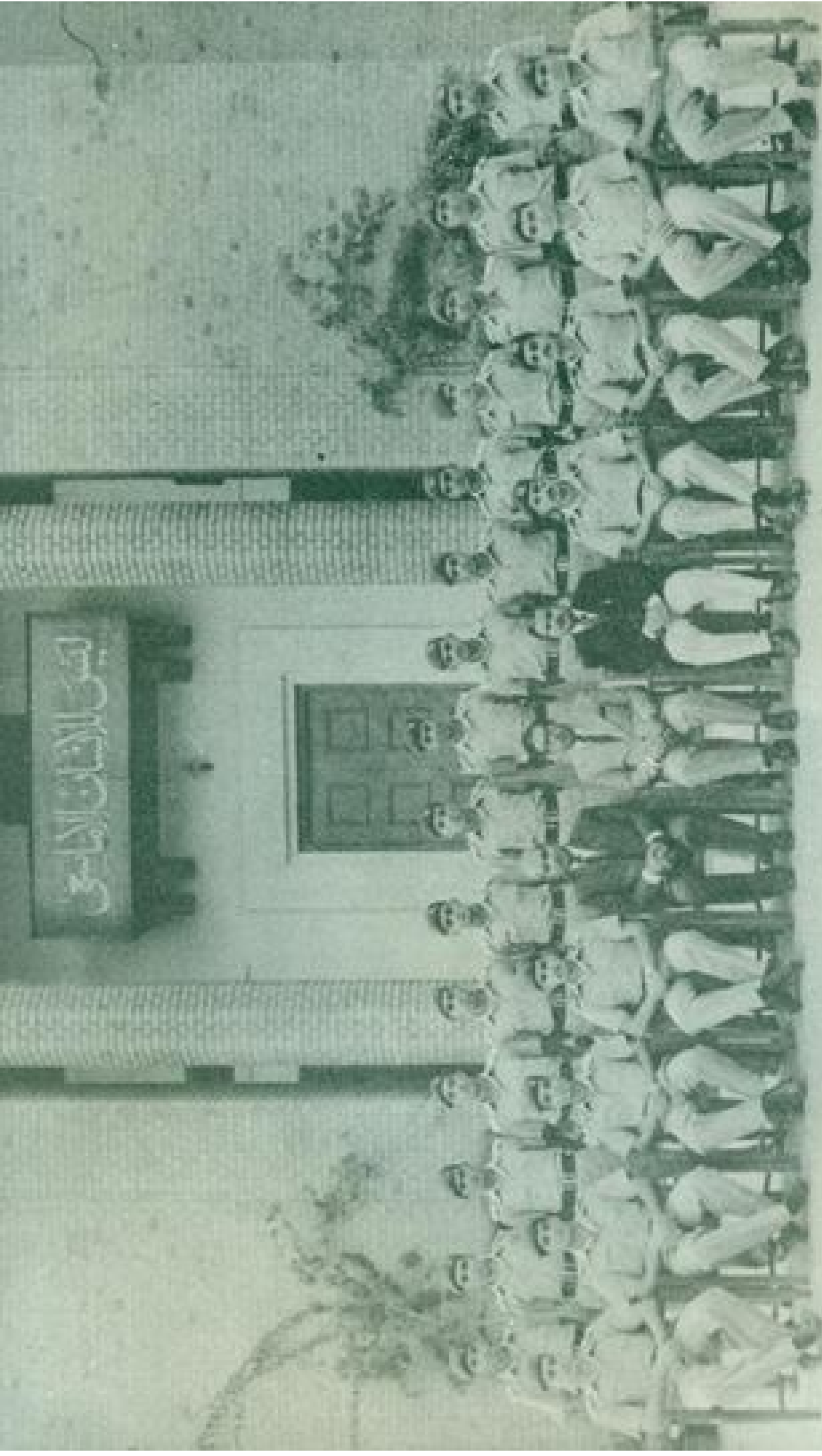
The College Annual Sports Day was held on 3rd April, 1976, with Air Commodore Waheed Butt, A.C.A.S. (T), as the Chief Guest. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Iqbal Squadron on winning both the Quaid-i-Azam and the Chigwell Shields for 1975-76.

A. A. K.



College Staff, 1973.





Writers of SHAHBAZ.

# Conquest of the Air

## Introduction

From the earliest times man's aspirations seem always to have been directed towards the skies. The gracefully flying birds have always caught his imagination generating a deep desire in his heart to be able to fly like them. To translate his dreams into actualities, therefore, he began to study the flight of birds. It was after several hundred years of speculation, computation and experiment that he realized that to copy the birds in the form a wing-flapping machine (ornithopter) was an impossibility. The fact that even the smallest bird has an amazing combination of high structural strength, light weight and energy-conversion capability makes it impossible to duplicate directly the technique of a bird's flight in any man made contrivance. However, the line of thought that a heavier than air machine resembling the birds in its mechanism would be produced was followed for centuries together and the real problem continuing to the early part of the 20th century lay in the lack of a light weight power plant from which necessary propulsive force could be derived.

## Balloons

With the appearance of the first hot-air balloon of Montgolfier brothers in 1783, attention was focussed in another direction, i.e. towards lighter-than-air techniques. On November 21, 1783, Jean Francois Pilatre de Rozier and the marquis Francois Laurent d'Arlandes made the first man-carrying free balloon flight which lasted about 25 minutes. The history of the next hundred years is dotted with the names of the balloonists and their exploits. By 1804 scientific exploration of the atmosphere was attempted by Gay-Lussac and Jean Biot who reached a height of 25,000 ft. They were followed by James Glaisher who claimed to have reached an altitude of 37,000 ft.

The military use of balloons was made in 1789 when the French organized a balloon corps which participated in the battle of Fleurus in 1794. In 1849, Austria used hot-air balloons for bombing raids over Venice. Observation balloons were used in the American Civil War in 1862-63. In 1870-71, during the Franco-Prussian War, balloons were used to evacuate personnel and to carry mail out of the besieged city of Paris.

## **Airships**

To carry balloons from one place to another dependence had to be placed upon natural wind currents which involved difficulties and hazards. Another form of lighter-than-air craft assumed significance in the latter half of the 19th century in the form of the dirigible balloon or airship. An airship involves the use of a sufficiently powerful light weight and self contained engine which rotates large propellers continuously in order to give propulsive direction to the craft. The first planned round-trip flight was made on August 9, 1884 by an airship designed by two French army officers, Capts. Renard and Kerbs in which they used an 8 h.p. electric motor run by batteries. The development of airships continued till the early 20th century.

## **Fixed Wing Aircraft**

George Caley, during 1799-1810, laid the basis of aerodynamics and, as many people think, became the true inventor of the modern aeroplane. He established the basic configuration of an aeroplane and, in 1852-53, successfully flew his coachman in the first man carrying glider. Caley's glider had all such familiar features as forward main planes fuselage, adjustable fin, tail plane, rear rudder and rear elevator.

In his glider, he provided for the longitudinal and lateral stability and understood the movement of the centre of pressure. He realized the need of a power plant and the undercarriage. It was he who conceived the biplanes and triplanes. He also realized the need of camber in the wings and thought of the existence of a powerful lift force on the upper surface of a wing. In fact his theoretical and practical work led to many important developments in aviation later.

## **Powered Aeroplane**

The idea of powered flight lay dormant until 1840 after which a series of inventors tried to employ steam power for the purpose of flight. Those who made valuable contributions in this respect are Stringfellow, Henson, Temple, Penaud, Wenham, Tatin, Phillips, Ader and Maxisn. Ader (1890) in fact claimed to be the first to take off in an aeroplane under its own power which could not, however, make a sustained and controlled flight. Langley (1896) was the first person to use a light-weight petrol engine in his aeroplane which failed to make a successful flight.

## **Aeroplane Pilotage**

The ground work for successful aeroplane pilotage was laid by a German engineer, Lilienthal who, during 1891-96, became the first to fly and control gliders in the air. He succeeded in achieving a limited but successful method of glider flying, in which he hung in the machine by his arms and controlled its stability and steering by swinging his torso and legs in any desired direction, thus shifting the centre of gravity. His descriptions and photographs of flying and the tragedy of his death in 1896 became a

great source of inspiration for the Wright brothers and others who successfully pioneered the conquest of the air in the years that followed.

## Successful Powered Flight

The first sustained, controlled and effectively powered flight was achieved by two American brothers, Wilbur and Orville Wright. They aimed at a complete mastery of aeroplane piloting on a large number of gliding sorties before actually taking to the powered flight. They installed a 12 h.p. motor with two pusher propellers in a machine, based on a glider configuration which they had already used in 1902 and called it "The Flyer". After a single failure at take-off on December 14, the Wright brothers made four flights on December 17, 1903. The first flight, lasting 12 seconds, marked the beginning of the era of the flight of the heavier-than-air powered machines. With their powered "Flyer No. 3" in 1905 the Wrights achieved the first really practical aeroplane in history: it could bank, turn, circle, make figures of eight and keep flying easily for one-half hour at a time.

## Early Developments

From 1903 to 1914 was the period of trial and error. After the success of the Wright brothers a number of Europeans started work on their flying machines with renewed interest. European aviation was stimulated in 1908 when Wilbur Wright demonstrated his mastery of flying to the dumbfounded French public. By the end of 1908 Wilbur had broken every flying record and had made a flight lasting 2 hours and 20 minutes. From that point onwards the lessons taught by Wilbur drove many others ahead into the realms of successful aviation.

By 1908-09 the World aviation was springing. Two basic and efficient types of aeroplanes had emerged: the light rotary-engine-powered biplane with large ailerons, and the monoplane with either ailerons or wing warping as used in the Wrights' designs. A vehicle of new potentials seemed to be in sight on July 25, 1909, as Bleriot (France) created a stir in the minds of the Europeans by winning a flying competition across the English channel. America in the meantime had seen the emergence of new enthusiasts like Curtiss with his "June Bug" which won the Scientific American's prize. Then followed a period of competition for speed and distance flying which saw new records constantly being set. Generally people regarded the aeroplane strictly a device for the pleasure of the daredevils. In fact, those who really believed that the new machine was a potential weapon of warfare and an instrument of great commercial significance were indeed few at that time.

The years 1910-11 saw the first take-off from the deck of a ship and within two months of it a successful landing on a ship was also made. A couple of years preceding the outbreak of World War—saw a rapid development of the aircraft. Wind tunnels were used for laboratory experimentation and the need to streamline the aircraft to minimize the air resistance "drag" was recognized. Military experts started thinking in terms of employing the aircraft as a possible instrument of warfare (the

actual aerial combat taking place in 1915). The utility of the aircraft in terms of reconnoitering the positions and intentions of an enemy was given great importance. The need of employing it as a weapon soon called for its long range capabilities. By 1914 a German pilot flew an Albatross biplane for more than 24 hours.

Although the outbreak of the War in 1914 gave a practical trend to the evolutionary process in aviation, the earlier pace of development could not be maintained.

### Conclusion

The purpose of this article is to acquaint the reader with the important developments in the field of aviation which have taken place till to-day. For this purpose an effort is being made to give only a condensed survey of man's conquest of the air without covering the theoretical aspects involved. Although the first major historical development i.e. the feat of the Wright Brothers took place only at the start of this century, the pace of development has really been gigantic. It was, therefore, necessary to have written this article in stages so as to cover all important developments with reasonable details. This article is, therefore, only the first of its series and the remaining developments will be covered in further instalments which will follow in the forth coming issues.

Fit. Lt. TAHIR MAHMUD

*"A nation can never make progress unless it marches in one formation."*

*—Quaid-i-Azam*

## Spring Arrives at PAF College

The last spell of rains marked the end of a long cold winter. The thunder-clouds roared in the skies and sent bright jolts of lightning, tearing the dull, grey sky into pieces. Showers of the wind-swept rain torrented down upon the thirsty land, giving a new life to everything around. The trees swayed wildly rejoicing and welcoming the new season. The rains subside and you start getting the tingling smell of freshness in you. You feel that the land has woken up, and you can hear the grass growing, the buds budding and the birds chirping. Then you can very confidently say: "Ah, spring has arrived at last!"

The clouds clear away exposing the vast, blue sky. A few puffy clouds are left behind, but they too amble in the sky and are slowly moving southwards. The warmth of the crisp sunlight dawns upon the land and carries with it the heavy stench of green grass. An orange coloured butterfly flutters past you and disappears in the long row of roses, which have already begun to bud. Their lovingly beautiful colours attract you, and you find yourself amidst red, yellow, orange and white faces which appealingly stare up at you. The humming of the bees is heard everywhere and the sweet smell of nectar floats in the air. You get dizzy and sit down, intoxicated with exuberance of wonderful nature.

You then find yourself walking along the narrow waterways which form a network all over the College campus. You see the glitter of water spread over the green fields, to irrigate them. Crystal clear water flows through the narrow channels and you can see small mud fish constantly struggling against the water current. You walk on and hear the splashing sound of frogs leaping from the grassy edges, into water, their pulsating and slimy bodies glistening in the sun. A small gust of wind blows and you look up at the trees which form shady archways above the cemented lanes. The sun is peeping through the leaves and casting weird shadows on the pavement. Here, everything resembles a typical, covered eastern bazar somewhere in the winding streets of Lahore.

The sun is warm but the cool air gives a grinding sensation in your mouth and sends tingles up your nose. Through your watery eyes you see the College buildings at a distance. It's old bricks mellowed together with moisture from the recent rain, and the blanket of green moss spread over them. You look at the rich stem of a

creeping boghanvillae, and follow it up to the second storey french windows, where it blossoms delicate red petals. And to top it all, the College flag waves proudly against the blue sky, and stands in serenity against beautiful nature.

Your vision scans the lush green fields which await the oncoming energetic cadets who'll play in full coordination with the lively weather. You feel the warmth of the air and slowly float into the tantalizing arms of nature. You try to concentrate and the whole fantasy land reveals itself before you, and presents a painting by the very brush of Picasso.

The glowing sun slowly passes over the far off fields, and over the dull, grey reflection of the runway at the base. Everything is still and quiet except for the chirping of birds in the trees, and a few black crows going north. The sun turns orange and throws its rays over the far off land which seems to glow like a dying cinder in burnt-out coal. It is now half below the horizon, and you can feel the darkness approaching. Everything is calm; there is no more wind; no chirping of birds and no murmuring of water through the channels. Just when you think that the whole set-up is perfect, you hear the ear-splitting roar of a lonely mirage, which appears from nowhere and soars past the dying sun, and disappears into the darkness of the skies.

Flt. Cdt. (U/O) EHTESHAMZEB (i)

*"Islam is not a departmental affair: it is neither mere thought, nor mere feeling, nor mere action: it is an expression of the whole man."*

—Allama Iqbal

# The Procession

It was a sunny morning of December. I got up late as usual as I had nothing to do except wait for my F.Sc. result. I took breakfast and sat in the sun with a newspaper in my hand. I came to know that a procession was being taken out by the city students, protesting against some official policies.

Hardly an hour later I saw Munna coming back from school. He came straight to me in the lawn. He was happy and somewhat excited. Before I could ask him why he had come back so soon, he started off saying:

"Bhaijan! It was real fun today! It was marvellous!" He didn't know how to express his exact feelings, but he went on crying: "DC Down! Poverty Down! Rub off Poverty!..." and waving his hands violently. I couldn't make out anything from what he was saying. After a while he cooled down, and sitting beside me told the real story.

"Bhaijan! Today in the morning a procession of boys came to our school. We were having our Maths period. As we heard some shouting near the school, we looked outside. Our Headmaster ordered the school to be closed at once and told us to go home quietly.

"But I tell you Bhaijan! the slogans being raised by the boys in the procession were so attractive that I couldn't help joining them." Here Munna stopped for a while expecting an emotional response from me, but he found none on my face. Then he continued: "The procession went to three other schools and we got the students out to join us.

"When we passed through the bazar, all the shopkeepers started closing their shops. We were proud that everybody was becoming scared of us. Bhaijan, you know that Aftab Shoe Store in the main market?—He did not close his shop. We took it as an insult. So we raided his shop...broke all the show cases...took away many pairs of shoes...Within a few moments the whole shop became empty, absolutely empty!"



Taking something out of his bag, he said: "I also got a pair of P.T. shoes... But it's hard luck! The two pieces are of different sizes." He put the shoes back in the bag with a gloomy face, and then continued:

"After passing through several bazars, we came to the main road. We blocked the traffic....An omnibus was coming from the front. We stoned it and broke all the window glasses. The stone I threw hit the rear big glass and shattered it into pieces....."

"Munna! stop it, finish it, for God's sake!" I shouted. I couldn't listen to him any longer. It was too much!...I took him to my room and tried to explain that what he and the other boys in the procession had done was not right. I told him that the shopkeeper whose shop they had looted, could not have any hand in the policy making. He might himself be against those policies. Why then the poor man had been made the target of the violent protest?

"The other thing that pinched me most is that you have stoned a bus. Munna! Think for a while. For whom are these buses plying on the roads?—for you, for me, for all those who have stoned them. The buses belong to us: they have been bought from the taxes we have paid. If the glasses of a bus are broken today, it will take months to replace them. So damaging the government property is indeed damaging our own property."

I spoke to Munna for about half an hour, but he seemed to pay no attention to my words. He was still thinking of the slogans raised by his friends in the procession. I could only pray for him. Therefore, I asked him to go back and consider my advice coolly.

It so happened that next day I had to go to Rawalpindi. On my departure Munna did not see me off as he was somewhat angry with me. I stayed in Rawalpindi for a week or so. When I came back, I found Munna in bed. He was burning with fever. I came to know that he had got pneumonia for the past three days. When I put my hand on his forehead, he burst out into tears, and said:

"Bhaijan! you were right. The other day the bus in which I went to school had no glasses. Nothing was there to stop the chilly wind coming inside. So I got fever and pain...."

Fit. Cdt. (Sgt) SHAHID RASHID (M)

## Advice of Sayyid Ali Hujweri

A young man, tall like a cypress, travelled all the way from Merv (in Iran) to Lahore to seek guidance and advice from Hazrat Sayyid Ali Hujweri (Data Ganj Bakhsh). He came before the saint and complained:

"Sir, I am surrounded on all sides by enemies: kindly teach me how to live an honourable life in a situation like this."

The saint whose personality was a pleasant combination of beauty and majesty opened his mouth and counselled him thus:

"Young man, you seem to have no idea of the secrets of life, its beginning and its end. Set aside your fear of the enemy: you are a sleeping force: wake up!

"Listen! when a stone starts thinking itself to be glass, it does turn into glass and breaks every now and then; if a traveller thinks he is weak, he (actually becomes weak) and falls a prey to the robber. How long will you consider yourself to be mere 'water and clay'?—you are capable of producing the 'flame of Sinai' from your elemental self.

"Why should you be unhappy with friends and complainant against the enemy?—Your enemy is your friend indeed: your life-activity is all due to him. Whosoever is aware of the secrets of the self, he regards a powerful enemy to be a blessing from God, because the enemy serves him as rain water and awakens the hidden possibilities of his self. If one possesses a strong determination, no obstacle remains unsurmountable for him: the flood waters do not recognize the ups and downs of the way.

"Life does not consist in eating and seeking rest like animals. If you are weak from within, your life is meaningless. When you reinforce yourself by self-development, you may as well upset and change the course of the world to your liking.

"Look! if you seek annihilation, neglect your Self altogether, but if you seek eternity, develop your Self fully. What is death?—to ignore the Self: it is not a mere separation of the body and soul as you seem to think. Cultivate your Self like

Prophet Yusuf and walk out from prison straight to the throne. Develop your Self and become a useful man, the Man of God, the Possessor of the secrets of life."

It will be of interest for the reader to have an idea of the rich tribute that Iqbal has paid to the Saint of Lahore in the beginning of the poem. Here is an approximate rendering:

"Sayyid Ali Hujwari, the Master of the people, whose grave had the status of a sacred place in the sight of Khwaja Muin-uddin Chishti of Ajmer, travelled across the mountains and sowed the seed of sajdah (obedience to One God) in the soil of the sub-continent. His majestic conduct and godliness revived the times of Caliph Umar, and the Truth became current through his preaching. Guardian of the honour of the Holy Book (the Quran), his mere glance was devastation for falsehood. He breathed life into the dust of the Punjab, and our dawn became bright by the beams of his sun...."

(Adapted from Iqbal's *Asrar-i-Khudi*).

A.A.K.

*"What is religion? To discover one's inner secrets."*

*—Allama Iqbal.*

# Life Means Much More

I came to the world a few years back, undesired, unwanted. There was already a full-fledged football team at home and my parents did not want the extra twelfth. Anyhow I was not as unwanted as my follower. It is not easy to believe that we were thirteen at home, excluding of course the parents.

My father was a genius. He managed to bring us up easily. He took money from the government as well as from the defaulters, but telling you a secret, he worked for neither. Do keep it to yourself, and if you find it difficult, don't tell it to any others.

My mother was a very gentle lady. All men praised her, but all women hated her, not because she was ill-mannered but because she never let them speak. If only you had heard her talking, you would have believed every word she uttered. But believe it, I never believed her.

My father didn't believe in keeping a bank balance, for he hated the sight of the come-tax people. Thus we were used to spending money unlike the miserly fellows. Some of the contributions were made by my eldest brother to a few pop groups and night clubs. This was a great social service indeed. Besides, most of us had exceptionally large round bellies, which our friends admired in a light orthodox manner.

The first thing I found after appearing in this world was that only my parents were concerned about me, though not much bothered. My brothers and sisters—forget their names—were broad-minded people and enjoyed "complete freedom."

I liked going to school but studies were something immaterial for me. What could a junk of books give me except headache and indigestion? But our school provided us with a good company of friends. Our teachers were mostly boring and we enjoyed missing classes.

My No. 2 brother joined the army, but soon found it to be a very lousy life, and got himself drummed out. Father's genius saved me the boredom of studies: he bought me a first division in Matric. I joined a college, but soon I decided to get myself failed. Next year I wanted to pass, so I bought my teacher a motor-bike, and you know, I topped.

I loved fashions—those long wavy hair tied in a band. Very often I shared clothes with my eldest sister—she is of my height and has lovely dresses. I loved to be praised, so I won a host of friends to praise me through their stomach.

I expected to have a problem in my degree examination; I didn't take it—just bought the degree. I could not, of course, waste my time in studying further. My father used his influence and got me a job in a private firm. Actually those people were grateful to father on account of his many favours to them. Therefore my position was quite secure.

Then suddenly father died an untimely death. Well, it was not all that bad, but the consequences were extremely hopeless. I lost my job, but still possess the degree. But I fail to understand why people always send me back home every time I report for duty.

*Flt. Cdt. WAMIQ ABRAR (I)*

*"You are the nation-builders of tomorrow and you must fully equip yourself by discipline, education and training for the arduous task lying ahead of you."*

*—Quaid-i-Azam.*

None of us had seen a snowfall before and so were praying for it. Luckily the next night it snowed which continued till morning and we all enjoyed it watching. But that day we also had the hardest fatigue in Naltar, which was snow pressing. We had to climb up the slopes with skis on and come down pressing the soft snow. After that nobody prayed for a snowfall.

On 27th we had a test and almost everybody cleared it. They also made a coloured movie of our performance. On that night all the cadets and officers had a get together in the ante-room and had a good time. Everybody praised our performance. Next day we returned our kit and that evening we had the best supper of our stay. The following days were spent visiting places around Naltar and watching avalanches slipping from high peaks. Two days later the new course arrived and we left Naltar in the evening.

In Gilgit the first two days we stayed in the P.I.A. lounge for V.I.P's. Then we were asked to shift to the drivers mess as the lounge was required for the Prime Minister who was arriving the next day. Here we got far better food than what we usually got in Naltar. For three days we visited different parts of Gilgit and took photographs of beautiful spots.

On 5th March we left Gilgit by a C-130 and the same night by Chenab for Sargodha. We came back to the College after spending 15 of the best days of our lives.

*Flt. Cdt. SAJID HABIB (A)*

# Extracts from a Cadet's Diary

27-10-75

The cadets here are a somewhat rowdy mob. Therefore, once a week they are subjected to an encounter with "outsiders". They come duly equipped with all sorts of weapons. People call them "barbers". Trained from early life, they are specialists in their war-like profession. When the encounter is over, the population here looks fairly machine-made: there is perfect uniformity in cut and style.

29-10-75

Learnt things the hard way: Reveille—5.30. With sleep-filled eyes, lead-heavy steps and half-dead limbs, managed to reach the wash basin. Got crystal-clear but ice cold water: could not wash the face. Mustered enough courage to apply a razor to face. Wonder where this crop of black bristle comes from—night after night the same growth all over the face. Wow...what a smooth shave today! Must be the blade. I intend to change to this brand permanently—no cuts at all!

Fifteen minutes later, ready for inspection. "What's this?" he growls. Did you shave today?"—"Y-Y-es, sir, I did". "Go back and shave once again—you are put on 4 extra drills."

Back in the squadron, I passed my hand on the chin. Lo and behold! the black magic forest is still there. I go up to shave again...Well, next time do not forget to put a blade in.

3-11-75

Went on 'French': crept quietly out of bed; rendezvous arranged; chilly night, a real pea souper fog, so thick that one could cut it with a knife; picked up a stick to guide myself. The reassuring sound of the stick aided me on the way. Prime importance: to reach destination by zero hour...Some distance outside the campus thumbing for a lift. Nobody stops. A kindly gentleman stops finally and agrees to take us along. But the cinema is in the other direction; the gentleman has perhaps mistaken our intentions. He has brought us back to the College. Anyway I don't

think many of those who have returned from "French" have had a free lift back in the Principal's car.

5-11-75

Sitting in the mess, and wondering what they did with the returned kit, especially the black stuff... Thought and thought and thought, but there was no clear answer. Out of the blue, probably out of the bowl of curry, came the answer. I got it too late; by then I had swallowed it in.

15-11-75

Day-dreaming: just imagine if we had female instructors. How would we address them? Could the drill instructor be called Miss Chief?

