

SHAHBAZ



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Editor

Flt. Cdt. W/U/O WAMIQ ABRAR

Chief Editor

A. AZIZ KAMAL

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at a Graduation Parade recently held at Risalpur.

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1976-77

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Editorial

1977 is the Year of Iqbal, being the birth centenary of Allama Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal, our national poet and philosopher. The Muslim people in general and the Pakistani nation in particular owe a great deal to him. They are indebted to him in more than one way. He was their seer, sage and reformer. He created political awakening among them and the desire for a separate homeland where they could live their own lives freely. He subjected Western thought and culture to a searching criticism, exposed its weaknesses and freed the Muslim mind from the intellectual domination of the West. He directed attention towards Islam, presented it in its pristine purity and proved by argument and reason that Islam alone met all the requirements of human nature and satisfied all its urges and demands in a most natural manner. Above all, he revived Muslim interest in the glorious history and tradition of Islam, which according to him, could alone play a vital role in the make up and development of the nation. We in our humble way are publishing a few articles on the life and work of Iqbal to enlighten our readers on the great role he has played in moulding and shaping the modern Pakistani mind.

We note with profound sorrow the sad demise of Mr. Syed Fasihuddin, our senior most Housemaster, who died of heart attack on 21st February, 1977. Mr. Fasihuddin joined this institution as a Housemaster and teacher in Geography in 1958 after serving at JSPCTS Quetta and P. M. A. Kakul for a number of years. He was a learned colleague, cultured, soft-spoken, friendly and amiable. As a competent Housemaster, a fine teacher of Geography, a warm-hearted associate and a cricket enthusiast, Mr. Fasihuddin will be remembered for long by many of those who had a chance to meet him in any way. He was known for his command of English and had a charm and style of his own, which was admired by all those who read his letters to the newspapers and annual reports in this journal. We are publishing a few contributions, both in English and Urdu, throwing more light on his life and personality. We pray that Allah Almighty

may grant him forgiveness, vouchsafe him peace and bliss and give the bereaved family courage and fortitude to bear the irreparable loss. Amen !

We are pleased to note that all classes of the Cadets responded whole-heartedly to our call and supplied a large number of attempts of which only a few, from as many different writers as possible, are being included. We do not mean to discourage the rest ; they should try again and come out next time with greater ideas and improved expression.

An article on "Our Philosophy of Motivation" has been contributed by our Principal, Mr. A. Rehman Quraishi. It is expected to broaden the general outlook on the subject and provide guidelines to the concerned agencies to boost their efforts and help motivate Pakistani youth to come out in ever increasing numbers to adopt the PAF as their profession. "Message of Tipu Shaheed" which is in fact an exposition of the philosophy of martyrdom in Islam may be read as a sequel to it.

Some other attempts which portray the Cadets' life and will be read with interest are : Para-Jumping Course at Peshawar, The Night Jump, Flight 308, The Aircraft Also Talks, Hey, Mr. Moralist, Man as Radio-Set, The Boil and Wamiq Abrar's poem.

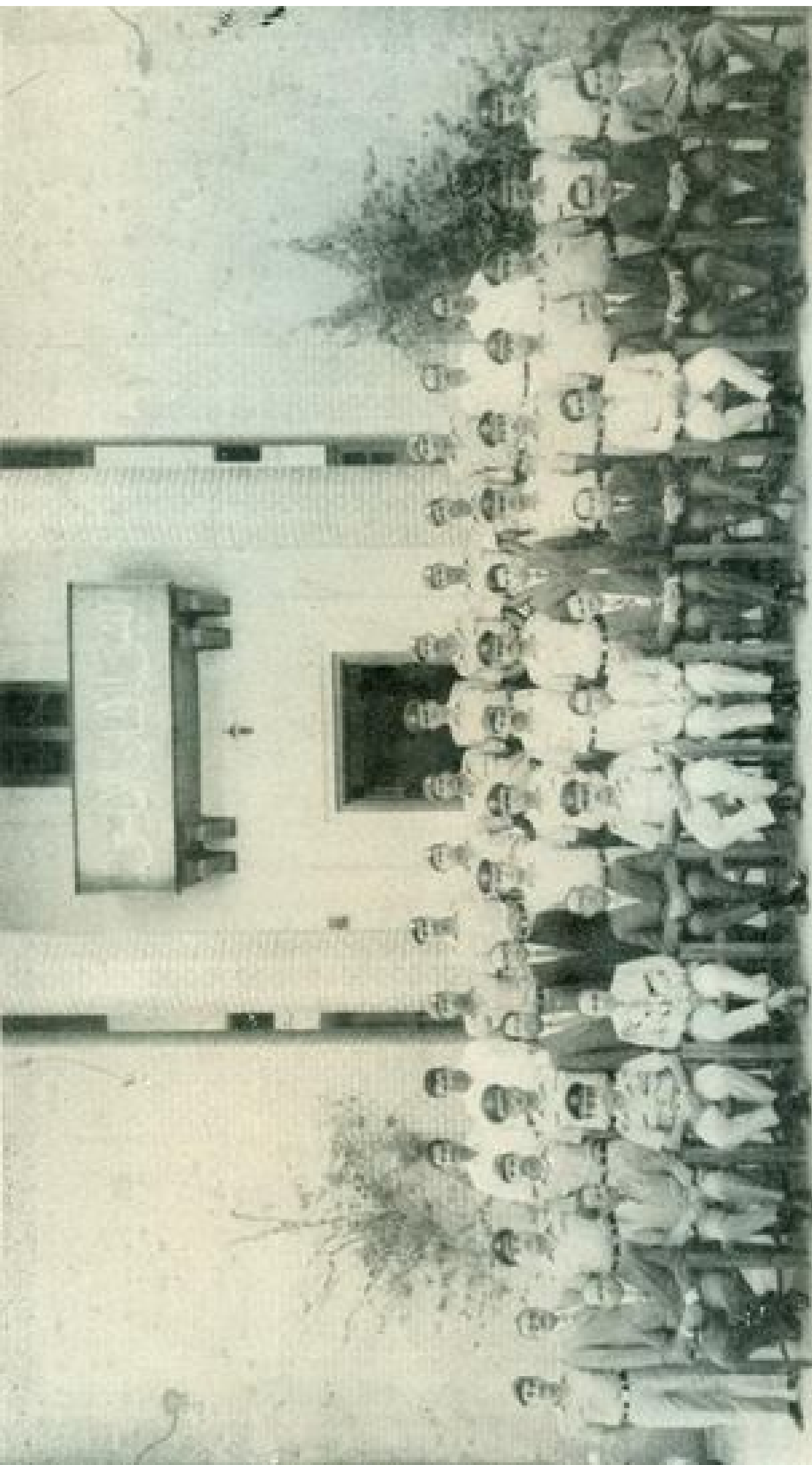
We wish to congratulate ALAUDDIN Squadron for winning the over-all QUAID-I-AZAM Shield for 1976-77, Yunus Squadron for winning the over-all Sports Chigwell Shield and Alam Squadron for the Academics Trophy.

Wamiq Abrar

A. A. Kamal



Late Mr. Fasihuddin



College Staff 1970—1977

Our Philosophy of Motivation

A Flight Cadet admitted to the P.A.F. College is drawn from the common campus, where life was given to levity and disorder and disrespect of, and hostility to, authority were the fashion of the day.

2. He read an advertisement and was fascinated by the promise of glamour ; in some measure he might have also been allured by the prospects of an adventurous life in the air and he might even have been genuinely motivated by the noble feeling of patriotism. But by and large he comes to accept the onerous responsibility of his grand undertaking without fully realizing its demands being unaware of the challenges involved. Therefore, when he encounters the rigorous routine of his training, his initial enthusiasm evaporates and he is disillusioned unless sustained by a motivational philosophy of life.

3. In quite a few cases youngmen enter this College without the consent and willing approval of their parents, particularly the soft-hearted mother. Parental influence in such cases counters the motivational efforts of the institution and invariably generates frustration and mars the performance of a Cadet. More often than not such cases prove failures. Besides this, desertions occur due to the fact that real motivation, based on conviction, did not replace the original fascination. Those fascinated solely by superficial and material considerations do not measure up to the demands made by the training schedule. If properly motivated they would take the rigours of life with courage in order to realise their dream of serving the nation and country with zeal and honour.

4. 'Motivation is the desire that precedes action and determines it and is considered to be an entity that impels one to an action of a particular type.' It is the driving force behind an undertaking and sustains it. A properly motivated person is always prepared to stake everything for the accomplishment of his mission and considers no sacrifice too great for its attainment. To achieve this state of motivation which would develop and promote a state of indifference towards

worldly comforts, gains and other considerations, except for the achievement of the mission, is not an easy job and cannot be explained in easy steps.

5. A western thinker, Maslow, has associated the phenomenon of human motivation with the satisfaction of five lower but basic needs which 'spring from the depths of our common life as human beings.' These merit attention because their satisfaction in any case is essential and is duly catered for by Service. Their satisfaction is essential prior to the achievement of the higher and finer state of motivation which would perpetuate itself :

- (a) Physiological needs like hunger, thirst, exercise, rest etc.
- (b) Safety needs like security and release from anxiety aroused by threats of various kinds.
- (c) Social needs of love, appreciation by others and acceptance by the social group one belongs to.
- (d) Self-esteem needs born of mastery and confidence in one's competence, capacity and worth as acknowledged by his social group.
- (e) Self-actualisation needs — the need for self-actualisation through creative expression in terms of one's personal and social achievement stands highest in the hierarchial order of Maslow's needs. This represents the need to feel free to satisfy one's curiosity and understand one's world. This brings out the importance of cognition in human motivation. Human beings feel happy in playing a role which they can understand and appreciate at a cognitive level. The emergence of this level of motivation, however, depends upon the prior satisfaction of the lower order needs mentioned at (a) to (d) above.

6. Higher than this stage is the state of 'Faqr' which is unknown to western thought in which one develops a sense of complete indifference to worldly gains, dangers and seeks satisfaction only in the achievement of one's mission. There can be no end to one's needs of comfort, freedom, individualism and personal gains as they keep on

growing with the advancement of science and technology. Moreover, the limited means available to a nation like ours can hardly extend themselves to meet the challenges of growth and expansion in these areas of needs. For such a lot of people there is always an ideal and a philosophy of life which sustains them throughout their struggle for existence. Our existence is always jeopardised by the monstrous neighbour with an alien philosophy hostile to our code of life. Human beings preach love and respect to others but seldom practise it themselves.

7. A Fight Cadet committed to the defence of Pakistan, does not consider it merely a piece of land but a concept of human existence based on the dignity of man and a life free from exploitation of all kinds as envisaged by Islam. Thus his commitment extends far beyond defending the geographical borders in the ordinary sense ; his country is an ideological state and its intellectual frontiers are to be duly appreciated before he could find himself in a mental state of readiness to defend it at all costs. Its background must be explained to him at length and in its true perspective. His concept of honour, dignity, ego, endeavour, self-esteem and patriotism is to be reorientated, corrected and put across in correct perspective in the light and reason of Islam which lays a complete 'training' programme for these traits of character and leadership in the light of a divine philosophy. Ordinary men have achieved extra-ordinary results when properly involved. There is an extra-ordinary potential in ordinary men ; one only has to draw it out and bring it into play. Once convinced about the nobility of the thought behind their mission men would achieve the impossible. It is not absolutely right to believe that men are roused to heroic actions by ease, hope of pleasure, wealth and recompense only — it is the inborn desire to achieve something noble and great, in the light of their faith, which prompts people to achieve great objectives.

8. An education which leaves a person without a philosophy of life is as incomplete as the one which does not develop the ability to think for oneself. The philosophy of Islam is life size and pervades its totality ; the qualities of character and leadership, concepts of social rights, human dignity and self-esteem, standards of hygiene, norms of conduct in victory as well as in defeat, manners, etiquettes, all stand covered. It encompasses all streams of human life and is its

anchor sheet. It is our source of inspiration and the sole purpose of being ; we have to base our motivational programme on Islam ; a programme based purely on materialistic considerations will not last long — as all material things soon reach a point beyond which they cannot extend. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom are the allurements that act on the heart of a man brought up in the tradition of Islam. If we can kindle the flame in the heart of our youth it will automatically burn up all lower considerations. Islam is a divine mission and every true Muslim is the representative of God on earth ; it seeks to secure the dignity of man and administer social justice based on the equality of man who more often than not is subject to his animal instinct, passion and emotion nakedly selfish in their nature. Islam has laid down guidelines for human beings for different roles both commanding and subordinate. The disciplines of leadership and obedience have both been distinctly explained. Most of the concepts of discipline, character, austerity, selflessness, sacrifice, recognition of the rights of others, dignity of labour etc. as propounded by Islam are now being practised by certain prosperous and strong societies. Hence, our approach to the process of motivation and procedures of training must be drawn in the light of Islam.

9. For two hundred years we have been following and admiring an alien culture and have got used to a pattern of life which in its manifestation is an antithesis to Islam. The material and lower considerations have over-shadowed the sublime and finer elements of life. Selfish, ego-centric concepts of glory have been guiding the deeds of our men of eminence. Measuring success in terms of material gains has distorted our vision.

10. Human beings are better motivated and more deeply involved if they understand their mission, its importance, role, scope and place in contemporary history. Our salvage on this score lies in the renaissance of Islam in theory and practice.

11. To motivate means to cause somebody to act, or move in a particular direction. The question is how best can a Flight Cadet, who is an intelligent and healthy youth, be made to come forward willingly to play his difficult role in the defence of Pakistan ? Material benefits, chances of social advancement, promise of a rich life in every respect, are no doubt important because life has to be lived, but the material gains are not the be-all end-all and of human life. There are higher and

nobler ends in life which cannot be fulfilled by material benefits alone. These can only satisfy man's animal nature but demands of his social and spiritual side remain unfulfilled.

12. Allama Iqbal in his presidential address at the All-India Muslim League Session held at Allahabad in 1930, declared :

"One lesson I have learnt from the history of Muslims. At critical moments in their history it is Islam that has saved Muslims and not vice versa. If today you focus your vision on Islam and seek inspiration from the ever vitalising idea embodied in it, you will be only reassembling your scattered forces, regaining your lost integrity, and thereby saving yourself from total destruction. One of the profoundest verses in the Holy Qur'ān teaches us that the birth and re-birth of the whole humanity is just like the birth and re-birth of a single individual. In the words of the Qur'ān, Hold fast to yourself; no one who erreth can hurt you, provided you are well guided."

13. Pakistan was achieved by the efforts of the Muslims of the sub-continent under the leadership of the Quaid-e-Azam in 1947. In this earliest conception of Pakistan, three words stand out ; Islam, the Muslims as a nation, the Muslim individual. Islam is a spiritual, social and economic system ; it has a basis and an ideal. It presents a complete code of life, and a solution to all conceivable human problems. It is Divine in nature, being based on the Final Message sent down to the last of the Prophets, the Holy Prophet Muhammad. It is not a Utopia which was conceived in the brain of a philosopher, but it was enforced in letter and spirit and proved its value and worth in history. It revolutionised life in every aspect in vast areas of land on the surface of the earth ; it changed the outlook of the people, it made them better human beings who not only prospered as individuals but improved and influenced life around them as well. They became a veritable source of material as well as spiritual blessings to the world. Being the final message of God, Islam enshrines fundamental human values which can be practised and followed profitably till the end of time.

14. It was in the name of Islam that the Muslims of the sub-continent demanded and struggled for a separate homeland, which they achieved in the face of united opposition from the British and the Hindus. Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the creator of Pakistan,

time and again stressed that the Muslims were a distinct nation who had nothing in common with the Hindu majority. They had their own distinctive culture, their own temperament, their own genius and body-politic. They could not live a happy and peaceful life unless they had their own homeland in which they were free to live independent of alien concepts and ways of life. It was this logic and argument that won us this unique homeland.

15. But it is an irony that the Pakistani nation after achieving a separate homeland became oblivious of the objectives which it had fought for. The goals that they had set themselves have either been rendered vague or driven into background. We have generally lost sense of our ideals and this loss of direction has made life meaningless for us. The need of the hour is that we as a nation recreate in ourselves the religious fervour and consciousness, which is the only cohesive force to bind us together. With it we stand united, without it we fall apart and divided. It must be clearly understood that the Muslim people cannot survive as a people unless they regenerate in themselves the religious consciousness and revolutionise themselves from within. "God does not change the condition of a people until they themselves take the initiative to change their condition," says the Qur'ān. "The flame of life," said Iqbal "cannot be borrowed from others ; it must be kindled in the temple of one's own soul." The up-coming generation which has little or no knowledge of our struggle for freedom, of the basis of that struggle, of the emergence of Pakistan as an ideological state and of its *raison d'être*, will not and cannot possibly withstand an ideological, cultural or military attack unless it is rigorously educated and trained to think and act in strictly Islamic nationalistic terms. It has to be reared and nourished on Islamic values and philosophy of life with special emphasis on the practical aspects of our faith. Mere profession of the faith does not carry anyone far enough. No revolution can take place unless faith is coupled with and supported by corresponding practices.

16. It is admitted by all that no nation can be better than the individuals who constitute it. If the individuals are weak, fickle-minded and lacking in conviction, enthusiasm and will to translate the national aspirations and urges into reality, no miracle will take place. Strength of a nation lies in the strength of its individuals. We have

desire to respond to a holy and noble call of duty.

21. Pakistan, though a poor and developing country otherwise, is rich in the wealth of its citizens' love for Islam. This unbounded love can be exploited to great national advantage. We can make up for paucity of material and numerical strength by appealing to the youth's deep love and reverence for Islam. In this regard Pakistan perhaps is the richest country in the world, because Pakistan alone was created to become a homeland of Islam. History and cultural traditions of a people have always played a vital role in the development and make-up of the character of its members. History is indeed a means of establishing the necessary link between the past and the present of a nation and provides a pointer to the future. Islam is rich in this respect too. Its history is full of luminaries who can guide our youth to their destined goal by providing them the vision of greatness and sublimity.

22. In his fifth lecture on the 'Spirit of Muslim Culture' Iqbal has stressed the Qur'anic idea that besides the inner experience, the other two sources of human knowledge are Nature and History. The study of history shows that the Prophet of Islam seems to stand between the ancient and the modern world. "In so far as the source of his revelation is concerned he belongs to the ancient world; in so far as the spirit of his revelation is concerned he belongs to the modern world. . . . The birth of Islam is the birth of inductive intellect." The great idea of the finality of prophethood in Islam has not been fully appreciated. In order to achieve full self-consciousness man has been thrown back on his own resources. "The abolition of priesthood and hereditary kingship in Islam, the constant appeal to reason and experience in the Qur'an, and the importance it attaches to Nature and History as sources of human knowledge, are all different aspects of the same idea of finality.

23. The universe, according to the Qur'an, is not a rounded off and finished product, but it is perpetually in the process of being extended. It is an expanding universe. God who is the greatest of all creators (احسن الخالقين) is constantly adding to His creation. Says Iqbal.

یہ کائنات ابھی نا تمام ہے شاید کہ آ رہی ہے دما دم مدائے کن فیکون

24. Man is God's vicegerent on the earth. The Qur'an has again

and again stressed the importance of the righteous deed (عمل صالح) than of the mere idea ; and that is why both individuals and nations are judged according to their deeds and misdeeds here and now. In order to establish this proposition the Qur'ān constantly cites historical instances and urges upon the reader to reflect on the past and present experiences of mankind and forge his way ahead in the right direction.

25. Elsewhere in his Lectures, Iqbal says : "The most remarkable phenomenon of modern history is the enormous rapidity with which the world of Islam is spiritually moving towards the West. There is nothing wrong in this movement, for European culture, on its intellectual side, is only a further development of some of the most important phases of the culture of Islam. Our only fear is that the dazzling exterior of European culture may arrest our movement and we may fail to reach the true inwardness of that culture."

26. It is sad to note that the fear of Iqbal was not misplaced, it has come true. The Pakistani nation even after freedom has not been able to steer clear of the Western ways of life. The dazzling exterior of European culture still fascinates us. We forget that we as Muslims possess a rich history, a vigorous culture, unique traditions and modes of thinking and life. There is therefore need that we should re-orientate our educational and training system to bring it in line with our religious and cultural heritage. This will certainly pay handsome dividends. Not only will our younger generation automatically discover its bearing and strive for national objectives out of a natural desire but the nation as a whole also will feel strengthened and filled with a new zeal truly characteristic of our national aspirations.

27. Let therefore Islam be the fountain source of all of our motivational effort and activity.

A. Rehman Quraishi

Message of Tipu Shaheed

Allama Iqbal in his Javid Nama has narrated with vigour and warmth the inspiring story of Sharaf-un-Nisa Begum, who lies buried in Sarruwala Maqbara in Begumpura, Lahore. Sharaf-un-Nisa was a grand-daughter of Nawab Abdus Samad Khan, a Mughal governor of Lahore. As the story goes, the lady would take her place every morning on a raised structure, where the grave now is, and recite the Qur'ān with love and devotion while a double-edged sword rested by her side. When death came, she willed that the Qur'ān and the Sword should not be separated from her but placed together on her grave, because each was guard of the other in the world. The will was carried out though no great monument was built over the grave and no candle lit.

The Qur'ān and the Sword lay together on Sharaf-un-Nisa's grave for years and continued to inspire the Muslims of the place. But then came the time when the Sikhs seized power in the Punjab, and denuded the grave of its precious adornment. Iqbal has bewailed the event thus :

خالصہ شمشیر و قرآن را ببرد اندر آن کشور مسلمانان ببرد

I have referred to this event because like Sharaf-un-Nisa Begum, Tipu Sultan Shaheed also cherished the Qur'ān and the sword as his dearest possession, and the two adorned his grave too after his death. Tipu Shaheed was aware of the secret that the Believer needed no other provision in life than the Qur'ān and the sword :

حکمرانے بود سامانے نداشت او بجز شمشیر و قرآنے نداشت

No one should have the misunderstanding that mention of the Qur'ān and the sword together implies use of force for conversion to Islam. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The two separately signify material and spiritual sides of life, and together the whole life itself. The sword is the spirit of Jihad to crush evil and clean life of all sorts of impurities, corruption and vice ; the Qur'ān is to

re-build life in its purity, to establish it in accordance with Divine guidance revealed through prophethood. The sword and Jihad result in political power which is necessary, for without it it is not possible to enforce the new system of life. Says Iqbal :

دلبری ہے قاہری جادو گری است دلبری با قاہری پیغمبری است

Capturing the hearts without power is magic ; capturing the hearts with power is the work of prophethood.

The nations which wanted to survive only on the basis of spiritual hopes and miracles and therefore did not strive to attain political power to translate their creed into reality met their doom rapidly. On the other hand, the nations which depended only on material power, numerical strength and equipments of war, without attending to spiritual needs, also met a similar doom. The secret of life lies in striking a balance and harmony between the body and the soul, matter and spirit, the sword and the Qur'ān, each of which is real and therefore worth fighting for and attaining.

