



THE  
CADET

May 1971

Vol. 3



Magazine of  
THE CADET COLLEGE  
PETARO





# THE CADET

1971



Vol: 3

No: 2

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AND  
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## Message

On the occasion of the publication of the fourteenth issue of 'THE CADET', I compliment the staff and the students on the excellent progress that the College Magazine has maintained and on the pleasing literary standards displayed through its articles.

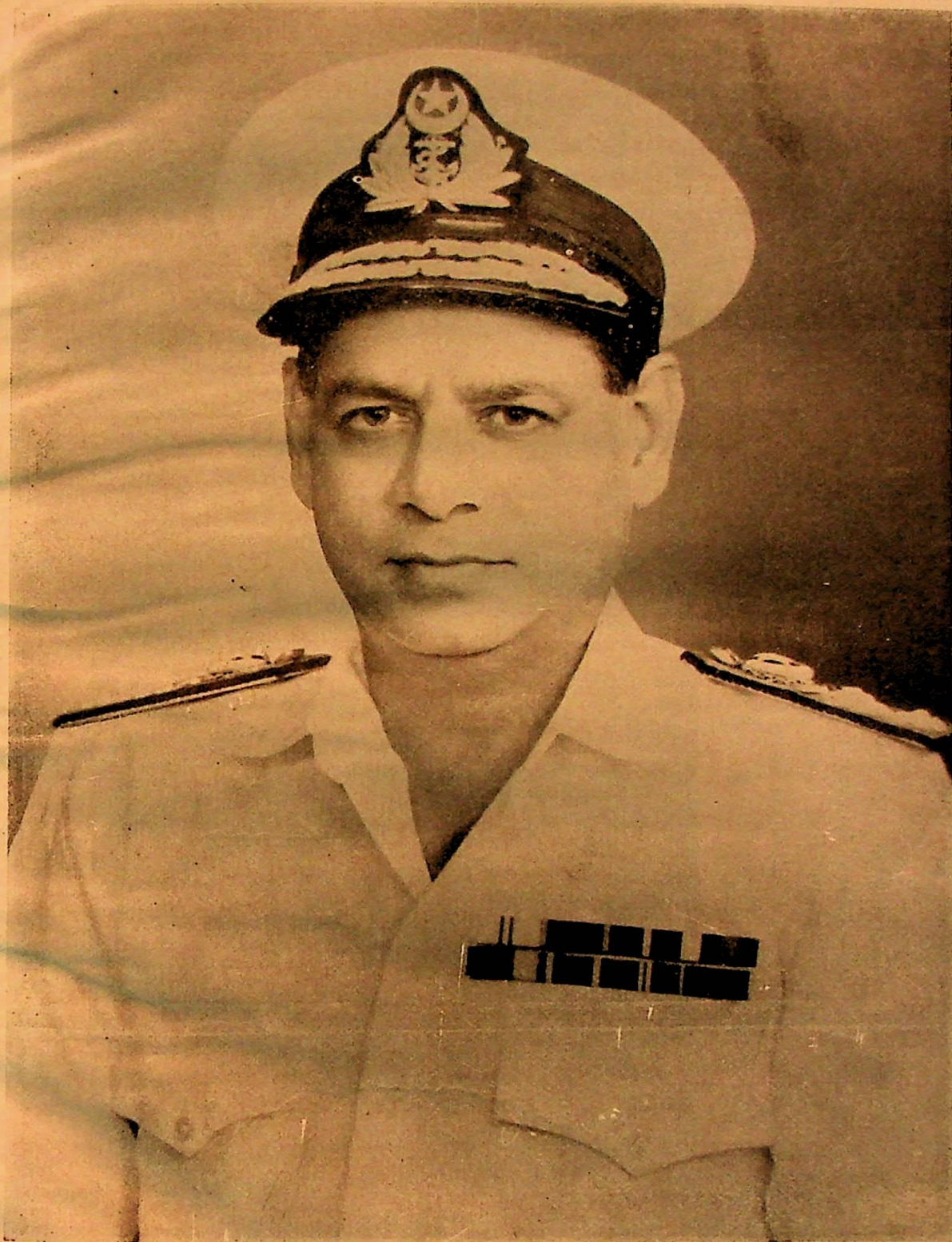
The magazine gives fairly comprehensive information about various activities of the College and therefore provides news, full of interest, particularly for the old Petarians who must be waiting eagerly for its publication to know of what has been going in the College. They will be reassured that all is well in their beloved Alma Mater.

I am pleased to record that almost all the old Petarians are doing well in life. This is a tribute to the institution and the staff.

I hope that the present students and future entrants will work hard to maintain the Petaro traditions and enrich them further so that the name of Petaro will stand for those manly qualities and attributes of character which we admire as Muslims and Pakistanis.

(MUZAFFAR HASAN)  
H.Q.A., S.K.  
VICE ADMIRAL.



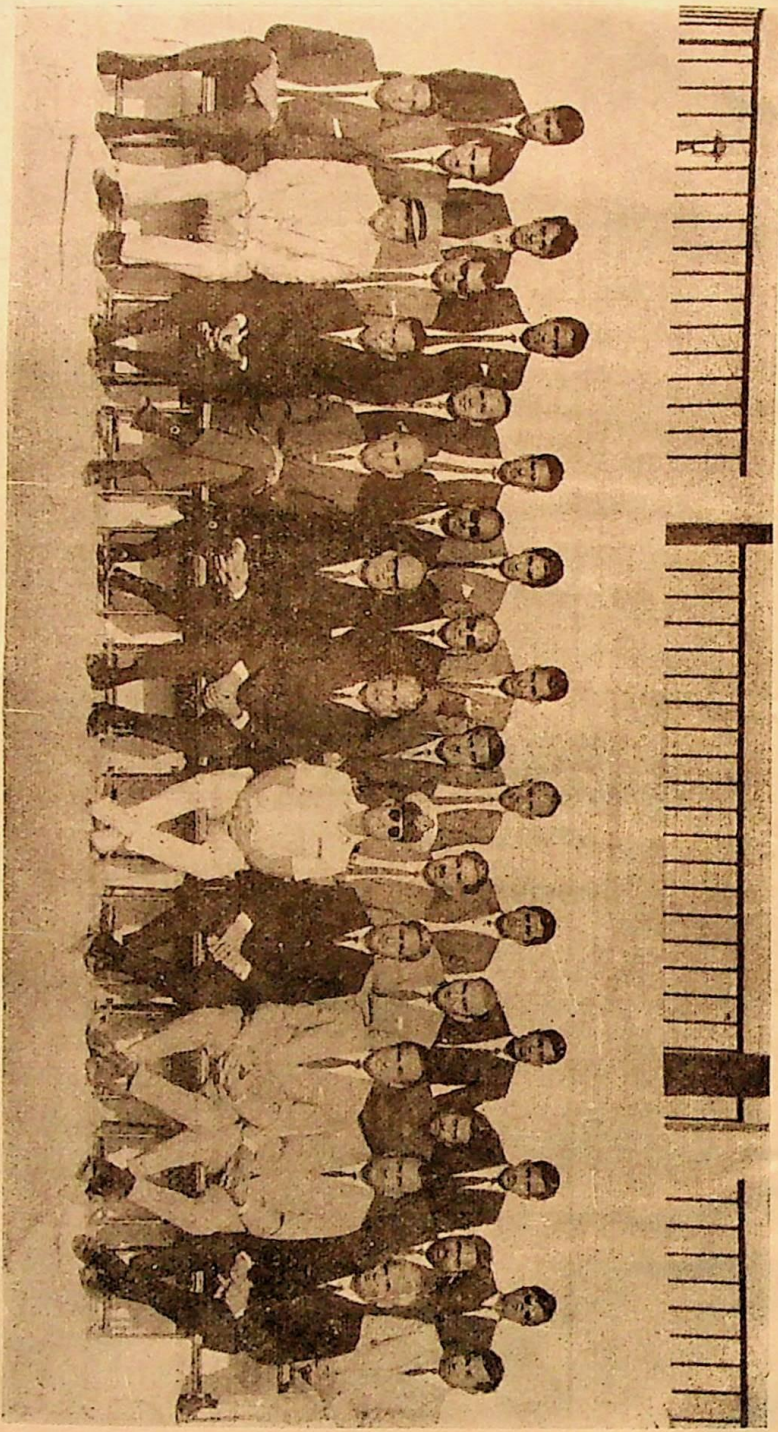


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## Editorial Board



Sitting (L. to R.): Kamal (Ed. Sports), Firoze (Ed. Sindhi), Mr. Mukhtar Siddiqui (Patron), Cdr. Feroz Shah (Principal), Junaid Yasin (Chief Editor), Najeeb (Ed. English), Abbas (Ed. Urdu).  
Standing (L. to R.): Hasan (Asst. Ed. English), Farhat (Asst. Ed. Urdu), Zafar (Asst. Ed. Sports), Qaisar (Asst. Ed. Sindhi).



# Editorial

**With** great pleasure we present to our readers the fourteenth issue of 'THE CADET'. The Magazine mirrors the achievements and activities of the students, revealing the efforts that have been made to encourage the budding writers.

This year, as the Annual Inter-Cadet Colleges Sports Tournament was not held, the main stress was on activities within the College and the Inter-House Competitions were held with greater enthusiasm.

We had a grand "Parents Day" with the Governor of the newly-formed Province of Sind, as the Chief Guest. On this auspicious occasion, Col. J.H.H. Coombes, the first Principal of the College, who had been good enough to come all the way from England, was also present. Col. Coombes has also donated a Shield for award, on Inter-House competition basis, for social work. We are extremely grateful to him for this kind gesture.

As usual, the college achieved highly satisfactory results in various Board Examinations. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Cadet S. Ali Nasir Rizvi on topping the list of successful candidates in the H.S.S.C. Examination (Pre-Engineering group). He also stood first in the S.S.C. Examination two years previously.

We also congratulate Cadet Shahed Akhtar Butt on standing first in Dadu District in the H.S.S.C. Examination.

Congratulations to Ex.Cadet Shamim Ahmed on topping in his batch at the P.A.F. College of Aeronautical Engineering, Karachi.

We also extend our congratulations to Cadets Ali Nasir Rizvi and Hasan Haider Rizvi on being awarded the "Stick of Honour" and the "Badge of Honour", respectively; to Khalid Mahmood on being declared the best sportsman for the year 1970-71 and to Salik Javed on being awarded a "Silver Medal" on securing the third position in the S.S.C. Examination of the Board.

We owe a debt of gratitude to P.N.S. Karsaz for instituting a 'KARSAZ MEDAL' for award to a cadet of this College on outstanding performance in Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry at the S.S.C. Examination.

We are also grateful to Mr. Aftab Mufti, father of Cadet Talat Mufti, who has kindly presented four horses to the College Riding Club.



This year, we bade farewell to the Army instructors and welcomed the Naval Staff who replaced them. A group of Cadets visited various Naval Establishments during last February and enjoyed a cruise on board, one of the Naval Ships. We are grateful to the C-in-C. Pakistan Navy for permitting the Cadets to visit the Naval Establishments and for all the hospitality and facilities extended to the visitors every where.

We also bade farewell to Capt. Zahid Yasin, Adjutant and Capt. Syed Ghazanfar Ali Shah, Medical Officer; and among the members of the teaching staff, to Messrs. Hasnain Mehdi Syed, M.K. Mughal and Saiyidain Zaidi.

We extend our congratulations to our two members of the staff, Sub-Lieutenants M.A. Bhatti and Raja Khadim Hussain on their outstanding success in the training course for the P.N.V.R.

We welcome back, Dr, Fazal Mahmood to Petaro and congratulate him on his promotion to Senior House Master and on his having obtained a doctor's degree (Ph.D.) in Mathematics from the University of Brussels.

We also welcome Lieut. M. Ashraf Malik of the Pakistan Navy as the new Adjutant and Dr. Mehboob Hussain as our new Medical Officer. Among the members of the staff, we welcome Messrs, Raja Nasrullah, Abdur Razzak, Shaukat Ali Zaidi and Yaqub Nasir.

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# The Year at a Glance

( 1970-71 )

Cadet S. Hasan Haider Rizvi

## 6th September, 1970

Cadets return with high spirits, bringing back life to the college. A long span of holiday is over and we all hope to produce the best, in all the spheres of activities during this term.

## 7th September, 70

The so-called "Tiny Tots" reported this day. This new entry mainly consisted of VIII class and a few 'Y'- Cadets to XI class. The senior cadets, as usual, are on "mission for eatables". The new entry boys are smart, diligent and active. So, we hope that they will keep the College flag flying higher and higher.

## 9th September, 70

Sweet and kind hearted Naval Staff took over. This change was welcomed by all, specially the Parade bunkers.

Mr. Ahad Khan is blessed with a son. Our hearty congratulations.

## 10th September, 70

Oh! the most irritating thing P. T. started, but remember, this time not with

Havaldar's shrill voices, but gentle P.O. 's voices. Normal routine started.

## 13th September

We were all sorry to learn about the death of Lt. Cdr. Taqvi's father. We all pray to Almighty God -'May his soul rest in peace'.

## 16th September

So that it is to-day: An opening tape was cut by a gallant soldier. The first extra drill was awarded to a cadet. He did not perform his duties as a duty cadet properly. Wake up.

## 18th September

First Adjutant's Parade was held.

## 20th September

This was our first extra-curricular activity since the term started. The Extempore Speeches in English were held.

## 21st September

Mr. Izhar Husain was blessed with a daughter. Our congratulations.



## **22nd September**

God has listened to the Canteen Contractor. Winning teams have started pouring to the canteen. Inter-House matches have started, first Hockey. Let's see who take the trophies in the bag.

## **29th September**

The Editorial Board was announced this day.

## **31st September**

The Board of Governors met at Petaro to discuss about the College with Vice Admiral Muzaffar Hasan in the chair. Lets pray that they decide to increase the number of holidays.

A sports contingent went to play various matches at Karachi. We hope that they will keep the tradition to play honestly and win with considerable margin.

## **1st October, 1970**

We could not dodge it for long. The first monthly tests were held. Thank God no interviews of the failures with the Principal this time.

## **4th October.**

To inculcate the habit of public-speaking in the cadets, House-wise group discussions started.

## **5th October**

Our XII class gives a party in honour of the members of staff at Swimming Pool. It is the Opening Ceremony of the new

lighting system donated by the XII class. It is a proof of loyalty towards the college. Congratulations to them and also thanks. An exhibition water-polo match was also played.

## **12th October**

The first Principal's Parade of the year. Promising start! After a change in Drill pattern from Army to Navy, standard was better than expected. As usual, Iqbal House "The Champion".

## **18th October**

The Petarians gave a hearty welcome to a strong contingent of students of Sadiq Public School. They have come with sleeves rolled up, but, Petarians are sure to give them a tough time. Lets wait for the results..

## **20th October**

After all we are Petarians. A nice sweeping victory for us in all the fields-Heartiest congratulations to the teams.

## **24th October**

Gentleman Cadet Shaukat Nawaz (ex. Petarian) delivered a lecture on life at P.M.A., Kakul.

## **25th October**

First debate of the season was held. Topic was "Conquest of passions and not of space is the need of hour". Iqbal House were winners of the day.

## **26th October,**

The most dreaded thing for us took



place, again, the tests.

#### **10th November**

We bade farewell to two of our teachers, Mr. Hasnain Mehdi and Mr. M. K. Moghal. We wish them the best of future and a prosperous life.

#### **16th November**

Inter-House Qirat Competition was held.

#### **26th November**

The holidays never last long. But this time, for a month. Best wishes.

#### **20th December**

Our worthy teacher, Mr. Hasan Sajjad, joined the rank of married ones this day. We extend our heartiest congratulations to the couple and pray to God Almighty for a happy and prosperous life. We are still deprived of a party from him.

#### **27th December**

Cadets return to the college with a lot of fervour.

#### **29th December**

Preparations for the "Parents' Day" are in full swing. Lt. Gen. Rakhman Gul, Governor of Sind, has kindly consented to be the Chief Guest.

#### **4th January, 1971**

Our first and founder Principal, Col. J.H.H. Coombes came all the way from Britain to see Petaro. We heartily welcome Mrs. Ann Col. Coombes and hope that they will enjoy their stay.

#### **15th January**

Three of our cadets were selected to represent Hyderabad Division in the B.C. C.P. Trophy. We wish them the best of luck.

#### **16th January**

"Petaro Times" A monthly issue of the College activities started. It was a nice effort by the Cadets. They deserve our appreciation.

#### **26th January**

Inter-House Drill Competition took place and Col. Coombes took the salute. A very high standard of turn out and march past was observed. Champion-Iqbal House.

#### **1st February**

Mr. Saiyidain Zaidi left the college. We pray for his successful career.

#### **4th February**

We had been facing tough drill practice along with the daily routine for this day. College celebrated its "12th Parents' Day" with great pomp and show. More interesting thing was that boys were allowed to go with their parents after the show for Eid break. Eid Mubarak to all!

#### **14th February**

The boys were welcomed with a film show. We have tightened our belts to work harder in this term.

#### **16th February**

Two of our cadets represented the



college in the Inter-Collegiate English Debates, held at Khairpur, and brought the honour - "Championship Shield" to Petaro.

#### **17th February**

A contingent of the cadets went to P.N.A. to visit different ships and establishments. They also played a hockey match, result, as usual, - Victory.

#### **12th February**

The extempore speeches in Urdu were held. Promising show - keep it up.

#### **27th February**

Four of our cadets were selected to represent Hyderabad Division in the "Under-20" National Hockey Championship. They deserve our heartiest congratulations.

#### **5th March**

Muharram was observed with great solemnity and devotion to commemorate the martyrdom of Hazrat Imam HUSSAIN and his followers. Speeches were delivered to pay great tribute and homage to

Martyrs.

#### **8th March**

Oh! we were just finishing but a good piece of news; Mr. M.P. Durrani was blessed with a son. Our heartiest congratulations.

#### **29th March**

National Cricket coach Mr. Tajammul Hussain T.k. arrived to coach the Cricketers of the College. The Camp will last for two weeks.

#### **15th April**

A contingent comprising 18 boys from XII Class went to P.M.A. Kakul to witness the passing out parade.

#### **20th April**

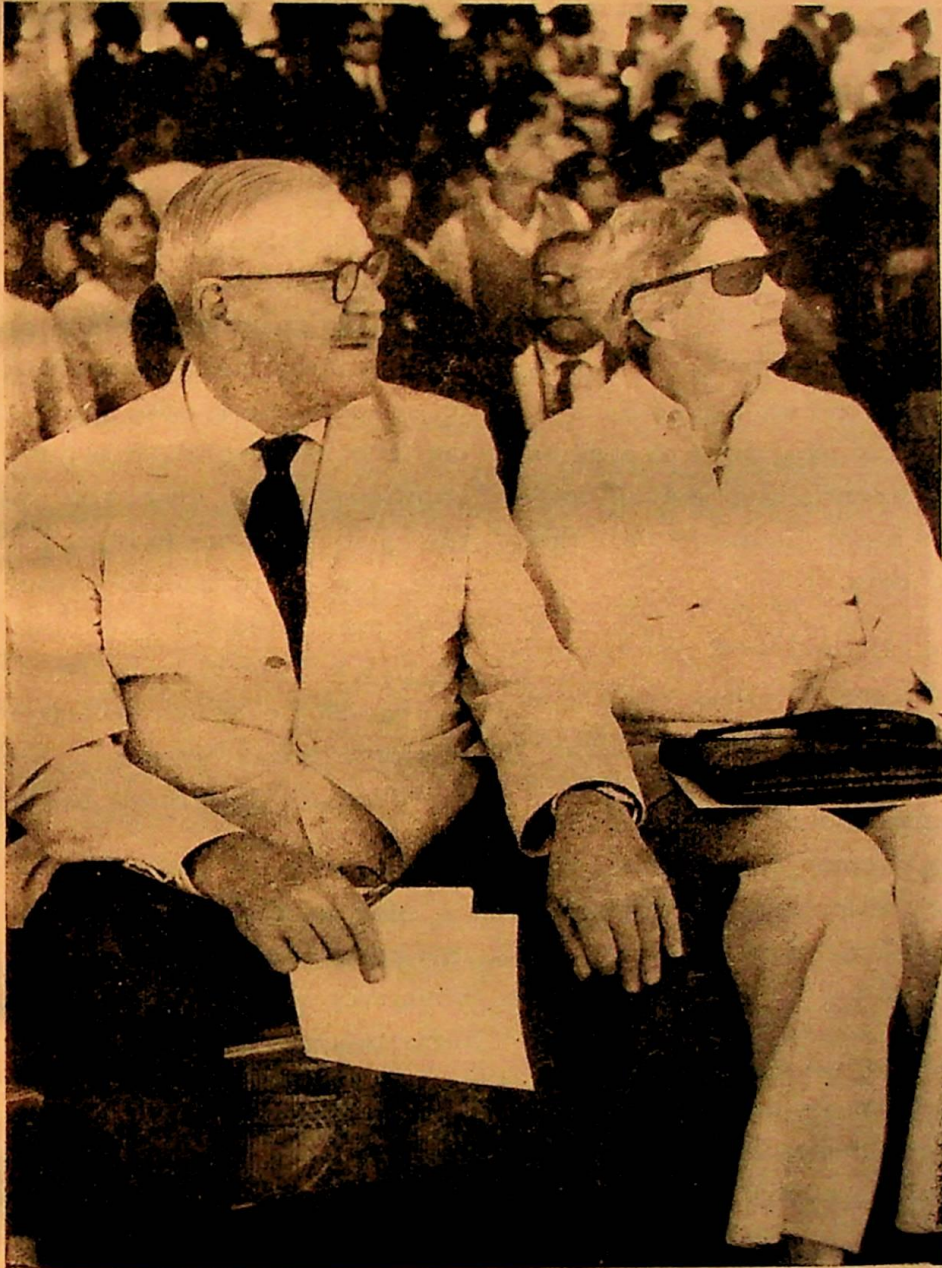
The first "Petaro Old Boys Day" was held. The passing out of the current batch of the XII class was Synchronized with the re-union of the old Petarians. Fankadah and the Music Club made the evening colourful by staging a Variety Show which was followed by a dinner. The Chief guest was Rear Admiral M. Sharif S.k. Pakistan Navy.



# A Noble Gesture

"It has, indeed, been a pleasure to know that Col. Coombes, the first Principal of this college and Mrs Coombes have come all the way from England to meet us on this occasion (Parents day). I commend their noble gesture; I commend the valuable services that col. coombes rendered to this College"

Lt. Gen. Rakhman Gul  
S.P.K, SQA, SK.,MC.,  
Governor of Sind.



The Distinguished Visitors



# A MESSAGE TO PETARIANS - Past and Present

*From*

Col. J. H. H. Coombes, CBE, ERD, M.A. (Oxon).

My dear fellow Petarians.

I am very happy to be back in Pakistan with you again. It is wonderful to see Petaro growing up and looking beautiful and to see so many Petarians growing up all over the country to positions of increasing responsibility, and all looking back with happy memories of their Cadet College days.

In England, I, too, look back with happy memories of my days with you and it has been my dream, since I left you, to return one day and see again the College and my children that I love. That dream has now come true and I can return to my little house in England which I have called "Petaro", and say, with feeling: ( الحمد لله )

Now may I repeat my message to you printed in the first issue of "The Cadet" in 1958, under the heading: "Our Philosophy". In that I quoted from "The Song of the rain" by Shah Abdul Latif

and from "The Secrets of the Self" by Allama Iqbal—You Cadets must go forth, having seized your opportunities at Petaro, having learnt to live in community and to work with other people, and create a new world. It is not in academic knowledge alone that you will achieve this, but in service to other people. Work hard, play hard and love your neighbour as yourself. And so I have donated another Inter-House Shield to be awarded annually to that House which achieves the best results in Social Service, as adjudged by the Board of Governors in liaison with College Council.

May you all realize while still at Petaro, that however good you may be at academics, your success in life will depend in large measure on your ability to secure the respect and trust of both your inferiors and your superiors.

It was my hope when Petaro was founded, that although it is a College for



Sindhis, it would contain a quota of all the races of Pakistan, so that they could meet and become friends in community life together at School, and learn to cooperate in later life for the good of our country - Pakistan. The corollary of this thought in other Provinces is that there should be a similar grouping of all the races of Pakistan in all Cadet Colleges, where service to Pakistan would take first place. It is for you to decide whether or not this shall happen. History records that until the English, the Scots, the Irish and the Welsh learned to live together as the British nation, there was no Great Britain. This is a fact worthy of note.

My further hope is to see Petarians in the future, playing an active role in

the development of Petaro, as staff members, on the Board of Governors, and one day, may their be a Petarian as Principal. The old boys and their feelings towards their old School form the cement that binds it into a family.

If any of you come to England, my wife and I will be very happy to see you. My address and telephone numbers are available at the College Office, and we shall hope to see many of you in the future.

May I end with my "war-cry" on the playing fields, PETARO God bless you all.

پٹارو زندہ باد - پاکستان پائندہ باد

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“Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing, can be taught.”



# MEMORIES OF PETARO

IN HONOUR OF MRS. & COL. COOMBES  
at the dinner given by old Petarians.

By Ex. Cadet Khalid Latif Arain

Could dunes of sand, through human hand  
Form into a band, of flowering lane?  
Or smile of face, having angel's grace  
Could inspire a race, in a deserted place?  
Like sun that shine, over hill and pine  
And the drilling line, so smart so fine.  
Of humble of rich, with uniform pitch  
Sang song that switch, a desire for climbing ditch.  
No blood relation, of Pakistani Nation  
With greater obligation, worked for their elation.  
Every one of us, driving in his bus  
Making lot of fuss, reached destination thus.  
Like father he cared, love showered sorrows shared  
Dull politely beared, naughty homeward fared.  
Comes often the thought, how bravely he fought  
With contractors\* plot and the Indus\* draught.  
Of camps around fire, speeding car like flier  
Of Jamalo\* with choir, like ancient sire.  
Of humourous cracks, of luncheon packs  
Drilling with the sacks, that broke our backs.  
Many are the stories, of kindness and glories  
Of well spent calories, in practising his theories.  
But time has done, through no fault of none  
By parting the one, whose work never be undone.  
East welcomes West, with her hearts best  
Like young ones in nest, greet returning dove to rest.  
Sweeter is to live with sorrow, despite worries of the morrow  
With memories of Petaro, Oh memories of Petaro.

- 
- \*Contractor: - Who supplied provisions to Petaro  
\*Indus: - River Indus from where Petaro received its water  
\*Jamalo: - A Sindhi folk song.



# MEMORABLE MOMENTS

(AN INTERVIEW)

S. Hasan Haider Rizvi

Class XI

It was a great honour for me to interview Col. Coombes, the first and founder Principal of Petaro Cadet College. This was given in the Principal's office on the 26th of January, 1971. Extracts from this Interview are reproduced hereinbelow:-

Q. 1. In the first place, could you tell the purpose of your visit to Pakistan?

Ans. It is a pleasure to talk to you my dear son. The purpose of my visit is to see Petaro and its work and progress and meet my colleagues.

Q. 2. What do you think of the progress of the college now, after an absence of about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  years?

Ans. The college has become bigger and probably better since I left. The only feeling I have got as I have been round the country, is that we have lost all contacts with the old boys and we want a greater link between the college and the old boys and some how it must be restored. I would like to see an "Old Boys' Day" once a year. When a boy gets married or he gets a son, he is

congratulated or unhappily someone dies it is made known to others. Later when a boy is of sufficient civilian stature, I would like to see him on the Board of Governors.

Q. 3. How can an institution like ours be beneficial to a developing country like Pakistan?

Ans. I think, the biggest thing you can do is to develop the idea of Pakistan first and your province second. Every body should be proud of being a Sindhi, a Baluchi, a Bengali, a Punjabi or a Pathan, but unless you develop the idea of Pakistan first, you cannot be a great nation. In Britain, for years and years we fought the Welsh, the Irish and the Scots and until we met together and said we are one nation, we did not become great nation and the same applies to Pakistan. If all the pupils go out of this college, are properly trained, they can assist in Armed Forces, Agriculture and Industry and every one of you can become a small leader in whatever way he finds and in that way you can help your country.



Q. 4. Do you find any change in the way of teaching here and in Britain?  
Ans: In the last 4 years the method of teaching in Great Britain has become revolutionized. Group-teaching and team-teaching has been introduced. In this, three classes are under one teacher and the other two teachers act as a team. All the subjects are mixed together and instead of going for Geometry here, History there, this is a more interesting way the boy covers his syllabus.

Q. 5. How does Petaro help to develop the personality of a child?

Ans. However you may be good at your job, what-ever your job is in your life, your success or failure depends upon the ability to get along with the people. To have trust and respect of the people above and below you. If you have that, you can succeed, otherwise not. When you are at a boarding school, particularly in a Cadet College, you learn by becoming J. U. O. s. and captains of the teams to control other boys and to have responsibility and respect, so when you go out you know how to deal with others, which is very important.

Q. 6. Why is the youth so restless throughout the world?

Ans. Throughout the history, youth has always been a rebel. They want to cut away the old fashioned techniques of their fathers and build the new world.

Youth is always idealistic, and when the young man comes out of this world and he has to take the world as he finds it, he wants to make it better. Self-discipline and smartness is a must. Now the boys do not learn good things. Another reason is T. V. which unhappily records all the crimes committed in the world and, to my mind, wrongly. It should be controlled. They show Hippies on the T. V. and the young people see them. You know what Hippies are. They say "Doesn't matter, whether you are clean or dirty. Let us be happy". Hippie speaks in a plausible way. Young people see it on the T. V. and they follow the same. Third thing are Parents. To a large extent, in England any way, the parents no longer control their children. They spoil them and when they go to school, there is not such strict discipline as there used to be.

Q. 7. How did you like the Army life.

Ans. I liked the Army life very much. You have got human relations as an officer in the Army. You have got to look after men and it gives you sense of responsibility and you love them as a father loves his children. When I was a Platoon Commander, I knew the names of the children and wives of all men and if anybody was sick, my wife used to visit the patient. It gives you a sense of comradeship, and I think it is a very good thing.



Q. 8. People say that the money spent on Cadet Colleges is a waste and many other colleges could be run with that money. Will you throw light on this?

Ans. I think they are wrong. My reasons are largely sentimental and traditional. I was brought up in a private English School and I had an opportunity to go to Oxford. If afterwards, I become a tramp, I think I would be a better tramp than if I had not been to Oxford and become a tramp without it. History records that in big powers, dedication of the Public School boys played an important role. It is possible that with the money spent on a Cadet College, many other colleges could be run but the value of a Cadet College is living together and learning to live together. Here you get

an opportunity to control your men and win their respect and trust.

Q. 9. How can you compare our institutions with standard institutions in Britain?

Ans. I think it is as good as the Best Public School in Britain.

Q. 10. Please tell us the most interesting event during your stay at Petaro.

Ans. It is difficult to answer. Well, any how, one answer can be: A week before I ended at Petaro I remember that a police jeep came in front of my office with a Major in at 6 o'clock and said, "Sir, President Ayub is driving through your gate", and the President came unannounced to thank me for my assistance in making the college to stand on its feet.

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*Fame is what you have taken,  
Character's what you give;  
When to this truth you waken,  
Then you begin to live.*

—Bayard Taylor.



# The Honour is Ours

S. Hasan Haider Rizvi  
Class XI.

“Who-so-ever doeth right, whether male or female, and is a believer, him verily we shall quicken with good life, and we shall pay them a recompense in proportion to the best of what they used to do”. (Al Qura'n - Surah XVI, 97)

He, it is, who created a Paradise in the desert by his tireless efforts; he, it is, who built Petaro from scratch, and by his inexhaustible energy and remarkable power to build the college, into the noble institution that it is to-day. He, it is, who took the command as a Major-General when he was a Colonel on a front entirely because of his selfless and meritorious service. He is a man with a high forehead and straight-forward personality with big western sheriff moustache on the pink tanned face. His name is John Henry Herald Coombes, popularly known as Col. Coombes.

Whenever our ex. cadets used to talk about the college, they invariably told us about Col. Coombes. He remained as a prisoner of war for quite a long time and this added a colour to his personality. Some

one told me that once he said: “I came to Pakistan to show to the world that Coombes was not an ordinary convict. I decided to produce a good Cadet College and set about the task with no preconceived ideas, except to produce young men who were more concerned about, with the “Code of Honour” and being sympathetic human beings than to obtain first division. I was not concerned about academic result simply but about “Real Men”. I could afford to be independent and do as I pleased since if they put me in prison, it would not be the first time”.

It was our cherished desire to see our founder Principal, as we had heard much of him from every body. God listened to us and the news about his arrival spread like wild fire in this small world of ours. Every body planned to give him a hearty welcome.

On the 4th of January, 1971 at about 11.30 hours, this great personality arrived and he was received by our present worthy Principal. He was recreating the images of the past days and must really,



have been proud to see his planted tree giving the best and ripened fruits. He went round the college to see various places and left for 'Pindi the next day. He came back on the 26th of the same month and took the salute at Inter-House Drill Competition. He was extremely glad to see the future pillars of Pakistan and his love for Petaro could be felt from the fact that he was wearing the College Tie. He is now in his sixties yet while standing on the saluting dais he looked extremely fit.

The same evening he went to see the "Petaro Filter Plant". He saw different sections and appreciated its working.

In his honour, the cadets gave a party the same night. Boys were really happy to dine with him. The boys cheered and clapped to show their happiness when Col. and Mrs. Coombes arrived. It was a scene of real love and enthusiasm. The dinner started and as far as I could see, most of the boys were looking at him or were discussing about him.

After the dinner was over, the S.U.O. requested the Principal to speak to the cadets and he, in his speech, applauded the selfless services rendered by Col. Coombes in building a paradise in the desert. After him, Col. Coombes came and there was perfect silence. At the age of about 65, he spoke without the help

of a mike and the cadets sitting at the farthest end could easily listen to him. Speaking on the occasion he said, "My dear sons! I want to tell you how proud I am at the standard you have attained. I would also like to place on record with my congratulations, my sincere thanks to Cdr. Firoz Shah and the Members of staff who have trained you. Take opportunity with both hands as they shall not return". He further said: "Try to work as one nation and be proud of being a Pakistani. Do not think in term of Provincialism, and this way you will become great". Al-hamddo-lillah——!" We came back with sweet memories with us.

Next day, he went to see Petaro village and talked to the villagers enthusiastically. They gave him a hearty send off. He saw different places near the village. On the same night, the teaching Staff arranged a Party in his honour and I have got no words to express how happy he was to see his former colleagues. On the 28th, the Ministerial Staff requested him to dine with them and he gladly accepted their invitation. Although he might have been happy to spend the time with his friends but he definitely must have enjoyed the parties.

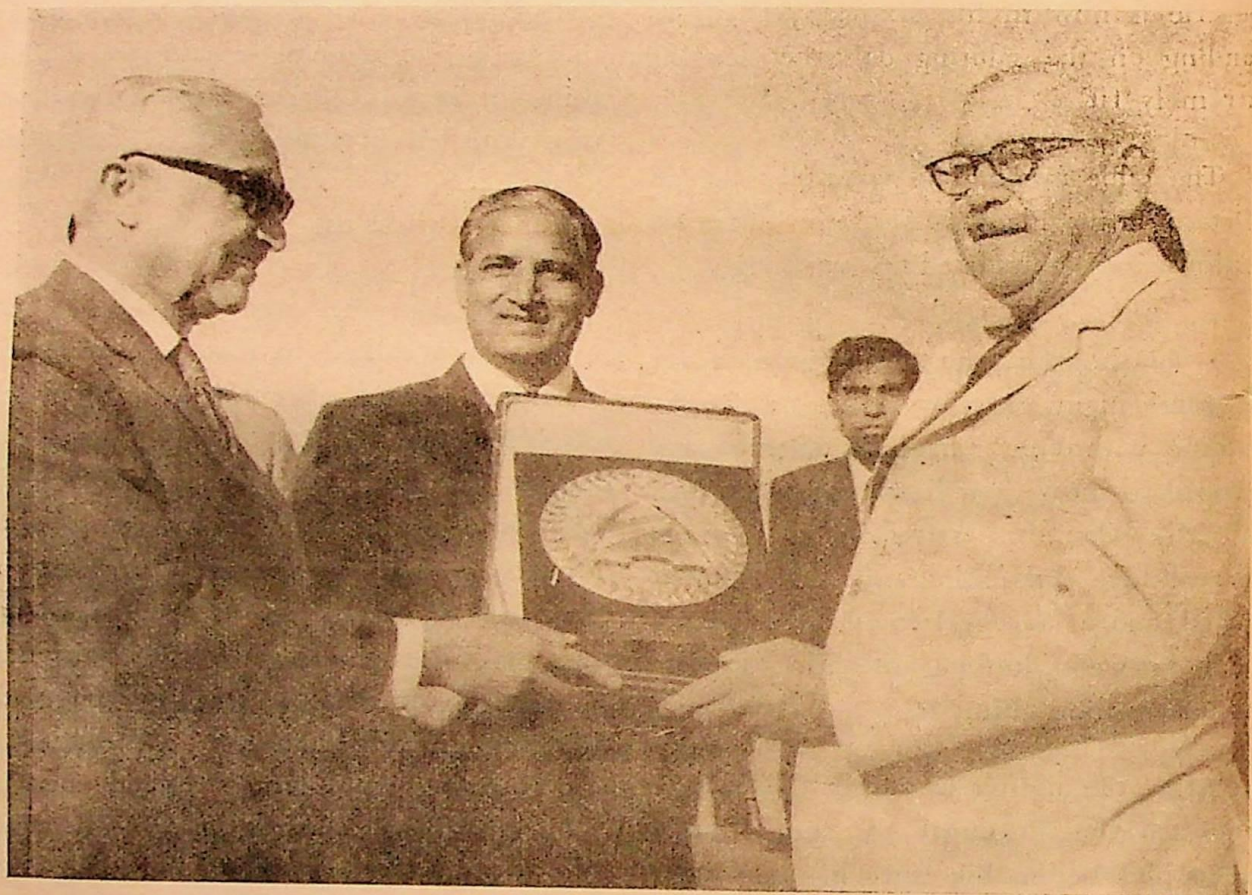
One cannot stop the flight of time and so the day came when he had to leave us. This was our Parents' Day held on 4th of February, 1971.



The colourful Day started and at the  
end the Chief- Guest presented a beautiful

Petaro Crest to Col. Coombes  
Long live Col. Coombes.

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The College Crest is being presented to Col. Coombes.



# Literary Articles

*"There is first the literature of knowledge and secondly the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; The function of the second is — to move".*

## **"De Quincey"**

*Editor:*

CADET NAGEEB TARIQ

*Asst. Editor:*

CADET S. HASAN HAIDER RIZVI



## The College shall remain proud of him

By  
**Ali Asgher Naqvi.**  
*M.A., B.Ed.*

The early Muslim education laid emphasis on spiritual ideals. The Moghal education laid stress on moral aims. The Spartans stood for physical strength, courage and obedience in pupils. The Athenians believed in the inculcation of qualities like obedience to elders, truthfulness and aesthetic appreciation and pleasures of life. Socrates, Plato and Aristotle raised the issue of social versus individual aims.

The aims suitable at one time and for one country do not suit all times and all places. Education is not a static force and each aim concentrates on a certain point of this complicated process. With the rapid changes in the pattern of life and the social requirements, to-day's system of education is transforming itself to respond to the ever-changing conditions. The entire educational set-up is sustained by four forces, viz., pupil, teacher, parents and the state. A co-ordinated endeavour on the part of these forces is necessary for achieving their object. It is the pupil round whom revolve the

other three forces. He is taught to think, to reason, to remember, to appreciate, to be moral and a critic of his emotional attitudes. The pupil is inspired to learn, he is guided in habit formation, afforded personality aid and when this is being done, one has to resort to different methods and techniques to deal with pupils with various traits - the pupils with highly specialized ability, with personality difficulties, with speech defects, with emotional instability, with bad health habits, etc., and other forces exerting their influence. But the result of the entire process would be disappointing unless there is proper response from the pupil.

To-day, we exist in an era of intellectual competition. Only those who are fit can survive. In the past learning, of course, received homage, but the Kingdoms flourished on valour and chivalry. Now the order is reversed. Knowledge and how it is applied, are the only deciding factors. Individuals and nations, mentally deficient, cannot survive.

All educational institutions have alumni



possessing different mental calibres and Petaro is no exception in this respect. Broadly speaking, there are dull, ordinary, intelligent and brilliant pupils and lastly there is the genius. It is somewhat difficult to estimate the percentage of students in each of these categories but it goes without saying that geniuses are rare. The students, in general, are hidden barrels of vast energy and potentialities, the teachers form the rescue team to elicit the finer traits of their talents.

A student, whatever category he belongs to, has to understand clearly the meaning of 'Liberty' so that when he enjoys it practically, he may get real joy, give satisfaction and delight to others. 'Liberty' is an outcome of interplay between 'duties' and 'rights', which are mutually interdependent. 'Liberty' misunderstood or misinterpreted or misused may turn to be a missile for self-annihilation.

There are always some boys on Petaro campus who fail to strike a balance between 'rights' and 'duties' but there are also always a few who distinguish themselves. One among those few has been that most talked about person, one who could impress all and make everybody say, "I really admire him".

Born on 9th September, 1953 at Rawalpindi, he had his early schooling at the Presentation Convent where he

won his first prize of the series in a Mathematical race. Before migrating from Cantonment Public School Karachei to Petaro, he represented Pakistan in an Air-Scouts Jamboree in Afghanistan.

Son of a Colonel in Pakistan Army, he is frank, persuasive and perspicacious. At the start he was sensitive and quickly announced his dissidence if an act or opinion of a friend was found to be below the recognized norms of social behaviour. This he would not accept at any cost. In the initial stages of his social adjustment, he had difficulties. At times he would declare his unwillingness to stay here.

One of the important opportunities a residential institution offers to the young boys is to understand the heterogeneous nature of the society. Always rational and objective, he soon had reasonable adjustments. When asked about his training at home, his father said, "I never told but convinced him to do things". "I always saw", he continued, "that he was truthful, punctual, polite to the servants and had table manners". He added humourously, "Formica-top is partly responsible for bad table-manners today". His mother remarked, "As a child he was extremely afraid of one thing - injections".

This boy with the sparkling eyes revealing his brilliance, was picked up to be a House Prefect. An extract from a



terminal report on his IX class results will not be out of place here. "A bright and promising cadet. Should top the list in the Board. Must not go to play Hockey without a stick". He asserted himself equally in all the fields of activity. In the S.S.C. examination, he did top the list and was awarded Gold Medals by the Board and the College. Later, he was adjudged to be the best Debater and the best performer on the stage, was appointed Chief Editor of the College Magazine and Captain of the College Judo team, getting colours in the last.

Two years later, In 1970 he was selected to be Junior Under- Officer. With 82.2% marks in the aggregate, he secured the first position in the Higher Secondary examination last year as he had done in the Matriculation examination two years previously.

He also achieved the distinction of standing first from Pakistan in the selection examination for admission to the

Middle Eastern Engineering University at Ankara.

The variety of his interests is amazing. Fond of Urdu and English poetry, his favourite poets are allama Iqbal, Faiz Ahmed Faiz and Wordsworth. He has studied 'Greek Political Thought' with deep interest.

He never despises the needy but always dislikes flatterers. A self-respecting boy, he would not allow an insult and would not reconcile to unjust scolding but would humbly submit, if convinced that he was wrong. He could distinguish truth from falsehood. He hates uncharted freedom. What he is today is surely due to his keen sense of his 'duties' and 'rights'.