Flt.Cdt. INAYAT ALI SHAH (J)

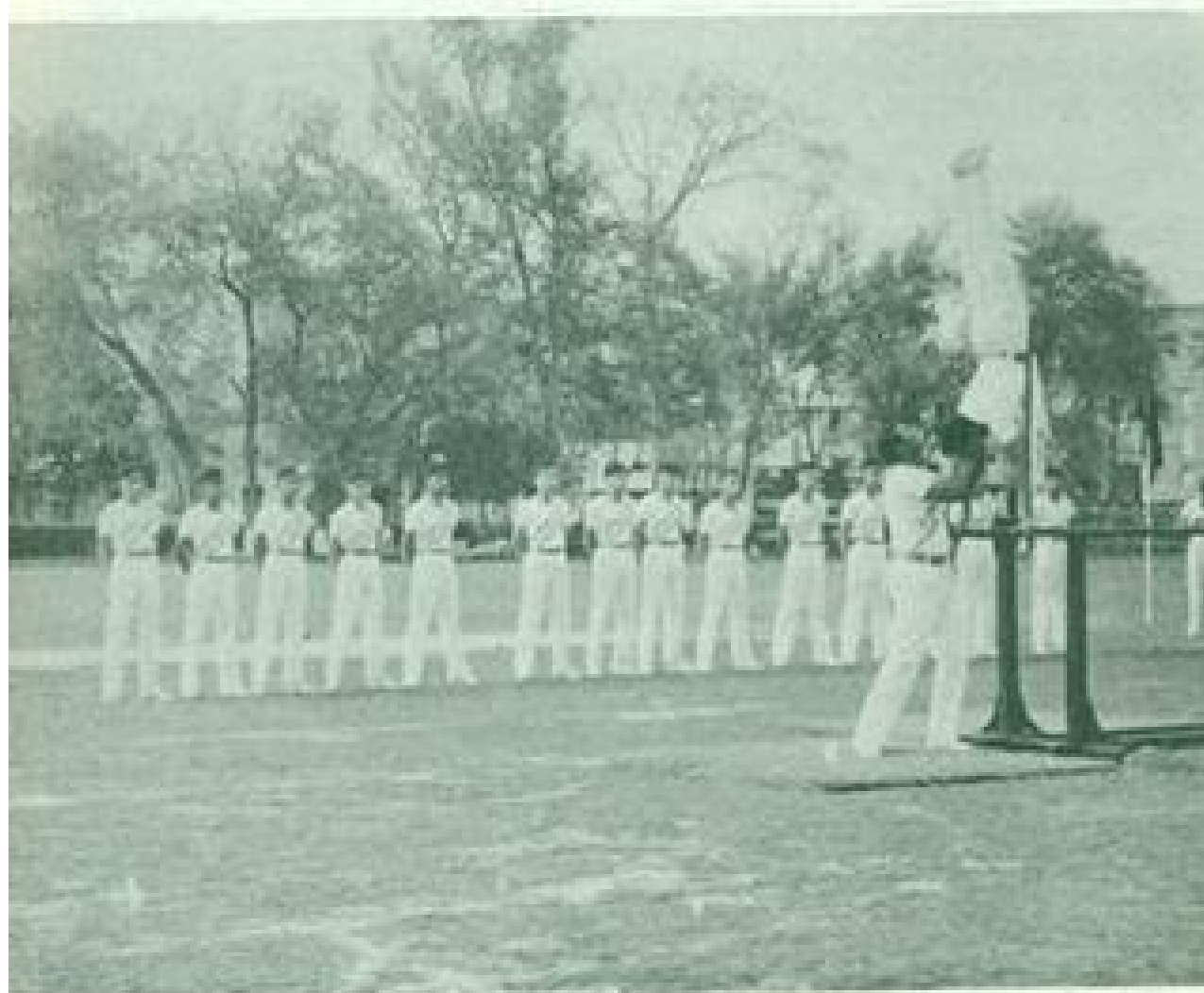
*"I can assure you that there is nothing greater in this world than your own conscience and, when you appear before God, you can say that you performed your duty with the highest sense of integrity, honesty and with loyalty and faithfulness."*

*—Quaid-I-Azam*

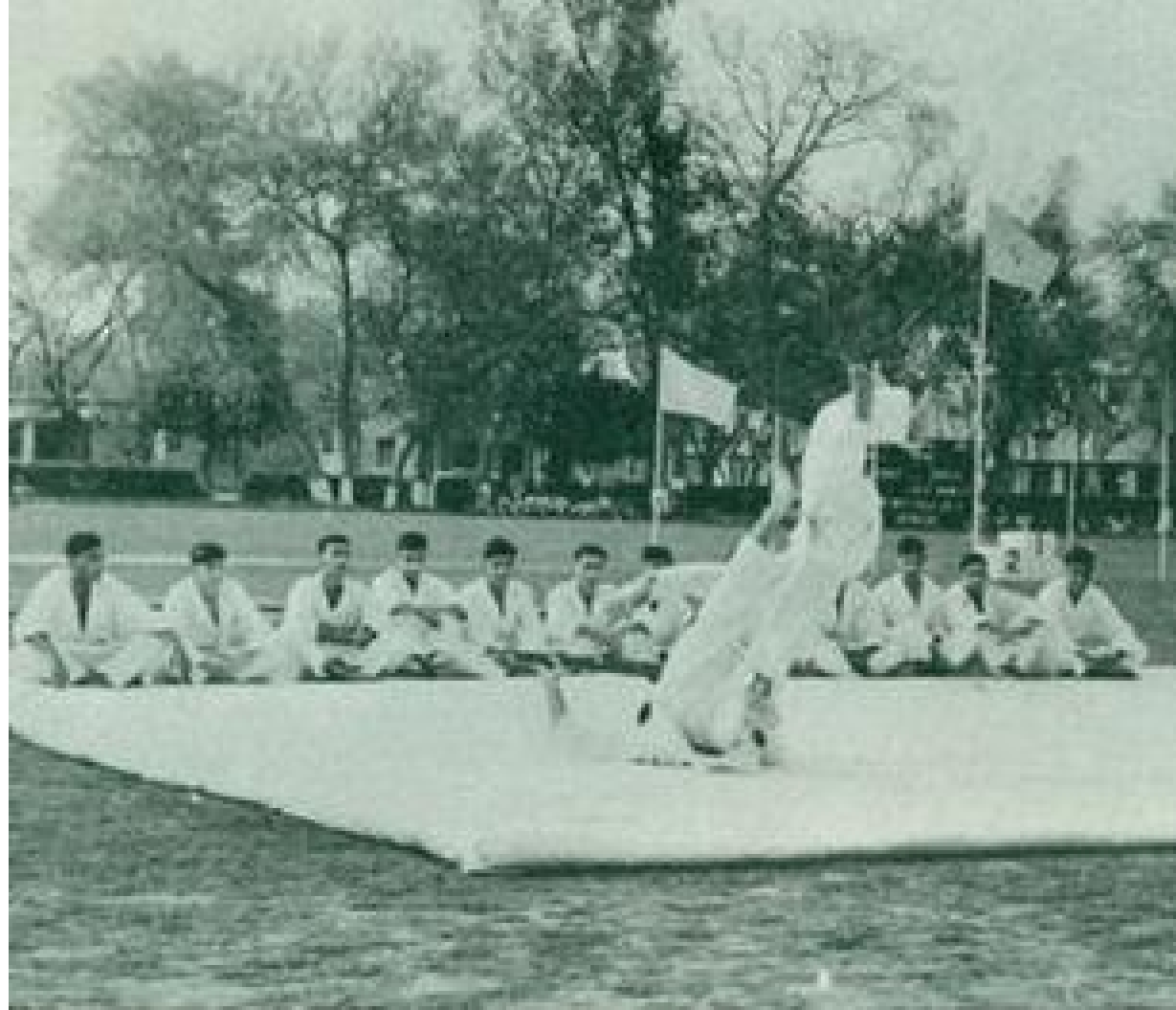




Contingent of Guard of Honour marching past Saluting Dais.



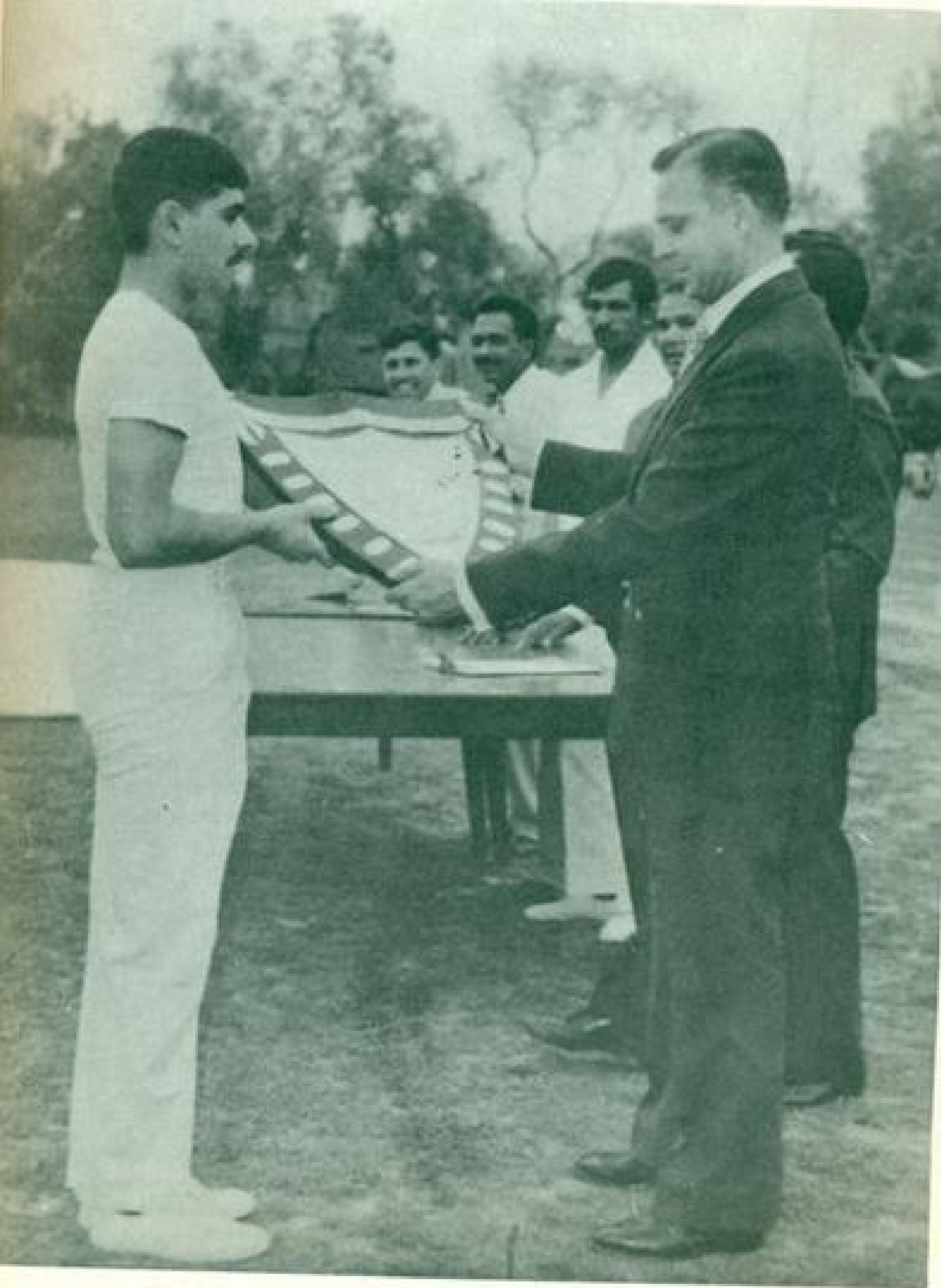
At the Parallel Bars.



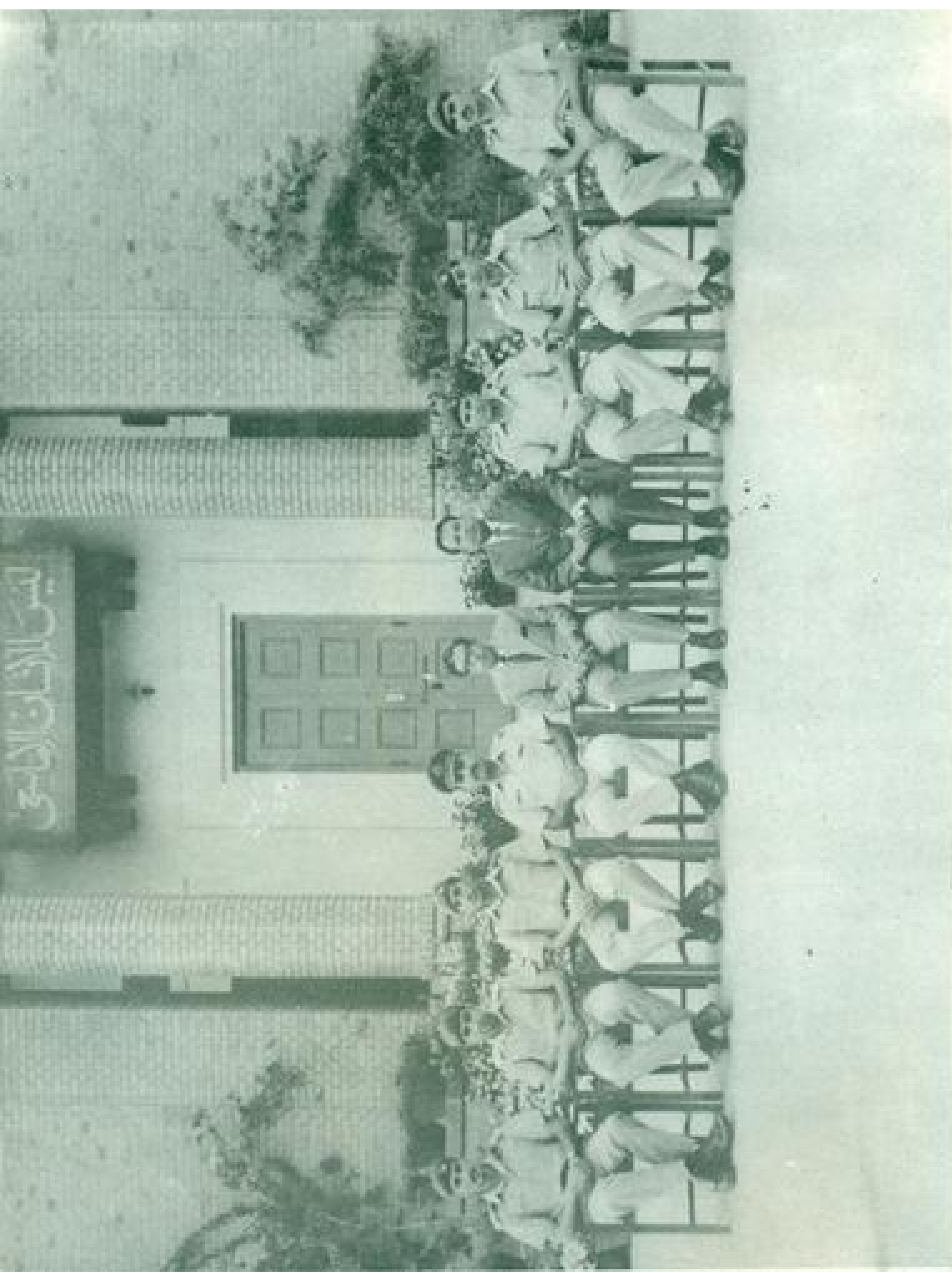
Judo Display.



Tableau.



U/O Ehtisham receiving Quaid-i-Azam Shield for Iqbal Sqdn.



Captains of College Teams.

# MY SON

O' happy was the day,  
When you were born,  
You lay by your mother  
One dark grey morn!

I remember the day,  
You went to school,  
Your naughty pranks  
We took them cool!

Then you went to college,  
Memorable was the day,  
Happy were we all  
And you were also gay!

You left the college,  
For the country's sake,  
A glorious career  
You were going to take!

You flew for the nation,  
To clear off the skies  
Of the enemy intruders  
Your morale was high!

The bullets clattered,  
But there was no cry,  
You never returned  
Nay, you didn't die!  
The country is proud,  
And'll remember your name,  
I lost my son,  
But you achieved your aim!

*Flt.Cdt. WAMIQ ABRAR (I)*

# The Guest

This was his fourth term in the College. In the second term he had witnessed the annual Sports Day. His father and mother had asked him why he had not participated in any event. He had just kept quiet because there was no apparent reason. He only wanted to say that he was a junior till then. Actually he was feeling ashamed because some of his entry-mates had taken part in the march-past. After the function he brought them to his squadron as others did, but unlike them he had no personal achievement to show his parents. He only smiled and showed them the "Best Dorm Trophy" that about thirteen of them had won, on the squadron level. "I wish you were at least among the gymnasts, if not among the athletes," remarked his mother.

This first Sports Day had put before him quite a few goals. He wanted to shine as a student, to prove his worth in sports, and to develop officer-like qualities. But how could he do all that?—he said to himself. He was thin, slim and a lean adolescent, who had never run a race. He was an average student and lacked many another quality, but he was blessed with a strong will-power. Once he was determined to do a thing, he would do it. So he did in sports and academics next year.

He felt a boundless joy when he joined the gymnastic team. "Now I shall also put up a performance on the Sports Day, and how happy my mother would be on seeing me as a gymnast!" His pick-up was fine and his prayers to God got him the fruit of his labour and effort.

"With the jump, feet together place!" commanded the PTI. The cadets started the first exercise—the neck spring. The guests were attentive and excited. Some of them were trying to raise their heads to see the performance more clearly and feel the warmth of young blood. This was the day he had awaited long—the Sports Day. He was in the gymnastic team, standing erect but lost in his own imaginations:

"Mother was anxious to see me as a young soldier. God has provided her an opportunity, but where is she seated?"—he could not locate her.

He was No. 4. Next was his turn. He jumped up, placed his feet together and started running towards the starting-point. When he came close to the guests,

he felt hundreds of wide open eyes staring at him. He blushed almost red. In a state of terrible confusion, he went out of steps and hit the horse. A burst of laughter arose under the shamiana. He joined in again trying to regain confidence. On his next turn for "Through Vault", he made no mistake, and the instructor appreciated his style.

Many camera-men were moving about in the field. Some T.V. cameramen were also there. He wished some T.V. man took him in on his next turn, so that his brothers and sisters could also see his performance.

By that time he was the next to go for "Long arms draw". His running, springing off the board and erect up-side-down position on the horse was perfect. The spectators clapped spiritedly. He felt his chest had expanded with pride; he kept his neck erect and eyes to the front like a true soldier.

After about ten minutes, the show was over. He waited for the guests to disperse, but the Principal and the Guest of Honour's speeches made him wait unduly long. He could not listen to even a word: he was thinking of his guests. "Mother must have been tired after the journey. God knows whether father has accompanied her or not. If she is alone, I must find her out quickly. But where can I find her? She is nowhere to be seen.

The moment the guests were requested to move for a cup of tea, he ran through the smart and well-dressed people in search of his mother, and continued searching for the guest who had not in fact arrived to witness his wonderful performance.

*Flt. Cdt. TAHIR SHEIKH (AD)*

# Of Studies!

Being a staunch believer, I daily pray to God:

"I seek Thy refuge from the clutches of studies, from the equations of Physics, from the formulas of Chemistry, from the thetas of Mathematics, from the detentions by teachers, from extra drills and relegations."

I swear, I came here to be a pilot, not a scholar. I want to fly a plane, not my thoughts. I try to run away from these evils, but they grab me like a beast. Sometimes in solitude, I give names to studies: witches, danger-signals, death warnings . . . and many more. But it avails nothing.

Daily when I sit down and recall what I have studied during the classes, I just wander in the terminology of Physics, Chemistry and Mathematics. My heart throbs as if I am hung up high in the skies. Then suddenly I have a fall and I realize that I have fallen into the lap of Physics. I take out a fat book. But alas, no Physics descends on me. I pray to God, but there is no help.

I try my level best and then suddenly jump up with joy. Ahha, I have solved the problem. I write it down on a piece of paper. Again I go into a deep trance, but nothing reveals. At last I take out a coin and toss it. I need not tell you the result.

With a broken heart, I take out a book on Chemistry and turn over the pages. But . . . not a single word seems familiar to me. I try my best to get lost in the world of La Catellier and Avogadro, but they don't accept me.

Tears of helplessness appear in my eyes and I throw away the book. By this time, my head becomes heavy and I start feeling dizzy. Then my eyes fall on a novel and start glistening with pleasure as if I had found a treasure. It is a novel by Razia Butt. I start reading it with relish, and all of a sudden my slumber and laziness vanish. I start understanding all the ups and downs of life. When I am fully absorbed in the book, it suddenly disappears.

In astonishment, I look around and find a furious Senior, who gives me a good spank and takes the book away. A few minutes later, I find him reading the same



book as if it were a holy scripture. The bell rings and I say "Hell with everything", and go to sleep.

In the morning, I again pray in the usual way, but there is no help, no change—the same earth under my feet and the same heavens above!

Flt.Cdt. SAID M. KHAN (M)

*"The highest character is found in a person who gets along well with others, yet at the same time is able to lead them to better ways of living. Living by Doing—not what we say but what we do is important."*

# Courage is All !

How calm was the life in Comilla that day! The people hardly knew what was happening a few miles from their homes. The shadows of the night were spreading out and a bunchful of brave soldiers were trying to save their motherland and wash its soil with their own blood. A jeep was rushing towards the civil hospital. In it lay a Bengali Muslim, a patriot and hero; Captain Fakhruddin was taken to the emergency ward and into the operation theatre.

The operation continued for about three hours and outside waited the Captain's young brother to hear the news of a successful operation. Then the doctor came out and walked towards the young boy: "Well, Mr. Zakaria, Captain Shaheed was a brave man. I have taken out five bullets from his body and there are a lot of shell pieces in his flesh which could not be removed."

Zakaria was a young lad of 18, strongly built and a highly determined chap. Not a tear appeared in his eyes; there was rather a bright gleam on his face. He had the same blood running in his veins which ran in Captain Fakhruddin.

Three days after his brother's Shahadat, Zakaria said to his father, "Father, I have to pay a debt left by my brother, and I am going today to Muniagarh. On the way back I'll bring everything my brother could not bring." The father trusted Zakaria but could not understand what he meant. Only Zakaria knew what debt his brother had left for him to pay. He had heard a soldier telling that the Captain had nearly completed his mission. That was the debt Zakaria wanted to pay off.

He reached his brother's unit and straight went to the O.C. A simple college boy volunteered himself for the mission which was highly dangerous even for trained soldiers. The O.C. looked cool and advised Zakaria to go back. But Zakaria had not gone to Muniagarh to come back like that. He knew that it was not an easy job to accomplish the task that a commando only could be entrusted with, but he was determined. He did not want to come back without paying the heavy debt left by his brother.

He spent the night in a field looking across the border and imagining his brother fighting against the treacherous enemy. In his mind's eye he could see him running up and down, and then suddenly being shot and taken to hospital.

Next morning Zakaria again turned up before the O. C. with the same request. When the O. C. heard that he had spent the night in the field without food and sleep, he was shocked. But how could he hand over a dangerous service mission to a young, immature civilian? It meant sure wastage of one more life. The O. C. again refused. The third day when Zakaria appeared before the O.C., he lost temper and ordered him to leave the place immediately. Zakaria took it cool and said, "Sir, I do not need your help. I only want to know what was my brother's mission, because I want to complete it."

This request put the O.C. in an odd position. He began thinking: "Why not try this young man? If he is successful, it will mean a lot for my platoon." . . . "O. K. I'll help you," said the O. C. "but presently you go, have food and take some rest in my room. I'll tell you what to do in the evening."

Zakaria's happiness knew no bounds. In the evening the O. C. called him to his office. There was another commando, Sub. Allah Ditta, also present. The O. C. had a map spread out in front of him and a few photographs of a bridge. "Listen boy, this bridge has to be destroyed; it will mean a lot for our national safety." This is the place (Point A) you are going to. You will be left there by our man. The red mark shows the bridge, our target. The route to be followed by you is marked. You will be walking in marshy area for about four miles. Don't keep anything which can get spoiled by water. We shall give you maps, diagrams, a complete dynamite set and other things. You will leave at zero hour tonight: Allah Ditta will drop you at the point, and will explain to you how to operate things. O.K. son, wish you best of luck! Khuda Hafiz!"

Accordingly, Zakaria was left at Point A. He did not mind walking in the marshy land. He had only one thing in mind, to destroy the enemy bridge. Determined as he was, he walked and crawled, walked and crawled. He could now see the bridge in the moon, and the sentries on guard. A smile appeared on his face.

He put the dynamite safely in a box and covered it with grass. Then he stepped into water and swam nearly a hundred yards under water with the box floating over his head. Reaching the bridge, he placed the dynamite suitably and swam back. It was now just a question of pressing a switch. He looked at the bridge for the last time and pressed it.

*Flt. Cdt. MUHAMMAD HUSAIN (R)*

# Love Thy Enemy !

We often sat beside the fire during the cold winters, shoving ourselves into blankets and listening to our old, very old grandma's logic. Perhaps in that age she appeared to me a bit too old, whereas she was hardly sixty. My infant mind couldn't perceive what she said and all her logic seemed highly un-logical. She would say, "Wami, a good boy never hates anyone, or feel jealous of anyone; for that matter he won't be embarrassed even if someone displeased him." Though she took care to choose the simplest language, I would think that poor grandma was too old for any sort of advice.

Today after years I realize that my grandma showed me the way to eternal peace. Peace and satisfaction of mind can only be attained if one has security, love, health, happiness and success. Grandma's words carried the answer: "Love is the secret of mental and physical peace." Love is the key-note of happiness. If love ruled the world, there would be no difference between heaven and earth.

If we look into religion, we would come across the word 'love' frequently. For example, we are asked to love our neighbour. How simple it looks, but if this one thing is carried out practically, we would get rid of many miseries. You love your neighbours and they will love theirs. Now if you love your neighbour truly, you would love anything they would love, and thus you would love their neighbours, too. Hence a chain of love would be formed, and the chain of love is the strongest of all chains.

Reading through a book the other day, I came across a sentence I would like you to know: "There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us." How true! Now it is up to us to look at the picture the way we like. If you look at the dark side only, an individual will appear to be nothing better than a devil. However, if we look at the bright side, every and any individual will appear to be an angel. That is why a person so much hated by some is so dearly loved by others. We do not see things as they are but as we want them to be.

Another drawback in our approach is that we only see what is in front of us: we do not analyse the whole picture. We do come across wrong things done by the people, but we neglect all the good things they possess. It is nothing but forced

blindness. A penny held in front of the eye will hide the sun. Remove the penny and you won't be able to stand the brightness of the sun. Similarly, if we ignore a person's follies and appreciate his positive qualities, we shall find a saint in him. Sacrifice is an important factor for achieving the boons of love.

Mere knowledge of love is not very important; practice of love is equally necessary. A successful and happy life consists in two factors: knowledge and practice. Who doesn't know that honesty is a good quality, but how many people practise it? If a person starts loving his enemy, he will find life entirely changed for him. We all love our friends; that doesn't mean much for us. Loving the enemy is the secret of life.

Grandma also used to say: "Never admit failure until you have made the last attempt; and never make your last attempt until you have succeeded."

Flt. Cdt. WAMIQ ABRAR (J)

*"The racial ideal is the greatest enemy of mankind and it is the duty of all well-wishers of the human race to eradicate it."*

—Allama Iqbal

# A Flight Cadet Before God

**Scene:** A Flight Cadet who is wearing four thick stripes on his shoulders is held by four angels, belonging to the Police Force of Hell, and is being taken to the court of God.

**One Angel:** O God, he is a person who didn't do any good in the world; he deserves Hell.

**God:** Yes, I know, but what have you to say about him?  
(The Angel produces a scroll and starts reading).

**Angel:** Gracious God, this fellow spent his whole life in bad company. He was provided with all facilities and given certain duties to perform, but he didn't pay due attention to them.

**Cadet:** But can you prove any of the charges?

**Angel:** Yes, every bit of it.

**Another Angel:** Merciful God, he is trying to be over-smart; he certainly deserves Hell.

**Cadet:** (Humbly) Lord, I want to know the reasons why....

**Angel:** My dear! Do not try to be over-clever; you also know what you have been doing.

(A general silence: the court is full of angels and other young people most of whom are flight cadets).

**God:** (To the Angels) What is the report?

**Angel:** (Opening a file and turning over pages) Kind God, when he was selected for Pakistan Air Force, he did not say a word in thankfulness to you.

Cadet: (Confidently) O God, the seniors are responsible for that: they humiliated me so much that I even forgot that I was a cadet; how could I thank you under those conditions?

Angel: But what happened after that?

Cadet: Then, I became a senior.

Angel: Compassionate God, there are other reports against him as well.

Cadet: What are those?

Angel: He was unduly hard on his juniors.

Cadet: (Promptly) But I had also been treated harshly once. I had done worse punishments awarded by my seniors.

God: Anything more against him?

Angel: Yes Lord, in 1975, he stole a pair of socks belonging to his course-mate.

Cadet: Excuse me, but I got 14 extra drills for that; then I couldn't go to the city for a month . . . my things were also stolen, and I never complained.

Angel: Whose fault it was?

(Another cadet speaks up: 'I also lost my laces, belt and pen . . .')

Angel: Shut up! Don't talk until you are spoken to.

(The Angel turning over more pages) He misbehaved with a senior on 20th January in the Radio Room).

Cadet: But then I had to spend my whole Sunday with him in the P.T. kit.

Angel: On 25th February, you were detected talking in a silly manner. Even your jokes were dirty.

Cadet: I was expected to do all that, because a G. D. (P) . . . I was helpless.

Angel: Did you ever offer prayers, or recite the Quran?

Cadet: Yes, whenever there was a chance of roll call. I recited the Quran once or twice a year in the College Mosque whenever it was made compulsory.

Angel: What was your object of joining the Pakistan Air Force?

Cadet: To safeguard my homeland against the enemy.

God: Considering his young age and good intentions, I excuse him; Send him to heaven.

Cadet: Gracious, Merciful God! Excuse my companions also.

God: Excused.

All Cadets (happily): Three cheers for Flt. Cdt. Darwesh!  
(There is a loud response of Hurrah, Hurrah...)

Angel: All right, no more noise; go to heaven quietly, but you will have to behave there properly.  
(Angel's loud command: TO THE RIGHT—DISMISS!).

Flt. Cdt. MASHHOOD (M).

*"Personality means the effects a person's traits produce on others".*



# Now Or Never!

The bell rang and the cadets filed into the classroom. The instructor walked in, acknowledged the salute and said: "Today, gentlemen, we are going to study an extremely important subject. I would like you to pay particular attention." This statement and warning was sufficient to make the students realize the value of the moments ahead and sit up to bring their mental alertness to the top gear.

The instructor got down to his job. Everyone listened with rapt attention; everyone seemed to be sunk deep in the lecture. Perhaps Sameer too, had good intentions, but actually he was lost in the world of his dreams, unaware of the goings on in the classroom. He had always admired himself, but perhaps this admiration was breaking its bounds. He was thinking of the time when he would become a doctor and serve humanity. He was dreaming that one day the whole nation would be proud of him: everyone would admire him for his professional talents. His parents, brothers and sisters, all would praise and love their dear Sameer, who had lifted the family reputation sky high. Suddenly the bell rang and all his dreams were brought to an end.

Then came the Intermediate examination. Sameer tried his best to prepare himself well, but he had never listened to classroom lectures carefully. There was a hushed, mysterious silence as the question papers were distributed. Sameer hopefully tried to go through the paper, but his heart started sinking as he saw the terrible questions, in clear black and white right in front of him. He felt miserable. He felt he would break down due to desperation.

When he came out of the room, he felt paralysed and beaten. Every next paper went on adding to his frustration. As it turned out later, he could not clear the hurdle. What to do now? he thought. He could not dare turn up before his parents, brothers and sisters. All had expected so much of him. No, no, he could not betray their confidence. Frustration made him take to drinking, which turned him out on the streets. One day when he was roaming on a street, unaware of himself, he suddenly saw a bus approaching from the front at a high speed. He was almost going to be crushed under it, when he got up with a shriek in his bed.