It was on account of the close relationship between the Qur'ān and the sword that Allama Iqbal held in the highest esteem scholars like Shah Ismail Shaheed and rulers like Salahuddin Ayyubi, Aurangzeb Alamgir and Tipu Shaheed. In 1929 when he went to Southern India in connection with his lectures, he paid a visit to Seringapatam also. There he found a manuscript of Tipu's history and was told of a diary of the Sultan for which he evinced great interest. This, he said, would help him to present the daily life of the Sultan more realistically in his poem, which would become part of a book he intended to make his magnum opus. Now we know that this book was *Javid Nama*, which is a kind of Divine Comedy. It describes the poet's imaginative journey to the spheres and is a unique mirror of his thought and feeling.

After having a glimpse of the mansion of Sharaf-un-Nisa Begum in Paradise, the poet proceeds to meet Syed Ali of Hamdan, Mulla Tahir Ghani of Kashmir and the ancient Indian poet Bartari-hari. His guide Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi says, "You have had the privilege of meeting the darveshes, now have a look at the palace of the Eastern monarchs," and there appears before them the abode of Nadir Shah, Ahmad Shah Abdali and Sultan Tipu Shaheed. Regarding the last

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mentioned, Rumi says :

آن شهیدان محبت را امام	آروئے ہند و چین و روم و شام
نامش از خورشید و مہ تابندہ تر	خاک قبرش از من و تو زلزلہ تر !
عشق رازے بود ہر صحرا نہاد	تو ندانی جان چہ مشائخالہ داد ؟
از لکۂ خواجہ بدر و حنین	قبر سلطان وارث جذب حسین
رقت سلطان زین سرائے ہفت روز	نوبت او در دکن باقی بنور !

"That leader of the martyrs of love,
The glory of China, India, Turkey and Syria !
His name is brighter than the sun and the moon,
The dust of his grave is more living than you and I.
Love was a secret which he openly proclaimed to this world,
Don't you know how yearningly he gave his life !
By the grace of the gaze of the Master of Badr and Hunain
The Sultan's faqr became heir to the ecstasy of Hussain.
The Sultan left the temporary abode of this world,
But his trumpet still resounds in the Deccan."

Then the following dialogue takes place between the Sultan and the poet :

Sultan : How is India ? I hear that the fire of life has extinguished in its mosques and temples.

Poet : Whatever you have heard is correct, but the Indians so far are immune from the spell of Europe's magic ; the spirit of India is still not prepared to accept the alien law, even if it be divine.

Sultan : You have travelled to my city and land, and have visited my grave ; did you see any trace of life in the Deccan ?

Poet : I have sowed the seeds of my tears in that land, and hope that a crop of tulips will grow from it. The Cauvery flows as usual but I have perceived a new commotion in its spirit.

Sultan : O poet, your tears have enkindled a new fire in my soul. Today in the presence of the Holy Prophet, where no one can dare open his mouth, the ardour of your verses made me so impatient that some of your thoughts came on my tongue. He asked, 'Whose verse is it that you recite ? It pulsates with the vibrations of life'. Well, convey with the same

warmth and ardour a brief message from me to the River Cauvery :

“O Cauvery ! flow gently for a while, perhaps you are wearied after constant wandering. O you are sweeter to me than the Oxus and the Euphrates : your water is elixir of life for the Deccan. Do you know from whom this message is ?—From him whose mighty power you once encircled, whose kingdom you reflected like a mirror, who changed the desert of Deccan into Paradise, who left his mark in his own blood, whose grave is the destination of a hundred desires, who followed his words with deeds, who was awake while the whole of East was asleep.

“O Cauvery ! you and I are the waves of the river of life. This world is in flux every moment : life changes with every breath, because it is in search of a new world. Even the paths are in journey like the travellers, apparently at rest, but secretly in motion. The existence of everything is due to motion, action and the urge to become. If you have the fever and flame like the sun, step out into the vastnesses of space ; if you have the breast worthy of an arrow, live like an eagle and die like an eagle in the world. I did not like to pray for a long life, for the essence of life is that one moment of a lion's life is better than a hundred years of a sheep's.

“O Cauvery ! Life gathers strength from resignation and surrender : death is nothing but magic and fantasy. The man of God is a lion, and death a fawn. Death for him is a state out of a hundred states of life. He swoops upon death as an eagle swoops upon a dove. The slave dies a new death every moment due to fear of death, and life becomes misery and agony for him ; the free man enjoys another glory : death bestows on him a new life : he is constantly worried about self-development and has no time to think of death. Death for the free man lasts but an instant. The death which relates to the grave is fit for the brute beasts only ; the believer desires that death from his God, which lifts him from the dust. This other death is the destination on the road of love, and a last Takbir in the battlefield of love. Though the believer meets every death as a welcome event, the death of the son of Ali

Murtaza (Imam Hussain) was a different thing. The warfare of the worldly kings is meant to plunder and loot, the warfare of the believer is to follow the Sunnah of the Prophet, to migrate towards the Friend, to forsake the world and choose the Friend's lane ! The one who proclaimed LOVE to the nations, described warfare as 'the monasticism of Islam'. This secret is known to none but the Martyr, because the Martyr purchases it with his own blood."

This message though given for the River Cauvery is actually meant for the Muslims of the subcontinent. Shall we then lend our ears to it and care to understand what it means to convey ?

A. A. Kamal

Allama Iqbal : Biographical Sketch

- 1877 November 9. Born in the house of Sh. Nur Muhammad (alias Sh. Nathhu, d. 1930) and Imam Bibi (d. 1914) in Bazar Churigan, Sialkot city. His grandfather, Sh. Rafiq, whose ancestors were Kashmiri Sapru Brahmans, migrated from Kashmir to Sialkot along with his three brothers. Young Iqbal was sent to Hakim Hisamuddin's mosque where Maulana Ghulam Hussain gave lessons in the Qur'an; later admitted to Scotch Mission High School, Kanak Mandi, Sialkot, on the advice of Maulvi Syed Mir Hasan (1844—1929) from whom he got firm grounding in Arabic and Persian.
- 1891 Passed his Middle School Exam. with distinction.
- 1893 Passed his Matric with distinction. Was married to Karim Bibi, daughter of K. B. Atta Muhammad Khan, a physician of Gujrat city.
- 1895 Passed his Intermediate Exam. from Scotch Mission (later Murray) College, Sialkot, standing first in Arabic in the Punjab University. Joined B.A. in Govt. College, Lahore, with English, Philosophy and Arabic as his subjects. Studied English and Philosophy in Govt. College and Arabic in the Oriental College, which was located in the Govt. College buildings.
- Daughter Miraj Begum born, who later died in 1914.
- 1897 Passed B.A. in 2nd division, standing first in Arabic in the University. Joined M.A. in Philosophy and studied under Prof. Thomas W. Arnold (1864—1930).
- 1899 Passed M.A. in Philosophy obtaining a 3rd division; was awarded K.B. Nanak Bakhsh Medal for taking the highest place in Philosophy, being the only candidate to pass in the subject.

Was appointed the Meleod Punjab Arabic Reader : taught in

the Oriental College from May 13, 1899 till May, 1903, at Rs. 72, 14 Annas p.m.

Taught at Govt. College and Islamia College, Lahore, till 1st October, 1905 at Rs. 200, as lecturer in Philosophy and Asstt. Professor in English.

Aftab Iqbal born.

- 1900 February 24. Recited Nala-i-Yateem at the annual session of Anjuman Hamayat Islam, Lahore.

Started correspondence with Mirza Dagh Dehlavi (1831—1905) for guidance in poetry.

- 1901 Took residence in Sh. Gulab Din's house inside Bhati Gate, where he stayed till his departure for England in 1905. Started taking part in Urdu Mushairas held in Hakim Amiruddin's house. His poem 'Himala' first published in the April issue of 'Makhzan', Lahore. Wrote an elegy on the death of Queen Victoria.

- 1903 3rd June. Joined Govt. College as Asstt. Professor in Philosophy and worked in that position till his departure for England. Published his first book, entitled 'Ilmul Iqtisad' (Urdu) on Political Economy.

- 1904 26 February. Wrote 'Nala-i-Firaq' on the departure of Prof. Arnold for England.

April. Recited 'Taswir-i-Dard' at the annual session of the Anjuman.

'Tarana-i-Hindi' published in the October issue of the 'Makhzan'.

- 1905 September. Proceeded to England for higher studies. On his way to Bombay, visited the mazar of Kh. Nizamuddin Aulia at Dehli, and recited his 'Ultija-i-Musafir'. Joined Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied Philosophy under Prof. James Ward and Dr. John McTaggart, and literature with Prof. Browne and Dr. Nicholson.

- 1907 Got his Tripos from Cambridge on the strength of his research on 'Development of Metaphysics in Persia': its translation into German earned him a Ph.D. from the Munich University in

November. (Sir Abdul Qadir). The English version was published by the Cambridge University, and was dedicated to Prof. T. W. Arnold.

Went to study in Heidelberg (Germany) where he mastered the German language in just about three months; got lessons in advanced Philosophy from two girl professors, Frau Wegenast and Fraulein Seneschal.

Taught Arabic in the London University in place of Prof. Arnold for six months.

1908 July. Qualified for the Bar from Lincoln's Inn, London. 27 July. Returned to Lahore; took Residence in Anarkali on the first floor above Attar Chand Kapoor, Bookseller, where he stayed till 1922.

Employed Munshi Tahiruddin as his clerk for legal work.

1909 Became Professor of Philosophy in Govt. College, Lahore, at Rs. 500 p.m. and continued in that position till December 31, 1910. Declined the offer of professorship at Aligarh. Started legal practice in High Court, Lahore.

1910 Visited Hyderabad (Dn.) and stayed as a guest of Sir Akbar Hyderi, a cousin of Attiyya Begum.

Visited Aligarh and delivered a lecture in the Strachey Hall.

1911 April. Recited 'Shikwa' in the annual session of the Anjuman, which was attended by his father also, who asked him to compose a poem in Persian after Hazrat Bu Ali Qalandar's. This resulted later in the production of 'Asrar-i-Khudi'.

Title of 'Tarjuman-i-Haqiqat' conferred on him at a meeting of All-India Muhammadan Educational Conference held at Delhi.

1912 Recited his 'Jawab-i-Shikwa' before a big gathering in the Mochi Gate. Recited 'Huzur-i-Risalat Maab Mein' in the Shahi Mosque, published in the October issue of the 'Makhzan.'

1913 Consummation of marriage with Sardar Begum, Javid's mother, who belonged to a respectable Kashmiri family of Mochi Gate, though the Nikah had been performed earlier in 1909. In the

meantime, on account of a misunderstanding, he married another wife, Mukhtar Begum, from Ludhiana.

- 1914 September 8. Went to Cawnpur to plead the case of the Muslims along with Mirza Jalaluddin, Bar-at-Law.
- 1915 Published his great Persian poem 'Asrar-i-Khudi', which was printed in 500 copies by Hakim Faqir Muhammad Chishti, at the Union Steam Press, Lahore, and dedicated to Sir Ali Imam; it was translated with an Introduction into English by Prof. Nicholson in 1920, under the title 'Secrets of the Self'.
- 1918 Published his 'Rumuz-i-Bekhudi', a sequel to 'Asrar-i-Khudi'.
- 1920 April. Was elected General Secretary of Anjuman Hamayat Islam and remained in that position till September, 1924.
- 1921 Composed his famous 'Khizr-i-Rah' (Bang-i-Dara). Visited Kashmir for the first time in connection with a civil case: stayed in Srinagar for two weeks: was inspired to write his Persian Poems—Kashmir, Ghani Kashmiri, Saqi Nama—which were later included in 'Payam-i-Mashriq'.
- 1922 Shifted from Anarkali to 43, Meleod Road, where he stayed till May, 1935. Composed 'Tuloo-i-Islam'.
- 1923 Published 'Payam-i-Mashriq' (Persian) in response to German poet Goethe's West-Eastern Divan.
Knighted by the British Government.
- 1924 September. Published 'Bang-i-Dara', his first collection of Urdu poems, which was printed by Sh. Mubarak Ali, Lohari Gate.
October 5. Javid Iqbal born.
October 21. His wife from Ludhiana passed away.
- 1926 November 23. Elected Member of the Punjab Legislative Council from Lahore. Remained M.L.C. till 1929.
- 1927 April 16. Delivered lecture on 'The Spirit of Islamic Culture' in the annual session of the Anjuman.
Published 'Zubur-i-Ajam' (Persian).
- 1928 Gave presidential address on 'Space and Time in Muslim

'Thought' in the Oriental Conference held at Lahore.

- 1929 January. Visited Madras at the request of Seth M. Jamal, founder of Muslim Educational Association, South India, and delivered first three of his famous Lectures on Muslim thought in Gokhle Hall.

January 10. Visited Mysore and gave a lecture in the Mysore University.

January 11. Visited Seringapatam to pay homage at the tomb of Sultan-i-Shaheed Tipu Sultan.

January 14. Visited Hyderabad to deliver his lectures.

January 23. Visited Aligarh to deliver his lectures.

- 1930 Published his Lectures, which were later given the title: 'Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam'.

Daughter Munira Bano born.

Presided over All-India Muslim League's annual session held at Allahbad from 29 to 31 December, and presented the idea of a separate ideological state for the Muslims.

- 1931 October 1 to November 20. Attended the Second Round Table Conference in London as Member of the delegation representing the Indian Muslims.

November 4. Addressed 'India Society' in London at the request of Sir Francis Younghusband.

November 6. Attended a grand party hosted by Iqbal Literary Association, which was attended by the other delegates to RTC also.

November 18. Gave a lecture at Cambridge.

November 26. Visited Italy at the request of the Learned Men's Academy of Rome and gave an address.

November 27. Met with the Duce (Mussolini): Remarked: "Duce is Luther without the Bible."

Met Amir Amanullah Khan, exiled king of Afghanistan.

December 1. Went to Cairo, visited historical places and met people.

December 6. Attended Mutamar Conference at Baitul Maqdis on the invitation of Mufti Aminul Husaini.

December 30. Reached back home.

1932 March 6. First Iqbal Day celebrated in YMCA Hall, Lahore, by the Islamic Research Institute.

March 21. Gave presidential address at the annual session of All-India Muslim Conference held at Lahore. First Iqbal Number published of 'Nairang-i-Khayal' Ed. Hakim Yusuf Hasan.

Published his magnum opus 'Javid Nama' (Persian).

October 6. Led a delegation to meet the Viceroy at Simla as President of All-India Muslim Conference to plead the case of the Muslims of Alwar State.

November 17—December 24. Attended the Third Round Table Conference in London.

1933 After the 3rd RTC visited France : saw Napoleon's Tomb, met Prof. Henri Bergson in Paris and discussed with him his concept of Time.

Visited Spain : went to see the Cordova Mosque where he called out Azan and offered prayers : here he was inspired to compose his great Urdu poem 'Masjid-i-Qurtaba' and two other poems. In Madrid he gave a lecture on 'Intellectual World of Islam and Spain'.

March 12. Presided over a meeting at Jamia Millia Islamia, Delhi in which Ghazi Raof Pasha (a Turkish statesman) spoke on 'Nationalism and Muslim Unity'.

April 5. Addressed Jamia Millia on 'From London to Granada' in a meeting presided by Dr. Zakir Hussain.

Visited Afghanistan along with Sir Ross Masud and Syed Suleman Nadvi, on the invitation of King Nadir Shah, to prepare an Educational Reforms Plan for Afghanistan. Visited Ghazni and Qandhar and paid homage at the tomb of Sultan Mahmud and Hakim Sanai. Composed the Persian poem 'Musafir' on his return.

1934 January. Developed a sort of throat trouble and lost his voice

with which started his long-drawn ailment, involving a series of other troubles ; gave up legal practice in the High Court.

Was elected President of the Anjuman Hamayat Islam and continued in that position till 1937.

Visited the mazar of Hazrat Mujaddid Alf-i-Sani at Sirhind, along with Javid : wrote his Urdu poem : 'Punjab key Peer-zadon sey' (Baal-i-Jibril). Turned to Hakim Abdul Wahab Ansari (Hakim Nabeena) of Delhi for his throat treatment.

1935 January 30. Presided over a meeting addressed by Khalida Adeeb Khanum, Turkish scholar, at Delhi.

January 31. Proceeded to Bhopal for electric treatment : stayed in Riaz Manzil as a guest of Sir Ross Masud. Some poems of Zarb-i-Kaleem were composed here.

May. Shifted to his own house, Javid Manzil, at Mayo (now Allama Iqbal) Road.

May 23. Javid's mother died—was buried in Bibi Pakdaman graveyard.

Was elected President of the Punjab Muslim League. Was invited by the Oxford University to deliver a series of lectures as a Rhodes Memorial Lecturer on 'Space and Time in Muslim Thought', but couldn't go due to ill health.

Published his Baal-i-Jibril.

October 27. Attended centenary celebrations of Maulana Haali at Panipat.

Was granted a life pension of Rs. 500 p.m. by the Nawab of Bhopal.

1936 January. Wrote 'Islam and Ahmadism' in spite of ill health, as a rejoinder to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's statements in favour of the Ahmadis.

July. Published his Zarb-i-Kaleem (Urdu) and 'Pas chih bayad kard' (Persian).

1937 January 27. Gave a lunch in honour of the visiting Epyptian Delegation.

Invited Dr. Syed Abdul Latif of the Osmania University to come to Lahore and help in compiling his notes on : 'The Recon-

struction of Islamic Jurisprudence'. Had the degree of D.Litt. (Honoris Causa) conferred on him by the Allahabad University.

1938 March 9. Published his perhaps last major public statement denouncing Maulana Hussain Ahmad Madani's view of Muslim nationalism, in the Daily Ihsan, Lahore.

April 21. Death at about 5 a.m.

Recited the following about half an hour before death :

سرود رفته باز آید کہ ناپد نسیمے از حجاز آید کہ ناپد
سر آمد روزگار این قہرے دگر دانائے راز آید کہ ناپد

Last major work *Armughan-i-Hejaz* was published posthumously in November, 1938.

Compiled by :
A. A. Kamal, M.A.

Books that Allama Iqbal planned to write, but could not due to ill-health and death :

1. A Modern Mantiq-ut-Tair (after Rumuz-i-Bekhudî).
2. A History of Tasawwuf.
3. The Book of a Forgotten Prophet.
4. Notes on the Qur'ân.
5. Reconstruction of Islamic Jurisprudence.
6. Islam As I Understand It.

A. A. K.

Iqbal as a Pan Islamist

Allama Iqbal shall ever be remembered with great respect and veneration by the people of Pakistan. He was not only a great philosopher but a practical political thinker also, who presented the concept of a separate state for the Muslims of the sub-continent. He was, in the words of the Quaid-i-Azam, "A remarkable poet of world-wide fame, whose work will live for ever. His services to his country and the Muslims are so numerous that his record can be compared with the greatest Indian that ever lived."

Iqbal was born in a saintly family of Sialkot. His father was known as a pious person and was loved by everyone because of his loving nature. His mother was also a God-fearing lady. Thus Iqbal was brought up in a family where religion was regarded as the guiding principle in all activities of life. He carried this influence all through his life and in all his literary, philosophical and political work. His deep faith in Islam, however, was not blind; he learnt for himself the greatness of his faith and then believed in it with full conviction.

It was during his stay in Europe that Iqbal carried out a thorough research in the field of Islamic philosophy and mysticism. When he arrived in London a society by the name of 'Anjuman-i-Islam' was already working and Hafiz Mahmood Khan Sherani was its secretary. The Anjuman was actually an association of educated Indian Muslims who found a platform and aimed at eradicating certain misunderstandings about Islam. The name of the society was later on changed to 'Pan Islamic Society'. Iqbal actively participated in its meetings and soon made an impact on the members as a poet and a Muslim thinker. During his association with the society, he was asked to deliver a lecture on "Certain Aspects of Islam" in the Caxton Hall. Iqbal agreed and spoke extempore to a packed gathering. The lecture was greatly admired and reported in all the important newspapers. This was the first time he spoke on Islam and delivered six more lectures during his stay in England.

Iqbal carried out a scholarly research in the Islamic philosophy as well as in the philosophy of other faiths. This comparative study further added to his belief in Islam. His conviction in Islam played a vital role in all his activities after he came back home. In every field he entered he preached more convincingly the validity, greatness and practicability of the Islamic values.

In his book "*Asrar-i-Khudi*", Iqbal vehemently attacked the system of thought that led the Muslims to decadence and sapped all their energies. It was in this context that he presented his concept of the Self, which means self-affirmation, self-expression and self-development. Elaborating his philosophy he said: "The moral and religious ideal of man is not self-negation, but self-affirmation; and he attains to this ideal by becoming more and more individual, more and more unique. The Holy Prophet of Islam had said: '*Takhallaqū bi-akhlaq-Allāh*': Create in yourselves the attributes of Allāh. The greater the distance of man from God the less unique his individuality. He who is nearest to God is the completest person. He absorbs God in himself.

Continuing he wrote: "The greatest obstacle in the way of life is matter and nature; yet nature is not evil, since it enables the inner powers of life to unfold themselves. The ego attains to freedom by the removal of all obstructions in the way. In one word life is an endeavour for freedom."

"*Asrar-i-Khudi*" is a passionate cry of a great Muslim calling upon not only his Muslim brethren in India but all over the world, to realise their identity and struggle with enthusiasm in order to revive the bygone glory of Islam.

Apart from being a great poet and philosopher, Iqbal made a name for himself in politics as well. "What strikes one first in Iqbal, is the strength and his fervour for Islam as an ideal, which if fully realised, should suffice for man's every want in this world and the next."

Iqbal entered the field of politics not for the sake of personal glory or other motives, but to dedicate himself to the service of his coreligionists. His political thought in the early days was based on the concept of nationalism, but it was transformed later to Pan Islamism during his stay in Europe.

Iqbal has discussed at length the importance of religion in his analysis of the political problem in India. Speaking about the religious experience of the Holy Prophet, he said, "It is not mere experience in the sense of a purely biological event, and necessitating no reaction on the social environment. Its outcome is the fundamental of a polity with implicit legal concepts whose significance cannot be belittled merely because their original is revelational. The religious ideal of Islam, therefore, is organic related to the social order, which is to be created. The rejection of one will eventually lead to the rejection of the other."

The Quaid-i-Azam valued his contacts with the poet, and on his death said, "To me he was a friend, guide and philosopher, and during the darkest moments through which the Muslim League had to pass, he stood like a rock and never flinched a single moment." Jinnah was very austere in paying compliments. Of all his contemporaries Iqbal was the only one whom he remembered so warmly.

In the conclusion, it may be reaffirmed that Iqbal, apart from being a great poet and philosopher, was a great politician also, and drew inspiration in each field from the principles of Islam. His art, philosophy, poetry and politics, all were for the service of Islam, which will continue to inspire the citizens of Pakistan for all times to come.