And in the end, here is an extract from the last report rendered on him, by the Principal:-

"Ali Nasir Rizvi is bound to achieve distinction in whatever he plans to do. The College shall remain proud of him".

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"Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety nine percent perspiration".

— Edison



# The Never Failing Brook

Mr. Hasan Sajjad Syed  
M.A.

I still remember the story related by some one when I was in my teens. It went like this:

“Two persons were travelling together, in a railway compartment. One of them said, ‘I don’t believe in ghosts.’ ‘Don’t you?’ said the other and vanished”.

Whenever I look at “Ghaus”, God knows why, I feel that he would also vanish like the “Ghost” in the above story.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Ghaus Mohammed’s genie-like qualities compel me to think of him like this. Whatever he undertakes to do, he does it with such a confidence and speed that I feel that a giant’s strength has been compressed into this almost invisible man.

Human nature is like a multi-coloured dome and one cannot boast of understanding it all. One can only make efforts to explore the vast and boundless treasures of potentialities and capabilities in it. A man cannot even know himself, not

to speak of others. Hence, whatever opinion I have been able to form about him is only a cursory glimpse of his personality. I dare not say that I have completely unearthed his entire self.

The most attractive quality of Ghaus is his sincerity. You remove this from him and he will be a walking mass of a few pounds of flesh and bones. He is sincerity incarnate.

Whatever work is entrusted to him, he does it with such an amount of zeal and enthusiasm that he himself appears to be an ingredient of the job he is doing. Such dedication to one’s work is a rare example in this warring wicked world.

He is a simple and straight-forward man without any sort of complexes. His inner-self is reflected in his outer appearance with a photographic fidelity. Within his narrow chest throbs the heart of a great humanitarian, who knows only how to make friends. Malice towards none and charity towards all is the principal of his life.



Who hasn't seen him walking hurriedly to do one job or the other. One must have heard him making announcements. He calls the people to see the movies with the same enthusiasm as he arranges parties of "Qawwali".

He is not an Aligarian in the sense most people are. He is an Aligarian in fact, because he was born there and also received his early education there. He migrated to Pakistan in 1950 and joined

the D.I.S.'s office as a clerk where from his services were transferred to our College in 1957. By sheer hardwork, now, he has risen to be the Chief Accountant of the College. He is an equally capable man so far as his office work is concerned.

His life is a gushing fountain of love, sincerity and hardwork where so many people have quenched and still may quench their thirst.

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*Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part: there all the honour lies.*  
POPE.



## TRAVEL IN THE LAND AND SEE

Raja Khadim Hussain  
M. Sc.

“Travel in the Land and see how He originated Creation”. (Holy Qura'n)

Following the above words of the Holy Book, this year, we decided to visit two neighbouring Muslim countries - Iran and Afghanistan. After completing all the formalities, our party, consisting of nineteen cadets, myself as the Officer Incharge reached Peshawar. Then came the long awaited day of the 18th of July '70. We started our journey in a luxurious GTS bus at about 0930 hours. Every one was happy and full of enthusiasm. The very first change we experienced, after crossing Torkham border, was “Right hand driving”. The metalled road was excellent and moreover, we were passing through the famous Khyber Pass. The clicks of cameras were often heard in the bus on our way to Kabul. We had our lunch at Jalalabad and reached Kabul at about 1615 hours. A pleasant weather welcomed us.

During the stay we visited the Mazar of the 1st. Mughal Emperor Babar, Kabul Museum, the Mazar of Sultan Mahmood

at Ghazni and two gardens around the city of Kabul.



*Ghazni Museum*

In Kabul, Pakistani dishes were easily available at reasonable rates. Generally, the people speak Persian. The weather was quite cold and the result was that two cadets fell ill. They returned to Peshawar from Kabul.

On the morning of 23rd July, we left for Qandhar in a comfortable bus. We reached Qandhar after a tiresome journey of about nine hours. The road was excellent but it was barren all along it. There was not even a suitable place for lunch on the way. Qandhar city is





*Nadir Shah's Tomb*

still following its old traditions. People are poor. There was no point of interest other than a beautiful mosque possessing the sacred Mantle of Prophet MOHAMMED (Peace be upon him).

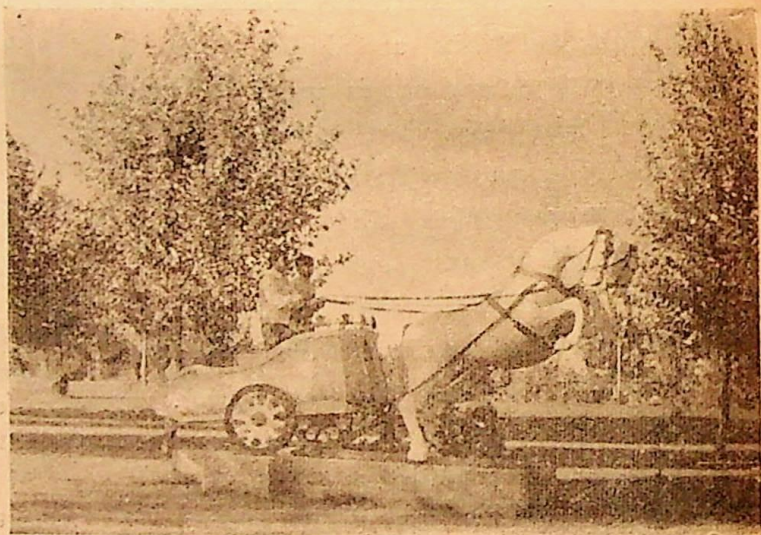
The next day, at about 1600 hours, we left for Herat, and reached there the next morning. In spite of hard efforts we couldn't arrange proper accomodation there. So, it was decided to leave for Iran border in the evening. To

get transport for onward journey from Herat is also a big problem. However, we were lucky enough to get Tourist Department's Microbus. The driver of the bus was a nice man and it was only, through

him that we cleared Custom formalities at Afghan border (Islam-Qilla) at about 2330 hours. We were lucky to be free by this time otherwise most of the travellers were asked to report next morning. The custom authorities, as usual, showed no courtesy. We reached Iran Checkpost at about 2330 hours in the night. Our Health Certificates and Passports were checked a number of times in between Islam Qilla and Tyabad.

Now we had entered another country - a member of R.C.D. So, our hearts were full of joy and, once again, we were feeling at home. People were very courteous and respectful to us.

After taking first meal in Iran at Tyabad, we departed for Meshed. In the first place, the lunch was not tasty and, secondly, it was very expensive. The



*Meshad Garden*

bus passengers were checked about five times by Custom authorities on our way to Meshed. The cadets' joy knew no bounds as the bus entered the beautiful



city of Meshed. We were provided with excellent accommodation in a Scouts' Hostel.

Meshed, a city of marked individuality is the capital of the Province of Khorasan. The whole area abounds in greenery and the various places are worth visiting. Of all the shrines in Iran, Hazrat Imam Raza's is the grandest. Every one of us felt spiritual elation while inside this shrine. The dome is covered with gold and surrounded by beautiful cloisters. Although it was not any special occasion, it seemed as if there was a festival. We hired a micro-bus for a full day and visited places like Mausoleum of Farabi, Shah Square, Aryamehr Park and the tomb of great poet Firdousi. Around the tomb one could see a beautiful garden, full of a variety of flowers. The tomb of Nadir Shah, undoubtedly, is an excellent example of architecture.

The statue of the father of the Shahinshah is to be seen at every chowk of the city. The 'Shah' is held in great respect by the Iranians.

After two nights' stay at Meshed, we left for Teheran by train. Meshed railway station is another example of good planning and construction. The railway train was comfortable but not luxurious as we had heard of it. The meals in the dining-car were expensive. On our way to

Teheran, we were flanked by Iranian ladies and gents. On seeing us, they murmured, "Iran-Pakistan brothers". We were naturally impressed to see the warmth of regard and friendly attitude of the people.

After about fifteen hours' journey, we reached Teheran. We were received by a representative of the Pakistan Embassy. Our accommodation was about fifteen miles away from the centre of the city. However, it was excellent; two swimming pools were within the building we were staying in.

Teheran is a modern city full of life like Karachi. Gulistan Palace, a magnificent old building, of the Shahinshah, has been converted into a museum. It includes a replica of the Peacock Throne, rich carpets, paintings and so many other rare things. Teheran bazar is a combination of the indigenous and exotic and almost anything can be bought there. We were unlucky not to see the Crown Jewels. To visit historical places, one has to pay an entry fee. However, through the courtesy of Iran Scouts Organization, we were admitted free.

The weather was hot in Teheran, but water was ice-cold. Our visit to the Caspian Sea is worth mentioning here. It is about six hours' journey from Teheran. The whole of the route is hilly and we



passed through a number of long tunnels. The metalled-road along the Caspian Sea and the green mountains on the other side of the road, will be remembered by us for ever. There was a moment of disappointment when we reached the coastal city of Bablsar. The day we reached there, was reserved for locals only. However, we were allowed to visit the Sea Shores and have a bath only because we were Pakistanis. We arrived back in Teheran.

After about five days' stay in Teheran, we left for Isfahan. It is a very old and famous city, but the glimpses of its old glory could be easily seen when we paid a visit to its monuments. Most of the important points lie in Maidan Shah. The 'Shah Mosque', Ali Qapu, Chehl Satoons and Shaikh Lutfullah Mosque are discernible examples of classical architecture. In the evening, we visited Khajoo bridge. It is also unique because of being old-fashioned. In the evening, most of the people visit this place.

We stayed in Isfahan for two nights. Our next destination was Yazd. Actually, we could visit Shiraz, the beautiful city of Shaikh Saadi, but for lack of time and money at our disposal, we had to cancel our programme. The roads were nicely built upto Isfahan, but now the worst part of them had started. (The new RCD road

was under construction). At certain places there was no road at all. The weather was extremely hot and we reached Yazd after about eleven hours' journey. We felt that one must have a good stock of water on these roads.

In Yazd there was no place of importance except a one thousand years old Mosque. The sweet memories of the hospitability of our hosts is still alive in our minds.

Next, came the city of Karman. Its old "Covered Bazar" is remarkable. The leader of the local Scouts Organization was very nice. She and her husband provided us with every possible help. Their sincerity is still fresh in our minds.

And finally, we reached Zahidan at about 12-30 in the night. It was pleasant surprise to see Pakistani flag on an old building. Our curiosity changed into joy when we came to know that it was Pakistan's Consulate building. The Pakistan Consul was happy to receive us there.

And then the return journey began. We reached Quetta via Zahidan on 13th August, 1970 at 2.30 in the morning. The total journey from Kabul to Quetta was more than 5,000 miles and this 25 day trip cost us about Rs. 750/-per head.



# SHE

Cadet. Asif Majeed Tarin

Class XII

"SHE" is the "Queen" of my thoughts the goddess of beauty, the fair maiden who deserves the Knights of King Arthurs round table to defend her dignity; and she really has the "Knights", who are always ready and devoted to defend her charm, honour, dignity and grace. Ah! but who is this "SHE", who haunts every mind and for whom each heart throb utters praise, and whispers love. Every one loves, praises and admires her from the depth of his heart. This love and praise that we have for her, cannot be measured. It has only one measure, and that is—"no measure".

She has a pretty and charming face with long hair falling and going astray over her beautiful shoulders. Her lips—ah! they are like fresh and fragrant roses softly uttering the words of wisdom and knowledge. Who is SHE? The "SHE" is Petaro. Petaro has presented this barren desert with "Life" - the most precious and valuable gift on the Earth's surface.

The Knights of the round table are the cadets; the beautiful hair-falling over

her shoulders are the lush green trees around the campus. Her lips are the academic block, which speak of knowledge and learning. The roads in and around Petaro are the vessels in which the blood—the college vehicles—circulates day in and day out. Her arms, the hostel block, always ready to accept and embrace any body who has a wish to seek knowledge.

Oh yes! Petaro is more beautiful, charming and graceful than any woman on Earth. She is like a mother to 600 boys, yet she is forever charming and graceful. The great grand badge of Petaro is the "Crown" on her head which makes her prouder and prettier. Her legs—the playing-fields—are fast and strong. When She "runs", they seem to be electrified. Her sheer speed and legs help a lot in "running away" with trophies and shields against other people (colleges). Her determination and "speed" have helped her in adding four more feathers—the President's Shield (won for four consecutive years)—to her crown.

One would say at first sight of Petaro. "What is such a fair Maiden doing alone



in such a wilderness?" No, my friend, you are badly mistaken. She is not alone. In her neighbourhood is her old, forgotten sister—"Runway". What a pity that she cannot speak! If only she could, she would tell us after what a lot of beauty creams and make-up did sister Petaro become so pretty and charming. But probably, God has gifted her with most of it. Still she has a pretty large number of servants and "courtiers"—the gardeners and groundsmen—who take care of her beauty, "comb" her hair, and help in getting her dressed up in accordance with different occasions—it might be a tragedy, when she is gloomy, dejected, and weeping, dressed in black; and it might be the "Parents' Day" when she is bursting with happiness, charming and beautiful as ever, dressed luxuriously and her laughter being heard all over, scenting the whole atmosphere with the odour of optimism.

I have gone astray. I was talking about sister Runway. Unlike most sisters these two sisters are not jealous. Thrice a week, sister Petaro sends her children to her elder sister, to acquaint them with perfect discipline and behaviour. Though these visits are very short yet still horrible: and the boys tremble at the very thought of sister Runway. She calls her "Commanders", the P.O.s. and then gives a real tough time to the boys while training them, and even tougher

while punishing them. Contempt and hatred that the boys show to sister Runway is temporary because they know that her contribution is the most impressive and pompous on the "Parents' Day, the biggest "Festival" of this place.

Sister Runway teaches them discipline, sister Petaro provides them with necessary knowledge. At present, sister Petaro is leading a very successful, happy and contented life, but if we glance at her past, it is very tragic. Several years ago she was "divorced" by her "husband". She used to live in Mirpurkhas. After getting the divorce, she left that place and settled down in this "desert"—to which she is now married. And I am sure "he" won't, rather can't divorce "her". She has sown the seed of learning and knowledge, which has now developed into a strong and beautiful tree, bearing the sweetest fruit—wisdom.

Like all mothers, she has also a kind and loving "heart"—the dispensary where she cures the griefs and miseries of all, whether they are her children—the cadets, her "courtiers"—the employees, her "ambassadors"—the staff members, or her "Prime Minister"—The Principal!

What others think of her, I can't say. But for me, she is my benefactor, my teacher, my heroine, my love, and my Life.



# THE BANKS OF THE GANGES

Cadet Mahboob-ur-Rehman  
Class XI

*I stood alone on the bank of Ganges  
The atmosphere so dead and quiet  
Where have gone the birds which sang  
And filled the air with melodies.  
Where have gone the sailing-boats  
The fishermen hauling their nets in hope,  
The breeze which kissed the leaves of all trees  
Where to-day are the houses small  
Surrounded by the betel trees  
Or banana palm which warmed  
And clusters formed in front of these.  
Eradicated from the face of earth  
Are lives, which were so full of mirth  
The villages which once sung with joy  
Mutilated lie like a child's toy  
Where tales of woe were never told  
Where happiness valued more than gold  
To-day are swept by the tidal bore  
To the edge of no where cast away  
Scattered all their bodies like flowers  
Once piered to adorn a maidens hair  
Then thrown away without any care,  
Today I stand and then recall  
I find not what it used to be  
The null calm as ever I see  
How could have turned to a stormy sea  
I stand as if on a foreign strand  
A stranger I feel on my own land.*



# A Hunting Expedition

Cadet Jinnaid Yasin  
Class XII

During my stay in this college I have many a time gone hunting, but one particular trip stands out.

Last year, in the month of May, I, along with a few friends, decided to go for Ibex or deer to the interior of the desert. So one Sunday morning at 3 A.M., after a sleepless night we set off for our hunting grounds. We were all accommodated in a jeep and pickup. Our party included 5 Baluchi guides and our then Adjutant, Capt. Zahid Yasin. We carried with us our own water supply as water was not available where we were going.

Soon we were off the beaten-track with the cool desert wind blowing at our faces, which was an experience in itself. The desert sky was lovely at night with twinkling stars adorning the whole of it. The complete silence all around us gave the atmosphere a strange sense of peace and serenity.

Much before dawn we stopped a mile short from where our guides had first seen the deer foot-prints. At first light we, in the jeep, set off for the deer while

the remaining dispersed to shoot partridges and a sand grouse which were abundant there.

The terrain around us consisted of sandy flats, small hillocks and thorny bushes protruding here and there. We, in the jeep, roamed a lot of area searching for the deer. Only a fortnight back our Adjutant had bagged two deer from the same area. We found foot-prints, deer-excreta but no deer. Despondently we returned at about 9.30 A.M. to our base on a small rocky hillock. As we approached it, a fox came out of its lair and every body fired at it, but it remained unharmed miraculously because a .22 automatic, a .44 and 3, 12-bores had fired simultaneously. Anyway, Capt. Zahid chased it over a sandy flat which stretched on for miles and came back with the fox.

Soon the other boys returned all with something to show. It was then decided that we should go after the Ibex. We started off with the hot-sun beating upon us for 20 miles. The track was through ditches, narrow gullies and thorny bushes till at last we reached the bottom of a



rock mountain about 1000 ft. high. The face of the mountain as viewed by us was so plain that we could understand as to how we were to climb. Anyway, our guides led us to a crevice in the mountains through which we were to climb. The path was very steep and on one side was the rock wall and on the other a sheer drop.

15 persons started the climb at 10.45 A.M. and only 7 of us made it by 12.45. We had brought with us 3 big water bottles and 4 deer skins full of water. By the time we reached the top 3/4th of our water supply had finished. To reach the top 1000 ft. high I experienced my most memorable and tiring 3-mile walk and at a stretch we could not walk for more than 10-15 minutes.

On the summit, Tariq and I went out for the Ibex with the Baluchi guides. While we sat in suitable places our guides beat the animals out of their lairs.

At the 2nd sitting, as I was sitting camouflaged in a ravine a majestic beast came running slowly. I was so taken by its beauty that I forgot that I was there to kill it and remembered only too late. I emptied both my barrels but in vain. Tariq sitting farther away also fired with his .44 but could not get it. I was very disappointed but anyhow we proceeded forward.

At our 4th sitting I heard two shots

ring out and I ran from my place to Tariq and found him tracing a blood-stained path. By this time, we were completely worn out, the soles of my shoes had been half eaten away by the rocks, our water supply was nearly finished and we were extremely thirsty. We found the Ibex at the bottom of a steep drop of about 150 ft. I do not know how, but we managed to scramble down and once we were down and looked up we could not believe that we had climbed down that steep drop.

with at least something to show we started our downward journey. It was extremely hot and we were very tired and thirsty. After some time I started feeling chilly in (105°F) + temp and reasoned it that my body temp must have shot up enormously.

Our downward journey proved very tiring, our legs trembled under our weight and we were always tempted to run down but also realised that it would then be impossible to stop. Once Tariq gave way to this temptation and just barely missed getting smashed up against a rock wall, We rested more frequently and our water-supply had exhausted, so we had to be content with chewing the wet deer skin of our water containers, a thing unimaginable under normal conditions.

We, at last, reached our camp 3 hours after we had started our descent.



On reaching the camp we found that the water-supply there had also finished. We could not have been more disappointed but our Adjutant's batman came to our rescue. He had preserved some water in a plastic container which was then nearly boiling but to us it was heaven-sent relief.

It was the most memorable of all my hunting trips because of the mountain track I have never been so utterly spent in all my life and I don't think I shall have a similar experience again.

My only memento of that trip is a new pair of shoes with paper thin holes,

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## Five Wonders of Petaro

Cadet Sohail Azim  
Class XII

On this planet of earth, nature has endowed human-beings with a great environment. There are beautiful lakes and rivers like the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Nile, etc. huge and rocky mountains like the Himalayas, the Alps and others, and many such other gifts of nature.

The human race utilized these blessings of nature fully, and made tremendous developments since the birth of "Adam and Eve".

Now-a-days, we have beautiful Mausoleums of our great ancestors, lovely gardens and parks and very many magnificent things in the world'.

But among them some are of great

importance, due to which are called "Wonders of the World".

Petaro is a small campus situated in a beautiful oasis of Sind. This college possesses some very lovely and interesting things too. But a few which are of unique importance are remembered as "Wonders of Petaro". They are five in all, so we call them "Five Wonders of Petaro."

The five Wonders of Petaro are these:  
(1) River Indus; (2) The Valley outside the campus; (3) The Airfield of Petaro; (4) The Assembly Hall; (5) The Cadets' Mess.

The River Indus flows at a distance



of early one and a half miles. from the campus of Petaro. Its unique importance is this, that without it the college shall cease to exist, as their would not be any water. Secondly, it is very fine and enjoyable spot for picnics around the campus. Thus it is a necessity as well a source of enjoyment for Petarians.

At a short distance from the campus, there is a beautiful green valley. A metalled road passes through it leading to Kotri. The valley is a cool and calm place. Cadets usually visit it, while going for 'cross-country running', or while taking a nice walk in summer. It is a very suitable place for shooting also. Thus Petarians think this valley as a beautiful place for resting, enjoying and shooting.

The airfield of Petaro is the third wonder. It's very different from normal air-fields. It was constructed during World War-II. They used it for the aid of Naval fleet, Now it's almost abandoned. Cadets use<sup>1</sup> it for drill practising, taking walks and some time for driving. The airfield is an unforgettable thing for cadets. They march in the early morning on it, especially in winter when the freezing Quetta wind blows, It is the most hateful place. Thus Petaro air-field is more a problem than a place of relaxa-

tion for cadets.

The Assembly Hall of Petaro is like a typical cinema hall. All pictures are shown there. All dramas, debates, speeches and other functions are organized there. Thus it is a very important place of Petaro. Cadets love to go there to see picture shows and dramas, but find it extremely boring otherwise.

Cadets's Mess is the last and most important Wonder of Petaro. It is a huge hall, which can accommodate five hundred and fifty cadets at a time. It is the loveliest place for cadets, at times. But some times when they get late and the doors are closed, it becomes the worst place to see as meals are clear to all. Mess Nights and other parties also take place in the Mess of Petaro. The most interesting thing is that any objection or anger or displeasure is shown by cadets mostly in the Cadets' Mess by shouting and howling. Thus Mess is usually liked by cadets.

The above five wonders of Petaro are very popular among cadets. Usually they have to visit them for a short time, but within five years stay at Petaro they become the most familiar places. After leaving the college cadets, on visits, love to see these places and to recall their past days here.



# WHY I BUNK CLASSES

Cadet Anwar Qayyum She  
Class XI

Tis the formula of stress and strain,  
Apply it, once more and again.  
To your mind it shall cause pain,  
Calculations, difficult will always remain.  
Yes it's good old Boyle's Law  
Just like Chemist Boyles saw  
And he did prove "V" proportional to "P"  
It's simple as that you see.  
They call it factorization  
Which needs all that calculation  
It involves the rusty square root  
But unfortunately there is no short route.  
Chemistry says it's better  
And Physics claims it's super better  
But my job in a period is ever  
To write home, sweet home, a Letter.  
Sometimes it's O (Thelta)  
Sometimes it's B (Beta)  
With such things my heart is sunk  
Am I tempted to bunk.

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# *Sweet Is The Lore That Nature Brings*

Cadet Mohd. Ali  
Class XII

For a long time the beautiful Kaghan Valley had been inviting us in the words of William Wordsworth:

“Enough of Science and Art:  
Close up those barren leaves;  
Come forth and bring with you a heart,  
That watches and receives”.

So, this year we accepted the invitation and with the hearts that watch and receive, we reached Murree to start our journey for the picturesque valley. The road from Murree to Muzaffarabad was a hilly track with hills on one side and deep gorges on the other. In the afternoon, we reached Muzaffarabad, the capital of Azad Kashmir. It is surrounded by high green hills. Two famous rivers, i.e. Jhelum and Neelam, meet there. We remained sitting on the bank of the river Neelam for a long time. The sound of the river was full of music and rhythm.

Next day, we started for Balakot. On the way, at Garhi Habibullah, the river Kohnar received us. Like a liaison officer

this river accompanied us throughout our journey in the valley of Kaghan. The water of this river was clean, cold and sweet. Actually, it has added much to the beauty of the valley. Scenes upto Balakot were very attractive and we wished to live there for the whole of our life. Balakot is a historical place, for a great battle among the Muslims and sikhs was fought there. We offered Fateha on the tomb of Syed Ahmed Shaheed and Ismail Shaheed who had sacrificed their lives in the name of ALLAH and Islam.

Next day we started for Shogran. The road was narrowly built. Some of its turns were so dangerous that only an



expert driver could have driven that way. On the way, at Kawai Rest House, we dropped our luggage and continued our journey to Shogran. At last, we reached Shogran in the afternoon. It was one of the most beautiful places we had visited so far. There were flowers of different colours and types and a very good grassy ground over the hills. We had a cup of tea in the rest house and then we started climbing higher. After covering about fifteen hundred yards, we reached Sandoz Farm. Many plants and flowers for medicines were grown. After some time we started coming back. We were moving speedily because it was a downward slope. After reaching Shogran we decided to follow a 'pugdandi' instead of the road. This experiment involved a lot of risk. We had hardly come down a thousand feet when a violent wind started blowing and a heavy rain began to fall. It had become very cold and we were shivering like aspens. The darkness had prevailed every where. We daringly continued our journey. Our party was now divided into three groups. Every group was trying to reach the destination before the others. There was no proper track. The soil had become very slippery and there were many chances of slipping down. We were moving very carefully because the slightest mistake could throw us into many thousand feet deep gorges. We were still quite far away from our destination when we lost our way. We were lucky enough

to see a house and its inhabitants led us to the right path.

Next day, we re-started our journey for Naran at 0900. During our journey from Kaghan to Naran, we enjoyed beautiful and lovely scenes. The road was very narrow and full of sharp turns. There was only one way traffic. There were many glaciers on the way and our jeep ran very slowly. We reached Naran at 1300. The Youth Hostel is situated on a hill at a height of five hundred feet from the main road.

Naran is one of the most beautiful places of the valley. There were many glaciers in the surroundings and the hills were covered with snow. The river, Kohnar, was flowing with its usual grandeur and dignity.

Next day, we started our walk to Lake Saiful Maluk. We had heard a lot about this lake and wanted to see it as soon as possible. Every cadet was trying to outshine the others in the race. Cadets Mohammed Ali and Jamal found it difficult to walk, so they arranged horses for themselves. At 10 o'clock we reached the lake. It is a beautiful lake, surrounded by snow-covered hills on three sides and a beautiful rest house on other. The height of the lake is 12,000 feet and it is eight-miles distant from Naran Youth Hostel. Its water was bluish with which pieces of snow-floated in it. We took our lunch there in the afternoon we started



our return journey. We reached Naran easily before sunset, because it was downhill throughout. In the evening, we arranged a feast in the honour of Mr. Peter and Mr. James the Britishers who became our friends at Lake Saiful Maluk.

Next day, we got our packed lunches and some dry rations and started walking towards Batakundi. We were moving with speed because we had to cover twelve miles before lunch. We reached Batakundi at 1400 hours. Batakundi is not a very attractive place and very few travellers visit the place. From the register it was clear that we were the first to stay in Youth Hostel in that season. After lunch and a little rest we started our climb to Lalazar, which is three thousands feet

higher than Batakundi. It consisted of a steep ground covered with lush green grass.

After breakfast, we started our return journey to Naran. We reached there before noon. We decided to move to Balakot the same day, so we hired two jeeps, and started back. The journey was quite interesting. There was a great difference of temperature between balakot and Naran.

After staying at Abbottabad for one day, we started our home-ward journey. Although we had reached our homes, yet we were mentally at Kaghan and now we understand why Keats has said: "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever".

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"Any bigmen born around here?"  
asked a tourist,

"Nope" replied the native. "Best we can do is babies. Different in the city I suppose."



# A TRIP TO SWAT

Cadet Mir Inayat Ali Talpur  
Class X

Even to-day my mind can see in retrospect, quite distinctly, the jolly and enthusiastic moments of 14th July, when all of us had gathered at Hyderabad Railway Station to leave for Lahore, the first leg of our 15 days' trip to Swat. Our party consisted of twenty-two cadets and one cook, with Mr. M.K. Mughal as our party in charge. After a long wait, the train arrived and thus we started the journey, we had been looking forward to, for a long time.

Our first stoppage was at Lahore, where we were accommodated in a Government School building they had already been informed of our arrival there. After a two days stay at Lahore, we left for Rawalpindi, for which most of us had grown madly impatient. From Rawalpindi we immediately set off for Murree, where we were scheduled to stay at Lawrence College, Ghoragali. The college bus was already waiting for us at the bus-stop and therefore it took us only a little time to reach the place where we had to stay. You can, perhaps, estimate our impatience to see Murree from the fact that in spite

of being so tired every one of us was in a mood to immediately leave for Murree which was no less than 4-miles from our place and the whole distance had to be covered on foot. We briskly changed our clothes and set off for our destination, putting on our finest dresses, each one of us looked unusually smart and handsome. The weather was pleasant and a breeze was blowing. Giant hills of the locality presented a picturesque and captivating view of the natural beauty, and every one was feeling far more gay and energetic than ever.

While constantly talking and gossiping, we made our way through hedges and ditches, and climbed the big hill which we had to cross. But unfortunately, this happiness did not last long. We were perhaps midway between Murree and Ghoragali when the sky was suddenly covered by thick and black clouds. The wind blew harder and colder, and we felt rather afraid of the situation. In a few moments when it started drizzling, our anxiety became even more intensified. Knowing not what to do and where to



take shelter, we looked at each other's face in much confusion. However, to my pleasant surprise, no body struggled independently to get shelter any where, which happens so often under such circumstances, due to the selfish nature of man.

We had almost completely given up the hope, when somebody caught sight of a villager descending down from the top of a mountain. We rushed on towards him and asked how far Murree was from that point. Contrary to our expectations, it was still two-miles away. This was enough to destroy the last grain of courage, which was still inspiring us to continue our struggle.

“Well! is there any short cut to Murree from here?” One of us inquired from the villager. “Yes there is one” our guide said after some hesitation “but for that you will have to cross that hill. Then it would take you a little more than 15 minutes to reach Murree”.

The hill was about 1400 feet high and it was a pretty tough job to get over it. This tempted many of our friends to go back to Ghoragali, while some others, of whom I was also one, gathering all their shattered courage, decided to go on. We had climbed only a little portion of the hill, when it started raining even

harder, and the ground became too slippery to walk on with courage and confidence. I still remember how terribly I had started shivering with fear and cold, and my teeth had begun to chatter so much. One of my friends became so much frightened that he started reciting some Suras from the Holy Qura'n, in order to expect some help from the heavens.

Perhaps, it was the result of these prayers that he found a villager, going down hill and accompanied him to Ghoragali. On the other hand, we continued our struggle and after half an hour we were in the heart of Murree.

After a few day's stay in Murree we proceeded towards Swat. We stopped at Saidu-Sharif, for a couple of days and then went to Behrain and Kalam to see the famous natural beauty of these places. The mountains with shining snow tops really deserve to be praised and one must, at the opportunity, pay at least a short visit to this place.

From Swat we went to Peshawar and after some shopping, we left for Hyderabad by train. I must say that it was one of the most successful trips, ever arranged by Petarians. Mr. Mughal's cordial company, particularly, was a source of constant enjoyment for every body. He is really a nice person to go with.



# My Confessions

Cadet Najeeb Tariq

Class XI

I still remember those 'terrible' days of December. Their indelible prints are everlasting because my memory would never fail to perform its function. I always avoid their reminiscence but my every effort in this connection goes in vain. My head hang down with shame and I feel disgusted on such occasions. Some times it makes me laugh to see myself in such a clownish posture!

The climate was extensively cold and it seemed as if the whole atmosphere of Petaro had frozen. Some times the mornings were so misty that a man standing even a few yards ahead of you looked dim and blurred. The frosty wind of morning was usually so bitter that our woollen clothes could help us little to keep ourselves warm. Even today the reminiscence of those days sends a shivering sensation through my body and I feel as if my limbs are being squeezed and tickled. Perhaps, it would have been the most soothing memories of life, if nothing more was attached to them.

It was December and we were going through our terminal tests. As usual the

boys were taking it very lightly and only a few seemed to be serious. Those who wanted to devote any extra time to their preparation used to get up a bit earlier in the morning than the other boys. On the contrary, I would wait for half an hour after the lights-out timings and then switching my lamp on, I would start studying, lying comfortably in the bed with a book held in front of my eyes.

A posture which was so comfortable and soothing!

On a similar icy night I waited until half past eleven and then, as usual, putting my light on, I started my preparation. Perhaps it was some tedious chapter and therefore I was finding myself unable to concentrate properly. The time was creeping like a snail through the darkness of the night!

..... And then all of a sudden I heard a ticking sound through my window. In my desperate attempt to understand its nature, I quickly associated it with the foot-steps of Duty Master and switched my lamp off.



But it was not the Duty Master! Instead I could hear a shrill female tittering sound; perhaps some one was laughing at my distraught condition!

This made me feel even worse for the moment. I instantly looked for my room-partners and, to my satisfaction, they were fast asleep.

“Who could it be at such a late hour of the night?” I wondered, and then without finding a reply I rushed to the door.

Yes!

I was correct. It was in fact a girl. Dressed in a loosely fitting night gown, she looked so pretty with her hair ribboned at the back. Fair complexion and charming beauty. I could see her almond eyes glitter in the light, as she turned around the corner of the corridor, still running and laughing with that peculiar female daintiness. I must confess that her enchanting beauty had captivated me at the very first sight of her.

Next day we had to take our Physics paper and I still remember that I couldn't do well. In fact, I hadn't read anything to pour on the paper. All the time my thoughts were centered around the same thing—the girl I had seen the previous night. Even in the examination hall I was unable to think of any thing else. I was worried about the results. But when I returned back to my room I could

observe something changed in my partners; laughing loudly and telling each other their love stories in a very strange tone. It, naturally, attracted my attention but I failed to understand this abrupt change for the time being.

As soon as the Prep. period started that evening, I took out my Mathematics book and started “wrestling” with it for my next day's ‘fight’. But as I turned the page, I could see a piece of paper well-folded and placed carefully, inside it. It was a letter, as I discovered later on, of the same girl whom I saw the last night.

“Dear Najeeb!

“Even when I know that you will find it strange, I can't help writing you this short letter. I hope, you won't mind sparing a few minutes for me.

“I am so sorry for disturbing you last night when you were busy with your books. But, believe me, I never intended to do so. In fact, I come to see you every night and without producing a sound I go back. It was only yesterday that you came to know about it. I am so sorry about it, but what else could I do? I hope you must have forgiven me by now.

“Well! One thing more”, she continued, “If you can spare sometime, come to see me behind the stadium to-day, when all the other chaps have entered the mess for dinner. I shall wait for



you there. You want to know my name, I understand. Well don't be curious; I shall tell you when we meet to-night. Goodbye!

your, X .....

.....It was really a "strange" letter and let me not hide this fact that I hesitated to believe my eyes for quite some time.

"How it could be", I thought "that a girl can describe her weakness in such a frank and direct style?" But after all it couldn't be just a joke. I have seen her with my own eyes. I certainly can't be fooled to such an extent," My heart responded and I felt at my ease for a moment. But my every efforts to behave in a normal way, went in vain. I remember, my heart had started beating terribly fast and that the letters of the book had grown dimmer and blurred. I, however, must confess here that I felt quite elevated in my imagination, where I was fully convinced of some thing really special in myself, which had attracted this beautiful girl. In fact, I had begun to pose like a smart and handsome film hero, for whom the heroine can sacrifice her every pleasure. I could even recall a few dialogues relating to such a situation.

The Prep. ended with the call of the dinner bell and gradually the boys started drifting towards the dining-hall. My room-partners took out their neck-ties from their cupboards and briskly walked out of

the room, giving me the impression they were in some very acute hurry. My heart felt relieved. My plans seemed to very near to their realization. I noticed my heart was pounding very strong and nevertheless it was one of the cold evenings of the season, I could feel moisture on my forehead. I silently slipped out of my seat and peeped out of door to make myself sure that every body was in. A few moments later I heard the S.U.O. strike the gavel on the table and the placid hum, which was constantly coming out of the Mess, stopped instantly. The boys had started with the meal.

I crept out of the room like a frightened cat with my heart still throbbing very vigourously inside my bosom and started moving very vigilantly. A little later when I grew surer that nobody was watching me, I fell into a trot with my face towards the stadium. I remember I looked very stupid to me even at that time.

After a few moments I was at my "destination". As soon as I turned around the corner of the front-wall of the stadium, I saw my "beloved" standing with 'her' back towards me. Suddenly, I felt as if my feet were glued to the ground. My heart started pounding more violently and the drops of perspiration started streaming down my forehead. I felt suffocated. I was unable to produce any sound.



what-so-ever.

But when all of a sudden, I realized that only a few moments were left at my disposal, every thing regained its power. I walked hesitantly towards her and then finding her within my reach I held her by the shoulders and said in a husky voice, "What is your name my.....," I stammered. It looked very stupid to make these movements and to utter these "dumpling" words. Suddenly, I realized that some one was trying to control his laughter in the bathroom, which was used by the boys to take a shower before entering the Swimming Pool. But there it stopped altogether. I never bothered to give it a second thought, trying to ignore it completely.

'She' turned her face towards me and burst into a terrible fit of hearty laughter while removing with 'her' other hand, her artificial hair and the other make-up. Suddenly, my room-partners also came out

of the bathroom and started laughing mockingly.

Oh! my God, it w s Zaheer, my own class-fellow!

I had understood each and every thing by now.

It was all a joke, just a joke and merely a joke. My feet were, once again, glued to the ground. I stood there like a statue with my eyes wide-open and fixed on 'her' face, 'her' almond eyes and 'her' lovely complexion. Completely lifeless like a lump of matter. Then what happened? I dot't know. In fact, I can't recollect it. But this much I can remember that suddenly I had regained my life for a moment. I felt something aching inside me and the next moment I slapped 'her' on the face. Then finding not, what to do next, I dashed towards my room. Still that mocking laughter chasing me all the time.

Love is a condition of mind at a time  
when the mind is out of condition.

J. M. Braude.



# Petaro on the Moon

Cadet Zaffar Iqbal Mel  
Class XI

“Gentlemen! it is Radio Petaro, transmitting in its special hookup, on 3.5 auto-cycles in long-waves and 99.9 motor cycles in short-waves.

“We welcome all the cadets after their long long vacation of one week and hope that they had a safe and sound journey from their motherland “Earth” to this part of the moon.

“Since this is purely a sports term and during this term, we have to play “Inter-planetary tournaments”, too. So, all our sports and extra-curricular activities must commence tomorrow. In the coming tournaments, which are expected to begin in the next week, we will have to face a tough time from Cadet Colleges Venus and Plutonians, in particular - Martians too, can spring surprises.

“In the coming tournaments we expect a lot from our athletes, and if they have not suffered from “moon-sickness” they are sure to shatter all previous records.

“Rocket race is supposed to be the highlights of this tournament. As you

must be remembering, last year, Venusians had given us a good tussle, and this time they are in the same form to do stand a chance to win the trophy. But we must not lose heart. After all we are not less than them. Now we close down and we will directly relay from the stadium to keep you informed about the results - “Tournament day ..... Well, athletics have just started and the competitors for ten miles sprint, have got set at their marks. Yes, the signal is given and the boys are heading towards the end point. I think the most distinguished one among the competitors is our guy; he is so lean and thin that you can see, some spectators wearing binoculars. I guess that is to spot him because he is now taking the lead and there.... Yes! Our young chap has won the race and he has recorded a new time, too. Covering 10 miles in only 20.573 seconds. Well done boy!

“The second item is high jump - we don't have a good high jumper in our team ..... but chances are still there.



Just now a Plutonian has cleared his first jump of 65 ft. Our man is also coming for the jump..... Oh! What did he try to do? He passed about fifteen ft. below the bar and he is disqualified. He has really disappointed us. But never mind we still have a couple of aces in our hand- Let's see what they do.

The next is Javelin throw. The Venusian is coming to his mark with the javelin. Look there, the javelin is out of sight. What a marvellous throw! isn't it. People have put on their binoculars and telescopes to trace it, and I suppose some spectators have seen it, too, because they are pointing in that direction. Now the judges are going on a jeep to see where the javelin has landed.

“Hope they are able to find it. The judges have got the javelin and the distance is being measured ..... Well! it comes to five miles, six furlongs and 149 ft.

“Now is our man's turn to throw the javelin with cheers of “Buck up Petaro”. He is coming towards his marks. Once again, the javelin is out of sight but some one has seen it with his telescope because he is pointing in that particular direction.

“No jokes! But the judges are taking that chap along to help them search for the javelin because last time, they couldn't trace it for a long time.

“The judges can be seen coming back but this time they are without the javelin. What is the reason? Oh, Yes! I've got to know, the javelin is lost and a new one is being provided for a fresh throw.

“Now, the long jump is to take place. Competitors are collecting at the spot for long jump. The first jump is by our college student. He comes to his mark, running at approximately fifty miles per hour and there ..... He has risen from the ground; he has risen quite high and it seems he has no intention of landing, ..... But there, he seems to have made up his mind to descend and he has safely landed on ground. Now the measurement is being taken but since the measuring tape is not long enough so there are several tapes lying together.

“The long jump distance is six furlongs and 32 ft. and its a new record, too. Bravo! Petarians.”

“And, finally is the highlight of the day..... The rocket race - The rules and regulations in this race are universal, i.e. every planet can send only one competitor - Our rocket is nuclear powered but still we don't expect it to win. May be venusians take over. Lets see - Ah! the pilots have taken their seats and 10-9 ... 2 - 1 - 0 Yes! the rockets are fired. The spectators are watching the positions of rockets on radar screen. Till now the



Plutonians are leading. 2nd is the venusian and only 30,0000 miles are left. I guess one of the first two rockets is sure to win.

But, there, our rocket has accelerated

into a tremendous speed. It has overtaken the venusian and now it has also crossed the Plutonian. Hurrah! We have won the rocket race and with that the over shield, too. Now we take you back to the studio”.

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## The Good Ones

### **Good Teacher:**

Some one who can understand those, not good at explaining and explain it to those, not good at understanding.

### **Good Neighbour:**

One who is less for getting and more for giving.

### **Good Friend:**

A speaking acquaintance who also listens.

### **Good Education:**

The ability to quote Shakespear without crediting it to the Bible.

### **Good Diplomat:**

A husband who can convince his wife she wants an umbrella when she thinks she wants a fur coat.

### **Good Discussion:**

An exchange of intelligence as opposed to Arguement which is an exchange of ignorance.

### **Good Imagination:**

What makes you think you are having a wonderful time when you are really only spending money.

### **Good Modern Wife:**

One who knows what her husband's favourite dishes are and the restaurant that serve them.

### **Good Mother:**

A woman who runs a temperature of 103° every time her child's temperature hits 101°.

### **Good Guest:**

One who makes his host feel at home

### **Good Potographer:**

One who always insists on accentuating the negative.

### **Good song:**

One that has the happy Virtue of making all of us think we can sing.



# 12th Parents Day

*"In the pursuit of learning, the teachers, the parents and the guardians, and the students all have duties to discharge, and I am sure the observance of the Parents Day will keep all of them conscious of this collective responsibility."*

**Lt. Gen. Rakhman Gul**

*SPK., SQA., SK, M C,  
Governor of Sind.*



**The Guests witnessing the days activities**



**Reply**  
to  
**Address of Welcome**  
by  
**Lt.-Gen. Rakhman Gul**  
SPK., SQA., SK., MC.  
**Governor of Sind**

Mr. Principal, Members of the Staff,  
Dear Students,  
Ladies & Gentlemen,

I am delighted to meet you all on this twelfth Parents Day of the Cadet College, Petaro. In the pursuit of learning, the teachers, the parents and guardians and the students all have duties to discharge, and I am sure the observance of the Parents Day will keep all of them conscious of this collective responsibility.