The mother who was sitting close by sewing, came up hurriedly and asked, "What is the matter, Sameer?" "Thank God, mother, thank God!" he exclaimed.

pleased to find his mother by his side. And then he narrated to her the nightmare he had gone through.

"You know, mother, this has taught me a great lesson. It has taught me not to sleep wide-eyed in the classroom. I must say I will be much more careful in future."

"Well, if that is the case, I am happy this happened to you, son! God has His own ways of waking up and warning his servants. Nothing better could have taken place."

How many of us are mentally absent from the classroom while the Instructor is teaching? There must be quite a few. Well, it is high time we woke up and got down to business.

Flt. Cdt. ATIQUE HUSAIN (Y)

*"What really matters most to man is his faith, his culture, his historical traditions. These are the things which are worth living for and dying for."*

—Allama Iqbal

# Islam : Fountain-head of Unity and Equality

On seeing the Muslims offering prayers, an Englishman remarked: "Any non-Muslim dare not see the Muslims offering prayers collectively, because it is impossible for him not to be impressed by the unity and equality in Islam."

If we observe the philosophy of any basic principle in Islam, we would find unity, and equality shining out of it. Just consider *illa* and *la*: these two simple words show nothing but unity and equality: One Master and all others as His servants. Thus, *la ilaha ill-Allah* is the foundation of the unity and equality of man.

The Islamic Prayer is offered in Arabic, which is the language of prayer in Islam. It cannot be offered in any other language. This is a sure means of bringing about unity and equality among all the Muslims of the world. The Fast is a grand show of uniformity. Every year there comes a month in which the rich and the poor have to go without food and drink and other desires of the flesh from morning till evening. This unites the Muslims in feeling and thought wherever they might be living.

Zakat offers a great opportunity for the same purpose. The wealth of the rich should not get stagnant in the hands of a few persons. It should circulate from man to man. The poor Muslims have a share in the wealth of the rich, which they are duty bound to give away at a fixed rate year after year. Hajj is another emblem of unity and a splendid example of equality. Every Muslim, rich or poor, puts on the same unsewn dress and is seen imploring Allah in and around Makkah in the Hajj season.

If a poor low caste Hindu woman accepts Islam, even she has to utter the same words, which were pronounced by Hazrat Fatima, the Holy Prophet's daughter. Thus, in no time she wins the membership of that organisation whose highest and noblest leader was the Lady of Paradise. Similarly a sweeper can offer his prayer standing shoulder to shoulder with an emperor.

These were the great qualities inculcated by Islam that the Arabs were able to rule great empires, and the super powers of those days were swept away like dry leaves in a gale.

Some people have tried to find the secret of Islamic progress in the early centuries. They see that before the advent of Islam, the Arabs were entirely

without any material resources. Then what was it, if not the miracle of unity and equality taught by Islam, that they humbled better armed and better civilized nations in the matter of days and months?

As soon as Islam prevailed, all distinctions of the low and high were abolished. The Arabs were no more scattered grains of sand, they became an invincible rock, which no materialistic power could shake.

When the Muslims migrated from Makkah to Madinah, they were extremely weak. The Ansar and the Muhajirs were made brothers of each other. The Holy Prophet converted them into one community on the solid foundations of love, unity and equality.

Let us remember that lack of equality, distinction of low and high, social barriers, spoil and crush the soul of unity. The Muslims the world over seem to be divided because they have forgotten the great lessons taught by Islam. Let us remember those lessons once again if at all we want to survive in the world.

Flt. Cdt. SOHAIL SHAFFI CHUGHTAI (Y)

*"Character is a sign or mark of distinction. It is an individual's habitual mode of thinking, feeling and acting."*

# Brain Teasers

## 1. Test Flight Quiz

During a test flight a prototype aircraft is made to land on the runway shown in the figure below. The aircraft's speed is controlled from outside. In the shaded portions of the runway the aircraft loses its speed by a certain fixed amount, equally in all shaded portions, but accelerates it ten times in the blank portions.

Find the speed which should be a prime number divisible only by itself at which the aircraft must enter the Start Line of the landing strip in order to stop exactly on the Finish Line. Also find the fixed reduction in the shaded portions of the runway.

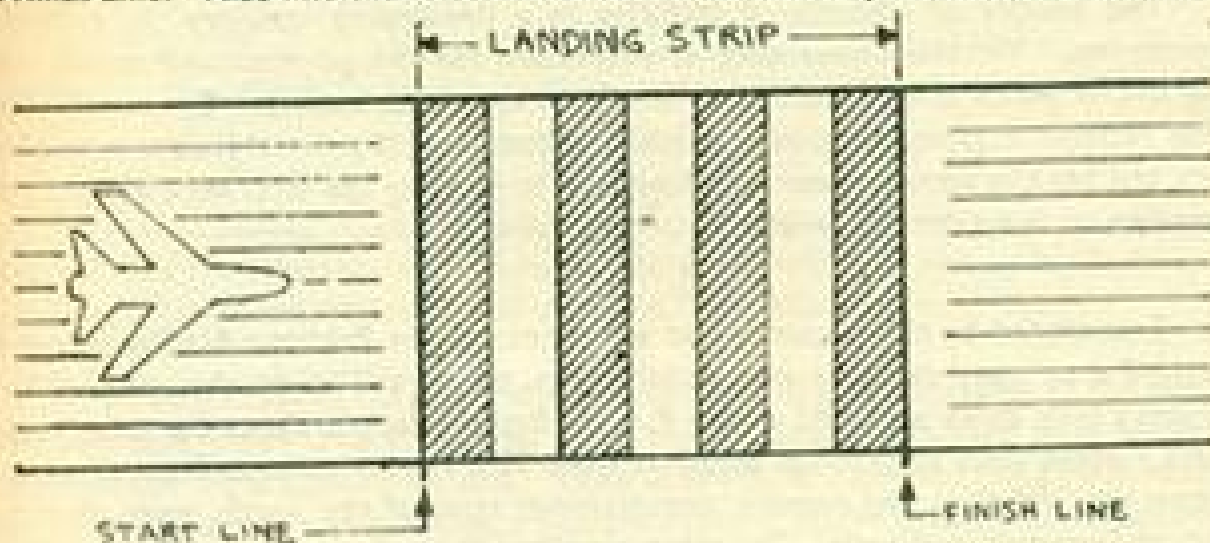


Fig. 1

2. Yankee wants to fly from Foxtrot to Zulu, without turning back. How many routes are available to him?

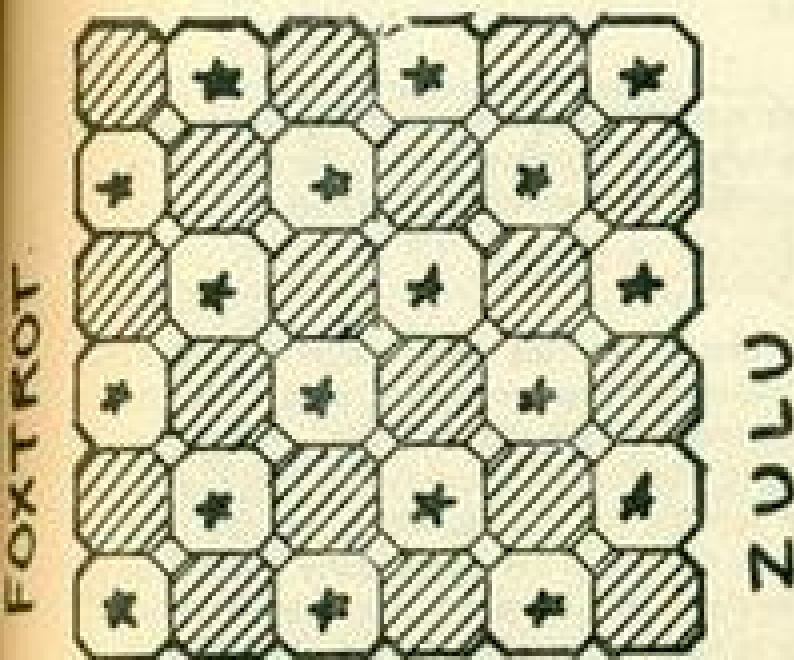


Fig. 2

## ANNOTATIONS



Base.



Prohibited Area



Air corridors.

Note : See answers on page 43.

Flt. Cdt. Cpl. IRFAN (R)

# Motivation Camp at Samungli

The paucity of educational facilities in a developing country is a familiar phenomenon. Yet the importance of recreation for the physical and mental well-being of the youth in particular can hardly be over-emphasised. Concerted efforts by the national organisations, educational institutions and private groups to promote sports and healthy activities can go a long way in meeting the vital need of purposeful recreation, at least for the youth.

Encouraged by the success of its winter camp, the Pakistan Air Force recently organised a summer camp or motivation camp, as we call it, on the national level. This week long camp was held at the P.A.F. Base Samungli, about six miles outside Quetta. More than 200 college students from 90 different colleges from all parts of the country, including the remote, mountainous areas of the north, were given free air lift to Samungli, and back. The camp provided them the opportunities for gliding, hiking, target shooting, learning the art of unarmed self-defence (Judo, Karate) and pursuing other recreational activities. They saw the fighter aircraft, met the pilots and witnessed para jumping by army paratroopers. This gave them a chance to learn about the principles of flight, see the armament in use and generally learn about the life in the P.A.F. and the career it offered.

The students were looked after by a team of experienced officers and cadets from all the P.A.F. training institutions, who jointly motivated them a lot towards the service. Living, dining and having fun together, they were also expected to promote national cohesion and solidarity.

The students displayed great keenness in learning about their national Air Force and greatly enjoyed their daily activities after good world war movies like Blue Man, Battle of Britain, Battle of Bulge, Navada Smith and the first ever Baluchi movie 'Hamal', which was screened last night. Samungli surrounded by hills and well known for its thermals was particularly suitable for gliding, which was the main attraction of the camp. The students made full use of the opportunity and had joy rides in the glider made of fibre glass. The clever ones were able to have more sorties than others. They kept themselves busy in this thrill-packed activity through most part of the day.

The participants were also taken on excursion tour to Ziarat, Hanna Lake and other places of interest around Quetta. Ziarat is a lush green lovely hill station of the province. A narrow winding road leads to the picturesque Ziarat which is being rapidly developed into a tourist resort. Though the journey is very tedious, about seventy miles from Quetta, passing through dry mountains, one gets lost in the natural beauty of the area. The beautiful government house where the Quaid-i-Azam spent his last days and the springs are situated at walking distances.

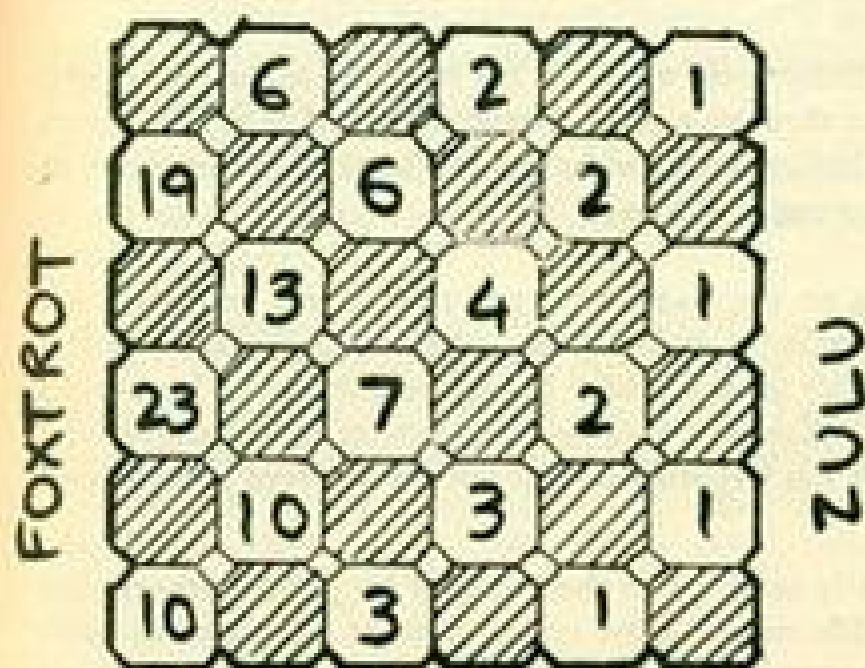
The students were daily taken to the city where they could do shopping and see other places of interest. Most of them, who had come to Baluchistan for the first time, saw the countryside and enjoyed the warm and spontaneous local hospitality.

The camp was inaugurated by the Chief Minister of Baluchistan, Jam Ghulam Qadir Khan. The Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Zulfiqar Ali Khan, spent a whole day with the students and visited their busy camp site.

Mr. Abdul Hafeez Pirzadah, Federal Education Minister, who came on the final day appreciated the opportunities offered by the Air Force. "It was a gesture designed to promote national consolidation and cohesion," said the Federal Minister.

A befitting finale to the camp was a camp fire. On this occasion all the officers of the Base and other civil dignitaries were invited and entertained by a group of artists from the Arts Council Quetta. Many students also amused the guests by their songs, jokes and skits. At the end, a student representative made a touching speech which expressed the noble sentiments of the participants and thanked the P.A.F. for giving them an opportunity to have first hand knowledge about their national Air Force and recalled the wonderful time they had spent in the camp.

Flt. Cdt. (U/O) RIAZ BAJWA



MAXIMUM  
POSSIBLE  
ROUTES  
=  $19 + 23 + 10$   
= 52.

# The Frog Jumps

It is not difficult for children to judge their parents. There are always slight differences of attitude and temperament between the father and the mother. If one is strict, the other has to be lenient. But I prefer a mother to be more strict than a father, though it was just the reverse in my case.

From the heavy sound of steps I could always judge that father was coming. My first concern would be to control my smile and look miserable, but I always failed. Thus I often got one or the other punishment on account of my ever-smiling habit. I could not overcome my smile even in the presence of angry father. I therefore decided to avoid him as far as possible. Whenever by chance I was detected by my father, I would request my mother to intercede for me.

When I entered my fifth class, mother suggested that I should have a separate room for studies. I got a separate room and was happy that now I would enjoy perfect freedom at night. But father thought that I should not be left alone at night for my tender age. To the south of my room was our tenant's house. On the east there was a window beside my bed, and towards west my father's bed, hardly three feet away from mine. A beautiful time-table was attached to my cupboard: get up at 7.30, breakfast at 8, book-out at 0830, book-in at 1700. Private studies from 1800 to 2000 hours.

During my study hours my father used to watch me from the corner of his eye. Whenever I wanted I could see him through a small mirror that I had in my file cover. The moment he looked to the other side, I would close my book. Then as soon as I heard his first snore, I would jump out of the bed.

Cold drops of water falling on my face would tell that it was morning and I should get up. After having breakfast I would come out of my house and the first person to greet me was invariably our tenant's son. Being the only son of his parents he was not as unlucky as I. Even his most stupid and silly pranks were forgiven and forgotten. His friendship with me was impetuous. All the day we lived and gossiped together.

After school time he generally took me to the house of his grandmother. She was very fond of telling stories. She would invite me to come at night also to listen to her stories. But she always stressed that we shouldn't come before 10, because



they had household works to do. The question of all questions was: how could I move out of the house after 10? After long deliberations we made a plan to go on french.

Next morning when I met my friend, I told him all the details of the plan. "Tonight I shall go to bed as usual. But before that I shall put a rope out through the outlet; one end of the rope will be attached to my pillow. You will pull the rope at exact 10, when everybody in my house would be fast asleep." My friend appreciated the idea heartily.

The day passed. At night before the study hours, I made all the necessary preparations. As I heard my father snoring, I got up, attached one end of the rope to my pillow and tried to pass the other end out through the outlet hole. But as the rope was a soft one, it was not passing out easily. While pressing the rope with finger-tips, I felt as if I had touched a snake. I was just going to shout, "Snake, snake!" when a frog jumped out of the hole on to my bed. Exasperated I wanted to kill the frog. But it was jumping all over my bed as if it was a detective sent by father.

At last when the frog became exhausted I got hold of it and tied the end of the rope to its neck, and then let it go out through the outlet hole. I heard it splashing into the gutter outside. I pulled the rope thrice but there was no movement. I waited for about ten minutes for my friend to come and pull the rope, but nothing happened. Thinking that the plan had failed, I also went to bed.

Suddenly I felt a jerk on the pillow and thinking that my friend was calling me, I tried to come out of the room in perfect silence. As it was dark, it took me quite some time to find the way out. As I opened the door, I was startled by the sound of the falling lamp. I jumped back into my bed. My father also woke up, and immediately put the light on, suspecting a thief in the room. As he left the room in search of the thief, I caught sight of my pillow lying beside the table on the floor. I put it back on the bed with the rope hanging on to it. I was afraid of being caught. Father soon came in but luckily went back into bed quietly.

I thanked God but cursed my friend: "If the stupid fellow had not pulled the rope for the second time, I would have been out with him safely and gone to listen to his grandmother's story."

Next morning after a quick breakfast, I went out and found him waiting for me at his door. Before I could say something, he took me aside and told me the following story:

"At exact 10 I went towards the outlet, and found the rope after a good deal of search. I pulled it and thinking that you must have got up, came back. I waited for about five minutes, but you did not come. I went for another attempt. This time the rope was not in the same place where I had left it before. As I gave it a pull, something jumped up and I ran back in fear. But the rope got entangled in my leg, and then was broken due to the strong pull. When I came into light, I found a frog hanging by my leg...."

*Ft. Cdt. NADEEM KHAN (I)*

# My First Cricket Match

A cricketer friend of mine once told me that due to my tall height, I could also become a good cricketer. This suggestion turned out to be a blessing for me. I started practising cricket whenever and wherever I got a chance. During vacation a bat and a ball were enough to practise it in the small courtyard of my house. I felt happy while hitting the easy bowling by my younger brother.

Cricket net practice in the College started a week before the tournament. I was one of the most regular and spirited ones to practise in the nets. My friend coached me a little. I still do not know why he always stressed that I should hold the bat firmly. After a few days' practice I started thinking of myself even better than a test cricketer.

Our first match was against Iqbal Squadron. A day before the match I was sure that no bowler could beat me at the stumps. I was fully determined to hit at least a century. In my imaginations I planned that on the first ball I would hit a boundary on my leg side. Then the bowler would naturally bowl on my off, and a nice square cut would get me a four. Thus a century would be completed within fifteen overs.

Anyhow throughout the night I kept on dreaming about the match. Some fellow cadets say they heard me talking in my sleep, about the match. The match was to start at 10 o'clock. I got up fairly early, prayed and dressed up in cricket kit. I shaved my chin twice because, I thought, a century-maker must look smart at the stumps. I ate little breakfast so that I could run fast between the wickets.

Our captain won the toss and we were the first to bat. I had to go one down. I was sitting ready when the openers started the innings. Unintentionally I was praying that one of them should be bowled or run out. My prayer was soon granted. I got up ready to move in. But our captain suddenly decided to send my cricketer friend in. Now I had to go two down. I once again started murmuring prayers. Soon my cricketer friend was also out. Hard luck for him!

I went to the pitch with all the best wishes of my friends. I tried to look as graceful as possible by taking short and quick steps. I held the gloves in one hand and

the bat in the other. Reaching the stumps, I took the guard though I didn't understand its purpose. I put on the gloves slowly. Then I had a look at the fielding primarily to impress the fielders, and secondly to find some gaps for hitting the boundaries. Then after a last look at the bowler I bent down with perfect ease to hit the first ball.

As the bowler started running, my heart started sinking. The bowler bowled well. I was very short pitched, so I gracefully took my foot forward to get myself in line with the ball and gave a swing to the bat to hit the ball across the boundary. The ball did touch the bat but unluckily it got the inner edge of it. It all resulted in an unwanted noise at my rear. As I turned round to see what had happened, I found the balls flying off the stumps. So I had been bowled for a duck on the very first ball in the very first match of the tournament. It was cruel. It has been well said that cricket is a game of chance.

Anyhow I was prepared to face the consequences. One of the fielders said, "He only came to have a look at the pitch." The other remarked, "He just came and went back: he had no intention to stay here." I couldn't help but look down at the grassy field. The foremost problem before me was how to face my cricketer friend and other members of the team. To overcome shame, I started smiling, and this created a lot of confidence in me to face all sorts of remarks. Now I was taking long and quick steps to reach back the pavilion as soon as possible. Everyone sitting there performed his moral duty of passing one remark or the other. My friend only smiled and said, "Loose bat got you out! Anyhow bad luck!"

The next five players got us all out. Then was our turn to field. I thought I should show some skill in fielding to blot out the impression of batting. The innings started. During the whole match I could hardly stop a ball or two. The opponents played too well and brought their score very close to our's. When they were ten runs short, they had only two wickets intact. Just then their main scorer hit a ball high, towards me. I was happy that I would get the batsman out. I was fully confident of the catch. The ball dropped into my hands, but God knows how it slipped down to the ground.

The opponents were overjoyed and shouted out happily at my gesture of kindness to them, but my squadron mates. I think I also cursed myself heartily. We had lost the match and we returned to the squadron with hanging heads.

*Flt. Cdt. SARFRAZ AHMAD KHAN (R)*

# The Beans and I

On my first day in the College I couldn't have my lunch because I didn't know where the mess was. I think I went thrice around the PAF Hospital building, but failed to locate the mess. At supper we were taken in a flight to a place known as the Cadets' Mess. This word I had read time and again but I had failed to make any sense out of it.

We went into the hall in a queue, which of course was strange for me. We were told to sit together at one of the tables with a Senior Cadet at the head of the table. He told us to place our napkins. Some of us placed the napkins in a way as if they were going to have a shave. They were corrected. The meal started. I quickly took two pieces of chicken into the small plate. As I did so, I felt there was something wrong, because the complexion of the head-boy had changed. Before he could say something, a waiter came and whispered into my ear that I was not to take more than one piece. Moreover, I had to take the curry in the bigger plate. "This is the Cadets' Mess etiquette", he added. I felt small.

We were also told to use the fork and knife. I tried my best but could not eat more than half of the 'chapati' in half an hour. The meat pieces lay untouched. Then somebody clapped and we were ordered to leave the hall. The seniors, however, were seen still sitting giving finishing touches to their meals.

That night I couldn't sleep due to hunger. Next morning, after P.T. I was the first cadet to get ready for breakfast. I reached the mess in time and had my full share of everything. At lunch I carefully poured the curry into the bigger plate, and wanted to start, but didn't know how to take it. I couldn't gather the beans with the fork, so I had to eat most of the chapati without the curry. I had to feel sorry for spoiling the clothes of another cadet while following the beans with my fork.

Now that I am fully acquainted with the mess etiquette and the use of the fork and knife, I feel quite ill at ease when I go home and have to eat my meals without them.

*Flt. Cdt. ANJUM ZIA (M)*

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*Flt. Cdt. ANJUM ZIA (M)*

# Flying — My Love!

I always dreamt how flying would be,  
A fantastic joy it would offer to me,  
I became a pilot—the pleasures flee!  
I found myself in a troubled sea!

Tho' hard it was—I gathered my wits,  
Alas, I passed through many cockpits,  
I gained my experience in bits and bits,  
Trimmed till I was for the air force 'kits'.

A couple of hours in the air each day,  
It is no joke, no ordinary play,  
Tho' generally boring, one finds it gay,  
A pilot only knows how to find his way.

Certainly the world is underneath you,  
Valleys and rivers and fields to view,  
It's only so good for hours a few,  
After half a decade there is nothing so new.

Stammering was the nurse, her pitch very high,  
Frank was her counsel, and not at all shy:  
"Never marry a GD, you know the reason why?  
He'll take you to the airfield and say good-bye!"

But flying is my Love, I'll let you know,  
In bad times, to me you'll all have to bow,  
With spirit and stamine, I'll crush every foe,  
Of peace and freedom, the seeds I'll sow.

*Flt. Cdt. MAHMUD BIN KAFIL (M)*

# Science — Servant of Humanity

Scientific attitude today is the hallmark of an educated person and also of a developed country. All education and training, therefore, should aim at producing this attitude in the students as well as the citizens of a country. Much of the progress that man has made is due to the knowledge of science. In fact, the progress of the third world hinges on the acquisition of this approach to life.

Science is not a new subject, but has existed ever since man came into being. It consists in man's application of his intelligence to the solution of his problems. Morality consists in the conquest of instinct by intelligence. This struggle has laid the basis of human civilization and culture.

It will be worth while to argue that man lives his life mostly in terms of his feelings and emotions, but at times his behaviour is instinctive. The ability to experience love, hatred, joy and sorrow, makes a man sympathetic and compassionate, and even prepared to sacrifice himself.

Human emotions are no doubt the basis of society, but they have created countless problems for man as well. Riots, bloodshed, civil strifes and wars are due mainly to interplay of human emotions. Science has not helped man in reducing evil from the world. Rather it has become a tool in the hands of the developed countries to suppress the weaker nations. All the technological and industrial development is being misused by man against man. Therefore, scientific attitude is not enough for a happy and peaceful life on the earth.

Along with the knowledge of science, cultivation of human values is also necessary. No amount of science can bring peace in the world unless a wholesome combination is achieved between scientific know-how and the knowledge of good and evil. That is precisely why life in the advanced countries has become dull and drab due to excessive application of the mechanical approach to the problems of life. It has killed spontaneity, even essential humanity. Bertrand Russell and other thinkers have vehemently raised their voice against this approach, though they have favoured the cultivation of the scientific attitude to an extent.

All thinkers agree that too much of science has deprived life of many of its charms. Human life therefore is not determined by scientific attitude alone. In most situations both intellect and emotions have to play a joint role to make life livable. In short, for the sake of human happiness and well-being, science should be employed as a servant of humanity and not raised to the status of a master.

*Flt. Cdt. (Sgt) ATIQUE RAFIQUE (AD)*

### ANSWERS TO BRAIN TEASERS

1. As is evident from the diagram, the entering speed is 1111 units, and the constant reduction 1000 units.



# Pakistani Films : Comments and Suggestions

The following Comments and Suggestions have been reproduced from Examination Answer-books of a section of flight cadets. These reflect their true and genuine feelings about the films commonly being produced and exhibited in the country, and therefore deserve consideration:

1. "Most of our films are based on imaginary love stories in which the hero falls in love with the heroine, the relatives object and the hero has to pass through a number of ordeals. In the end, if they win, the film ends in their marriage as a comedy, otherwise as a tragedy. Then there are historical romances like Heer-Ranjha, Sassi-Punnu, Laila-Majnun, etc. A few are adventurous. Generally speaking, the standard of our films, whether Urdu, Punjabi, or Pushto is very low. One main drawback is the sub-standard jokes. This might be due either to the reason that the writer is immature, or he wants to cater to the public taste. From the artistic point of view also, our films lack in photography, skill, performance, etc.... We should have training centres for film-producing industry. Money should not be the only consideration. Some songs are very well-worded but not as well sung. The directors should spend more and expect less profits so as to raise the standard of films in general."

*Flt. Cdt. TAHIR SHEIKH (AD)*

2. "Very sub-standard films are being produced in Pakistan. These are comparable neither technically nor in respect of performance with the English and American films. The film is an important medium of instruction. A lot of useful work could be done through them in the way of character-building and education of the common man. Our movies invariably consist of love-romances and are made to earn money. There is a little suspense, a hero, a villain, a few songs and some vulgar dances.... We can make standard films and earn a lot of foreign exchange. Our films should depict our true culture, way of life and reflect the true image of the country. The government should stop the exhibition of vulgar Punjabi films."

*Flt. Cdt. SHABBIR AHMED (M)*

3. "The hard fact is that the standard of our movies is miserably low. The dresses used do not cover even half the body. The songs are cheap and vulgar. Movies are being made to earn money only, but money cannot be the primary consideration of a civilized society... Every movie must contain some constructive lesson and be based on facts. Dresses should be modest."

*Flt. Cdt. TANWEER SULTAN AWAN (I)*

4. "The producer's only aim is to earn huge profits, and he achieves this aim by including a few thrilling dances and presenting sex situations. Such films not only produce vulgarity in society but also poison the young minds. Some of our films are copied from foreign films. The element of vulgarity should be eliminated and films should have some lesson to teach. No producer should be allowed to copy a foreign film. Films should be used to educate the common man."

*Flt. Cdt. MUHAMMAD HASSAN (Y)*

5. "Although I am not a regular cinema-goer, whenever I do land in a situation which makes me see a film, it makes me regret. The films being shown are nothing but bundles of sex and obscenity. Cheap scenes are copied from foreign films. If our producers cannot provide us with entertainment, which a well-educated and decent gentleman would like to enjoy, what is the use of spending huge amounts of money? Are our films only meant for hooligans and gangsters who roam the dirty street in the cities? Pictures influence people very easily. We should realize that dirty films will eventually lead us to destruction. We must therefore fight to clear the film industry of dirt and filth. Only sensible people should be allowed to join the film industry. There should be a regular check on cinemas and the defaulters should be taken to task."