Iqbal and the West

If ever there was a poet or philosopher in our age from whom the world could derive some really fresh inspiration and stimulus, it was Iqbal. Iqbal was a Pakistani in the same sense as Prophet Abraham was a Muslim before the birth of Islam. Iqbal's personality was scholarly and he had a matchless all-embracing nature. Iqbal was a poet and also a philosopher. He was a politician and an educationist too. And undoubtedly an illustrious jurist.

By a deep study of Iqbal's message, it becomes clear that the soul and heart of his thought is the veneration of man. Iqbal's basic message lies in raising the dignity of the human self.

Iqbal declared that a concept which was not in consonance with human nature and dignity was satanic. He made a close study of the western civilization and saw that the West was pursuing a disastrous path of materialism. He directed his message to the leaders of the western nations and declared :

دہار مغرب کے رہنے والو خدا کی ہستی دکان نہیں ہے
کھرا جسے تم سمجھ رہے ہو وہ اب زر کم عیار ہوگا
مہماری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ ہی خودکشی کرے گی
جو شاخِ نازک پہ آشیانہ بنے گا نا ہائیدار ہوگا

"O people of the West, God's earth is not a shop,
The gold taken for genuine, in reality is poor ;
Your civilization will commit suicide with its own dagger
The nest built on such a frail bough must rest insecure."

But the West turned a deaf ear to his call and consequently immersed mankind in horrible wars and conflicts. These wars were fought only to preserve and foster materialistic values and nothing else. Realising the havoc caused by these world wars, Iqbal evolved his feelings as follows :

"It has been revealed to me by the natural powers,
That the Europeans are to be involved in endless strife."

Time and again the wave of mental confusion did not permit the Western people to think over the suggestion made by the great philosopher. On seeing this Iqbal said :

"Think about the intrinsic value of progress and do not be optimistic by considering your external progress the real one. The foundations of inherent progress should be spiritual and ethical and for this refulgent prudence is essential, which can only be achieved by the grace of Almighty Allāh."

Now it is the task of discreet people to select the right path for themselves as it is the only way which leads to the welfare and prosperity of mankind.

Flt. Cdt. Sohail Shafi (Y)
71 GD (P)

Three Classes of People

According to a Tradition of the Holy Prophet, the people after the Isha Prayer are divided into three classes ; first those who think the night is expedient for blessings : they busy themselves in worship and prayer, while the other people go to their beds : they earn a lot during the night ; second those who find the night expedient for gratifying their evil desires : they indulge in sinful and vicious deeds : they lose a lot in the night ; third those who after offering the Isha Prayer straightway go to bed : they neither gain anything nor lose anything.

Flt. Cdt. Khawar Aslam (R)

Late Captain S. Fasihuddin

On that ill-starred night of 21st February we not only lost our affectionate father but a great friend too. No news could have been and can ever be more shocking than the one I got in the Hospital. The news meant that the man, whom I had always looked upon proudly as my father and whose pleasures were my pleasures and whose smiling face was my greatest satisfaction, had left us all so unexpectedly. For me that was the end of a period of affectionate association, unbounded love and heart-felt reverence. In fact, a sudden flash of involuntary anticipation bruised through my heart announcing : "This is the end of the best part of your life."

My father belonged to a noble family of Delhi. His father was a Deputy Collector, who later offered his services to the British Army to fight her enemies in the Second World War. Later he was killed on the Singapore Front. His mother started writing novels in Urdu in order to finance the education of her children. Her novels depicted a true picture of the culture and problems of the middle class Indian families of her days. The result was that her novels sold like hot cakes, and in no time the name of A. R. Khatoon became a popular household name among the families of the U.P. and other parts of India.

Syed Fasihuddin, the eldest son of A. R. Khatoon, received his education, right from school to M.A., in the Aligarh University. He passed his M.A. from that great centre of learning in 1944. When Pakistan became independent, his family (mother, three sisters and two brothers) migrated to Lahore. Syed Fasihuddin joined the Islamia College, Civil Lines, as lecturer in Geography. Later he joined the I.S.I. Directorate and proceeded to Karachi to take up appointment. In 1951 he was selected for Joint Services Pre-Cadet Training School, Quetta, and was given the rank of Captain as a civilian. In 1953 he was transferred to the PMA Kakul as an instructor in Military Geography. In 1958 he resigned from the Army and joined a seemingly more attractive job in the P.A.F. Public School, Sargodha. Here

at the time of his death he was the senior most Housemaster.

Shifting from his life-sketch to his personality, I would like to say that he was a man of rare qualities. His sincerity, soft-spokenness, cultured manners, simplicity of mind and habit, honesty and humanity were his asset. He was an ideal father. His friendly attitude towards us was something which is no more common in our society. His polite nature, good humour and immense devotion to friendship had won him a good number of friends. The more closer among them were like real brothers to him. He would worry about them if he found them in trouble and would do whatever he could to bring them comfort. His friends also reciprocated his love and feelings.

Now about his interests. Writing, mostly to the editor of a newspaper, and reading books of knowledge, were his usual diversions, while Geography and cricket were his passion. I have in front of me a collection of essays, letters and articles, which he had written during his days in the University. "Idiotism No. 3", as he had titled the collection, contains articles on the Second World War, the Independence Movement, and of course cricket. The collection shows a keen curiosity of a patriotic Muslim student over the events and happenings on the national and international scene. These articles show his power of the pen, which he inherited from his parents and which shows his complete command of the language. We cajoled him many a time to write for the newspaper or some magazine as a regular correspondent, but his reply would always be a vehement 'No'. He was reluctant to the idea of writing under pressure. "I always write for my own pleasure and satisfaction". This is how he felt about writing. It was only in the last days of his life when he realized that he might have to use his pen and vast general knowledge to earn livelihood.

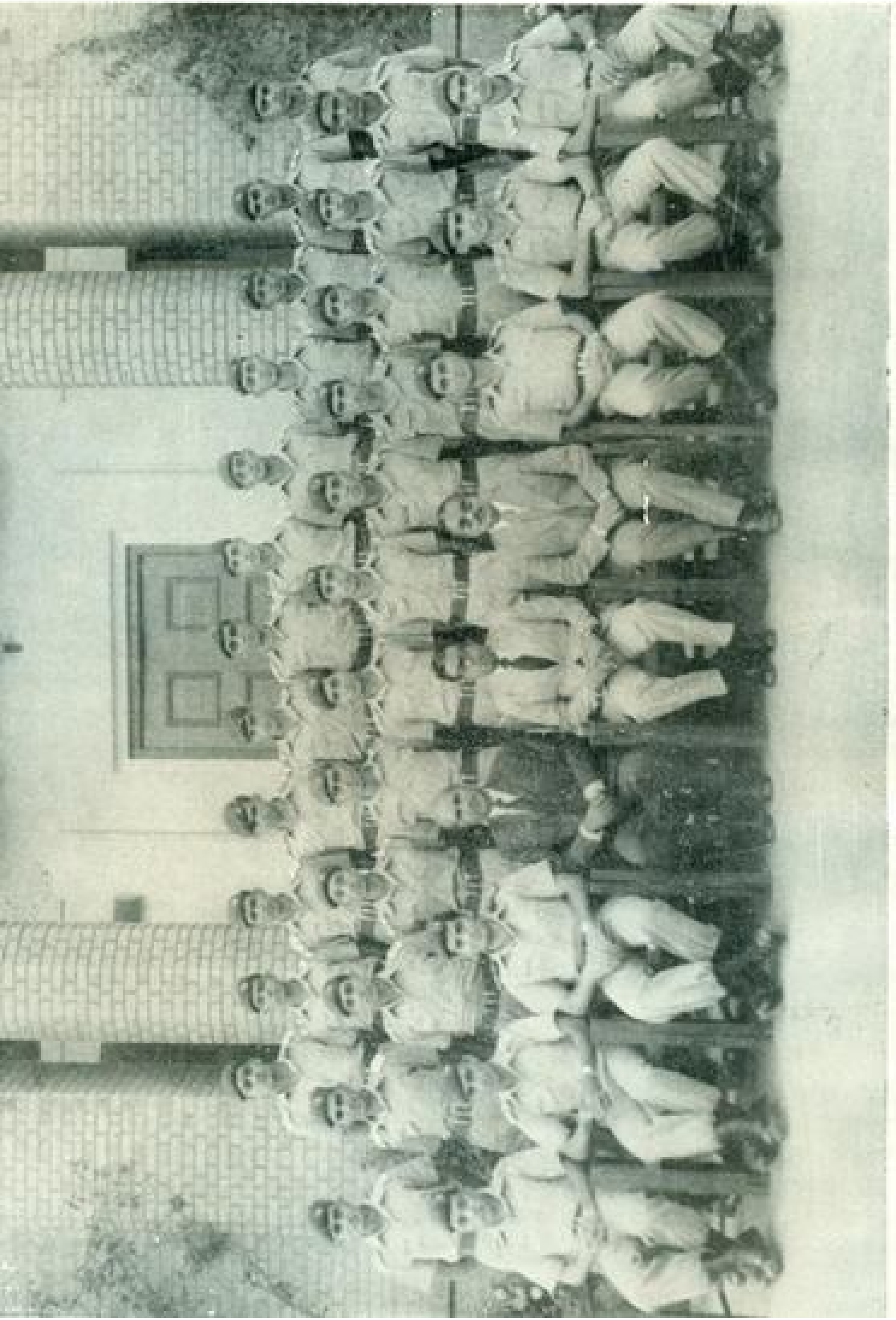
He always lived up to his reputation of being just and fair to all. He enjoyed high respect and esteem among his students, friends and colleagues. The way the Holy Qur'an was recited throughout the night by his body and afterwards by his sincere and devoted students showed their great love and regard for him. He treated his students like his own sons. In their achievements he found his own accomplishments. No week passed when he did not receive his old

students. I feel that it was a rare but a fair and well-deserved tribute to him.

“Geography is my weakness.” That is how he used to express his feelings about his subject. The way he kept his Geography Room equipped with all sorts of maps, rural handicrafts of the country, information pictures of the important places of the world, made it an attractive place in the College. He was keen to arrange ‘Travel to Learn’ exploration trips for the boys. “Always travel with your eyes open” was his advice to me and my brothers, for he believed that if the geography of Pakistan was sincerely taught, it could save our people from the curse of provincial prejudices. All these zealous efforts and sincere ideas show his deep affiliation with the subject.

In the end, I must say that we are very satisfied with the way everything happened after my father’s death. The way tears were shed, prayers held and burial arrangements made must have told even the angels that a very revered and loved soul was on its way back. He can never be forgotten : he has left behind not only so many relatives but also a large number of friends, and of course not five but hundreds of sons to remember him with respect and love for all time to come.

Khalid Zaheer
(*Ex-Pre-Cadet*)



Writers of SHAHBAZ

To Late Mr. Fasih

Oh, sweet memories scanned
My mind of art,
I wonder how I'll span you
On my canvas vast.

You were a man of soul
And of great heart,
Like prophet's was your role
And a great part.

Right from dawn till dusk
In easy time or hard,
You were our true partner
And a zealous guard.

We ought to prove our worth,
And play our part,
Act on the teaching you gave us
Ere you had to depart.

You left us here and we mourn,
May God show you his infinite mercy,
We realize now when you're gone,
That people like you are seldom born.

Flt. Cdt. Anjum Zia (MIN)
68 GD (P)

Mr. Fasihuddin

(As I Knew Him)

Hearing any news could still be easy,
But that of your death, made us dizzy ;
Left Mr. Fasih, so quiet, so lone !
While everybody in his work was busy.

It was 4.45 p.m. on 21st of February, 1977, when death sneaked into Mr. Fasih's room in the P.A. F. Hospital, Sargodha. It was at this moment when the Munirites lost their beloved Housemaster, sons their father, cricketers their great admirer, Geography its lover and the country a great patriot and a perfect gentleman.

21st February, 1977 was the rest day of the first Test between Pakistan and West Indies. On the third day at lunch West Indies were 206 for 6, as Mr. Fasih recorded in his diary. Incidentally this was his last inscription. He was delighted to see West Indies getting all out the same day and Pakistan seeing through the day without loss. He was anxious to see Pakistan bat, but on 22nd when Majid and Sadiq donned the crease, they didn't know that back at home they had lost one of their great well-wishers.

Mr. Fasih's thirst for cricket was unquenchable. His interest in the game dated back to his student days. One day looking at a photograph in my room, he told me that during his days at the University, he had decorated his room with portraits of famous cricketers of that time. Bradman was his favourite then. Till his death Mr. Fasih corresponded regularly about cricket in the newspapers and wrote articles about the game. Cricket was his favourite topic to talk on.

Mr. Fasih was not an arm-chair cricketer. During his days at Aligarh, he represented his team in various matches. Then at Quetta he captained the JSPCTS team for a couple of years. It was here that he slammed the bowlers by scoring a century against the visiting team from England. When he was transferred to PMA Kakul, his

stature in cricket was duly recognised by appointing him as the officer incharge of cricket. In 1958 Mr. Fasih joined PAF Public School, Sargodha. Mr. Catchpole, the then Principal, praised his game a lot. However, in the later years he restricted himself to opine in the newspapers and watch Test matches.

Mr. Fasih's personality extended much beyond cricket. He had a keen interest in Geography. He would lecture his students on the importance of Geography. I remember that the Geography period with Mr. Fasih used to be an arm-chair travelogue for us. He believed that travelling was the best way to know the flora and fauna of a place. His earnest advice to his students would be : "Whenever you travel, travel with a geographical eye." I greatly cherished a trip to Head Trimmu and the Duffer Forests, which was one of the many trips I had with him. He knew so much about the world that once in his discussion about Canada, he flabbergasted his Canadian interlocutor by revealing that he knew all that without ever having been to Canada.

Mr. Fasih had a great desire to see the world. I am sure, had death made a concession, he would have seen for himself most of the places he had been reading about and telling his students for years.

Throughout my seven years association with Mr. Fasih, I always found him most loving and fatherly. He would treat me so kindly that I never felt that I was away from my parents. Whenever I was in a vacant or pensive mood, I would go in his company and find solace. I found an answer in him to most of my problems. His sweet talk and hearty nature had made him a highly amiable man. He was loved and respected by anybody who happened to talk to him once. I recall that at the time of his death there was not a person who was not grieved ; there was not an eye which did not shed tears ; there was none who did not pray for him :

Each soul sobbed from its heart's core,
May God for you open the Heaven's door ;
An excellent cricketer, a devoted Pakistani,
Legend will remain though Mr. Fasih no more.

Mr. Fasih had his own set of values. To him the biggest sinners were the intriguers and hypocrites, who try to deceive Allāh and man by their double-faced policies. Mr. Fasih was a complete personality.

To him decency in conversation was very important. Whenever he addressed us he used simple language. He used to say, "You can be simple and yet meaningful, firm and yet decent." He himself was simple and assertive.

The space of this essay is too limited to embrace his diverse personality. Now when the angel of death has taken him away from us, his memories are fresh in our minds and would continue inspiring us till the last day. He would live in the hearts of hundreds of his students. Hundreds of pilots of the P.A.F. would take his name to new heights. The history of the bat and ball will not let his name fade out from the minds of the people. In fact, death has transferred him from the world of squabble to the world of eternal peace.

In each one's heart you shall always stay,
A place for you in Heaven we pray,
O cadets, our dear teacher is no more,
Dear Mr. Fasih, we miss you night and day!

Flt. Cdt. Zafar Amin (M)

66 GD (P)

Para-Jumping Course at Peshawar

The qualifications needed for this course are : 6 pull ups, 22 push ups, 20 sit ups, 80 knee bends in two minutes and a mile in about 6 minutes. Once a person clears the test he is given a certain roster number. No ranks are worn and no one is called by name. Everyone is called by his Roster Number.

The course is divided into parts. To begin with the jumpers are taught the way to land on the ground so as to absorb the shock and avoid injury. Technically it is called Parachute Landing Fall (PLF). The fall is practised from a two foot high platform, a four foot high platform and a running ram. When the jumpers become confident and can avoid any sort of hurt, they are moved to the next apparatus.

Mock Door : This is simply a wooden model which resembles a C-130 aircraft. Jumping practice is given from the door. As the Jump Master says 'GO' the jumpers one after the other leave the door and jump out to the ground. Each part of the body is kept tight in order to prevent any injury from the shock experienced while the canopy opens in the air. The instructors check the jumpers and see that they are perfect in every aspect.

Suspended Harness : Harness is the name given to the equipment with which the jumper is tied to the parachute. The jumpers are hung with risers in the same way as they are in the air. The whole weight of the body is concentrated on the most sensitive part of human organs and the lesson once taught is never forgotten. Here the jumpers are told to perform the actions practically which they are taught in the Mock Door.

Swing Land Fall Trainer (SLFT) : On this apparatus a jumper is graded for the trophy of the Best Student. With the help of ropes and pulleys the jumper is taken about ten feet above the ground and given a swing sideways. While swinging the jumper is made to come to the ground slowly and gradually. As his toes touch the ground he

rolls over the ground in the same way as he was taught right in the beginning. One has to take 8 satisfactory jumps from this apparatus.

Drag : It is the worst part of the ground training. The jumpers with their back on the ground and legs tied on to a jeep, are dragged at a speed of 8 to 10 mph and told to roll back, get up and run along the jeep for a few steps. If a jumper is not careful he can dislocate a joint or have a fracture. This test has to be cleared in two chances.

Tower : This is the final apparatus as far as ground training is concerned. It is a cage which resembles the C-130 aircraft. It is 34 feet above the ground. A jumper is required to take 5 satisfactory jumps from it. He is tied with risers and as he jumps out of the tower he has to move backward. In the air the aircraft moves forward and it seems that the jumper is moving backward. The same impression is given by these moving pulleys. Enough individual and mass practice is given. The jumper is also taught how to activate the reserve parachute when the main parachute is not able to make a safe landing.

Jump from Aircraft : After successful completion of the ground work, time comes for the real jump from the aircraft. After take off and before reaching the drop zone all actions are revised. Then there is a final briefing which is given by the Drop Zone Safety Officer (DZSO). The jumpers are seated numberwise with the stick leader in front. Jumpers are given warnings by the Jump Master about the time left for the jumps to start and to hook up their static lines to the Anchor Line Cable. Thorough check is made to see that the jumpers are putting on the parachute properly and no mistake has been made in the hurry. As soon as the aircraft comes in line with the drop zone, command is given to stand near the door. Then as soon as the climatic conditions and the propeller speed are suitable, the pilot switches on the green light. At this the command 'GO' is given, and the jumpers leave the aircraft at one second interval each.

The jumper is now falling in the air. As soon as the canopy opens, he looks up to check that there is no fault in it. Then he checks that he is not going to land on an unsafe place ; if so he tries to avoid it. After landing safely, he rolls up the parachute and

doubles up to the Collection Point. To qualify for a para-wing, one has to make five successful jumps from the aircraft.

One is not likely to forget such an adventurous and interesting course once one has gone through it. The teaching and behaviour of the instructors is good and effective. At the end each jumper is awarded a beautiful decoration to be worn on the uniform.

Flt. Cdt. Paracha (AD)

67 GD (P)

The Night Jump

Being completely exhausted after the two jumps, we had just returned from the drop zone. On reaching the airfield we came to know that we would be going for a night jump, too. In the morning we were given the DACO (Drop Zone Airfield Command Officer) briefing. Here we were told that the jump would be carried out in two passes. We were also informed of the different obstacles present in the drop zone. Besides small thorny bushes, there was a nullah about ten feet deep which ran through the drop zone.

We were all ready. The order to move into the C-130 was given. Thinking of the night jump in the cold weather of Peshawar made me shiver. We moved in two lines, one for the right door and the other for the left door. As we entered the aircraft we felt a little more confident than before. The tail door closed and the aircraft moved to the taxiing area. At last the aircraft reached the main runway.

Jump commands were about to start. Our eyes were fixed on the Jump Master.

"Twenty minutes", said the Jump Master, which indicated that twenty minutes were left for the jump to start. The engines were roaring at full speed, and soon we were airborne. All of a sudden someone shouted, "What are you?" And everyone responded with: "Airborne". The aircraft echoed with the loud response.

"Naara-i-Haidri—Ya Ali". Something moved like lightning through our body. We became more confident and bold. By this time we had been divided into four sticks, two for the left door and two for the right door. I happened to become a stick leader.

"Ten minutes."

There was a bit of suffocation and congestion in the aircraft.

"Six minutes."

The side door opened and in came the cool and fresh air with a rush. The atmosphere inside changed to become most refreshing. Our eyes were fixed on the Jump Master.

"Get ready."

"In board personnel, get up," ordered the Jump Master. The first sticks of both the doors got up, and "HOOK UP": everyone hooked up the static line to the anchor line cable.

"Check Static Line."

There was a short pause. In the meantime the Safety NCO's made sure that the orders were carried out properly and promptly.

"Check equipment" Static line, chin and neck straps of helmet, QRB (Quick Release Box of the main parachute) down to the boot laces were checked.

"Sound for Equipment Check."

The last man of each stick passed the OK signal by tapping the back of the man standing in front and at last the stick leader shouted, "Number One OK." Suspense reached its climax. The Jump Master shouted, "One Minute." He gave the signal to indicate that the wind was blowing at four knots on the drop zone. The aircraft was almost over the drop zone.

"Stand in the door" and finally the command "GO" was given. Within no time the first stick was out in the vast moonlit sky.

Now came our turn. I being the stick leader was standing just by the door. I could see the vast and beautiful sky and the bright lights down below of the city of Peshawar. Fresh, cool, enchanting air was rushing in; the twinkling stars and the blue moon were provoking me to jump out and enjoy a more beautiful and clear view of everything.

All the jump commands were carried out and I had given the OK signal. "Stand in the door", and I shuffled into the door and adopted the required position. Through the loadmaster the Jump-Master was informed that the aircraft had missed the pass. I was called back to the second man position. After a while the aircraft took a turn and I could clearly see the lights of the city being almost parallel to the aircraft. The aircraft levelled off once again.

"Stand in the door." I readily took the position and stood exposed to a tremendous, magnificent and fantastic view of the vast moonlit night. Then like a flash the idea came: "Really how much I am indebted to God Almighty for favouring me with such a fascinating natural view!"

"GO"—Up and out I went. "Oh, it's cold out here. Where am I going?" All of a sudden I felt as if I was moving up. I looked up to check my canopy. It was well intact. What a fantastic view to watch the full blue moon over head through the coloured canopy. I felt as if I was intoxicated. I was lost in deep romantic thoughts of the highly artistic scene around me.