Consciousness of this responsibility on the part of the teachers, the students and the parents and guardians, has resulted in brilliant performance and results. As you have heard from the Principal, the Cadets of this college have proved their worth in academics, games and in life. I congratulate them for their success; I commend the



The Chief Guest addresses the Gathering



teachers for their untiring and zealous service; I appreciate the constant co-operation that the parents and guardians have been extending to the college for blooming these young talents.

While I appreciate your past performance, I do hope for still better results. This college having got specially selected talented students on its roll and having the best available facilities must produce still better results. This institution along with other institutions in the country must keep on producing men that the time demands and this country needs, and as aptly described by an eminent personality in the following words:

“Strong minds, great hearts, true faith  
and ready hands;  
Whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Who posses opinions and a will;  
Who have honour;  
Who will not lie;  
Who can stand before a damagogue;  
And damn his treacherous flatteries  
without winking;  
Tall men, sun-crowned who live above  
the fog;  
In public duty and in private thinking.”

To the young cadets, I would like to say that you have to pursue an arduous course for achieving still higher laurels

and lofty ideals. I need hardly stress that each one of you in this college represents a costly investment made by your parents and the society. May I, therefore, advise you not to forget your duty and mission in life for a minute and not to indulge in activities unbecoming of students.

The Principal in his address has brought out some problems, particularly some financial difficulties that the college is facing these days. As you would appreciate our resources are limited and our needs are boundless. It is, therefore, imperative that we exercise maximum economy in all our undertakings. Within this backdrop of resource-constraint the demands of this college will receive the very best of our attention.

It has indeed been a pleasure to know that Col. Coombes, the first Principal of this college and Mrs. Coombes have come all the way from England to meet us on this occasion. I commend their noble gesture; I commend the valuable services that Col. Coombes rendered to this college.

To conclude, I would like to thank the Chairman and Members of the Board of Governors, the members of the staff, the Principal and all others associated with this college for all that they have done for its betterment. It has been a pleasure to meet you all.



# Welcome Address and Annual Report

BY

Commander Firoz Shab, P.N. (Retd.),  
PRINCIPAL.

Sir,

It is my privilege and honour to welcome you to Petaro on the occasion of our Twelfth Parents Day on behalf of the staff, Cadets and all the other employees and residents of Petaro. Sir, you have laid us under a great debt of gratitude by sparing so many hours of your very precious time for us to-day. Your keen interest in the well-being of the youth of our country is well-known and your presence amongst us today as our Chief Guest, bears further testimony to it. The fact that it is our first Parents' Day since the restoration of the Province of Sind and that you, Sir, are the first Governor of this Province ever, to visit this college, gives a special significance to the day.



The Principal speaks



By your leave, Sir, I extend a hearty welcome to all the parents and worthy guests who are here to-day, particularly to Col. Coombes, the first Principal of this college and Mrs. Coombes who have come to attend this function all the way from England. It is a noble gesture on their part and I assure them that their presence here today adds lustre to the occasion.

Sir, Parents Day is a great day for the Cadets, the Teachers and the Parents, all alike. On this day, we are able to present to the distinguished guests a record of the achievements of our boys in academics and sports and in other intellectual and extra-mural activities.

I am glad to report that our academic results in the last Board Examinations were excellent as in previous years. In the Higher Secondary Examination (pre-Engineering group) of Hyderabad Board, our Cadet Ali Nasir Rizvi of Iqbal House topped the list of successful candidates in the whole region having secured 82.2% marks in the aggregate. Two years previously, he had stood first in the Secondary School Certificate Examination also. Besides, he stood first from Pakistan in the selection examination for admission to the Middle Eastern Engineering University and is studying in Ankara now, for his B.Sc. Engineering degree. Congratulations to Col. and Mrs. Rizvi

on the magnificent achievements of their son. We are all very proud of him.

Cadet Shahid Akhtar Butt stood first in the entire District Dadu having secured 79.7% of marks.

Biology classes were started at Petaro only two years ago, our first batch in Biology group appeared at the last Higher Secondary Examination and we had 100 per cent passes while the Board pass percentage was only 53.3. In the Engineering group, the pass percentage of our cadets was 92 as against 48 of the Board. At the Secondary School Certificate Examination the percentage of our passes was 99.2 against 66.7% of the Board.

Our cadets are making a mark wherever they go after passing out of Petro. To quote only a couple of examples! Ex. Cadet S.P. Shahid passed out of P.M.A. Kakul with honours heaped upon him. Not only did he win the Sword of Honour but also President's Medal, Norman Medal, Artillery Medal and Engineers' Medal.

Midshipman S. M. Baqar stood first in Professional Subjects in P.N.A final examination, held in December, 1970.

Ex. Cadet Shamim Ahmad passed out of the P.A.F. Aeronautical College of Engineering, Korangi Creek, with topmost honours in June, 1970. He stood first in his batch and was awarded a Silver Shield bearing the College Crest.



The 1970 figures of the Ex. Petarians undergoing training at P.M.A. Kakul and Naval Academy were 56 and 20 respectively, 5 in the Mercantile Marine Academy, 71 in various Engineering Colleges, including Army Civilian Scholarship Scheme and about 12 in the Universities abroad.

3. **Debates** are frequently held as a part of Sunday evening activity both on House and College level. Great enthusiasm is displayed in these debates and elocution contests. Our cadets also go out and participate in Inter-Collegiate Debates. They won the following prizes in these competitions during the last year:-

1. All Pakistan Inter-Collegiate English Debate Trophy from Government College, Khairpur Mirs;
2. 1st. and 3rd. Prizes at the Inter-Collegiate English Debate held at Pakistan Council, Hyderabad;
3. 1st. and 2nd. Prizes and Trophy at the Inter-Collegiate English Debate held at Government College, Shikarpur;
4. Anis Memorial Debate held at American Information Centre, Hyderabad — 3rd. Prize;
5. 2nd. Prize at the Inter-Collegiate Urdu Debate held at Government College Shikarpur.

4. **Religious and National Days** are celebrated with great enthusiasm to keep the cadets in touch with our cultural heritage and history. Cadets and Teachers

both are invited to speak on topics covering various aspects of our religious and national heroes.

Besides the recitation of verses of Holy Quran at every morning Assembly followed by their explanation by a member of the Staff, an Inter-House Qirat Competition is held every year in the last month of Ramazan. This encourages cadets to learn to recite the Holy Quran gracefully and with correct intonation.

5. **Social Welfare:** The Social Welfare Club of the College, comprising many of the cadets, is doing some useful work in the spirit of self-sacrifice and service to others. They visit the colony every Wednesday and offer advice and help to the poorer residents in their problems. They also assist the school-going children of the colony in their education, particularly in General Knowledge and History and Geography of Pakistan. As there is no teaching of English in the Primary Section of the Government School in the colony, a group of our social workers are giving the Primary School children lessons in English.

The College also sent its humble contribution of Rs. 5,105/- towards the President's East Pakistan Relief Fund.

6. **Sports:** In a Public School, sports play a vital part in moulding the character and personality of the boys. In the



College, there is full opportunity for the cadets to develop their talents on the playing-fields. We have Hockey, Football, Cricket, Basket Ball, Athletics, Shooting, Boxing, Swimming, Riding, Judo, Tennis and squash. Boys are given proper training and coaching in these manly activities right from VIII class. Besides Inter-House Competitions for Juniors and Seniors in all these sports, we also have an exclusive Inter-House Tournament for 8th class. Training and Coaching camps are held in the college every year at which national and other coaches of repute polish up the technique of our boys in different sports. They are looked after by our own enthusiastic staff throughout the year. The most important sporting event every year is the Inter-Cadet Colleges Sports Tournament. Cadet College Hasan Abdal, Cadet College Kohat, Cadet College Petaro, Military College Jhelum and P. A. F. College Sargodha, participate in this yearly tournament and one of these colleges, in turn, is the host. This tournament could not be held in December 1970, as P. A. F. College Sargodha and Cadet College Hasan Abdal expressed their inability to participate on account of some other more important engagements. The Petarians emerged Champions in 1966, 1967, 1968 and 1969. So, not only is the President's Shield in their possession still but they have also won a replica of it. It is hoped that the tournament will be played in Kohat in december this year.

## 7. Educational and Excursion trips

As a normal feature of the summer Vacation, two parties of Cadets went on extensive excursion trips — one went to Northern regions of the country and the other on a trip to Afghanistan and Iran, lasting about three weeks.

## 8. Development

A sum of Rs. 80,000/- was spent on development during the last year. The following are some of the important works completed:—

1. Mess Cookery Shed.
2. Bakery equipped with Sui-gas.
3. Water Supply Settling Tank.
4. Biology Museum.
5. Colony Childrens' Park.

### Sui Gas

The installation of Sui-gas was completed in May last year. The Cadets' Mess and the entire colony residents are reaping the benefits of Sui-gas in the form of cleaner, cheaper and easier cooking.

With the completion of this project, we once again thank the Chairman PIDC and the Indus Gas Company for their kindness in accepting this job and for laying the internal pipe-lines, free of cost. We are told that this is the longest pipe-line laid by the Indus Gas Company for an institution like Petaro where-from not much returns can be expected.

We are also grateful to the Chairman



P. W. R., Mr. A. M. Akhoond for the personal interest taken in approving the change in the name of Petaro Station. Henceforth, it will be called "Cadet-College Petaro" Station. Similarly the High-Way authorities have added Cadet College Petaro on their Mile-stones from Jamshoro to the College.

## 9. Admissions

The rules for selection of our boys for admission to this college have been so revised by the Board of Governors since last year, that the residents of the Province of Sind can now derive the utmost benefit from this institution. The Board of Governors of this College has been expanded to include Captain Usman Ali Esani, Education Secretary and one member from each Division of the Province. They are: Mr. Hassan Ali A. Rehman from Karachi, Mr. A.G. Agha from Khairpur and Dr. G.A. Jaffery from Hyderabad. We extend to them a very warm welcome and look forward to their kind advice and guidance at all times.

## 10. PROBLEMS

The College is, however, not without problems. Soaring prices of almost all the important food items and other essential goods of daily use are bringing lots of strain on the college administration. The rigorous and busy schedule of training demands wholesome and nourishing meals

for the Cadets and while we are doing all we can, to avoid taxing parents with relative increases of fees, I am afraid, the situation may compel the Board of Governors to review the Messing and other allied charges if the present market trend keep persisting.

The construction of quarters has not kept pace with the increase in the staff and with more and more youngmen getting married, the shortage of quarters becoming very acute. For Class III & servants, the situation has developed to such a degree so desperate that money is most urgently needed for building additional quarters which will enable the employees to lead a well-contented and settled life at such an isolated place.

The scales of pay of the Teaching Staff of the Cadet Colleges have always in the past, been higher than those for the staff of Government Colleges. This was on account of the more strenuous work and much longer hours of duty in the Cadet Colleges. The present Position is that while the scales have been revised for Government Colleges, the scales of pay for the teaching staff of the Cadet Colleges have not been revised yet, and the teachers of these colleges are, for the time being in lower pay grades than the teachers of Government Colleges. As a result we have lost quite a few very talented and



capable teachers. It is absolutely essential that the staff at an institution like Petaro is put to least possible botheration of such nature. The College demands complete devotion and loyalty from its staff and it is only fair and proper that they are kept free of such petty stresses and strains. We are, however, certain that the Government will give its very early attention to the matter and come to a favourable decision.

The College needs a Technical Block to accommodate Machinery for the teaching of Metal work as a subject and also to have proper class-rooms and workshops for Woodwork, Technical Electricity, Radio-Engineering and Technical Drawing. These subjects were added to the Curriculum much after the initial College plans and we hope that the Government would soon release the required amount, to complete this extremely important part of training.

Before I conclude, I must express my deep gratitude to the Secretary for Education and the entire Education Department of Sind for their active support in all matters concerning this college.

We are all greatly indebted to the Chairman and the Members of the Board of Governors for their keen interest in the welfare of the college and for their advice and help in resolving all our problems.

I am grateful, too, to the entire staff of this college for their unstinted co-operation and devotion to duty without which nothing can be achieved. The boys deserve a pat on the back for their exemplary sense of discipline and their keen interest in the work and play.

I thank you, Sir, profoundly on behalf of the Members of the Board of Governors, the Staff, the Cadets and all of us at Petaro, for having graced the occasion by your presence and thank sincerely all the ladies and gentlemen who are here with us on this happy day of family gathering.

May I, now, call upon you, Sir, to give away the Prizes and say a word of advice and encouragement to the cadets and the staff.



# GLIMPSES OF THE DAY

Cadet S. Hasan Haider Rizvi  
Class XI

The stream of cars was pouring in through the beautiful gate of the college and the usual uniformity of dress in the college was broken by the colourful dresses of the visitors. The college guest house was fully packed as some of the parents spent the night here. The sun rose bringing with it a lot of fervour and enthusiasm for the cadets as this was the day we had been waiting for so long. Fourth February 1971 was a mile-stone in the history of this college as the college celebrated its "12th Parents Day".

An exhibition in the college auditorium was arranged by the cadets in which they displayed science models, paintings, photographs, handicrafts and many other products. The exhibition was very much appreciated and the parents were glad to see the performance of their sons. Every body was trying to put up the best show. At one o'clock, the show was closed as the Parents Day programme was about to start.

The spectators were thrilled to see the smartly turned out cadets when they appeared suddenly and formed up at the back of the Parade ground. This time, it was a new show because previously

our drill was based on the Army pattern but now we had shifted over to the National pattern and that is why it was more interesting. Suddenly, the S.U.O. ordered the parade to come to "Attention". Then the cadets marched and it was very interesting and exciting to see the Petarians "making a flower" while they were turning to march in. The parade came to a halt and all were waiting for the arrival of the Chief Guest. The bugle came into action and from the right of the audience, the Governor's car was coming escorted by two of our college team riders. The Chief Guest, Lieutenant General Rakhman Gul, Governor of Sindh was then introduced to the Members of the Staff. After that, he was given a guard of honour by the cadets. The smartly turned out young soldiers and future defenders of the soil, then, marched past the saluting dais. One could easily see that Petaro was going to do well. Then the parade marched past in mass. The enthusiastic spectators cheered heartily. After this, every body started guessing what was the next item and then, before the spectators, were the Petarians on t



horses presenting the horse jump. Whenever a rider took the jump, there was complete silence but then roar of clapping resounded. In this way, all the riders presented their jumps. After that came tent-pegging. The audience were thrilled first to see the speed and then "Ya Ali" and off went the peg. It was really a wonderful show. They came in batches and uprooted, and took the pegs along with them. Their instructor, Dafedar Taj Mohammad had trained the cadets in the best way and it was due to his untiring efforts that they put up such a good show.

"Now Ladies and Gentlemen! Before you, is the Gymnastics show". As soon as it was announced on the mike, the college gymnasts came into the field and presented beautiful items. They showed the flexibility of their bodies through different feats and finally the most thrilling and amazing event was their dives through the fire ring. Every one looked anxiously at the cadet approaching the fire-ring and some of the ladies used to close their eyes as it was something really frightening for them. Oh! I forgot—the joker! clad in multi-coloured dress with balloons all around. It was really a good show presented by him and he received applause from the audience—specially from the children.

After the acrobatic tricks, the ancient art of Japan, 'Judo', was presented. Beil-bottom trousers with short kurtas on and

belts around their waists, the Judo team thrilled the specuators by judo-tricks and it ended with a fight of the joker. His peculiar physical appearance forced the people to laugh. No sooner had the Judo-people left, the mike sounded, "Ladies and Gentlemen! Although it is a day of great joys but now it has turned into a bad day as our border forces have reported that our enemies have attacked us. You are requested to stay calm and instead of lying down in the trenches with your hands on your ears, please remain seated calmly. As our senior force is busy in happy moments, we have ordered our VIII class force to face them". And with that our tiny force received a signal from the artillery that the infantry should be in action. So, our jawans advanced towards the enemies and made their guns go down. The bombs were blasting at every nook and corner and audience were really enjoying it especially small children who were very happy in the laps of their parents. It was a nice show and we had convinced our enemies that we were always ready to safe-guard our small motherland. Oh! One casualty also, but the efficient medical team reached him and he was sent to the hospital. After this, the Principal addressed the gathering and after welcoming the Guest of Honour, he described the various activities of the cadets. At the end of his speech, he requested the Chief Guest to give away the prizes to the cadets for their excellent



performance in different fields. After this, the Chief Guest said a word of praise and applauded the show of the cadets and wished them the best.

Light refreshments were served to the

visitors in the grassy field and after the cadets went to their homes with their parents. Slowly and gradually the sun set, thus leaving behind sweet memories, on the horizon, of the "12 Parents Day".

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## HUNTING

A father was telling his son what a good shot he was and probably exaggerated the truth. However to prove his point, he took the boy out duck hunting with him one day. Ducks were scarce but finally a lone duck flew overhead and the father took careful aim and fired. The duck kept right on going. Turning to the boy, Dad said, "Son! you've just witnessed a miracle. There flies a dead duck."

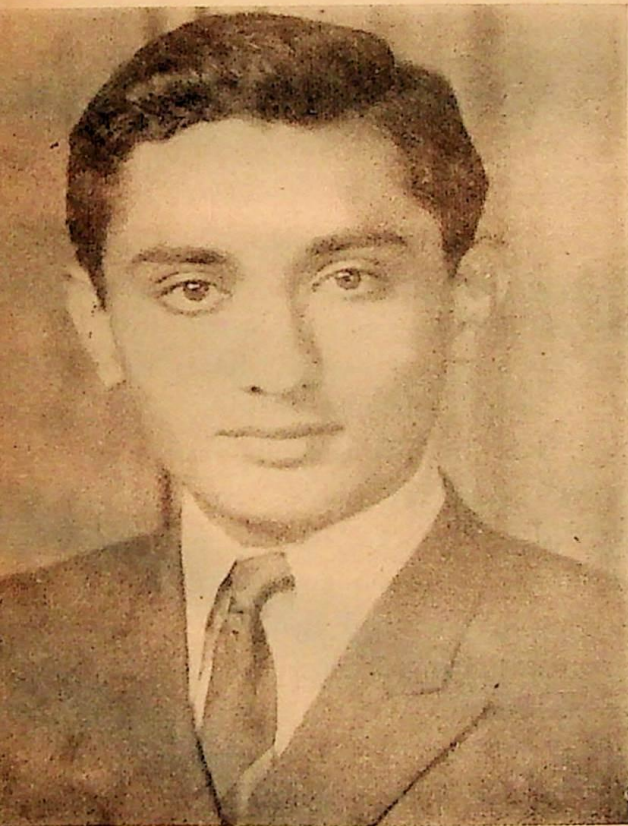


# THE HONOURED OUR

Cadet Najeeb Tariq  
Class XII

## 1- S. Ali Nasir Rizvi (Stick of Honour)

Petaro can never forget that "intellectual giant". Come to Petaro and you will, perhaps, hear even the soil of this place whisper a word of praise for him.



Ali Nasir Rizvi

Ali Nasir has been blessed with marvellous talents and remarkable aptitudes

In academics, he requires no introduction. His whole record speaks for him.

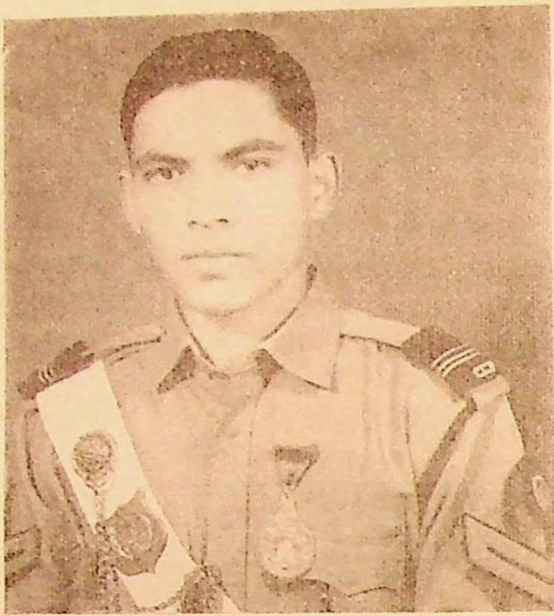
In sports, he was equally good.

Being a promising debater, he represented the college in various elocution contests and received top prizes. He was also President of the English Debating Society of the college. He was a good writer and a successful actor, at the same time. Particularly, his performance as Antony in "The Julius Caesar" will be long remembered in Petaro.

## 2- S. Hasan Haider Rizvi (Badge of Honour)

Come to Petaro and ask somebody, "Who is Hasan Haider?" He will, perhaps, look at you from top to bottom and amazed at your ignorance won't bother to reply. Well! such is his fame and reputation in this campus.





**S. Hasan Haider Rizvi**

Hasan Haider has got a well-balanced and lovable personality. By constant hard-work and endeavour, he has earned a great respect in the eyes of his teachers as well as his companions. His keenness to learn and achieve knowledge is a well-known fact among his class-mates. He secured 83% marks in the S.S.C. Examination and was one of the topmost amongst the successful candidates.

On the playing-field, he is equally good. He is a member of the College Cricket Team and represented Petaro at the 1969 ICCST. On the 'Stage', he turns into a promising actor and a fiery debater. He represented the College in the "All-West Pakistan Urdu Debate" held at Shikarpur in 1969, and was declared the 2nd best speaker.

His job as a Section Leader of I House is also highly appreciated by Housemaster. His favourite hobby is Philately and he is the President of Philatelic Society of the College.

**3- Mohammed Salik Javed**

*(Silver Medal)*



**Salik Javed**

Salik Javed has been blessed with great intellectual capabilities and with his studious nature, he is bound to shine. A quiet boy with a spotless character. His performance in academics has always been creditable. He has been awarded the Silver Medal for standing 3rd in the entire S.S.C. Examination of Hyderabad Board. Though an outstanding sportsman, he plays Hockey for his House. With such merits, he is bound to have a bright career by the grace of GOD.



**4- Khalid Mahmood:**  
(*Best All Round Sportsman*)

With curly-brown hair and a well-carved and agile body, he looks smart and handsome. His shrill and lively laughter rings in every corner of Petaro. A bright student and an exceptionally gifted batsman. He is the Captain of Cricket team and has represented the college on a number of occasions. He is also an active member of the College

Swimming Team For his outstanding qualities of sportsmanship, he has been adjudged "The Best Sportsman of the Year".

In studies he has always been a serious contestant for the top - positions. He is also a senior Section Leader of his house. With these exceptional abilities and qualifications, one can predict a very bright future for Khalid.

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## Quotations

### **Ambition**

*All ambitions are lawful..... except those which climb upward on the miseries or credulities of mankind.*

*Emerson.*

### **Beauty**

*What is beautiful is good and who is good will soon be beautiful.*

*Sapho.*

### **Criticism**

*Criticism is a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world.*

*Mathew Arnold.*

### **Opinion**

*The man who never alters opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind.*

*Blake.*

*It is the sick oyster which possesses the pearl.*

*Shedd.*

*He who loves not his country, can love nothing.*

*Byron*

### **Reason**

*He who will not reason is a bigot, he who can not, is a fool, and he who dares not is a slave.*

*Drummond.*



# Aawrds for the Year 1969-70.

## COLLEGE HONOURS

Stick of Honour	Ali Nasir Rizvi (Iq)	2nd. in the class	Fazalur Rehman (A)
Badge of Honour	Hasan Haider Rizvi -do-	2nd. - do -	Saeed Asghar (Lf)

## ACADEMICS:

### Class VIII

1st. in the Class	Riaz Hussain (L)
2nd. in the Class	Khalid Ismail (L)
3rd. in the Class	Shariq Mukhtar (L)
3rd. in the Class	Ahmad Humayun Mirza (Iq)

### Class IX

1st. in the Class	Zaffar Ikram (L)
2nd. -do-	M. Kamran Akhtar (A)
3rd. -do-	Mohammad Ashraf (MQ)

### Class X

1st. in the Class	M. Salik Javed (J)
2nd. in the Class	Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi (L)
3rd. in the Class	Mahmood Anwar (J)

### Class XI (Pre-Engineering group)

1st. in the Class	Najeeb Tariq (A)
2nd. in the Class	Mishraz Ahmed (L)
2nd. in the Class	Abdul Moid (A)

### Class XI (pre-Medical group)

1st. in the Class	Asif Majeed (A)
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### Class XII (pre-engineering group)

1st. in the Class	Ali Nasir Rizvi (Iq)
2nd. - do -	Shahed Akhtar Butt
3rd. - do -	Mohammad Ilyas (L)

### Class XII (pre-Medical group)

1st. in the Class	Naeem Ahmad (M)
2nd. in the Class	Mubeen Hassan (C)
3rd. in the Class	Omar Aziz (M)

## MEDALS:

Gold Medal for standing 1st in the District Board in the HSSC Part-II Examination of 1970 (pre-Engineering).

Ali Nasir Rizvi (Iq)

College Medal for standing 1st in District Dadu in HSSC Part-II Examination of 1970. (pre-Medical Group).

Naeem Ahmed Khan Lodhi (M)

College Medal for standing 1st in District Dadu in HSSC Part-II examination of 1970 (pre-Engineering Group)

Shahid Akhtar Butt (L)



## Extra Curricular Activities



**Shahid Akhtar Butt**

Principal's Silver Medal for standing 1st in District Dadu in HSSC Part-II Examination held in 1968.

Ex. Cadet Aftab Turk

Silver Medal for standing 3rd. in the Board at the SSC Part-II Examination of 1970.

M. Salik Javed (J)

College Medal for standing 1st. in District Dadu in SSC Part-II Examination of 1970.

Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi (L)



**S. Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi**

Best in Qirat	Naseer Ahmed (A)
Best article in Magazine:-	
	English, Ali Nasir Rizvi (Iq)
„ „	Urdu, Mohammad Ilyas (Iq)
„ „	Sindhi, Feroze Din (J)
Best Debater in English	Junaid Yasin (J)
„ „	Urdu Hasan Haider Rizvi (Iq)
„ „	Sindhi Khalid Umar (Iq)
Best Actor in English Drama	Nadeem Ahmad (MQ)
Best supporting actor in English Drama	Khalid Aslam (L)
Best Actor in Urdu Drama	Fahim Durrani (Iq)
Best supporting Actor in Urdu Drama	Farid-uz-Zaman (Iq)
Best in Instrumental Music	Maqsood Ahmed (A)
Best Photographer	Khalid Farid (L)
Best Member of the Photographic Club	Saeed Asghar (LF)
Best in Painting	Pervaiz Zuberi (J)
Best in Portrait making	Mohd. Naeem
Best in Radio Engineering	Junaid Yasin (J)
Best in Boat Modelling	Murad Khan (J)
Best in Aero Modelling	Bakhtiar Khan (A)
Best in Science Modelling	Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi (L)
Best in Wood works	Shaukat Hussain (LF)
Best in Chemical Hobbies	Azfar Malik (J)
Best in Biological Chart	Fazal-ur-Rehman (A)
Best in Biological Model	Mehmoodul Hassan (LF)



Best in Pen Friendship Ghulam Abbas (LF)  
 Best in Coin Collecting Mansoor Saeed (A)  
 Best in Stamp Collecting Hasan Haider Rizvi (IQ)  
 Best in Body Building Javed Ansari (A)  
 Best Social worker Pervez Daud (A)

**Shooting**

Junaid Yasin  
 Javed Ansari  
 Najmul Hasan

**Riding**

Mahmoodul Hasan  
 Tariq Rasool  
 Naveed Aslam

**College Colours For 1970-71:**

**Hockey**

Arif Majeed  
 M. Tariq  
 Anwarul Haque  
 Sultan Sikander  
 Mazhar Qayoom

**House**

(Iq)  
 (Lf)  
 (Lf)  
 (Lf)  
 (Lf)

**Tennis**

Riazullah

**Squash**

Riazullah  
 Mohd. Tariq

**Football**

Raja Rjaz Husain  
 Zaheer Jawad  
 Rifaquat Ali  
 Pervez Sarwar

(MQ)  
 (A)  
 (L)  
 (Lq)

**Table-Tennis**

Asif Majeed

**Gymnastics**

Kamran Burhan

**Cricket**

Khalid Mahmood  
 Kamal Shahid  
 Khurshid Parvez  
 Zaffar Mahmood

(L)  
 (Iq)  
 (L)  
 (A)

**Judo**

Mohammed Ali

**Debates**

Junaid Yasin

**Basket-Ball**

Arif Majeed  
 Mehtab Ahmed

(Iq)  
 (A)

**Merit Certificates 1970-71**

**Squash**

Kamal Shahid  
 Kamran Burhan

(Lf)  
 (Iq)

**Tennis**

Kamal Shahid  
 Kamran Burhan  
 Ghulam Ali Talpur

**Swimming**

Tariq Rasool  
 Khalid Mahmood

(J)  
 (L)

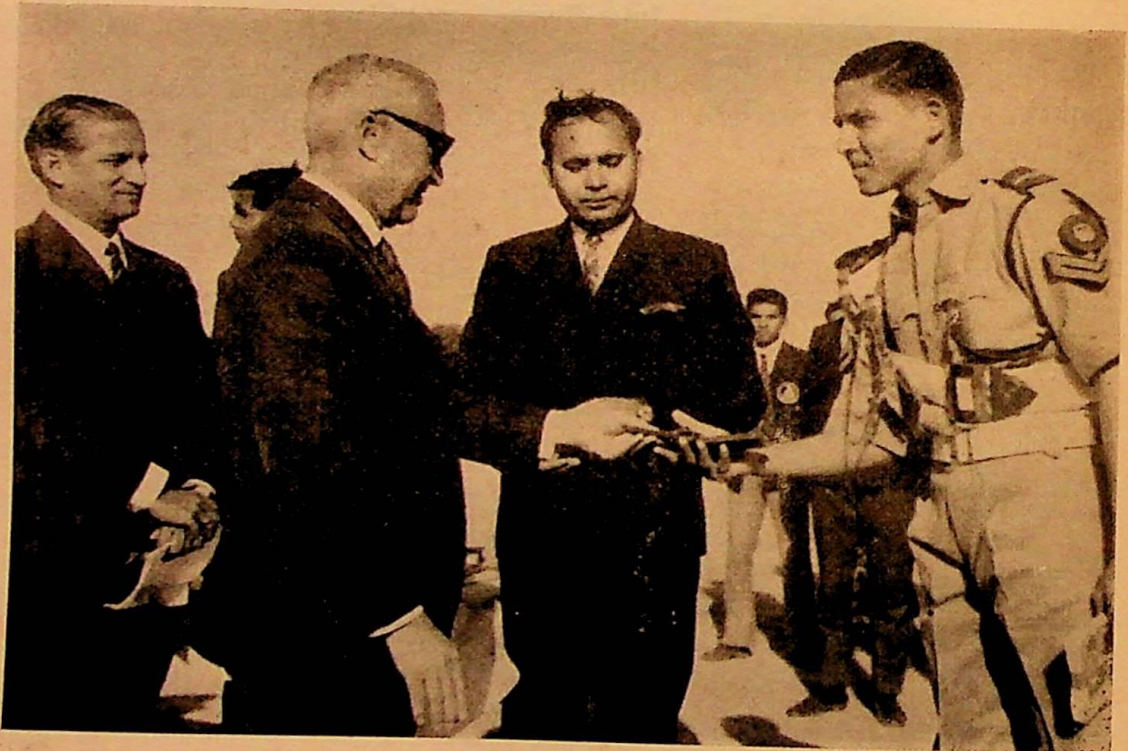
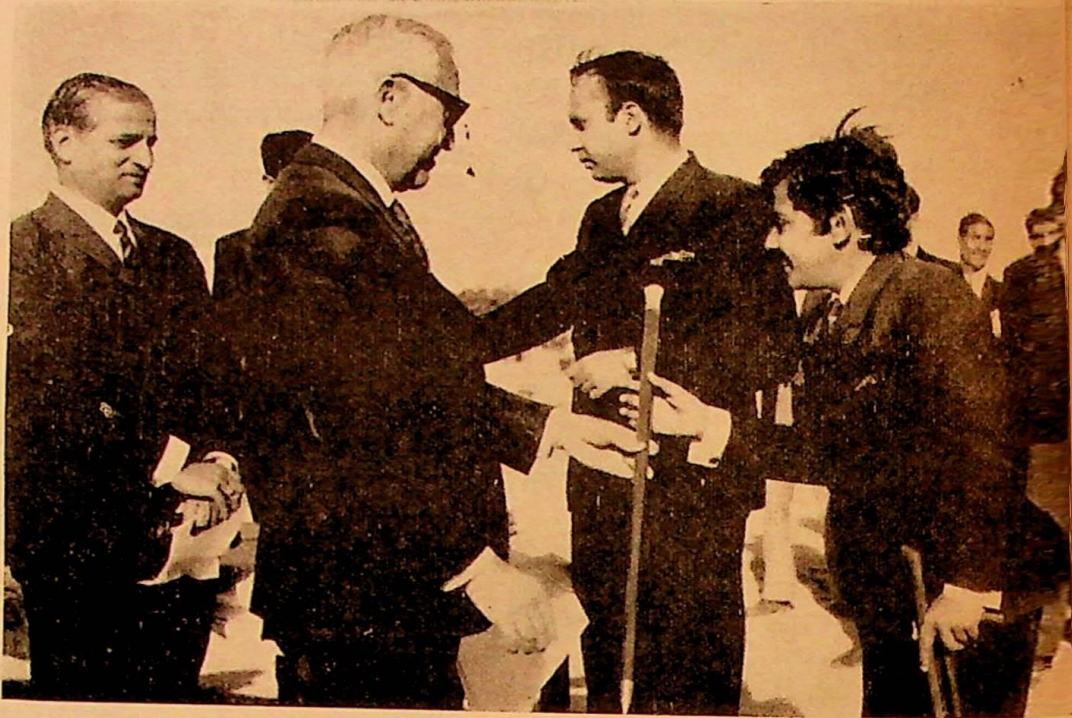


<u>Swimming</u>		Shaukat Hussain	(LF)
Mohammad Tariq	(L)		
Shahab Ayub	(LF)	<u>Cricknet</u>	
Tariq Yasin	(IQ)	M. Shafi	(J)
Nasir Wasim	(IQ)	Azamuddin Khan	(MQ)
Anjum Ali	(A)	Mahmoodur Rehman	(L)
Tahir Shaukat	(J)	<u>Basketball</u>	
		Mansoor Saeed	(A)
		Mazhar Qayum	(LF)
<u>Badminton</u>			
Zaheer Jawad	(A)		
<u>Gymnastics</u>		<b>III Inter House Competitions</b>	
Tariq Ismail	(L)	<u>Juniors</u>	
M. Saddique	(J)	Basketball	Qasim House
Jamshed B. G. Irani	(A)	Football	Iqbal House
		<b>VIII Class Inter House Tournaments</b>	
		Football	Qasim House
		Basketball	Latif House
		Athletics	Iqbal House
	(J)	Cricknet	Qasim House
	(J)	Hockey	Iqbal House
	(IQ)	Swimming	Jinnah House
	(J)	Shooting	Iqbal House
<u>Riding</u>		<b>Inter-House Competitions</b>	
Azfar Malik	(J)	Quiz/Spelling Bee	
Sajid Hussain	(J)	Cup	Jinnah House
Shahab Saquib	(IQ)	Credits Cup	Iqbal House
Nadeem Khan	(J)	Principal's Parade Cup	Latif House
		House Inspection's	
	(LF)	Cup	Iqbal House
	(L)	Best All-round	
	(A)	Sportsman Cup	Khalid Mahmood (L)
	(LF)		
<u>Football</u>		<u>Shields</u>	
Naveed Aslam	(IQ)	Principal's Sports	
Mohammad Iqbal	(IQ)	Shield for Class VIII	Iqbal House
		Academics Shield	Jinnah & Ayub Houses
		Runners up Cup	Ayub House
		General Championship	
	(A)	Cup	Jinnah & Iqbal Houses
<u>Hockey</u>			
Saeed Asghar	(LF)		
Mishraz Ahmed	(L)		
Mir Shahabuddin	(A)		
Sohail Azim	(LF)		
<u>Athletics</u>			
Bilal Ilyas	(A)		
Javed Ansari	(A)		
<u>Shooting</u>			
Javed Ansari	(A)		



# PARENTS DAY IN PICTURES

Abbas receiving the Stick of honour on behalf of his brother Ali Nasir Rizvi.



Hasan Ha being awarded the Ba of Honour



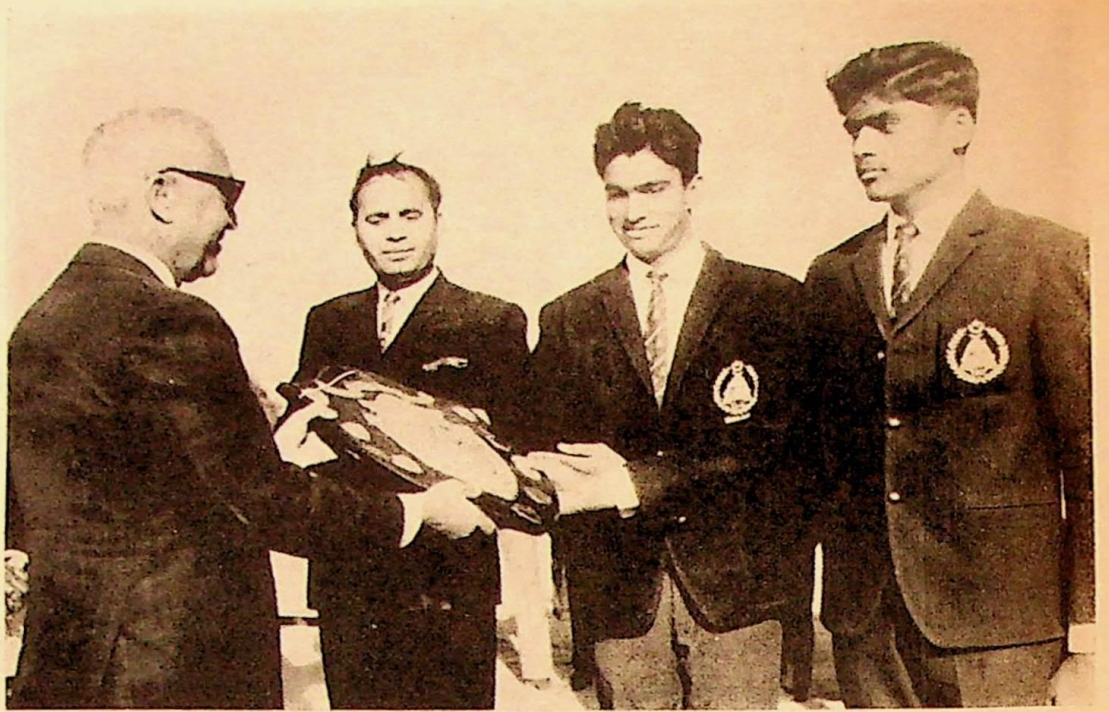


Salik Jawaid receiving the Silver Medal



The Over all Championship Cup being shared by Iqbal and Jinnah Houses.