*Flt. Cdt. EHTISHAMZEB (J)*

6. "All the movies being produced in our country revolve around one theme, that of sex and love. In actual life, it does not always happen so. Films should be educative and constructive. They can be made to serve the purpose of motivating to higher aims in life."

*Flt. Cdt. IRFAN QURESHI (R)*

7. "Both technically and morally the standard of our films is deteriorating. The producers and directors do not take pains in their job. Films are produced within weeks and therefore contain silly mistakes, which even a layman can detect. Another thing is that vulgarity is on the increase. The producer seems to be least bothered about the character of the nation. He thinks only in terms of money. Only suitable measures adopted by the government can bring about a healthy change in the trend of the films."

*Flt. Cdt. SHAHID RASHID (M)*

8. "Films are the only cheap source of recreation in our country. But it is sad that our producers have started making cheap and vulgar movies to exploit the poor people. Quite a few vulgar and obscene dances and songs are picturised which do not mean anything; they only frustrate the young hearts. Films like 'Khinzadah', 'Khatarnak', 'Dulhan Ek Rat ki', etc. have crossed all limits of decency. Does our moral and social code permit such obscenity? The customs, traditions and culture shown in the films are exaggerated and false in every sense. The reason perhaps is that we have a limited number of artistes who are engaged in a number of films at a time... An academy should be established to train artistes and a strict check kept in order to eliminate obscene parts. Films should be produced depicting lives of heroes for national cohesion and solidarity."

*Flt. Cdt. (U/O) BAJWA*

9. "The character of the whole nation is being spoiled by a few selfish people. Pakistan is a Muslim country; our films do not show our culture and civilization. The Punjabi film, for instance, does not at all show the culture of the Punjab... Why can't our producers arrange to show the pure and simple life and culture of the Punjab?"

*Flt. Cdt. NASEEM (AD)*

10. "Films are a means of recreation and knowledge. But the films being produced in Pakistan are horrible: they are spoiling the habits and morals of the younger generation. I have never seen any family which lives in the way as shown in these movies. Then all the films have the same theme: a boy and a girl fall in love suddenly; at the end, they either marry or die together... The producer can make films depicting great lives and historical events instead of love stories."

*Flt. Cdt. (Cpl) A. RASHID KHAN (AD)*

11. "Our movies are disappointing, especially the Punjabi ones. The main aim of films is to teach moral lessons, impart education and provide recreation. None of these purposes is fulfilled. In the Punjabi films the common scenes are of fighting, kidnapping, murders, etc. The result is that techniques shown on the screen are imitated by the youngsters in their daily life... I suggest that the general trend of the films should be changed for the better and this medium used for educating the common man."

*Flt. Cdt. ABDUL WAHID (M)*

12. "Our films are mostly love stories containing exciting songs and dances. There are cheap jokes and silly actions. Since the basic purpose of the film is entertainment, it should serve that purpose instead of inciting people to adopt evil ways. Moral values should never be compromised. Films should teach ways of leading an honourable life. Habits of smoking, drinking, gambling, smuggling, etc. should be discouraged."

*Flt. Cdt. (Cpl) ZAFAR HUSAIN*

# The Best Form of Recreation

Without recreation this world would have been much different from what it is today. No human being, of whatever position and status, can do without recreation. Forms of recreation are different for different age groups. Then recreations differ from individual to individual, as from place to place and nation to nation. Thus there are an infinite number of recreations. Riches or poverty is no pre-condition for a recreation. A boy living in a palace having all types of recreations around him may not be as happy and contented as a boy playing marbles in a dusty street.

The best form of recreation is the one in which one gets satisfaction and happiness. Acquisition of pleasure is the hall-mark of a recreation. A poor man enjoying swimming in a nearby canal can be as happy as a king enjoying a costly hobby in a palace.

During recreation one must remember that one man's freedom to have pleasure ends where the other man's displeasure begins. Damaging the property of others is no recreation. Similarly any act which displeases another person cannot be termed as a recreation of the best type.

These days the pleasures and recreations of the people have become impregnated with materialistic attitude. Putting on expensive clothes at the expense of bad food cannot yield true happiness. In cities especially, boys indulge in a lot of silly things while driving motor cars and motor cycles, which may be enjoyable for them but annoying for many others. In villages, some of the adolescents commit theft only for the fun of it, but this does not give them real satisfaction of the heart.

People might be going to see movies or attend dance parties with a view to getting happiness, but in their heart of hearts they feel guilty. People go to hill stations to enjoy themselves but they do so in order to boast in society. People might enjoy themselves more by a walk after supper than go about in a costly car.

Some recreations are harmful both for society and the individual. A young boy might be feeling great pleasure in killing sparrows with his airgun, or plucking flowers from another person's garden, or just throwing stones in a pond. But he must remember that his pleasure should not cause displeasure to the other person.

In short, the best form of recreation is the one which yields the greatest amount of satisfaction and happiness to an individual without causing the least displeasure or inconvenience to a fellow human being.

*Flt. Cdt. (U/O) GUL ABBAS (R)*

# Our Great Dear Quaid

Most of the Pakistanis, especially the younger generation, are not fully aware of the unique personality of Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the Father of the Nation. Here I relate a few incidents from his life history to show how great he was as a man and a leader:

1. He was called to the bar in 1895 at the age of 18, and became the youngest ever Indian barrister.
2. He qualified from Lincoln's Inn, London. Addressing the Karachi Bar Association in 1947, he said: "I joined Lincoln's Inn, because there on the main entrance, I found the name of the Prophet included in the list of the great Law givers of the world."
3. Among the British viceroys of India, he was generally regarded as the best-dressed gentleman of India.
4. When the Quaid-i-Azam started practice in Bombay, Sir Charles Olliviant, the member in charge of the judicial department, offered him a job worth Rs. 1500 a month, a princely salary in those days. The Quaid thanked him for the offer but declined it, saying, "I shall soon be able to earn that much in a single day." A few years later, When Sir Charles met Jinnah, he congratulated him on his determination and success.
5. Miss Sarojini Naidu, the great poetess of India, remarked about the Quaid's work at the first Round Table Conference in 1930: "Jinnah's extraordinary powers of persuasion, his luminous exposition, his searching arguments and his impeccable judgements are seen at their best when he graces a committee with his august presence."
6. The Quaid, after resigning from the Indian Congress, once remarked about Nehru: "He seems to carry the responsibility of the whole world on his shoulders and must poke his nose in everything except his own business."

7. Once near the elections in the constituency of G.M. Syed, the Qaid advised him: "Although the elections are crucial, yet you should see to it that we do not resort to dishonest methods. I do not want you to bribe the voters. That I will never forgive. That is dishonesty. I prefer defeat to dishonesty."

8. The Qaid married Emibai in 1892 when he was hardly sixteen. She died a few months after the marriage when he was a student in London. In 1918, when he was forty-one, he married a Parsi lady, Rattanbai, after converting her to Islam. Rattanbai bore him his only daughter, Dina, who died in 1928.

9. After the creation of Pakistan, he addressed the people exhorting them to strengthen their country in every way possible:

"Now is the time, chance and opportunity for every Mussalman to make his or her fullest and best contribution and make the greatest sacrifice and work ceaselessly in the service of our nation and make Pakistan one of the greatest nations of the world."

"Create enthusiasm and spirit and go forward with your task with courage and hope. The history of Islam is replete with instances of valour, grit and determination. So much so notwithstanding obstructions, obstacles and interference."

"Our religion teaches us to be always prepared for death. We should face it bravely to save the honour of Pakistan and Islam. There is no better salvation for a Muslim than the death of a martyr for a righteous cause."

Flt. Cdt. SARFRAZ AHMAD (R)

*"The essential question for man is not what he gets from the universe, but what he gives to it."*

—A. K. Brohl

# My First Gliding Experiences

"Okay, Suhail, get into the glider!"—These were the words spoken by the gliding Instructor, when he had just finished a sortie with another cadet. I got into the glider much excited. CRACK was a noise which stopped me for a while. On looking back I found that the wing which I was holding was touching the ground. Another cadet came and held it up while I stepped into the glider. As I was known to be a good student of Aerodynamics, I thought that in the very first sortie I would impress the Instructor.

In excitement I even forgot to fasten the seat belts, which I did later when the dodge started pulling the glider. The Instructor was giving me instructions, but God knows why I was not paying much attention to him. "Take up slacks" was the sound which made me realize that the sortie had not yet begun. The dodge started pulling. "All out", shouted the Instructor. I thought it was some emergency call and he was telling me to get out of the glider.

I started unfastening my belts immediately and wanted to get up, but the Instructor shouted, "What the hell are you doing?—" "Obeying your command, sir," was my reply. "O gunny, keep sitting," said the Instructor.

As the dodge picked up speed, the glider started rising higher and higher. The Instructor as usual continued giving instructions, but I was not at all attentive due to excitement. Instead, I was making loops in my thoughts. "Check the wing level," said the Instructor. "Yes, sir," I replied and started looking at the wings, and my head started oscillating like a pendulum. I heard a burst of laughter. Yes, the Instructor was laughing at my stupidity.

The Instructor then said, "Okay. We have gained enough height; release the cable", and he put the nose slightly down. There were two nobs, one red and the other yellow. I thought that the red one indicated emergency, so I had to try the red nob. As soon as I pulled the red one, the glider began to lose height. "Oh gun, what the hell have you done?" shouted the Instructor.

Anyhow the cable was released and we were floating at a steady speed. "What is your height?" asked the Instructor. "30 feet, sir", said I, looking at the arrow at

the ASI, but immediately I caught sight of the altimeter, and corrected myself: "No sir, 8060 ft." Even now I was wrong. I again corrected myself: "No sir, 860 feet". This created a lot of confusion, which the Instructor didn't seem to mind.

"Okay, hold the stick and put the right wing down," said the Instructor, I gave the stick a jerk to the right and simultaneously I don't know why my right foot pressed hard against the rudder pedal. The glider began to turn in a very awkward position with the right wing at almost 50° along the horizontal. "What the Devil!" remarked the Instructor. "Leave the stick", he ordered. I felt a bit upset. In the very first sortie I had spoiled my impression in spite of my knowledge of Aerodynamics. I swore that I would be easy on the controls next time.

We were now almost going to land. The Instructor did the landing himself. When we touched down, the Instructor told me to level the wings. When I looked at the left wing, it was going slightly down. So I pushed the stick fully to the right and instead of levelling the right wing made it touch the runway. Again I got a bit of scolding. As soon as the glider came to a stop, I was ordered to get out, and simultaneously I jumped up without first unfastening the belts. You can well imagine what might have happened.

*Ft. Cdt. SUHAIL GULL (R)*



## Wanted — A Friend!

I opened my eyes and looked around. It was morning, a new day, yet a day like many others. It was certainly a new day for those who go to bed every evening with new hopes for the coming morning, and get up with new ideas. For me it was another dismal day.

I had no friend though I lived in a hostel. No friend with whom I could share my feelings. Six long years stay and no friend. It was strange, yet a fact. Once or twice I thought I did have a friend, but he always turned out to be a stranger. Perhaps I was good for nothing, and a complete failure everywhere. Whenever I tried to study, I came last. All the colours that I tried to add to life, faded out. I even fell flat whenever I tried to help someone. But I invariably returned to my world of loneliness, which was for me a vast and deep ocean; and I always felt drowning in the middle of it, with my hands tied.

This state of mind which I suffered all my life, made me irritable. I would burst out into tears on minor remarks by people. If someone laughed, I thought he laughed at me. If someone cracked a joke, I thought it was about me. All this was more than I could bear. I developed a complex, which made me feel comfortable. It was too much. . . . I badly needed a friend to whom I could tell whatever I felt. And finally I got one. It was a piece of paper: I wrote everything on it.

Then one day someone asked for contributions for the magazine. I handed over my only friend, the paper, to him. After it was published in the magazine, I found myself living among others, because the article brought me a number of friends. To me they were friends, but to them I was a toy, which they had once broken.

After a few days I was again alone. I found myself like a falling star across an empty, vast sky with no destination. I was helpless and without friends as before. Time has again come for contributing articles for the magazine. And I am in search of a friend. I earnestly hope that I shall find one soon!

Flt. Cdt. QAISAR (Y)

## Hungry for Love !

Abrar was waiting for somebody in a garden near a bed of roses. The weather was fine and ticklesome. A host of people had come to enjoy themselves and their delighted, innocent children were adding to the sweetness of the garden by their presence.

Abrar was over and again looking towards the bus stop. At times his attention was diverted by some child playing behind the hedge. He liked children. Whenever he stepped forward to pick up a child in his lap, the child would run away as if he was a demon. Abrar was feeling sorry for himself. Even an innocent child was not ready to face him. This made him rather more serious and thoughtful.

"She has not yet arrived? She might have changed her mind, because I am an orphan, and because I belong to the low stratum of society."

He was feeling helpless and lonely, there was no one who could exchange a few words of love with him. He had no mother who could console him in hard times. He felt sick of life.

"Abrar!"—a sudden voice woke him up from his thoughts. She looked into his eyes with curiosity and then asked, "Why these tears in your eyes? Have you been crying?"

"No! there is nothing of the sort!" said Abrar.

"I have brought something for you", she said smilingly

"Well, what is that?" asked Abrar impatiently.

She smiled for a moment, and then presented a bundle of books to Abrar. "But, Naila, how can I study? I have neither money nor facilities."—"I'll manage everything for you - you need not worry at all."

Abrar was helpless: he couldn't say a word in response. So they both started moving about in the garden quietly.—Naila had changed the course of his life.

Sometimes he wanted to give up studies, but when he thought of Naila's love for him, he would set aside the idea. He was no more a poor boy. He was a friend of a rich girl. He now lived in a comfortable house and his way of life had completely changed. Naila would visit him often and he felt amused by her soft conversation.

He was also at liberty to visit her in her house as and when he wished. He would chat with her parents and other members of the family and this reminded him of his own house when his parents were alive. He was all praise for Naila, for it was due mainly to her that he had got all those facilities.

Inwardly he had started liking Naila. He wanted to marry her. But how to open out his heart to her? One day they were coming back from the city after shopping. They were sitting in the rear in the car. Abrar thought that was a good opportunity to open his heart out to her. He paused for a while and then said, "Naila, please if you don't mind, may I ask one thing?"—"Yes, why not?" replied Naila. "Naila, I want to marry you!" He uttered these words hesitantly.

"You want to marry me?"—Her eyes were red, her face furious—she wanted to say something more, but she controlled herself. She only got the car stopped, and went out hurriedly, saying: "This is the end of my life with you!"

Abrar's world of dreams was totally shattered. He tried to call her back, but in vain.—Next day he went to her house, to apologize. As he got off the taxi, he was shocked to see that all doors of the house were open. He entered the house, but there was nobody to be seen anywhere. He could only hear one sentence being repeated again and again:

"This is the end of my life with you!"

Fit. Cdt. ASSIM AFZAL (AD)

## The Wind of Time

It's a dark night. They are hearing the cruel, cold wind blowing outside. The elder son is lying unconscious and the younger one is crying for food. Their mother is weeping: how helpless she is! The flame of the lamp is trembling as if with cold.

The whole trouble started about a month back. The mother had wept bitterly and the sons had done the same without knowing why they were all crying. The elder son was about five and the other was even younger. Both looked into their mother's eyes to get the answer but didn't find any satisfying clue.

Their father had been an industrious man. He used to carry water from the lake down the hill and supplied it to every house in the village. He could thus earn sufficient money for his small family, and they lived a fairly comfortable life in their small hut of straw.

The father suddenly fell ill and remained so for quite a few days. His wife tried every 'medicine' suggested by her neighbours, but there was no improvement in his condition. The poor man couldn't manage to go to a doctor and there was no one available nearby. At last when he could no more fight against disease and cold, he quietly breathed his last, and the neighbours buried him during the night when the children were asleep.

The widow's condition was pitiable. Her face lost all its expression. She looked extremely weak because she had passed many sleepless nights. Suddenly she heard somebody knocking at the door. She opened it and found the people of the village carrying food for her family according to the tradition. This went on for a week or so. The best food came from the white house, as the children called it.

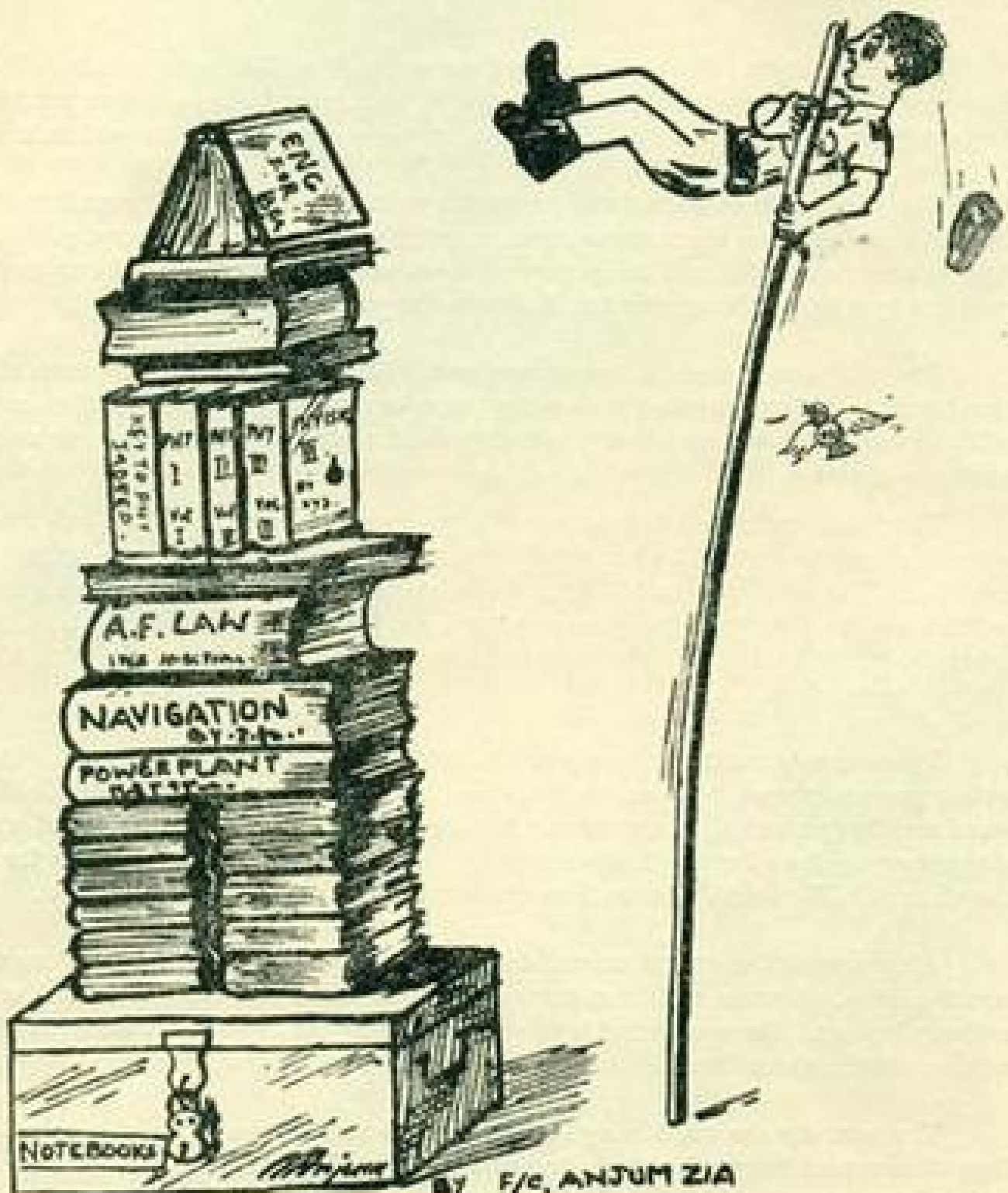
After a week the woman started doing the work that her husband had done to earn the living. But she could not carry on for after a few days she slipped and was seriously injured. She was just able to reach home by the evening. That night the children slept without food.

The next day she could not go out to her job because she was unable to walk. They all remained hungry for three days at a stretch. The elder son also fell ill, and his condition started getting from bad to worse due to hunger and cold.

The mother is altogether helpless. She doesn't know what to do. The younger one is still crying for food. Then suddenly he stops crying. He comes near his mother and whispers into her ear: "Mother! when will brother die so that we get food from the white house?"

Two hot tears role down the mother's cheeks. She cannot even cry now, and the cruel, cold wind continues blowing outside.

Flt. Cdt. MAZHAR SALEEM (I)



# Prize Winners: 1975

## A. Sargodha Board (SP) Examination, 1975

Matric: (1) Khalid Mahmud Khan—obtained 3rd position in Board with 810 out of 900 marks, and 1st in the College.

(2) Saeed Muhammad Khan—obtained 7th position in Board with 790 marks out of 900, and 2nd in the College.

F.Sc. (1) Sarfraz Ahmad Khan—obtained 1st position in Board with 819 marks out of 1000.

(2) Ghulam Mujaddid—obtained 2nd position in Board with 818 marks out of 1000.

## B. Sargodha Board (AUT) Examination, 1975

F.Sc. (1) Sohail Gul Khan—obtained 1st position in Board with 794 marks out of 1000.

(2) Hafiz M. Hanif—2nd in the College with 684 marks.

## C. Individual Prizes: 1975

1. Abdul Hameed Qureshi: For breaking College record in 200 metres.
2. Khalid Marwat: For breaking College record in Shot Put.
3. Tanveer: For breaking College record in 800 metres.
4. Best Athlete of the year: Abdul Hameed Qureshi.
5. 2nd Best Athlete: Haqqani.
6. Best Aeromodeller: Mahmud Ahmad.
7. Best Performance in Leadership Camp: Wahid Khurhid.
8. Best Commander in P.T.: Wasimuddin.
9. Best Commander in Drill: Wasimuddin.
10. Best Debater (English): Azad Beg.
11. Best Debater (Urdu): Irfan Elahi.

#### **D. Inter Sqdn Trophies**

- |                          |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Hockey:               | Alam and Rafiqul. |
| 2. Football:             | Alauddin.         |
| 3. Basketball:           | Alam and Yunus.   |
| 4. Cricket:              | Yunus.            |
| 5. Indoor Games:         | Yunus.            |
| 6. Drill:                | Munir.            |
| 7. Debates:              | Rafiqul.          |
| 8. P. T.                 | Munir.            |
| 9. Academics:            | Munir.            |
| 10. Athletics:           | Alauddin.         |
| 11. Chigwell:            | Iqbal.            |
| 12. Quaid-i-Azam Shield: | Iqbal.            |

#### **E. College Colours, 1975-76**

- |                |                                                                                                        |
|----------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Hockey:     | Zahid Qadeer.                                                                                          |
| 2. Football:   | Ashiq Ali.                                                                                             |
| 3. Basketball: | Amjad Ali Toor.                                                                                        |
| 4. Cricket:    | Asif Ahmad Khan.                                                                                       |
| 5. Swimming:   | Azad Beg.                                                                                              |
| 6. Gymnastics: | Ashiq Ali, Atiq.                                                                                       |
| 7. Athletics:  | Mela, Qureshi, Haqqani, Marwar, Tanveer,<br>Bilal, Hussain, Irfan Elahi, Khalid Khan, Iqbal<br>Mahmud. |

## Quaid-i-Azam Shield: 1975

The Quaid-i-Azam Silver Shield is the most coveted Trophy which is awarded to the Squadron with the best overall performance in all the College activities during the year. This year it was won by IQBAL Squadron. The second-highest trophy, the Chigwell Shield, which is awarded for the best overall performance in sports, also went to Iqbal Squadron. Details of the positions obtained by each Squadron are given below:

	Alam	Alauddin	Iqbal	Munir	Rafique	Yunus
Cricket	VI	V	III	II	IV	I
Hockey	I	III	IV	V	I	VI
Football	III	I	II	IV	VI	IV
Basketball	I	VI	III	III	V	I
Indoor Games	V	II	III	III	VI	I
Drill	V	VI	II	I	III	IV
P.T.	IV	V	III	I	III	VI
Debates	III	VI	V	IV	I	III
Academics	III	V	II	I	VI	IV
Athletics	IV	I	III	VI	II	V
Chigwell	V	VI	I	II	IV	III
Quaid-i-Azam Shield	III	VI	I	II	IV	III



# IQBAL

## "THEY LIVE WHO DARE"

Officer Incharge Sqdn.	..	Mr. Fakhruddin Alvi, M.A. (History and Politics).
Squadron Tutor	..	Mr. Nazar Muhammad Malik, M. A.
Squadron P.T.I.	..	Mr. Nek Muhammad.
Under Officer	..	Flt. Cdt. Ehtishamzeb Raja.
Sergeants	..	Flt. Cdts. A. Basir and Sheryar Jung.
Corporal	..	Flt. Cdt. Tanwir Sultan Awan.

The year 1975 has been very good for Iqbal Squadron. It has come out as Champions in the Inter-Squadron competitions held during this year. Iqbal Squadron has indeed made history by winning both the Quaid-i-Azam and Chigwell Shields without otherwise getting any other trophy. This was possible because of our balanced performance in all spheres of College activities. The Iqbalians have done it through a steady and sustained effort in academics and an excellent fighting spirit on the playing field. We will be failing in our duty if we did not highlight the most important factor of this success, i.e. the team of workers and leaders and members of various teams.

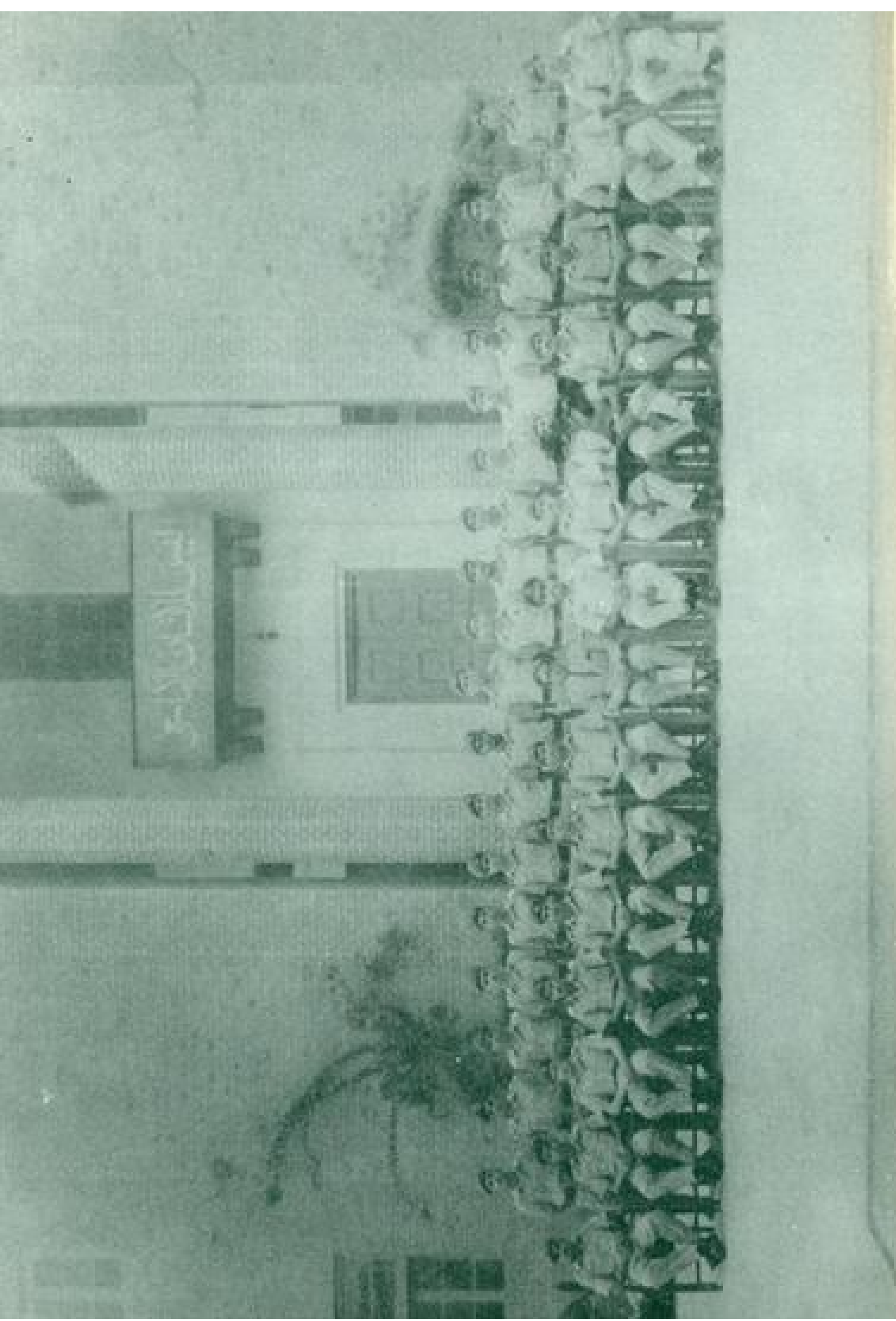
### Academics

Our results in academics have been very good and specially the F.Sc. result of 66th GD(P) course has been excellent. Our cadets secured hundred per cent first divisions in all the University and Board examinations. In B.Sc. both Manzar Jamal and Ayub got first division. Sajid Javed Butt and Athar Hussain Bokhari were among the top five in the Sargodha Board.