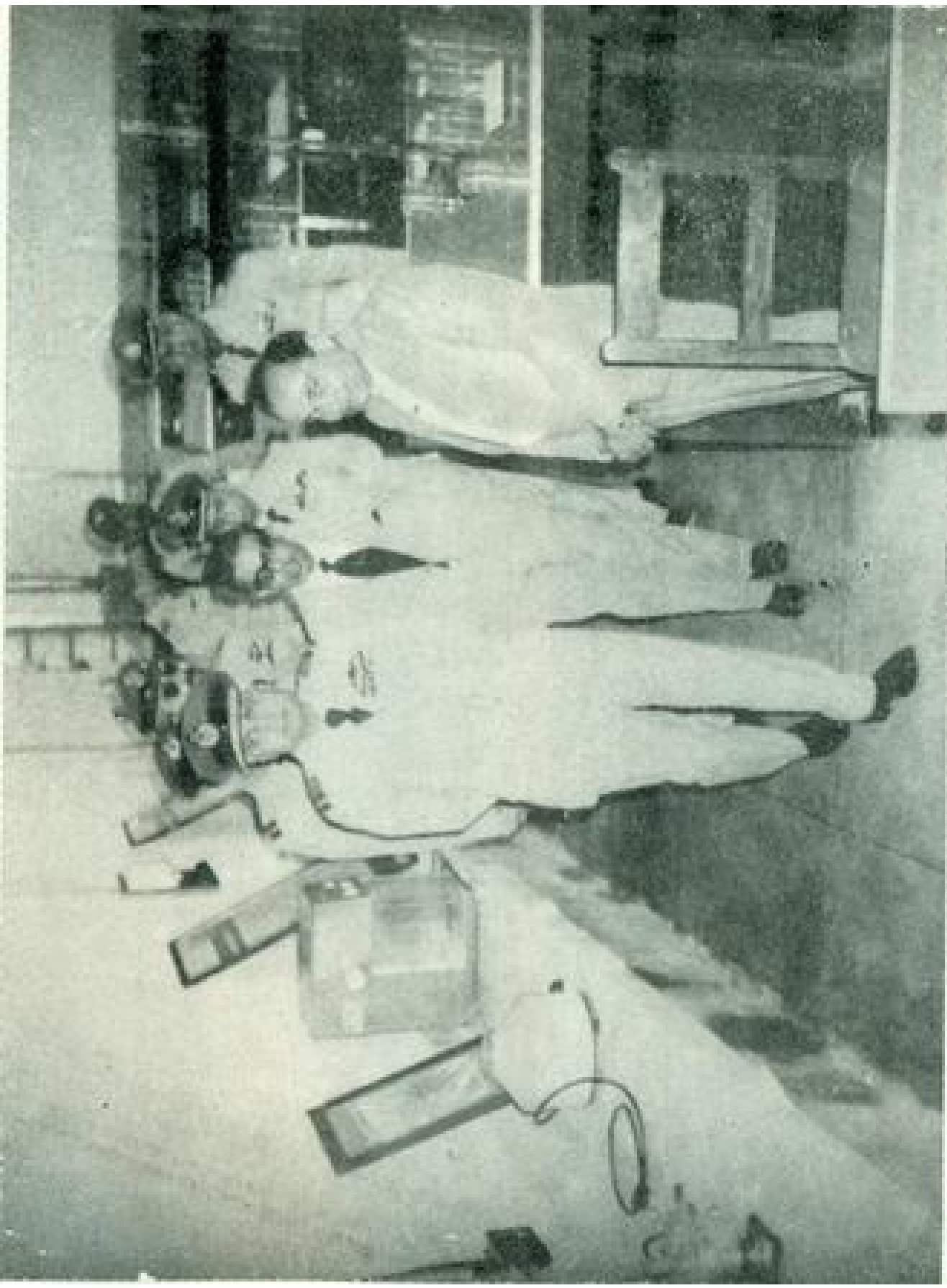
"Look Out," shouted someone. Another paratrooper was about to hit me, but I managed to make a long slip and avoided the entanglement. By this time I was almost near the ground. I prepared myself to land and after a while landed safely by making a beautiful PLF (Parachute Landing Fall). Moonlight was all around. I hurriedly packed up my parachute and started towards the Collection Point.

After doing five jumps from 1300 feet, I realised that the saying for a paratrooper:

"He is a terror in the sky, and no less on the ground" is correct.

Flt. Cdt. Syed Saeed Pasha (MIN)

67 GD (P)

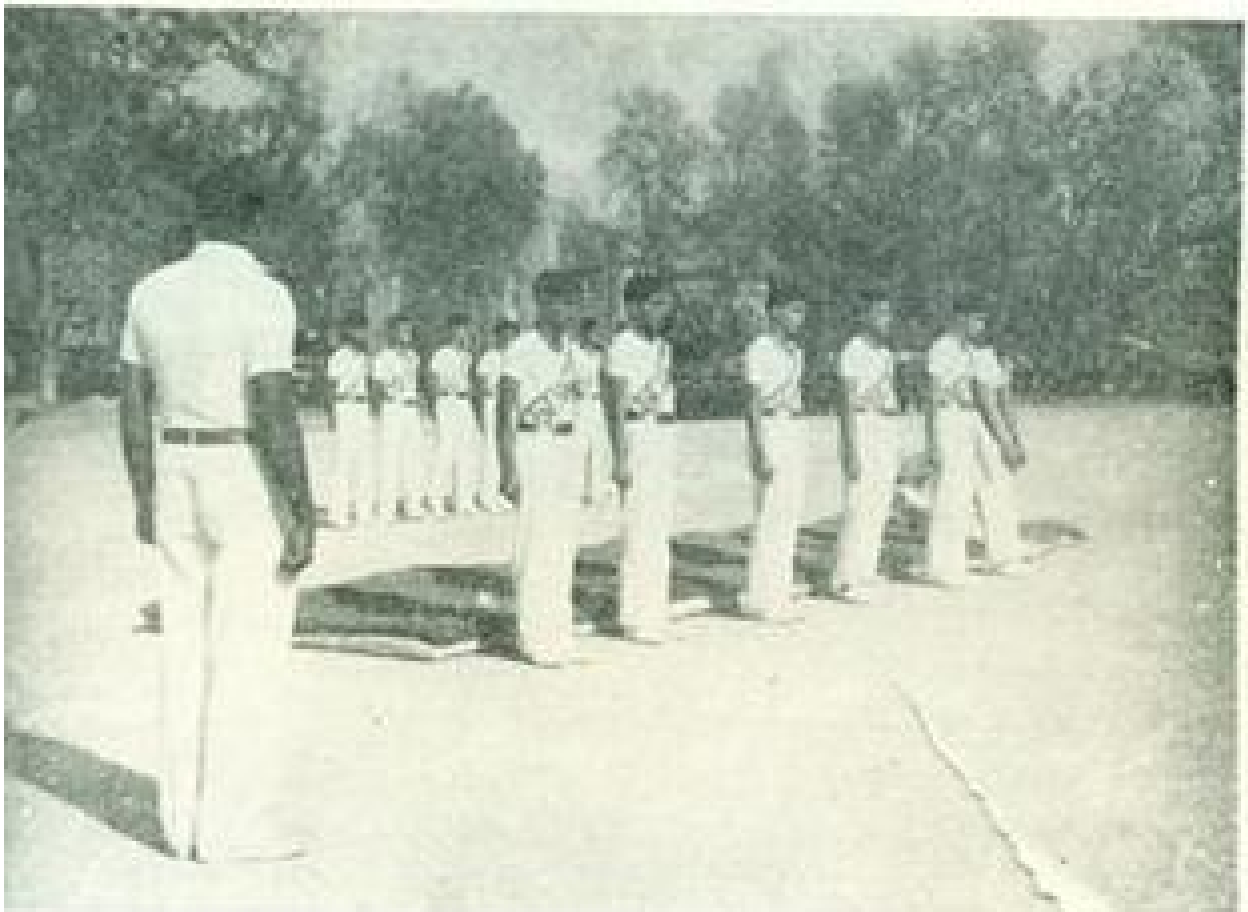


**Air Chief Marshal Zulfiqar Ali Khan, CAS, PAF, on his inspection
Visit to the College.**

Services Week



Continuity Drill



Gymnasts In Action



Tableau



A View of the Guests



Audience at Declamation Contest



A Winner being awarded her prize

Urdu Play 'Filmi Dunya'



Sajid Habib as Seth Damri Parshad



Rizwan Yusuf, the Director, negotiating with the Seth



Damri Parshad and the Heroine



Zulu Dance

Farewell, Our Sculptors !

(To the Instructors at PAF College)

Seven year's a journey too long !
So tiring it appeared, so short it was !
To this place our souls belong,
And our love is its cause.

Displeasures and pleasures together,
Struck our emotions many a time,
All friends and spirits, when we gather,
Each thought worth a million dime.

How gloomy we felt in adversity,
How happy at the time of joy,
Of counsel and advice we were thirsty.
And good friends were our convoy.

You gave us qualities we had'nt known,
You shaped us best for country's sake,
You carved us out from clumsy stone,
A piece of art that'll never break.

We leave this place to be Shaheen,
Defenders we'll be of our sky,
As fliers for the nation so brave and keen,
To our Alma Mater we say good-bye !

Flt. Cdt. W/U/O Wamiq Abrar (I)

66 GD (P)

Flight 308 "Roger, Roger"

The Indians were down below !

Flt. Lt. Yalmas dipped the left wing of his trembling F-6 and shot his gaze towards a sight that sent adrenalin churning through his veins. 12 Canberra bombers and 36 shark nosed Mystere fighters, flying in staggered vees towards the northwest. The 48 planes following a rigid course sliced through the air. Astonishing it may seem but not one of them spotted Yalmas's F-6 overhead.

"Man, is that a fat target" : Flg. Off. Sajjad's voice slurred with excitement in Yalmas's ear phones. "How about it, Sir ? Can we jump the goons ?" Yalmas scowled. "I don't think they see us," he stammered, needing another second to think. "We are right between them and the sun." Sajjad was bristling with impatience, "They are like wooden ducks in a shooting gallery down there. They're begging to get clobbered, can we oblige them ?" "Hold on . . .", Yalmas mopped off sweat from his face, then gripped his wobbling control stick with both hands. He was stuck with an impossible choice. . .

Moments earlier, Yalmas—commander of 308 Flight had led a low level "sweep" against the enemy air base in nearby areas, taking tree top attitude and taking photos for the intelligence. A lone Indian fighter had risen to challenge Yalmas's flight, and he had blasted it down leaving a fading wisp of fuel-smoke.

Now in the late afternoon on December 11, Yalmas's four F-6's were returning to their home base and by sheer accident had just stumbled into the biggest enemy formation Yalmas had ever seen.

The 31 year old pilot didn't want to risk the recon photos he was carrying, and he didn't want to throw his men into action at odds a dozen to one. His wing mates were exhausted, low on fuel, and short on ammo. But Yalmas had rigid ideas about duty. He believed that a fighter pilot's job, above all else, was to attack—to play all risks to the hilt. The choice had to be made, he did not

hesitate any longer : "Permission granted, Sajjad. Let's nail them." He flicked the switch to arm his F-6's three 30 mm. guns. "We'll have to hit and run."

"Roger, those bombers."

"Yeah. We'll make one pass to hit the Canberras, then scram. Follow me to the deck, stay close, and make your ammo count." Yalmas dropped his wing, threw his control stick to the left, and forced the 15-ton F-6 into a shrieking vertical dive. In his reflector he saw the other F-6's flown by Flg. Off. Ghani, Flg. Off. Sajjad, and Flg. Off. Jamal following him closely.

Bone-rattling gravity pressures tore at him as he stop-corked his throttle and held a thumb over the trigger. The enemy bomber and the yawning jungle rushed up to meet him. He lined his sight on the second bomber, squinting at the green camouflage and the Indian Air Force insignia of the Canberra, knowing he would have to pull out at exactly the right instant or else slam into that savage thing below. Purple spots danced in his eyes. Nausea swept over him. His vision wavered. Steady. As he came close enough to the bomber he coughed loud "Now !" His thumb hit the trigger. The F-6 seemed to stop as if halted by a brick wall. He was thrown forward against the straps of his shoulder harness as those three heavy guns on his F-6 hammered out tracers. Three streams of tracers lashed out in front of him, converging on the bomber. A fire ball swept over the fleeing bomber, turning the plane into a falling torch. As Yalmas levelled off and whipped overhead, the plane met its quivering shadow on the tree tops, then vanished. Yalmas had his second kill for the day. Off to his left, another Canberra was limping away from the formation—a victim of Flg. Off. Sajjad's guns.

Yalmas circled around with another Canberra. He gave a vertical bank, then kicked over in a tight cork screwing turn. The enemy pilot made the mistake to outmanoeuvre the shuddering F-6 and Yalmas caught him when he stalled. While the bomber seemed to hang suspended, Yalmas moved, thumbed the trigger, and watched with fascination as his guns poured out bullets. The bomber exploded. Then suddenly he saw on his left a formation of three bombers breaking towards north east. Yalmas raced up behind the trio of Canberras. He fired a quick burst, yanked his stick to one side and

again fired. Repeating the manouvre twice, he caught each one of the fleeing bombers with a spray of bullets. All three bombers went gyrating out of control, smoking.

Yalmas had scored his fifth victory in a single day, and gotten four of them in the time it takes to snub out a cigarette. Now let's bug out, he told himself, biting his tip to release pent up tension as he climbed up away from the columns of smoke. He had made this decision because he was already feeling the presence of about three dozen enemy fighters.

"Join up you guys ; form on my tail and let's get out of here !" Nobody answered. He saw two F-6's—Ghani and Jamal. The third was missing. "Hey Sajjad, where the hell are you ?" Flg. Off. Ghani's deep voice replied, "I can't see him either, sir."

"Did he get hit ?" Yalmas felt pain at his stomach. He had to get his men out of there. "Where is he ?" Then his eyes picked out the fourth F-6, glinting in the sun half a mile above. Flg. Off. Sajjad's plane was surrounded by a horde of enemy aircraft. They were attacking Sajjad from all sides and their bullets criss-crossing in a pattern that spelled death.

"Sir, I am at 9000. The whole Indian Air Force is up here ! How about some help ?" Yalmas's throat went dry. He thought of the precious gun camera photos he was carrying ; they had to be brought home at all costs. Then he remembered the terrible feeling of loss whenever he had to write a letter telling the family of one of his best friends that a good man had died in combat. If he abandoned Sajjad in order to save the pictures, there would be an empty seat in the mess hall that night.

"I am not writing another letter," he thought, film or no film, fuel or no fuel, ammo or no ammo. He would have to stay. Quickly he snapped an order to Ghani and Jamal. "You guys head for that cloud bank to the east and get out of here." He did not pause to watch the two F-6's turning away. His arms yanked back on the stick, and his left hand rammed the throttle against its fire wall.

"Sir," Sajjad's voice was thick with terror now, "They have damaged my rudder. I am in real trouble."

"I am coming," Yalmas shouted, climbing at full throttle. He

Yes ! The Aircraft also Talks

You can often see a man talking, but I don't think you have ever heard an aircraft talking.

When an aircraft is flying through the clouds, it talks like this :

"In the thick of it—horrible ! Pilot, where are you going ? No—you think you can, but you can't—your instinct is not clever enough for that. You have only two hopes now : my instruments and my natural stability. I could climb through this cloud if you would have left me alone, but I don't think you will. No, I . . . All right, Pilot, I will let you have your way for a few moments. Just try to keep me straight and level—steady, not so bad—my left wing dropping a bit, you know, or don't you ?—and I am turning to the left. Why don't you correct me ? My nose going up—what are you doing ? Now you are turning me to the left and banking me to the right, and I am stalling—I don't really understand what I am doing—Oh, here I go, I thought so, into a spin—and you are trying to fly me straight and level. Round we go, round and round, round and round—out of the clouds again. Now, Pilot—Ah you know what to do at last ! That's it, right radder—I was spinning to the left, but you didn't know I was—did you ? I don't believe you knew I was spinning at all ; you were probably expecting me to poke my nose out of the clouds. . . . What a sight ! what a joy ! There are many fair sights on the earth, but nothing to compare with this ! The sun and the blue sky above, and a sea of rolling clouds below, extending in all directions as far as the eye can see :

"And the air is crisp, and the wind is keen,
And the clouds are all lit with a silvery sheen,
It's the finest sight I have ever seen,
There is nothing on the earth so fair.

But now I am up in the air, my Lad,
A carefree man of the air, my Lad,
And a virtual king of the air, my Lad,
Yes, I am the King of the Air."

Now, let us climb a few thousand feet higher, Pilot—upto say ten thousand feet, and then we can perform some experiments.

“For now is the time to tumble around,
Ten thousand or more above the ground,
It’s a pleasure to be alive.

With the engine roaring down we swoop,
Over the top in a graceful loop,
And down again in a dive !”

Then rolling round and round about,
A stall and a spin, Oh ! it makes you shout,
And it turns your troubles all inside out,
And blows them away in the air.

Oh ! It’s great to be in the air, my Lad,
A carefree son of the air, my Lad,
And I am the King of the Air, my Lad,
Yes, I am the King of the Air.”

Flt. Cdt. M. Riazuddin (Y)
69 GD (P)

Hey, Mr. Moralist !

The other day I was talking to a friend and the discussion turned to the disparities between the East and the West. My friend started off with full scale criticism of the West disregarding all notions of logical and rational thinking. When I tried to cool him down to reason, he branded me an over-influenced pseudo-yankee.

Well, there wasn't any point in letting the debate linger on any longer, so I did what any red-blooded, self-respecting human being could do—I shut up.

For my pal the dialogue ended there, but it set off an endless chain of thoughts in my mind, and the poor thing wouldn't ever have been at rest if I wouldn't have written down my feelings on this piece of paper.

I have talked about it to many people but nobody seems to agree with me. Perhaps we are too much of hypocrites to accept the truth. Well! I won't blame anybody for anything because I think that everybody's got the right to think in his own way. I'd only like to express my views about the whole affair.

People have a very common habit of criticising the Occidental morality. I wouldn't say anything to support them—I dare not—but I would certainly say, "Why don't you talk about something other than their morality?" True, they have lost most of their values regarding sex and respect for old age, etc. but is that all there is in life? But when you say this to anybody, you get a curt reply, "If you don't have good morals, you have nothing."

Okay, okay, Mr. Moralist ! But when did I ever advise you to practise their morality? My dear, what about their other qualities? Let me count them out: honesty and fairness in dealings, truthfulness and integrity, straight-forwardness and an accommodating attitude. Aren't they all the qualities a good human being would like to have? And how many or how much of these do we have in ourselves? I may frankly say that the Westerners are prosperous because of these qualities and we are backward because we lack them.

Professing verbal faith in Islam does not make us the best people in the world. We have to live up to the noble teachings of our religion before we can claim to be the best of humanity. And that is precisely what the Westerners have done. They have taken all the good things of our religion and practised them in real life, while we are only paying lip-service to the glorious Message of our great Prophet.

Hey chums ! I think it's time to wake up and reform ourselves before we become a creed of the past. Let's take a lesson from those people, with evil morals, and try to redeem our lost glory and honour.

Flt. Cdt. Ejaz Shameem (A)

68 GD (P)

Parted in Anguish

I changed the gear and pressed the accelerator. The needle touched 70 kilometres. I sat in my airconditioned car and was heading for my home town, unaware of the hot weather outside. My mind was in the business and the luck I had that day in the meeting. "If my plans succeeded, I would be the richest man in the city. My God ! What a treacherous man is Ansari : throughout he has been trying that I should not get the contract : stupid ! he doesn't know me." Thus lost in my thoughts I was not aware that the needle was almost touching 80 KM.

Suddenly I was brought out of my dreams. My eyes caught sight of a man get up from under a tree and run towards the road. I didn't seem to mind this movement ; I was sure that the man would cross the road. But then suddenly he stopped in the middle of the road and signalled that I should stop. The car was so close that I could not have saved him, but God saves you when He wants to. I turned the steering full to the right and applied the brakes. The car stopped with a big jerk, and my head banged into the steering ; luckily I was not much hurt, but I flared up : "What the hell have you done ? Are you in your silly senses ? You got no head ; do you want to get killed and get me hanged ?..." As a matter of fact, I had spoken more than this in one breath. The man kept looking into my eyes and heard every word without showing any expression on his face.

Suddenly he turned red with anger ; he became desperate and rough ; he opened the door and pulled me out of the car, and in a commanding voice shouted : "Where's the money?" I was stunned. I thought he was a robber ; but I realised that he was all alone and unarmed. He looked to be weak physically, with a coarse and untrimmed beard. He was wearing a dress of an expensive cloth, which was worn out from here and there and turned black due to dirt and sweat. The same was true of his shoes. He wore a bandage on his

right hand, which he waved in the air in an awkward way. There was filth on his face and around his eyes.

I concluded he was a beggar of some sort. I couldn't decide quickly what to give him. But my hand suddenly slipped into the pocket and took out my wallet. I gave a ten rupee note to him ; but he tore it into pieces, and shouted : "I want my money." I was completely shaken. I couldn't understand what he wanted. Then a smile appeared on his face : "You think I am a beggar or a mad man? No, I am not mad. The whole world's a fool! ...Ha Ha..." And he burst into a loud laughter. I was totally unnerved. Then a naive smile appeared on his face, and in childish tone he said, "I am not bad, I am not invalid, I am not mad." As he said the second sentence, he grew serious and shouted the last sentence into my ear. For the first time I realised that the man was mad. "I want my money. No, no...I want my wife, I want my children", he started crying. I had no doubt about his madness.

Selfish like other people, I wanted to get rid of him, but I didn't know how. Then when he stopped crying, he opened his palm. In it he was carrying something which I had not noticed so far. It was a locket. He threw it into my car and said, "Take it away, take it away. I don't want these memories. I don't like them. I don't, I don't..." He started crying like a baby. Then he stopped and snatched the wallet from my hand. He took out three ten rupee notes, and handed me the empty wallet. That was all I was carrying. He then looked at them and tore them into pieces, saying : "These are not mine, not mine" and throwing them up into the air, walked away, laughing and shouting : "I don't trust anybody. Ha Ha! You are all cheats. This world is a fraud. Ha Ha!"

I took a deep breath of relief and started off. Now my thoughts were far from the business matters. I started thinking about the mad people. Once I had a friend named Wajahat. We had grown up together. Unlike me Wajahat was a genius : an exceptional sportsman and an excellent student, the son of an honest man known for his honesty in the whole area. His and Farrah's was a love marriage. They were a devoted couple, honest and sincere in love. Wajahat chose business as his profession, but unluckily went bankrupt.

One day in London I learnt that Wajahat's wife and children

were killed in a road accident. When after six months I came back home, I found that his house was no more his. On enquiring I was told that Wajahat had gone mad and his whereabouts were unknown. Since then I had never heard of or seen Wajahat.

I looked at the mile stone ; another fifteen minutes journey was left. I took out a cigarette and lit it. As I was placing the cigarette packet back, my eyes fell on the locket. I picked it up and found in it two photographs, one of Wajahat and the other of Farrah. I wanted to run back and find him out, but I was helpless. I was terror-stricken.

Wajahat had met me but had parted in anguish.