Academics Shield being shared by Ayub and Jinnah Houses



Humayun of Iqbal House receiving the VIII Class Inter House Championship Shield



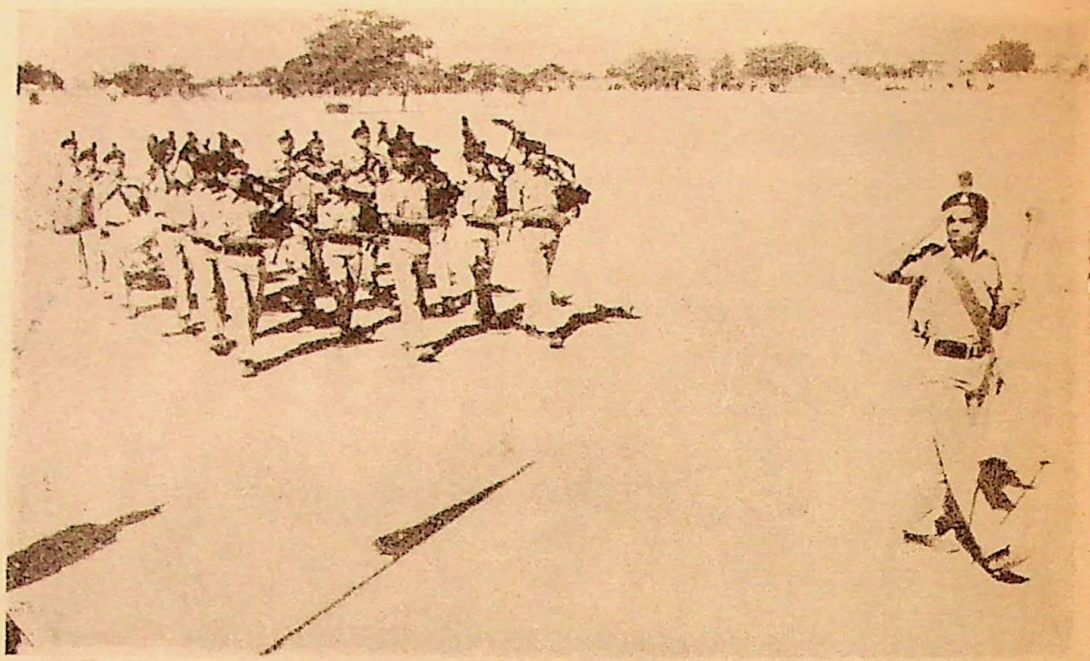


The Colour Party Marches Past the Saluting Base

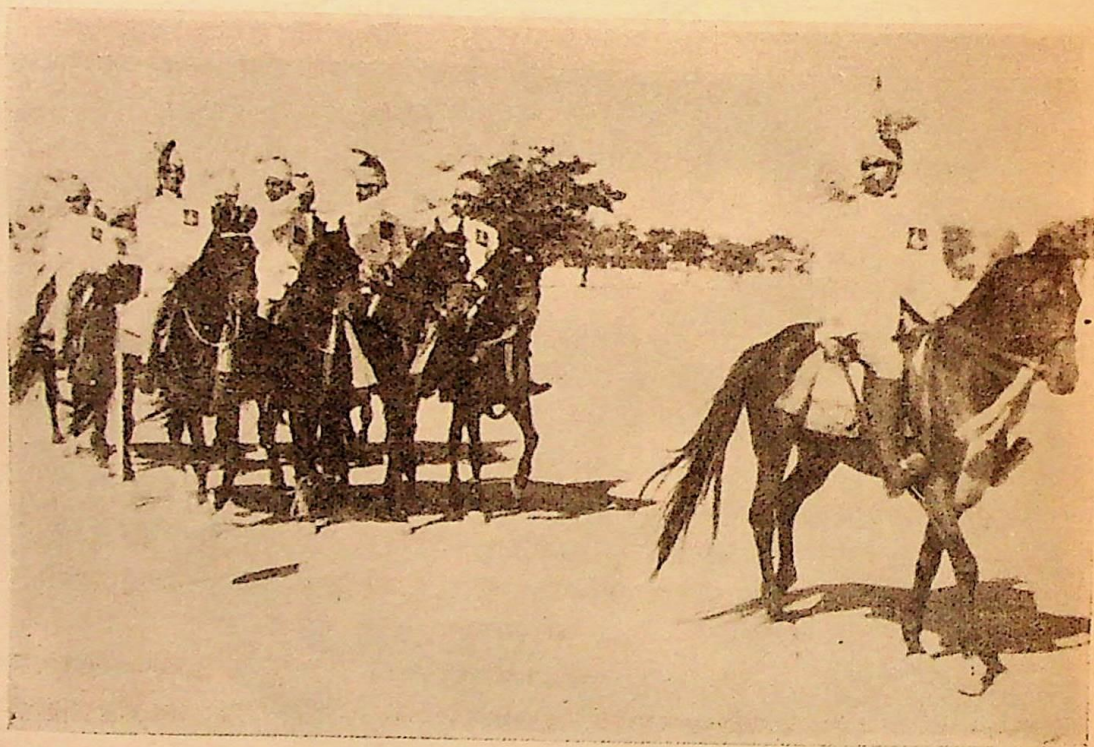


The Governor Inspecting Ayub House





The College Band Salutes the Chief Guest



March Past by the College Riders



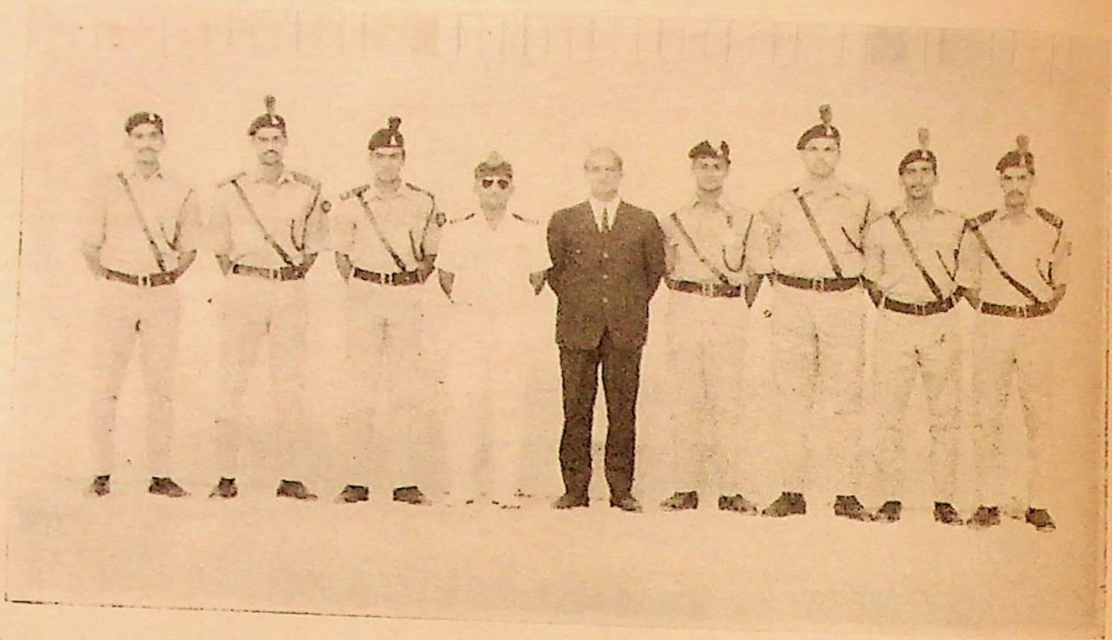
## House Notes

*The highest aim of the educating agencies is to aid the individual in such a way that he develops not only intellectually but also spiritually and develops in a balanced and harmonious way. In this lies the Sa'adat of man which produces the real Happiness.*

*Shah Wali-u-llah*



# Senior Appointment Holders



From L to R J.U.O. Mazhar (Lf), J O U. Arif (Iq), J.O.U. Ansari. (A), Adjutant, Principal  
: S.U.O. Junaid, J.U.O. Najeeb (MQ), J.U.O. Cheema (L), J.O.U. Tariq

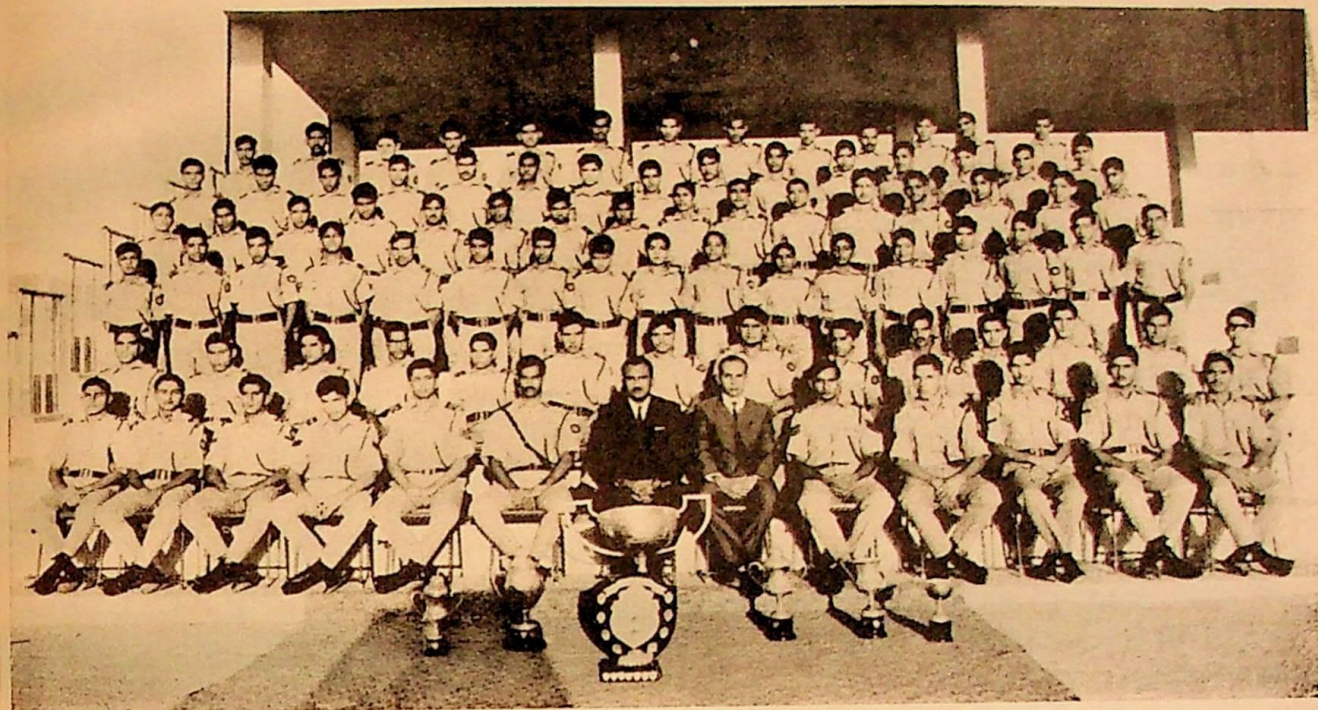
## Code of Honour Committee



Sitting (L to R): Abu-Bakar (Iq), Shahab (A), Lieut Asharf, (Adjutant),  
Cdr. Feroze Shah (Principal), Shafi (J) Mishraz (L) Mushtaq (M.Q)  
Standing (L to R): Sajjad (Lf), Qaisar (L), Sipra (I q) Saeed (Lf), Asad (A), Haider



# Iqbal House



House Master

Mr. S. Ali Asghar Naqvi

Associate House Masters

- (i) Mr. Mohammed Ahmed Khan
- (ii) Mr. Tasawwar Hussain

Attached Petty Officer

P.O. Khurshid

Junior Under Officer

Cadet Arif Majeed

Senior Section Leaders

- (i) Cadet Syed Mohammed Asim
- (ii) „ Pervaiz Memon

Section Leaders

- (i) „ Hasan Hyder Rizvi
- (ii) „ Pervez Sarwar

Prefects

- (i) „ Imran Rad
- (ii) „ Mussadaq Imtiaz
- (iii) „ Ahmed Humayun



## HOUSE TEAM CAPTAINS

<u>Sports &amp; Games</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>
Football	Pervez Sarwar	Musaddaq
Hockey	Arif Majeed	Tariq Mahmood
Cricket	Kamal Shahid	Shahid Ahmed
Basket Ball	Kayani	Nasir Khan
Athletics	Masud Khan	Musaddaq
Swimming	Tariq Yasin	Nasir Khan
Shooting	Azher Shamim	Shahab
Riding	Naveed Aslam	...
Indoor Games	Riazullah	...
Debating	Tariq Yasin	...
Quiz	Kamal Shahid	...
Spelling Bee	Hasan Haider	...

The year has been another milestone on the road to progress. The most important achievement is that once again we have won the General Championship Trophy. A bag of four, out of eight trophies is the reward for our efforts in various channels of the Inter-House Competitions. We are thankful to the Housemaster, the Associate Housemasters, the Petty Officer, the Steward and every one else for contributing their expective shares, resulting in this honour.

Congratulations to all the Iqbalians on winning Credits Cup, House Inspections' Trophy, Juniors' Sports Championship Shield and the Principal's Sports Shield for the eighth class. We also congratulate Jinnah House on sharing the honour with us as the General Champions.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to our ex. J.U.O. Ali Nasir on his meritorious performance. He topped the list of successful candidates in the H.S.S.C. Examination. Two months ago, he had stood first in the S.S.C. Examination. He was also rated first in Pakistan in the selection examination to the Middle East Technical University and is studying in Ankara now. We are all very proud of him and wish him good luck.

Congratulations to Cadet Hassan Rizvi on securing 6th position in S.S.C. Examination with an aggregate of 82.9% and to Cadet Zaffar Cheema on securing 81% marks in S.S.C. Examination.

We are happy to note that besides



ry well in Academics the Iqbalians have  
one remarkably well in sports too, College  
colours were awarded to Cadet Arif Majeed  
Hockey and Basket Ball; Cadet Riazullah  
Tennis and Squash; Cadet Masud Husain  
han in Athletics; Cadet Kamal Shahid in  
cricket; Cadet Pervaiz Sarwar in Football  
and Cadet Naveed Aslam in Riding. They  
have brought honour to the House and  
we congratulate them on their achieve-  
ment. Moreover Cadets Arif Majeed, Tarin,  
Masood Husain Khan and Riazullah Khan  
were honoured with the Captaincy of  
College Hockey, Athletics and Tennis  
teams, respectively.

We have the greatest pleasure in say-  
ing that Cadet Arif Majeed was a member  
of Pakistan Hockey Youth Camp held at  
Lahore for the selection of country's  
Youth Hockey Team. Cadets Tariq Yasin  
and Nasir Waseem represented the College  
in All Pakistan Swimming Competition  
held at Karachi. Cadet Kamal Shahid was  
selected for "Under 19 Cricket Team" to  
represent Hyderabad in Inter Division  
Tournament.

Congratulations again to Cadet Hasan  
Haider Rizvi who, having represented  
the College in All-West Pakistan Urdu  
Debating Competition, was adjudged the  
second best speaker. He was also awarded  
a prize on his magnificent performance in

Numismatics Club.

Our New Entry, having won Eighth  
Class Shield, has a wonderful start ensuring  
their important contribution towards the  
House in future Inter-House Competitions  
for the General Championship. Their  
remarkable contributions and their role  
towards the progress of the House during  
the very first year of their stay is highly  
praiseworthy and very encouraging indeed.  
Bravo!

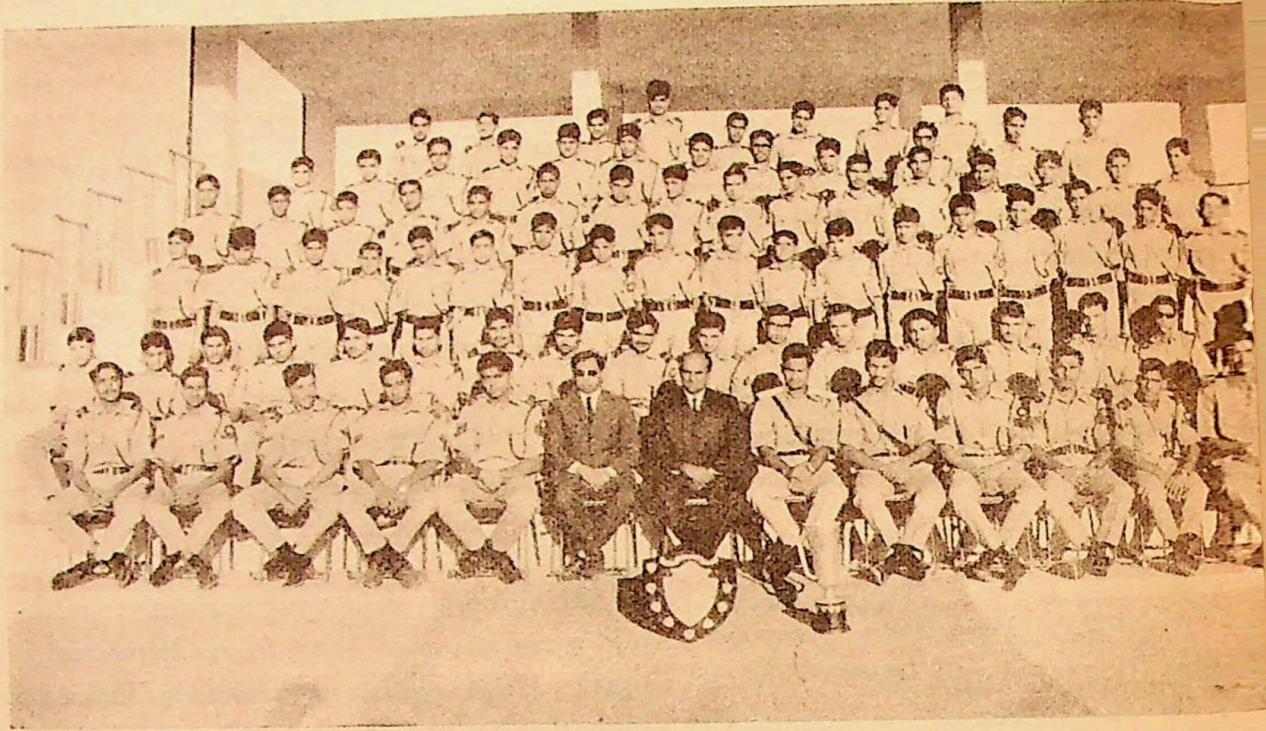
We welcome our New Entry and  
pin in them high hopes. We wish them  
a happy stay in the college.

This report will be incomplete with-  
out mentioning of two more distinctions,  
Iqbal House has achieved. The two  
highest honours have been awarded to  
Cadets Ali Nasir Rizvi and Hasan Haider  
Rizvi, both belonging to our House. The  
former has been awarded the Stick of  
Honour and the latter the Badge of  
Honour. We have all the praise for their  
splendid contribution in adding two more  
jewels to the crown of the House.

Our XII Class batch having spent five  
years at Petaro will soon be passing out,  
leaving behind a gift of high reputation  
and happy memories for the House. We  
wish them all the best.



# JINNAH HOUSE



House Master

Associate House Masters

Senior Under-Officer

Junior Under Officer

Senior Section Leaders

Junior Section Leaders

Prefects

Ante Room Incharge

Radio Room Incharge

Mr. M Salim Mangi

(i) Mr. S. Jaffer Hussain

(ii) Mr Rashid Ahmed K. Ghauri

Junaid Yasin

Tariq Rasool

(i) Feroze Din

(ii) Shahid Iqbal

(i) Farhat Ahmed

(ii) Nadeem Khan

(i) Nazar Haider

(ii) Nazir Ahmad Chandio

(iii) Khalid Waheed

Syed Sajid Shah

Shaer Ahmed Junejo



<u>Captains :-</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>
Basket Ball	Kamran	Nazar Haider
Hockey	Tahir Shaikat	Pervaz Iqbal
Football	Tariq Masood	Nazir Chandio
Athletics	Feroz Din	Khalid Malik
Crick't	Mohammed Shafi	Siddique
Swimming	Tariq Rasool	Manzar Qayyum
Riding	Azfar Malik	—
Shooting	Fazal-ur-Rehman	—
Quiz and —		
Spelling Be	Muhammed Shafi	—
Indoor Games	Muhammed Shafi	—
Debates	Muhammed Shafi	—
Squash & Tennis	Kamran	—

Congratulations to each and every Jinnahian individually on winning the academics shield for the second successive year. Cadet Salik Javed deserves special praise for securing 1st position in the entire Dadu District, in the Matriculation Examination. His percentage was 84.9. He was declared 3rd in the Hyderabad Board Well done! we are proud of him.

We bid farewell to our Associate Housemasters' Mr. Abdul Ahad Khan, Mr. Mukhtar Siddiqui and Mr. Qamar-uz-zaman and thank them whole-heartedly for all they have done to raise the all round standard of the House. We also take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Abdul Ahad Khan on being appointed Head of the Chemistry Deptt.

We welcome our new Associate Housemaster, Mr. Rasbid Ahmed K. Ghauri and

hope, he will be a great asset to the House.

Our House started on top this year with Cadet Junaid Yasin being unanimously selected as the Senior Under Officer of the College and Cadet Muhammed Shafi as the Chairman of the College Honour Committee.

We are leading in literary activities and if all goes well, this trophy will, Insha-Allah, also be ours.

Congratulations to Cadet Tariq Rasool and Kamran on being appointed Captains of Swimming and Gymnastic teams, respectively.

By the grace of God, ex. Jinnahians have settled in life very well this year also. Our ex J.U.O. Sipra, Cadets Safdar and Zahid Muneer have been selected for



the Army; Cadet Nasir for the Navy; Cadets Abdullah, Sarfaraz, Arif Bhurgari and Mubeen have gained admission in Medical Colleges and Zaheer Warriach has been selected for the M.E.T.U. at Ankara. We wish all of them a bright and prosperous future.

We wish our outgoing Twelfth Class all success in the world and welcome the

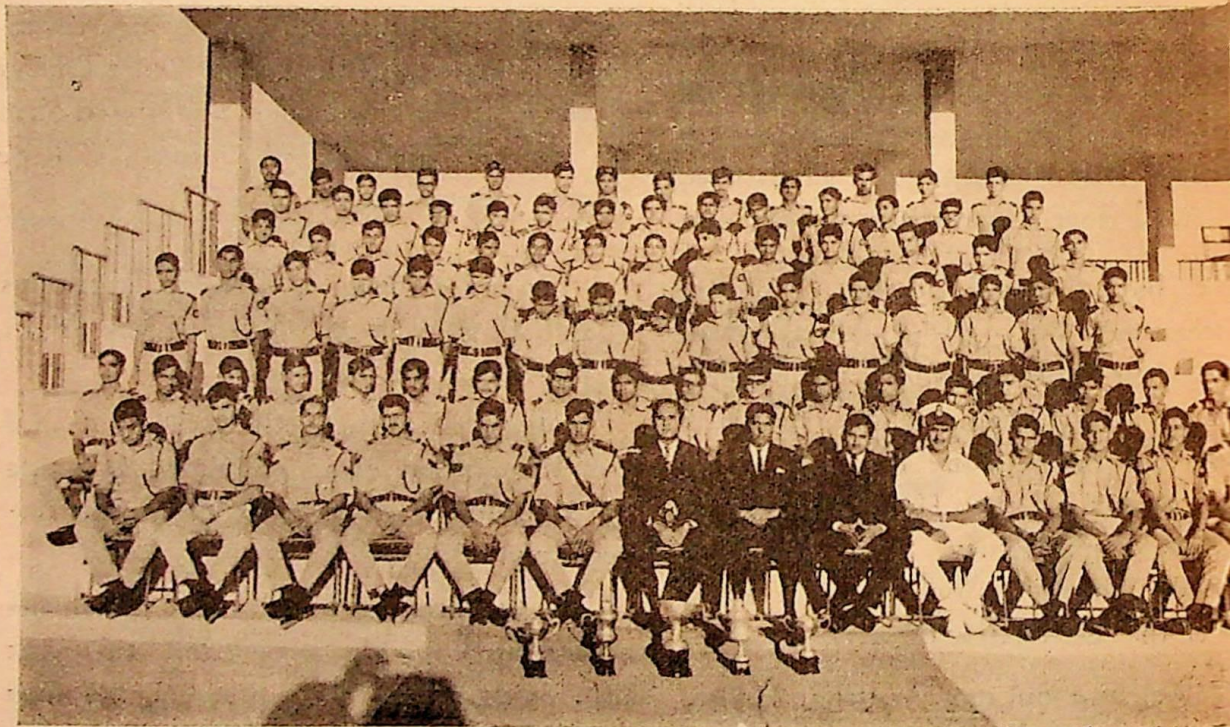
little 8th class boys. There are so many good prospects for the future. We pinned high hopes in them and the Insha-Allah, win more laurels for the

Finally, we would be failing in our duty if we don't thank our worthy House Master Mr. M. S. Mangi who, with his affection and care, has won hearts of Jinnahians and what the House is today is all due to him.

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## Ayub House

(Founded in 1961)





House Master	...	Mr. John Mumtaz
Associate Housemasters	...	( i ) Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed (ii) Mr. Affan Maqsood
Attached Petty Officer	...	P. O. Khaqan Khan
Junior Under-Officer	...	Cadet M. Javed Ansari
Senior Section Leaders	...	( i ) Cadet Asif Majeed (ii) ,, Maqsood Ahmed (iii) ,, Anjum Ali
Section Leaders	...	( i ) Cadet Anwer Q. Sher (ii) Cadet M. Azher Khan
Prefects	...	[ i ) Cadet Jamshed B. G. Irani (ii) ,, Saleem Ashraf (iii) ,, Zafar Aslam Zaidi (iv) ,, Sarfaraz Sadiq

## HOUSE TEAM CAPTAINS

### Captains

Basket Ball

Hockey

Football

Cricket

Shooting

Athletics

Swimming

Boxing

Incharge Quiz

Incharge Spelling Bee

Incharge Debates

(Also Incharge of 'Petaro Times')

### Seniors

Mehtab Ahmed

Asif Majeed

Zaheer Jawad

Mir Shahabuddin

Javed Ansari

Bilal Ilyas

Anjum Ali

Javed Ansari

Najeeb Tariq

Asim Hussain

Anwer Sher

### Juniors

Kamran Akhtar

Saleem Ashraf

Mohammed Iqbal

Jamshed Irani

...

Zafar Alam

Jamshed Irani

Masood-ur-Rehman

...

...

...

Looking back at the year we were elated with pride that the achievements of the Ayubians have been tremendous both in academics as well as on sports

side. This brilliant success can, undoubtedly, be attributed to the untiring and dedicated efforts of our worthy Housemaster, Mr. John Mumtaz and his associates.



Cadets Asif Majeed and Najeeb Tariq have brought laurels to the House by standing 1st. in pre-Medical and pre-Engineering groups, respectively, in the HSSC Part-I Board Examinations. We wholeheartedly congratulate them on this magnificent feat.

The class X (SSC-II) Board results were extremely good, Cadet Zaffar Malik secured the 8th position in the Hyderabad Board. In class IX (SSC-I) Kamran Akhtar secured the 2nd. position in the college. Well done Ayubians! Keep it up!

Ayubians have not been far behind in sports as it is crystal clear by the fact that Cadets Zaheer Javad, Mehtab Ahmed, Zaffar Mahmood and Javed Ansari got College Colours in Football, Basket - Ball, Cricket and Shooting, respectively. Heartiest congratulations!

Cadet Asif Majeed got the Table-Tennis Colour, the first ever to be awarded in the history of this college. We heartily congratulate him on being chosen to receive this unique honour.

Cadet Zaffar Mahmood has earned a good reputation not only for himself but

for the House also by being selected the Hyderabad XI Cricket Team to play in the B.C.C.P. Trophy. We hope the best of luck for this rising sportsman. The hard work of the Ayubians was well rewarded by their winning the Runners-up Trophy for 1969-70 and also the academic shield for 1969-70.

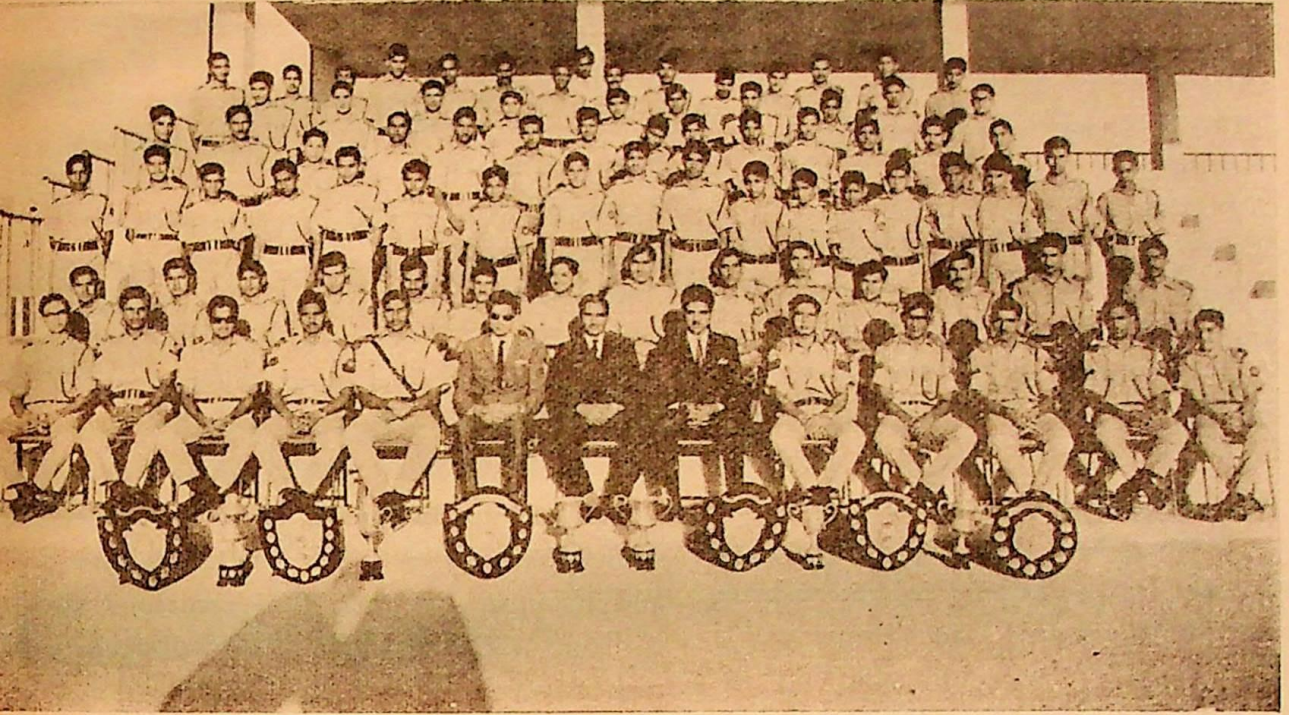
During the year, Mr. Hasnain Mehtab Syed left for Algeria for further experience in teaching. We bid him farewell thanking him for all that he has done for us. He was truly a great source of inspiration to us all. He will always be close to our hearts.

We welcome our new VIII class, be keen and eager to learn. Let us wish, they find their stay of five years enjoyable and valuable from the beginning to the end.

In the end, we bid farewell to the outgoing XII Class with a heavy heart. Our love and affection is measured from the tiniest molecules of our heart to the largest miles of love, all extended towards these patriotic youths. Let us pray that they step out into the world and achieve fame in every field.



# LIAQUAT HOUSE



House Master

Associate House Masters

Senior Under-Officer

Senior Section Leaders

Section Leaders

Deputies

Mr. Mohammed Akram Bhatti

Mr. Hassan Sajjad Syed

Mr. Masud Pervaiz Durrani

Cadet Rifaquat Ali Cheema

(i) Mishraz Ahmed Siddiqui

(ii) Khalid Mahmood

(i) Zafar Iqbal Mehdi

(ii) Tariq Ismail

(i) Mahmood-ur-Rehman

(ii) Zaffar Ikram

(iii) Khalid Ismail



## HOUSE TEAM

### CAPTAINS

Hockey  
Football  
Cricket  
Basket Ball  
Swimming  
Shooting  
Athletics  
Riding  
Boxing  
Indoor Games  
Quiz, Spelling Bee &  
Elocution Contests

Mishraz Ahmed Siddiqui  
Rafaquat Ali Cheema  
Pervaiz Malik  
Mughis Rasool  
Khalid Mahmood  
Najam-ul-Hasan  
Asadullah  
Imtiaz Hussain  
Abdul Ghani  
Irshad Ali

Tariq Khan

We bid farewell to our Associate House Master, Mr. Zaman Ahmed and thank him for everything he did to bring a glory to the name of the House.

We congratulate our respected Housemaster, Mr. M. Akram Bhatti on being selected for Pakistan Navy Volunteer Scheme (Education Branch). We also congratulate our Associate Housemaster, Mr. Hassan Sajjad on his marriage.

To the good luck of other Houses no Inter-House Competitions were held last year. We have the honour to have three replicas of the three Inter-House Sports Shields.

Had there been I.C.C.S.T. this year, we would have had the honour to send a good number of players to participate in it.

Our House is proud to have produced good players like Cadet Khalid Mahmood and Rafaquat Cheema who captained the College Cricket and Football teams respectively.

Congratulations to Khalid Mahmood on being declared the best sportsman of the year 1970-71.

Mahmood-ur-Renman and Khalid Mahmood also deserve our congratulations on being selected to represent Hyderabad Division Cricket team.

We also have the opportunity to extend our heartiest congratulations to talented players Khalid, Pervaiz, Najam and Tariq on receiving College Colour. Mishraz, Sajjad Ashraf and Imtiaz



receiving Merit Certificates for proficiency in their respective games.

Congratulations to Shahid Akhtar Butt on getting Principal's Silver Medal for standing Ist in the whole of District Dadu. We wish him a brilliant career in Aeronautical Engineering.

Congratulations to Zafar Iqbal Mehdi for standing Ist in Distt. Dadu and getting Silver Medal.

Congratulations to Mishraz on standing 2nd in the College Ith class annual examination and Zaffar Ikram on standing Ist in the 9th class Board examinations, We also congratulate Cadet, Najam-ul-Hasan

(Senior) for being adjudged the best in Inter-House Shooting Competition.

We feel proud to say that our Liaquatians are settling down well in life.

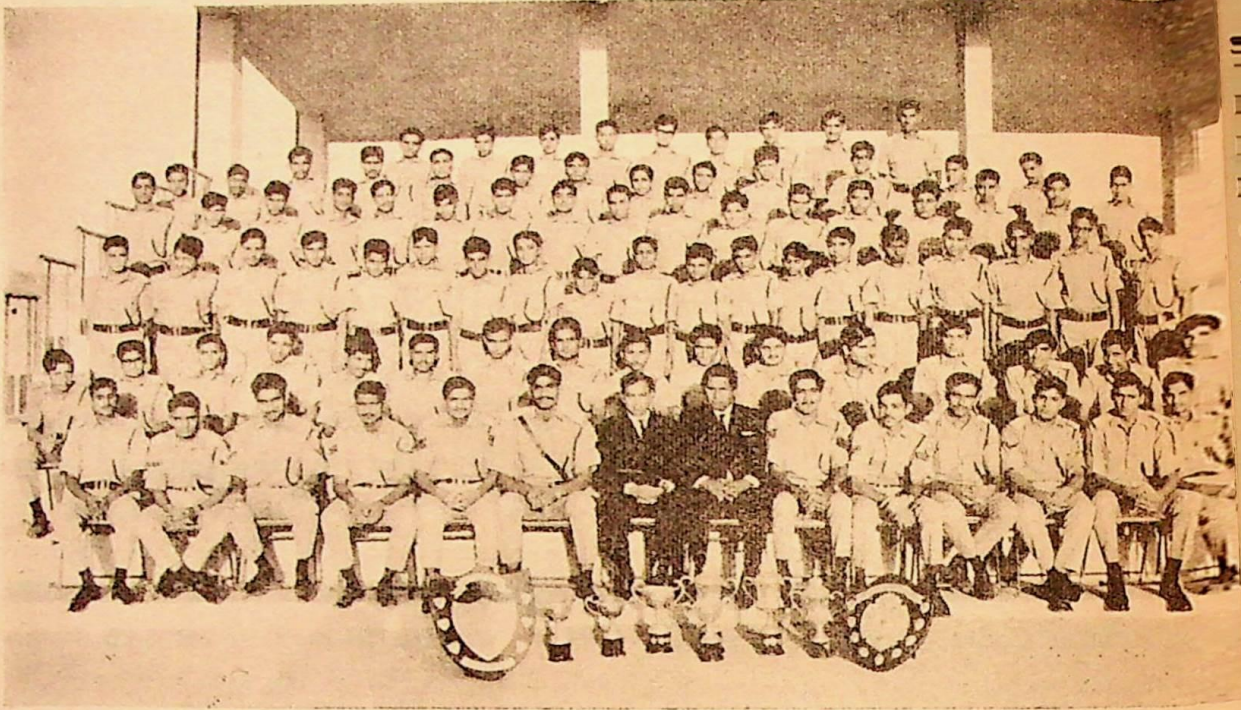
Farooq Tahir (ex.J.U.O) and Afzal Cheema (ex.S.S.L.) are also doing well at P.M.A. Kakul with their friends, Khalid and Ghalib.

Our ex.S.U.O. is busy with his training in the Merchant Navy. We welcome our new entry; they are well-disciplined and we hope that in the coming years they will keep up the healthy traditions of the House and will keep the House banner flying high!

R.A.C.



# LATIF HOUSE



House Master

Associate House Masters

Attached petty Officer

Junior Under-Officer

Senior Section Leaders

Junior Section Leaders

Prefects

Members College Code of  
Honour Committee

Incharge Ante Room

Incharge Radio Room

Member Cadets' Mess

Committee

Mr. Tariq Mustaffa Khan

(i) Mr. Izhar Hussain

(ii) Saif Jabbar Qureshi

P.O. Nasir Ahmed

Cadet Mazhar Qayyum

Cadets Mohammad Tariq and  
Samiullah Bajwa.

Cadet Syed Ali Askari Rizvi

Cadets Azam Shah, Rashid Mumtaz  
and Waqar.

Cadets Saeed Asghar and Sajjad Raza.

Cadet Mohammad Tariq

- do -

Cadet Shaukat Hussain



## House Team Captains

### Sports/Games

### Seniors

### Juniors

Hockey	Mohammad Tariq	Tariq Sattar
Football	Shahid Aslam	Pervez Iqbal
Basket-Ball	Mazhar Qayyum	Yawar Maqsood
Cricket	Sultan Sikandar	Azam Shah
Athletics	Ghulam Abbas	Khurshid
Swimming	Samiullah	—
Indoor Games	Mohammed Tariq	—

Mr. A.A. Farooqui relinquished the charge as our House Master in December last year, for reasons of health. During his tenure of office he made valuable contribution in all spheres of House activities. His absence from the House will be felt by all of us for a long time, indeed.

We welcome Mr. Tariq Mustafa Khan as our new Housemaster. He is an experienced Housemaster and we hope to prosper under him.

It is a matter of pride for us that ex-Latifians Zahid Majid and Nazeer have been selected for commissioning in the Army and the J.U.O. under the Civilian Scholarship Scheme.

This year has not been lucky for us in sports. We could only annex the

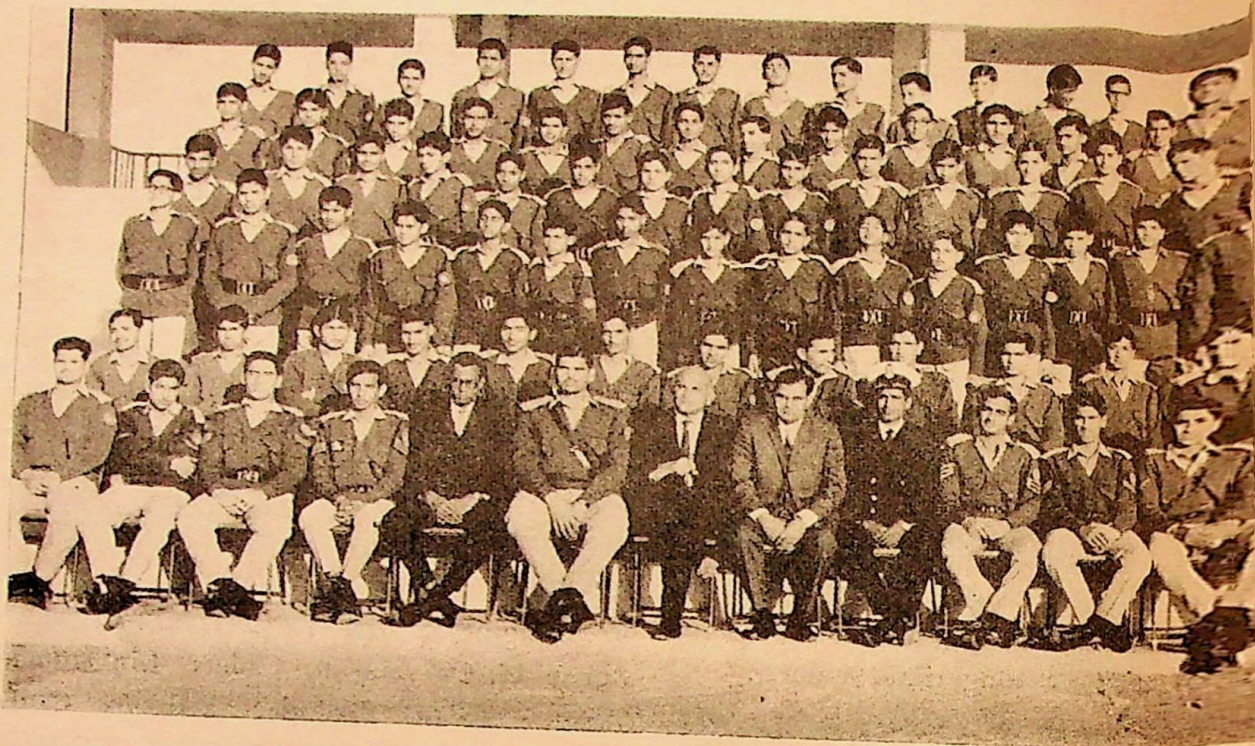
Hockey Shield in the Iner-House Competitions. Nevertheless, we are not discouraged by defeat. We will continue to strive and show better performance in the future.

Congratulations to Mazhar Qayyum, our J. U. O. and to Cadets Mohammad Tariq, Sultan Sikandar and ex. Cadet Anwar-ul-Haq on the award of College Colours in Hockey; and to Ghulam Abbas and Mahmood-ul-Hassan on the award of College Colours in Athletics and Riding, respectively. The selection of Mahmood-ul-Hassan to lead the College Riding squad is a matter of pride for us.

We learn with great satisfaction that ex-Latifians are doing well in various walks of life, We wish them the best of luck always and every where.



# Mohammed Bin Qasim House



Housemaster

Mr. Hasan Masud Zuberi

Associate Housemasters:

(i) Mr. Abdul Ghani

(ii) Mr. Shoukat Ali Zaidi

Attached Petty Officer

P. O. Iqbal Husain

Junior Under-Officer

Cadet Mohammad Najeeb Khan

Senior Section Leaders

(i) ,, Aziz Abdul Malik

(ii) ,, Mushtaq Ahmed Memon

Section Leaders

(i) ,, Shahjahan Ashraf

(ii) ,, Hasnain Mirza

Prefects

(i) ,, Jawwad Saeed Bajwa

(ii) ,, Israr-ul-Haq

(iii) ,, Mahmood



## House Team Captains

<u>Sports/Games</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>
Football	Cadet Raja Riaz Husain	Cadet Ziaul Hassan
Hockey	„ M.H. Afzal	„ Tariq Iqbal
Cricket	„ Najeeb Khan	„ Israr-ul-Haq
Athletics	„ Zahoor Ahmed	„ Shafiq
Cross Country	„ Najeeb Khan	...
Swimming	„ Aziz A. Malik	„ Jawad Bajwa
Shooting	„ Mohammed Ali	...
Basket Ball	„ Riazul Haque	„ Ejaz Ahmad
Indoor Games	„ Raja Riffat Inayat	...
Riding	„ Azhar Naveed Kayani	...
Debates: English	„ Aziz Abdul Malik	...
Urdu	„ Tariq Majeed	...
Quiz & Spelling Bee	„ Aziz Abdul Malik	...
Wall Papers: English	„ Aziz Abdul Malik	...
Urdu	„ M.M. Afzal	...
Sindhi	„ Mushtaq Ahmad	...

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to bid farewell to Mr. M. S. Toor, who relinquished charge as Housemaster, at the end of last term. As our first Housemaster, his contributions were of great value, indeed. While we feel sorry to lose him, we heartily welcome and congratulate Mr. H. M. Zuberi as our new Housemaster.

Welcoming the new junior Under Officer Mohammad Najeeb Khan; Senior Section Leaders Aziz Abdul Malik and Mushtaq Ahmad Memon, we wish them all the success and extend our sincere co-operation to them all.

Congratulations to P. O. Iqbal Husain, who has been attached to our House this

year. He is taking keen interest in the house activities. We felicitate the ex-Qasimians Khalid, Hameed, Javaid, Omar Aziz and Naeem for securing excellent marks in the Board Examinations of 1970, especially to Javaid and Khalid Hameed on their selection for Pakistan Military Academy.

This year we, the Qasimians, were Champions in the Inter-House Juniors Hockey Tournaments and in the Inter-House Qirat Competition and as Runners-up in the Junior Football Tournaments. We welcome our active and smart VIII class new entry cadets and hope they will keep up the good name of the House.

We are proud to mention that



the Qasimians did not forget their East Pakistani Brethern in their distress and contributed a sum of Rupees Seven Hundred and Twenty-five towards the President's Relief Fund in the last week of November, 1970.

Congratulations to Raja Riaz Husain and Mohammed Ali on receiving College Colours and Merit Certificates in Football and Judo, respectively, for the year 1970-71.

We thank all the Qasimians for

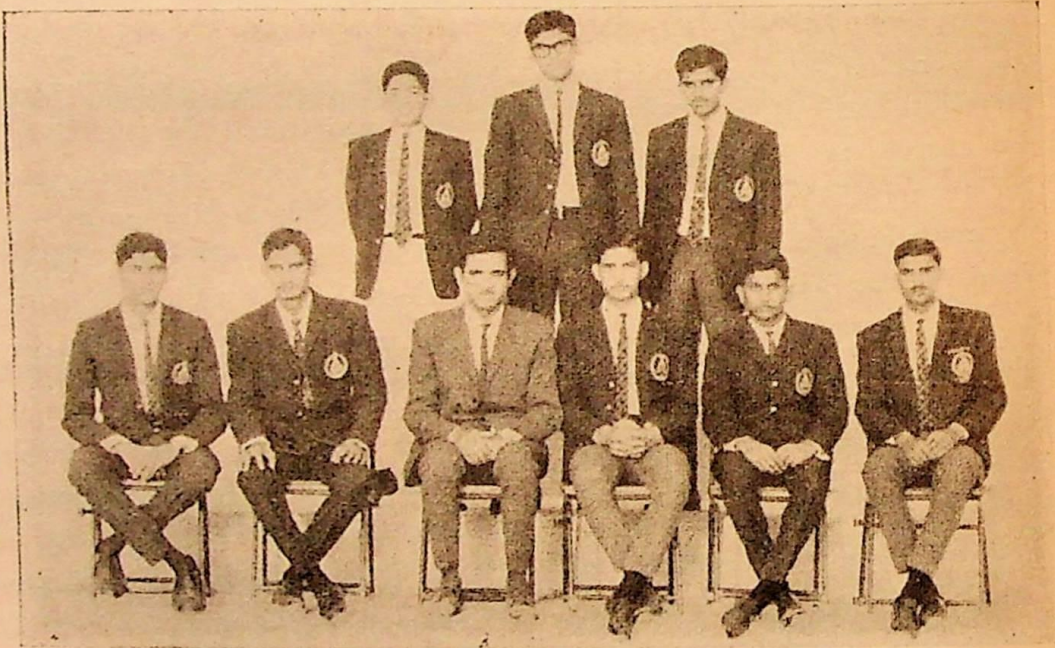
extending their fullest co-operation Mr. Zuberi in re-buidling our H. Library. We are glad to say that we have one of the best collections of books in our Library with a recent addition about 200 books in English, Urdu and Sindhi.