In the local examinations our performance has been varying from course to course. However, our final average in academics was high enough to secure second position among the six Squadrons. This second position helped us to climb up the most coveted overall top position for the Championship Shield.

### Games and Sports

We shared third position with Munir Squadron in Indoor Games. Tariq Alvi came out as the College Carrom Champion.



Out-going Final Entry.

In P. T. and Drill we were second and Ehtishamzeb was the second-best commander.

In football we remained unbeaten throughout the competition but unluckily the last moment draw with Alam brought us down to the position of the runners-up. The following represented the Squadron Team: Basir (Captain), Raja, Ahmad Ali, Nadeem Sagar, Najmi, Wamiq, Marwat, Javed Malik, Najeeb Anwar, Rashid, Idrees, Arif and Sarboland.

We got third position in Cricket by playing only two matches. We defeated Rafiqui and lost to Yunus. The following represented the Squadron: Ahmad Ali (Captain), Nadeem Sagar, Wamiq, Mazhar, Naqi, Nadeem Ahmed, Faheem, Sadiq-ul-Ghani, Hassan Ali, Abbasi, Khaleelullah and Mukhtar. The performance of Ahmad Ali and Nadeem Sagar has been excellent and that of Mazhar, Hassan Ali and Abbasi was commendable.

We were fourth in Hockey. The following represented the Squadron Team: Najmi (Captain), Abbasi, Wamiq, Mahmud, Hassan Ali, Marwat, Sajid Butt, Bokhari, Najeeb, Imtiaz, Zahidi, Faheem and Rashid.

We were unlucky to be third in Basketball. The following represented the Squadron Team: Wamiq (Captain), Marwat, Alvi, Sajid, Babar, Abid, Mazhar, Bokhari, Mukhtar and Ghani. The performance of Wamiq, Marwat and Alvi was excellent.

The Squadron has been bottom in Athletics during the past six years. It was only during the year under review that the Squadron improved its position from sixth to third. The following represented the Squadron in various athletic events: Khalid Pervez Marwat (Captain), Naqi, Babar, Najeeb, Arif, Zakaria, Faheem, Mukhtar, Mahmud, Asad and Sarboland.

Marwat, Naqi and Babar Meer individually contributed 36,22 and 16 points respectively. Marwat bettered his own College record in Shot Put and judging from his total points, he is the third-best athlete in the College. The last moment desperate efforts of our athletes under his leadership kept everyone spell bound. This performance brought the Chigwell Shield and finally the overall Quaid-i-Azam Silver Shield to the Squadron.

We thank all members of the Squadron including Mr. Nazar Muhammad Malik, Mr. Nek Muhammad and our out-going office bearers, Under Officer Ehtishamzeb Raja, Sgts. Basir and Sheryar and Cpl. Ahmad Ali, for their hard work and cooperation in running the Squadron. We also congratulate our new appointment-holders, L.F.C's Wamiq Abrar, Nadeem Sagar, Arif Najmi and Khalid Marwat and hope that they will do their best to retain the title next year.

S. FAKHRUDDIN ALVI

# MUNIR

## "FIGHT TO THE LAST"

Officer Incharge Squadron	..	Mr. S. Fasihuddin, M.A. (Alig).
2nd O.I/c Squadron	..	Mr. H. Mahbub Alam Khan, M.A.
Squadron Tutor	..	Mr. Hafeez Qureshi, M. A.
Squadron P.T.I.	..	Mr. M. Nawaz Asghar, M.A.
Under Officer	..	Flt. Cdt. Wasimuddin
Sergeants	..	Flt. Cdt. Shahid Rashid, Amjad Ali Toor
Corporal	..	Flt. Cdt. Sohail Abdullah.

The Munirites in 1975 came very close to repeating their great performance of 1970, and interestingly too almost in an identical fashion—with two belated and consecutive successes in P.T. and Drill and a massive victory in academics—but as ill luck would have it, our athletes this year could hardly emulate the superb efforts of their 1970 predecessors with the result that we had the mortification of losing the precious Quaid-i-Azam trophy by a margin of just one point.

That we possess better brains than brawns was once again demonstrated by our overwhelming superiority over other squadrons in academics. Our students won top honours not only in the University and Board Examinations but also in their various local examinations. Aftab Iqbal's excellent academic achievements had a befitting end when he secured a high first division (509 marks) in the University Examination standing first in the College. Ghulam Mujaddid went a step further and had the distinction of securing the second position in the Board's F.Sc. examination, 1975, with 818 marks. Saeed Muhammad Khan did not lag behind his seniors and he got the seventh position in the Board and second in the College in the Matriculation of 1975. Hafiz Hanif also did well in the F.Sc. examination of the Board (Autumn, 1975) and stood second in the College. Shahid Rashid (B.Sc.), Haroon Bashir and Matiullah (F.Sc.) maintained their good academic performances in the local examinations. Thanks to their brilliant scholastic achievements the Squadron literally swept the beautiful academic trophy, which has now been with us for four years out of the last five.

Our speakers seem to have a greater aptitude for debating than for declamation. This is clearly borne out by the results of the debating and declamation competitions for

the last few years. Until the introduction of the declamation contests last year, our boys had little difficulty in winning the debating competitions. Hence, despite the best efforts of Mujaddid, Asif and Zafar Amin and Saeed, we could not achieve much in the declamation contests.

Our overall performance in the various Inter-Squadron sports competitions was also much below expectations and our players, particularly at Football and Hockey, seemed to be terribly out of touch. Yet, the individual performances of Wajih, Tanveer and Zaheer in Football and those of Wasim, Asif, Zafar Ahsan, Rizwan and Anwar in Hockey, were indeed commendable.

We entered the Basketball competition as favourites but somehow Toor despite his experience as a member of the College team seemed to have wilted under the pressure of captaincy and his shooting lacked accuracy. We also missed Haroon in two important matches. Nevertheless we shared second position with Iqbal Squadron.

We were also confident of winning the Cricket competition but unfortunately in our final match against Yunus Squadron our star batsmen either failed to get over their nerves or just succumbed to the proverbial uncertainties of the game. However, young Zafar Ahsan, to the delight of every Munirite, batted gracefully to be the top scorer in the match and Toor and Arshad bowled tidily but luck did not favour them.

The overall performance of our athletic team was quite dismal though Tanvir's new College record in 800 metres and Zulfiqar's first position in Pole Vault did provide a little consolation.

Our successive victories in P. T. and Drill were not only a personal triumph for Wasimuddin, who was deservedly adjudged the best commander in both, but also spoke volumes for the fighting spirit and team work displayed by all the participants concerned.

The brilliant achievements of the ex-Munirites outside the College have always been a source of inspiration and pride for us and we were indeed delighted to learn that Shahzada Salim (ex-978) was appointed the Chief Cadet Captain in the Marine Academy—their highest appointment. He also secured 92 per cent marks in the final examination setting a new record.

Finally, I must welcome the new cadets of the 67th, 70th and 71st GD (P), and bid farewell to those of the 64th GD (P). I hope the former will soon settle down to the cheerful but disciplined life in the Squadron and the latter will carry with them the happy and pleasant memories of their long stay with us.

Before I conclude I would like to express my gratitude to Mr. Hakim Mahbub Alam whose help and advice enabled me to conduct the affairs of the Squadron smoothly. I am also thankful to Mr. Hafeez Qureshi for his valuable assistance in supervising the prep periods and to Mr. Nawaz and the appointment-holders for their cooperation.

Squadron colours, certificates of merit, etc. were awarded to the following:

### Colours

Cricket:	Flt. Cdt. Sgt. Toor, Flt. Cdt. Hafiz, Fazal Abbas, Arshad, and Zafar Ahsan.
Basketball:	L.F.C. Asif, Flt. Cdt. Haroon Bashir and Arshad.
Hockey:	L.F.C. Asif, and Flt. Cdt. Rizwan.
Football:	Flt. Cdt. Zulfiqar and Tanvir.
Swimming:	None.
Athletics:	U/O Wasimuddin and Flt. Cdt. Tanvir.

### Certificates of Merit

Academics:	Flt. Cdt. Sgt. Shahid Rashid, L.F.C. Mujaddid, Flt. Cdt. Hafiz, and Flt. Cdt. Saeed Muhammad.
Debates:	Flt. Cdt. Zafar Amin.

### Cups

Best Turn-out:	Flt. Cdt. Khawar Qayyum.
Best All-round Cadet:	L.F.C. Mujaddid.
Outstanding all-round performance:	U/O Wasimuddin.

FASIHUDDIN

# ALAM

## "I WILL DARE"

Officer Incharge Sqdn.	..	Mr. A. Aziz Kamal, M.A. (Eng. & Phil.), B.T.
2nd O.I/c Sqdn.	..	Mr. Ashraf Chaudhri, M.Sc.
Squadron P.T.I.	..	Mr. Muhammad Afzal.
Under Officer:	..	Flt. Cdt. Jamshed Ahmed.
Sergeant	..	Flt. Cdt. Azad Beg.
Corporals	..	Flt. Cdt. Shaukat and Zafar.

It is easy to win a victory but difficult to maintain it. After having retained the overall championship Quaid-i-Azam Shield for three years consecutively, we lost it this year to Iqbal Squadron due mainly to complacency and an easy-going attitude in general. Constant vigilance, persistent effort and vigour are the key-note to success. The price that individuals as well as groups have to pay to maintain their level of performance in the battle of life.

Signs of decline had started showing up in 1974, but during 1975 the stark pointers became all the more noticeable. Still there were individuals who were seen putting in their best, but the Squadron on the whole glaringly seemed to lack in the spirit and enthusiasm that is the prime requisite of all success. That is precisely why we ended up third, a shared third, in the final count. Following are briefly the details of our performance during 1975-76.

In Matric all our boys passed in the 1st division except one who passed in the 2nd division. In F.Sc. (Spring) two of our cadets obtained 1st division and two 2nd division. In F.Sc. (Autumn) we put up only two cadets—one passed in the 1st division and the other in the 2nd. In B.Sc. Sohail Tanwir obtained a 1st division with 4th position in the College. Other students who have been doing consistently well in the local examinations are: Jamshed Ahmad, Khalid Zaheer, Anwaar Bhatti, Shehzad Tariq, Ayaz Shami, Arshad Usman, Muhammad Pervez, Asghar Saeed, Shabbir Ahmad and quite a few others. It was due mainly to these latter that the Squadron earned an overall third position in academics.

In games and sports we couldn't achieve much: we only succeeded in sharing Hockey and Basketball trophies with other Squadrons. In Football we got third position in spite of the best efforts and able guidance by Azad Beg, who captained the team and scored maximum goals. Arif Chaudhry, Khalid Masud, Tajammul and Javed Ahmed also played well. We missed Fida Hussain who couldn't play after the first match in which he sprained his foot. Zafar Halder kept the goal fairly effectively and confidently.

Squadron Hockey was captained ably by Arif Chaudhry who was mainly assisted by Azad Beg, Sabeeh, Fida Khalil, Khalid Masud, Imran and Asif Malik. The last mentioned proved to be an excellent goal-keeper. Throughout the tournament he did not let more than two balls hit the board. Asif Malik is expected to improve with experience and might as well prove an asset to the College Eleven. We won all the matches except one which we drew against Rafiqui with whom we shared the trophy ultimately.

In Basketball we again won all the matches except the one against Munir and that too by a narrow margin. Shamim Malik captained the team, which consisted of Azad Beg, Shaukat Aslam, Javed Shami and Sabeeh, who all played with rare vigour and spirit. We shared the trophy with Yunus Squadron.

Though athletics has long been associated with Alam Squadron in the past, now year after year we are getting further and further away from the trophy. This year we achieved just a couple of distinctions in a few events: Zafar Hussain came first in 400 metres and 2nd in both Broad Jump and Triple Jump; Shami came 2nd in both 800 and 1500 metres. Some of our good athletes did not practise regularly and made only half-hearted attempts, which is certainly not the way to win victories.

In an Inter-Squadron Declamation contest (English), which was presided over by Azad Beg, we came first with Najmul Asar and Mahbub Karim, the former being adjudged the second-best speaker. On the Sports Day Azad Beg was awarded a prize for the Best Debater in English and College Colours for the Best Swimmer for 1975.

On 10th May, 1975, we arranged a Dinner to celebrate our overall Championship for 1974 and invited the whole College Staff and the senior cadets from other Squadrons to grace the occasion. On 29th March, 1976, we bade farewell to Mr. Muhammad Afzal, our P.T.I., on his retirement from service. Mr. Afzal had the distinction of being not only an outstanding P.T.I. among his peers, but a warm-hearted, sincere and honest worker as well. The Squadron will miss him and remember him for his long association and dedicated service. We wish him all the best of luck, happiness and health in his retired life.

We welcomed two new cadets in 67th, seven in 70th and six in 71st GD(P) courses. They have all settled down to Squadron life and College routine. The new entrants in the 70th GD course especially deserve a mention: they have already made their mark in various fields of College life—Asif Malik, Shakil Sultan and Ashfaq in



games and sports, and Pervez, Asghar Saeed, Shabbir and Khalil in studies. They have made a good beginning and are expected to do well in the coming days provided they continued working with zeal and spirit.

Daily prayers continue to be a valuable tradition of the Squadron. More and more cadets are seen joining in the prayers, though some of them have yet to learn to make it a regular feature of their conscious life. Communion with the Almighty Creator not only strengthens a man from within and earns him a sense of values, spiritual blessings and the courage of conviction, but guides and shapes him outwardly as well to gain worldly benefits.

Squadron colours and Certificates were awarded to the following for distinction in various activities:

*Colours:*

Football:	Azad Beg, Arif Chaudhry, Khalid Masud.
Hockey:	Arif Chaudhry, Khalid Masud, Asif Malik.
Basketball:	Shamim Malik, Javed Shami.
Cricket:	Javed Ahmad.
Athletics:	Zafar Husain, Javed Shami.

*Certificates:*

Academics:	Jamshed Ahmad, Anwaar Bhatti, Pervez, Arshad Usman.
Declamation:	Najmul Asar.
Social Service:	Zafar Haider.

Before I conclude, I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. Ashraf Chaudhri for his help and cooperation in running the Squadron. My thanks are also due to Mr. Muhammad Afzal, PTI, who has recently retired from service, for his devotion and hard work. We have high hopes in his successor, Cpl. Asghar, who will certainly do his best to keep up the standards and traditions of the Squadron. I must also thank the appointment-holders who did whatever they could to effect improvements in the Squadron life.

And lastly, I must repeat what I have always been writing for the attention and compliance of all members of the Squadron. "It is not what we actually achieve but how we behave and conduct ourselves through the struggle which is really important."

A. AZIZ KAMAL

# YUNUS

## "FIGHT WITH VALOUR"

Officer-in-Charge Sqdn.	.. Mr. S.M. Taqvi, M.A., B.T., PGC. Ed.(Cantab).
2nd O.I/c. Sqdn.	.. Capt. K.A. Qureshi, M.A.
Squadron P.T.I.	.. Mr. Mahboob Alam
Under Officer	.. Flt. Cdt. Asif Ahmad Khan.
Sergeants	.. Flt. Cdts. Ashiq Ali, Saldar Raza
Corporal	.. Flt.Cdt. Sohail Muzaffar.

The Squadron record in games and sports shows what can be done with spirit and determination. The cadets fought hard to put Yunus in the lead both for the Chigwell and the Quaid-i-Azam Shields. But the unexpected result of the Drill competition cost us these laurels, and finally we had to share the third position. We were winners in Cricket and Indoor games and shared the trophy in Basketball and were runners up in the Declamation Contest.

Indoor games were played within the Squadron, and we won these with a good margin. Credit goes to U/O Flt. Cdt. Asif, Sgt. Ashiq Ali and Flt. Cdts. Saifoor and Farrukh, who were unbeaten champions in Chess, Carrom Singles and Doubles respectively. Flt. Cdt. Qaiser Aslam, Yahya, Nasir, Sohail Akram, Riazuddin and Khalid Rashid also played well.

In Hockey we were nowhere. In Football we were much better as four of our players represented the College, but we could not get any position in the Inter-Sqdn. competition.

Cricket needs a lot of time and was therefore dropped this year. Thanks to Mr. Fasihuddin and Mr. Alvi who framed new rules to economise on time. Yunus became unbeaten champions due to the untiring efforts of Flt. Cdt. U/O Asif, our skipper, who was also the highest scorer. In bowling also the averages of Asif and Flt. Cdt. Sohail Shafi were the best. The team included Flt. Cdts. Sohail Muzaffar, Qaisar Idrees, Raoun Farid, Sohail Akram, Riazuddin, Khalid Rashid and Ahmad Zafar.

Once again we shared the Basketball cup with Alam Sqdn. Credit goes to Flt. Cdt. Nasir Khan, Saifoor Ahmad, Raza, Humayun, Leslie and Yahya, who displayed great skill during the game. Flt. Cdt. Nasir Khan, who was the highest scorer, displayed great spirit and in one of the matches he continued playing even after sustaining an injury in the eye. We were handicapped by the absence of one of our ace players, Flt. Cdt. Waqar Ilyas, who was sick when the competition was held.

In Drill we were considered the best by the spectators but were placed much lower in the result. This cost us the Chigwell. We had practised P.T. throughout the year, but we committed blunders during the competition and were placed last.

In the English Declamation contest, Flt. Cdt. Safdar Raza and Shahrukh represented the Squadron. In the Urdu contest Mahboob Haider and Aslam Pervez represented the Squadron and came second and third respectively. We are sorry we couldn't put up our best speakers, Flt. Cdt. Rizwan and Atique, because the second round of contests in English could not be held due to unavoidable circumstances.

In Athletics though we didn't secure a good position, some of our performances were creditable. Flt. Cdt. Sgt. Ashiq Ali, the captain, topped in 100 metres hurdles and was first in Discus Throw. Flt. Cdt. Abid Khwaja was second in Discus Throw; Flt. Cdt. Humayun and Zabihullah were third in High Jump and 400 metres respectively. The Tug-of-war team could not be heaved by any squadron. We were also third in 4x100 relay.

Our Matric result was excellent. All our 12 pre-cadets passed in the 1st division. Khalid Mahmood stood first in the College and 3rd in the Board. Our B.Sc. result was equally creditable. Both our cadets passed, particularly Javed Anwar who got a distinction in the University. In the local examinations, Safdar Raza, Khalid Mahmood, Aqeel Haider and Muhammad Siddique won academic prizes.

As many as ten of our cadets succeeded in getting solo on the glider. They are: U/O Asif, Sgt. Ashiq and Raza, Flt. Cdt. Sohail Muzaffar, Muhammad Husain, Mansoor, Zabihullah, Shahrukh, Saifoor and Iqbal Bajwa. Flt. Cdt. Mansoor got his solo after 15 sorties, the best in the College this year. Well done, Mansoor.

Ours has been no meagre contribution to the College activities. Atique Hussain represented the College in the English Declamation Contest held at the PAF College of Aeronautical Engineering, Korangi Creek. Flt. Cdt. Asif was captain of the College Cricket Eleven and Flt. Cdt. Sgt. Ashiq Ali of Football and Gymnastics. Flt. Cdt. Khalid Iqbal continued to be the secretary of the Urdu Literary Society. Flt. Cdt. Ashiq was secretary of the Camera Club. Flt. Cdt. Shahrukh and Rizwan Yusuf continued as secretaries of the English and Urdu Dramatic clubs. Flt. Cdt. Zaheeruddin was secretary of the Electronics Society. Rizwan Yusuf was awarded a prize for the best actor in the Urdu play "Wehmi".

The following cadets represented the College in various College teams:

Football:	Flt. Cdts. Ashiq Ali, Shahrukh, Abid Khwaja, Riazuddin.
Hockey:	Flt. Cdts. Asif Ahmad, Shahid Chaudhry, Nayab Akhtar.
Cricket:	Flt. Cdts. Asif Ahmad, Sohail Shafi.
Basketball:	Flt. Cdts. Saifoor, Nasir Khan, Hasan Raza, Leslie, Waqar Ilyas, Humayun.

The appointment-holders performed their duties with zeal. Flt.Cdt. U/O Asif Ahmad and Flt. Cdts. Sgts. Ashiq and Safdar Raza displayed a high standard of responsibility and leadership. They were ably supported by Corporal Flt. Cdt. Sohail Muzaffar. The following also deserve praise for devotion and hard work as incharge of various sections in the Squadron:

Flt. Cdt. Rizwan	as secretary House Council.
Flt.Cdr. Zabihullah	as incharge Library and Sqdn. funds.
Flt. Cdt. Saifoor Ahmad	as incharge Recreation Room.
Flt. Cdt. Shahrukh	as incharge Radio Room.
Flt. Cdt. Khalid Iqbal	as incharge Book-out.

The Squadron ante-room has been given a cosy look by the addition of a thick carpet and a foam sofa set. We are thankful to the Admin. Officer for having provided a beautiful special glass almirah for our trophies.

Squadron colours and Certificates were awarded to the following cadets:

Cricket:	Asif Ahmad, Sohail Shafi, Sohail Muzaffar.
Hockey:	Asif Ahmad.
Football:	Ashiq Ali, Shahrukh, Riazuddin.
Basketball	Saifoor, Nasir Khan, Hasan Raza.
Athletics:	Ashiq Ali, Abid Khwaja.

#### *Certificates of Merit:*

Declamation:	Atique Husain, Mahboob Haider.
Indoor Games:	Asif Ahmad, Ashiq Ali, Saifoor, Yahya, Riazuddin, Farrukh Nazir.
Academics:	Javed Anwar, Khalid Mahmud, Safdar Raza and Aqeel Haider.

In the end I must express my gratitude to Capt K.A. Qureshi for his full co-operation and help in running the Squadron. Our P.T.I. Mr. Mahboob Alam had some heart trouble, but in spite of that he looked after the Squadron and kept it neat and clean and ready for inspection.

S. M. TAQVI

# RAFIQUI

## "NEVER GIVE IN"

Officer-in-Charge Sqdn.	.. Mr. Noor Muhammad Khan, M.A.
2nd O.i/c. Sqdn.	.. Mr. Abdul Jabbar Khan, M.Sc.
Squadron P.T.I.	.. Mr. Ali Sher Burg.
Wing Under Officer	.. Flt. Cdt. Zahid Qadeer Malik.
Under Officer	.. Flt. Cdt. Gul Abbas Mela.
Sergeants:	.. Flt. Cdt. Mujahid Jaffery.
	Flt. Cdt. Shadab Hussain.
Corporal	.. Flt. Cdt. Irfan Siddiq Qureshi.

The seed of militrization which was planted four years ago, is not only a full-grown plant now, but well on the way to fruition. The process of adjustment and adaptation to this new way of life has not been smooth sailing all along. There have been ups and downs along the way, but it's the overall assimilation and the result that count. And this we have nearly achieved to the satisfaction of all and sundry—I hope.

A programme of service orientation to give service bias to the overall life in squadrons was taken in hand. One service officer was attached to this Squadron to supervise and oversee this programme. I have, no doubt, that this attachment produced the desired results. Camping and route-marches have also been carried out along with periodical visits to the local PAF Base for greater familiarization and understanding of aircraft and allied activities.

The number of new entrants has multiplied rapidly, while the output has been rather meagre so far. But this drawback is likely to be overcome in a couple of year's time when a much larger number of cadets will be passing out to join the PAF Academy Risalpur. However, the rapid increase in the number of new entrants has created some problems—for example, shortage of accommodation, lack of suitable furniture of all kinds, insufficient number of fans and water-heating devices, etc.

The outstanding achievement of the year, not only of the Squadron, but of the College as well, was the brilliant double success of two cadets of this Squadron, namely Sarfraz Ahmad Khan and Gul Khan, who topped in the F.Sc. annual (Spring)

1975 and the F.Sc. (Autumn) 1975 examinations, securing 819 and 794 marks respectively in the Sargodha Board.

Another prestigious achievement for the Squadron was the appointment of Flt.Cdt. Zahid Qadeer Malik as College Wing under Officer. He has no doubt provided the proper leadership and carried out his duties capably.

At games and extra-curricular activities, we were slightly below our usual standard, but all the same, we won top positions in two competitions, Hockey and Declamation. Led by Flt. Cdt. W/U/O Zahid Qadeer and supported ably by Flt. Cdt. Muhammad Hussain and Flt. Cdt. Irfan Elahi in the defence, the team played clever and polished hockey to clinch the trophy for the third time running. After a long time, our speakers came into their element and won the Declamation cup by securing the highest number of points in both the English and Urdu contests. Flt. Cdt. Sarfraz Ahmad Khan and Flt. Cdt. Irfan Elahi were declared the best speakers in the English and Urdu contests respectively. This victory was made possible through the efforts of Mr. A. Jabbar Khan and Flt. Cdt. Mujahid Jaffery.

We were 'runners-up' in Athletics and had our best athletes been present and fully fit, we might have topped in this competition. Our Medley Relay team ran spectacularly on the Sports Day to break the long-standing record by a fairly big margin. Flt. Cdt. Muhammad Hussain, Irfan Elahi, Khalid Khan and Iqbal Mahmud deserve hearty congratulations on their record-breaking effort. Commanded by Flt.Cdt. U/O Mela, we came third in both Drill and P.T. competitions.

Our bone, once again, was academics as we continue to have the largest number of weak and idle students in our ranks. It's a great disservice on their part to undo and neutralize the efforts of our brilliant students like U/O G.A. Mela, Flt. Cdt. Sarfraz Ahmad Khan, Gul Khan and Arsalan Afzal, etc. Academics is the most important competition as it has four times the weightage of any other competition.

Our team of appointment-holders, comprising U/O G.A. Mela, Sgts. M. Jaffery and Shadab Hasnain and Cpl. Irfan Qureshi, ran the Squadron efficiently on the whole. The Under Officer, in particular, set a fine personal example in discipline and devotion to duty. He also worked very hard in urging and persuading his peers and juniors to pray regularly.

I am grateful to Mr. A. Jabbar Khan for his keen interest and cooperation at all levels in running the Squadron. My thanks are also due to Flt. Lt. Tahir Mahmood for his guidance and help in giving service orientation to the Squadron.

#### College Colours:

Hockey:	W/U/O Flt. Cdt. Zahid Qadeer Malik.
Athletics:	U/O Flt. Cdt. G.A. Mela.

NOOR MUHAMMAD KHAN



A View of Mushaira.



Another View of Mushaira.



scenes from Urdu Play 'Wehmi'.



scenes from Urdu Play 'Wehmi'





scenes from Urdu Play "Wehmi".



Chinese Visitors viewing the Play.



Appointment-holders with the Principal.

## College Dramatic Society

President	.. Mr. A. Hafeez Qureshi
Secretary	.. Mr. Mehboob Alam Khan
Secretary Drama Club (Eng.)	.. Flt.Cdt. Shahzada Shahrukh
Secretary Drama Club (Urdu)	.. Flt.Cdt. Rizwan Yusuf.

On 29th January the Dramatic Club presented a full length Urdu play "Wahmi", an adaptation of Moliere's "The Imaginary Invalid", by Dr. Monib-ur-Rehman under the able direction of Hakim Mehboob Alam Khan. Though a repeat performance, it proved a great success and drew spontaneous applause from the audience. The high standard of acting, a delicate sense of timing, the elaborate period sets and decor quite succeeded in capturing the sardonic humour so characteristic of Moliere comedies. The play appeared to be so naturally adapted to the oriental setting that one could hardly feel its French origin. The credit for this goes to Mr. Mehboob for his masterly handling of the script and care for the details to preserve the very flavour of Moliere's humour in so different a locale.

Rizwan proved his mettle in the title role of the hypochondriac aging Nawab. It was indeed a challenging role and required great finesse and tact to maintain his pivotal position in an array of such bolsterous characters around him. He understood his role very well and never for a moment lost his grip over the plot. He was rightly adjudged the best actor of the play.

Zulfiqar who had hitherto specialised in playing the old faithful servant in earlier plays had a wider field this time to prove his histrionic talents. The servant in Moliere comedies occupied a very sensitive position. As a crafty, cunning scoundrel he manipulates and manoeuvres the strings of the plot nearer to his heart's desire. Zulfiqar quite measured up to the demands of his new role and managed to keep the credulous, unsuspecting Nawab dancing to his tune all the time.

Mirza Sahib and his equally idiotic son were played with great 'conviction' by Kafil and Najmul Asar. Verging on force and slap-stick both added their share of laughter to the hilarious situations. Aliuddin and Kamal again came to our rescue to

fill the female roles—a nagging problem in an all-male institution. Among the supporting cast mention must be made of Sajid Habib and Mujahid. Sajid has learnt to exploit his sonorous voice with advantage. Mujahid, a new comer, did well as the thundering Dr. Issa who could not control his feelings once his ignoble game was brought to light. ?