Ft. Cdt. W/U/O Wamiq Abrar (I)

66 GD (P)

Man is a Radio-Set

Man himself is a radio-set made by the great Architect and Builder of nature. Just as our radio-sets differ in their powers of reception, so do men in their powers of receiving the hidden messages.

Hypnotism and mesmerism are nowadays commonly known as powers exerted by one man over others. Telepathy is also the name given to the phenomenon when the thoughts of one man are received by the other. We see a saint communicating his thoughts to his disciple and also reading the thoughts of others. He is not able to explain this scientifically but the fact cannot be denied.

Scientific explanation is easy when we understand the natural laws. "Every thought in the mind is the result of an agitation in the molecules forming our body and the atoms forming the molecules cause a disturbance in medium which pervades everywhere. This disturbance produces waves just like the waves of light and electricity and are received by another person just like a radio-set.

It is through practice and purification of ideas that a saint develops his powers as a receiving set and his powers of transmission to another person living at a far off distance.

Telepathy is usually observed between persons having filial love. Mothers and sisters who love their children and brothers usually feel uneasy when their loved ones are not well. It is an electric connection caused by a disturbance in the medium by the thoughts of the one who makes the other receive these waves. In this case purity is obtained through filial love.

If a man develops love for everything that has been created by God, his powers of telepathy are developed in all cases as love for everything purifies his mind and his thoughts are freed from envy, hatred, malice, falsehood, revenge and other evil desires and thus the vibrations in all things are received by him.

Every man can develop his powers in this respect. But every man is not as good a machine as the other is. Some men are gifted

in one way while others are in the other way. Some have a good memory and can recite a full poem after hearing it once but are no good at mathematics. Defect in one way is made up in another way. A blind man usually develops a good memory, because his thoughts are not disturbed by the sight of objects around him. He also develops the instinct of finding his way. Though his eyes do not see, his mind gives him the warning of an approaching danger through the vibrations in the medium around us.

Thus we see that different men have one defect or the other and therefore are not perfect machines for receiving or transmitting waves of all lengths. For proper reception they have to develop their powers of receiving waves of all kinds of lengths.

Flt. Cdt. Faqir Muhammad Bhatti (AD)

67 GD (P)

The Boil

Gopal's father had forbidden him to eat mangoes until the rains started because they were hot in effect and caused boils on the body. Gopal nodded but didn't keep the promise. The next day he had a good deal of mangoes, and a few days later he was stunned to see a big boil appearing on his left thigh. He kept it secret. He was afraid lest his father should come to know that he had had mangoes. The boil went on growing bigger and bigger. Then one day his father brought home an ointment which he said was an effective cure for boils. Gopal carefully watched where his mother kept it.

A little later he somehow managed to steal the ointment when he saw his mother was not around. He needed a helper for the dressing. Helplessly he told the secret to Nirmala, his younger sister, who agreed to help him. They took the necessary material and went up to the roof. The way Nirmala started preparing the pad of ointment, it seemed as if she was engaged in a great venture. She was just eleven, very innocent and cute.

"Will it cure you?" she asked Gopal.

"Yes, I think," he said, "one dressing will do."

"But why do boils appear?" she wanted to know.

"Because of heat," replied Gopal. "By having edibles with hot effect," he added.

Suddenly the two eggs Nirmala had taken about two months back flashed through her mind. Putting her cute little chin on the pad of her hand, she went into deep thinking. Then the two were alerted by steps on the stairs. They hid the things quickly and slunk away.

Gopal became busy in his activities. Later in the day the thought of dressing his boil again came to his mind. He crossed the compound. He heard his father and mother laughing over something. Stealthily he went up to the roof. Suddenly he caught sight of

Nirmala busy doing something. He stood behind the door and started peeping at her.

Nirmala spread the ointment on a pad of cloth and unbuttoned her shirt. There was a little round swelling on the right of her chest. She placed the pad and started pressing it gently around the swelling.

(Translated from Minto)

Flt. Cdt. Babar Meer (I)

67 GD(P)

Life As I See It

Life, as I see it, is a homogeneous concoction of emotions, sentiments and ethical values. Different proportions of these shape and mould our lives.

In every existing sociological order in the world we can find these components or elements in different quantities. It is these basic ingredients which characterise our way of living and towards which nearly all the religions of the world tend. I say that these are characteristic of our way of living, because the only beings who live by these things are the homosapiens.

These emotions and sentiments are nothing but states of the mind as guided by ethical considerations. And it is these which sometimes make life undeniably cruel and sometimes unimaginably pleasant, giving rise to pessimism and optimism—two sometimes fatal human weaknesses.

Again, it is the different proportions of these constituents in different human beings which give rise to conflicts in the mind. These conflicts, if not erased by the spirit of mutual accommodation, may make life miserable and unlivable.

But if we control our emotions and sentiments and mould them according to ethical values, it would bring immense happiness to life and ensure its being useful and worthwhile. Thus, by doing so, we would fulfil the basic and fundamental requirements of our religious and sociological order.

Flt. Cdt. Ejaz A. Shameem (A)

68 GD (P)

The New Home

Neelam looked at her brother who was standing in the sun as he had been ordered by his step-mother. Young, slim, blue-eyed, broad-browed, this was Muhammad Ali. Although he was in his fourteenth year, he did not look that. His muscles were as weak as his attitude towards life. He was only three years of age when his mother had died and since then he was at the mercy of his step-mother.

It was again not his fault. How could he come back from school earlier as he had to walk back all the distance. His mother had told him to stand in the sun for one hour and he was to go without food that day.

"What is life?" Ali thought, "Nothing but curses from step-mother." Then he remembered what his teacher had taught him about another Muhammad Ali, who had become famous as Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah. "Ohh, what a difference between the two Muhammad Ali's! Had he been in my place, Pakistan would not have been created."

Then he thought about his sister who was looking at him. "She always helps me. If mother is not going to give me food, Neelam will. She is really nice to me as Miss Fatima Jinnah was to her brother. I wish I were the Quaid-i-Azam."

Neelam had always wished her brother to be a great man. "Why is mother so cruel to us? Why does she curse and abuse us even when we do all that she orders?"

"Neelam, what are you doing here?" shouted the mother from the door. "Mom mother I was thinking what to do next after having washed the clothes," she lied. "Bitch, liar! Get down and iron your father's clothes; press mine too you are getting lazy day by day. And why the hell are you standing there, you fool!" Then the mother grumbled at Ali, "Face the sun properly. I wish I could break your head."

Just then father arrived from office. He went straight to his room and mother followed him. He saw Neelam turning back with a gloomy look on her face. He was sad. "I should run away from home. Enough is enough. I can't trouble my sister like that. I'll make a home of mine, where both of us will live happily. I must run away."

He took quick steps and just when he was at the door, his sister appeared. She called him back but he didn't listen to her and started running. The sister cried, the mother shouted and the father came out of his room and pursued Ali. Getting hold of him, he shouted, "You bastard, I will hang you upside down; I will tear you into pieces." Father had never been so cruel before. He was terribly shocked.

Later in the night when his body was aching after a good beating his father called him to his room. He was as kind as ever. "Poor son," he said and kissed him on the forehead. Ali started crying. "What made you run away, my child?" he asked. "Is your mother not good to you?" Ali cried and cried. "I understand everything. I know how your mother treats you. I have kept quiet up till now," went on his father, "Now you'll have no more trouble. I'll send you to your aunty's. Would you like?" Ali nodded and smiled with tears in his eyes. He had another place to live in. He had won a new home for himself and his sister.

Flt. Cdt. Anjum Zia (M)
68 GD (P)

Childhood Recollections

Childhood I can never forget,
'Twas my most precious time ;
That naive heart and innocent smile,
When life was in its prime.

Hectic and the cunning world,
Was a beauty then to me ;
A charming, little fairyland,
As a grown up I no more see.

Though pleased and displeased,
I often used to be,
Childish ignorance was a bliss,
And happy I'd always be.

Answerable was I to none,
Whatever in the world I did ;
My father's wallet, my mother's purse,
In my undergarment I often hid.

A stubborn general I would become,
Wearing a little uniform,
With my mother on my side,
We would attack my father in storm.

But of all the fathers,
My father was the greatest to me ;
And often I would stick to him,
As to a flower a honey bee.

How I always wished to be,
Like my elder brother so tall ;
So that to open the outer door,
No one 'll I have to call.

And soon I learnt the trick,
To make my parents agree,
I would often refuse to eat,
And make them worry for me.

But gone are the happy days,
When I was tender and young,
Gone are the memories for ever,
When even crows so beautifully sang.

Oh, how can ever one forget ?
As children what were we ;
The whole world's gold and wealth,
Can't buy these fantasies from me.

Flu. Cdt. W/U/O Wamiq Abrar (I)

66 GD (P)

Courage is All

I dreamt a martyr came up to me,
With a heavenly smile he gave me a scroll,
Glistening clear and in golden blocks,
With a writing in bold that 'Courage is All'.

Courage could be defined as standing firm and steadfast for a certain cause in conditions whether adverse or favourable. Iqbal employs the word 'Ishq' for bravery, confidence, risk and initiative, and courage is perhaps synonymous with Ishq.

A person lacking courage cannot even please his Lord. Courage is a ladder that leads man to his Lord and gets him a status even higher than that of angels. It was courage which urged Prophet Moses to implore his Lord for a glimpse. It was due to the Holy Prophet's courage and stamina that Islam spread throughout Arabia by the time he passed away. Courage is not the monopoly of any particular class of people ; it is a quality of the human heart and is found in men belonging to all classes of society.

Sometimes it is very hard to utter what is true. But the real fighter is he who proclaims the right caring the least for the consequences. Your tongue should not tally with what the situation demands but with what the heart declares. If you have a strong faith and a genuine courage, you can brush aside any hurdle that comes your way.

The world is not narrow for those who endeavour. Man had been thinking about the vast universe and its mysteries. But with one leap of courage he has made the distances shrink before him. You can get anything you search for and achieve anything you think of. But what you need is the heart of a lion, the leap of a cheeta, and the gaze of an eagle.

It is not life if you have no worries, no problems and no risk in life ; life is supposed to be full of all these. Your destination will not fall in your lap ; if it does, it is not your destination ; leave it

behind and push on. If you are not earnest to be crowned, you will not be crowned. Those plans which are not put into practice, fizzle out. The nations which are lazy, cowardly and inactive meet their doom soon. Only those nations survive, which are eager to live and ready to fight any danger.

Courage includes confidence as well. If a person thinks he cannot do a certain job he shall never do it. A poet has very well said :

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins,
Is the man who thinks he can.

Another poet says :

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone ;
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

Flt. Cdt. Babar Meer (I)
67 GD (P)

Through a Defence and Denial Exercise

A signal cartridge was fired and the exercise started. I could hear the voices of the guards roaming around the Camp. It was a moonlit night and the weather was cold. On my right a small stream flowed quietly. The Camp was about 400 yards away, and I was hiding in a trench surrounded by thorny bushes.

Suddenly I heard footsteps. It was Safeer and another person. They were talking aloud and could be easily heard. I guessed that they were the only two guards on that side. I was happy that the defence on my side was weak. I planned to come out of the trench as soon as possible. But unfortunately the two guards sat down on the platform in front of me.

Every second of the exercise was precious. But I had to stay in the trench till all was clear. The road was about 50 yards on my left. I saw the head lights of a truck, and tried to squeeze myself to escape the light. Just then an idea came to my mind that I should crawl when a truck or bus passed by me. But as the guards were very near, I did not carry out the plan.

The exercise started at 8 p.m. when our GSTO gave instructions to 67 and 68 GD courses. Then 67 GD were dispersed and the guards from 68 GD course were given special instructions. I as a spy was also present and understood all their plans. Suddenly somebody shouted, "Check that there is no 67 GD chap present." I also started looking around. A boy standing near me seemed to have a suspicion about me, but as it was very dark, he could not recognise me. I had a fur cap over my head. The boy held me by the arm and asked my name. Without thinking I said, "Zaheer". Unluckily that boy himself was Zaheer. So I was caught red-handed. However, Flt. Lt. G. I. Khan came to my rescue and I was let off.

I came back to my group and informed my Group Commander about their plans. I also gave him a few suggestions and he allowed

me to follow them. I took help from a Pathan labourer, and persuaded him to lend me his chaddar. As the exercise had not yet started, I wanted to stay away for as long as possible. Then I requested the labourer to accompany me to the Camp, which he agreed to do. I also requested him to go on talking in Pushto so that the guards might think I was also a Pathan.

When we entered the Camp area, I met Saeed Sarwar who was carrying a lantern in his hand. He recognised me although I was wrapped in the chaddar. He told me to retreat as the exercise had not yet begun. I got very upset due to the failure of my beautiful plan. I went back to the hill side, and found Kafeel lying in a field. From there we started advancing towards the Camp as the exercise started.

I suggested that we should approach the Camp one at a time, so that if detected only one should be caught. So Kafeel went forward by crawling but he was seen by a guard and arrested. I kept back. The night was calm and the soil of the field very cold. Dogs were barking at a distance. Then I heard a fire shot. It indicated the end of the exercise. I went back to the Camp. There I met Flt. Lt. Sher Ali who told us that people were not being honest. Therefore the whole exercise would have to be re-started.

I went back again and lay in the trench. I could hear Safeer talking. Then I heard somebody coming. It was Cpl. Asghar. He was going towards the tunnel just in front of me. There he stood and started hissing. I just controlled my laughter because I knew there was Pasha inside the tunnel. Cpl. Asghar, however, couldn't detect him and walked away with Safeer.

As soon as I found a clearance I began to crawl towards the Camp. When I reached near the coach I hid myself under it, because somebody was coming that way. I stayed there for about five minutes, hung from the axle. Though I had to strain my arm muscles a great deal, I had no alternative. As the man went away I again started crawling and entered the 50 yards radius without a check. I felt highly pleased with myself and increased the speed of crawling without caring for the pain and injuries on my elbows and knees.

I entered the O. C's tent by crawling. He told me to stand up and congratulated me on my success. Just after me a number of other 67 GD cadets also entered the Camp area from the same side. They were able to invade the Camp within 20 minutes and the exercise came to an end.

Flt. Cdt. Muhammad Ashraf (I)
67 GD (P)

A Cadet's Dictionary

Appointment :	...	A 9' × 7' Room
Blacklist :	...	Centre of attraction
Commission :	...	A daydream
Discipline :	...	A kind of khaki uniform
Examination :	...	A night-mare
Haireut :	...	Wearing two caps in uniform
Juniors :	...	Touch me not
Marching :	...	Fooling around
Marriage :	...	A safe deposit certificate
Prep-Room :	...	An announcement stage
Relegation :	...	A common experience
Seniors :	...	Lords
Sports :	...	Wastage of time
Sunday :	...	Shortest day of the week
Tests :	...	Misfortunes

Flt. Cdt. Saifoor (Y)
66 GD (P)

Away from the Wings

It all happened during my training. I was a flight cadet then. I had flown 130 hours on a jet trainer. On 27th February, 1975 which was a clear day, I checked the flying schedule. I had to fly a mission that day at 1500 hours. I collected the Met report, which indicated an easterly wind after 1400 hours. Everything else was favourable.

I reached the flight lines at 1430 hours. After 15 minutes my instructor also arrived. We took out the aircraft to the runway. I was at the controls. I made the final call on the R/T and took permission to take off. Soon after that we were airborne, the instructor sitting on my right. We gained height. At 22,000 feet, the instructor took the controls. He was trying to teach me a new manoeuvre Spin.

Before the practical demonstration he had explained everything to me on the ground. He stalled the plane and then put it in a helical path by full rudder deflection. The plane started going down at an accelerating speed. I was looking down at a pin point. The instructor was supposed to recover the spin at 18,000 feet. I looked at the instructor at 18,000 feet ; he was busy with the instruments. I was expecting that he would recover very soon. The danger line of 16,000 feet was also crossed. The aircraft was now approaching the ground at a very fast speed. At 14,000 feet I felt like asking the instructor why he did not recover, but God knows why I kept quiet.

"The aircraft has crossed the danger line, sir", I shouted at last. "Eject", shouted back the instructor. The word "Eject" appeared like a bomb blast to me as it was absolutely unexpected. For a fraction of a second I could not think anything. Then suddenly my mind started working. I pulled a few levers in sequence. I heard a bullet like sound and the canopy went off. After a second I was thrown up by a powerful rocket. My whole blood came down to my feet and I do not know what happened afterwards. I regained

my senses after the parachute opened. I was descending at a steady velocity. I looked for the instructor who had ejected after me. He was going down 150 feet below me.

Now I could see the whole scene on the ground which was 7,000 feet below. There were three villages nearby each other; people could be seen oozing out and rushing towards our expected landing spot. On my left there was a small hill and about two miles away there was a jungle. The wind at that time was about 25 knots blowing towards the jungle from the hill.

The wind dragged me towards the jungle. I tried my best to avoid it but could not. I selected a field for landing and was able to maintain the direction though with difficulty and finally landed at the right spot. I felt secure as I touched the ground. I felt as if I had come back home after a tiring journey. The people approached after a little while. They guided me to my instructor who had landed earlier.

When asked why he had ordered ejection, he said that the rudder had got stuck at the maximum deflection. We went to the nearest police post and made a call to our Base. Soon a helicopter arrived to collect us. At the Base we had a thorough medical check up and were found fit.

Much time has passed since I ejected but I still can recollect the vivid instant I was in the air away from the wings.

Flt. Cdt. Mahmood Ahmad (I)
66 GD (P)

How Sports Mould Your Personality

It takes a pretty long time to understand a person and learn about his habits and qualities. People stay together for long and yet remain ignorant of the qualities of their friends. At times they are heard saying that they never knew that so and so was a cowardly or selfish person. The sports field is a place where nobody can keep a curtain on his personality.

Let's have a look at the hockey field where a match is in progress. You would surely find a boy playing a selfish game. He would not pass the ball to a player standing just next to him. He would try to dodge the whole team and lose the ball in the end. Though he might get a lot of scolding from the captain he will not stop being selfish. You often hear the captain shouting at a player to remain up and play as a forward instead of falling back in defence. But the player cannot change his nature, and therefore has to be replaced by a more suitable player.

After the game is over you will always see one or a couple of players still practising. They are the keen types, keen to learn as much of the game as possible. They possess a competitive spirit; you will often find such chaps around you; they are the ones who replace others in the field as and when the occasion arises.

Let's see what is going on in the football field. Look at the boy who has turned his face away when an opponent is going to kick the ball. The opponent, in fact, didn't kick; he only dodged him and took the ball away. This player is definitely a coward. He turned his face away from reality. He cannot face the hardships of life. Whenever he is in trouble, he will close his eyes to avoid it. He will sit idle and wait for the bad days to be over.

It is generally seen that the ball is lying at an equal distance between two players. They both run for it, one stops a little short of it and the other carries it away. In fact, the other player was afraid of the collision. Those who are daring and possess initiative

enjoy sweet fruits of their effort, others are left behind in the race to stay rotting in the sun.

Sometimes one sees two players colliding and falling on the ground. One gets up with a broken arm while the other is still lying on the ground crying like a baby. The injured player has shown a lot of grit ; he moves quietly to the hospital and soon gets well. The other has shown no endurance and power to stand to crisis.

Similarly a disciplined player will never object to the decision of the referee. He will take all decisions coolly and go on playing steadfastly. He will even play a better game if he finds his team losing. He will fight to the last and will not show any sign of weakness. Such spirited players are often seen bringing their team back into the game and winning victory in the end. These are the men of crisis who believe in the great saying : "Never give in till you have made your last attempt ; and never make your last attempt till you have succeeded."

Now have a look at a game of basketball. It is the basketball court where the boys can show how fair they are, because it is easier to play a foul game. It's a fast game. One has to think and act in quick sequence. If a player delays a pass, he causes a setback to his own team.

One can see how honest a person is when he is playing cricket. A batsman goes out to bat after fielding for two days. On the very first ball he edges a snick into the gloves of the wicket keeper. The wicket keeper makes a strong appeal, but the umpire turns it down. Suddenly you see the batsman going out of his own accord. Had he wanted to continue to play, he could have done so, but he is an honest man.

This shows that the sportsfield is a place where the player's personality and character can be easily judged. Few people can meet the challenges of the sportsfield without getting themselves exposed.

Flt. Cdt. U/O Muhammad Husain (R)
66 GD (P)

Backbiting

Abu Zarr Ghifari relates that the Prophet said : "O Abu Zarr, a slanderer will not enter Paradise." He asked, "Who is a slanderer, Sir?" The Holy Prophet replied : "He who backbites. A backbiter cannot be safe from the punishment of Allāh Almighty, in the next world."

A man may have certain qualities which we may like, while he may have some others which we may not like. Now if we express politely and sincerely, and not in the presence of others, our dislike to him, he may take it in a spirit of friendship and it will do no harm but will do good. But if someone is not sincere to point out the defects of a person in the above manner, he will mention them in his absence. This is backbiting. It is subject to the condition that the person passing the remarks or offering comments in absentia has the intention or motive to defame the individual concerned.

This can be explained by a practical example. A man lies sick. His disease will have to be mentioned and explained to the doctor. The causes of the illness will have to be brought to the notice of the physician. If the patient is hesitant to take the medicine, the matter will have to be reported to the physician. And this when said in the presence of the patient will not fall under backbiting (gheebat), because this reporting is in the interest of safety and good health of the individual.

Similarly a man may be poor and helpless. If he is introduced to a rich and high placed person, so that the latter could help him, the mention of the former's handicaps and economic difficulties will not be counted under backbiting. The reason is simple. The intention of the man was not to degrade or insult the poor man; it was in his best interest.

On the definition of backbiting the Holy Prophet said :

"It is to mention a quality of a brother which he would dislike to be mentioned."

Hazrat Abu Zarr asked :

“Will it be backbiting if the quality is really present in the person?”

Replied the Holy Prophet :

“If you mention a weakness which actually exists in the person, it will be backbiting ; if you mention something which is not there at all, it will be calumny.”

Backbiting can be of various types :

- (1) Backbiting about lineage : To say that the father of So and So is wicked, corrupt, or a mean person.
- (2) Backbiting in connection with the nature of a person : To say that So and So is ill-tempered, proud, touchy, etc.
- (3) Backbiting concerning material life : To say that So and So is uncultured, uncivilised, a glutton, talkative, etc.
- (4) Backbiting with regard to dress or appearance : To say that So and So is dirty in look, clothes, etc.

Backbiting is not restricted to statements. It also includes signs and gestures made to draw attention to somebody's weaknesses, defects, etc. Similarly backbiting may be indulged in through writing, for “The pen also has a tongue.”

Ft. Cdt. Amjad Ahmad (Y)
71 GD (P)

Things to Think On

Three things to love :

Courage, gentleness and Sincerity.

Three things to delight in :

Truth, Freedom and Beauty.

Three things to admire :

Wisdom, Dignity and Self-control.

Three things to hate :

Cruelty, Arrogance and Deceit.

Three things to avoid :

Idleness, Carelessness and Intemperance.