In the end, a word about the part XII Class Cadets. We wish them all the best of luck. We expect them to keep up the House flag up wherever they go.

M. N. K-

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## *Photographic Club*



Sitting (L. to R.) Qaisar, Saeed, Mr. Durrani (Patron) Imran, Mohkam, Abbas.



# *Sports and Hobbies*

*The purpose of extra curricular activities should be the same as the purpose of the other school activities; all of them must contribute to socialization, directly or indirectly.*

*Ward Reeder*

*Editor:*

S. KAMAL SHAHID HUSSAIN

*Asstt. Editor:*

S. ZAFAR IQBAL MEHDI.



## ***Education and Disciplinary Aspects of Cricket***

Cricket is not merely a game for recreation and physical exercise as some seem to think. These two aspects are certainly there but by far the more vital aspect of the game is educational and disciplinary.

In this respect, it touches the lives of both the young as well as the old.

From the physical culture point of view the game of cricket develops each and every muscle of the human body. Besides that it helps develop mental facilities and a healthy outlook. It infuses into one the spirit of accepting defeat cheerfully and victory modestly. It also roots out the seed of selfishness in the make-up of the participants and creates the spirit of comradeship.

Cricket admits no barriers whether of position, wealth, caste, colour or creed. On the cricket field or in the pavilion all are the same—just cricketers or cricket enthusiasts. It is one of the few games which has so great a scope for the deve-

**Syed Tajamul Hussain**  
(Ex. Member, BCCP and former Test Selector)

lopment of a sound character and adapted temperament not only in the cricket field itself but, broadly speaking, in the whole sphere of existence which is nothing but a struggle. Tolerance and forbearance which are vital qualities for a successful existence, can be best developed on the field of cricket. The game, in this respect, has proved beneficial not only to the individual but to the whole nation. The English people whose national game is cricket, owe their greatness to their strictness of discipline which, in turn, they owe aside from other things, to the game of cricket.

The Duke of Wellington once said, "The battle of Waterloo was won on the strength of the great discipline and power of self-control learnt by the Englishmen on the playing-fields of Eton".

Mr. "A.G.G." writing in the "Daily Mail" on the lustre of Jack Hobbs remarked, "No people can be truly civilized if they do not love Cricket". "Give an English



man a bat and a ball", said Emerson, "and his cup of happiness is full".

Cricket is not just a game alone. It is a frame of mind, an attitude towards life itself. It embodies discipline, comradeship and bonhomie. It leaves behind a sense of serenity and a plethora of joyous memories. It, at the same time, embodies one's philosophy of conduct of life. When you hear the words "this is not cricket", it means "Judgement against which there is no appeal".

Time spent in playing the game of cricket is never wasted. Whatever the result of the game-and that is the least important part of it-the time is always well spent. This, in-as-much-as, that it is spent in building-character, sense of fairness and also physical attributes. Whether you take part in the actual game or go to it in the capacity of a spectator you perforce learn social virtues, tolerance, co-operation and team-work. In fact, it is educative in every possible way.

Attend any cricket match and you will notice the universality of character, behaviour and status. You will find there an humble street vendor, a clergyman, a landlord, etc. enjoying the game with equal, unfeigned enthusiasm, discussing the various aspects of the game in progress, arguing in a friendly manner, sharing applause and criticism and even the lunch-

packet without the slightest sign of social, financial or any other distinction. Anything that brings so many, from different walks of life together on a common plane, must be something genuine and extraordinary in its merits. It is bound to promote sympathy and goodwill amongst all classes of people. This alone is proof positive of the undeniable fact that in cricket there is a world of good for all those who follow it, actively or as mere spectators. Thus, those who dislike this game-and they are in a small minority are only - to be pitied. But good things are good always, and bound to win admiration from all, sooner or later.

None can deny the fact that Cricket is the King of all games and will continue to be so with the passage of time. It will be so in ever-increasing measure with the advance of the civilization.

Mr. W. J. Ford writes in the "Jubilee Book of Cricket" by Prince Ranjit Singhji, emphasising the virtues of cricket-, remarks, "there is no more entrancing game than cricket". The eminent prince and player, known the world over as "Ranji" describes the game in relation to the Englishmen and their lives that "it may be said that the modern Englishman has two different sides to his nature-one for work and the other for cricket".

Cricket calls for a greater faculty of mind and gives it freer play and wider scope for all-round development than any



other game. A cricketer, in the long run, becomes a greater exponent of the art of living than any other man however successful in any other walk of life.

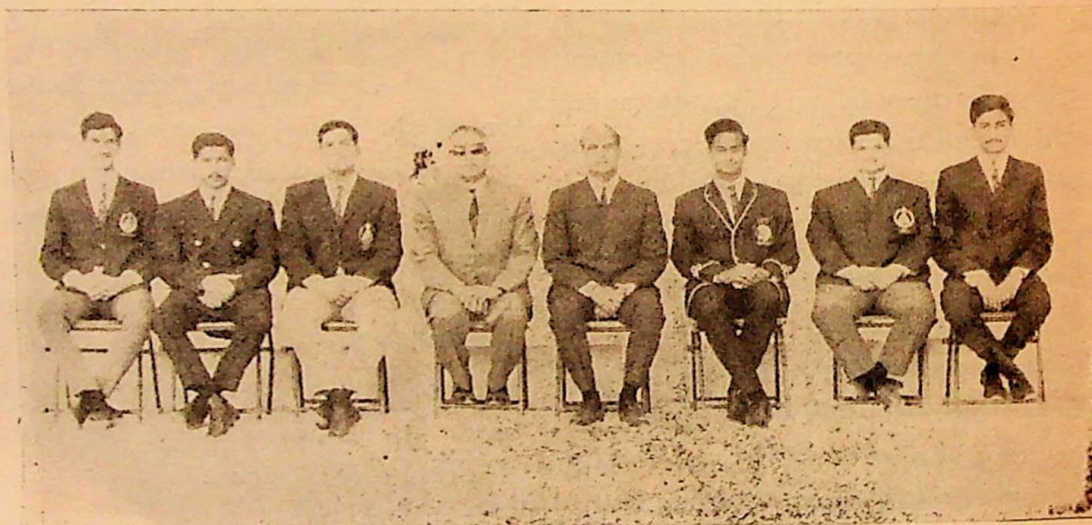
All in all those who participate in the game of cricket gain much good out of it-little bad. The worse aspect of the game is that you might lose the game. But, if then, you have not learnt to ignore that aspect, you have not learnt anything from cricket.

In PAKISTAN, where the need of

bringing the rich and the poor together is greater than any where the game of cricket, which is the one, that lasts for long periods, is only game. Short meetings of these are not likely to merge them to short meetings as in the course match of a game of any other game. The social gulf in our country is narrowed down and even bridged through such games. The game of CRICKET can be the only "leveller" in a country like ours.

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## College Mess Committee



Seated L. to R: Kamal Shahid, Shaukat, Zaheer, Mr. M.H. Taqvi (Patron),  
The Principal, Junaid, Mohammad Ali, Zaka Ashraf.



# ATHLETICS

Patron

... Mr. Qamar-uz-zaman Khan

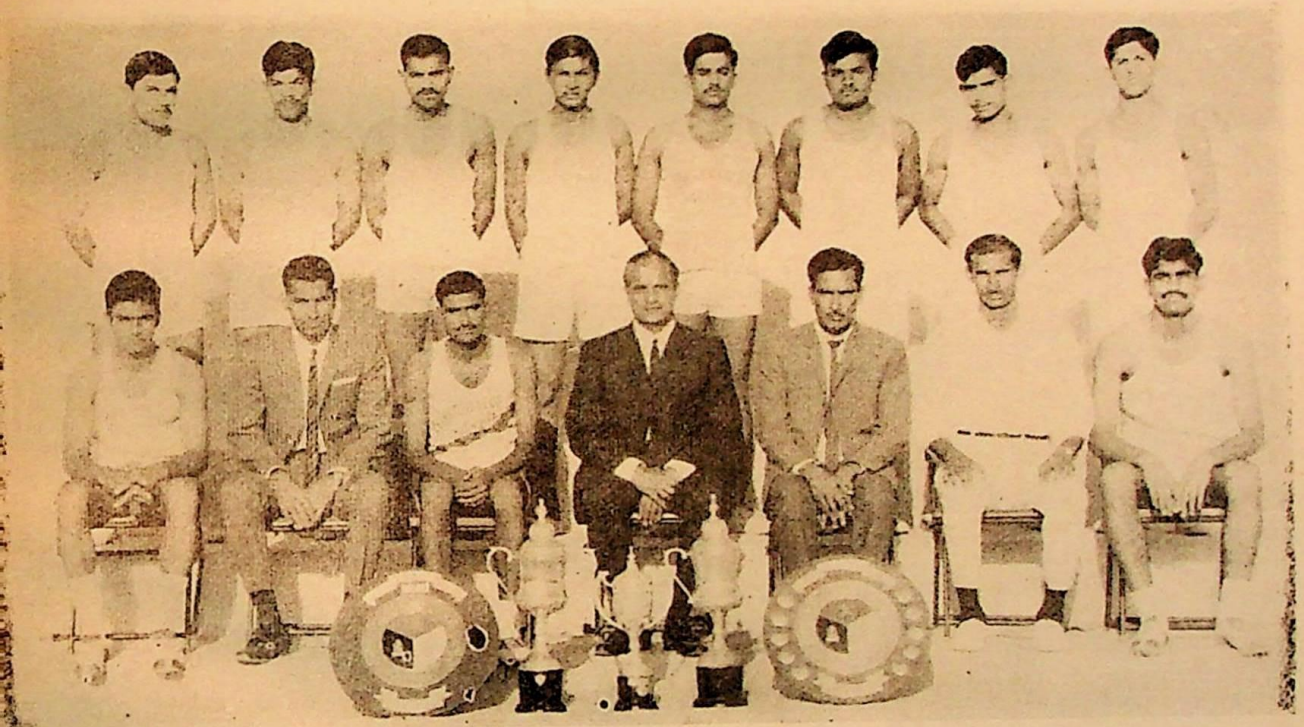
Captain

... Cadet Masood Hussain Khan

Athletics plays an important role in the maintenance of one's physique. Players of other games also take a keen interest in Athletics because it helps them a lot in the game of their own interest.

Athletics, if they are interested, usually do better in other games too.

In "Hyderabad Board Inter-Collegiate Athletics Meet", the following cadets represented our college:-



Sitting: L. to R. Ansari, Mr. Khadim (S.O.), Abbas, Principal, Mr. Qammaruzzaman (Patron), Mr. Abdullah (Coach), Mazhar.

Standing: L. to R. Sadiq, Perwez, Baber, Bilal, Tariq, Mehtab, Khurshed, Zafar.



Ghulam Abbas, Masood, Iftikhar,  
Pervez Sarwar, Mazhar and Ansari.

They were selected by the Hyd-  
erabad Board to take part in the  
Inter-Board Meet.

Cadet Ghulam Abbas was declared to be  
the best athlete. 1st in 800 Meters and

3rd in 400 Meters' Hurdles.

Cadet Ansari - III in High Jumps

— The entire Relay Team -  
4X400. Hence Hyderabad Board  
was made up of Petarians only.

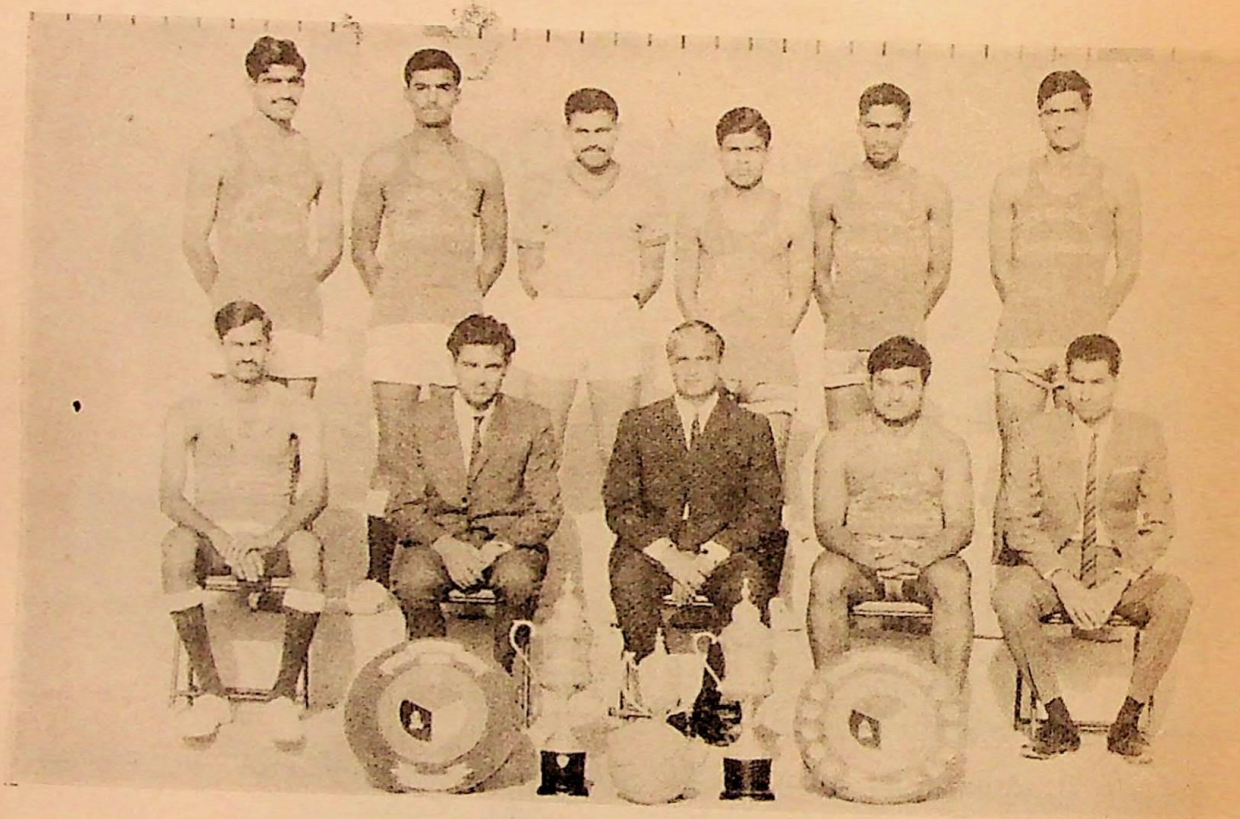
College Colours have been  
to Ghulam Abbas and Masood.

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## BASKET BALL

Patron  
Coach  
Captain

... Mr. Masaud Perwaiz Durrani  
... P.O. M. Khurshid  
... Cadet Mehtab Ahmed



L. to R: Arif, Mr. Durrani (Patron), The Principal, Mehtab, Mr. Hussain (S  
Standing L. to R: Mazhar, Nasir, Baber, Mansoor, Kamran Saeed



After winning the ICCST. last year, Mansoor and Khalidullah left the college. Aftab Babar, who was one of the best shots of our team, also left the college and we had to face the difficult challenge of maintaining our high standard with our new junior team. To our dismay, P.O. (now CPO) M. Iqbal was also obliged to leave the college to do one of his Naval courses at Karachi. The challenge was

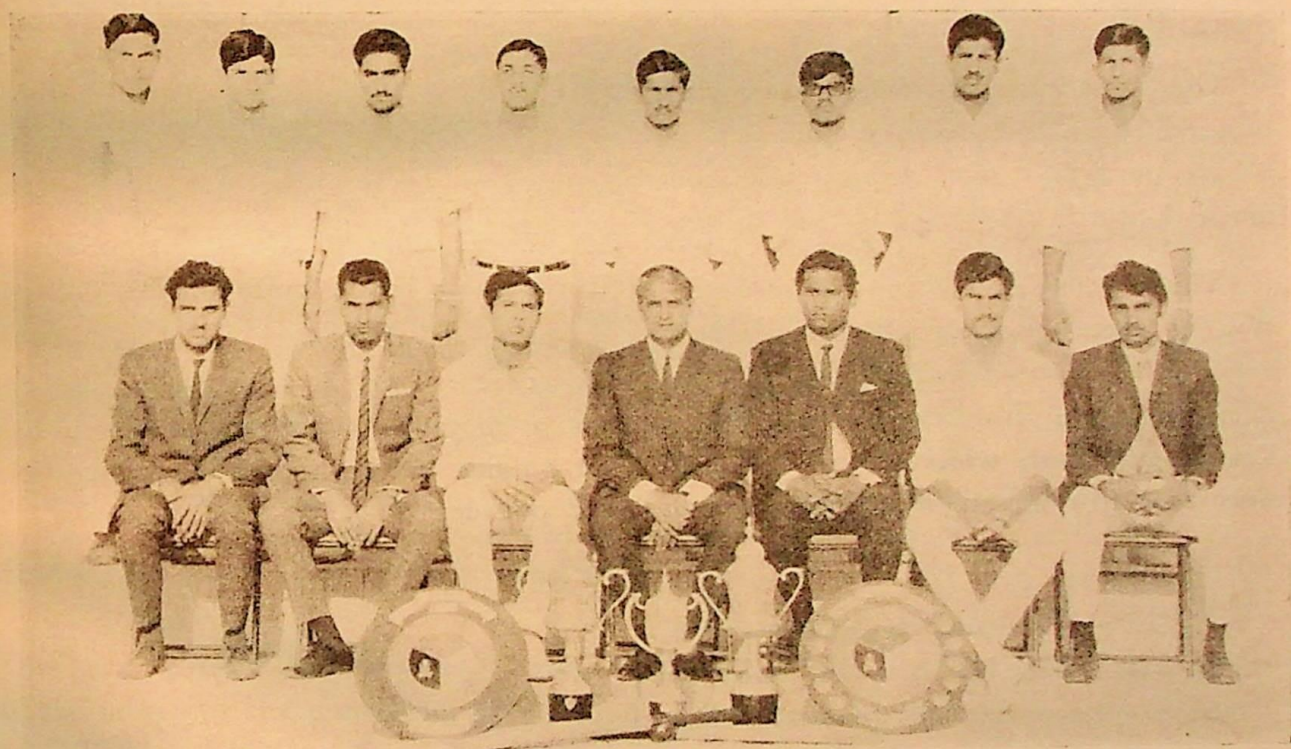
accepted and we started with renewed and keen efforts. Vigorous coaching by P.O. Khurshid and personal interest of Mr. Durrani bore fruit, and we ultimately are ready, once again, to break a lance with the ICCST contingents next year.

Cadet Mehtab and Arif were awarded College Colours.

M.A.

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## CRICKET



*Sitting L to R:* Mr. Durrani, Mr. Khadim (S.O.), Khalid Mahmood (Captain), The Principal, Mr. Qureshi (Patron), Kamal Shahid, Mr. Razaque.



Patron	...	Mr. Saif Jabbar Qureshi
Captain	...	Cadet Khalid Mahmood
Vice-Capt.	...	Cadet Kamal Shahid

The year 1970-71 saw a lot of change in our cricket team. A whole lot of new talents were included in it to fill the gap left by the passing-out members of the team. Mr. Zaman Ahmed, our Cricket Patron and Coach resigned and in his place we now have Mr. Saif Jabbar Qureshi who hasn't let any rust get into our team.

We played a number of matches on the home-ground and at Hyderabad against various teams. In all, we played eight matches, out of which we lost only one match.

Our most important match was against our old rivals—the Sadiq Public School, Bahawalpur. We won the match without much difficulty.

This year, we had a well-balanced side. We had three really good batsmen this year: Zafar, Pervaiz and Mahmood. Besides them, we had two pace bowlers Kamal and Azam, while Khalid and Shafi were the all-rounders excelling both in

batting and bowling.

We congratulate Khalid, Kamal and Zafar on representing Hyderabad Division in the "Pakistan Under-19 Tournament" at Hyderabad and Karachi. All of them put up a very good show.

We, once again, congratulate Khalid, Kamal and Mahmood on representing Hyderabad Division in the B. C. C. P. Tournament at Hyderabad and Karachi. Khalid scored the highest runs in the first innings against Lahore at Hyderabad.

We are grateful to our worthy Patron for his keen interest in our cricket team.

We are also very much indebted to Mr. Zaman Ahmed for all he did to put our Cricket on a sound footing in this college.

In the end, we thank our Patron and coach, Mr. S. Jabbar Qureshi for taking so much interest in the team and for guiding us, both on the playing field and outside.

K.S.



# FOOT BALL

Officer Incharge  
Associate Incharge  
Captain  
Vice Captain

... Raja Khadim Hussain  
... Ch. Abdul Ghani  
... Rifaquat Ali  
... Raja Riaz Hussain



*Sitting L to R:* Zaheer, Riaz, Mr. Khadim (S.O.), The Principal, Rifaquat, Cheema (Captain) Mr. Ghani (Patron), Perwez.  
*Standing L to R:* Kifayat, Sadiq, Zia, Naveed, Iqbal, Pabar, Tariq.

This year, no I.C.C.S.T. was held. Naturally the tempo of the game comparatively remained slow. However, the college team played a Number of matches against different teams of the region.

Next year, the college will miss great players like Rifaquat, Zaheer and Raja Riaz but the incoming youngsters are expected to put up a good show in the next I.C.C.S.T. The following are the proud winners of college colours in football.



1. Rifaquat Ali
2. Zaheer Jawad.
3. Raja Riaz Hussain.
4. Pervez Sarwar.

Matches Played	=	13
Won.	=	10
Drawn.	=	1
Lost.	=	2

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## HOCKEY

Officer Incharge	...	Mr. Mohammad Ahmed Khan
Associates	...	(1) Mr. Hasan Sajjad Syed
		(2) Mr. Rashid Ahmed Khan Gh...
Captain	...	Cadet Arif Majeed
Vice-Captain	...	Cadet Muhammad Tariq

The College Hockey team started the session in the traditional manner. As nine, out of the eleven players, belonged to the departing XII class, the whole team was to be re-organised on new lines. It is hoped that the new members of the team will shape well in due course. Owing to the cancellation of I.C.C.S.T. this year we availed of the opportunity to try our new line up in most of the matches.

The services of Mr. Habibur Rehman National Hockey Coach and ex. Olympian however, could not be available because of his pre-occupations with Pakistan National team. He will be available in March, 1971. Mr. Sajjad and Mr. Rashid looked after the boys' training in right earnest and deserve our gratitude for their efforts.

Four of our players, viz. Cadet A-



Majeed, Cadet Mohammed Tariq, Cadet Anwer Sher and Cadet Tahir Jawaid were selected to represent Hyderabad Zone Hockey team in the First All-Pakistan Under-Twenty Hockey Tournament organized by the Pakistan Hockey Federation.

Congratulations to Arif, Mazhar, Tariq, Anwarul Haque and Sikander on the award of College Colours and to Saeed Asghar, Mishraz and Shahabuddin on the

award of Merit Certificates. Cadet Arif Majeed Tarin will be leaving the College team after four years in which he represented the College thrice in the I.C.C.S.T. at Hasan Abdal, Jhelum and Petaro. Good luck to all in their future career.

Hockey matches played	...	11
Goals scored for	...	26
Goals scored against	...	10



*Sitting L to R:* Mazhar, Mr. Sajjad (Associate), Mr. Hussain (S.O.), Arif, The Principal, Mr. Ahmed (Patron), Mr. Ghouri (Associate), Tariq, Sikandar.

*Standing L to R:* Tariq, Iqbal, Mishraz, Shahabuddin, Perwez, Tahir, Sohail, Kiyani, Saeed Asghar,



# The Sadiqians' Visit

Cadet Kemal Shahid

Cadet Zaffar Iqbal M

To return our Sports Contingent's visit to Bahawalpur the year before last, Sadiq Public Sports Contingent visited Petaro this time.

The Sadiqian's arrived early in the morning at 4 o'clock by train. The sports officer along with the S.U.O. and the J.U.O.s was at Hyderabad Railway Station to receive them. The contingent comprised of three staff members, thirty-one students, a cricket coach and an attendant.

During three day's stay at Petaro, the visitors were to play Cricket, Football, Hockey, Basket Ball and Table-Tennis matches.

## Cricket

The cricket match was played on Sunday, the 18th of October. The match started at 9-30 A.M. The Sadiqian's won the toss but put us in to bat (we were at a loss to understand why!)

Pervaiz Malik and Mohammed Shafi opened the batting for Petaro. Both of

them batted well and gave us a good start. Unfortunately, Parvez was out after 5 runs but Shafi went on to score a valuable 23 runs. The Petaro batting was then highlighted by a brilliant 40 runs by skipper, Khalid Mahmood. He dismissed 3 strokes all around the wicket. Malik and Azam also contributed 14 and 18 runs, respectively, to bring the total to 162 runs.

Mustafa of Sadiq public School was the most successful bowler; he took 4 wickets for 32 runs.

The Sadiqians had quite a good start but the fall of their first wicket signified their collapse.

Kamal and Khalid bowled exceptionally well and kept the Sadiqians in trouble. Kamal proved his worth by taking 3 wickets for 33 runs. Khalid bowled well too and bagged 3 wickets for 36 runs.

In spite of deadly bowling, some



the Sadiqians displayed a good game. They were able to score 104 runs for 9 wickets in the allotted overs. We won the match by 58 runs.

### Football

This match was played at 16.30 hours on the 19th of October. A match between two good teams was sure to be a thrilling one, so a lot of cadets were there to witness it.

From the very start our team began pressing the Sadiqians. Constant pressure bore its fruit and after many unsuccessful attempts, our centre-forward Raja was finally able to score a goal. The goal came in the 23rd minute of the first half when a ball was deflected by Tariq to Raja. This goal boosted our team's morale tremendously and a higher standard of the game was displayed.

The second half saw the Petarians using defensive tactics but, nevertheless, Iqbal moving with great speed scored a goal in the 17th minute of the second half. Our side won the match by two goals to Nil.

### Table-Tennis

The Table-Tennis matches were played at 1830 hours on the same day. Arif Majeed and Khalid Mahmood represented the college.

The first singles of the evening was between Arif and Saeed Alvi. It was a neck to neck fight but Arif proved his superiority when he conceded just one game out of three- Arif's mainstay was his coolness during the game and his powerful backhand.

The next singles was between Khalid and Javed Ali of Sadiq Public school. In spite of good play by Javed, Khalid won the match by beating his opponent in two out of three games.

The doubles match was also won by Petaro. Arif and Khalid beat Masood Alvi and Saeed Alvi of Sadiq Public school in straight games.

### Basket-Ball

The basket-ball match began early in the morning at 6.30 hrs. This match was the most interesting and a lot of cadets came to witness it. The match started off at a fast pace with the players on both the sides trying to put up a good show. But after the first ten minutes it was felt that they were no match for our team. It was a one-sided affair all the time as our team proved to be far superior to them.

The game was studded with beautiful passes and deceptive dribbling from the very start. At the interval the score was



20-8, with Petaro leading. The post-interval period also saw vigorous efforts by the Sadiqians but we won the match by 50-20.

Skipper Mehtab of our team was the best scorer with 32 points to his credit.

### Hockey

The hockey-match was played at 10.30 hours, the next day. The game started off at a steady pace with the ball shifting from the halves to the forward line. Our forwards made some beautiful movements but were blocked by the Sadiqian defenders.

A solitary goal was scored by Tariq Sattar in the 15th minute of the second half. The ball was deflected by the centre-half to Tariq Sattar who scooped the ball inside the goal. The Sadiqians also attempted to score a goal

but were blocked by the Petaro Arif and Mazhar.

In spite of insufficient practice hockey team played splendidly.

Our guests departed us on the 20th of 20th October. A dinner was given in their honour at the Swimming Pool. The dinner was followed by farewell speeches by our Principal and their (Sadiqian) Officer Incharge.

After the dinner the Sadiqians and Petarians gathered in the Liaquat Ante-room. The boys sang and were entertained by the staff members as

After the rejoicings the Sadiqians departed and we bade them goodbye with a light heart.

We hope to visit them next year and enjoy their cordial company, again.

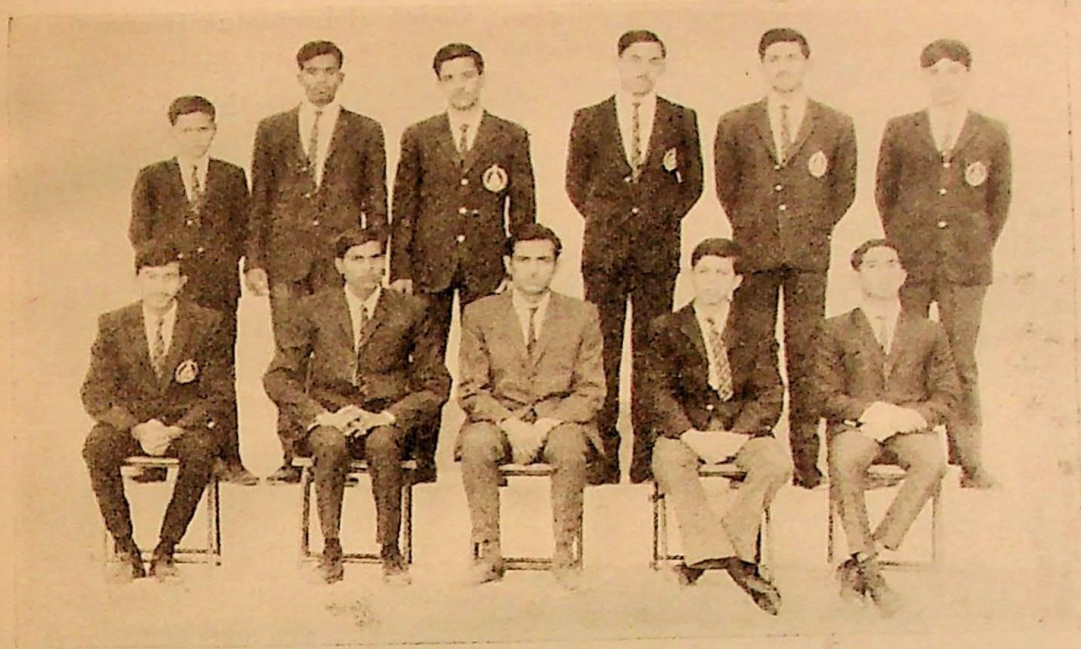
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### THE IDEA

One modern college is going to adopt a three platoon system for football. One squad for offence, one for defence and the other to attend classes.



# Aeromodelling Club



Sitting L. to R. Mushtaq, Mr. Ghori, Mr. Durrani (Patron), Bakhtiar, Nadeem.

Patron  
President

... Mr. Masaud Pervaiz Durrani  
... Cadet Bakhtiar Ahmed

As last year, Amanullah gave the club his whole time and devotion, Bakhtiar with his friends is doing the same. This year, we put up a very impressive show on the occasion of our Twelfth "Parent's

Day". All the members of the club have shown a keen interest in this hobby. They have completed 13 models this year.

B.A.



# Biological Collections Society

Patron

President

General Secretary

Joint Secretary

... Mr. Saif Jabbar Qureshi

... Cadet Mahmoodul Hassan

... Cadet Fazlur Rehman

... Cadet Naeem Ahmed



Seated L. to R. Najeeb Khan, Mahmood-ul-Hasan (President), Mr. Qureshi (Patron), Maqsood, Fazal, Naeem.

Biology is the science of nature. Nature, in every field of life, hides in itself, a new and interesting world. People commonly see the curious things of nature but do not observe them deeply. Members of the Biological Society observe nature with the eyes of artists and imitate it in the form of charts and models, etc.

During the short time of two years, the progress of the society has been quite astonishing. It is now one of the best societies and clubs of the college. Our

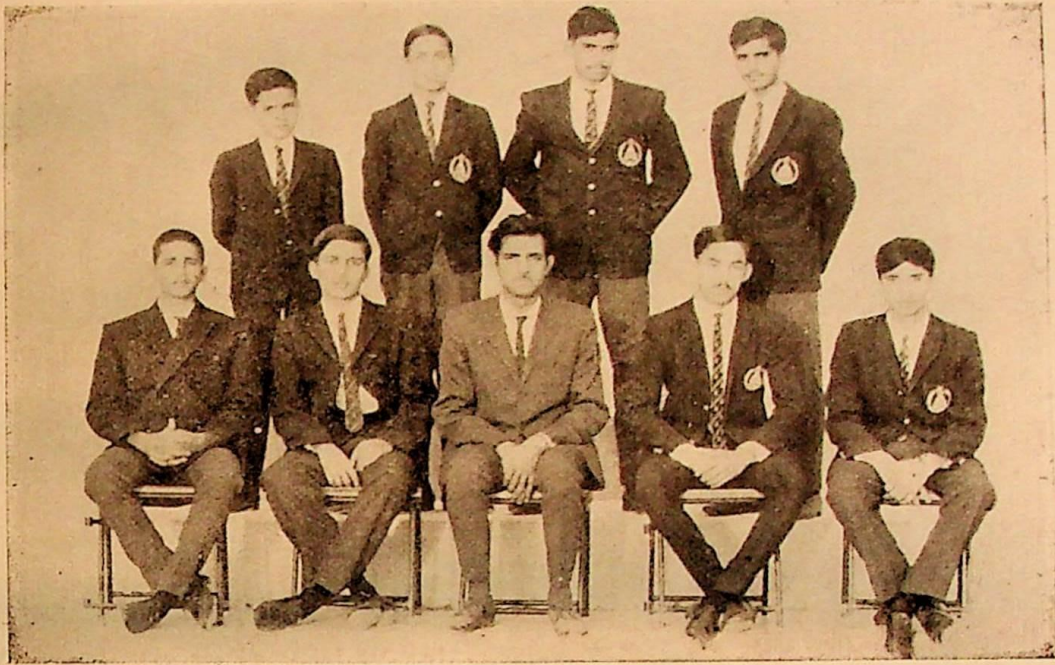
society's exhibition on the last Party Day was very much appreciated by guests.

One can see many charts hanging in the Biology Laboratory, most of which have been prepared by the members of this society. Similarly, several wax-models and skeletons of plants and animals can also be seen in the Laboratory.

This progress of the society is entirely due to the sincere efforts of Mr. Qureshi.



## BOAT-MODELLING CLUB



Sitting L. to R. Manzar, Murad (President), Nazar, Zulfiqar

Patron  
President

... Mr. M.P. Durrani  
... Cadet Murad Khan

This club was inaugurated in the year 1968. Many small models were made which proved to be workable. But there were many difficulties faced by the club due to insufficient supply of materials, etc. So, the club was unable to put up a good show.

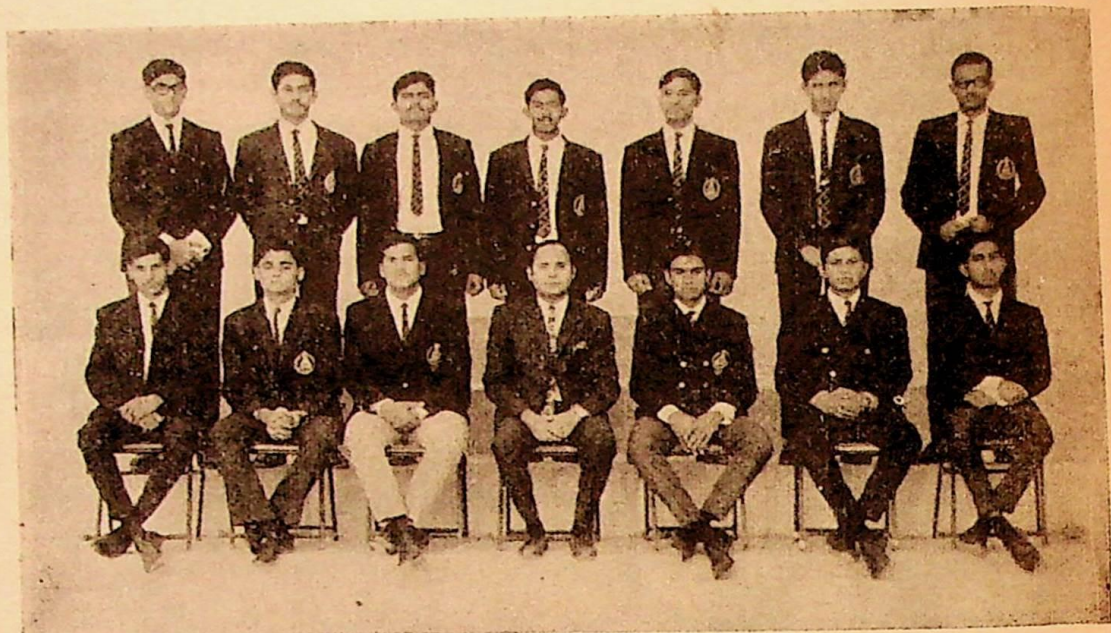
working by the means of small electric motors and cells. But this year, our plan is to make some boats in which we can sit and sail. In case our plan prospers, we will make many models, improving them to big motor boats and then we shall run them on the River Indus.

Firstly, we used to make small models

-M.M.K.



# Body-Building Club



Sitting L. to R. Anwar Sher, Asim, Zaheer, Mr. Wajeeh (Patron), Javed Ansari, Eilal, and Nadeem.

Patron

President

Vice - President

... Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed

... M. Javed Ansari

... Cadet Anwar Sher

It was in 1965 that the Body-building was started as a hobby in this college. It has since then performed remarkable feats by turning lean and weak bodies into strong masculine figures.

We are highly grateful to our worthy Principal for being kind enough to grant a new site to our club. Our esteemed and enthusiastic Patron also deserves all

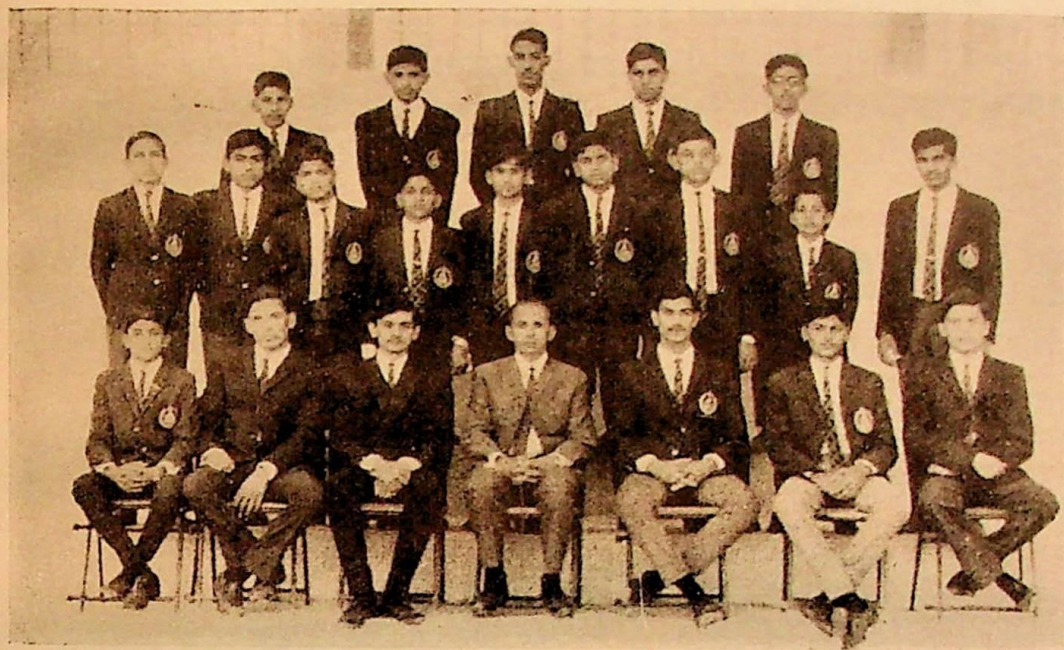
praise as the smooth functioning of club is the result of his personal keen interest.

The various apparatuses for body-building present in the club are more enough for the needs of an amateur builder. We hope, the boys will the maximum possible interest in activity.

J.A



# CHEMICAL HOBBIES CULB



*Seated L to R:* Shuja, Hasan, Azfar, (President) Mr. Mohummed Ahmed Khan, (Patron), Kamal, Asad, Murad.

Patron	...	Mr. Muhammed Ahmed Khan
President	...	Cadet Azfar Malik

We, after settling down at the beginning of the academic year, started our activities in the fruit preservation section. The month of October, marked the arrival of fresh apples in the market and we prepared a variety of Murabbas and tasty jams. This was followed by a new experiment in the field of jelly and marmalades. The guava-jelly and also orange and lime-marmalades were liked very much. We proudly presented guava

jelly of finer taste at half of the Market price. The tomato sauce was prepared in a very simple manner which preserved the colour and the taste of the fruit and was made available at the Market in a low price.

In addition to these new experiments, squashes of Lemon, Falsa, Mango, Orange, and syrups of Sandal, Rose, Banana, Pineapple, Pomegranate, Vimto and Motia



were prepared and preserved in most hygienic conditions.

The expert guidance with active support and efforts given by our Patron Mr. Mohammed Ahmed Khan, is gratefully acknowledged.

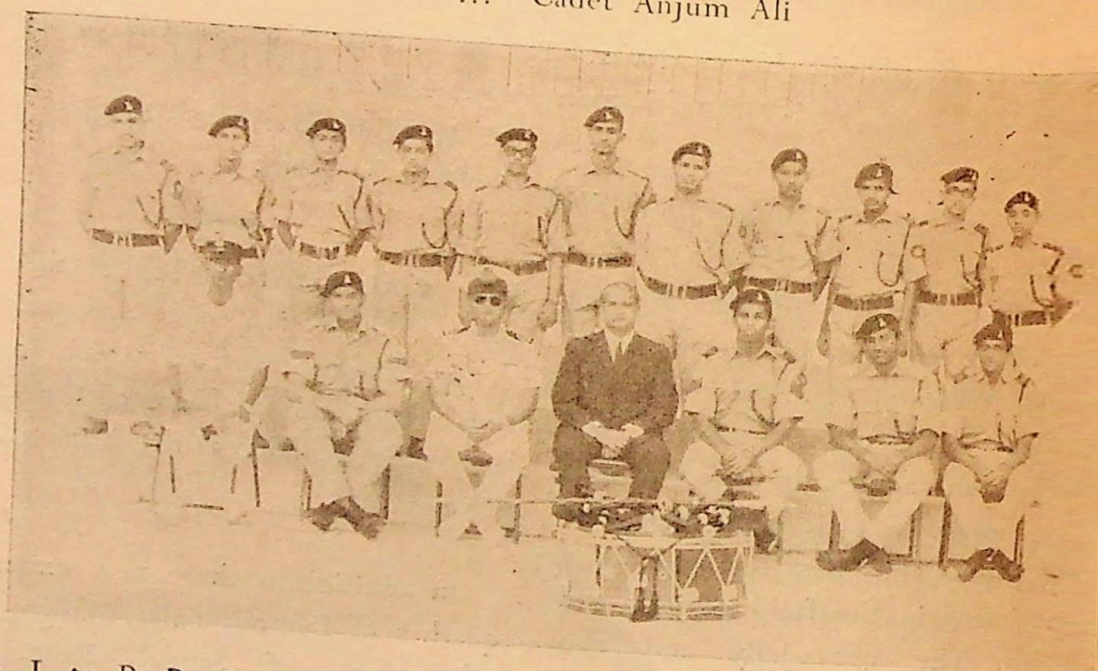
A hand-book containing the recipes of products prepared in the Laboratory of Chemical Hobbies is distributed among all the Parents and Guests on the occasion of our Parents Day".