The play was witnessed, among others, by the members of the visiting Chinese delegation. They too appeared to be quite amused by the hilarious situations of the play. The prizes were distributed by the chief guest, Mr. Munawar Saeed, the popular TV and film artist. He was full of praise for our players and his very presence proved a great source of encouragement to our actors. Here is the cast of the play:

1. Rizwan Yusuf	.. Nawab Sahib
2. Zulfiqar	.. Bashir,
3. Sajid Habib	.. Brother-in-law
4. Mehmud bin Kafil	.. Mirza Sahib
5. Najmul Asar	.. Mukhtar Beg
6. Aliuddin	.. Nishat
7. Khalid Kamal	.. Farzana
8. Mujahid	.. Dr. Issa
9. Tanveer	.. Shahbaz
10. Shibli Faraz	.. Yakeel
11. Yawar	.. Compounder

The following were awarded prizes:

Best Actor	.. Rizwan
Second Prize	.. Zulfiqar
Third Prize	.. Sajid and Kafil.
Special Prize	.. Aliuddin and Kamal.

A.H.Q.

# Sports Review: 1975-76

## Football :

The Inter-Squadron sports competitions for 1975-76 started with football championship. Alauddin Squadron won the trophy and Iqbal Squadron were the runners-up. Both the champions and the runners-up remained unbeaten: Alauddin won three matches and drew two, while Iqbal won two matches and drew three. Thus Alauddin won the championship by a little margin. The most interesting matches were those played between Alauddin and Rafiqui, Iqbal and Munir, and Alam and Iqbal. Alauddin managed to score a goal against Rafiqui and won championship. Iqbal drew with Munir after a tough struggle but lost the trophy. Alam drew with Iqbal, but the game played was excellent. Iqbal scored maximum goals against Yunus, Flt. Cdt. Najeed being the highest scorer. Flt. Cdt. Humayun (AD) proved to be an outstanding goal-keeper. Flt.Cdt. Sgt. Azad Beg (A), Flt. Cdt.Wahid (AD), Flt.Cdt. Najeed(I) and Flt.Cdt. Sajid(AD) performed excellently well.

## Hockey :

In Hockey the trophy was shared by Alam and Rafiqui Squadrons. Both the champions were unbeaten. They won all the matches but drew against each other. It was a unique case of its type in the College history and almost the whole College was present to witness the match. Other interesting matches were played between Alam and Munir, and Rafiqui and Alauddin. Alam defeated Munir 8-1, and Rafiqui who had almost lost against Alauddin, were able to win by 1-0. The best players of the competition were: Flt.Cdt. W/U/O Zahid Qadeer, Flt.Cdt. Sgt. Azad Beg(A), Flt.Cdt. Hussain, (R), and Flt.Cdt. Abbasi(I). Flt.Cdt. Sgt. Azad Beg scored maximum goals. Flt.Cdt. Asif Malik(A) was the most successful goal-keeper; he couldn't save only two goals throughout the tournament.

## Indoor Games:

After a long time Inter-Squadron Indoor Games championship was held. The Trophy was won by Yunus Squadron; Alauddin were the runners-up. The matches were played in two pools: I and II. The champions for the two pools were different.

- |                          |                                                |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Table Tennis Singles: | I: Flt. Cdt. Zaheer(M) and P/C Tajammul(A)     |
| 2. Table Tennis Singles: | II: Flt. Cdt. Zafar (M)                        |
| 3. Table Tennis Doubles: | Flt.Cdt.U/O Waseem(M) and Flt. Cdt. Arshad (M) |
| 4. Carrom Singles:       | I: Flt. Cdt. Alvi (I)                          |
|                          | II: Flt. Cdt. Sgt. Ashiq(Y)                    |
| 5. Carrom Doubles:       | Flt.Cdt. Alzaz(AD) and Flt.Cdr. Sohail(AD)     |
| 6. Chess Singles:        | I: Flt.Cdt.U/O Asif(Y)                         |
|                          | II: Flt.Cdt. Irfan(R)                          |

### **Basketball:**

Inter-Squadron Basketball championship was shared by Alam and Yunus Squadrons. Alam had defeated Yunus but lost to Munir. Iqbal Squadron was also doing well but they lost to Yunus as well as to Alam by a narrow margin. The most interesting matches were those played between Alam and Yunus, Alam and Munir, Alam and Iqbal, and Yunus and Iqbal Squadrons. The last match of the tournament, which decided the trophy, was played between Iqbal and Yunus. Yunus won it and shared the trophy with Alam. An exceptionally good game was played by Flt. Cdt.Sgt. Toor(M), Flt.Cdt. Alvi (I) and Flt.Cdt. Nasir(Y). Flt.Cdt. Nasir was the highest scorer of the tournament. He scored 70 points against Alauddin.

### **Cricket**

Inter-Squadron Cricket started from 25th January. The competition was held on knock-out basis because of shortage of time. Each innings was of 30 overs. The Squadrons who entered the winners league were Yunus, Munir and Iqbal, who won against Alam, Alauddin and Rafiqui respectively. Munir and Alauddin got the 'bye' in their respective leagues. The trophy was won by Yunus, followed by Iqbal, Rafiqui, Alauddin and Alam Squadrons respectively. The toughest match of the competition was the one played between Yunus and Munir. Yunus won the match by a narrow margin. Another interesting match was played between Iqbal and Rafiqui. The best overall players were Flt.Cdt. U/O Asif(Y), Flt.Cdt. Alvi(I), Flt. Cdt. Hussain(R), Flt. Cdt. Nadeem Sagar(I) and Flt.Cdt. Zafar(M). Flt.Cdt.U/O Asif was the highest scorer as well as the best bowler. Flt.Cdt. Hussain had the best scoring average. Flt.Cdt. Sohail Shaffi (Y) also bowled well.

IQBAL Squadron won the overall Sports Championship and were awarded the Chigwell Shield.

### **Athletics**

This year both the main trophies—Quaid-i-Azam and Chigwell—were dependent on the results of athletics. On the Sports Day, Iqbal Squadron were able to give



College Hockey Eleven.



College Football Team.



College Basketball Team.



College Athletes.





College Basketball Team.



College Athletes.



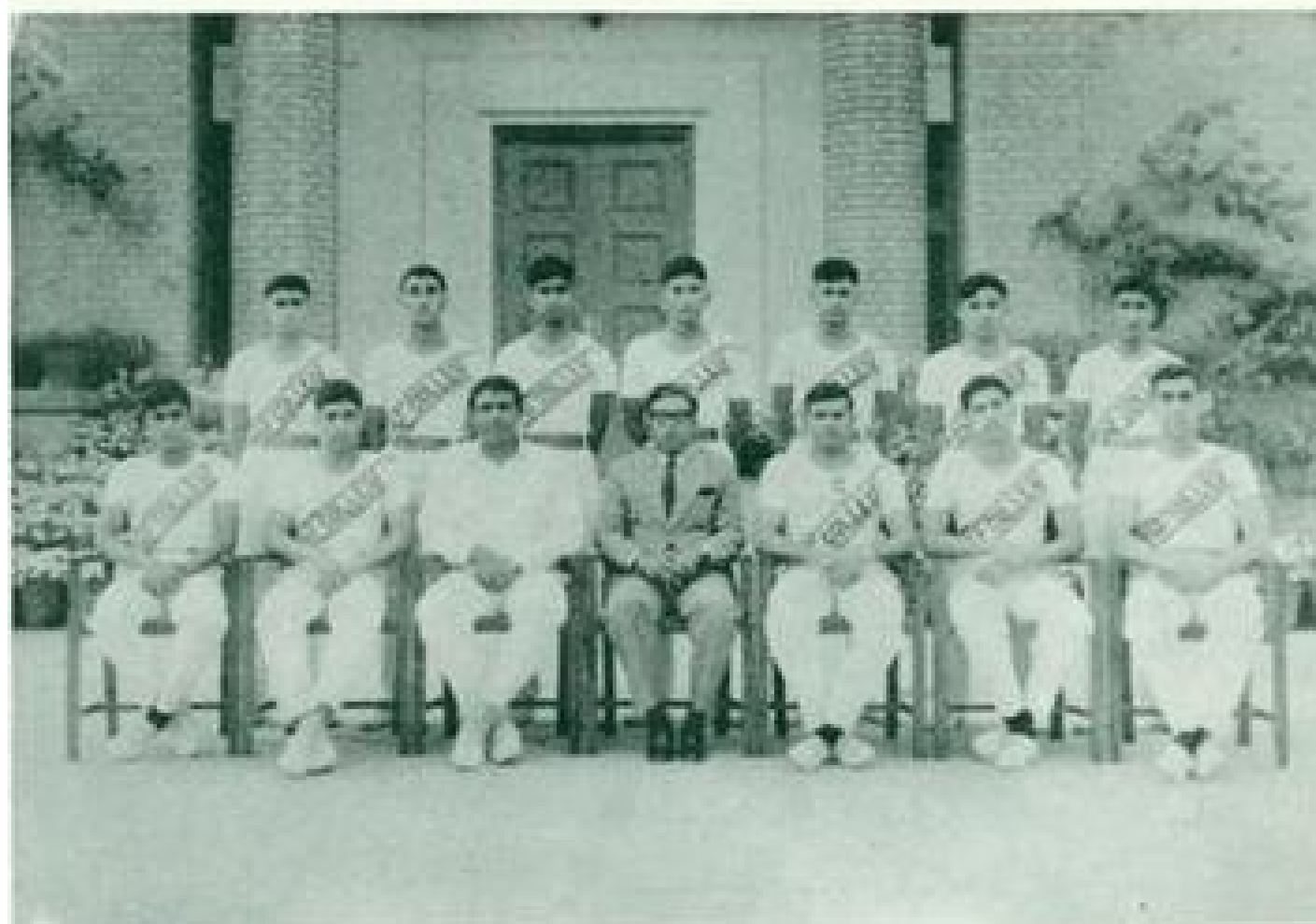
College Basketball Team.



College Athletes.



College Cricket Team.



College Gymnasts.



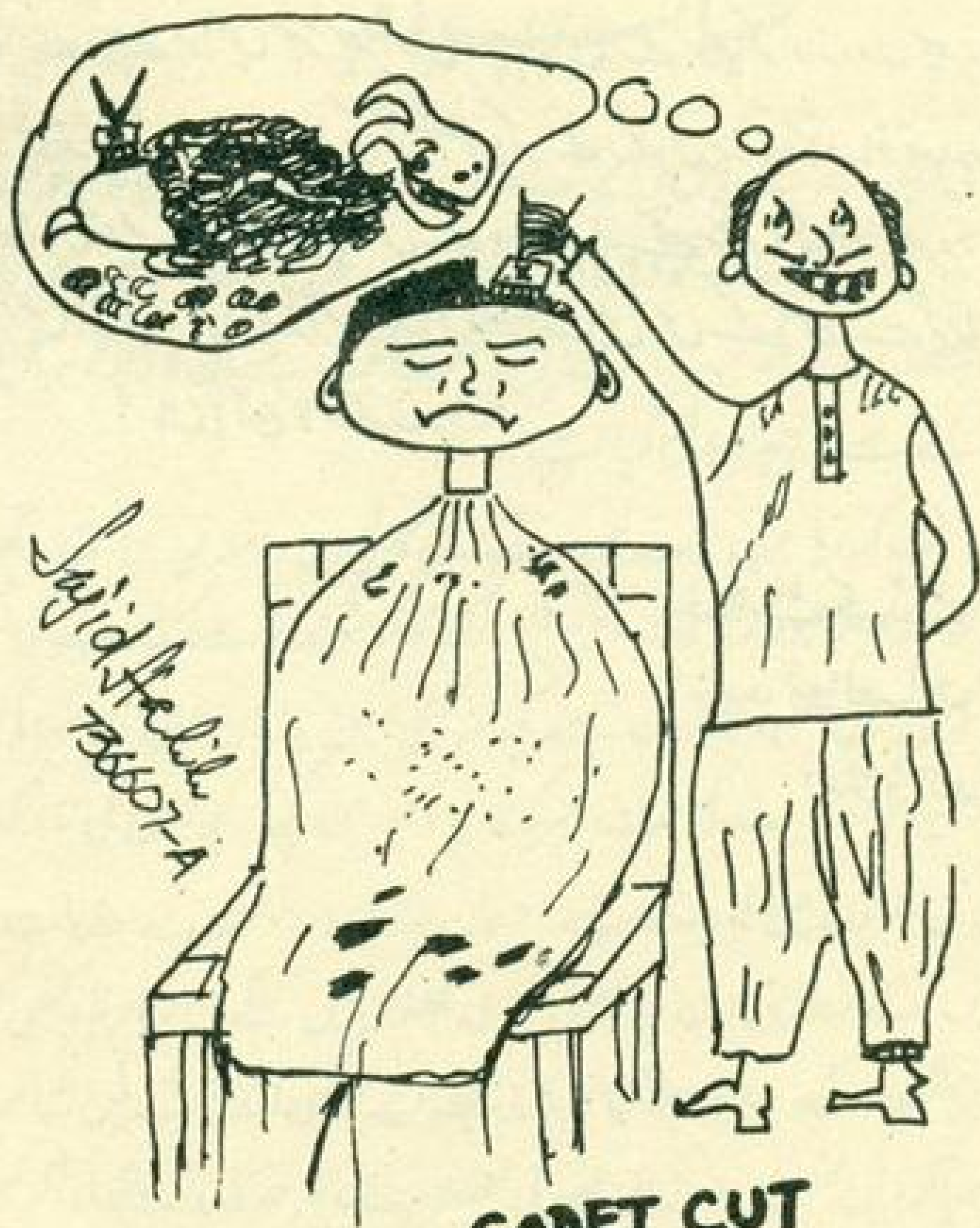
Cadets who secured top positions in Board.



College Judo Team.

6 points' lead to Munir, thus winning both the shields. Athletics trophy was won by Alauddin Squadron, followed by Rafiqui. Flt.Cdt. Qureshi (AD) was adjudged the Best Athlete, while Flt.Cdts. Haqqani and Marwat(I) the second and third-best athletes of year 1975-76. Flt.Cdt. Qureshi equalised the previous College record in 100 metres. He also improved his own previous record in 200 metres. Flt. Cdt. Tanweer (M) bettered the 19 years old record in 800 metres, while Flt.Cdt. Marwat bettered his own record in Shot Put. Rafiqui Squadron improved the record in Medley Race. Flt. Cdts. Haqqani(AD) and Zafar (A) missed the records in triple jump and 400 metres respectively by narrow margins. The performance of Alauddin Squadron was outstanding on the whole.

Flt. Cdt. WAMIQ ABRAR



نگران :  
حکیم محبوب عالم خان ایم اے (علیگ)  
مدیر :  
فلانٹ کیڈٹ غلام محب د

# شعباز

۱۹۷۵

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مجلد پی۔ اے۔ ایف کالج \* سرگودھا

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# ترتیب

فلائٹ کیڈٹ خالد محمود

فلائٹ کیڈٹ خالد محمود اختر

فلائٹ کیڈٹ غلام مجتہد

محترمہ منور سلطانہ لکھنوی

فلائٹ کیڈٹ محمد رضوان

حکیم محبوب عالم خان

فلائٹ کیڈٹ خالد باجوہ

فلائٹ کیڈٹ ظہیر شیرازی

فلائٹ کیڈٹ ساجد حبیب

فلائٹ کیڈٹ بابر صیر نشاط

فلائٹ کیڈٹ سید قہر شہسی

اداریہ

حصول علم

درس گاہ علم

الوداعی مشاعرہ

پی ایس ایف کالج کے طلبہ سے (نظم)

شناخوان رسول کے ساتھ ایک شام

غزل

تندور والا

زرد دھتے

قصہ چہار کیڈٹ

غزل

حاب دو

(نظم)

(نظم)



# اداریہ

کسی ادارے کا مجلہ ایک روزن کی طرح ہوتا ہے جس میں سے جھانک کر بیرونی دنیا کی نظریں اس کے خدوخال کا جائزہ لیتی ہیں۔ اس شمارے میں حصّہ اردو کا اضافہ ایک خوبصورت اضافے کے علاوہ ہماری اس سعی و تمنا کا آئینہ دار بھی ہے کہ بیرونی دنیا کو ہمارے ادارے کے خدوخال کی واضح اور غیر مبہم تصویر نظر آئے۔

یہ ادارہ قومی دفاع میں بہت اہم حیثیت کا حامل ہے۔ یہاں ان افراد کی تربیت ہوتی ہے جن کا گرم لہو زندگی بن کر قوم کی رگوں میں دوڑنا ہے۔ ایسے اہم افراد کے لیے شرطِ اول یہ ہے کہ ان کا اخلاق و کردار بلند ہو، ذہن میں منزل کا نشان روشن ہو اور ضبط و تنظیم ان کی فطرت میں داخل ہوں۔ ہمارے ہاں کیڈٹس میں یہ اوصاف حمیدہ اُبھاگر کرنے کا بڑا اہتمام کیا جاتا ہے۔ شخصیت سازی میں حسن لطیف کی ترویج و ترقی ایک بنیادی ضرورت ہوتی ہے۔ اس مجلہ کے مطالعہ سے قارئینِ کرام اس بات کا فیصلہ کر لیں گے کہ کیڈٹس کے مذاقِ ادب کا معیار کیا ہے۔ مجھے امید ہے کہ آئندہ شماروں میں کیڈٹس "شہباز" کی تزئین کو مزید بڑھائیں گے اور اس طرح خیالات و احساسات کی پرواز بلند سے بلند تر ہوتی چلی جائے گی۔

غلام مجتّد

# حصولِ علم

حصولِ علم سے مراد، دل لگا کر حصولِ علم کی سعی مسلسل ہے ہر مہارتِ علم حصولِ علم کے واسطے سرگرداں ہے۔ علم سے محروم لوگوں کا حال ڈھوروں کا سا ہے۔ اسی واسطے اسلام کی رُود سے حصولِ علم ہر کام سے اول ہے۔ اللہ کا حکم ہے کہ ہر مسلم کی گود سے گور کی راہ حصولِ علم کے واسطے ہی کھلے۔

علم کی مدد سے کسی کو وہ کلام حاصل ہوا کہ اہل دل محو ہو کر رہ گئے اور علم ہی سے وہ کام ہوئے کہ عام لوگ اہل کمال کہلاتے۔ حصولِ علم سے لوگوں کو وہ راہ حاصل ہوئی کہ وہ کوہِ دھوا کے حال سے آگاہ ہوئے علم سے لوگ عادل و عالم اور صالح ہوئے مگر ہر کم حوصلہ اور کاہل علم کے حصول سے محروم رہا۔ کسی کو دوسرے کے درد کا احساس علم ہی سے ہوا اور وہ دوسروں کے دکھ درد دُور کر کے حامی و مددگار ہوا۔ آلِ آدمؑ کو آرامِ علم کے لعلِ دگوہر سے حاصل ہوا اور اس کی گمراہی کی سلاسلِ علم سے ٹوٹی۔ علمِ آدمی کی صمصام اور ڈھال ہے۔ رسولِ اکرمؐ کا حکم ہے کہ علم حاصل کرو اور دوسروں کو اس کا گڑ سکھاؤ۔

علمِ لامحدود ہے۔ علم ہی کی مدد سے دوسروں سے ہمکلام ہوا کرو۔ حصولِ علم سے دل کے دُکھوں کو مسکھوں میں کھو کر دل کو سُور سے مالا مال کرو۔ علمِ اسلام ہے اور اسلامِ علم۔ ہمارا کلمہ لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ مُحَمَّدٌ الرَّسُولُ اللَّهُ علم کا درسِ اول ہے۔

(جماعتِ یازدہم الف کے تعاون سے)

فلائٹ کیڈٹ خالد محمود (پرنس انکوارٹن)

# درس گاہِ علم

لَيْسَ لِلْإِنْسَانِ إِلَّا مَا سَعَىٰ    حق کا کلام  
میرے مکتب کی جبین پر نقش ہے ایسا کلام

اس کی پیشانی بحمد اللہ اتنی ہے بلند  
غیر ممکن ہے کہ دشمن ڈال دے اس پر کمند

درس گاہِ علم ہے یہ نور سے مسرور ہے  
ذرہ ذرہ اس کا نورِ طور سے محسوس ہے

چوم لیتی ہے صبا جھک جھک کے اس کے بام کو  
مست ہوتی ہیں ہوائیں پی کے اس کے جام کو

فصل گل میں جب چمکتے ہیں عنادِ خوشنوا  
ہر رگ گل سے لپٹ کر رقص کرتی ہے صبا

بلبل شیدا کبھی غم سے جو ہو دے اشکبار  
گوہرِ شبِ بنم بھی اس کے آنسوؤں پر ہو نثار

ملک و ملت کی بقا ہے ، چشمہ پر نور ہے  
غسل جو اس میں کرے وہ پاک ہے سدور ہے

اس فضائے بیکراں پر حکمراں اس کے سپوت  
قوت پرواز سے ان کی مرزتا ہے سکوت

جن کے خونِ سُرخ سے یہ سرزمین ہے لالہزار  
خورد و علماں سے ہوتے فردوس میں وہ ہم کنار

اس کے گلشن میں سدا رقصاں رہے باغ و بہار  
یا الہی اس کا بڑھتا ہی رہے عسدر و وقار

جب تاکِ اختہ رہیں یہ ماہتاب و آفتاب  
اس کے ایڈٹ اے خدا ہوتے رہیں سب کامیاب

فلائٹ کیڈٹ

خالد محمود اختر (یونس اسکواڈرن)

## الوداعی مشاعرہ

استاد مکرم جناب ڈاکٹر سہیل بھاری کی شخصیت رسم تعارف کی محتاج نہیں۔ آپ ہمارے کالج میں بیس سال کی گزراں تدریسی خدمات سرانجام دینے کے بعد ملازمت سے سبکدوش ہو گئے۔ ڈاکٹر صاحب ہمارے کالج کے عماروں میں سے ہیں اور اس چین کی انہوں نے اپنے خون جگر سے بیماری کی ہے۔ کینڈس میس میں ان کے اعزاز میں ایک عشائیے کا اہتمام کیا گیا، جس کے اختتام پر جناب پرنسپل اور ڈاکٹر صاحب نے تقاریر کیں۔ ڈاکٹر صاحب کی اثر انگیز تقریر اسلوب و بیان کا ایک نادر نمونہ ہی نہ تھی بلکہ اس میں خلوص و امید کے حسین رنگ بھی تھے۔ آپ کی خدمت میں کینڈس کی طرف سے تحائف بھی پیش کیے گئے۔

مسکری اورادوں کی یہ روایت ہے کہ جب کوئی نیا عہدہ دار آتا ہے تو اس کے اعزاز میں ایک تقریب منعقد ہوتی ہے جسے ”ڈائمنگ ان“ کہا جاتا ہے۔ جب کوئی عہدہ دار تبدیل یا سبکدوش ہو جائے تو اس تقریب کو ”ڈائمنگ آؤٹ“ کہتے ہیں۔ ڈاکٹر صاحب اردو زبان کے عظیم محقق اور ایک بلند پایہ ادبی شخصیت ہیں۔ ان کے لیے سوچا گیا کہ انہیں ”مشاعرہ آؤٹ“ بھی کیا جائے۔ چنانچہ ان کے اعزاز میں ایک شایان شان مشاعرے کا انعقاد کیا گیا۔ کالج کی تاریخ میں یہ اپنی نوعیت کا پہلا مشاعرہ تھا اور اتنا بلند پایہ اور کامیاب مشاعرہ کہ مدتوں اسے یاد رکھا جائے گا۔ مشاعرے کی صدارت فضائیر کے ناظم تعلیمات گروپ کیپٹن کیانی نے کی۔

یہ بائیس نومبر کی خوب صورت سرمئی شام تھی۔ تمام شعراء یلیس میں عشائیے پر مدعو تھے۔ مقامی شعراء میں جناب غلام بیلائی اصغر، پرنسپل گورنمنٹ کالج سرگودھا، جناب ڈاکٹر وزیر آغا، جناب آدرسدید، جناب رشک تریابی، جناب انگر سرمدی، جناب پرویز بزرگی اور کئی ایک دوسرے شعراء نے گرامی موجود تھے۔ راولپنڈی سے سید ضمیر جعفری، پروفسر انور مسعود، محترمہ رشیدہ سلیم سیمیں اور پشاور سے جناب ریاض جمید تشریف لائے۔ لاہور سے آنے والی بستی، جوتزن مین مشاعرہ تھی، استاد الشعراء جناب احسان دانش تھے۔ آپ کے علاوہ محترمہ منور سلطانہ اور جناب پرویز بھی تشریف لائے۔ چیئر مین ملتان ایجوکیشن بورڈ، علامہ شبیر حسین بھاری، سکاوٹ کیمپ کے سلسلے میں سرگودھا آئے ہوئے تھے، وہ بھی غلام بیلائی اصغر صاحب کے ساتھ مشاعرے کی رونق و وبال

کرنے تشریف لائے۔ عشا ئیر بڑا پُر تکلف تھا، فضا میں اپنائیت کی پاشنی اور برتاؤ میں والہانہ پن تھا۔ بعد میں مغز مہانڈ کو کالج ہال لے جایا گیا۔

ہال کا سیٹج فنانسٹ اور اعلیٰ ذوقی آرٹسٹ کا نمونہ بنا ہوا تھا ہال میں سات ممبران، ان کی بیگمات، معزز مہان اور کیدٹس بڑا جان تھے۔ سیٹج سیکرٹری کے فرائض شعبہ آرٹو کے صدر اور یونس اسکوڈرن کے افسر انچارج جناب سید محمد تقویٰ صاحب نے سرانجام دیے اور بڑے احسن طریقے سے پورے مشاعرے کو سنبھالا۔

تلاوت قرآن پاک کے بعد جناب تقویٰ نے نہایت شستہ اور بامعنی جملوں میں ڈاکٹر صاحب کی شخصیت اور مشاعرے کی رجحان عقاد پر روشنی ڈالی۔ پھر صدر مشاعرہ اور جناب پرنسپل سے درخواست کی کہ وہ سیٹج پر تشریف لیں جناب تقویٰ نے صاحب صدر کی اجازت سے اس عظیم الشان مشاعرے کے پہلے شاعر کا نام لیا۔ یہ میر کا نام تھا۔ میں نے جو غزل سنائی وہ میری کوتاہی فن اور ناچکنگی، سخن کا ثبوت ضرور تھی مگر یہ احساس کہ میں اپنی تمام تر کم علمی کے باوجود اتنے بڑے شاعروں کے درمیان بیٹھا ہوں، میرے لیے سرمایہ افتخار بنا ہوا تھا۔ ابتدائی شعراء کا تعلق ہمارے کالج سے تھا میرے بعد فلاٹ کیڈٹ علی حسن شیرازی آئے جن کی غزل بہت سراہی گئی۔ پھر جناب واحد حسین نشان، استاد محترم غلام رسول باجوہ فلاٹ لیفٹیننٹ قیوم حجازی، استاد محترم حکیم محبوب عالم تشریف لائے اور بہت اعلیٰ پائے کی غزلیں پیش کیں۔ جناب محبوب عالم کے یہ اشعار بہت پسند کئے گئے۔

ایسی آندھی ہے کہ پاؤں نہیں ٹکنے دیتی      وقت کی تندہی رفتار سے ڈر لگتا ہے

آسمان دور، زمین سخت لگا ہیں دھندلا      عشق کی داری پر خار سے ڈر لگتا ہے

ایڈمن انسرونگ کا لٹر عقل قریشی کے قطععات میں طنز و مزاح کا خوبصورت امتزاج تھا اور یہ بہت پسند کیے گئے۔ ان کے بعد ڈاکٹر سہیل بھاری کو دعوت دی گئی۔ آپ نے ایک غزل عطا کی جو اظہار و اسلوب کا بڑا اعلیٰ نمونہ تھی۔ آپ کی غزل کا ہر شعر دوسرے سے خوب تر تھا۔

حسرتیں بڑھتی گیتیں غم جاووں چسپے گئے      وہ ہمارے حال پہ یوں مہرباں ہوتے گئے

کس قدر ہے ان کو اپنی ذمہ داری کا خیال      غیر کے گھر آئے میرے بھی یہاں ہوتے گئے

ڈاکٹر صاحب کے بعد جناب پرویز بڑنی تشریف لائے سرگودھا کے حلقہ ادب میں جناب بڑنی ایک

جانی پہچانی اور فعال شخصیت ہیں۔ آپ کا کلام بہت پُر اثر تھا اور بہت سراہا گیا۔

بیٹھا ہے اپنے صحن میں یوں گھر کا آدمی      آیا ہر جیسے شہر میں باہر کا آدمی

ٹوٹی نعیل لبے در چشم وا ہوا      گھٹ گھٹ کے مر گیا میرے اندر کا آدمی

پھر جناب احمد سدید کو دعوت دی گئی۔ آپ کی غزل بہت عمدہ تھی اور بڑی پسند کی گئی۔

ظلمتیں اسید بن کر جب مجھے ڈنسنے لگیں  
مچھول سے چہرہ نکال کی مجھ پر پھنچا اور چاندنی  
لوگ اپنے بند کمروں میں پڑے سوتے ہے  
دشکلیں دیتی رہی کمروں کے باہر چاندنی  
جناب انور سدید کے بعد رشک تزاری صاحب تشریف لائے۔ آپ کے کلام میں جوش و ولولہ کم نہیں  
لیتا ہے آپ جس جذبے سے شعر کہتے ہیں اسی جذبے سے شعر سنتے بھی ہیں آپ نے ایک نظم سنائی جو بہت  
ہی سراہی گئی۔ آپ کے بعد اسکا ڈرن لیڈ رفوی صاحب نے "اے خدا" کے عنوان سے ایک عمدہ نظم  
سنائی۔ اب جناب انگل سرحدی کو دعوت دی گئی۔ جناب انگل سرحدی اردو زبان کے عاشقوں میں سے ہیں۔ آپ  
ہر وقت اردو کی ترویج و ترقی کے لیے کوشاں رہتے ہیں۔ مشاعرے میں جناب انگل نے ایک عمدہ غزل سنائی  
اور بڑی داد حاصل کی۔

درد کو زندگی سمجھتا ہوں      زندگی کا اعتبار نہیں  
زحمت چارہ گر کا ہے احساس      درد کب موت سا گر نہیں

پروفیسر غلام جیلانی اصغر اپنی باغ و بہار شخصیت کے باعث ہمارے کینڈش میں بڑے مقبول ہیں انہوں  
نے برجستہ جملوں سے پورے مشاعرے کو کشت زعفران بنائے رکھا۔ انہوں نے ایک غزل پیش کی جو حسن و ادراک  
اور احساس کی گہرائیوں کی آئینہ دار ہے۔

موسم گل میں اگر شاخ سے ٹوٹے ہوتے      کچھ ٹگھنے تو اسی شاخ سے پھوٹے ہوتے  
ہرنٹ چپ چاپ ہی اٹک کر کچھ کہہ جاتی      روٹھنے والے سلیقے سے تو روٹھے ہوتے

اب ڈاکٹر وزیر آغا کا نام پکارا گیا۔ ڈاکٹر صاحب سرگودھا کے دبستان اردو کے عظیم ستون ہیں ایک مستند  
ادبی شخصیت اور باکمال شاعر ہیں۔ آپ کے کلام میں اندیت احساس کا پتہ چلتا ہے اور موج کے نئے نئے اتار  
سارنے آتے ہیں۔ آپ کی غزل کے چند اشعار یہ ہیں۔

سلو میں بن کے ابھرتی رہے میری پر      لاش یہ مریج ہوا میری دوا ہو جاسے  
جہانک کرانگہ میں میری کبھی دیکھے خود کو      اپنے ہی عکس پہ وہ شخص ندا ہو جاسے

پھر لاہور کے جناب پرویز نے بڑے ترنم اور مستحساس سے ایک گیت سنایا اور بڑی داد پائی ان کے بعد  
لاہور سے آنے والے شعراء جناب شفقت بٹاوی جناب خالد اور جناب ریاض مجید نے اپنا کلام سنایا جو بہت  
پسند کیا گیا۔ جناب خالد کی غزل جدید انداز سخن کا نمونہ تھی۔

تم سے دیران سلیموں میں طوں      جاگتے وقت دور دور رہیں  
کر کے اپنے وجود کے ٹکڑے      کہ رہا ہوں کہ فائدے میں ہوں

چہرہ مقرر سلاطین کو دعوت سنن دی گئی۔ ان کو ہمارے کالج سے گہری دلچسپی ہے کیونکہ ان کا ایک لفظ  
بگڑیہاں زیرِ تربیت ہے۔ انہوں نے ترقی کے ساتھ ایک نہایت عمدہ غزل سنائی جو اتنی پسند کی گئی کہ اظہارِ ممکن نہیں  
کلام میں ہے ساختگی تھی، ترقی میں میں زیرِ دہم کانسوں بڑا پر کیف تھا۔

مٹا اک گور جاں تو لٹا دیا وہ بھی      وفا کی راہ میں اب ہم شاد کیا کرتے  
خوشی کی ساتھیوں دوپہار تھیں میرا وہیں      ستم ہزار تھے ان کا شمار کیا کرتے  
مقرر سلاطین کے بعد اظہارِ جاوید تشریف لائے، آپ کا یہ شعر بہت پسند کیا گیا۔

اک بار ہاتھ چھو گیا اس کے بدن کے ساتھ  
برسوں میں انگلیوں کو پر نہی چومتا رہا !