Three things to govern :

Temper, Tongue and Conduct.

Three things to fight for :

Honour, Country and Home.

Three things to cherish :

Health, Friends and Character.

Three things to think about :

Life, God and Eternity.

Flt. Cdt. Tariq Azmat (M)

72 GD (P)

Look Out, O Muslims !

It was the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th century when the hunger of territorial expansion of the western nations resulted in bringing many Muslim countries under their sway. Why were the Muslim nations subdued ? It happened so because they had given up following the Divine Law brought by the Holy Prophet of Islam. They were not living up to the tenets of Islam : they had started doing all that they had been asked to abstain from.

The Muslim people after being subdued had lost their characteristic qualities. They lacked moral courage, and could not resist the western influence. Some of them possessed courage but had weak muscles. They could not put their resources to proper use. The West tried to westernise Islam by giving its principles their own interpretation. They produced subversive literature which adversely affected the thinking of the Muslims. Now they liked to be called "enlightened and broad-minded" instead of "rigid and old fashioned". The western writers depicted the Islamic ways in dark colours so that the Muslims may develop hatred from their faith.

The western influence has made its impact to a large extent. The Muslims today are indulging in all those evils which are characteristic of the western way of life. They see nude pictures, read pornographic literature, enjoy dirty songs, which are the means of intensifying sex hunger. If someone tries to dissuade them from such evils, they call him narrow-minded and mullah.

Now the question is : who will teach us the Islamic ways of life ? Our elders are themselves given to western practices. They have little genuine sympathy for Islam. That is why their approach to everything is materialistic. Islam, on the other hand, is a Divine Code which requires man to make full use of his physical and mental powers to reform the world. The Muslim has to be a 'Mujahid' and should fight for the cause of right and to eradicate evil.

7, 'Look Out'. It is high time that you
 be bull by the horns. Make a solemn
 utmost to reinforce your faith, will spare
 actors, will try to refrain from every evil.
 from following your high ideals single-
 y. Islam is not only a theory but a
 s of life as was demonstrated by our

Flt. Cdt. Khawar Aslam (R)
69 GD (P)

aid-e-Azam

ie best each Pakistani should have.

eat need.

ty, our Sovereign.

/ for which Pakistan was created.

our ideals.

to work for the nation and country.

ICES : safeguarding Pakistan against

r belief in immortal Pakistan.

sadly relations with all other countries.

D, for which we offered untold sacrifices.

Flt. Cdt. Huider Hussain

The Era of Missiles

This is the era of missiles. In other words, the modern world is being governed by missiles. The leading countries which manufacture missiles are the USA, USSR, France and Britain. We give below a brief account of some of the more important missiles.

1. Sasin (SS-8: USSR) :

These are the intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBM). Between them the two types of ICBMs account for 200 of the present Soviet ICBM launcher strength, some in silos, some in semi-hardened emplacements. Storable liquid propellant is used which ranges between 10 and 15 megatons and can cover ranges of 5,000 nautical miles. It is a cylindrical body with a second stage of smaller diameter. It has no fins, its length is 80 feet and range 6,500 miles. Its guidance is inertial and it has a thermonuclear warhead 5-10 megaton yield.

2. Gabriel :

This is an Israeli missile completed in 1970 and exported to other countries in 1972. Since then there have been many new versions of this missile. It is a shipborne surface to surface missile. It is cylindrical in shape with a pointed nose. Its length is 11 feet and diameter 12.8 inches. Its span is 4 ft. 6½ inches, and weight 882 lbs. It has two stage solid propellant. Its range is 14 miles. It has a high explosive warhead 150 to 180 kg.

3. SLCM (ZBGM-110) :

Manufactured by the USA, it is a submarine launched cruise missile. It has two versions and both are suitable for launching from a standard 21 inch torpedo tube. The range of tactical model is 300 knots and of strategic SLCM 1500 knots. Its cruising speed is subsonic and it favours a low level flight path. Its type is submarine surface and air launched cruise missile. Its configuration will incorporate provisions for torpedo tube launching such as folding of wings

and control surfaces. Its length is 18 ft. 9 in. and diameter 1 ft. 9 in. Its span and weight are not specified. The interesting thing about this is that it is an airbreathing turbofan. Its warhead is probably alternative high explosive and nuclear versions.

4. Minuteman I, II, III (LGM-30 A/B/F/G):

There are four versions of this type out of which two are in use, Minuteman II and III. Both versions are of the same size but the G version is heavier. Successful experiments of this missile have been carried out. This type is Intercontinental Ballistic type. Its configuration is cylindrical and has no fins or wings. Its diameter is 6 ft. Its guidance is inertial plus on board pre-programmed digital computer. It has a thermonuclear 1-2 megaton single warhead or 3 x 170 kilotons.

5. Blood Hound Mk. 2 :

This is used by many European countries and was manufactured in 1964. This is a surface to air missile. It is a cylindrical body with a pointed nose. Its length is 27 ft. 9 in. and diameter 1 ft. 3½ in. It has two Rolls-Royce Bristol Thorram jets and four jettisonable bristolacrojet boosters. Its range is 50 miles. Its guidance is semi-active radar homing, twist and steer control. Its warhead is high explosive, proximity fused.

6. Titan II (LGM—25 D) :

This is an improved version of earlier HGM—25 A Titan I. It carries the largest of all American ICBM payloads and has a launch reaction time of one minute from its fully hardened underground silo. It is an Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. It is a cylindrical body with constant diameter having no fins. Its length is 103 ft. and diameter 10 ft. Weight 330, 000 lbs. Its range is 6,300 miles. Its guidance is inertial and warhead thermonuclear plus comprehensive penetration aids, 5 + megaton yields.

(Reference : *Janes Book of Missiles*).

Flt. Cdt. Abid Masood (I)

I Have Seen the Atom But . . .

The physics lesson was going on. The topic was Special Theory of Relativity and Time Dilation. Everybody was taking full interest, but I . . . I was somewhere else. I was feeling as if I had attained the speed of light and was moving round the world like an electron. Though I passed by big cities, I was moving too fast to see the Lake of Geneva, Venus, the white House and many other small things.

After completing a number of rounds of the world, I decided to visit the past. Next moment I found myself in the Science City where I met people like Marconi, Flemming, Graham Bell, Edison, Stephenson and so many others. Nearby I saw a big building named 'Atomic Mansion.' I entered a room and found Mr. Dalton busy counting the electrons of a lead atom ; in another room I found Faraday making solutions and trying to pass electric current through them ; in still another room Rutherford was busy inspecting the orbits of electrons and thinking of putting forward a new assumption. I approached him respectfully and requested him to withhold his assumption till I had cleared my F. Sc.

A moment later I jumped into another room through the window and lo, I beheld Planck, Einstein and Bohr sitting around a table and discussing some problem. Bohr was making some terrible calculations and Einstein was producing energy from a metallic eagle, which he had removed from a berret cap. Near him I saw an atomic model and was surprised to see the electrons taking rounds and the protons and neutrons sitting idle like our seniors.

In the meantime I had the privilege to speak to Mr. Bohr. He seemed to be well pleased to see me and asked, "How do you find my postulates ?" I respectfully answered, "Sir, you got the Nobel Prize for your three postulates, but I am getting three Restrictions daily for it Thank God you did not put forward fourteen postulates." I again turned my attention to the Atomic Model and saw the electrons

taking rounds as before with a higher stamina than that possessed by our junior cadets.

I had a chance to have a little conversation with a neutron and a proton who were seemingly watching the electrons taking rounds. It went like this :

I : Hullo, Neutron, how are you ?

N : Fine dear !

I : How about you atom ?

N : Nothing to say dear, I am a neutral body and do not wish to interfere in others' affairs.

I : Remain neutral, thanks !

(To a proton) : How do you do ?

P : Keep shut, an electron is leaving the atom.

I : So what, if it is leaving the atom ?

P : Then we'll be in majority and take over charge of the atomic state.

I : Oh I see ! wish you good luck !

(To an electron after it had left the atom)

I : Hullo dear electron, why did you leave the atom ?

E : Because I was forced to.

I : Now, what about future ?

E : I'll go where I am needed most : to chlorine, iodine, fluorine, . . . I'll be welcome anywhere.

I : You are the fastest moving object ; how were you caught by the scientists ?

E : Oh, they didn't catch me ; they only observed my movement.

I : But why don't you take it easy ? Why can't you go about lousily like lords, like our seniors ?

E : I am not foolish.

I wanted to put another question, but then suddenly somebody shouted : CLASS !!!—and I came back to the class. Next day I found my name on the Notice Board saying that I had been awarded seven Extra Drills for SLEEPING in the class room.

—And when I was doing Extra Drill the next day, I was cursing myself for having flown to the past and enjoying time with our dear friends. Then I consoled myself saying, “Forget the past, dear ! Calculate and get the results of all your Restrictions by using Bohr and Planck’s formulae.”

Flt. Cdt. Mashhood (M)

Farewell !

Good bye one, good bye all,
Maybe we meet, maybe we not,
But one thing I’ll assure you all,
I’ll keep the pride of the PAF:

I’ll fly my plane as Alam did,
And stun the living world ;
I’ll crush the enemy as Yunus did,
And die in the way of God.

I wish you good luck, dear friends,
I’ll keep on fighting till the last ;
As for myself I hope to earn,
A never ending glorious life.

Flt. Cdt. Perci Edul Virjee

Prize Winners : 1976-77

A. Pre- F. Sc. Examination —Sept. 1975. (67th. G. D. (P.)

Ist. Sohail Gul Khan.

2nd. Hafiz M. Hanif Awan.

B. Pre-F.Sc. Examination—March, 1976 (68th G.D. (P).

2nd. Year A.

Ist. Anwar Ahmad Bhatti.

2nd. Aizaz Ahmad.

2nd Year B.

Ist. Arsalan Afzal.

2nd. Humayun Khurshid.

C. End of Term Examination—June 1976.

Ist. Year A.

Ist. Khalid Mahmood.

2nd. Mohammad Siddique.

Ist. Year B.

Ist. Akhtar Mahmood.

2nd. Humayun Hamid Baig.

III Year A.

Ist. S. Athar Husain.

2nd. Ghulam Mujaddid.

III-Year B.

Ist. Sarfraz Ahmad.

2nd. Wamiq Abrar.

D. Pre-F.Sc. Examination Sept. 1976. (69th G.D. (P))**II Year A.**

Ist. Javaid Ahmad Malik.
2nd. Syed Shahid Mahmood.

II Yr. B.

Ist. Sohail Aman.

E. End of Term Examination—Dec. 1976.**Ist. Yr. A.**

Ist. Mohammad Afzal.
2nd. S. Hasnain Haider.

Ist. Yr. B.

Ist. Farjad ur-Rehman.
2nd. Anis ur-Rehman.

II Yr. A.

Ist. Mohammad Siddique.
2nd. Khalid Mahmood.

II-Yr. B.

Ist. Shabbir Ahmad.
2nd. Akhtar Mahmood.

III-Year A.

Ist. Sohail Gul Khan.
2nd. Abid Husain Khwaja.

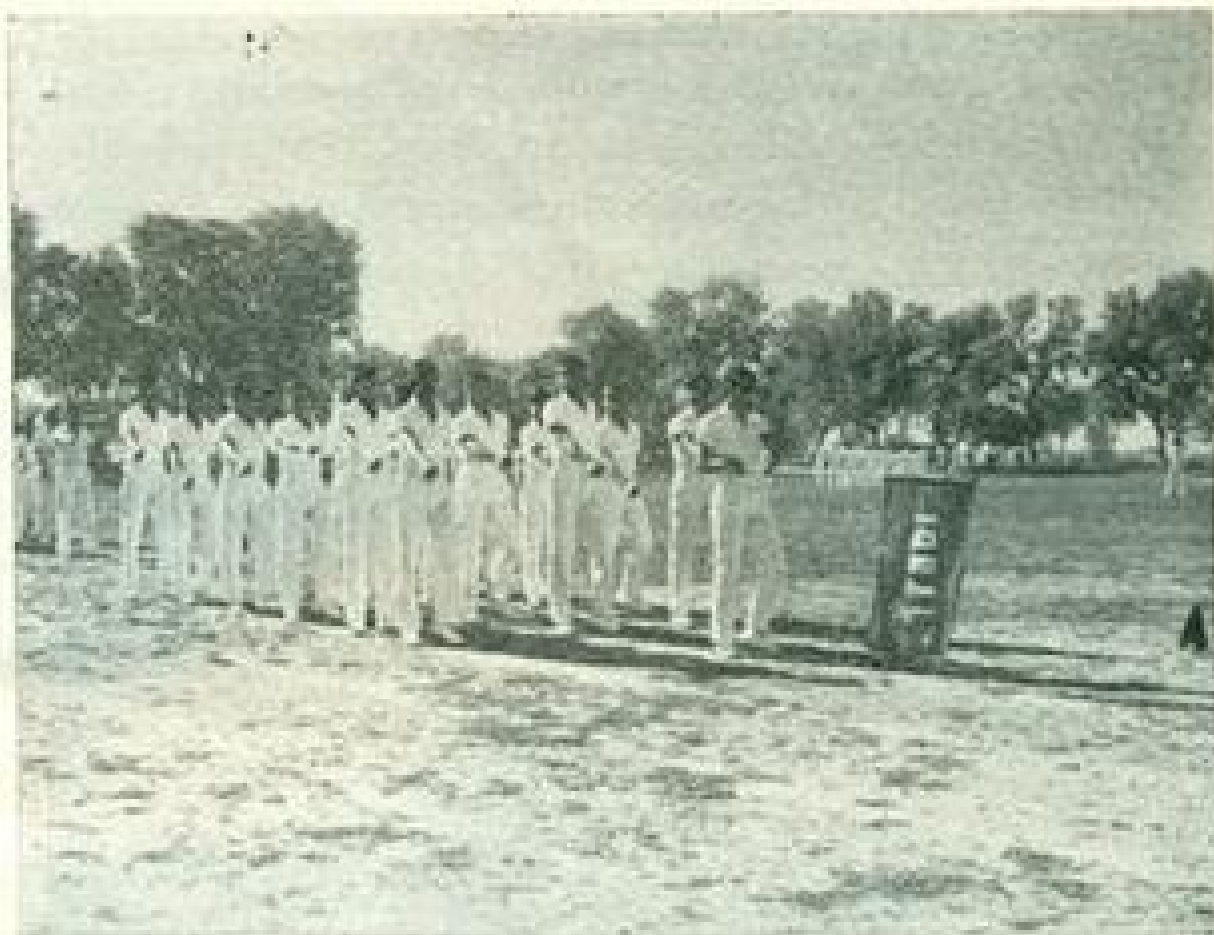
III-Year B.

Ist. Talat Mahmood.
2nd. Saeed Ahmad Butt.

F. Higher Secondary Examination of Sargodha Board (Spring) 1976.

Ist. in the Board. Haroon Bashir 814/1000.
2nd. in the Board. Anwar Ahmed Bhatti 813/1000.

Annual Sports Day



March Past



The Chief Guest, Air Vice Marshal M. Sadruddin, with the Principal



A View of the Guests

G. Higher Secondary Examination of Sargodha Board (Autumn) 1976.
1st. Khawar Aslam.

H. National Talent Award for Secondary School Certificate 1975.

Silver Medal for being 3rd. in the Board. Khalid Mahmood.

„ „ „ „ 7th. „ „ „ Saeed Mohammad
Khan.

I. National Talent Award for Higher Secondary School Certificate 1975.

Gold Medal for being 1st. in Sargodha Board as well as in all
Boards of Pakistan.

Sarfraz Ahmad. 819/1000.

Silver Medal for being 2nd. in the Board. Ghulam Mujaddid.
818/1000.

Silver Medal for being 3rd. in the Board. Wahid Khurshid.
808/1000.

Silver Medal for being 4th. in the Board. S. Athar Hussain.
805/1000.

Silver Medal for being 5th. in the Board. Sajid Javaid Butt.
804/1000.

J. Individual Prizes—Certificates of Merit.

Best English Speaker. Rizwan Yusaf.

Best Urdu Speaker. Mahboob Haider.

K. All-Pakistan Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest held at College of Aeronautical Engineering, Karachi.

Certificate of Merit. Rizwan Yusaf. For being second.

L. Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest—Dec., 1976.

1st. Prize in English. Rizwan Yusaf.

2nd. „ „ „ Sarfraz Ahmad.

3rd. „ „ Urdu. Irfan Elahi.

M. Pakistan National Centre Sargodha Organised a Competition for poems on Qaid-e-Azam at Ambala College.

1st. Prize. Ghulam Mujaddid.

2nd. „ Khalid Mahmood.

N. Certificate of Merit in Dramatics.

1st. Sajid Habib. Best Actor of the year.

2nd. Zulfiqar. Comedian Actor of the year.

3rd. Rizwan Yusaf. Supporting Actor. (Secretary of the Dramatic Club).

O. Camping Prizes : 67th G.D. (P) course went for Leadership Camp to Kalar Kahar.

Certificate of merit for Best Overall Performance. Sohail Gul Khan.

2nd Best. Nawaz.

P. Certificate of merit for Co-editors College Magazine.

1. Wamiq Abrar. English section.

2. Ghulam Mujaddid. Urdu section.

Q. College Colours :**Basketball :**

1. Wamiq Abrar. (Capt.)

2. Alvi.

3. Marwat.

Hockey

1. Irfan Elahi. (Capt.)

2. Mohammad Hussain.

3. Raja Rizwan.

4. Asif Chaudhry.

Football

1. Najmi.

2. Mumtaz.

3. Shahrukh.

4. Wahid Khurshid.

Cricket

1. Mohammad Hussain. (Capt.)

2. Sagar.

Swimming

1. Rizwan Yusaf. (Capt.)

2. Haqqani.

3. Wahid Khurshid.

4. Raja Rizwan.
5. Alvi.
6. Rashid.
7. Attique.
8. Raja Ehtisham.

Gymnastics 1. Sajid Habib.

- Athletics
1. Marwat. (Capt.) For setting a new record in Discus and Shot Put.
 2. Wahid Khurshid. New record in 400 Metres (Hurdles).
 3. Tanveer. New record in 1500 Metres.
 4. Ghulam Mujaddid.
 5. Anwar.
 6. Haroon.
 7. Imran. Best Athlete.
 8. Haqqani. 2nd Best Athlete.
- } Munir Sqn. Medlay Team.

Marathon Race held at Leadership Camp Swat.

(26 miles 385 yards).

1. Ghulam Mujaddid.
2. Mohammad Hussain.
3. Sarfraz Ahmad.
4. Aftab Cheema.

CUPS :

R. Drama Prizes.

1. Mahmud Bin Kafil.
2. Aliuddin.
3. Ali Imran.

S. Best Drill Commander.

1. Rizwan Yusaf.

T. Best Aeromodellers.

1. Mahmood Ahmad. Best Aeromodeller.
2. Ayaz-ul-Haq. Best Model Maker.

U. Wing-Under Officers Prize.

- I. Wamiq Abrar.
- V. Best Athlete of the Year. Ali Imran.
- 2nd. Best Athlete of the Year. Haqqani.

Inter-squadron Trophies.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1. Swimming. | Iqbal Sqn. |
| 2. Football. | Yunus Sqn. |
| 3. Hockey. | Yunus Sqn. |
| 4. Basketball. | Yunus Sqn. |
| 5. Drill. | Alauddin Sqn. |
| 6. Athletics. | Munir Sqn. |
| 7. Debate. | Yunus Sqn. |
| 8. Academics. | Alam Sqn. |
| 9. Chigwell Shield : | Overall Sports Championship. Yunus Sqn. |
| 10. Qaid-e-Azam Shield : | (For overall Performance).
Alauddin Sqn. |

Quaid-i-Azam Shield : 1976-77

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 ALAUDDIN Squadron. The second highest trophy, the Chigwell Shield, which is awarded for the best overall performance in sports went to YUNUS Squadron. Details of the positions obtained by each Squadron are given below :

	Alam	Alauddin	Iqbal	Munir	Minhas	Rafiquei	Yunus
Swimming:	V	II	I	VI	IV	III	IV
Football :	V	IV	II	VI	IV	III	I
Hockey :	I	III	V	V	VII	IV	I
Basketball:	V	VI	II	VI	III	III	I
Debate :	VII	IV	VI	III	V	II	I
Drill :	III	I	VI	II	V	VII	IV
Academics:	I	II	VI	III	IV	IV	V
Athletics :	VII	II	V	I	III	IV	VI
Chigwell :	VII	II	IV	V	VI	III	I
Quaid-i-Az- am Shield :	IV	I	VI	V	VI	III	II

Alauddin

Officer Incharge :	Mr. G. R. Bajwa, M.Sc., PGC. Ed. (Southampton).
2nd O. I/C :	Mr. Muhammad Tabir, M.A.
P.T.I. :	S/T Yunus
Under Officer :	Flt. Cdt. Raja Rizwan
Sergeant :	Flt. Cdt. Ayazul-Haq Quddusi
Corporals :	Flt. Cdts Sajid Mumtaz, Aftab Cheema
L.F.C's :	Flt. Cdts Hameed Qureshi, Shehryar

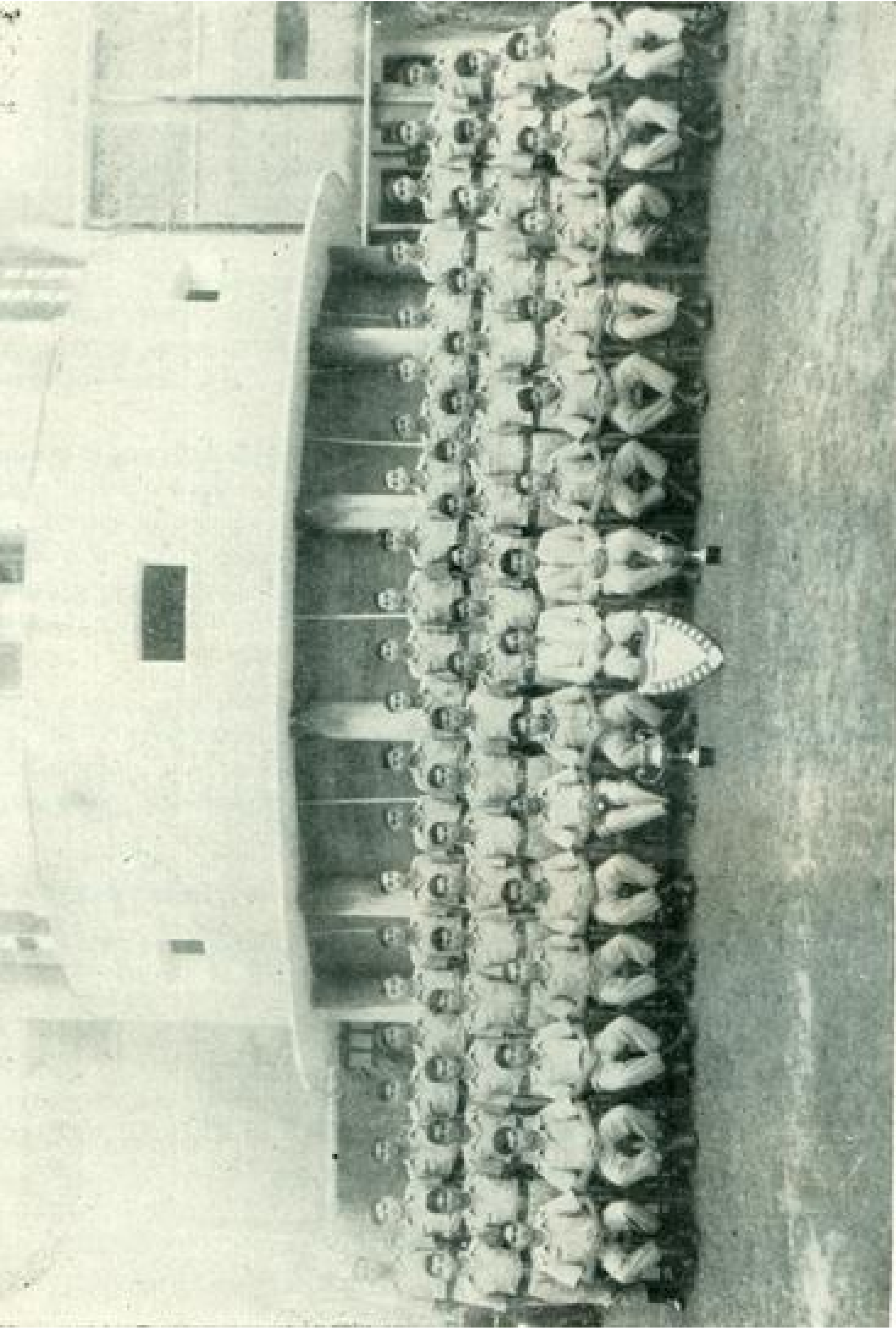
We are less proud of ourselves and more grateful to all the instructional staff of the College for grooming us to perform the feat of the year—winning of the Quaid-i-Azam Shield. The year-long story of diligence, consistency and team work of all ranks of the Alauddians ended in a thunder of applause, when we marched off the arena with the overall Championship Shield.