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## The College Band

Patron  
Instructor  
Stick-Major

- ... Lieut. Muhammad Ashraf Malik, P.N
- ... P.O. Muhammad Ramzan
- ... Cadet Anjum Ali



Sitting, L to R: P. O. Ramzan (Instructor), Rahil, Adjutant, Principal, Anjum, Nawaz, Shahid.



The College Band consists of 32 Cadets, who have joined this club on voluntary basis. P.O. Ramzan has been taking lot of pains to bring up the standard of the College Band. The College Band is an important and essential activity, without which occasions like Adjutant's

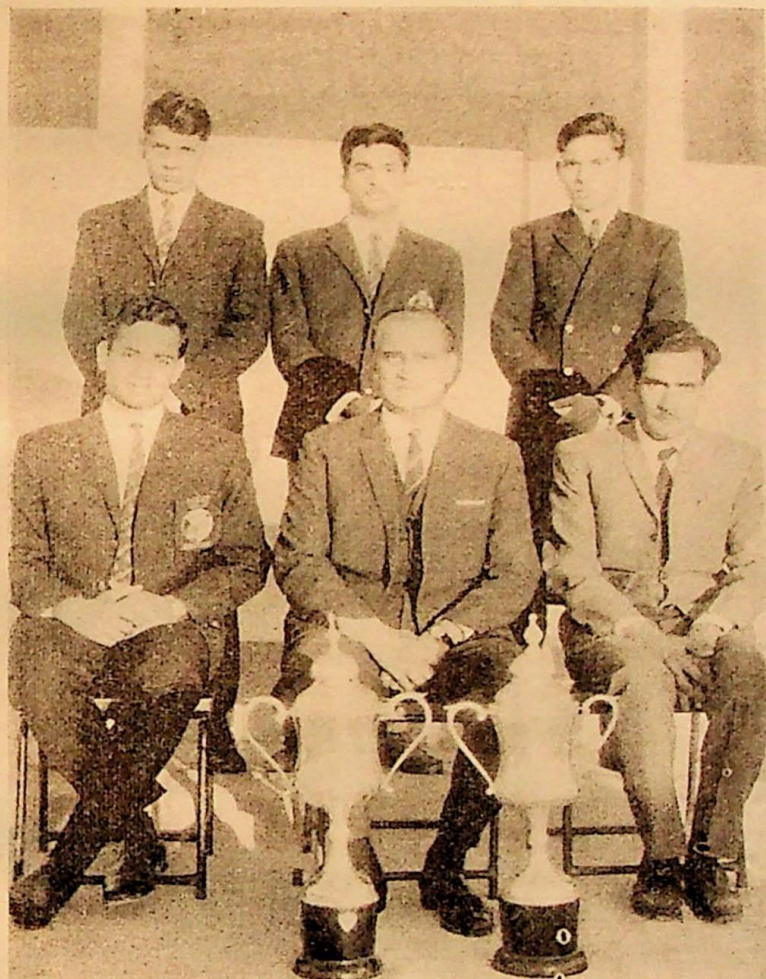
Parade, Principal's Parade and even normal routine drill and above all the PARENTS DAY would be absolutely colourless. The contribution of College Band towards the success of last Parent's Day was really great.

A.A.

## *English Debating Society*

Patron  
President  
Secretary

... Mr. Qamar-uz-zaman Khan  
... Cadet Junaid Yasin  
... Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi



*Front Row; L to R: Javaid Yasin (President), Cdr. Feroz Shah (Principal), Mr. Qamaruzzaman*  
*Back Row; L to R: Anwer Sher, Tariq Yasin, Hasan Haider,*



Debating, as a part of students' activities, contributes much to widening the mental horizon, not only of the debaters but of the listeners also.

The English Debating Society has been doing its best to infuse among the cadets a spirit of debating and argumentation ever since it came into being.

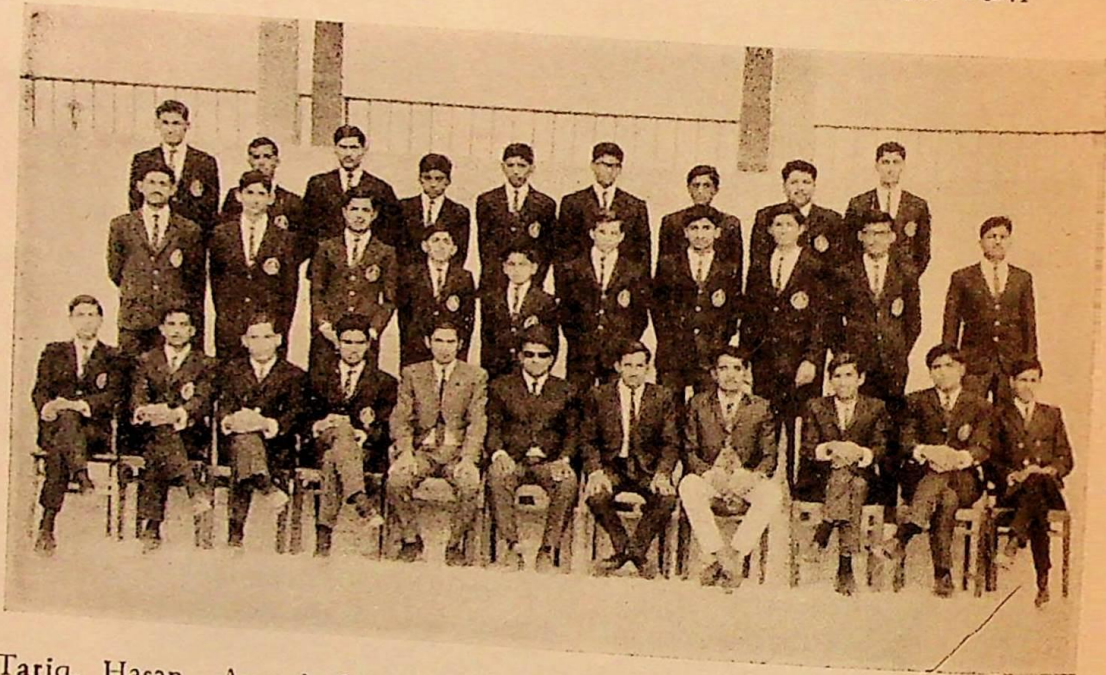
Our cadets participate in Inter-House

Competitions as well as in Inter-Collegiate Competitions organized by other colleges. The cadets of our college participated in the All-Pakistan Anis Memorial Debating Competition. Cadet Junaid Yasin got the 3rd Prize. A team was sent to Government College, Khairpur where from Cadet Junaid and Haider brought the Trophy back to our Pakistan College, Khairpur Mirs. Last year too, this trophy was won by our

## FANKADA

Patron  
President  
Secretary

... Mr. Affan Maqsood  
... Cadet Jawaid Ansari  
... Cadet S. Hasan Haider Rizvi



Bilal Tariq, Hasan, Ansari, Mr. Sajjad. (Patron Urdu Drama), Mr. Mangi (Patron Sindhi Drama), Mr. Affan (Patron English Drama), Mr. Razzak (Associate Sindhi Drama), Nawaz, Ferozdin, Pasha,



Last year, the Dramatics Club had to fight against heavy odds to stage two plays-one Urdu and the other English. We were asked to stage two plays on the 25th of May, 1970, in the first instance, it seemed us an impossibility. The greatest drawback was that the senior students of our College- IX to XII classes— were busy with the preparation of their Board Examinations. We had, therefore, no alternative but to take boys, exclusively from VIII.

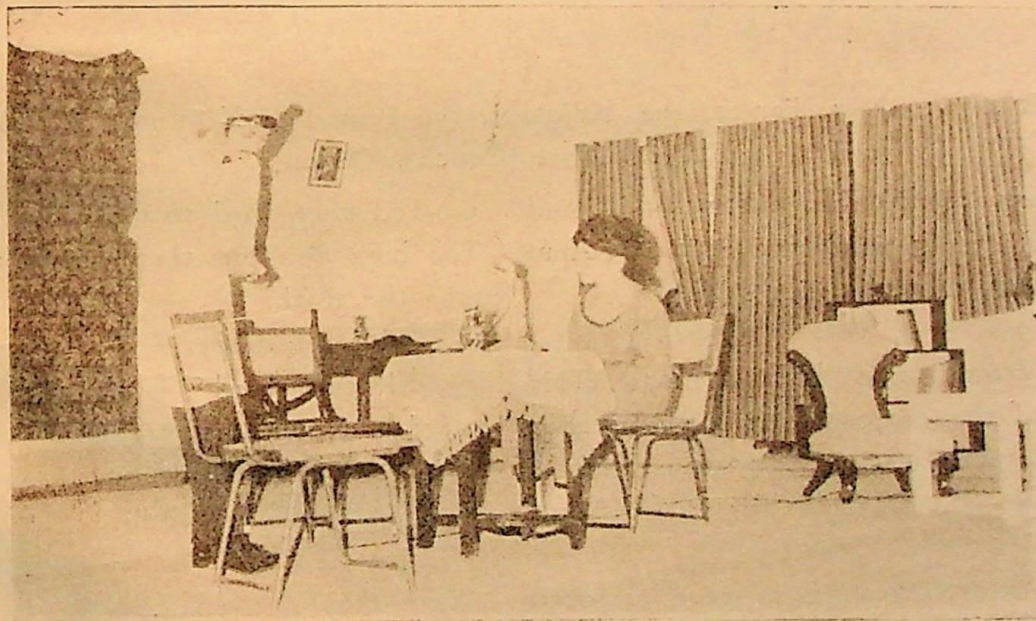
We started this venture by, first of all, selecting two plays, "The Bishop's Candlesticks"—an adaptation of a portion of Victor Hugo's great Novel 'LES MISÉRABLES'—and 'MEHMAN' by Mumtaz Mufti.

After overcoming a lot of difficulties, the 'Final Day' came when we had to face one of the greatest tests of our life. By the grace of God, both the plays proved a great success. No doubt

the performance of all the actors in 'The Bishop's Candlesticks' was superb, but Nadim eclipsed all the others, and was adjudged to be the best actor in the English play. Cadet Khalid Aslam and Cadet Ahmed Humayun got the second and third positions, respectively. In the Urdu play, Cadet Fahim Durrani's role as the leading female-actor was adjudged to be the best. Cadets Shariq and Farid got the second and third positions, respectively.

We were naturally proud of this wonderful success. I must say that it was the diligence, devotion and co-operation of the members of the Dramatics Club as a team that had resulted in success. We are much indebted to Mr. Hasan Sajjad without whose help Proper direction of the Urdu play would have been very difficult.

J.A.



A Still from the English play



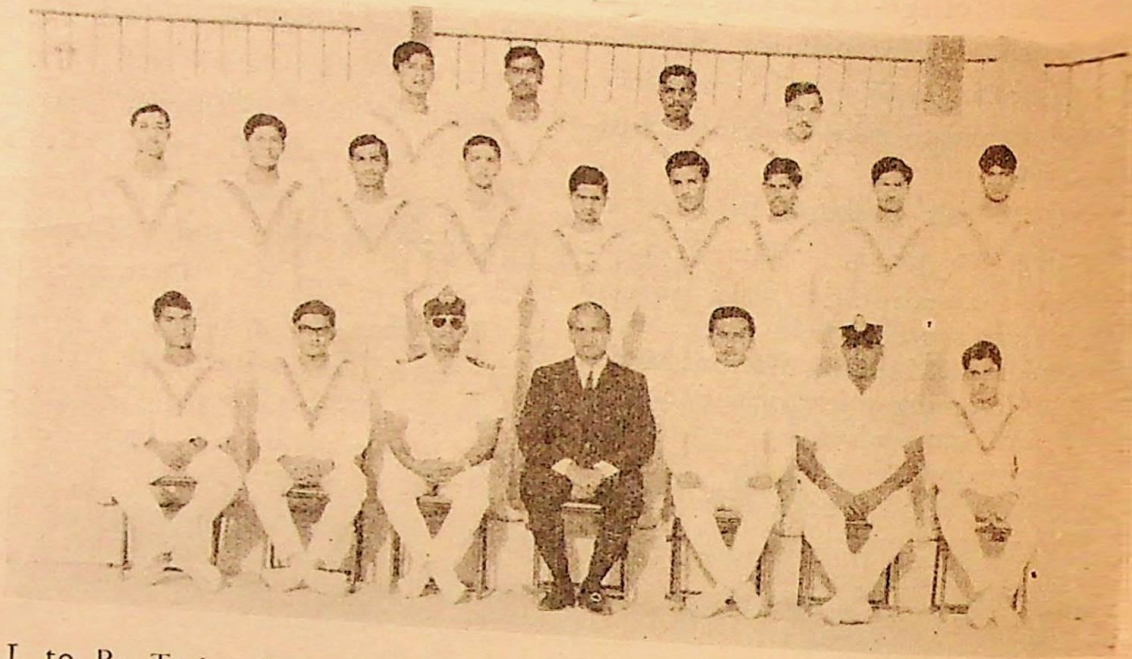
# GYMNASTICS CLUB

Patron

Instructors

Captain

- ... Lieut. M. Ashraf Malik, P.N.
- ... (i) P.O.M. Banaras Khan, and, (ii) Rashid-ul-Haque.
- ... Cadet Kamrad Burhan.



Seats L to R: Tariq, Parvez, the Adjutant, the Principal, Kamran, (Captain), C.P.O. Iqbal (Couch), Qasim.

A man should be physically fit and no other thing is more suitable than Gymnastics to make him so.

worked very hard to make the boys. The boys also put their hearts and into the work.

Every one cannot be a Gymnast. This is one of the reasons why we prepare a selective group of agile boys whose bodies are supple and suitable for this difficult task.

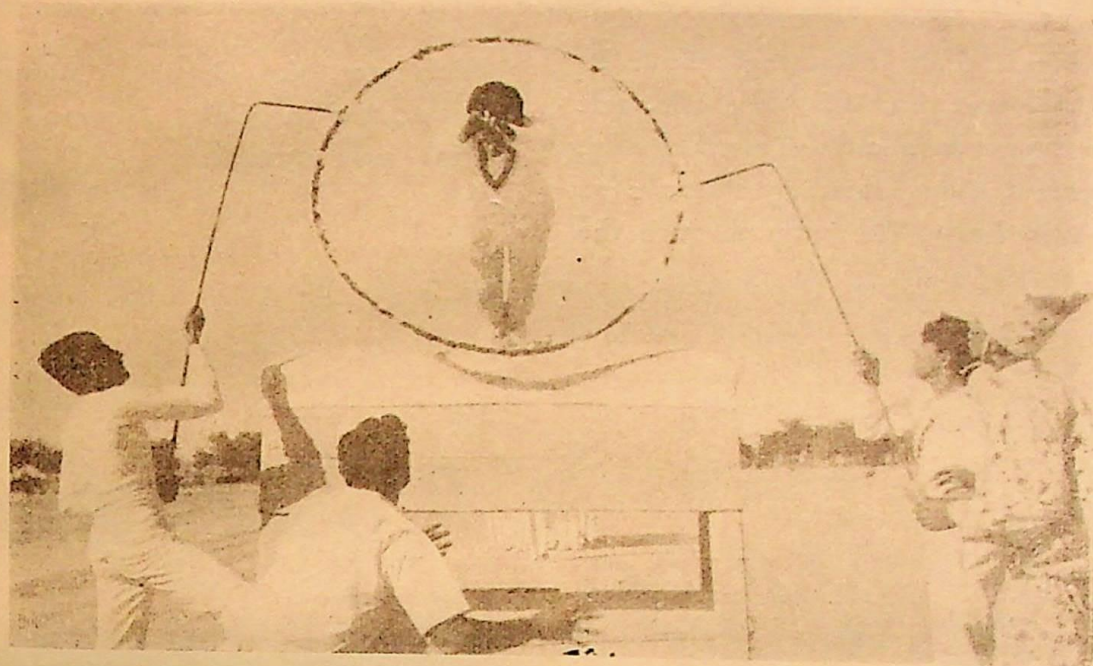
All this hard work proved fruitful as on the "12th Parents ID spectators were spell-bound to watch boys perform so skilfully.

This year, twenty boys were prepared by P.O. Banaras and L/S. Rashid who

First they started with ground where they showed how to do the spring, the hand-spring and many o



# Performance on the Parents Day



Kamran through the Fire Ring

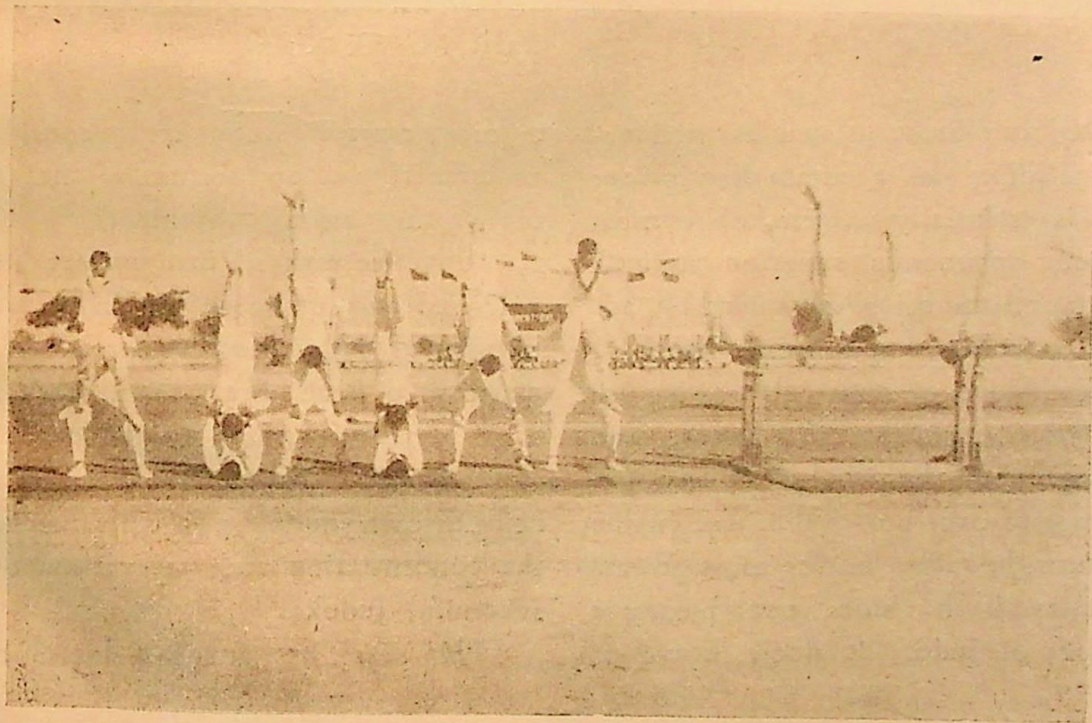


Tableau Formation by Gymnastics Team



difficult jumps.

Then they showed their skill on the parallel bar. Here, individually, they demonstrated their balancing power by doing the round back-lift, the side-vault the hand-stand and cut. Then, finally, the boys did some thrilling exercises on the wooden horse. The jump through the

fire loop and the somersaults were thrilling and the applause which they got was worth the hard work.

This year, the College Colors have been awarded to Cadet Kamran for fine performance.

K B.

## JUDO CLUB

Patron

Instructor

Captain

...

...

...

Lieut M. Ashraf Malik, P.N.

C.P.O. Muhammed Iqbal, P.N.

Cadet M. Ali Khan

'JUDO' can be translated as "conquering by yielding"-an accurate description; since it is essentially a form of combat where your opponent's superior strength or size, far from being an automatic advantage, is, in fact, used against him.

The technique of apparently giving in, drawing your opponent off balance, and then using your knowledge of anatomy and leverage to over-power him will enable you to turn the tables on the most powerful adversary if he does not possess a knowledge of Judo. It does, however,

require careful study and considerable practice if you are to make the full use of the various movements.

"Practice makes a man perfect", is practised and practised very hard—about two hours daily. Most important of all is mastery of the break-fall. This is a basic movement which makes every other else possible. If you are worrying about being thrown yourself, you will never appreciate the concentration and relaxation of a successful Judo-ka.

This year, we found a lot of ca



en to learn Judo. Our coach was Chief  
ty Officer ,M.Iqbal, a veteran coach  
this college, who gave us the full  
enefit of his experience and took pains  
makeus masters of knife defence, kick-  
fence, pistol disarming and general body  
lds, etc.

The main attraction of this year was

the stick-defence between Cadet M.Shafi  
and Cadet Sikandar, and a thrilling free-  
fight between Cadet Zaheer and Cadet  
Muhammad Ali who used all available  
means to dominate each other.

College Colour for the year 1910-71  
was awarded to Cadet Muhammad Ali.

M.A.K.



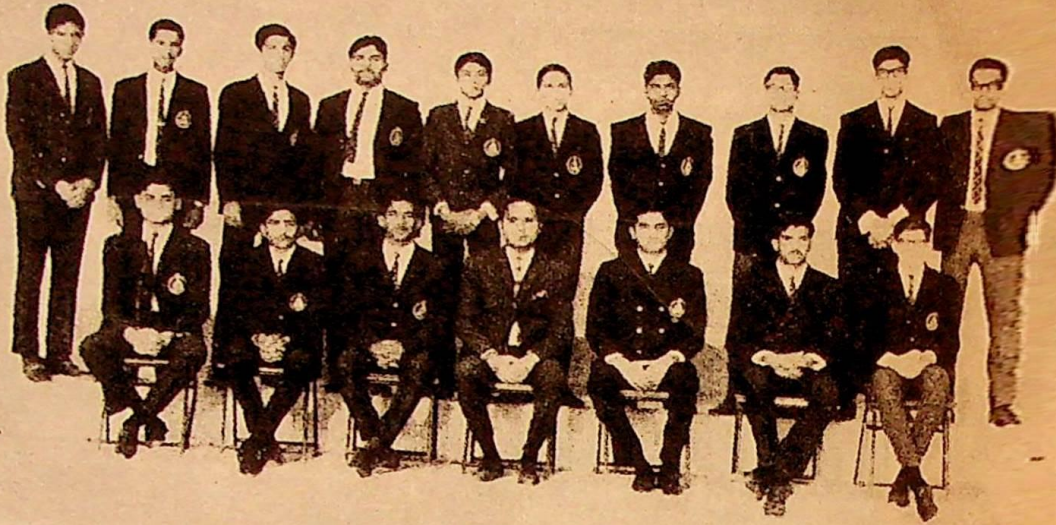
Seated: (L to R): Shafi, Zaheer, The Patron, The Principal, Mohd. Ali (Captain), P.O.  
Iqbal, & Sikandar:



# MUSIC CLUB

Patron  
President  
Vice-President

... Chaudhry Wajeel Ahmed  
... Cadet Maqsood Ahmed Baloch  
... Cadet Mahboob



(Seated L to R). Azim, Fazal, Mahboob, Mr. Wajeel (Patron), Maqsood (President), Tariq, and Moid.

After all the head long progress in the past year, the club entered its second year of existence. The standard of the club has risen considerably this year. The membership of the club has also increased to 20.

In the last year's College Annual Function, the club gave a remarkable performance, which was much appreciated by Vice-Admiral Muzaffar Hassan, the Chief Guest and other worthy guests. Various sole-items and combined items were played

by the members of the club, among the best was Cadet Abdullah Khan who is now an ex-Petarian and whom the club will miss very much. Cadets M. Ahmed, Mehboob, Amjad, Hilal and singer Shahid did very well.

The new members are taking full advantage of this club and nearly all of them are already playing solo. Some of the most outstanding are: Cadet M. Ashiq Ali, Abdul Moid, Tariq, Fazal-ur-Rehman, Amjad.



The great thing which happened this year in the club was the addition of the piano to the other instruments. Now we have all the major musical instruments both oriental and western types.

Our instructors M/s. Roshan and M/s. Zuberi are trying their best to coach the boys in playing different instruments and

to teach the boys the fine art of music properly.

We are grateful to Mr. Wajeed Ahmed with whose efforts this club came into being, and with his proper guidance and Patronage, we hope to present some really good performance this year.

M.A.B.

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## PAINTING CLUB

Patron  
President

... H.M. Zuberi  
... Cadet Pervaiz Zuberi



Sitting: L. to R. Nazar, Maqsood, Pervaiz, Mr. Zuberi (Patron), Naseem, Murad, Khurshid.



Painting is getting popular day by day and collection of paintings is considered one of the most expensive hobbies.

Painting is not only a hobby but also a war against darkness and ignorance. Every one cannot paint and only those gifted by God can really paint well.

We have a small painting club in Petaro and it tries to provide all possible facilities to its members.

We meet every Wednesday and try our hand at painting.

We have got some really promising

artists namely Nacem, Javed and Javed wari are very talented and if they keep ing hard, they will, undoubtedly, win a name for themselves.

On Parents Day Exhibition we displayed our paintings and the spectators appreciated them very much.

The Painting Club is one of the clubs of this college and it is better every day.

We pray and hope that under able guidance of our devoted patron Mr. Zuberi, the boys will march on the road to becoming real artists.

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## PHILATELY, NUMISMATICS AND PENFRIENDSHIP CLUB

Patron

Presidents:

- (i) Pen-friendship
- (ii) Philately
- (iii) Numismatics

Mr. Nasrullah Khan

Cadet Ghulam Abbas

Cadet Mansoor Saeed

Cadet Hassan Haider Rizvi.

Our club was re-organized when Mr. Nasrullah Khan joined and guided us as our new Patron. The boys took keen interest in all the activities of the club and soon it became a very active and flourishing club in the college. This

resulted in a very pleasing and pictures show on the occasion of our Twelve Parents Day exhibition. It contains some of the very old, rare and costly stamps, coins and first day covers displayed with extraordinary zeal and zest by the



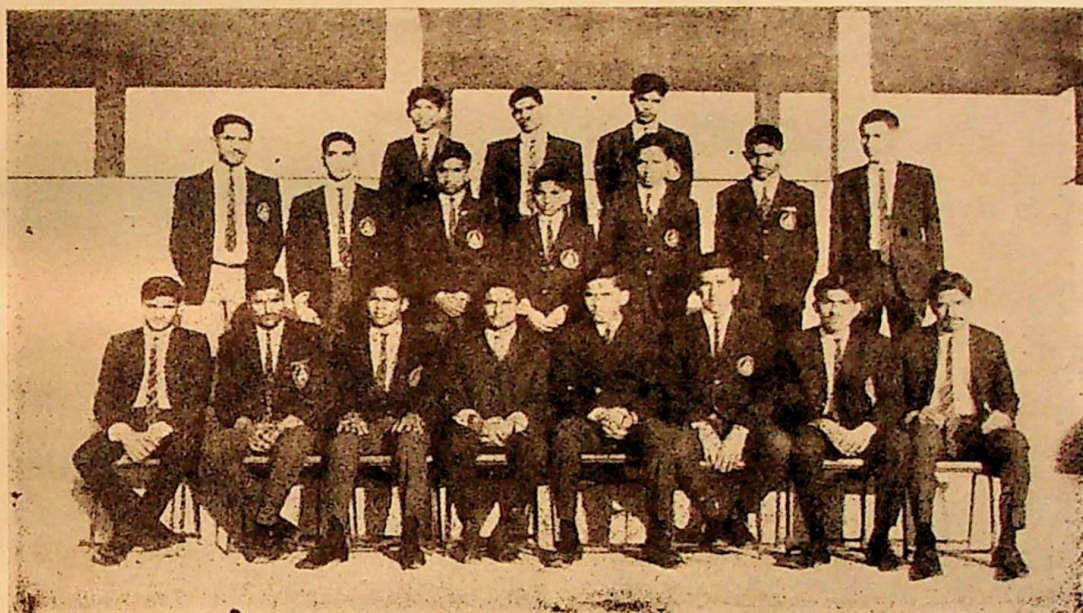
members of our club.

A new and nice writing pad and fine and beautiful envelopes were printed for the club. Now our club is stepping forawrd for correspondence programme with various pen-pal clubs of different colleges in Pakistan as well as abroad so as to provide new native friends to our cadets.

Every member of the club deserves

felicitations on his individual work but special credit goes to Cadets Mansoor, Hassan and Ghulam Abbas for their keen interest and co-operation, Congratulations to them on winning the annual prizes of the club.

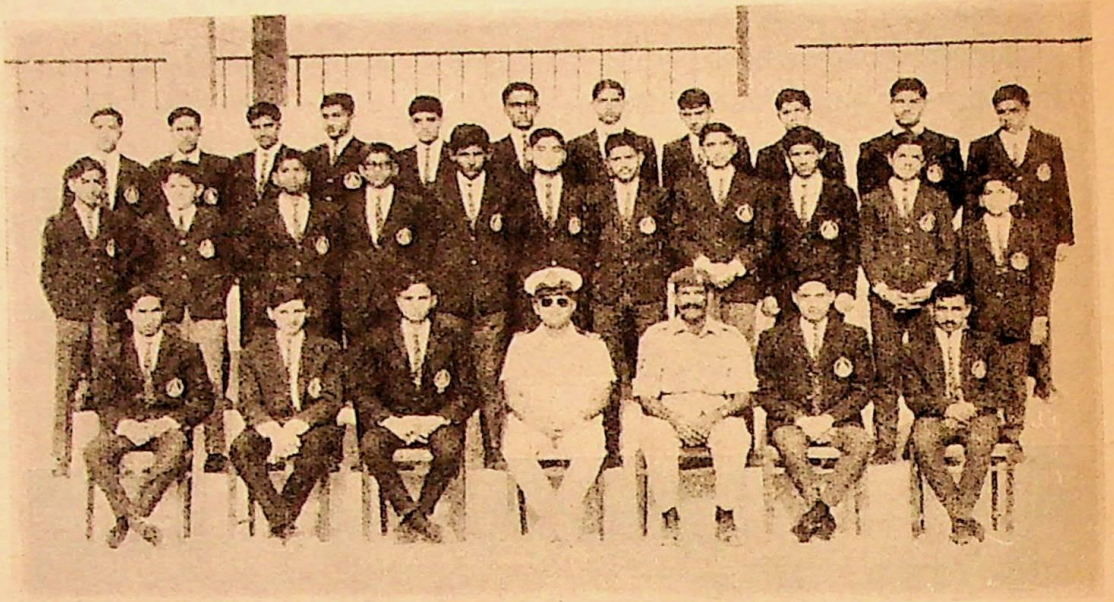
We should also like to put on record our sincere appreciation for the remarkable and beautiful collection of first day covers made by cadet M. Ali. —G.A.



Front Row:- (L to R) Azfar Malik, Ghulam Abbas, Mansoor Saeed Mr. Nasrullah, (Patron) Hasan Haider, Riazullah Khan, Sultan Sikander, Wadood Khan.



# RIDING TEAM



*Sitting L to R:* Nadeem, Azfar, Mahmood, Lt A. Malik, (Adj) Dfr. Gulzar, Sajid, Inti

Patron

Instructor

Captain

... Lieut. M. Ashraf Malik, P. N.

... Dfr. Taj Mohammed

... Mahmoodul Hassan

Horses and feats of riding bring along with them the colourful memory of the splendid past. Knights jousting and performing chivalrous deeds and the like are all associated with horses and riding. The Red Indian's most prized possession was his horse. In fact, in the days gone by, life centred around the horses. Although it is not the same to-day, much is being done to encourage this manly sport. Our College Riding Club can boast of 14 well-bred horses. Whatever enjoyment

other sports may have to offer, the thrill of galloping away on a horse with the wind blowing against your face is unique. The Riding Club is, in fact, the most popular club in the college.

We have a fine riding team and it was a pleasure to watch our graceful and elegant riders perform their tricks at the last "Parents Day". It was a treat to see our riders show-jumping or team pegging. To be able to ride gracefully



one has to put in a lot of hard work. The ease with which our riders perform, gives the illusion that it is child's play. The membership stands at 110.

Petaro is one of the few institutions which practise and encourage this manly and healthy sports activity inspite of the

fact that college is running in terrible loss.

Cadets Mahmood, Tariq and Naveed deserve hearty congratulations on winning College Colours.

— M.H.

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## RIFLE CLUB

Patron	... Lieut. Muhammad Ashraf Malik
Instructor	... Ex.Hav. Mirullah Jan
Captain	... Cadet Junaid Yasin

This year, due to the cancellation of the I.C.C.S.T; there was a lull in all the sporting events. However, we continued our practice to prepare a good team for the forthcoming I.C.C.S.T. next year. Shooting has almost always been the monopoly of our college. We lost the trophy only once since the I.C.C.S.T. was started 9 years ago and we have 2 permanent shooting trophies to show as proof of our achievements.

Last year, we created a new record in the 'Application' but due to bad 'grouping' there were many anxious moments. We

do not intend to let this happen again and are determined to win always by a comfortable margin.

Much emphasis was laid on the Shooting Club this year. The members had more opportunity to improve their firing and to learn the rifle-drill.

This year, a 'Shikar-Club' was also started, wich is directly associated with the Rifle Club. The members have at their disposal eight 12-bore guns in addition to more than a dozen °22 rifles. Shooting, as a sport, is very popular here

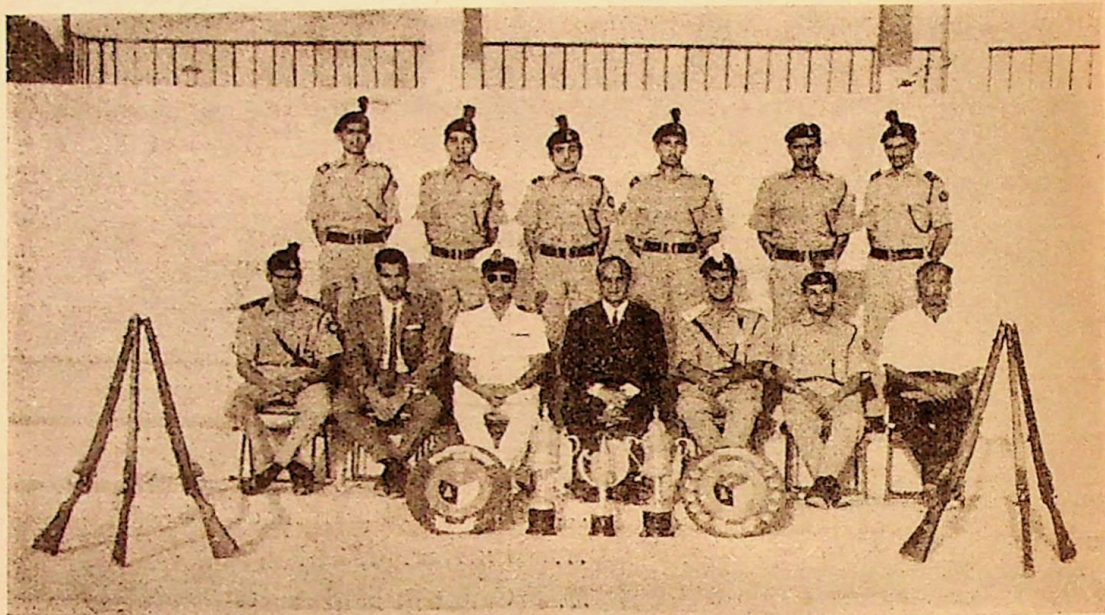


and on holidays a large number of cadets go out in the surrounding area for sand grouse in the valley nearby or for ducks and partridges near the river, about a mile away. Some cadets also went to Thano Bula Khan and came back with a

handsome bag.

The Rifle Club in this way has been very successful in providing many recreations and love for shooting in the cadets

--J.Y.



Seated L to R: Javed, Mr. Khadim (Sports Officer), Lt. A. Malik (The adjutant), Cdr. Fercz Shah (The Principal), Junaid Yasin (Captain), Najam, Hav. Mirullal Jan.

## Social Welfare Club

Patron

... M. A. Ansri

The purpose of the Social Welfare Club in this institution is to inculcate in the cadets a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to others.

The executive Committee of the club consists of the following members:-

Cadets Pervez Daud, Najib Tariq, Abdul Moid, Azfar Malik, Bilal Ilyas and



Aijaz Ansari.

The Committee works under the guidance of its Patron, Mr Moinuddin Ahmed Ansari. The members visit the colony every Wednesday and assist the Patron of the Club (who is also the Colony Welfare Officer) in matters concerned with the welfare of the colony residents.

In the current Academic Year, the club has started a project to impart such education to the children of the colony as may create a healthy society in the future, by telling them what the real aim of life and its moral values are, and also to acquaint them with the History and Geography of Pakistan and to increase their General-Knowledge. This is being done in order that the poor children may not feel handicapped in any way and may be able to compete in the future, with

those who are studying in first-rate institutions.

At the primary level, there is no teaching of English in Government institutions. So, the members of the club are also teaching English to the children of the Colony.

The members of the Executive Committee have also requested some of their teachers to help them by extending their co-operation in coaching those residents of the colony who are interested in further education. While the cadets are available only once a week, the teachers can run these classes daily, if they are willing to spare a little of their time. This scheme of the club will raise the percentage of literate and educated persons on the campus of the Cadet College.

— M.A.A.

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## SWIMMING

Officer Incharge

... S. Jaffar Hussain

Captain ...

... Tariq Rasool

Swimming is not only a very interesting hobby but also a very important physical activity. The College Swimming Pool is one of the best pools in the country. When the swimming session is on, daily sixteen hours of airing is done to the

pool-water with the help of electric motors, and a suitable amount of bleaching powder is added to the water as a germicide.

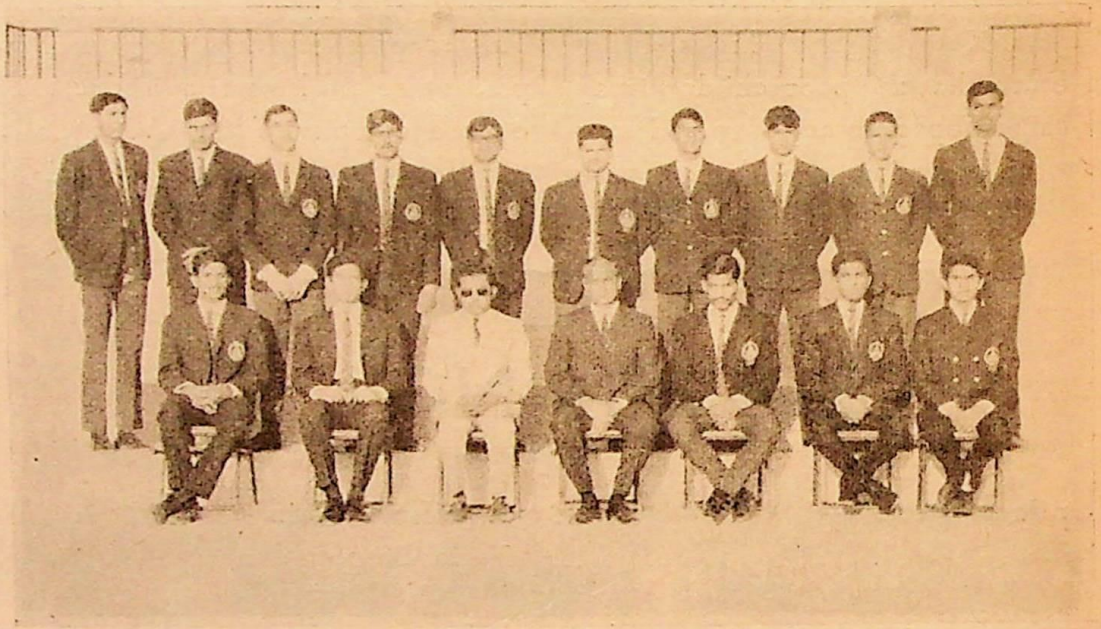
Most of the attention is paid towards



new-entrant cadets of VIII class who are non-swimmers and have never got a chance to enter into water in their lives. They are first of all made familiar with water for two weeks. Then they are taught to float on the water for a month or so and finally they are made able to select the stroke of their own choice and be master in that particular stroke. Swimming is compulsory for every cadet of 8th class. In about six months' time, they are able to cross many lengths of Swimming Pool.

Our swimming team represent the college in National Swimming Championship held at Karachi Gymkhana in October, 1970. Only a few cadets were sent to participate in the competition but their performance was commendable. Cadet Nasir Waseem missed by a narrow margin the chance of winning first position in Diving. In water-polo match our team had to match their skill against Pakistan Navy and Pakistan Airforce team but they won the third position.

T.R.



Seated L to R:- Tariq Yasin, Khalid, Mr. Jaffar (Patron), The Principal, Tariq Rasool (Captain), Anjum Ali and Tariq.



# SCIENCE MODELLING CLUB

Patron  
President

... Mr. Masaud Parvez Durrani  
... Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehdi



Sitting L to R:- Qaisar, Zafar (President), Mr. Durrani (Patron), Badar, Nadeem, Imtiaz

Our spirits were very much raised by the appreciations and praises that our models received on the last "Parents Day".

In fact, this achievement of the club had only been possible due to the keen interest and inspiring patronage of Mr. M.P. Durrani for which we are extremely thankful to him. We would also like to record the spirit of team-work and unstinted co-operation in our members.

In the past two years, we were only working in minor projects like electric motors, steam engines, fans, etc. But this time, we came up with an ambitious project, besides many small ones. That was the model of a dam, with arrangements of generating Hydro-electricity. On the occasion of "Parents Day", due to that model, our Stall was the centre of attraction for all visitors.

Congratulations are due to the President of the Club Zafar Iqbal Mehdi



on winning the prize for the best science modeller.

The members of our club have shown great enthusiasm in past years and we

sincerely hope that we shall achieve greater laurels in the years ahead, under the able guidance of our worthy Patron Z.I.

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## SQUASH CLUB

Patron

Coach

Captain

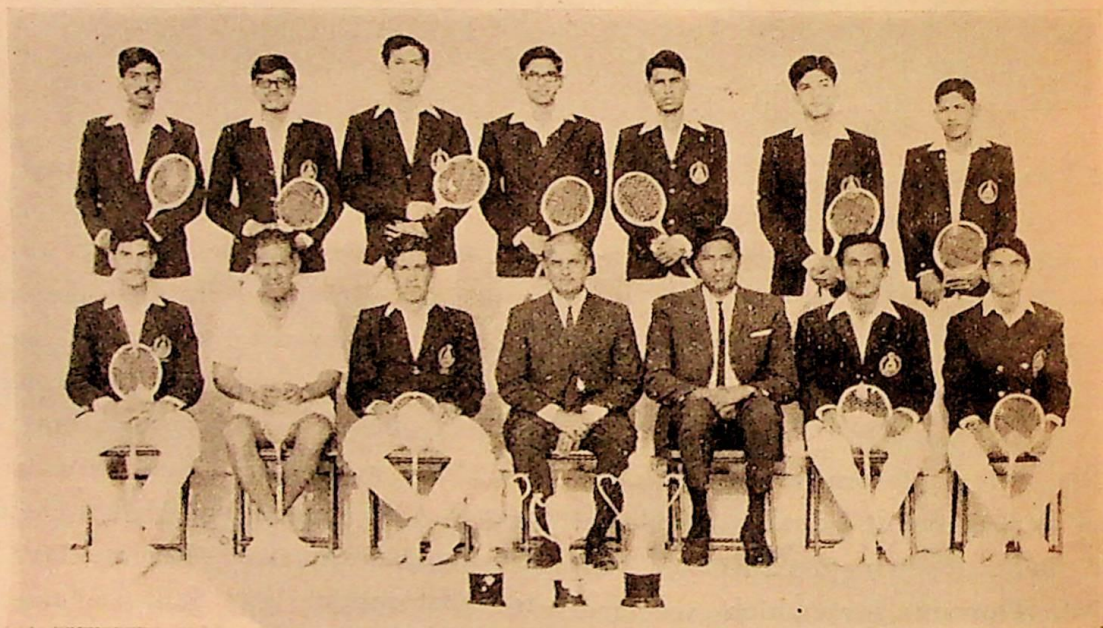
Vic-Captain

... Mr. John Mumtaz

... Mr. Samiullah Khan

... Cadet Riazullah Khan

... Cadet Mohammed Tariq



Seated L to R: Kamal Shahid, Mr. Samiullah Khan (coach), Riazullah Khan (Captain)  
The Principal, Mr. Mumtaz (Patron), Kamran, Tariq.