جدید شاعری میں جناب جمیل یوسف ایک ممتاز مقام رکھتے ہیں۔ انہوں نے ایک نئی روایت کی بنیاد  
ڈالی ہے۔ اپنے نام کی رعایت سے وہ ایک جالیاتی شاعر ہیں اور ان کے کلام میں بے ٹخن اہنگ کا احساس ہوتا ہے۔  
مٹا کرے میں جناب جمیل یوسف نے ایک بہت ہی خوب صورت غزل سنائی جو حسین و جمیل جذبات کا مرقع معلوم ہوتا ہے۔

سرت ہے کرے جاں تمنا تجھے دیکھوں      میں زندگی بھر سامنے بیٹھا تجھے دیکھوں  
مفل میں کوئی آنکھ تیری سمت نہ اٹھے      کوئی نہ تجھے دیکھے میں تنہا تجھے دیکھوں  
آئینہ سیرت ہوں تیرے حسن کے آگے      کیا کیا تو نظر آئے ہے کیا کیا تجھے دیکھوں

ان کے بعد پروفیسر ادر مسعود کا نام پکارا گیا۔ آپ پناہی شاعری میں ایک منفرد مقام رکھتے ہیں مگر استادمعظم تقری  
صاحب کی درخواست پر انہوں نے اردو زبان میں ایک غزل سنائی اور یہیں یہ احساس ہوا کہ اردو شاعری میں بھی وہ کسی  
سے پیچھے نہیں ہیں۔ آپ کے یہ اشعار بہت سراہے گئے۔

کب ضیا بار ترا چہرہ زیب ہوگا      کیا جب آنکھیں نہ رہیں گی تو اہلا ہوگا  
یہی اندازِ دیانت ہے توکل کا تاجر      برف کے باٹ لیے دھوپ میں بیٹھا ہوگا

جناب ادر مسعود کے بعد محترمہ رشیدہ سلیم بیگم صاحبہ تشریف لائیں۔ محترمہ بیگم کے کلام کی منانت، گہرائی  
اور بات و اندازِ مکالمہ نے سبھی کو بہت متاثر کیا آپ کی غزل ایک اچھا نشانہ کار تھی۔

تمہارے بعد زمانہ بھی ناشناس ہوا      کس آشنا سے شناسائیوں کی بات کریں  
کوئی تو ہو گا جسے اس انگنی دنیا      اس ایک شخص کی خوش فہمیوں کی بات کریں

آپ کے بعد شہنشاہِ طرانت سید ضمیر جعفری صاحب کا نام پکارا گیا۔ جناب ضمیر نے اپنے من مہنے انداز کے  
ساتھ ایک نظم ”ضمیر کا گھر“ سنائی۔ یہ نظم ظرافت کا عظیم شاہکار تھی۔ پورا ماحرہ کشت زعفران بنا ہوا تھا۔ کیدش



نے کمال وارنگی سے ہمیاں پیٹ پیٹ کر آپ کے کلام کی داد دی۔ پھر علامہ شبیر بخاری صاحب تشریف لائے اور ایک نظم عطا کی "معرز ہائوں سے خطاب" تھا۔ بلاشبہ یہ نظم زبان کی مددگی اور پُرخلوص امیدوں سے پر تھی۔

استاد الشعراء احسان دانش کا کلام داد و تحسین کی تمام حدود کو پیچھے چھوڑ گیا ہے۔ شاعرے میں آپ اپنی وضع قطع میں سب سے سادہ نظر آتے ہیں۔ غور کیا تو پتہ چلا کہ یہی ان کی عظمت ہے۔ آپ کے کلام میں، آپ کے دل کی طرح سادگی اور حقیقت گہرائی ہے۔ آپ حالات کی آگ میں کندن بن کر نکلتے ہیں۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ ان کی شاعری پسے جذبات کا مال اور ایک حساس دل کا ادراک ہے۔ آپ نے جو غزل عطا کی اس کا ہر ایک شعر، شہ پارہ ہے کچھ اشعار ملاحظہ ہوں۔

سب کو احساس زیاں گر کے سمجھتے ہوا      میرا ادراک میرے دور نکلنے سے ہوا

مٹو کریں لگتی ہیں، دلہنیز پر غم خواروں کو      یہ اندھیرا تیری تنہائی نہ چلنے سے ہوا

کوئی زنجیر کا حلقہ نہیں دیتا سمجھنا کار!      حال زندان کا یہ اک میرے نکلنے سے ہوا

میرے قدموں سے تعارف نہیں کرتی رٹھیا      یہ خسارہ بھی تیرے ساتھ نہ چلنے سے ہوا

استاد سخن کے بعد صدر مشاعرہ گروپ کیپٹن کیانی تشریف لائے اور ایک غزل سنائی، چند اشعار یہ ہیں۔

ترے شباب نے پردے اٹھا دیے کیا کیا      میری نگاہ میں جلوے سہلے ہیں کیا کیا

تیرے بدن نے اندھیرے میں روشنی کر دی      چراغ دیر و حرم تھکائے ہیں کیا کیا

گروپ کیپٹن کیانی کے بعد جناب تقویٰ نے شاعرے کے پہلے دور کے خاتمے کا اعلان کیا یہ آدھ گھنٹے کا وقفہ تھا جس میں معزز ہائوں کی چائے سے تواضع کی گئی

ایسے ممکن تھا کہ پردہ فیروز مسعود تشریف رکھتے ہوں اور ہم ان کے پنجابی کلام سے محروم رہ جائیں

یہی وجہ تھی کہ دوسرے دور کا آغاز پنجابی شاعری سے ہوا۔ پہلے جناب اصغر جیلانی نے اپنا کلام سنایا اور بہت متاثر کیا۔ پھر عمرہ سیٹھ آئیں جن کا پنجابی کلام ان کے اردو کلام کی طرح گہرا اور یادگار تھا۔ حاضرین نے انہیں بہت سراہا۔ جناب اظہر جاوید کا کلام ندرت احساس کا اعلیٰ نمونہ تھا۔ جب جناب انور مسعود کا نام پکارا گیا تو پورا حال تالیوں سے گر نچ اٹھا۔ آپ پنجابی شاعری کے نذیر اکبر آبادی ہیں۔ آپ نے معاشرے کے ان پہلوؤں کو پیش کیا ہے جو دوسرے شعراء کی نگاہوں اور قلموں سے بظاہر تو یہ خود ہنستے اور دوسروں کو ہنساتے ہیں مگر انہوں نے اپنے کندھے پر طنز کے تیز نوکوں والے نیزے اٹھا رکھے ہیں۔ انہوں نے اپنی ایک نظم "رکشے دا" سنائی جو اپنی مثال آپ تھی۔ حاضرین کے پُر زور اصرار پر انہوں نے اپنی مشہور نظم "آج کی پلکیں" بھی سنائی۔ اب یہ احساس

ہوتا ہے کہ اگر ہم جناب انور سے ان کا پنجابی کلام نہ سنتے تو مشاعرہ اتنا دل چسپ نہ ہوتا اور ہم لوگ ایک بڑی محرومی کا شکار ہو جاتے۔

اب مشاعرہ دوبارہ اردو شاعری کی طرف آگیا۔ جناب رشک ترائی نے ایک دلولہ انگیز نظم ”تو ہے بے نیاز“ عطا کی۔ محترمہ منور سلطانہ نے بھی غزل سے ایک نظم سنائی جس کا عنوان تھا ”ہاں اے ایف کالج کے طلبہ سے“ یہ نظم ایک شاعر ذہن کا خراج تحسین تھا۔ جس پر سہارا کالج جتنا بھی فخر کرے کم ہے۔ کیڈٹس اس نظم سے بہت متاثر ہوئے۔ آپ کی یہ نظم اس شمارے میں شائع کی جا رہی ہے۔ محترمہ منور سلطانہ نے جو غزل پیش کی ہے اس کے چند اشعار ہیں۔

فرقت کی رات قبر قیامت تھی مل گئی      اب کیا کہیں کہ درد کہاں ہے کہاں نہیں  
خورد و پچھڑے جہان نے کیا ہے کیا دیا      اسے دل نہیں تو فرصت سود و زیاں نہیں  
جناب اسفغر جیلانی تشریف لائے اور نہایت عمدہ غزل پیش کی۔

میری تخلیق کرم ہے کہ ستم ہے اس کا      وہ بھی اک روز بلندی سے اتر کر دیکھے  
سب نے سینے میں چھپا رکھی ہے نظر امن      یوں گلے سے ہونے لگے تو اکثر دیکھے  
شعرا نے کرام کی پُر زور نمائش پر آپ نے اپنی مشہور رازاد نظم ”فکار“ بھی عطا کی۔ جناب اسفغر جیلانی کے بعد محترمہ سمیں نے اپنا کلام پیش کیا۔

ساغر زلیست اٹھایا ہے توجہی بھر کے پو      کیا ہوا اس میں اگر تلمیحات ہوتی  
یوں سنبھالا ہے اسے خاندل میں سمیں      یاد بھی جیسے کسی شہر کی سوغات ہوتی  
محترمہ سمیں کے بعد جناب جمیل یرسٹ تشریف لائے اور ایک سمیں و جمیل غزل عطا کی، جو کہ بہت ہی پسند کی گئی۔

کب تک تیری ایک ایک یاد رہے گی      یہ زخم بھی آخر کو تو بھرنے کوئی پل  
آنکھوں کو تیری دید کی سرت نہ رہے گی      ایسا بھی زمانے میں گزرنا ہے کوئی پل  
یہ شوق کا عالم ہے تو اے صبر گریزاں      تجھ کو میری خاطر بھی سفر نہ رہے کوئی پل  
پھر ڈاکٹر وزیر آغا تشریف لائے اور اپنا کلام عطا کیا۔ آپ کی غزل بہت خیال اور ڈاکٹر صاحب کے مخصوص اسلوب سخن کا نمونہ تھی۔

بے زباں کلیوں کا دل میل کیا      اے ہوائے صبح تم نے کیا کیا  
بے خیالی میں ستارے چن لیے      جگمگاتی رات کو اندھا کیا

روحِ کر گھر سے کیا تر کتنی بار کیا در و دیوار نے پھینکا کپا !

ڈاکٹر صاحب کے بعد سید ضمیر جعفری آئے اور انھوں نے ایک سنجیدہ نظم سنائی جس میں انہوں نے پاک فضاؤں کے رکھوالوں کو شاندار خراج عقیدت پیش کیا آپ کی اس نظم کا ایک بند پیش خدمت ہے۔

پاک فضاؤں کے رکھوالے شاہین و شہباز تم  
عزت کی پرواز تم جبراست کی آواز تم !

اتنی اتنی اپنے طیارے، نیل کی جھیل میں پاند ستارے  
خود کے جلوے رنگ کے دھارے، آتش نیرِ برقی سوار  
بڑھتے سورج پڑھتے تارے، نفیے جنوبی شعلے پارے  
دوش ہوا پر اور چ فضا پر !

اپنے کھیتوں، شہروں، شہروں، لہروں کے دم ساز تم  
عزت کی پرواز تم، جبراست کی آواز تم !

پھر انھوں نے اپنے مخصوص انداز میں ایک مزاحیہ نظم "ریل کا سفر" سنائی اور ہر طرف سے تہنیتوں کا سیلاب اٹھ پڑا۔ علامہ شبیر حسین صاحب کی غزل میں زبان و بیان کا بڑا استغراق مذاق تھا۔ آپ کی غزل کے چند اشعار ملاحظہ ہوں۔

درد نے لی کچھ ایسی انگریزی دل کی ہر جڑ پھیر بھرائی  
موت ہے وقف سکون و قرار زندگی کیا ہے ناشکیبائی  
آدھی غلغلتوں میں ڈوب گیا پاند سورج رہے تماشاں

علامہ صاحب کے بعد استاد الشعرارِ قشربل آئے اور اپنے کلام سے بہرہ مند کیا۔ مجھے اپنی کم مائیگی الفاظ پر زحمت ہے کہ میرے پاس داد و تحسین کے خیالات تو ہیں۔ مگر انہیں شکل دینے کے لیے میرے پاس الفاظ نہیں ہیں جن سے میں جناب احسان دانش اور ان کے کلام کو سراہوں۔

اس نے ہر چند چھپائی آواز کر گئی چہرہ کشائی آواز  
ردیفِ بزمِ دو عالم کیا ہے سرِ پسر ایک خدائی آواز  
جس نے لہجہ کی آہٹ سہلی اس کو ہر چیز سے آئی آواز  
دل کی مٹی ہے جو کی نزدِ خیز اشکِ بر سے تراگ آئی آواز  
کربِ جاں بول پڑا ہے دانش فکدِ لہجوں نے چھپائی آواز

پھر گر وہ پ کیٹن کیا فی نے ایک آزاد نظر پیش کی۔ یہ نظم عقل و دانش کا ایک دریافتی بعد میں آپ نے صدر مشاعرہ کی حیثیت سے خطاب کیا اور یہ الوداعی مشاعرہ اختتام پذیر ہوا۔ حاضرین نے ایک ایک لمحے کا لطف اٹھایا۔ ہمیں یوں لگا تھا کہ جیسے یہ پراسرار سے مخمور جنہیں ہم ان کی کتابوں میں دیکھا کرتے تھے، آج کی رات اپنی کتابوں سے نکل کر ہمارے درمیان آ بیٹھے ہوں ... !

فلائیٹ کیڈٹ غلام محمد

(منیر اسکواڈرن)

## پنی اے ایف کالج کے طلباء سے

تمہارے دم سے ہمارا وطن ، ہماری زمیں  
ہمارے کھیت ہمارے چمن کی رعنائی  
ہمارے شہر کی رونق ، ہمارے خورد و کلاں  
ہماری بزم طرب اور ہماری تنہائی

تمہیں سے عصمتیں محفوظ ماؤں بہنوں کی  
ہمو کی مانگ سلامت تمہارے دم سے ہے  
تمہیں سے نام و فاکے دیے من روزاں ہیں  
بقائے عظمت ملت تمہارے دم سے ہے

تمہارے ہاتھ میں چلتی ہوا کی باگیں ہیں  
تمہارے پاؤں تلے دُستیں زمانے کی  
تمہاری جرأت و ہمت سے قوم کی عظمت  
تمہارے عزم سے رنگینیاں فسانے کی

غنیم پاؤں دھرے جب ہماری دھرتی پر  
تمہارا ہاتھ تباہی کا روپ لیتا ہے  
عدو کے سر پر اجل بن کے ٹوٹ پڑتا ہے  
ستم کی آہنی دیوار توڑ دیتا ہے

تمہیں سے عظمتِ آدم کا نام زندہ ہے  
 کند چاند ستاروں پہ ڈال دی تم نے  
 مثالِ ماہ کیا تم نے خاک کو روشن  
 زمیں کی گردِ فلک پر اُچھال دی تم نے

خدا کرے کہ تمہارے جوان سینوں میں  
 نشانِ ہمت و عظمتِ مدام زندہ رہے  
 سدا ہواؤں پہ پڑتے رہیں تمہارے قدم  
 زبانِ خالقِ خدا پر یہ نام زندہ رہے

قدم بڑھاتے چلو وقت کی صدا ہے یہی  
 عدو کا نام جہاں سے مٹا کے دم لینا  
 جن آشیانوں میں پلتا ہے ظلم اور ستم  
 اُن آشیانوں کو یکسر جلا کے دم لینا

یونہی فضا میں اڑاتے رہو وطن کا علم  
 ہمارے ملک کی عظمت بلند ہوتی رہے  
 غنیمت تم سے ہمیشہ شکست کھاتا رہے  
 تمہارے عزم کی طاقت دوچند ہوتی رہے

## شنا خوان رسولؐ کے ساتھ ایک شام

یہ انیس اپریل کا ایک گرم دن تھا۔ دن بھر کی تمازت کے بعد اب چھاؤں کا خوشگوار احساس ہونے لگا تھا۔ آج کی شام ہمارے درمیان ایک بابرکت شخصیت تشریف لانے والی تھی۔ میں اور میرے ساتھی تقریباً ساٹھ سال سے چار بجے کالج کی عمارت میں پہنچ گئے۔ وہاں پہنچتے ہی ہمیں ایک عجیب سی کیفیت سے دوچار ہونا پڑا۔ جگہ تو وہی تھی جہاں ہم کچھ سے دو ہر تک علم و فیض کے چشموں سے سیراب ہوتے رہتے ہیں۔ مگر اس وقت ماحول کچھ عجیب سا لگ رہا تھا۔ جماعتوں کے وقت میں تو یہاں بہت ہنگامہ اور پہل پہل رہتی ہے۔ مگر اب وہاں ایک وقار آمیز سکوت طاری تھا۔ یہیں یوں محسوس ہوتا تھا جیسے کالج کے در و دیوار آپس میں سرگوشیاں کر رہے ہوں۔ ہلکی ہلکی خوشبو اور پھولوں کے سوراگ ہر سو بکھرے پڑے تھے۔ بڑا دہدا انگیز منظر تھا۔ ایسا لگتا تھا جیسے قدرت نے تمام کیا ربوں کو اپنے ہاتھوں سے رنگیں تباہیں پہنا دی ہوں۔

وہاں پہنچنے پر پتہ چلا کہ آج کی رونق منحل، نعت کے ممتاز شاعر، جناب حافظ لدھیانوی تشریف لائے ہیں۔ کچھ دور ایک کچی پٹن میں وہ ہمارے اساتذہ کے ساتھ نماز عصر میں مشغول تھے۔ نماز سے فراغت کے بعد وہ اور جناب پرنسپل شعبہ اردو کے صدر جناب سید محمد تقویٰ، استاد محترم جناب عبدالعزیز کمالی، جناب محترم حکیم محبوب نام صاحب اور کئی دوسرے اساتذہ بھی ان کے ہمراہ تھے۔ ہمارے اساتذہ اکلام کے علاوہ متعدد علمی و ادبی شخصیات بھی روشنی افروز تھیں۔ جی میں سرگودھا کے نامور شعراء جناب رشک تریابی، افگر سردی اور جناب پرویز بزمی شامل تھے۔ اس کے سرگودھا ایک بکیشی ہارڈ کی چند معزز خواتین بھی تشریف لائی تھیں۔ وہ کمرہ جس میں یہ تقریب منعقد ہونے والی تھی جناب حافظ کی شخصیت کی طرح سادہ اور پروقار تھا۔ میز پر تازہ گلاب کے پھول اپنی بھینی بھینی خوشبو چاروں طرف بکھیر رہے تھے اور خوبصورت گلڈان فخر سے گردن تانے کھڑا تھا۔

چند ساعتوں کے سکوت کے بعد فلائٹ کیڈٹ غلام مجدد آئے اور جناب پرنسپل کی اجازت سے کارروائی کا آغاز کیا۔ انہوں نے فلائٹ کیڈٹ حافظ حنیف کو دعوت دی کہ وہ تلاوت قرآن پاک سے اس شام پاکیزہ کاغذ کریں۔ انہوں نے قرآن حکیم کی تلاوت دہدا انگیز انداز میں کی۔ اس پر تمام سامعین جھوم اٹھے اور سبحان اللہ کہہ کر ان

کی داد دی۔ اب فلاٹ کیڈرٹ غلام مجتہد نے نعت رسول مقبولؐ کے لیے فلاٹ کیڈرٹ بلال احمد کا نام پکھڑا  
 فلاٹ کیڈرٹ بلال احمد نے جناب حافظؒ کی مکھی ہوئی نعت دل سودہ لینے والے انداز سے پڑھی اس نعت میں رسولؐ کی  
 سے عشق کا جذبہ انتہا کو پہنچا نظر آتا تھا۔ ایک اجنبی ساسرور اور ولولہ تھا اور نعت کو سنتے ہی ایک عجیب کیفیت  
 طاری ہو گئی۔ جناب حافظؒ نے الفاظ کے سوتیوں کو حضور اکرمؐ کی شان میں اس طرح پڑوایا تھا کہ حاضرین محفل بے خود ہو گئے  
 نعت شریف کے بعد فلاٹ کیڈرٹ غلام مجتہد نے پرنسپل صاحب سے درخواست کی کہ وہ جناب حافظؒ کی حیاتی  
 کو معزز حاضرین سے متعارف کروائیں۔ پرنسپل صاحب نے بڑے مختصر مگر جامع جملوں سے جناب حافظؒ کی شخصیت  
 فی پر روشنی ڈالی۔ آپ نے کہا کہ ہر شاعر کا محبوب ہوتا ہے اور شاعر اپنے محبوب کی مدح سرائی اور جذبہ عشق کے اظہار  
 کو اپنے فی کا لبادہ پہناتا ہے۔ جناب حافظؒ کا محبوب وہ ہے جو خالق کائنات کا محبوب ہے اگرچہ جناب حافظؒ کا تعلق  
 خود رسول اللہ صلی اللہ علیہ وآلہ وسلم کی ذات طیبہ ہے۔ اس کے بعد پرنسپل صاحب نے کہا کہ میں جناب حافظؒ سے درخواست  
 کرتا ہوں کہ وہ اپنا نصیب کلام عطا فرمائیں اور ساتھ ہی ساتھ تاثرات اور احساسات سے بھی بہرہ اندوز کریں جو جیت لٹ  
 کی سعادت حاصل کرتے وقت ان کے ساتھ پیش آتے اور ان کی سماع عزیزین گئے۔ جناب حافظؒ اطمینان سے اٹھے اور  
 حاضرین محفل کو بیت اللہ کے بارے میں اپنے تاثرات سے آگاہ کیا اس بارے میں اپنی مکھی ہوئی کتاب سے  
 اقتباسات سنائے۔ جن جن مقامات سے ان کا گزر ہوا یا زیارت کرنے کی سعادت نصیب ہوئی ان مقامات مقدسہ  
 کا نقشہ انہوں نے اس خوبصورتی سے پیش کیا اور اپنے احساسات کو الفاظ کی اتنی خوبصورت اور حاسن شکل عطا کی  
 کہ سامعین محسوس کر رہے تھے گویا یہ نفس نفیس ان کے ہمراہ ہیں اور ان ہی منازل سے گزر رہے ہیں۔ جن سے  
 جناب حافظؒ کا گزر ہوا۔ انہوں نے رحمت انعامینؐ کی شان میں قصیدوں کا آغاز کیا اور اپنے دل اتھاہ گہرائیوں  
 میں ختم پیتے ہوئے جذبہ عشق کے ایسے ایسے حسین واقعات پیش کیے کہ سن کر ان کی شخصیت پر رنگ آتا ہے۔  
 آج کتنا خوبصورت دن ہے کہ ہمارے جذبات میں ایک لطیف پھل پچی ہوئی ہے جو کہ لمحہ بلمحہ بر حسی جانہی ہے  
 اس کیفیت کے احساس سے دل و دماغ اک سرور سا حاصل کر رہے ہیں کہ ہم گناہ گاروں کو بھی جذبہ و کیف کا مزہ  
 مل رہا ہے۔ جناب حافظؒ اپنے عشق رسولؐ کو کلام کے روپ میں پیش کر رہے تھے۔ وہ اپنی محبت و عشق کی گہرائیوں  
 میں سامعین کے ہمراہ اترتے جا رہے تھے۔ یہ محسوس ہوتا تھا کہ آج ہم سب کو خاتم النبیینؐ کے دربار میں حاضری کثیف  
 حاصل ہونے والا ہے۔ ان کے کلام میں خاص طور پر رسول خداؐ کے دربار میں حاضری دینے کا حصہ اتنا اثر انگیز ہے اور  
 اتنی بے ساختگی اور جذبول کی سچائی رکھتا ہے کہ سننے والے اپنے آپ کو رسول اللہؐ کے دوبرو محسوس کرتے ہیں جناب  
 حافظؒ کا کلام مدح و ثنا کا ایک ایسا خزانہ تھا جس سے سننے والوں نے اپنی جھولیاں بھر لیں۔ ان اشعار میں آپؐ نے بڑے  
 پاکیزہ جذبول سے رسول خداؐ کی مدح سرائی کی ہے۔



وہ رحمتِ عالم بھی ہے محبوبِ خدا بھی

اس کے رُخِ زیبا سے دو عالم کی فضا بھی

فردوس کی خوشبو سے معطر ہیں نصیب بھی

کس ناز سے چلتی ہے یہاں بادِ صبا بھی

ایک عاشقِ رسولؐ کے لیے رسولِ خدا کے حضورِ ماضی ہی سعادت کی آخری منزل ہوتی ہے۔ جناب

حافظ جب روضہ الطہر کے سامنے پہنچے، جو جذبہ شوق کی لہریں، الفاظ کے پیکر ہیں واصلِ گنیں اور سارے  
کو ایک پر غلوس شاعر کی زبان میں سر آگئی۔ ان اشعار میں اسی کیفیت کا اظہار ہے