We were neither the hot favourites nor had any star-studded side for various championships, but our mere determination, tenacity and technique won us two runners-up positions in the overall Sports and Academic trophies.

We were second in Athletics as well as in Swimming and third and fourth respectively in Hockey and Football championships. We trailed last in Basketball but were right on top in Drill. In speech-making we are adjudged fourth in our over-all performance in Urdu and English.

I congratulate all members of the Squadron, especially those who were incharge of various games and other activities. I pay a special word of thanks to the appointment-holders and my colleagues for extending me a helping hand in the Squadron administration.

G. R. Bajwa



ALAUDDIN SQUADRON — Winners of Qaid-i-Azam Shield

Yunus

“FIGHT WITH VALOUR”

Officer Incharge Sqdn :	Mr. S. M. Taqvi, M. A., B. T., C. Ed. (Cantab).
2nd O. i/e Sqdn :	Mr. K. A. Qureshi, M. A.
Sqdn. P. T. I :	Mr. Muhammad Tufail
Under Officer :	Flt. Cdt. Rizwan Yusuf
Sergeants :	Flt. Cdts. Mansurul Islam, Khalid Bajwa
Corporals :	Flt. Cdts. Saifoor Qureshi, Qaisar Hussain
L. F. C's :	Flt. Cdts. Abid Khwaja, Sohail Butt

It is pleasing to report that Yunus Squadron won the over-all Sports Chigwell Shield on the strength of five out of ten trophies for various games and sports during the year. We were leading for the Quaid-i-Azam Shield also but lost it due to our low position in Academics.

We opened our account with the Football trophy. Shahrulkh captained the team which played with spirit, especially *Abid Khwaja, Sohail Mirza, Hasan Raza, Yahya and Ahmad Zafar. We won Hockey shield after several years mainly through the efforts of Qaisar (C), Mehboob Hyder and Khalid Mahmud. Flt. Cdts. Abid Khwaja, Abid Hashmi, Raza and Sajid Mehtab played extremely well. Shahid Saleem, the custodian, saved a number of goals.

Our third victory was in Basketball. We were unbeaten champions. The most exciting and decisive match of the tournament was the one played against Iqbal Sqdn. Flt. Cdt. Saifoor (C) and Raza, Leslie, and Waqar Ilyas displayed great spirit and skill.

In the Spring Term we bagged the Declamation Trophy. The lead taken by our English Speakers in the Autumn Term had made our position strong. Flt. Cdt. U/C Rizwan Yusuf and Flt. Cdt. Ateeq Husain were adjudged the best and the third-best speakers. In Urdu

Declamation our speakers were Flt. Cdt. Khalid Bajwa and Flt. Cdt. Mehbub Haider ; the latter was declared the best Urdu speaker.

We do not have good athletes in the Squadron, but mention must be made of Flt. Cdt. Hasan Raza who came first in Javelin Throw and Humayun who was third in High Jump. In Drill competition Rizwan Yusuf was adjudged the best commander.

Our B. Sc. results were very good. Flt. Cdt. Safdar Raza got a first division, while Asif, Ashiq, Sohail and Hasan got second division. In F. Sc. six of our cadets passed in the first division and 9 in the second division and five were placed in compartment. In the local examinations, Khalid Bajwa, Abid Khwaja, Humayun Khurshid, Khalid Mehmood, and Muhammad Siddiq won academic prizes.

Some of our senior cadets including Zabechullah were transferred to other squadrons, mostly to the newly formed Minhas Squadron. We welcomed 10 new cadets of 72nd GD course in September, 1976 and 8 of 73rd course in January, 1977.

To pay homage to Imam Hussain, the great martyr of Islam, 'Hussain Day' was organised in the squadron and local poets—Messrs Hasan Abbas Zaidi, Zaheeruddin Zaheer, Wazir Hussain Sherazi, Saroor Badayuni, Mushtaq Islamabadi, and Rashk Turabi—were invited, who recited their poems and inspired the cadets with love for Islam, and to fight for its cause under all circumstances.

In the Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest held in the College for the first time, Rizwan Yusuf represented the PAF College and took the first position. Rizwan also represented the College in the Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest held at the PAF College of Aeronautical Engineering, Korangi Creek, and was adjudged the second-best speaker. Flt. Cdt. Khalid Mahmud represented the College in the Inter-Collegiate competition in composing poetry in connection with the Quaid-i-Azam centenary and won a cash prize of Rs. 50 for his poem which was adjudged the second-best. Rizwan Yusuf again won the first prize in the Inter-Collegiate Speech Contest organised by the Pakistan National Centre, Sargodha on 24th December, 1976. Rizwan Yusuf, Ateeq Hussain, Khalid Bajwa and Mehbub Haider also took part in the English and Urdu Declamation Contests held during the Services Week ; Rizwan and Ateeq were placed first and third respectively. Khalid Bajwa was placed fourth.

Flt. Cdt. Khalid Bajwa continued to be the secretary of the Urdu Literary Society and Flt. Cdt. Abid Khwaja of the Camera Club. Shahrukh and Rizwan Yusuf were secretaries of English and Urdu Dramatic Society respectively.

Rizwan Yusuf as Under Officer was highly successful in maintaining discipline mainly by his good example and enthusiasm. He was ably assisted by Sgts. Mansurul Islam and Khalid Bajwa. Zabeehullah and later Tariq Mansoor supervised the Reading Room and maintained a regular supply of newspapers and other reading material for the cadets.

Squadron Colours and Certificates were awarded to the following :

(a) Squadron Colours :

Hockey : Flt. Cts. Quisar, Abid Khwaja, Abid Hashmi, Shahid, Saleem and Yahya.

Football : Shahrukh, Abid Khwaja, Raza, Yahya and Ahmad Zafar.

Basketball : Saifoor, Leslie and Raza.

Swimming : Ashiq Ali and Rizwan Yusuf.

(b) Certificates of Merit :

Declamation : Rizwan Yusuf, Mehbub Haider, and Ateeq.

Academics : Safdar Raza, Khalid Bajwa, Abid Khwaja, Humayun and Siddique.

In the end I would like to express my personal thanks to Capt. K. A. Qureshi for his full cooperation and assistance in running the squadron. I am also grateful to Mrs. Khaliq for taking keen interest in the squadron activities. We welcomed our new PTI, Mr. Tufail in the beginning of the year. He has been quite useful to the squadron in his own sphere.

S. M. Taqvi.

Rafiqui

“NEVER GIVE IN”

Officer-in-Charge	: Mr. Noor Muhammad Khan, M. A.,
2nd i/c Sqdn	: Mr. Abdul Jabbar Khan, M. Sc.
Squadron P. T. I	: Mr. Ali Sher Burg.
Under Officer	: Flt. Cdt. Muhammad Hussain
Sergeants	: Flt. Cdts. Sarfraz Ahmad Khan, Malik Khalilullah Khan
Corporals	: Flt. Cdts. Nadeem Hanif, Khalid Khan
Leading Flight Cadets	: Flt. Cdts. Sohail Gul Khan, Iqbal.

With the establishment of a full-fledged Cadets' Wing, the emphasis on officer-training has increased manifold. This highly important aspect of flight cadets training has been going on under the supervision and guidance of the Cadets' Wing. It's heartening to note that despite initial difficulties, the flight cadets are going through the process of change and adjustment in accordance with the service norms.

During the current year, the Squadron has played its part spiritedly in all fields of training. We may not have accomplished any outstanding success, yet we have had our moments of ascendancy. From fifth position last year, we have gone up to third position in the championship ladder. This is a definite improvement which resulted through a steady and determined effort and also because of capable leadership of the Squadron Under Officer with his team of appointment-holders and seniors.

Our outstanding success at academics was that of Flt. Cdt. Khawar Abbas who topped the list of successful candidates in the Secondary Board's F. Sc. Autumn Examination. Likewise was our B. Sc. result of the Punjab University in May, 1976. Flt. Cdt. Under

Officer G. A. Mela stood first in the College and all others but one got good first division in the B. Sc. University examination.

In the College Terminal Examination Flt. Cdts. Sgt. Sarfraz Ahmad Khan, L. F. C. Sohail Gul Khan, Flt. Cdt- Arsalan Afzal, Flt. Cdt. Humayun and Flt. Cdt. Afzal did extremely well and were awarded prizes on the Annual Sports Day.

There were also some really good and encouraging performances at sports by our cadets. Flt. Cdt. U/O Muhammad Hussain, as usual, led the athletics team ably and also put in some fine personal performances in the Medley and 400 mts, while Flt. Cdts. Rauf Ahmad and Saqib Shafi performed extremely well in High Jump and 800 and 1500 mts respectively.

Our Declamation team led by the capable speaker Flt. Cdt. Sgt. Sarfraz Ahmad Khan did very well by coming second in the whole competition.

On the extra-curricular side also our flight cadets took full part in various activities like Gliding and Para-Jumping. Four of our cadets namely, Sohail Gul Khan, Iqbal Mahmood, Naseer Hamid, and Naeemuzaman completed their para course successfully at Peshawar, while all our senior most cadets of 66 G. D. course did likewise at Gliding.

I wish to express my thanks to Mr. Abdul Jabbar Khan, 2 I/c Squadron for his interest and cooperation in running the Squadron and we also wish him every success in his new assignment as O. I/C Minhas Squadron.

I also take this opportunity to welcome our new 2 i/c Sqdn. Mr. S. M. H. Naqvi.

The efforts of Mr. Ali Sher, PTI, for his work in the Sqdn have also been praise-worthy.

In the end I wish to express my gratitude to the College authorities at all levels and the Cadets' Wing in particular for their help and cooperation during the year under review.

College Colours were awarded to :

Hockey : Flt. Cdt. U/O Muhammad Hussain

Cricket : Flt. Cdt. U/O Muhammad Hussain

Noor Muhammad Khan

Alam

"I WILL DARE"

Officer Incharge Sqdn. : Mr. S. M. F. Alvi, M. A. (Hist.), M. A.
(Politics).

2 1/C Sqdn. :	Mr. Muhammad Ashraf Chaudhri, M. Sc.
Sqdn. P T. I. :	Cpl. Muhammad Asghar
Under Officer :	Flt. Cdt. Sajid Habib
Sergeant :	Flt. Cdt. Zafar Iqbal Haider
Corporals :	Flt. Cdts. Athar Hussain Bukhari, S. Najm-ul-Asar, Ehtisham Zakaria

With the beginning of the new academic year on 16th August, 1976, Mr. A. A. Kamal, founder Housemaster, after guiding the Squadron most successfully for eight years, left us to take charge of the Humanities Department and handed the Squadron over to Mr. Alvi.

Alam Squadron's performance and position in various College activities and competitions has appeared as a part of general survey in the College Magazine. However, to highlight our achievements, we have nothing to mention except winning the Academic Trophy and sharing Hockey with Yunus.

In academics our flight cadets secured quite a few positions in the University and Board Examinations of the College. Ft. Cdt. Jamshed Ahmad and Ft. Cdt. Azad Beg got the third and fourth positions respectively in the B. Sc. (Punjab) 1976 Examination of this College. Ft. Cdt. Anwar Bhatti and Ft. Cdt. Khalid Zaheer stood second and fourth respectively in the F.Sc. 1976 Examination of the Sargodha Board. Ft. Cdt. Arshad Usman stood second, in the College in F. Sc. (Autumn) 1976 Examination of the Sargodha Board. The following flight cadets contributed fifty to twenty positive points each towards our top position in Academics : Ft. Cdts. Shabbir, Pervez, Anwar Bhatti, Khalid Zaheer, Ashfaq Arain, Khalid Ahmad,

Khwaja Latif, Anis-ur-Rehman, Mahbub Karim, Abrar Rasul, and Shahzad Tariq.

The following cadets earned recognition through their ability and hard work in the extra-curricular sphere of the College activities :

Under Officer : Sajid Habib	Drama and Gymnastics
Flt. Cdt. Cpl. Najm-ul-Asar	Drama
Flt. Cdt. Cpl. Anis Mirza	Para Course
Flt. Cdt. Fida Khalil	Hockey and Cricket
Flt. Cdt. Imranul Hasan	Hockey and Cricket
Flt. Cdt. Javed Ahmad	Hockey, Cricket and Football
Flt. Cdt. Khalid Masood	Hockey and Football
Flt. Cdt. Anis-ur-Rehman	Hockey
Flt. Cdt. Sajjad Paracha	Hockey
Flt. Cdt. Saqib Shamshad	Hockey
Flt. Cdt. S. N. Abbas	Hockey

The Squadron Teams in various games for the session 1976-77 were as follows :

Hockey : Arif Chaudhry (Capt.), Fida Khalil, Imranul Hasan, Khalid Masood, Shakil Butt, Javed Ahmad, Saqib Shamshad, Wajahat Haneef, Asif Malik, Paracha, Anis-ur-Rehman and Najm-ul-Asar.

Football : Shamim Malik (Capt.), Sajid Habib, Zafar Iqbal, Arif Chaudhry, Fida Khalil, Imranul Hasan, Javed Ahmad, Khalid Masood, Shakeel Butt, Anis-ur-Rehman, and Rafi.

Basketball : Shamim Malik (Capt.), Sajid Habib, Zahid Salim, Anis Mirza, Javed Shami, Khalid Zaheer, Imranul Hasan, Khalid Mahmud and Jamal Nasser.

Swimming : Jamal Nasser and Masood Ahmad.

Athletics : Sajid Habib, Anis Mirza, Imran, Moazzam Dar, Mahbub Karim, Ashfaq Arain, Khalid Mahmud, Minhas, Anis-ur-Rehman and Amir Masood.

During the session 1976-77 the Squadron, as a whole, fared well except for a few "casualties" here and there.

In the end I must express my gratitude to Mr. Ashraf Chaudhri, Cpl. Asghar and the appointment-holders for their help and efficient cooperation in running the Squadron smoothly.

S. M. F. Alei

Munir

“FIGHT TO THE LAST”

Officer Incharge Sqdn. :	(Late) S. Fasihuddin, M. A. (Alig.)
2 I./C. Sqdn. :	Hakim Mahboob A. Khan, M.A. (Alig.)
P.T.I. :	Mr. Nek Muhammad
Under Officer :	Flt. Cdt. Ghulam Mujaddid
Sergeants :	Flt. Cdts. Asif Chaudhri, Zulfiqar
Corporals :	Flt. Cdts. Zafar Amin, Talat Bashir, Mahmud bin Kafil
L. F. C's :	Flt. Cdts. Hanif, Qazi Abid, Saeed Butt

The events of the year under review were over-shadowed by the great tragedy the Munirites suffered in February, 1977. The untimely and sudden death of our beloved Officer Incharge, Syed Fasihuddin, came as a brute shock to everybody.

Syed Fasihuddin who discharged his duties with great success and unparalleled devotion as Housemaster of Munir Squadron for eighteen long years, suddenly died of heart attack on 21st February, 1977. His death was deeply mourned by the whole College and the old Sargodhians. May God bless his soul with eternal peace and grant fortitude to the bereaved family to bear the irreparable loss. We extend our condolences and heart-felt sympathies to Mrs. Fasih and Masters Shahid, Rashid, Khalid, Mujahid and Samad.

A definite change was felt in the Squadron life with the establishment of Cadets Wing at the College. The activities became more in tune with the changing role of the College. Although the living facilities still have much to be desired, some changes here and there are certainly visible.

It was with a heavy heart that we bade farewell to some of our best cadets owing to the establishment of a new Squadron. Some of

them had contributed a lot to the squadron during their five years stay here. Service requirements always have precedence and this was taken in the same spirit. A grand farewell party was arranged for the cadets thus transferred.

Our overall performance in the Inter-Squadron competitions was not very encouraging. We lost our long retained Academics Trophy, but we kept the Squadron motto up as Fit. Cdt. Haroon Bashir stood first in the Intermediate Board Examination 1976 securing 814 marks. On the sports field we were successful in clinching the Athletics Trophy with a convincing margin. The credit for this goes to Saeed Butt, who captained the team, and to Ali Imran Zaidi, who was adjudged the Best Athlete of the year, to Tanweer who created a new record in 800 metres, and other members of the team, especially Mujaddid, Zulfiqar, Haroon, Rizwan and Sajjad Qureshi. We were adjudged second in the Inter-Squadron Drill competition, credit for which goes mainly to Mujaddid who proved to be the best commander.

We welcomed new cadets in 72nd and 73rd GD courses this year and bade farewell to 66 GD course, who are joining Risalpur for the their flying training. We wish them every success and hope they will keep the Squadron colour flying wherever they go in the course of their training and subsequent duties. We are confident that they will live up to the expectations of the Munirites and will always draw inspiration from the motto : "Fight to the Last."

The following Colours, Certificates of Merit and cups were awarded.

Colours :

Football :	Majaddid, Zulfiqar, Wajih and Masood
Hockey :	Asif, Zulfiqar, Anwar, Zafar and Imran
Basketball :	Talat and Kafil
Athletics :	Mujaddid, Asif, Zulfiqar, Saeed, Haroon, Tanweer, Rizwan and Imran
Swimming :	Zulfiqar, Khurshid and Aamir

Certificates of Merit :

Academics :	Mujaddid, Saeed, Haroon, Rashid, Aamir, Hasnain and Abid Javed.
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Debates :	Mujaddid, Asif, Zafar Amin, Saeed Muhammad,
Discipline :	Qazi Abid, Tanweer, Zafar Ahsan and Junaid

Cups :

Best Junior Cadet :	Abid Javed
Best Sportsman :	Ali Imran
Best Turn-out :	Qazi Abid
Best Organiser :	Qazi Abid
Best Performance in Sports :	Khwaja Tanweer
Best Performance in Academics :	Haroon Bashir
Best All-round Performance :	Wajih Humayun
Outstanding all-round Performance :	Ghulam Mujaddid

H. Mahboob A. Khan



Pull Your Body Up ... And not the bar down

Iqbal

"FIGHT CLEAN"

Officer Incharge Sqdn :	Mr. A. Hafeez Qureshi, B. Sc. (Hons.), M. A.
2nd O. i/c Sqdn. :	Mr. Muhammad Afzal, M. Sc.]
Squadron P.T.I. :	Mr. Nek Muhammad
W/U/ Officer :	Flt. Cdt. Wamiq Abrar
Under Officer :	Flt. Cdt. K. P. Marwat
Sergeants :	Flt. Cdts. Nadeem Saghar, Najmi
Corporals :	Flt. Cdts. Mahmud, Mukhtar
Leading Flight Cadets :	Flt. Cdts. Ashraf, Babar, Talat

Being the winners of the coveted Quaid-i-Azam Shield and the the Chigwell Shield for 1975, we started off under the onerous pressure of responsibility and challenge that befalls ex-Champions. We justified our place by winning the Swimming Trophy—the first Inter-Squadron competition of the session with marked distinction. Individually, U/O Ehtishamzeb secured first position in 50 metres crawl and was adjudged the best diver of the year. In Medley we won the first position setting up a new College record. Our team consisted of: U/O Ehtishamzeb (C), Flt. Cdts. Nadeem Saghar, Alvi, Rashid, Wamiq, Babar, Imtiaz, Inayat and Faisal.

After putting up a very plucky fight we came second in Football. The last match against Yunus Squadron was really a very decisive hot contest. Our players displayed commendable spirit and clean fight despite provocations. In the face of a torrential cloud burst and whipping wind, they proved their metal. Mention must be made here of the valiant resistance put up by our frail looking goal-keeper Nadeem Saghar. He set a rare example of courage and devotion. The following represented the Squadron: Flt. Cdts. Najmi (C), Marwat, Wamiq, Abbasi, Mukhtar, Arif, Babar, Najeeb, Rashid, Idrees, and Mahmud.

In Hockey we could not do any better as we had to part with some of our good players to feed the newly formed Squadron. Their absence at this juncture was rightly felt and there were obvious

indications of gaps in team coordination. Flt. Cdt. Abbasi (C) tried his best to rearrange his team but:

and authority right down to the junior most course level. The results are very encouraging indeed.

I am thankful to Mr. Afzal for his cooperation and assistance in supervising the academic sphere in the Squadron. I must also express my satisfaction and thanks to the nice team of the appointment-holders, who are doing their best to improve the Squadron and looking after the training of their junior colleagues, with love and devotion. I am also grateful to Sqdn. P. T. I. Mr. Nek Muhammad for his untiring efforts to meet the requirements of the Cadets in the Squadron.