The year 1970-71 had a thunderous start for the Squash Club with Riazullah Khan coming out to be the runner-up in the Southern Zone Squash Championship at Karachi. It was a great achievement on the part of Riazullah Khan, considering the high standard of Squash in Pakistan.

This year, boys from our club played frequently against the Hyderabad Club at Hyderabad and Petaro. The matches were interesting owing to high standard of squash of our own players-Riazullah,

Tariq and Kamran. All three were superbly fit and displayed fast game, which is in step with the latest trend in squash to-day.

We are grateful to Mr. John Mumtaz for taking so much interest in the fitness of our team.

We are also thankful to our coach, a veteran, Mr. Samiullah Khan for guiding us in the courts and outside.

-R-K.

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## *Tennis Club*

Patron	...	Mr. John Mumtaz
Coach	...	Marker Samiullah Khan
Captain	...	Cadet Riazullah Khan
Vice-Capt.	...	Cadet Kamal Shahid.

The year 1970-71 was an interesting one for the Tennis Club. Also, our club now has more members than in the previous year. This year, we had 25 regular members. Out of these members Riazullah Khan, Kamran, Pirzada and Kamal were the seasoned players. We played against various teams last year and this year, too. We played a couple of

matches against the Hyderabad Club at Petaro and Hyderabad.

We congratulate Riazullah on being selected to represent Hyderabad in the Inter-District Tennis Tournament. Riazullah is a fine player with a powerful backhand.

We are grateful to Mr. John Mumtaz

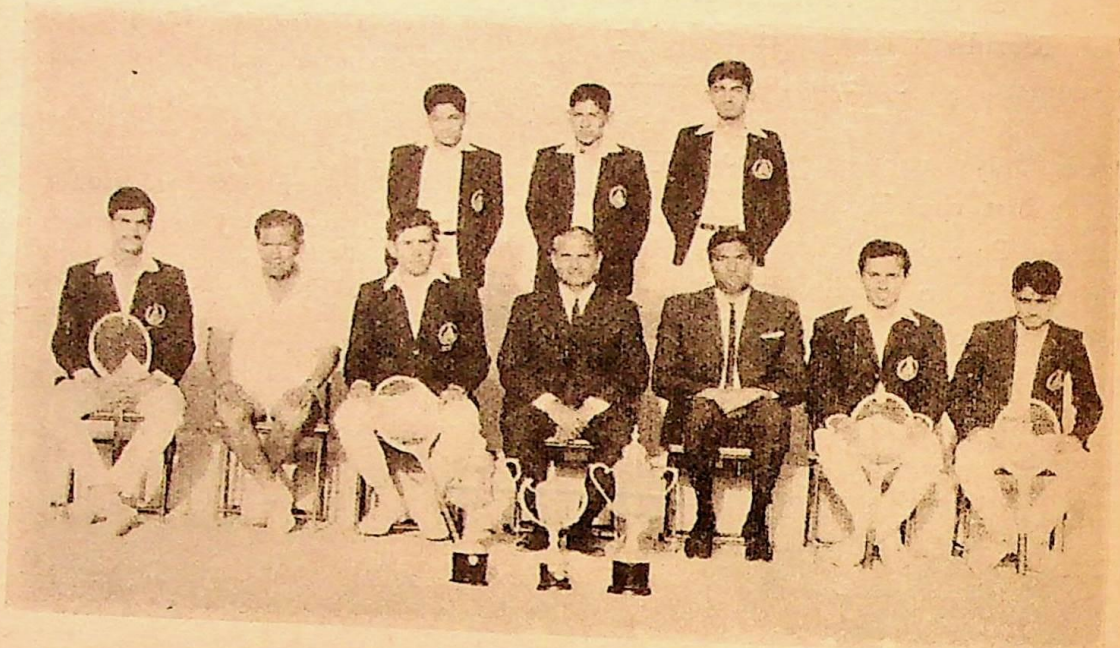


for his great interest in the Club and for playing with us to help to improve our game.

We are also indebted to our regular

Coach, Mr. Samiullah Khan, "Mamun" for helping the members of the club to become better players of Tennis.

R.K



Seated L to R: Kamal Shahid, Mr. Samiullah Khan (coach), Riazullah Khan (Captain).  
The Principal, Mr. Mumtaz (Patron), Kamran, Peerzada.

## URDU DEBATING SOCIETY

Patron:

President

Secretary

... Mr. Mukhtar Siddiqi

... Cadet Rifaquat Ali Cheema

... Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi

Debates are a necessary part of liberal education and they are a form of



intellectual exercise. To inculcate the habit of public-speaking amongst the cadets, Urdu Debating Society is contributing its share in the best possible way since the day of its inception.

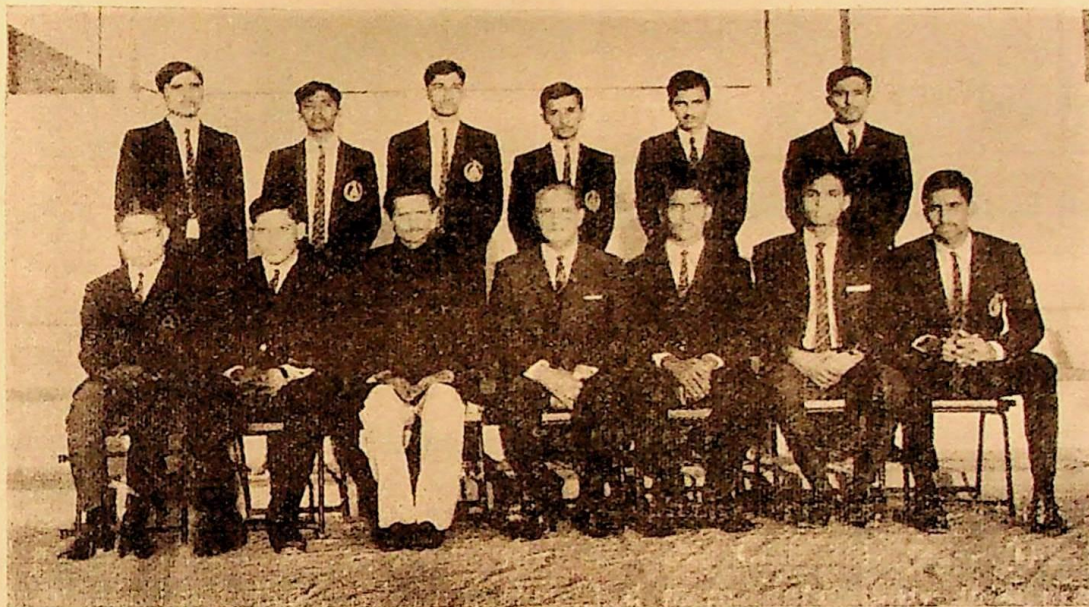
This year an extempore elucation contest was held and the cadets displayed a nice show. Our college participated in the All-West Pakistan Inter-Collegiate Urdu Debate and Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi was adjudged the second best

speaker.

We pin high hopes in the following cadets:- Farhat Ahmed, Saifuddin, Khalid Jamil and Ali Haider. We are convinced that they will keep the petaro flag flying.

This year, Hasan Haider was declared the best speaker of the College in Urdu. Congratulations.

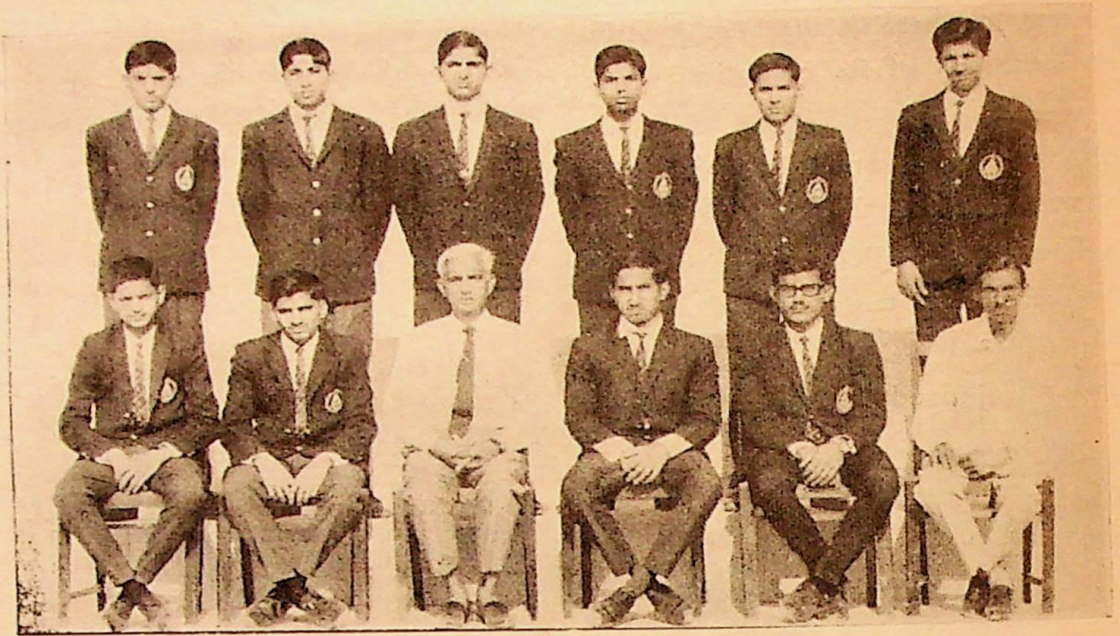
-S.H.H.R.



Sitting L to R: Najeeb, Hasan (Secretary), Mr. Mukhtar. Siddiqui (Patron), Cdr. Feroz Shah (Principal), Rifaquat (President), Mahmood, Saeed.



# Wood Craft Club



Seated L. to R. Ejaz, Jamshed, Mr. Fida Hussain (Patron), Nadeem, Rahim, Mr. Qadir

Patron	...	Mr. Fida Hussain Shah
President	...	Cadet Abdul Rashid Memon

This year, the number of the club members has increased. This shows that our cadets are keen to learn this useful craft, which is most encouraging.

During the first term our work was restricted to a great extent because of the Inter-House Sports Competitions. In the second term due to the "12th Parents Day", boys gave all their attention to Drill, Gymnastics and Judo, but even then the hardworking members took much

interest in the club, whenever they could find any time and some members made some small wooden articles like table lamps, trays, small houses, cupboards and many other such articles which were displayed on the "Twelfth Parents Day". Cadets Ali Baqar and Ejaz Ahmed deserve full credit for pretty models and designs.

I hope that the same spirit of hard-work and keen interest will continue in the future.

-A.R.M.



# Old Boys' Section

*"In building up the reputation of the College, maximum credit must go to our old students, who have at all levels been conscious of the part they have to play in this respect and the college wishes to place on record the gratitude we owe them for this silent but sincere service."*

**Commander Firoz Shah**

P.N.



# The Principal's Message

Dear old Petarians,

You would be pleased to note that your Alma Mater has, by now, completed more than 12 years of its existence and most of its developmental schemes and optimum number of students at an impressive figure of 540 have almost been completed. The campus has acquired the shape of a small township with an overall population of about 2000 with most of the day-to-day services provided at its door steps. Among the residential institutions of its type, Petaro stands out to-day as the largest, both in East and West Pakistan.

In academics, the results both in S.S.C. and H.S.S.C. examinations have been invariably cent per cent, including Board honours and majority of the students placed in First/ Second Divisions. In debates, there has never been an occasion where the college participated and failed to win honours. In sports, the college has been champion in the Inter-Cadet Colleges Sports Tournament for

the last four consecutive years.

The college does not, in any way vainly boast of these achievements - it is just the standard expected to be attained through the collective efforts of the Staff, the Cadets and other employees.

In building up the reputation of the college, maximum credit must go to our Old Students who have, at all levels, been conscious of the part they have played in this respect and the college wishes to place on record the gratitude we owe them for this silent but sincere service.

The first batch of Cadets who passed their Intermediate standard in 1961 and to-day derive tremendous satisfaction that 537 cadets have been added to the list of brotherhood, and from now onwards about 90 to 100 will be joining them every year.

It is in this context that I am writing to you that this phase of the college's contribution having been completed, we



must give a very serious attention to organise the basis of our contacts on stronger and lasting footing. The ex-cadets visiting the college have shown their concern over the present state of stalemate in this regards and have been making very useful suggestions for streamlining the Old Boys' Association.

The college is equally anxious to contact as many Old Boys as possible and arrive at some fruitful and workable plan. I am, therefore, placing before you a plan more with the purpose of contacting you than claiming any worth in its substance:-

**THE PLAN**

- ( i ) The Old Boys' Association's Head Office may be located at Petaro.
- ( ii ) The Working and Finance Committee at the Head Office may comprise of:-
  1. Principal ... Chairman
  2. A member of the staff as Member-Secretary
  3. College Bursar ... Member/Cashier.
  4. Four Old Boys as Members, preferably the ones having permanently settled down in the Southern Zone. ...Members(for a period of 2 years).

- (iii) The above Committee will meet at least once in six months and more often if need be.
- (iv) Every passing-out cadet must compulsorily pay fee for 5 years' membership to cover cost of College Annual Magazine, Annual Old Boys' Day correspondance etc. Subsequent renewal of membership may be done on yearly basis on payment of the fee.
- ( v ) The Old Cadets may become members on payment of the annual fee mutually fixed.
- ( vi ) The clerical and other allied services will be rendered by the college on 'honorary basis'.
- (vii) The Association Accounts will be audited annually by the College Civil Auditors ( at the moment- M/s Fergusons & Company, Chartered Accountants, Karachi) and cyclostyle copies sent to all the members.
- (viii) The College, in consultation with members of the Association shall hold in the college premises an "Old Boys' Day" including dinner, sports fixtures, etc. etc. On this occasion, the college shall debit only the cost



of food to the Association. The other expenses such as crockery, cutlery, mess service, etc. will be borne by the college.

The college, in due course, shall post copies of this message to the ex-Petarians whose addresses are on our record but there must be many whose present addresses are different than the ones borne in the college. I am sure, some of you are happily placed in life and can afford to cyclostyle copies of the message for despatch to those whose whereabouts are known to you.

The College has already published some leading newspapers an advertisement proposing to hold the "Old Boys' Day" in the college campus during the second week of April, 1971. The Old Boys have been requested to contact the college the earliest, to facilitate despatch of the Day's programme.

It is sincerely hoped that a large number of the Old Boys will grace the occasion- the first ever- and avail of the opportunity in discussing the proposed plan for the Association.



# OVERSEAS PETARO OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

(A LETTER TO THE PRINCIPAL.)



*Ex-Cadet Altaf Shaikh Marine Engineer  
National Shipping Corporation.*

Dear Sir,

“To-day, I read about the Petaro Old Boys’ function which shall take place next month. I am very happy to read about such a function and appreciate it very much.

“Being a Marine Engineer in the National Shipping Corporation, I have been on U.K., Continent and U.S.A.

Present address:

A-407, Block ‘C’,  
North Nazimabad,  
Karachi-33.

route for last three years. And you will be surprised- to know that I found out about 50 ex-Petarians in London, Manchester, Liverpool, New York, Houston (Texas), Hamburg, etc.- who are serving there or/and taking higher education. Only last year, we held a meeting of ex-Petarians in New York and formed “OVERSEAS PETARO OLD BOYS’ ASSOCIATION”. The number of members is increasing every day.

“I am sorry I won’t be able to attend it (Old Boys’ Day) as it will be in the next week of April and I shall be back on 25th April.

“Any how, Sir, I shall meet you on my arrival from abroad. I wish a great success to “Old Boys’ Day”.

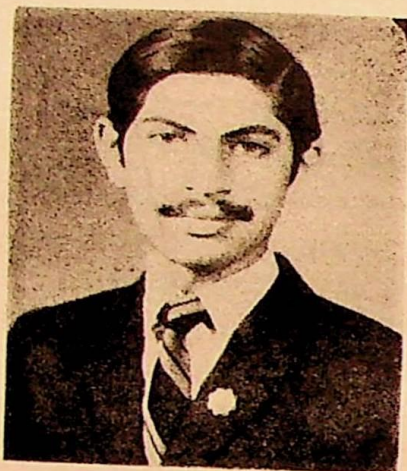
“My regards and salaams for my worthy teachers.

Yours sincerely,  
(Sd) Altaf Shaikh, Ex- Cadet.



## Rains in Detaro

Ex. Cadet Shahed Akhtar Butt



Ex. Cadet Shahed Akhtar Butt.

They appeared in a happy and joyful mood, playing and dancing in the soft wind. With one small push of the afternoon breeze, up they rose going higher and higher as if they were going to touch the sky. Suddenly, the wind stopped and gently floating down they came. All mixed, some white, some black and some grey they danced about happily in the spring breeze.

This is what I saw when one spring afternoon I looked out of my window. The clouds, scattered all over the sky as far as the eye could see, hid the sun.

Occasionally, a beam of light, containing energy and warmth so vital for the living beings, would filter through the beautiful bed of clouds and triumphantly light the ground below. Soon it would be obstructed again by the drifting clouds as they floated lazily in the calm and peaceful afternoon air. It was a strange sight to see the great ball of fire, not enough to melt the hardest of solids, shielded by the cool, thin clouds making merry as they aimlessly moved about. Every thing appeared beautiful that afternoon. Nature was at its best and beauty was at its peak. The sight was so fascinating that even those who had never before praised beauty, were besides themselves and talked of nothing but the beauty of Nature. It seemed as if all were under some magic spell.

Out in a barren desert, with the scorching sun shining hot on the desert Wasteland and with not a drop of rain falling the year round, the appearance of a few clouds was pleasant and refreshing. It gave us hope that at last for a short



while we shall be saved from the burning heat of the sun, the parched land will be able to quench its thirst and support the withering life for yet another day. Wherever the eyes wandered, they met a merry and happy face, which showed signs of relief and freshness - a face as fresh as a flower in full bloom.

Happiness ringed in the afternoon breeze. The birds in a light mood flew from branch to branch, filling the air with their enchanting melody. The wind whistled through the trees, singing a song so sweet and lovely. The trees moved and swayed in the happiness, their branches happily embracing each other. Their leaves entangled; they met for a brief second, and with a merry-sway withdrew appearing as if they had forgotten all their worries and sorrows.

Ah! now occasionally small drops of water- no less beautiful than pearls, had started to fall. The rain was coming. These beautiful heralds announced the world that the much-longed for rain had at last come. By then the buglers had sounded their bugles. There was a flash of lightning and with a thunderous roar rain started to descend. Coming down in torrents, one felt as if the air above had put on a beautiful garment bedecked with pearls.

Every body received the news of the

rain with thrill and joy. From every corner could be heard the spirited shouts of "Rain- the rain is falling", and in the background the constant but soft noise of the droplets falling on leaves and roof tops, on bare earth and paved paths, as if some body was softly beating a drum. Among the boys, a feeling of joy woke up as was visible from their smiling faces.

Wasting no time, for time on such occasions is precious, the boys came out to bathe in the rain. Wearing all sorts of dress, some in shorts and house vests while others in uniform. They could be seen playing in the rain and their black heads tossing to and fro like flowers on a windy day.

Full of high spirits, the boys were soon divided into small groups, each group playing a game of its own liking. There could also be seen a group of small boys enjoying a game of hide and seek. What a fun it was to watch them run after one another. A small boy running after one of his friends, stepped into a pool of rain water, and the next moment slipping and skidding, trying to maintain his balance, down he went flat on all fours. Those standing nearby gave out a shout of laughter, as the poor boy covered all over with mud stood-up and after a brief cleang resumed his chase.

A voice was heard, "Please.....don't



do it, this is no joke.....". It appeared as if some body was pleading to be spared from some joke. Turning around one saw, standing by a puddle large enough to give a boy a good dip, a group of strong, well-built, muscular boys. They were holding one of their friends by his arms and legs. Swinging him from side to side they were gently lowering him. His protests were becoming stronger and stronger. As a last minute effort to free himself he started kicking and shouting, but in vain. Ignoring his 'please', the boys dropped him in the rain water and threw up their arms in joy, as the helpless victim got up, all soaked in the muddy water. Forgetting his own experience, he merrily joined the other boys and together they set out in search of another victim.

A victorious cry from behind forced one to turn back. Wonder struck! with eyes wide open, one looked at the strange, and funny sight before him. In the unpaved corner of the field were seen two teams of boys standing face to face. Covered all over with mud, their white shorts were, in no ways, better than the army khaki. One of the boys presented a sight, which caused every body to laugh. His face was covered all over with mud except for his sharp nose, which was defiantly projecting out as a target for others. Another boy by

his side appeared to be wearing a mud cap, for his head was enveloped by a good layer of mud. What were these boys upto? Was the mud raining from the sky? No, they were Peraro's gallant warriors at war. Slinging mud balls at each other they were playing the game of "mud fighting". The contest was gaining momentum and had become very tense as each side was trying to exhaust the other but none of them was prepared to admit defeat and so the fight continued.

A good quarter of an hour had passed and the rain had dropped down to a mild drizzle. A soft breeze was blowing, taking away the playful clouds. The rain had stopped and from behind the clouds emerged the evening sun, bathing everything in its fading light. The drops of water on the washed leaves sparkled in the sun. The boys were all tired but there was tremendous satisfaction on the face of every one. The Mess bell was summoning the cadets for evening tea and so every body hurried to have a shower and get dressed, for a cup of hot tea on a rainy day is a great treat.

Long after it was dark, the boys were heard relating their experiences of the day, and enjoying the stories of others. Thus the first rain of the season had instilled a new life in every body.



# THE OLD BOYS' DAY

Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehdi

Class XI

“I count myself in nothing else, so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends”  
Shakespeare.



Rear Admiral M. Sharif S.K.,  
Pakistan Navy — The Chief Guest.

In a residential institution like ours, “Old Boys’ Association” plays a vital role to create and inculcate in the minds of the boys, a keen and constant sense of duty, unity and love for their institution.

The first batch of the students from our college passed out in the year 1962 but unfortunately we hadn’t any active “Old Boys’ Association” till last year. This year, the need of such an association was rightly felt by our worthy Principal, so that the old students could keep in touch with their Alma Mater. The college may provide them the opportunity to get together, see their friends and teachers and obtain a first hand knowledge of the achievements and advancement of Petaro. Hence it has been decided to have an “Old Boys’ Re-union” yearly.

The first “Old Boys’ Re-union” was held on the 20th of April, 1971. Rear-Admiral M. Sharif, S.K., Pakistan Navy



kindly consented to be the Guest of Honour on this occasion.

At last the long awaited 20th April sun rose bringing lot of happiness and liveliness to our College. In the words of Shakespeare:

“What hath this day deserved?

What hath it done.

That it, in golden letters, should be set  
Among the high tides in the Calender”.

The time crept on softly and silently and in the evening, hosts and old familiar faces could be seen here and there, close and near, embracing and exchanging their views together.

In the evening, a meeting of the Old Boys was held under the supervision of Mr. M.A. Bhatti who was designated as Officer Incharge of “Petaro Old Boys’ Association. More than thirty ex. Cadets attended this meeting and decided that:-

- (1) Petaro Old Boys’ Association will have its Headquarters at Petaro.
- (2) A yearly booklet will be published by the Association having the names, addresses and occupations, etc. of Petaro Old Boys. (Old Boys are, therefore, requested to send their details to the Headquarters, as soon as possible)
- (3) There will be a separate section

in the College Magazine for the Old Boys.

- (4) To prevent the boys from unnecessary waste of time and botheration, it was decided that an arrangement for providing transfer certificates would be made before the boys leave after passing 12th Class.

After this meeting every body proceeded towards the College Assembly Hall where a Variety Show was to be staged.

All the cadets, ex. Cadets and guests were in their seats by 1800 hours when the Guest of Honour accompanied by the Principal, Commander Firoz Shah, entered the hall.

Then amidst cheers the curtain rose and the commencement of the Variety Show was announced. The Orchestra which consisted of cadets, started the programme with “Nazrana-e-Aqidat”

English, Urdu and Sindhi dramas were staged in this variety programme. The first one was the English play “The Dear Departed” written by Stanley Hougaton, which was adapted for our stage and directed by Mr. Affan Maqsood. The performance of all the actors was very good, especially the role of Victoria was so nicely played by Khursheed that some of the guests really took him for





Tariq in 'The Dear Departed'

a little girl. Cadet Tariq Yasin was adjudged to be the best actor in the English Drama. Khalid Aslam and Anwar Sher got the 2nd and third prizes, respectively.

After the English Drama, as the curtain rose again, every-body felt as if he was attending the court of some traditional King, such was the stage decorated for the Sindhi Play "Andher - Nagri Choupat Raaj". It was written and directed by Mr. M.S. Manghi and its success was obvious by the fact that, though, the majority of the audience didn't know Sindhi, yet everybody enjoyed the comedy. Cadet Shahab Saqib was adjudged to be the best actor in Sindhi Darma - Cadet

Mehtab and Mohammed Nawaz got the 2nd and 3rd prizes, respectively.

The Urdu Drama "Modern Moghal-e-Azam", which was a parody of the famous historical drama "Anarkali", rather a 21st century version of it, was written by Mr. Mukhtar Siddiqui and directed by Mr. Hasan Sajjad Syed. It also proved to be a successful attempt.

Cadet Dawood-Pota was declared to be the best actor and Cadet Hasan Haider and Maqsood got the 2nd and 3rd prizes, respectively.

After the Urdu play, there was a great excitement. Everybody was lost in the famous folk song of Indus Valley "Ho Jamalo" presented by smart and gaily-dressed cadets and directed by Mr. Razzak Samo. Then some songs were sung by the cadets who exhibited their talents successfully.

Cadet Mehboob-ur-Relhman deserves special mention for his marvellous performance on flute, harmonium and mouth-organ. The musical programme was organised by Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed with the help of M/s. Idrees and Roshan, the instructors of the Music Club.

The Variety Show concluded at 20-00 hours. Amidst cheers the College S.U.O. Junaid Yasin briefly summed up the progress the passing out batch had made during the last five years and thanked





A scene from 'Andher Nagri'

everybody.

The Principal expressed his pleasure on the presence of the Old Boys. He hoped that many branches of "Petaro Old Boys' Association" will be organized in different parts of the country in due course.

He remarked, "It was a matter of immense satisfaction that wherever they were and whatever they were doing, the reputation of the old boys was high".

Before wishing good luck to the passing out batch and the old boys, he exhorted them "to be united like one

entity, and look beyond regionalism, parochialism, lingualism and sectarianism so that we could serve our country and nation in a befitting and effective manner".

The Guest of Honour gave away the prizes to the boys adjudged to be the best in different clubs and hobbies organized in our college. He also gave away the trophies for the VIII Class Sports Championship.

The Guest of Honour, Rear-Admiral M. Sharif, S. K., replying to the welcome Address said, "Funkadas (College Dramatic





A scene from 'Modern Mughal-e-Azam'

Club) performance was magnificent. He further added that the Old Boys well settled in life were proof of the hardwork of the college. Addressing the cadets, he continued, "In a developing country like Pakistan, you are the most fortunate ones, to have been able to drink deep at the fountain head of this great institution". He exhorted them to remember that the country to-day required "Leadership, devotion and sacrifice".

After the Address of the Guest of Honour this function to came an end

with the National Anthem and everybody proceeded towards the grassy field where a delicious buffet dinner was served to all.

After the dinner the Guest of Honour and the Ex. Cadets were given a hearty send off.

We say to the old familiar faces (in the words of Shakespeare):

"The best of happines,  
Honour and fortune, keep with you!"



Ho - Jamalo



A Musical

Item



ڪوئيٽا ٻيٽي ڏينهن رات جو ۱۱ بجي  
 پهتاسين. هي گشت اسان جو مهيني کن جو  
 هو. هي مهينو اسان سڀني جو تمام مزيدار  
 گذريو. وري خير نه آهي ته ڪڏهن زندگي  
 ۾ اهڙو سفر نصيب ٿيندو يا نه؟

ڪوئيٽا وارا عموماً اچن پيا. سڪ به تمام  
 گهڻا هئا. هتي اسان به ڏينهن رهياسين.  
 بعد ۾ جيڪي ريل بچيا هئاسي پاڪستاني  
 پئسن ۾ بدلاياسين. هتان وري گاڏي ۾  
 هلياسين. گاڏي صبح جو ۴ بجي هلي ۽

## گجوارتون

ڪيڊٽ محمد عزيزالله قاضي

ڪلاس انون

- (۱) پرولي جا پرڏان جي، هنب چڪر هو، خوبيه  
 لڳو خرچ، چونڪ لڳو جوءَ.
- (۲) ويهن جي سسي لٽي نه رت ٻڙهيو نه  
 سور ٿيو.
- (۳) ماءُ ڄاڻي ڪانهي پت اڳيئي ڪوئي تي  
 ويٺو آهي.
- (۴) مرزا مٿو ٻيو آهي ڪٿي ڪون ٿو.
- سڀج وڄائي ٻيٽي آهي سمهي ڪير ڪونه  
 ٿو، گل ٿڙيا پيا آهن ٻيٽي ڪير ڪونه ٿو.
- (۵) ان اٺياي، بارهن ٻيٽي، چار ڪهوتر،  
 نائين ٺيٺي.
- (۶) انڌي ڪٿي لوڙها لتاڙي.

(ٽسو صفحو ۳۶)







سنې ڪانه هئي. پاڇي چرٻيءَ ۾ پڪل هئي ۽ مانيون ڏنگ جيڏيون بگهيمون هيون. ماني ڪائي وري اڳتي روانا ٿياسين. ڏاوس ٻرائيور ۵۰ يا ۶۰ کان گهٽ بس هلائي نه پيو. روپ ڏاڍو وڙ وڪڙن وارو هو. ٻپ به لڳي رهيو هو ۽ وري خوشي به پئي ٿي. آخر اچي ڪابل پهتاسين. انهيءَ وقت ساڍا پنج وڃي رهيا هئا. هوٽلن وارا انهيءَ وقت اسان وٽ پهچي ويا ته اسان جي هوٽل ۾ هائو. بعد ۾ جيڪو گهٽ اگهه وارو ۽ چڱو هوٽل هونهن ڏي اڳتي وڌياسين. اسان وهنجي ڇاء پي هندستاني فلم ڏسڻ جي تياري ڪئي، اسان مان گهڻا ڇوڪرا ته فقط هندستاني فلمون ئي ڏسڻ آيا هئا. آئون به انهن مان هڪ هيس. هتي اسان ڪافي هندستاني فلمون ڏٺيون. انهيءَ وقت جولاءِ جو مهينو هو پر سردِي ايتري هوندي هئي جو ڪوٽ باٿو پوندو هو. ڪابل شهر ننڍو ضرور آهي پر ايترو ته خوبصورت آهي جو جواب ئي ڪونه اٿس. هتي اڌ کن دوڪان سڪن جا هيا. دوڪاندار سڀ انگريزي ڳالهائي پيا سگهن.

ٻئي ڏينهن اسان ٻاهر هي مزار ڏٺي. ڪابل ۾ اسان ۴ ڏينهن رهي وري اڳتي قنڌار لاءِ روانا ٿياسين. وچ ۾ ۱۳۰ ميلن کان پوءِ غزني شهر آيو. هتي اسان محمود غزنوي جي مزار ڏٺي جيڪا چڱي تعمير ٿيل آهي. ماني هتي ڪائي وري مسافري جاري رکي سون تان جو اچي قنڌار پهتاسين. هي ڪابل کان ۳۵۰ ميل کن پري واقع آهي. هن شهر جي

جيتري تعريف ٻڌي هئي اوتروئي خراب شهر هو. هتي اسان حضور صلعم جن جي ڪڙني مبارڪ جو ديدار ڪيوسين. هتي اسان فقط هڪ ڏينهن رهياسين ۽ وري هرات لاءِ روانا ٿياسين. هرات شهر اسان کي پسند آيو. هتي جي هڪ مسجد اسان کي تمام پسند آئي. هتي به هڪ ڏينهن رهياسين ۽ هتي اسان وٽ جيڪي به افغاني بچيا هئا تن کي اسان وري ريلن ۾ تبديل ڪرايو ۽ ايران لاءِ روانا ٿياسين. هرات کان ۱۵۰ ميل کن پري اسلام قلعہ افغانستان جو بارڊر آيو، هتي اسان ٽوري چيڪنگ کان پوءِ ايران اندر روانا ٿياسين. وري ۳۰ منهن کان پوءِ طي آباد ايران جو بارڊر آيو. هن وقت رات جا ڏهه وڃي رهيا هئا. اسان مسافر خاني ۾ رهي پياسين ۽ صبح جو سامان وغيره سڄو چيڪ ڪيو ويو. هتان وري اڀر منجهند جو مشهد شريف لاءِ روانا ٿياسين. هي شهر هتان ۳۵۰ ميل پري هو. روپ ڪو خاص نه هو. مشهد ۾ اسين اسڪاٽس ڪلب ۾ رهياسين. هتي پهريائين کان اسان جو انتظام ڪيو ويو هو. ايران جا ماڻهو افغانستان وارن کان وڌيڪ سنڀالائي سان هليا. افغانستان جون چوڪريون اسان سان سهڻي طرح پيش آيون. افغانستان ۾ هڪ دفعه هڪڙي دڪان ۾ شيءِ خريد ڪندي قيمت ٿي نه ٺهياسين تنهن تي ان دڪاندار چيو: "Americans good, Indians good, but Pakistani trouble." اهو ٻڌي اسان جلي وياسين. باقي ايران وارا چوندا ئي اهو هئا ته "پاڪستاني ايراني برادره" مشهد ايترو ته خوبصورت هو جو



# لاڏيکي اک لطيف ڇي اٿي ڏونگر ڏور

مظفر حسين

ايڪس ڪيڊٽ

انهيءَ بس اسٽيمڊ تي وياسين جتان افغانستان لاءِ بسون وينديون آهن. اسان کل ۱۹ جڳا هٿاسين، انهيءَ ڪري راجا صاحب ۱۹ سيٽون بڪ ڪرايون ۽ بازار مان سارا پئسا افغانن ۾ تبديل ڪرايا. اسان کي هڪ سو جا ۷۴۷ افغاني ماپيا. ۱۴ تاريخ تي اسان صبح جو انهي بس ۾ ڪابل روانا ٿياسين. ڪلاڪ سوا کان پوءِ تورخم نالي شهر تي بس بيٺي هتي پاڪستان جو ڪسٽم آهي ۽ آخري شهر آهي. معمولي چيڪنگ کان پوءِ وري اسان پنهنجي مسافري جاري رکي. هاڻي اسان افغانستان ۾ داخل ٿياسين. وري ۱۵ منٽن کان پوءِ هڪڙو ٻوٽ آيو جنهن لاءِ خبر پيئي ته افغانستان جو بارلر آهي ۽ اتي به چيڪنگ ٿي. وري مسافري قائم رکي سون. اسان جي سڄي پاسي کان درياءُ ڪابل وهي رهيو هو. ڪابل شهر پشاور کان ۱۸۵ ميلن تي واقع آهي. اٽڪل ۱۰۰ ميل سفر ڪرڻ کانپوءِ هڪ ننڍو شهر جلالپور نالي آيو. هي چڱو شهر هو. هتي اسان ماني هڪ سٺي هوٽل ۾ کائي.

وڻي وڻي خيال آيو ته ٻيڙي ڇو نه آئون راجا صاحب جن سان گڏ ايران ۽ افغانستان ۾ ڇو نه زندگي تي اعتبار ڪونهي. خبر آهي اهڙو موقعو وري ملي اٿي نه. رات جي مانيءَ کان پوءِ راجا صاحب سان مليس ۽ کيس خبر ته سر (Sir) مان به توهان سان گڏ هلڻ چاهيان ۽ راجا صاحب ڏٺو ڪي ڏيندي چيو ته مستر، تون توهان کي پهريائين ئي چيو هو ته جن جي هلڻو آهي سي نالا ڏين. هاڻي تمام گهڻي خبر ٿي ويئي آهي ۽ چند ڏينهن کان پوءِ اسان جا پاسپورٽ به ايندا. اهو ٻڌي آئون پنهنجي غلطي تي ڏاڍو پشيمان ٿيس. روم ۾ مسافري ٻالهه ڏي دوست محمد طارق سان ڪيم. هن چيو ته يار منهنجو ارادو به هلڻو هو آهي. سو هاڻي اسان پاڻ ڪوشش ڪري اسپورٽ ٺهرايون. ٿوري گهڻي ڪوشش کان پوءِ اسان کي به پاسپورٽ مليا ۽ اسين به راجا صاحب وارن سان اچي شريڪ ٿياسين. فيڊرآباد کان ۱۱ تاريخ پشاور لاءِ روانا ٿياسين. ۱۲ تاريخ رات جو اتي پهتاسين. پئي ڏينهن



هر وقت مون جهڙن شڪارن جي ڳولڻ لکندو  
رهندو آهي.

مان هن کي دنيا جي سڀني تجزيدي  
آرٽسٽن جو پير ڪري مڃيندو آهيان. اڄن  
ڪپڙن تي اهڙا ته رنگ ڀرنگي ڇمڪڻي  
کڻي ايندو آهي جو جيڪڏهن برٽرينڊرسل  
سڄي عمر انهن تي ويهي ته تحقيق ڪري ته  
جيڪر چريو ٿي وڃي باقي انهن جو ڪوبه مطالب  
ڪڍي ڪونه سگهوي. هر قهيمض جا ٻه چار  
ٻيڙا ته ضرور غائب ڪري ايندو آهي. مونکي  
اڪثر شڪ ٿيندو آهي ته شايد ڪنهن هول  
سيلر کي ٻيڙا سڀلائي ڪرڻ جو ٺيڪو ڪنيو  
اٿس. ان بابت جڏهن به پڇندو آهيانس ته  
ائين چئي ٿاري ڇڏيندو آهي ته ”صاحب  
ڪيون مذاق ڪرتي هين.“ ڪڏهن مصوري  
يا ٻيڙا غائب ڪرڻ جو مول نه هوندو اٿس  
ته پوءِ ڪنهن ڪپڙي جي ڪا ڪنڊ پاسوئي  
ٽاڙي کڻي ايندو آهي. جيڪڏهن سبب پڇيس  
ته ڪمبخت اهڙي سادگي سان چونڊو ته  
”صاحب ڇت ڪيا“ جو وڌيڪ ڪجهه پڇڻ  
جي همت ئي ڪانه ٿيندي آهي.

مان هن کان لکندو ان ڪري آهيان جو  
هن جا ڪجهه پٽسا مون ڏانهن رهندا ئي  
رهندا آهن. انهن ۾ به هر هفتي ڇهن اٺن  
جي واڌ ٿيندي رهندي آهي چاهي ڪپڙا  
ڏيارين يا نه.

مان هر پاڪيٽ مٺي مارڻ تي سوچيندو  
آهيان ته هن دفعي ڪجهه نه ڪجهه پٽسا  
ضرور ڏيندو سانس. پر ان فيصلي تي زياده  
ڊير تائين چمي نه سگهندو آهيان ۽ پاڪيٽ  
مٺي ڪينٽين جي نذر ٿي ويندي آهي. ان  
جو نتيجو اهو نڪرندو آهي جو جڏهن ٿرم  
ختم ٿيڻ تي هوندو آهي ۽ ”ارجنٽ“ کي  
پٽسا ڪونه ماندا آهن ته پوءِ هو هجڙو ٿي  
وڃي هائوس ماسٽر صاحب کي رپورٽ ڪندو  
آهي. پوءِ ٻيا چوڪرا ته گهر وڃڻ جي لاءِ  
خوشي ۾ ٻيا سامان ٻڌندا آهن ۽ مان هائوس  
ماسٽر جي آفيس ۾ ڪنڊ هيٺ ڪري  
بيٺو هوندو آهيان. نتيجو اهو نڪرندو آهي  
جو هائوس ماسٽر صاحب اوڌر جي نقصان  
تي مونکي ٻه ڪلاڪ کن ليڪچر ڏيڻ کان  
پوءِ ”ارجنٽ“ کي اوڌر جا پٽسا والدين جي  
اڪائونٽ مان ڏياريندو آهي.

## ڳجهارتن جا جواب

(۱) ٻانهين (۲) نمون (۳) دونون (۴) پاڇو، درياھ، تارا (۵) پينگهو (۶) جتي



ڪنڊس. يا چوندا آهن ته هڪ ٽنگي جي  
 ماڪ ۾ وڃي ته ٻي ٽنگ ورائي ڪاهي تي  
 رکجي. پر نه سائين! آئون ٻن ٽنگن سان  
 ئي هلڻ بهتر آءِ سمجهان. چاهي هڪ ٽنگي  
 جو ماڪ هجي چاهي ٽن ٽنگن جو!

ڪي ٻيا زمين جي ماڪ کان دوريءَ تي  
 سا ڪيو آهي. چوڻي آهي ته ”While in  
 Rome, do as Romas (جيسين روم ۾  
 ٿيو ته رومين وانگر هلو) پر آئون دنيا جي  
 ماڪ ۾ پاڪستاني ئي رهڻ وڌيڪ پسند

## مسٽر ارجنت

بشير احمد

ايڪس ڪيڊٽ

”مري وياسين يار. هاڻي ڇا ٿيندو.“

”ڪٿت ۾ لڪڻ کان سواءِ تون ٻيو ڪري  
 ر ڇا ٿو سگهين. سو جلدي ڪر. هو اڄهو  
 پهتو ڪي پهتو.“

توهان سوچي رهيا هوندا ته هي ارجنت  
 آخر ڪهڙي بلا آهي جنهن جي لپ کان آءِ  
 ڪٿت ۾ اڪي رهيو هوس. هي ذات شريف  
 اسان جي هائوس جو ڏوٻي آهي جنهن کي  
 اسين ارجنت (جلدي) ٽارڻ جي لاءِ ڪپڙا  
 ڏيندا آهيون جي هو هڪ ڏينهن ۾ ٽوٽي  
 کڻي ايندو آهي. انهي مناسبت سان ئي هو  
 عرف عام ۾ ”ارجنت“ جي نالي سان مشهور  
 آهي. ميرن ڪپڙن جي هڙ ڪاهي تي کڻيو

نڪاءَ سان پارميٽري جو در ڪليو. در  
 ٽنهن نهارين. ڏنڻر ته دائود پوٽو پوڙندو اندر  
 ٻوڙ هي ڪوشش ڪري رهيو هو. هڪ ته  
 ٻي ۾ ئي آفت لڳو ٻيو آهي مٿان وري  
 پوڙڻ. الامان والڪيفيظ! بس ائين سمجهو ته  
 ڪو زلزلو اچي ويو هو. زمين ٽڙي رهي هئي.  
 ماه جو سهڪو مٿي لڳس. ان سهڪي ۾ ئي  
 ڪجهه چوڻ جي ڪوشش ڪيائين پر منهنجي  
 مٿ ڪجهه به ڪونه پيو. چيومانس ته مونکي  
 نه ڪجهه به سمجه ۾ نٿو اچي. الاڻي ڇا پيو  
 چوڻ. ان جي جواب ۾ جيڪو ڪجهه چيائين  
 تنهن منهنجا حواس ئي گم ڪري ڇڏيا.  
 چيائين: ”اڙي ڇا وري ڇا پيو چوان. جلدي  
 ڪر، لڪ. ’ارجنت‘ پيو اچي.“



آيو پي!