جو مقلد مس ہے زمانے میں مگر دیکھا ہے

ہم نے اللہ کے محبوب کا گھر دیکھا ہے

سیری جمہولی میں گرے اشکِ گہر بن بن کر

میں نے دامن میں دعاؤں کا اثر دیکھا ہے

ان کے دربار میں یادائے دعا بھی نہ رہا

اپنی کفایت پر کرم ان کا مگر دیکھا ہے

زیر کے اشعار بھی جناب حافظ کی انتہائی وارفتگی اور دلبہاں پن کا اظہار ہیں

کلنی ہجر کے ایسے بھی زمانے دیکھے

جن کے ابہام میں رحمت کے نزلے دیکھے

ایک آنسو سے سیری فرد گناہات، ہوئی

ان کے دربار میں بخشش کے بہانے دیکھے

جن کو سرکارِ دو عالم سے رہی ہے نسبت

وہ فضیلت کے نشانات پرانے دیکھے

جن کی خوشبو سے معطر ہوا عالم سارا

وہ حسین بچوں مدینے میں صبا نے دیکھے

جناب حافظ کو اپنے نعتیہ کلام پر جانا ماز ہے اور یہ کتنا پاکیزہ ناز ہے۔ وہ اسے ایک مقدس روشنی تصور کرتے ہیں

نعتِ محبوبِ خدا ہے مجھے قندیلِ حرم

مدحتِ سیدِ عالم سے ہے دیواںِ روشن

جب رقم کرتا ہوں میں نعت سیدنا حافظؒ

نغز عشق کا ہو جاتا ہے عنوان روشن

جذب و کیف کا یہ عالم تھا کہ دل چاہتا تھا کہ ثنا خوان رسولؐ کے منہ سے مقدس الفاظ کی لڑیاں یوں ہی گرتی رہیں اور وقت کی رفتار ٹھم جائے مگر شام بھیک رہی تھی۔ اس لیے جناب، حافظؒ نے اپنے کلام کو مختصر کیا۔ اور نہایت دل موہ لینے والے اپنے اس نعتیہ کلام کو ختم کیا اور کرسی پر تشریف فرما ہوئے۔

اس کے بعد فلاسٹ کیڈٹ غلام مجذوبؒ نے اور تمام حاضرین محفل کو کالغ لائبریری چلنے کی دعوت دی جہاں گرم چائے ان کا انتظار کر رہی تھی۔ اہل محفل کو ایسا محسوس ہوا جیسے وہ دیارِ بغیر سے کسی سوز و زبیاں کی دنیا میں واپس لوٹ آئے ہوں۔

(فلاسٹ کیڈٹ محمد رضوان (سیرا سکواثران)

## عزل

اپنی ہر خوبی کردار سے ڈر لگتا ہے  
 اب تو اس مصر کے بازار سے ڈر لگتا ہے  
 ایسی آندھی ہے کہ پاؤں نہیں ٹکنے دیتی  
 وقت کی تندئی رفتار سے ڈر لگتا ہے  
 لفظ شیریں ہوا غرقِ مئے تمنا پر جاں  
 بات ایسی ہے کہ اظہار سے ڈر لگتا ہے  
 بیٹھ تو جائے ذرا دیر بھت کن کا مارا  
 پر ترے سایہ دیوار سے ڈر لگتا ہے  
 غورِ آبلہ پائی تو ازل سے ہیں دے  
 وحشت گرمی رفتار سے ڈر لگتا ہے  
 آسماں دُور، زمین سخت، نگاہیں دُھندلی  
 عشق کی دادی پُر خار سے ڈر لگتا ہے

ترکِ اُلفت تو بڑی بات نہیں ہے عالم  
 بس تری چشمِ فسوں کا رے ڈر لگتا ہے



برہنہ اور میلے کھیلے بچپن میں یوں اچھل کود رہی تھی۔ جیسے تندور والے نے آج ہی اس سے بیاہ کیا ہو۔ اس سال برسات کا موسم آیا، آسمان خوب برسا، تندور والے کا مکان نیچی جگہ پر تھا، گندے نالے کا بند ٹوٹا اور گندے نالے سے پوری کچی آبادی کو گھیرے میں لیا۔ مرد لوگ کام کاج پر باہر گئے ہوتے تھے۔ عورتیں اس افتاد سے گھبرا گئیں، پیچ پکار مچ گئی، تندور والا باہر نکلا، دھوتی کا لنگوٹا کمر نواز نالے کی طرف بڑھا جس کا شنگاف وقت کے ساتھ ساتھ بڑا ہوتا جا رہا تھا اس کی کسی حرکت میں آگئی مگر بند کا شنگاف اس کی کسی کی رفتار سے زیادہ تیزی سے چومر رہا تھا۔ جتنی مٹی وہ ڈالتا وہ گنی بہہ جاتی۔ بستی کمرنگ پانی میں ڈوب چکی تھی چند کچے مکان گر چکے تھے۔ عورتیں بہن کر کر کے سٹاک پکیں تھیں۔ اب صرف سسکیوں کی آوازیں سنائی دے رہی تھیں۔ جب بھی کوئی نیا مکان گرتا چند عورتیں بند ہوتیں اور پھر رگ جاتیں۔ سب کی نظروں کا مرکز اب تندور والے کی ذات تھی۔ گزرتے وقت کے ساتھ، مکانوں کی گرتی تعداد میں اضافے کے ساتھ ساتھ اس کے ہاتھوں میں تیزی آتی گئی۔ آخر شنگاف میں مٹی رکنے لگی۔ کوئی گھنٹے بھر میں وہ شنگاف پڑ کر چکا۔ عورتیں اپنی جھولیاں اٹھانے سے دُعا نہیں دے رہی تھیں پھر وہ ایک کنستراٹھا لیا اور پانی باہر پھینکنے لگا۔ عورتیں بھی اس کی دیکھا دیکھی آگے بڑھیں اور بستی کا سارا پانی انہوں نے واپس نالے میں ڈال دیا۔

آہستہ آہستہ لوگوں نے دیکھا کہ تندور والا ایک اچھا سماجی کارکن ہے۔ کہیں کوئی مصلحتی کام ہو پیچھے نہیں رہتا تھا۔ راستہ کی مرمت ہو، بد رو کی صفائی ہو، کسی غریب کی مدد ہو وہ ہمیشہ سب سے آگے ہوتا۔ آہستہ آہستہ لوگ اس کی شرافت کے قائل ہوتے گئے۔ چھوٹے بچے اسے چاہا تندور والا کہتے اور آتے جاتے اسے سلام کر کے گزرتے وہ حقے کی لے منہ سے نکالتا اور پیار سے سلام کا جواب دیتا۔

پھر ۱۹۷۱ء کی جنگ شروع ہو گئی۔ سورج غروب ہوتے ہی اس کے تندور کا شعلہ تندور میں گھس جاتا۔ لوگ اس کے دھوئیں سے اٹھے ہوئے ریڈیو کے گرو جمع ہو جاتے "جمہور واپرو گرام" میں خبریں سنتے اور ہر کوئی اپنے انداز میں تبصرہ کرتا۔ تندور والے کی آواز سب سے زیادہ نمایاں ہوتی۔ "پنچ تن پاک کی برکت سے فتح ہماری ہوگی۔ اللہ رسول کی مدد ہمارے ساتھ ہے۔"

جب رات کا اندھیرا پھیلنے لگتا ہے تو وہ محلے کے دوسرے مردوں کو لے کر دھننی کندھے پر رکھے بلیک آؤٹ کروانے چلا جاتا۔ پھر رات کو ریلوے لائن کے ارد گرد اپنے ساتھیوں کے ہمراہ گھومتا رہتا تاکہ خدا نخواستہ کوئی اسے نقصان نہ پہنچا دے۔ دن کے وقت وہ گھوم پھر کر چندہ جمع کرتا۔ سڑک پر سگریٹ وغیرہ لے کر کھڑا ہوتا اور باڈی پر جانے والی فوجی گاڑیوں کو روکتا اور انہیں سگریٹ اور دوسری چیزیں پیش کرتے پھر دھکا کا سقوط ہوا اور یوں لگا جیسے ساری قوم کا نظم صرف تندور والا ہی کھا رہا ہے۔ خاموش، چہرہ اترا ہوا، دماغی

منڈولنے سے لاپرواہ، سر صاف سے بے نیاز، کھڑی بال زائنی پرواہ نہ کر دو پیش کی، اس کا ہنستا سکتا  
 چہرہ حسرت و یاس کی تصویر نظر آنے لگا۔ ایک شام وہ چارپائی پر بیٹھا حقہ پی رہا تھا کہ اچانک نیچے گر  
 پڑا۔ اس کی بیوی کی پیٹخ و پکار سن کر لوگ وہاں پہنچے اسے خیراتی ہسپتال لے جایا گیا۔ ڈاکٹر نے معائنہ کے  
 بعد بتایا کہ اس پر فالج کا حملہ ہوا ہے۔ لوگ اسے چھوڑ کر گھروں کو آ گئے۔ تندور والا ہسپتال میں پڑا رہا۔ کبھی  
 کبھل کوئی اسے ملنے چلا جاتا۔ رفتہ رفتہ تندور والے کی فعال شخصیت ایک ساتے میں بدل گئی۔ جب وقت  
 کی دھند اور گہری ہو گئی تو یہ سایہ بھی مٹ گیا۔

ایک دن میں صبح اٹھا تو آسمان پر بادل چھائے ہوئے تھے ہوا بھی چل رہی تھی۔ تھوڑی دیر کے بعد  
 بڑا باندی شرور ہو گئی اچانک مجھے ایوبنس کی آواز سنائی دی۔ دیوار سے اوپر جھانک کر دیکھا تو ایوبنس تندور  
 والے کی کوٹھڑی کے سامنے رک چکی تھی۔ دو آدمیوں نے سفید کپڑوں میں لپیٹی ہوئی چیز نکالی اور تندور والے کی  
 کوٹھڑی کے اندر سے جا کر رکھ دی۔ میرے اندر جیسے کوئی چیز ٹوٹ گئی ہو۔ تندور والے کا مسکراتا چہرہ یاد آیا تو  
 آنکھیں جھپک گئیں۔ بارش تیز ہوتی گئی۔۔۔۔۔ اور پھر گندے نالے کا بند ٹوٹ گیا۔ پانی تیزی سے بستی میں  
 بھرتا شروع۔۔۔۔۔ اور تندور والے کا مکان گر گیا۔

خالد اقبال باجوہ  
 ریونس اسکوٹورن

## ”زرد دھتہ“

آج پھر نکلا ہے مہتاب اسی سج دھج سے  
جیسے ہر ماہ کی شب چار دہم  
چہرہ زردیلے  
چشم مغرب سے طلوع ہوتا ہے آنسو کی طرح !

اور پھر وقت گزرتا ہے تو لمحہ لمحہ  
زرد چہرے کے خدو خال بدل جاتے ہیں  
نور کا بہتا ہے اک چاروں طرف سے دریا  
جس میں اشران کو ہر شخص چلا آتا ہے !  
اور پھر بنتے ہوئے کہتا ہے کھوٹے من سے  
”میں یونہی پاک ہوں جیسے کہ ہوا تھا پیدا“

کاش وہ دیکھ سکے اور حقیقت جانے  
سینہ چاند پہ اک زردا بھرتا دھتہ !!

فلانٹ کیڈٹ ظہیر حسن شیرازی  
(رفیقی اسکواڈرن)

## قصہ چہار کیڈٹ

سناتا ہوں میں بات اک رات کی  
کہ تھی ہمسین رات ہر ساست کی

لیکن لمحہ بہ لمحہ برہمستی ہوئی تار کی نے اس حسین رات کو انتہائی خوفناک بنا دیا تھا۔ قبرستان کے جنوب میں زمین کے سینے میں گڑھی ہوئی پہاڑیاں ڈراؤنا منظر پیش کر رہی تھیں اور چار سو چھاپا ہوا مہیب سناٹا کسی بڑے طوفان کا پیش خیمہ معلوم ہوتا تھا۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ ایک ایک سرسراہٹ ہوائیں طوفانی آندھی کا روپ بدل کر حملہ آور ہوئیں۔ بجلی کی چمک، بادلوں کی کڑک اور طوفانی ہواؤں کا خوفناک امتزاج کسی ان دیکھی شیطانی قوتوں کی ہنگامہ آگاہی معلوم ہوتا تھا۔ لیکن ۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ اس ساؤنڈ پر دھمکے میں وہ تین آدم زاد باہر کے ہنگاموں سے بے نیاز گیس پٹر جلائے آرام کر سیدوں پر دروازے تھے۔ یہ تینوں بیسویں صدی کے ماڈرن درویش معلوم ہوتے تھے تینوں نے خاکی رنگ کی جینز نہا پتلونیں پہن رکھی تھیں۔ منہ پر سیاہ نقاب اور پاؤں میں برسوں کے ستم رسیدہ فوجی بوٹ پہن رکھے تھے۔ نقابوں میں سے جھلکتی ہوئی ان کی آنکھیں شاید کسی دفن شدہ حسرتوں کا ماتم کر رہی تھیں۔ درمیان میں ایک خالی کرسی کسی کے انتظار میں اپنی آغوش واسیہ پڑی تھی۔

اچانک سردی اور شور کی ایک تیز لہر کمرے میں داخل ہوئی۔ ۔ ۔ ۔ ایک اور نقاب پوش دروازہ کھول کر اندر داخل ہوا تھا۔ آتے ہی اس نے بارش کے پانی سے شرابور اپنا کوٹ آٹا کر کھونٹی پر لٹکایا اور کمرے کے کونے میں جا کر اپنے جگہ جگہ سے پھٹے ہوئے فوجی بوٹوں میں سے پانی نکالنے لگا۔ ان بوٹوں کے اندر اس نے کوئی اور بھی چیز پائی ہوئی تھی۔ شاید یہ جرابیں تھیں جنہوں نے ایک خاص عمر کے بعد اپنی جون ہل لی تھی اور اب فقط پتھر سے باقی تھے۔ ”معلوم ہوتا ہے پی اے ایف کالج میں ابھی تک وہی سہیلی افسر ہیں؟“ نواز د کے بوٹ اور جرابیں دیکھ کر ایک نندہ دوسرے کے کان میں سرگرمی کی شاید یہ پہچان گئے تھے۔ اتنے میں چوہنا نقاب پوش آکر خالی کرسی پر بیٹھ گیا۔

کچھ دیر تک کمرے میں ایک گھبرسنٹا طاری رہا جسے پہلے تینوں ماڈرن درویشوں نے توڑا۔ آخر ان میں ایک اٹھ کر نواز سے یوں گویا ہوا۔ ”اے معزز درویش! رات فرکس کے پیرٹیک کی مانند طویل اور صاب کے پیرٹیک کی طرح خوفناک ہے۔ لہذا آپ سے درخواست ہے کہ اپنی رات کمانی سنائیں تاکہ وقت گزارنے کا کوئی



بہانہ بنے۔ ”چنانچہ بڑے ہمارے کے بعد پرمختار ویش یوں گویا ہوا ”بھائیو! مجھے وردیش کہہ کر گنہ گار نہ کرو۔ میرا تعلق دنیا کے اس مظلوم ترین طبقے سے ہے جنہیں فلائٹ کیڈٹ کہتے ہیں۔ عرصہ دراز قبل مملکت خداداد پاکستان کے شہر سرگودھا میں بی ایف کالج نامی ایک مدرسہ ہوتا تھا جس کا شہرہ کل عالم میں تھا۔ میں بھی حصول علم کے لیے ابتدائی تعلیم کے بعد وہاں داخل ہو گیا۔ جب دو تین سال مجھے اس جگہ پر ہو گئے تو اس کالج کو اکیڈمی بنا دیا گیا۔ (لفظ اکیڈمی پر تینوں نقاب پوش زیر نقاب مسکرائے) اس نئے دور کا آغاز نئی کتابوں، نئے کپڑوں، نئے بوٹوں اور نئی اسٹیکوں کے ساتھ بڑے خوشگوار انداز میں ہوا۔ جوانی کی آمد آمد تھی اور پڑھائی کا شوق پوری طرح غالب تھا۔ لیکن خدا مہلا کرے ان رفیقوں کا جنہوں نے صرفوں کے روپ میں غلط راستوں پر ڈالا۔ یہ وہ لوگ تھے جنہوں نے مجھے خلاصوں کی مدد سے پڑھائی کے سبیل میں پھنس کر ناکارہ بنا دیا۔ آہستہ آہستہ دن کشن ہوتے گئے۔ خلاصوں کی مدد سے گھسٹ گھسٹ کر ایف ایس سی پاس کی تو بی ایس کا مغریت سامنے آن کھڑا ہوا۔ وقت کے ساتھ ساتھ پڑھائی کے بوجھ اور میں میں پکنے والے ٹرفوں کی عمروں میں اضافہ ہوتا چلا گیا۔ جب کہ انگلیں کتابوں کے دھیرے دھیرے دب کر ٹکستے ہو گئیں اور بوٹ جسم کا بوجھ گھسیٹتے گھسیٹتے گھس گئے۔ کتابیں کبھی کبھار بدلتی رہیں لیکن نہ جرابیں بدیں اور نہ بوٹ۔ اور ہاں میں نے کالج کے ایک رسالے میں مشہور زمانہ انعامی معتمد بھی شروع کیا گیا تھا۔ اس میں کالج میں پکنے والے ٹرفوں کی صحیح عمر و چادوں میں پتھر کا صحیح تناسب اور بوٹوں کے تبدیل ہونے کی حسی تاریخ بتانے والے کو پہلا انعام ملتا۔ یہ معتمد کئی برس جاری رہا لیکن کوئی بھی اول انعام نہ لے سکا۔ قصہ مختصر یاروں نے بہت زور مارا لیکن بی ایس سی نہ ہوئی، کثیر یار لوگ ریلیگیٹ ہوتے ہوتے ساتھ چھوڑ گئے۔ جب کہ میں بہت مدت تک ثابت قدم رہا۔ لیکن کب تک! آخر فیصلہ ہوا کہ مجھے کالج سے باعزت طور پر بھری ریٹائر کر دیا جائے۔ چنانچہ یہی ہوا۔ لیکن میری ثابت قدمی کے صلے میں مجھے بی ایس سی کی اعزازی ڈگری اور میری بقیہ کٹ سے نوازا گیا۔“

یہ کہہ کر اس نے جیب سے ڈگری نما ایک کاغذ نکالا اور بڑے غر سے انہیں دکھانے لگا۔ ان تینوں نقاب پوشوں کی آنکھوں میں ایک چمک سی لہرائی۔ اچانک ایک نقاب پوش نے وہ کاغذ اس کے ہاتھ سے چھین لیا اور تینوں کے چہروں سے نقاب اتار کر بولا ”ہمیں پہچان رہے تمہارے ساتھی ہیں ہماری کہانی ایک ہی ہے نہ تم سے بی ایس سی ہوئی اور نہ ہم سے۔ پھر آخر تم سے یہ اعزازی ڈگری والا ترمیمی سلوک کیوں؟“ اس سے قبل کہ چہرے سابقہ فلائٹ کیڈٹ کہہ رہا تھا اس نے ڈگری نما کاغذ کو تندہ آتش کر دیا۔ گیس بیٹر کی ٹوکی دم دم جسم پر گئی۔ .. باہر کہیں دور چٹانوں سے پرے شاید کسی عمارت پر پہلی گری تھی۔

فلائٹ کیڈٹ

ساجد حبیب چنگیزی (عالم اسکواڈرن)

# غزلے

بات دل کی ہو یا مزاروں کی  
حسرتیں دفن ہیں ہزاروں کی

آج کندھے پہ اپنا لاش ہے  
آرزو تھی کبھی سہاروں کی

رُخ روشن کی یہ تپش دیکھو  
آگ چمکے ہے جوں چناروں کی

دل شکستہ ہے ناخدا اپنا  
پھوڑ دو بات اب کناروں کی

تیری الفت ہی نا مکمل تھی  
یا خطا تھی دنا شماروں کی

تو بھی جھکتا ہے میں بھی جھکتا ہوں  
محض تفریق ہے دواروں کی

اُدھر شغل مے کشی ہو نشاط  
نہیں دُنیا یہ دل نگاروں کی

## حساب دو

اگر آپ کا گذر کبھی ریلوے کے اس پُل پر سے ہو میسرے درجے کے مسافر خانے سے شروع ہو کر جی۔ ٹی روڈ پر ٹانگہ سٹینڈ پر ختم ہوتا ہے۔ تو وہاں آپ کو عجیب طرح کے فقرارے واسطہ پڑے گا یہ فقیر وہاں آج سے نہیں بیٹھے ہوئے بلکہ جب سے پُل بنا ہے تب سے ان کا ڈیرہ یہاں رہا ہے۔ ہاں اتنا ضرور ہے کہ وقت بدلنے سے ہر چہرہ بدل گیا ہے

میں اس زمانے کی بات کر رہا ہوں جب میں نے ابھی کالج میں داخلہ لیا ہی تھا۔ گھر سے کالج جاتے ہوئے میں ہمیشہ اس پُل کو دو مرتبہ عبور کرتا تھا۔ اس پُل کے ٹانگہ سٹینڈ والے کنارے کی ٹکر پر ایک ضعیف بڑھیا بوسیدہ لباس پہنے بیٹھی رہتی تھی۔ جو زبان سے کچھ نہ کہتی لیکن بہ زبان حال وہ سراپا فریاد مچتی اور نہ جانے کیوں اسے دیکھ کر میرا ہاتھ جیب کی طرف سرک جاتا اور میں کچھ نہ کچھ اس کی نگاہ کر دیتا۔ میرے اس معمول سے آہستہ آہستہ اس کی نظروں میں میرے لیے احسان مندی اور تشکر کے جذبات نظر آنے لگے۔ وقت گزرتا گیا اور میں معمول کے مطابق اس کی پھیلی ہوئی جھولی میں سکے ڈالتا رہا۔ کبھی کبھار ایسا بھی ہوا کہ میں کالج سے نکل کر دوستوں کے ساتھ چلا گیا جہاں مجھے دیر ہو گئی اور جب میں شام ڈھلے گھر کی طرف روانہ ہوا تو میں نے اس بڑھیا کو وہیں مخصوص انداز میں جھولی پھیلائے، سر سجکائے دیکھا۔ اگر کبھی کبھار میں نے اس سے بات کرنے کی کوشش کی تو وہ پیار بھری نظروں سے میری طرف دیکھتی اور پھر اپنا دایاں ٹالچ زندہ ہاتھ ہلا کر مجھے خچکی دینے کی ناکام کوشش کرتے ہوئے کچھ کہتی جس کی آواز تو مجھ تک نہ پہنچتی۔ ہاں صرف ہونٹ ہلتے ہوئے موسوس ہوتے۔ وقت گزرتا چلا گیا۔

ایک دفعہ چند دوستوں نے پتھر کا پروگرام بنایا۔ اس زمانے میں رکیس سینما میں ایک بہت اچھی انگریزی فلم لگی تھی۔ دوسرے شو کی ٹکٹیں نہ ملیں تو میسرے کا انتظار ہونے لگا۔ لیکن اس دوران جھوک چمک اٹھی۔ اب جب ہم نے پیسوں کا حساب کیا تو بمشکل جھکٹوں کے پیسے نکال کر ڈھائی باتین روپے بچتے تھے جو ہم چھ آدمیوں کا ہیٹ بھرنے کے لیے ناکافی تھے۔

انہی دوستوں میں میرا ایک دوست ندیم تھا جو ایف۔ سی کالج میں پڑھتا تھا اور میرے کلاس فیلو کا دوست تھا۔ ندیم کہنے لگا کہ میں ابھی پیسے لانا ہوں۔ یہ کہہ کر وہ اسٹیشن کی طرف چل دیا۔ میرا گھر بھی چونکر اسٹیشن کے نزدیک تھا اس لیے میں بھی اس خیال سے کہ گھر والوں کو مطلع کر دوں، گھر کی جانب چل دیا۔ جب اس پل کے نصف میں پہنچا تو میری نظر ندیم پر پڑی جو ٹھہرے ذرا آگے جا رہا تھا۔ اس وقت شام کے سراسرات تھے۔ سورج اس شمع کی مانند تھا جو بجھنے سے پہلے ہوا میں پھڑپھڑا رہی۔ پہلے میں نے سوچا کہ آواز دوں پھر نہ جانے کیا ذہن میں آیا کہ میں تیز قدم اٹھاتا ہوں ندیم کے ساتھ ملنے کی کوشش کرنے لگا۔ پل پر آتا دکھاتا فرار ہا ہے تھے اور وہاں اندھیرا بھی تھا۔ قبل اس کے کہ میں ندیم کے پاس پہنچتا اس نے دو تین باپ بچھے مڑ کر دیکھا اور پھر وہ اس بڑھیا کے پاس رکا۔ ادھر ادھر دیکھا اور پھر وہیں بیٹھ گیا۔ میں آہستہ آہستہ چٹا گیا اور جب میں اس کے پاس سے گزرا تو مجھے ایک سرگوشی سنائی دی۔

” ماں! آج کا حساب دو۔“

فلائٹ کیڈٹ

سید تمرا العباس شمسی

(علاقہ الدین اسکواڈرون)

# ALAUDDIN

Officer Incharge Squadron	.. Mr. G. R. Bajwa, M.Sc., C. Ed.
2nd O.I/c Squadron	.. Mr. Muhammad Tahir, M.A.
Squadron P.T.I.	.. Mr. Muhammad Tufail
Under Officer	.. Flt. Cdt. Riaz Bajwa.
Sergeants	.. Flt. Cdt. Atique and Naseem.
Corporal	.. Flt. Cdt. Rashid Khan.

We are very happy to record that 12 out of 13 precadets who appeared in the Matric examination, 1975, won scholarships. We congratulate them, especially Sohail Shafi, for standing first among them securing 745 marks.

Out of our 7 cadets who appeared in F.Sc. (Spring, 1975) examination, 4 got first division. We congratulate Wahid Khurshid for standing 3rd in the Sargodha Board securing 808 marks. In F.Sc. (Aut. 1975) 3 out of 5 cadets got first division and 2 second. We congratulate Hameed Qureshi for standing first among them with 666 marks.

After the B.Sc. 1975 examination, all our cadets joined Risalpur. Nusrat stood first among them with 445 marks. Our academic performance on the whole was just satisfactory.

In sports we have progressed satisfactorily and maintained our supremacy in Football and Athletics. We emerged champions in Football due mainly to the untiring efforts and spirit of Wahid, Sajid, Bajwa and the goal-keeper, Humayun, who saved three penalty kicks with correct anticipation.

We won the 3rd position in Hockey, although Rizwan, Wahid and Zahid worked very hard during the matches. We lost all the matches in Basketball, but we gave spirited fight to all the squadrons.

We were placed 5th in Cricket inspite of the good performance by Rizwan, Sohail, Qureshi and Sajid. The College indoor games championship was held for the first time and we emerged as runners-up with a narrow margin. Sohail Shafi and Aizaz were declared College champions in Carrom (double), while Humair, Tahir and Assim and Wahid were runners-up in Chess, Carrom (single) and Table Tennis (double) respectively.

We were placed 5th and 6th in the P.T. and Drill contests respectively. However, we are proud to record that the Athletics trophy has been retained by us with far superior performance this year. Qureshi bettered his own record in 200 metres and also equalled the College record in 100 metres. We also equalled the College record in 4x100 metres relay with sprinters like Qureshi, Haqqani, Wahid and Rizwan. Haqqani also emerged as the best jumper of the College with a stride and style of his own. Riaz Bajwa was second in 110 metres (hds) which he could easily win had he not hurt himself on the last hurdle. The other main point winners were Sajid Mumtaz, Anjum and Atique. We congratulate the whole team, especially Qureshi and Haqqani, for winning the distinguished honour of being declared the Best and the second-best athletes in the College for 1975-76.

We awarded the following Squadron Certificates and Colours to the players and scholars for their outstanding performance:

### Colours

Football	..	Sajid Mumtaz, Qureshi, Humayun, Wahid and Bajwa.
Hockey	..	Rizwan.
Cricket	..	Qureshi.
Gymnastics	..	Atique, Sohail Shafi.
Athletics	..	Qureshi, Haqqani, Bajwa, Wahid.

### Certificates

Academics: Wahid, Rizwan, Ayaz, Qureshi, Aizaz, Raffat, Sohail Shafi, Sohail, Assim.

The Sqdn. Academics trophy was won by Dorm No. 9 (Aizaz, Raffat, Saeed and Shamsi), while the Best Dorm trophy went to Dorm No. 2 (Qureshi, Piracha, Shehryar, Ezad). The best turned-out cadets were: Akhtar, Rizwan and Shehryar.

The Squadron went on a picnic trip to the Chenab, where they enjoyed rowing, baseball, kabaddi, and cooking. The Squadron also arranged an Iftar party during Ramazan and fully observed the sanctity of the holy month.

We bid farewell to the 64th G. D. (P) with praise for their services and prayers for their success in life. We will be sorry to see Mr. Tahir departing this term on his selection as an Asstt. Professor in the Education Department. We wish him a successful and prosperous future. Mr. Tufail, P.T.I., has also left us after an efficient tenure of service in the Squadron.

I am thankful to Mr. Tahir, Mr. Tufail and the appointment-holders for their services to the cadets and the Squadron.

G. R. BAJWA