A. Hafeez Qureshi.

Minhas

Officer Incharge :	Mr. Abdul Jabbar Khan, M. Sc.
2nd O. i/c Sqdn.	Mr. Muhammad Zaki, M. Sc.
Under Officer :	Flt. Cdt. Zabeehullah Sanai
Sergeants :	Flt. Cdts. Irfan Elahi, Sajid Butt
Corporals :	Flt. Cdts. Tareen, Shahid Qureshi

Minhas Squadron came into existence in October, 1976. It was housed in a part of the old P. A. F. Hospital building. Thirty cadets drawn from all Squadrons formed part of this Squadron. They brought their own traditions and their own ways of life with them. Our first task, therefore, was to bring homogeneity in their rank and file. This work was admirably done by Under Officer Zabeehullah and his team of appointment-holders. Soon a new spirit—Minhasian spirit—was prevalent in the Squadron.

Although we were only thirty and sometimes could not get enough players to make up our teams, yet in all the competitions in which we participated, we gave a good account of ourselves, and it brought a word of praise from everyone. As we could not participate in many activities, we could not secure a good over-all position.

In February, 1977, twenty-five more cadets were sent to our Squadron and we shifted to our permanent building, the old CSQ. These Cadets took no time in settling down in the new Squadron. Most of our energies this year were spent on the completion of the Squadron. We have now settled down and, Insha-Allah, we hope to do much better in the future competitions.

I wish to thank Mr. Zaki for his cooperation and help. I also wish to thank Messrs. Ali Sher and Cpl. Tech. Sarwar for taking keen interest in the Squadron.

Abdul Jabbar Khan.

Literary Activities

Speech making is one of the basic requirements of the training of a Cadet. Keeping this aim in view the College Literary Society encourages Cadets to cultivate the gift of good speech. Every year Inter-Squadron Debating Competitions are held both in English and in Urdu. This year also we organised Declamation Contests and the trophy went to Yunus Squadron.

The Society also organised a number of other functions. A function to commemorate the death anniversary of the Quaid-i-Azam was held on 11th September, 1976. Flt. Cdts. Saeed Khan, Mahmud-ul-Haq and Enayat made speeches in English while Flt. Cdts. Tariq Mansoor, Khalid Bajwa and Ghulam Mujaddid spoke in Urdu. Mr. M. H. Naqvi also made a speech in English.

On 9th November, 1976 the birth anniversary of Allama Iqbal was celebrated. Flt. Cdts. Khalid Bajwa, Irfan Elahi, Babar Meer, Talat and Mahbub Haider delivered speeches and Flt. Cdts. Bilal, Tariq Mansoor and Raza recited Iqbal's poetry. Mr. A. A. Kamal read an article on Iqbal's Conception of the Self. On both these occasions our Principal, Mr. A. R. Qureshi, also addressed the audience.

The College has introduced an 'Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest' this year. A report on the Contest appears elsewhere in this issue.

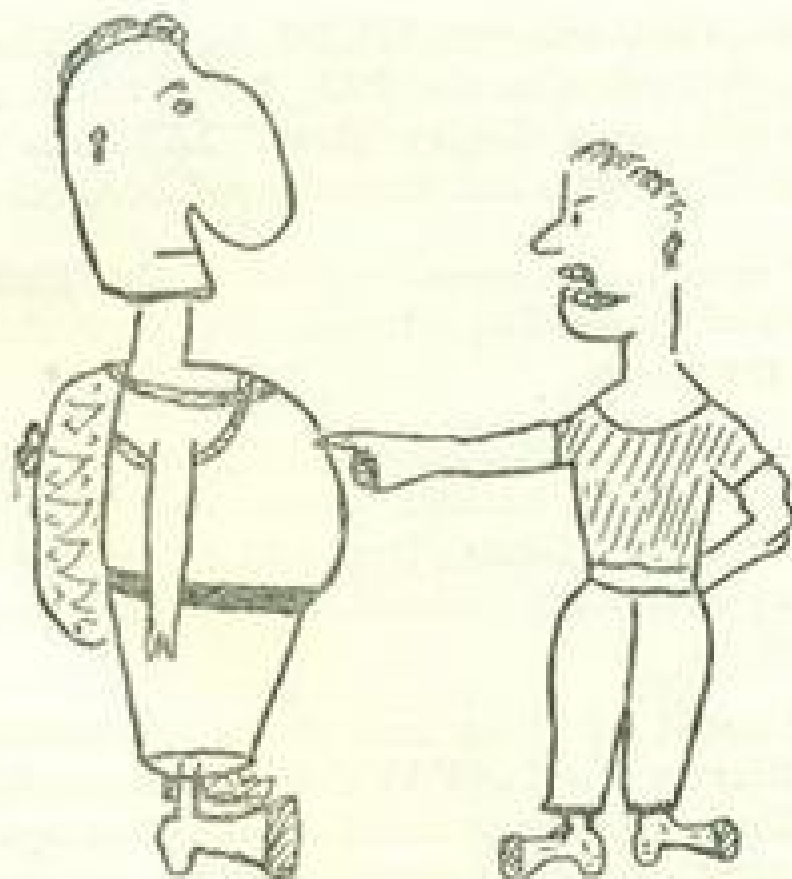
Pakistan National Centre, Sargodha, organised an Inter-Collegiate poetic competition for College students in connection with the Quaid-i-Azam centenary celebrations. This was held at Govt. Ambala College, Sargodha. Flt. Cdt. U/O Mujaddid and Flt. Cdt. Khalid Mahmood Akhtar represented the College and won the first and second prizes respectively. In the same connection, an Inter-Collegiate Speech contest was held in collaboration with Pakistan National Centre. In English Flt. Cdt. U/O Rizwan Yusuf and Flt. Cdt. Sarfraz Ahmad won the first and second prizes respectively. In Urdu the first and second prizes went to Miss Gulnar Zaidi and Miss

Munawar Rashid of Govt. College for Women, Sargodha, while the third prize was won by Flt. Cdt. Irfan Elahi of our College.

On the invitation of the PAF College of Aeronautical Engineering, Korangi Creek, a team of two speakers comprising Flt. Cdt. Rizwan Yusuf and Sarfraz Ahmad was sent to participate in the All-Pakistan Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest held in January, 1977. It was competed by students from institutions like College of Business Administration, Engineering University, Law College and Karachi University. Flt. Cdt. Rizwan was adjudged the second best speaker. Well done Rizwan !

The Armed Services Week was celebrated from 31st January to 5th February, 1977. Declamation Contests in English and Urdu, a Mushaira, aeromodelling display, etc. were organised. A number of guests from the PAF Base and Sargodha city were invited, who evinced keen interest in all the programmes.

S. M. Taqvi



EXTRA PARACHUTE EH?

Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest, 1976

To celebrate the centenary of Quaid-i-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the College introduced an Inter-Collegiate Declamation Contest in English. Invitations were sent to 27 institutions of the country. As there was some unrest among the student community, only ten institutions responded and on the day of the contest, only seven teams turned up. The teams which participated were from C.B. College for Women, Rawalpindi, Lahore College for Women, Lahore, PAF Academy, Risalpur, PAF Base, Lower Topa, People's Open University, Islamabad and Govt. College, Mianwali.

On 26th November, the College Dramatic Club, under the guidance of Mr. Hafeez Qureshi, arranged a variety programme and a drama for the guests. Begum Air Commodore Daudpota was the chief guest. The programme was enjoyed by everybody.

Next morning the teams were briefed by the Principal in his office. They were then taken to the PAF Base, where a conducted tour was arranged and an air display given. Later the guests were taken round to the Electronics and Aerospace laboratories.

In the afternoon the guests witnessed the Basketball final match between two of the local squadrons. Grp. Capt. Aziz Raja was the chief guest at the match.

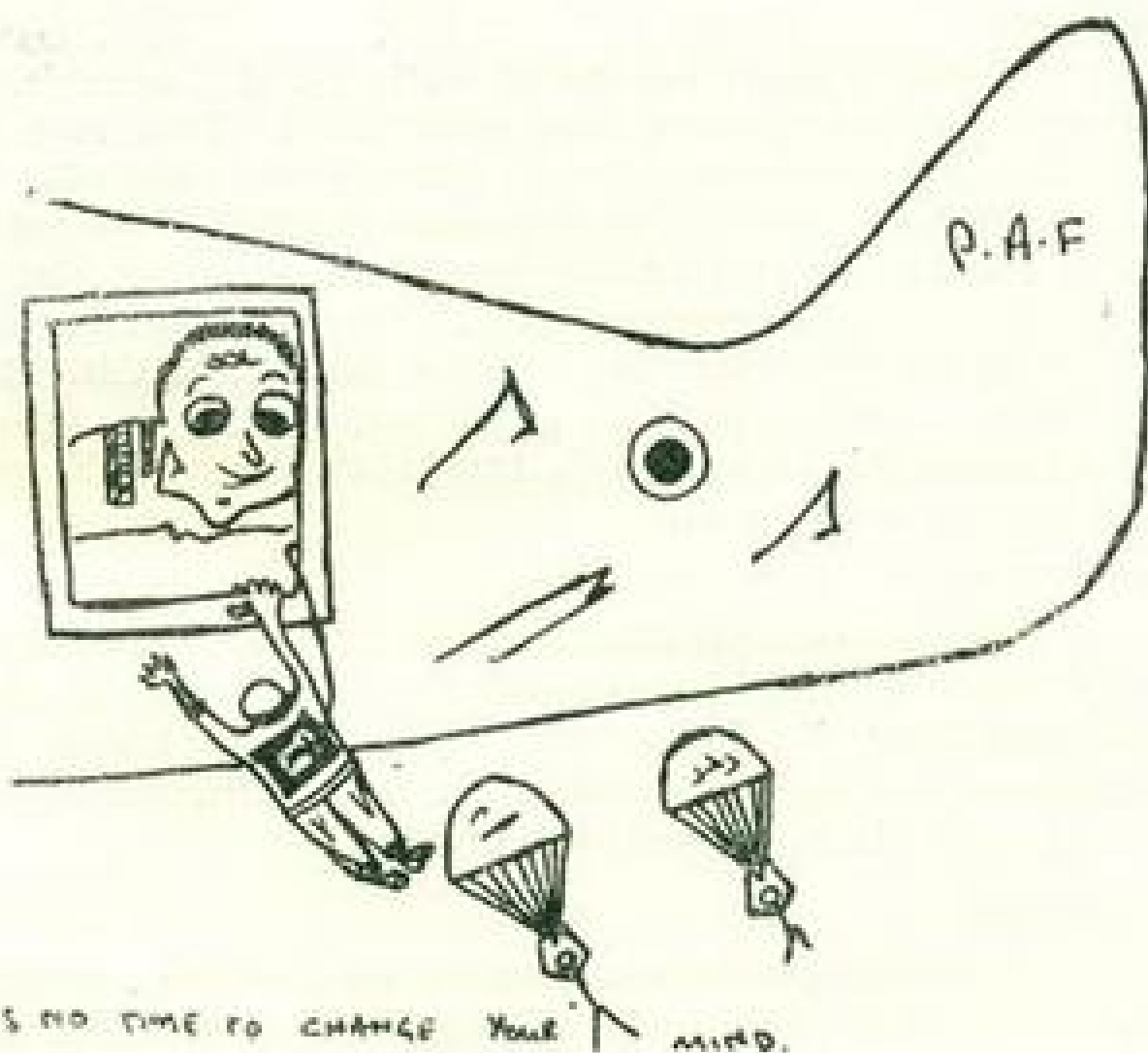
The Declamation Contest started at 1930 hours in the College Hall. Mrs. Fakhra Tahir, lecturer Govt. College for Women, Sargodha, Mr. Abdul Hamid Bhatti, President Sargodha Bar Association, and Mr. Shafiq Chandhry, Controller of Examinations, Sargodha Board, acted as judges.

The Contest lasted for about two hours. 14 speakers participated. Flt. Cdt. Rizwan Yusuf of PAF College was adjudged the best speaker. Prizes, however, were awarded to the guest speakers only. The first and second prizes in the College section were won by Miss

Farida Riaz and Miss Tabassum Saeed, both of C.B. College for Women, Rawalpindi. In the open section the first prize was awarded to Miss Tarannum Saeed of the Open University, Islamabad, and the second prize to Flt. Cdt. Azad Beg of PAF Academy, Risalpur. The Quaid-i-Azam Trophy was won by C.B. College for Women, Rawalpindi. Govt. College, Mianwali were the runners-up.

Air Commodore Azeem Daudpota, S.J., who was the chief guest, gave away the prizes.

S. M. Taqvi



Sports Review—1976-77

Football

Inter-Squadron Tournaments started with Football on 11th of October. Yunus Squadron won the trophy by defeating Iqbal. This was an interesting match and was witnessed by the members of the staff and all the cadets. Yunus won all the matches except against Alauddin with whom they drew. Rafiqui was placed third, followed by Alauddin, Alam and Munir. Flt. Cdt. Abid Khwaja (Y) proved to be the best goalkeeper. Flt. Cdts. Wahid (Ad.), Najeeb (I), Humayun (Ad.) and Ahmad Zafar (Y) played remarkable game for their Squadrons.

Hockey

Hockey competitions started on the 1st of November. Minhas, the newly formed squadron, also participated. Thus each squadron had to play six matches. Alam and Yunus were competing hard for the trophy. The most interesting match was the one played between Alam and Yunus. It was finally won by Yunus when their Hashmi put the ball into the opponents' goal. The two squadrons shared the trophy as they had won five matches each. Flt. Cdt. Shahid (Y) proved to be an outstanding goalkeeper. Flt. Cdts. Rizwan (Ad.), U/O Hussain (R), Ali Imran (M), Anis (A) and Hashmi (Y) gave good performance of their skill.

Basketball

Basketball competitions started on 22nd of November, and the trophy was bagged by Yunus Squadron; Iqbal were the runners-up. The most interesting match was played between Yunus and Iqbal, which was won by the formers. Flt. Cdts. Alvi, Leslie (Y), WUO Wamiq, U/O Marwat played wonderful game.

Swimming

A Swimming Gala was held on 12th of June at the College Swimming Pool. The Chief Guest was Air Commodore M. Sadruddin,

the then Base Commander, PAF Sargodha. The competition began with Front Crawl Relay (4×25 metres) in which Alauddin performed remarkably well and bettered the previous College record by 18.2 seconds. Iqbal Squadron did well in Medley Relay (3×50 metres) and improved the College record just by 1.3 seconds. Flt. Cdt. Ehtisham (I) was declared to be the Best Swimmer as well as the Best Diver, whereas Flt. Cdt. Atiq (Ad) was the second-best Diver. Iqbal Squadron won the trophy, and Alauddin were the runners up. Flt. Cdt. Haqqani (Ad.), Raja (M), Wahid (Ad.), Alvi (I) did well in various events of the competition.

Athletics

Athletics play an important role in the over-all championship because it is usually the last of all competitions. The College had Athletics from 14th to 19th March, which was the Annual Sports Day. Alauddin lost the trophy to Munir and became runners-up. Flt. Cdt. Ali Imran (M) was adjudged the Best Athlete of the year and Flt. Cdt. Haqqani the second-best Athlete.

As a result of the year-long competitions, Alauddin Sqdn. were declared the overall champions and were awarded the Quaid-i-Azam Silver Shield.

New records set during the athletic competition were :

- (1) Flt. Cdt. U/O Marwat (I) set a new record in Discus Throw. He also bettered his previous record in Shot Put.
- (2) Flt. Cdt. Tanweer (M) improved 20-year-old record in 1500 metres.
- (3) Munir Sqdn. set a new record in Medley.
- (4) 400 metres hurdles race was introduced for the first time, and Flt. Cdt. Wahid (Min.) set a record.

Flt. Cdt. Hameed Qureshi (Ad.)

67 GD (P)

College Records in Athletics

S. N.	EVENTS	TIME/DISTANCE	NAME	YEAR
1.	100 Metres.	11 Secs	Fayyaz	(A) 1975
2.	200 Metres.	23 Secs	Qureshi	(Ad) 1976
3.	400 Metres.	52.8 Secs	Bilgrami	(R) 1969
4.	800 Metres.	2 M 5.6 Secs	Tanveer	(M) 1976
5.	1500 Metres.	4 M 23 Secs	Tanveer	(M) 1977
6.	110 Metres. (Hurdles)	16.2 Secs	Zafar	(Ad) 1970
7.	400 Metres. (Hurdles)	1 M 2 Secs	Wahid	(Mn) 1977
8.	Relay 4 × 100 Metres.	45.5 Secs	Alam	1975
9.	Medlay :			
	2 × 200 Metres 1 × 400 Metres 1 × 800 Metres	3 M 52 Secs	Munir	1977
10.	Long Jump	20 Ft. 2 ins.	Warsi	(M) 1960
11.	High Jump	5 Ft. 6 ins.	Aftab	(I) 1959
12.	Pole Vault	10 Ft. 2 ins.	Azhar	(I) 1968
13.	Javelin Throw	152 Ft. 2 ins.	Bilal	(R) 1975
14.	Discus Throw	101 Ft. 4 ins.	Marwat	(I) 1977
15.	Shot Put	36 Ft. 10 ins.	Marwat	(I) 1977
16.	Triple Jump	41 Ft. 2 ins.	Javed	(M) 1975

Diary of Events

(April 3, 1976 to March 19, 1977)

April	3	23rd Annual Sports Day held. Iqbal Sqdn. emerged as Champions.
April	21	Function held in connection with Iqbal Day.
June	2	End of Term Exams. started.
June	15	College closed for summer vacation : Spring Term ends.
August	15	College reopened after summer vacation : Autumn Term started.
August	26	CAS, PAF, Air Chief Marshal Zulfikar Ali Khan visited the College on Annual Inspection.
September	23	College closed for Eid-ul-Fitr.
October	11	Inter-Sqdn. Football competitions started : Yunus emerged as Champions.
October	26	Inter-Sqdn. Declamation Contests in English held. F/C Rizwan Yusuf adjudged the Best Speaker ; Yunus Sqdn. won.
November	1	Inter-Sqdn. Hockey competitions start : Yunus and Alam Sqdns. share the trophy.
November	9	Function held to celebrate Allama Iqbal's birth anniversary.
November	22	Inter-Sqdn. Basketball competitions held. Yunus Sqdn. won.
November	26	College Dramatic Club presented a Variety Show.
November	27	All-Punjab English Declamation Contests held in which PAF Academy Risalpur and PAF Base Lower Topa also participated. Miss Farida Riaz of C.B. College for Women, Rawalpindi, was adjudged the Best Speaker, and Miss Tabassum Saeed of the same College the second-best. Trophy won by C.B. College, Rawalpindi.
November	30	College closed for Eid-ul-Azha break.
December	17	End of Term Exam. started.

December 25	An Urdu Declamation Contest held in connection with the Birth Anniversary of the Quaid-i-Azam under the auspices of the National Council of Arts, Sargodha. Miss Gulnar Zaidi of Govt. College for Women, Sargodha, adjudged the Best Speaker, and Miss Munawwar Rashid of the same College the second-best.
December 30	College closed for winter break. Autumn Term ended.
January 16/1977	College re-opens : Spring Term starts.
January 31	Armed Forces Week celebrations start. An Urdu Declamation Contest held in the College Hall.
February 1	College Dramatic Culb present an Urdu Drama.
February 2	An English Declamation Contest held. Mr. Rafi Anwar, Director of Education Sargodha Division presided.
February 3	Gymnastics display, Continuity Drill, Aeromodelling display and Mushaira in the evening held.
February 4	A Hockey match played against Kamran Club Sargodha.
February 5	A Basketball match held against PAF Base Sargodha. Services Week celebrations conclude.
February 21	Mr. Fasihuddin, Housemaster Munir Sqdn., passed away. May Allah rest his soul in peace.
March 3	Function held to celebrate Eid Milad-un-Nabi.
March 14	Inter-Sqdn. Athletics start.
	Inter-Sqdn. Urdu Declamation Contests held : Yunus Sqdn. won the trophy.
March 17	Inter-Sqdn. Drill competitions held. Alauddin Sqdn. won.
March 19	24th Annual Sports Day held with Air Vice Marshal M. Sadruddin as the Chief Guest. Munir Sqdn. won Athletics Trophy, Alam Sqdn. won Academics Trophy, Yunus Sqdn. won the Sports Trophy, and Alauddin the over-all Championship Quaid-i-Azam Shield 1976.

Flt. Cdt. Cpl. Sohail Gul
67 GD (P)

غزل

فلاٹ کبڈٹ شبیر احمد

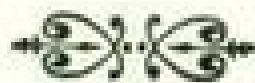
پھر تری زلف پریشان کا تصور کر لوں
کیسے میں چاک گریبان مکرر کر لوں

اب تو ڈرتا ہوں کہہ تو یاد نہ آجائے کہیں
سوچتا ہوں دل نادان کو پھر کر لوں

غیر کے گرد تو باہوں کو حائل کر دے ،
اور میں موت کی آغوش میں گھر کر لوں

اف مرے دل میں مچلتے ہوئے پگلے ارماں
کیسے میں کوہ غم عشق صنم سر کر لوں

اپنی ہی لاش اٹھائے میں پھروں نوحہ کناں
تجھ کو ارماں کہہ ذرا مشق ستم پھر کر لوں



غزل

فلاٹ کیڈٹ باہر میر نشاط

پاس تھا جن کے مرے دل کا مداوا نہ ملے
جب بھی آئے وہ مرا درد بڑھانے آئے

میں نے سوچا تھا تجھے بھول چکا ہوں شاید
نہیں آئی تو ترے خواب جگانے آئے

تجربہ تم کو چلو مجھ سے بھی زائد ہوگا
دیکھ تو کیسے ہیں اب مجھ کو بہانے آئے

کب سے مجھے ہے مرے دل کا کھلونا یسویں
طفل خود سر کے کوئی ناز اٹھانے آئے

موسم سرد میں برفانی سی یادیں لے کر
پیار کی آگ میں وہ مجھ کو جلانے آئے



knew there wasn't much chance of having enough ammo left. Not enough to get out of that mess ! It seemed as if the luck which was on his side all day long was running out now. Yalmas rushing to join his wingman was no longer flying anything similar to a "routine" sortie. It was now suicide mission ! Now climbing to 9000 feet, he saw Sajjad's F-6 skidding away to his right. Two tonics were hugging Sajjad's tail refusing to be shaken off by his sluggish manouvres with the damaged fighter. Got to get those two, Yalmas thought. He banked to follow the procession, formed by Sajjad and the two tonics. "I think I can make those clouds", Sajjad coughed. "If I can just shake these two goons off my back."

"Listen" Yalmas yelled into static, moving up behind. "Don't try to get rid of them. You haven't got the fuel. Just go for the clouds and I will worry about the two".

' Yes, sir, you look beautiful back there.'

"Yeah" Yalmas replied. He got one of the tonics in his sight and pressed the trigger and saw that his bullets ripped off the rudder and the plane went down in an inverted spin. The second pilot panicked and went into a steep dive towards left.

After seven minutes 308 flight was over the strip of their home base and they came in a formation. Everybody landed and Yalmas went up again, circled around the ATC tower and came in a beautiful approach and just close to the ground he did seven victory rolls before touch down. When the plane came to stop half of the base was there to greet him.

Flt. Cdt. Sadiq Ghani (I)
69 GD (P)