آهيان. تمام خوبصورت ٻيٽ آهي ۽ وٺندڙ  
آب تواءِ بي انتها سامونڊي ڪناري (Beaches)  
ڪري ٻار هوئي دنيا جا امير ۽ نوان شادي  
شده جوڙا هني مون (Honey Moon) ملهائڻ  
لاءِ ايندا آهن (سواءِ مون جوڙي غريب سياحن  
۽ Sailors جي. هتي سماجي آزادي حد  
درجي جي آهي. ڪالوم ڀريل بس ۾ اڳيان  
ويٺل نوجوان جوڙي کي پهريون دفعو کايو کلابو  
زور سان ٻٽڪار ڏيئي چين کي چمندو ڏسي  
ڏاڍو تعجب لڳم. ان جاءِ تي جيڪڏهن ڪو  
بئج سو ميگائڻ جو ٻه ڦاٽي ها ته به ايترو  
مونکي يا منهنجي ٻئي ڪنهن ڏيس واسي ۽  
کي تعجب نه لڳي ها.

پاڪستان ڇڏڻ بعد مون هر هڪ عجيب  
و غريب تبديلي آئي آهي. جڏهن آئون اڃان  
ملڪ کان ٻاهر ڪونه نڪتو هوس ته انگريزي  
گائڻ، پاپ ميوزڪ، بيمٽاز ۽ سپر ٻيم جي آواز  
لاءِ ٻاڳل هوس. تنگ ڪپڙا ۽ بيل بائمنڊ  
(Bell Bottomed) پتلونون پهريندو هوس.  
انگريزي کاڌو پسند ڪندو هوس. هر هاڻي  
پنهنجي ملڪ کان پري اچي مونکي پنهنجي  
ماڪ جي هر شيءِ وٺڻ لڳي آهي. سڄو  
ڏينهن خميسي خان جي الغوزي جو ٽيمپ،  
نور بانو، ڀڳي ۽ حسين بخش جا سنڌي راڳ  
۽ قواليون ٻڌندو رهندو آهيان. سلوار ۽  
شيرواني پائيندي خوشي ٿيندي اٿم ۽ اها نه  
صرف مون سان حالت آهي پر مون جهڙن  
ڪيترن پاڪستاني چوڪرن ۽ چوڪرين کي  
لنڊن جي ٻڪڙي، نيويارڪ جي ٽائيمس  
اسڪائر، هئم برگ، جي سينٽ پولي، روم،  
بيروت ۽ اسٽنبول ۾ پاڪستاني ٿوڀي، سلوار  
قميص ۽ ساڙهي ۾ ڍڪڻي ناز سان هلندو  
ڏٺو اٿم. هتي ولايت ۾ جڏهن به فرصت ملندي  
اٿم ته به چار پاڪستاني گڏجي پاڻيهي اٿو  
ڳوهي ماني يا پوريون پٽيائي کائيندا آهيون  
جو اسانجو سڀ کان لڏيد کاڌو هوندو آهي.  
اڇر ڏينهن پڪوڙا ۽ ڪواب ٺاهي کائڻ ۾  
ته جو سواد آهي تنهن جو چا بيان ڪجي!  
پاڻ کي پاڪستاني سڏائيندي فخر محسوس  
ڪندا آهيون. سوچان پيو ته هي ماڪ لاءِ

جرمن جڏهن ڪنهن سهڻي چوڪري جي  
اڳيان لنگهندو آهي ته بنا هن ڏي نهارڻ جي  
هن کي ڏسي وٺندو آهي ۽ ڪڏهن به مڙي  
نه ڏسندو آهي. پر اسپيني (Spanish) هن هنر  
کان باڪل ڪورو آهي. جڏهن ڪنهن چوڪري  
کي سامهون ايندو ڏسندو آهي ته سندس  
وايون بتال ٿي وينديون آهن. هن کي وري  
وري ڏسڻ جي ڪوشش ڪندو آهي. هر  
ڪنڊ ۽ هر لهاظ کان چاچي ڏسي هن جو  
قدر ڪٽڻ جي ڪوشش ڪندو آهي. جڏهن  
هڪ ٻئي جي پٺيان گذري ويندا آهن ته به  
ڀؤ نه ٿيندو اٿس ۽ مڙي مڙي ڏسندو ويندو  
آهي ۽ اهو سلسلو هلندو رهندو آهي تانجو  
هن کي سندس غلطيءَ جو احساس ٿئي ته  
هو به ان طرف وڃي رهيو آهي، جتان



ڪي ڪي ملندي) ته چوندي ”ڪر خبر  
 ڪيئن آهين“ ته ٻي يڪدم پنهنجي پراڻي  
 ٿيڻ جو ذڪر ڪولي ويهندي ”مٿي جو  
 سور ايا تائين نٿو ڇڏيم.“ ”اها! مٿي جو  
 سور!! منهنجو ’جيمٽرل‘ جڏهن ٻين تي هو  
 تڏهن مون کي مٿي ۾ سور ٿيو هو. مون  
 ڪير ’روح قبض‘ کان علاج ڪرايو هو.  
 تون سڃاڻين ان ڪير ڪي؟ او، جنهن جي  
 مٿي جي پائڻي توهانجي پاڙي ۾ سبب ڀرڻ  
 ڪر ڪر ٿي سگهي. ڪير آهن اهي ذات جا؟  
 تون ڪان ته وسري ويو آهي. ان ڏينهن اسان  
 سندن گهر موٽل دائيءَ جي پاڻيءَ جي  
 ڪيءَ جو سڌ ڏيڻ ويون هيون سين ته  
 نئين ٻڌايو ته سبب ڀرڻ جو اسڪول ڪوليو  
 ائون! امڙ لکڻ پڙهڻ جا اسڪول ته اسان  
 ٻڌا پر هي نوان اسڪول .....“ وغيره  
 وغيره. ۽ اڳيئي ڪي چاهي مٿي ۾ سور نه  
 ٿئي ته به پئجي ويندس.

فرانس ۾ خوبصورت فرينچ عورت (پوءِ  
 اڃا ٻي ڳالھ آهي ته هر فرينچ عورت، جڏي  
 پتي شل، ڀاڻ ڪي خوبصورت ٿي سمجهي،  
 ويندي آهي عورتون جي بالڪل نه آهن) ڪي  
 ان کان وڌيڪ ڏک نه ٿيندو، جڏهن توهان  
 ٿن جي ڀرسان، ڪيس ڏسڻ جي لنگهي  
 وڃو، يا سندس نئين سڀيل فرائڊ ڪي تعريف  
 جي نگاه سان نه ڏسو. جيڪڏهن ڪنهن  
 غولن ۾ توهان جي سامهون ڪا حسين عورت  
 رٿي آهي (پوءِ چاهي ان حسن ۾ قدرت کان

وڌيڪ اڄ ڪا به جي نت نون Cosmetics جو  
 هٿ هڃي) ته توهانجو فرض آهي ته پنهن  
 جي جڳهه تان اٿي ڪيس وڃي دلداري ڏيو ته  
 ”مھترم! توهان بيحد حسين آهيو.“ پوءِ  
 چاهي اهو ڪوڙ توهان کي دل تي پٿر رکي  
 ڳالهائڻو پوي. پر انگلنڊ ۾ ڪا عورت  
 هرگز اهو نه چاهيندي ته ڪو اوڀرو  
 ماڻهو سندس تعريف ڪري يا هٿ چمي ...  
 ها جيڪڏهن، اهو مرد سندس مڙس آهي ته  
 پوءِ اها ٻي ڳالھ آهي. پر اهو وري ان بابت  
 ڪڏهن نه سوچيندو.

امريڪن پنڌ ويندڙ جڏهن ڪنهن امير  
 ڪي وڏي ڪار ۾ گهمندو ڏسندو ته هو ان  
 ڏينهن جا خواب ڏسندو جڏهن ڪيس به هڪ  
 ڏينهن ايڏي وڏي ڪار هلائڻ لاءِ هوندي. پر  
 هڪ هندوستاني پيادل جڏهن ٻئي ڪي ڪار  
 ۾ ويندو ڏسندو ته هو ان ڏينهن جا خواب  
 لوهڻ شروع ڪندو جڏهن ڪنهن طريقي سان  
 هن ڪار واري ڪي به پنڌ هڻڻو پوندو. جيئن  
 قصو مشهور آهي ته هڪ غريب جي اللادعا  
 اڳواڻي ڪيس لڻڻ ڀڃڻ جو ڏنو. ٻيو امير  
 جنهن ڪي اڳيئي رين جو ڌڻ هو تنهن کان  
 جڏهن پڇيو ويو ته چاچي دعا تو ڪورين ته  
 ورائيائين ته ”اهڙو ڪو بگهڙ ملير جو ٻئي  
 چون سڀ رڳون ڪائي وڃي.“

ڪنري پيٽ جتان هي مضمون لکي رهيو



حجام جي هيٽرڪٽ ياد اچي ٿي. ڪٿان ڪهڙا ڪٿان ٿورا لاهي مڙيئي آڳ لائي هٿائين. ڪجهه نه پيو مانس. هڪ ته وقت ڪونه هوم ۽ ٻيو اهو سوچي ته هفتو به يڪو سمند ۾ ڪير ڏسڻ وارو هوندو.

منهنجو خيال هو ته ههڙي خراب 'هيٽرڪٽ' تي وقت گهٽ سيٽرائڻ ڪري گهٽ پئسا وٺندو. پيو مانس "گهڙا پئسا؟" جواب ڏنائين "صرف اٺ شلنگ" (پاڪستاني ڇهه روپين برابر) "هان! مون کان ٻيڙا ڇو؟" پاڪستاني فلم جي مسٽرن وانگر هڪ هڪ مٿي تي ۽ ٻيو ٻيو تي رکي کڙين تي بيوي پيو مانس!

امريڪن فلمي هيرو وانگر ڪلھن کي جهٽڪو ڏيئي لاپرواهي سان جواب ڏنائين "سر! ارجنٽ ڪم هو." ڇپ ٿي ويس پنهنجي سڪل هائيءَ کي هن 'سان' جهڙي افريڪي شيدائيءَ سان پيٽي، ڇپ چاپ اٺ شلنگ سندس هٿ تي رکي دوڪان تان هيٺ لٽس.

... ..

بدنام صرف دنيا جون عورتون آهن ته هو گهڻو ٿيون ڳالهائين، بڪيڪيون آهن، قصن جا داستان آهن، Chatter Boxes آهن! وغيره وغيره!! پر اڄ ڏينهن تائين ڪڏهن ڪنهن فور ڪيو آهي ته دنيا جا حجام ڳالهائڻ ۾ عورتن کان به قدم اڳتي آهن. هو چاهي صرف چار درجا پڙهيل هجي پر دنيا جي هر عنوان تي توهان سان ڳالهائيندو. ڇا توهان

جي ڳوٺ يا شهر ۾ حجام کان وڌيڪ بي بهتر خبر رسائڻ واري آهي؟ هرگز نه! ڇا توهان ڇو حجام وارن ٺاهڻ وقت پنهنجي منت به خاموش رهيو آهي؟ هرگز نه! آڄ تائين دنيا جي پنهنجي ملڪن جي ستاسي شهرن، چاليهه بندرگاهن ۽ پنهنجن پيٽن تي وار ٿورائي چڪو آهيان پر مونکي ته ڪٿي به خاموش حجام نه مليو آهي! چين ۾ مونکي اميد هئي ته اتي حجام گهڻو نه ڳالهائيندو. پر باوجود ڪيسر اهو علم هجڻ جي ته آئون سندس زبان ٺٺ ڪونه ٿو ڄاڻان، جهوڪين واري چون چون ڇي ۽ چيائون چيائون ڪندو. رهيو هائڻ مونکي ٻڌايو ته دنيا ۾ سڀ کان وڌيڪ بڪيڪيو ڪير آهي؟ عورت يا حجام؟! ... ..

اسان وٽ پاڪستان ۾ روز هر ماڻهو اڌ ڪلاڪ کن هٿ ڏيڻ ۽ ٽي ڪلاڪ کن ڪپهري ۾ ضايع ٿو ڪري. هو پنهنجي سراسري عمر پنجاهه سالن مان اٺڪل سال هٿ ڏيڻ ۾ ۽ ڇهه سال ڪپهريءَ ۾ ضايع ٿو ڪري! اڄ ڪلهه هر ملڪ ۾ ڪيڪار تمام مختصر ٿي ويئي آهي. ٻه ڇڙا گس پنڌ تي ملندا ته صرف هڪ پٺي کان پڇندا "ڪيئن آهين؟" ۽ جواب "ڪيئن آهين؟" يا هائڻ ايترو به نه. هتي آمريڪا ۾ ته صرف "هاءِ" ۽ جواب "هاءِ! ٽئڪس" تائين محدود ٿي ويو آهي. پر اسان وٽ پاڪستان ۾ هڪ عورت جڏهن پٺي کي واٽ ويندي ملندي (يا زبردستي پنهنجو داستان ٻڌائڻ



# توهان کان ڇا لکائجي.....

## الطاف شيخ

### ايڪس ڪيڊٽ

الطاف شيخ هن ڪاليج جي ڪيڊٽس لاءِ ڪنهن تعارف جو محتاج نه آهي. پاڻ هن وقت مرچنٽ نيويءَ ۾ آهي. ساڳئي وقت کيس سنڌي ادب جو هڪ بهترين اديب هئڻ جو شرف به حاصل آهي. سندس مضمون گهڻو ڪري هر سال سنڌي سڀڪشن ۾ شايع ٿيندو رهيو آهي.

گذريل سال بد قسمتي سان اسان کي سندس مضمون ملي نه سگهيو جنهن ڪري اسان پنهنجي سڀڪشن ۾ هڪ خال محسوس ڪيو. پر هن سال اها ڪمي پوري ٿي ويئي آهي ۽ اسان اميد ٿا ڪريون ته آئينده به طياءُ الطاف پنهنجي ادبي ذخيري مان ڪجهه جواهر پاران سان هن سڀڪشن کي زينت بخشيندو رهندو.

”ڏاڙهي کي ڇڏ، جلدي جلدي وار ننڍا ڪر. باڪل ڪريوڪٽ (Crew Cut) پر جلدي مون تاڪيد ڪئي مانس. فقط ٻه ايڏي منت منهنجي هڪ پاسي کان ۽ ٻه ايڏي منت ٻئي پاسي کان بيهي، ڪئنڀي جي ڪتر ڪتر ڪري ڇڏيائين ۽ ”Okay?“

آرسي. ڏاڙو ويتر خوفناڪ بنائي ڇڏيو هئائين پنهنجي پراڻي ڪاليج، ڪيڊٽ ڪاليج جي

جلدي ۾ هوس. فلم شروع ٿيڻ ۾ صرف ٽن منٽ هئا. وار به ٺهرايڻ ضروري هئا، فلم ٽسٽ به ضروري هئي. فلم بعد ڪوبه وڪان ڪونه ملير ها. ٻئي ڏينهن سڄ اڀرڻ کان اڳ ممبائو جو شهر ڇڏي رهيا هئاسين. جام جي ڍوڪان ۾ گهڙيس ۽ خالي ڪرسي ڪي وينس. شيددي هڃام ٻڌي ۽ جي چوڌاري نيد کير جهڙو ڪچڙو ويڙهي صاف انگريزي مان ٻڌيو ”وار ٺهرايڻ آهن يا رڳو ڏاڙهي؟“



# پهٽارو جا جونپرس

ڪيٽ شهاب ٽاڻو

ڪلاس ڏهون

آخر مونکي پنهنجو قلم کڻڻو ئي پيو۔  
هنن جونپرس جي پروپيگنڊا اسانجي خلاف  
ايتري قدر ته وڌي وئي آهي جو اسين هاڻ  
برداشت نٿا ڪري سگهون۔ ان ڪري ئي  
مونکي پنهنجا هي الفاظ زبان قلم جي ذريعي  
صحتہ قرطاس تي پکيڙڻا پيا۔ ڀلا سائين اوهين  
خود انصاف ڪريو ته اسين جڏهن جونپرس  
هٿاسين تڏهن سينپرس اسان کي ايترو ته  
تنگ ڪيو جو ڪيترا ئي پيرا اسان روئي  
ڏنو ته پوءِ ڇا اهو اسانجو ”جبري حق“ ناهي  
ته اسين کين تنگ ڪريون؟ پر انهي هوندي  
به اسانجي خلاف شور و غل ۽ پروپيگنڊا  
حالانڪ اسانجو تنگ ڪرڻ ته اسانجي سينپرس  
جي تنگ ڪرڻ جي رتيءَ برابر به ڪونهي۔  
پوءِ ڀلا اوهين خود سوچيو ته انهيءَ ۾ ڏوهه  
ڪنهنجو؟ اسانجو يا هنن جو؟ ڀلا هي سوال  
به ڪي مولچاري ۾ وجهندڙ آهن؟ اوهانجو  
نالو ڪنهن رکيو؟ چور رکيو؟ تڏهن ئي اوهين  
اهڙا آهيو؟ ڪٿان آيا آهيو؟ مائٽن جا سوتيل  
آهيو ڇا؟ وغيره وغيره۔ يا وڌ ۾ وڌ به ته  
”گانو ٻڌاءِ“، پر هنن نازڪ دل چوڪرن جو  
ته پهرين ئي سوال تي ساه ٻڌيو وڃي لاجي

ڇو؟ اسين اهڙا ڪي ٻيڙا به ڪونه آهيون،  
نه وري ڪي اهڙيون پيانڪ، هيانءَ کي  
ڏاريندڙ شڪليون اٿئون پر انهيءَ هوندي به  
الاجي ڇو اسانکي ٻراڪولا جو مت ٿا سمجهون؟  
هو چون ٿا ته اسين هنن کي تنگ ٿا ڪريون  
اهو ته بلڪل غلط آهي اسين ته صرف هنن  
سان زنده دليءَ سان رهڻ ٿا چاهيون۔ ڀلا پيٽارو  
جهڙي سچ ۾ به زنده دلي نه هجي ته پوءِ  
اسين ته رڃ ۾ رلي وڃون۔ ڪنهن سچ چيو  
آهي ته زندگي زنده دليءَ جو نالو آهي۔ ڀلا  
مردہ دلي به ڪا زندگي آهي۔ رهيو سهيو اهو  
هڪڙوئي ته طريقو آهي زنده دليءَ جو۔ جي  
اهو به نه هجي ته پوءِ اسين ته چريا ئي وڃون  
اسين ته جونپرس کي پنهنجو ننڍو ڀاءُ ٿا  
سمجهون ۽ اها ته رواجي ڳالھ آهي ته ننڍو  
ڀاءُ هميشه وڏي ڀاءُ جو زبردست هوندو آهي  
۽ وڏو هميشه ننڍي جي ڀلائيءَ لاءِ سوچيندو  
آهي۔ تنهن ڪري ئي ته اها سختي سندن  
رهبري آهي ۽ هنن کي به ته اهڙي رهبري  
ضرور ڪرڻي هوندي جڏهن هو سينپرس  
ٿيندا۔



آئون ڊري وٽ اچي بيٺس. هيٺ  
 ٻيون هائوس ماسٽر جي گور ۾ شايد  
 ڪو ٻار روئي رهيو هو. ڪاليج ۾ فقط  
 ٽيڪسنگ ٻول ئي روشني ۾ ٻڌل هو. پوءِ  
 ڪجهه دير کان پوءِ جڏهن اڪين تي نند جا  
 ٻه چڙهندا ويا، تڏهن آءُ اچي ڪٽ تي  
 ڪيو هيس. الطاف جا هاڪا هاڪا کونگهرا  
 ٻيڏانهن هونڏانهن پئي گونجيا. مون سوچيو:  
 ڀانڱيا به آهستي ٿو هڻي. عجيب ڏيمون  
 ٿيو آهي. آهستي آهستي آءُ به نند جي  
 ٺٺي ڪوهه ۾ لهي ويس. صبح جو گڏ بيٺو  
 ويٺس. ناشتي کان پوءِ ڪاليج لاءِ روانو  
 ٿيس. رستي جي ٻنهي ڪپرن تي بيٺل سرنهڻ  
 تي گلن جي خوشبوءِ فضا معطر ڪري ڇڏي  
 ٿي. اسان جا پير سڪل پنن تي ٿي وڃيو  
 ۽ پاڻي پنن مان عجيب آواز اچي رهيو هو.  
 ٻيون اسيمبلي هال وٽ ڪيڊٽ اسيمبلي  
 ۽ جمع ٿي رهيا هئا. ڪتاب ڪلاس روم ۾  
 ٿي اسان به اچي اسيمبلي لاءِ پهتاسين. نظرن  
 تي هيڏانهن هوڏانهن اڇلايو سين. سامهون ٻن  
 ٽن چوڪرن نوٽيس بورڊ تي ڪجهه پئي  
 لکيو. هڪ چوڪرو ڳرا ڳرا قدم کڻندو  
 نورالدين جي آفيس اندر پئي گهڙيو. اسيمبلي  
 کان پوءِ ڪلاس ۾ هلي اچي ٻوئين سيمٽ  
 تي ويٺاسين. ڪلاس ۾ عجيب نظارا هئا. آستان  
 جا آئو ميٽڪ اشارا، چوڪرن جو اثر و پهر.

لوهه جهڙا سوال، لوهه جهڙا جواب، گهنڊڻي  
 جي آواز تي ڪئين آواز جاڳي آيا. ٻين  
 جي ڪٽ ڪٽ، ڳالهيون جا آواز ۽ وري شام  
 جو دوستن سان گيمز تي وڃڻ ۾ ڪهڙو نه  
 مزو ايندو هو. ورندي رات منهنجا سڀ سڀنا  
 موڪلائي ويا. انوري نند جو زهر پي هيڏانهن  
 هوڏانهن پاسا ورائڻ شروع ڪيا هئا. صرف  
 پنهنجي پاسن ورائڻ جو آواز ئي آيم يا گهڙيال  
 جي ٽڪ ٽڪ، پاسي واري ڊري کان ٿيڻ  
 جي ٿان ٿان جو آواز به پئي آيو. هائوس ۾  
 ماٺ ماٺوڙو لڳو پيو هو. ڪڇ ڊير کان  
 پوءِ جڏهن هائوس جي هڪ هڪ روم جو  
 بلب موڪلائي چڪو، تنهن وقت مون صبح  
 جو ڪاليج مان پڇڻ جو پئي سوچيو. صبح  
 جو جڏهن الطاف تيار ٿي بيٺو لاءِ روانو ٿي  
 ويو، تڏهن آئون لکنڊو لکنڊو اچي گيت  
 کان بس ۾ سوار ٿيو هيس. هن وقت مونڪي  
 دوست ۽ ڪاليج شدت سان ياد اچي رهيا  
 هئا. ماضي جي جهاک مستقبل کان وڌيڪ  
 حسين نظر آئي هيم. مونڪي ائين محسوس  
 ٿيو ته جڻ آئون الطاف ۽ ڪاليج کان هزارين  
 ميل پري نڪري چڪو آهيان. جيت جي  
 پوڄ کان به ٻاهر ۽ جڏهن شاهين ايڪسپريس  
 شهدادپور اسٽيشن تي بيٺي ته آئون لهي  
 بکنگ جي ڊري وٽ پهتس ۽ بي اختيار  
 منهنجي رات مان نڪتو: هڪ ٽڪيٽ پيٽارو!



# واپسي

## ڪيڊٽ قيصر خان لغاري

ڪلاس يارهون

ٽيبل تي ڪورس جا ٽلها ٽلها ڪتاب پيل  
ڪون وٺندا هين. ڪيمسٽري جو ڪتاب ته  
خار مان هيٺ اڇلائي ڇڏيندو هيس ۽ پويان  
پارٽنر هيٺان اچي ڪتاب ڪٽندو هو. ٽاڻو  
ٽڻو ۽ ذهين هو. ٻالو ٻالو جي ٻڌڻيءَ ۾ گلن  
جو هار وجهي ڇڏيندو هو. ان رات ورائڊي  
جي فرش تان ترڪندو آيو ۽ زور سان اچي  
در کوليائين. مون اونگت ڪري پاسو ورائيو،  
چڻ وري واپس اٿندڙ رنگن کي چڻو  
لاءِ موٽي ويس. ”پارٽنر!“ ڪت تي پنهنجو پاڻ  
ڇڏي، هن آهستي سان سڏ ڪيو. ”هون“  
مون جواب ڏنو.

”ٽاڻو اٿڻ آهين، آواز کان بي خبر نٿو  
۾ خواب ڏسندو آهين، جاڳ ۾ خواب  
ڏس نه.“

”ڇڏ يار، جاڳ ۾ خواب ٿيو، پون.“

”نٿو ۾ نٿا ٿين؟“

”ٿين ٿا پر وري ٻنڌ ٿيو ڇڏيان.“

”هينئر آئي دري مان ٻاهر نهار، خواب

ٽاڻو شهر جي حد کان ڪافي پري اچي  
چڪي هئي آئون عجيب ڪشمڪش ۾ مبتلا  
هيس. اڄ صبح ڪاليج مان ڀڄڻ وارو نظارو  
منهنجي اکين اڳيان بار بار اچي رهيو هو ۽  
هن وقت گهر وڃڻ لاءِ گاڏي ۾ سوار هيس.  
ڪاليج مان ڀڄڻ وقت منهنجا خيالات عجيب  
هئا، هڪ جنون سوار هو ته ڪاليج ۾ آخر  
رڪيوئي ڇا آهي، عيش ۽ آرام جي زندگي  
فقط گهر ۾ ئي ملي سگهي ٿي. پر جيئن جيئن  
گاڏي پيٽارو کان دور ٿيندي ٿي ويئي، منهنجا  
خيالات به انهيءَ ئي تيزي سان سادت ڇڏي  
رهيا هئا. مستقيم ڏانهن نهارير ته سڄي منزل  
ويران نظر ئي آيو ۽ انهي منزل کي سر ڪرڻ  
ناممڪن نظر آيو آيو، ۽ وري جڏهن ماضي  
ڏانهن نهارير ته يادن جا چراغ روشن ٿي ويا.  
مونکي اهو وقت ياد اچڻ لڳو جڏهن رات  
جو ميس مان ماني کائي اچي روم جي ٽاڻو  
۾ خوابن جا اٿڻ پاڻ ۾ ٻنڌيندو هيس. ڪاٻي  
ٻانهن وهائي هيٺان ڏيئي مٿان ساڄي ٻانهن  
رڪي چڻ سڄي ڪائنات جي سونهن کي پاڪر  
۾ ڀرڻ جي ڪوشش ڪندو هيس. سامهون



# ڇا توهان کي معلوم آهي؟

ڪيڊٽ شير هڪدم ڪنگو

ڪلاس انون

- سگهي ٿو.
۹. انسان جي دل هر سال هڪ لک پنجاھ هزار مرڻ واري رت صاف ڪري ٿي.
  ۱۰. ۱۹۴۸ع ۾ هندوستان، مغربي پاڪستان وچيل لاءِ برصغير ۾ ڀارت جي ڀانڊي لڳائي.
  ۱۱. ۱۵ مئي ۱۸۴۴ع ۾ مرس سائنسدان ڀارت ۾ تار رستي پيغام وائينگٽن کان بالٽيمور پهچايو جنهن جا لفظ هئا ”الله ڪهڙيون ڪهڙيون شيون ٺاهيون.“
  ۱۲. سج زمين کان ۹ ڪروڙ ۳۰ لک ميل پري آهي پر سندس روشني ۷ منٽن ۾ زمين تي پهچي ٿي.
  ۱۳. دنيا ۾ وڏي ۾ وڏو هوائي اڏو ”ايڊلي والڊ“ آمريڪا ۾ آهي.
  ۱۴. دنيا ۾ وڏي ۾ وڏي ريلوي پليٽ فارم ”سون پور“ ڀارت ۾ آهي.
  ۱۵. شينهن جي دل سڀني جانورن کان ننڍي ٿيندي آهي.
۱. سنڌ جي تاريخ تي سڀ کان جهونو ڪتاب ”ڇچ نامو“ آهي.
  ۲. انسان جي آڱر جو ننهن هڪ سال ۾ اڍائي انچ وڌي ٿو.
  ۳. انسان جو وار هڪ سال ۾ ۱۶ انچ وڌي ٿو.
  ۴. دنيا ۾ وڏي ۾ وڏي مڪملت ”ويتڪن“ اٽليءَ ۾ آهي.
  ۵. دنيا ۾ وڏي ۾ وڏي ريلوي لائين ”سائبيريا ريلوي“ روس ۾ آهي.
  ۶. لنڊن جي راڻي ”هائوس آف ڪامنس“ (ديوان عام) ۾ وڃي نه ٿي سگهي.
  ۷. مڇي ننڍ ڪندي آهي پر اک بند نه ڪندي آهي ڇاڪاڻ ته ڇهر ڪونه اٿس.
  ۸. انسان بغير ننڊ جي ۱۵ ڪلاڪ جاکڙي سگهي ٿو. بغير ڪاٺو جي ۷۵ ڏينهن ۾ بغير هاڻي پيٽ جي جيئرو رهي



اوڏي مهل پيٽارو جي هر جڳهه تي چنڊ  
جا ڪرڻا ائين ٿيندا آهن جيئن ڪنهن سوني  
چادر وڇائي ڇڏي آهي ۽ اهي سونهري ڪرڻا  
آسمان مان لڳاتار نور جي بارش وسائيندا رهندا.  
آهن ۽ ان وقت اهي پٿر آئيني جي مثل  
هوندا آهن.

اهي پيٽارو جا ٻهڙا جيڪي ڏينهن جو  
پٿر پٿر نظر ايندا آهن سي رات جو روپ  
بدلائي هيرن موتين وانگر لڳندا آهن. استبداد  
تي بيهي جڏهن چانڊوڪي رات جو نظارو  
ڪندو آهيان ته ائين محسوس ٿيندو آهي  
چوڻ انهن سونهري ڪرڻن سوئمنگ پول جي پاڻي  
تي هڪ ڪنڊڙ چادر وڇائي ڇڏي آهي.  
هتان جا معصوم ڪيڊٽ اهڙي سهڻي ماحول،  
لاڪش فضا ۽ دلگريب منظر کي ڏسي هڪ  
نعمت سمجهندا آهن. شايد اهو ئي جذبو  
اسانجي دلين ۾ هڪ امنگ ۽ تڙپ بنجي گهر  
ڇڏڻ لاءِ بيدار ڪيو ڇڏي.

ڪڏهن ته وري چوڪرا ٽوليون بنايو  
چانڊوڪي رات جي حسن بساط لاءِ گيمٽ طرف ويندا  
آهن جتي چانڊوڪي جي حسن جي ساراهه  
سان گڏ پنهنجون روزمره جون حالتون بيان  
ڪندا آهن. ڪهڙي نه اتي ان وقت ڇپ  
ڇاپ لڳي بيٺي هوندي آهي. ائين دل چوندي  
آهي ته هوند جي ڪر سڄي رات هن حسن  
کي ويٺو ڏسان. جڏهن ان وقت وري اهي  
پيٽارو جا غريب هاري اوچتوئي اوچتو پنهنجين  
پنهنجين بيل گاڏين تي چڙهيو سريل راڳ  
ڳائيندا اچن ٿا ۽ الهويءَ سان گڏ ڏانڊن ۾ ٻڙن  
جو آواز ته دل کي ڪپيو ڇڏي.

پر اها چانڊوڪي رات هر وقت ڪٿي.  
صبح جو ڏسجي ڪٿي ته سج جي هڪمراني  
شروع ٿي ويئي. چنڊ کي نه ڏسي هي الفاظ  
نڪريو ٻون:

پري دل و پري جا سا هوتا هون اندهيري رات مين  
چانڊني ڪي سا توھ مير دل بهي لے جاتا ۽ چاند



# پيٽارو جي چانڊوڪي رات

ڪيڊٽ خانم حسين اڀڙو

ڪلاس ٻارهون

انساني زندگي کي ترقيءَ جي منزل طيءَ ڪرڻ سان گڏوگڏ هن دنيا جي ڪنڊ ڪڙڇ ۾ پنهنجي حسن، روشنيءَ سان رنگ ڀريو ڇڏي. هر هڪ هن جي سحر انگيز چانڊوڪيءَ سان مسحور ۽ مسرور ٿيو وڃي. ڪير نه آهي جو چانڊوڪيءَ جي حسن ۽ جمال کان واقف ڪونهي. ننڍڙو ٻار پنهنجي ماءُ جي گود ۾ ٽپ ڏيئي چند کي پڪڙڻ جي ڪوشش ڪندو آهي.

اسانجون نظرون به مهربت ۽ خوبصورتِي جي تلاش ۾ هونديون آهن ۽ ائين محسوس ٿيندو آهي جيئن عاشق مڃنون پورن جا ٻهر بيهي، پنهنجي محبوب جي آس انهيءَ چانڊوڪيءَ رات مان هوري ڪندو آهي.

جڏهن ڪاليج ۾ بجلي نه هوندي آهي ته بي ساخته منهن مان هي الفاظ نڪري پوندا آهن:  
چانڊوڪي رات هلي آ!

چند تنهنجي ذات، هاڙيان تان نه ڀريئن سي، تو اچو ۾ رات، سڄڻ نت سو جهرا. آسمان کي ڀرو ڀلو چوڻ هڪ قديم روايت آهي. اديب پنهنجي ڪتابن ۾ هن کي آفت نازل ڪرڻ وارو چون ته وري شاعر هن کي پنهنجي ڪلام ۾ محبوب وانگر بي وفا قرار ڏين. مطلب هي ته هن کي جملي مصيبتن جو ذميدار ٺهرايو ٿو وڃي.

جيئن تڪليفون پيانڪ تصور سان وابسته آهن ته ائين چانڊوڪي رات حسين تصور سان وابسته آهي.

پيٽارو جي حسين چانڊوڪي رات به ڪنهن محبوب جي حسن کان گهٽ نه آهي. انهيءَ پيٽارو جي چانڊوڪي رات ۾ جڏهن ڇمڪندڙ ۽ ٿمٿمائيندڙ ستارن جي وچ ۾ چند هن نيبي آسمان تي نمودار ٿئي ٿو ته ائين محسوس ٿيندو آهي جيئن هڪ سونو تالو، بستيءَ کان بلنديءَ طرف وڌي رهيو آهي ۽



۾ ڇا خيال اچي رهيا هئا، سو آئون چڱيءَ طرح سان سمجهي رهيو هيس. پر ايترو چوڻ جي همت نه ٿي ٿيڻ ته کڻي چوان؛ دوستو! انهيءَ منزل تي پهچڻ لاءِ مونکي ڪجهه قربانيون ڏيڻيون هيون آهن. ايتري ۾ بس به مسجد جي طرف کان هارن ڏيندي نمودار ٿي. علي چاچا بس اچي منهنجي اڳيان روڪي ٿپ ڏيئي بس ۾ چڙهي وينس. بس اڃان ٿورو اڳتي هلي ئي هٿي ته هڪ جهٽڪي سان بند ٿي ويئي سڀني هڪدم مون ڏانهن نهاريو سندن نظرون ٻڌائي رهيون هيون ته هو انهيءَ جو قصوروار مونکي سمجهي رهيا آهن. ڇو جو بس ۾ منهنجي چڙهڻ سان ئي بس بند ٿي ويئي. ڪافي ڪوشش کان پوءِ به جڏهين بس تيار نه ٿي سگهي تڏهن آهسته آهسته سڀ وڃڻ لڳا، آخر آئون به مجبور ٿي اچي اسپتال ۾ لپتي پيس. ٻئي ڏينهن وري ايل-

اير-سي-ايڇ لاءِ تيار ٿي رهيو هيس ته باڪٽر صاحب اچي طبيعت ڏٺي ۽ ڪجهه دير کان پوءِ حڪم صادر ڪيائين ته هاڻ توکي ايل-اير-سي-ايڇ وڃڻ جي ضرورت ڪونهي.

اهو ٻڌي جيڪا حالت منهنجي ٿي هوندي انهيءَ جو اندازو ته ڪن ٿورن کي ئي هوندو، ٻئي ڏينهن آئون به ٻريڻ لاءِ ٻين سان گڏوڻي رهيو هيس ته بس آئي ۽ هلي ويئي. مون سوچيو ته ڇا بس کي ڪلهه ئي خراب ٿيڻو هو؟

پوءِ خيال آيو ته شايد منهنجي قسمت ئي اعترفي آهي  
ها! واقعي!!

شايد انهيءَ ڪري ئي ته اڄ تائين ايل-اير-سي-ايڇ وڃڻ کان محروم رهيو آهيان؛



”خي!“

”خي ڇا!“

”ڇا مطلب؟“

”مطلب ته ڇيڪڏهن ڪنهن چوڪري علاج هتي نٿو ٿي سگهي ته اهو چوڪرو تي جي باڪٽر جي موڪل سان صبح جو ٻيڙ آباد ايل-ايم-سي-ايڇ ويندو ۽ دوا وٺڻ کان پوءِ حيدرآباد گهڻي شام جو واپس ايندو آهي.“ انهيءَ ڏينهن کان پوءِ جڏهن به پريڊ ۾ تنگ ٿيندو هيس ته خدا کان دعا گهرندو هيس ته يا مولا! مونکي اهڙي ڪا بيماري نٿي جو آئون به ايل-ايم-سي-ايڇ وڃان، پر نيشنل جيئن منهنجيون دعائون وڌنديون ٿي پون ٿيئن ٿيئن اٿن آئون وڌيڪ تندرست ٿيڻ لڳس. آخر مون سوچيو ته انهيءَ طرح ڪم ڪونه هلندو. ڪنهن اٽڪل سان ڪم ڪيڏو پوندو. ان کان پوءِ لڳس بيمارين جا نسخا ياد ڪرڻ ۽ جڏهن ڪافي نالا ياد ڪري ورتا ته خيال ڪيترن ته هاڻ ڪاليج جو ڪم ڪرڻ فضول آهي، صبح جو هڪ ٻه بيماريون پڙهي ايل-ايم-سي-ايڇ ويندس. پئي ڏينهن صبح سوڻي باڪٽر وقت پهتس ته حالت خراب ٿي رهي هئي. پوريائين خيال ڪيترن ته واپس پئي وڃان پر اينٽري ۾ باڪٽر صاحب جو آواز ڪنن تي پيو.

ڇا تڪليف آهي؟

لندن ۾ سور اٿس.

هي دوا وٺ.

پر سائين پيٽ ۾ به تمام گهڻو سور رهندو آهي. پوءِ هي دوا به گڏ وٺ.

ڪم خراب ٿيندو ٿسي مون هڪدم ٻيو بهانو ڪيو.

”پر جناب! منهنجي اکين جي نظر به ڪمزور آهي. انهيءَ لاءِ عينڪ جو نمبر ۽ عينڪ وٺي آيم.“

هاڻ سمجهو ته توکي ڪهڙي تڪليف آهي. ”ون ايڪسٽرا ٻرل!“

جڏهن ڪاليج پهتس ته نهايت پريشان هيس. ڇو جو ايل-ايم-سي-ايڇ وڃڻ جي آسري ڪاليج جو ڪم ڪونه ڪيو هيس. انهي سبب پهرين پريڊ کان وٺي آخري پريڊ تائين مار ٿي مار کائيندو رهيس. شام جو جڏهن ايڪسٽرا ٻرل لاءِ روانو ٿيس ته هڪ ته ايڪسٽرا ٻرل جو سور ۽ ٻيو وري فلم به انهيءَ ٽائيم تي هڻي ۽ فلم نه ڏسڻ جو افسوس ايڪسٽرا ٻرل کان وڌيڪ ٿي رهيو هو. جڏهن ۴۰ منٽ ايڪسٽرا ٻرل جا گذاري واپس اچي رهيو هيس ته طبيعت هڪدم خراب ٿي پيئي، مٿو ڦرڻ لڳو ۽ اکيون شروع ٿي ويون. دوستن اچي اسپتال جي حوالي ڪيو. باڪٽر آيو ۽ دوا ڏيئي هليو ويو. پر جڏهن ٽن ڏينهن تائين طبيعت ٺيڪ ٿيڻ بدران وڌيڪ ناساز ٿيڻ لڳي ته باڪٽر مونکي ايل-ايم-سي-ايڇ وڃڻ جو حڪم ڏنو. اهو ٻڌي اڏ بيماري ته ٺيڪ ٿي ويئي. مقرر ڏينهن صبح ساڻ ئي اٿي تيار ٿي بس جي انتظار ۾ بيهي رهيس. هائوس جا چوڪرا پريڊ لاءِ فال ان (Fall in) ٿي رهيا هئا ۽ جڏهن منهنجي ڀرسان اچي لنگهيا ته حسرت پري نگاهن سان مون ڏانهن ڏسڻ لڳا. سندن دل



بيٺو هو سو ڪرسيءَ لڳو ڪري ٽاٻڙ جي ويو. پر هڪدم جسر کي سنڀالي هڪ نهايت ئي فرمائشي هڪ منهنجي ڳل تي وهائي ڪڍيائين ۽ آئون صرف انهيءَ کي ئي غنيمت سمجهي ڪم تي لڙهڪي ويس... Get up you idiot ... ٻيوئي ماسٽر صاحب وري حڪم ڏنو ۽ مونکي تعميل ڪرڻي ئي پيشي... پوءِ ته جيڪا مون سان ويڏن تي سا آئون تو ڄاڻان يا منهنجا روم پارٽنر جي

پريپ کان پوءِ منهنجي زخمن تي مهر رکيو. بدران بي تڪاشا گل ۾ ٻڏي ويا هئا... هاڻي اوهان خود ئي سوچيو ته انهيءَ چوڻي ۾ ڪيتري قدر صداقت آهي؟ ڪٿي اوهان انهيءَ کي سچ سمجهو پر آئون..... ذرا سوچي سمجهي فيصلو ڪجو..... خير انهيءَ ڏينهن کان پوءِ ته ڪوشش جي باوجود پريپ ۾ ننڊ نٿي اچي.....

## قسمت

### ڪيڊٽ افضل خان لغاري

ڪلاس يارهون

سگهيس ۽ وري ڏير کان پوءِ جڏهن ساڳئي چوڪري کي ڪاليج جي بس ۾ سوار ٿيندو ڏٺم ته مونکي عجب ٿيو ۽ مزيد پريشاني کان بچڻ لاءِ مون ڀرسان بيٺل هڪ سينئر کان پڇيو: ادا هي ايل-ايم-سي-ايڇ ڪنهن موڪل جو نالو آهي ڇا؟ هن ٿورو مسڪرائي جواب ڏنو: ها! اها واقعي هڪ موڪل ئي آهي، جيڪا اسپتال ۾ گذاري آهي.

ڪاليج ۾ شايد منهنجو ٻيو هفتو هو. صبح جو پريڊ لاءِ تيار ٿي نڪتس ته پنهنجي هائوس جي هڪ چوڪري کي واڪنگ آئوٽ (Walking out) ٻريس ۾ ڏسي حيران ٿي ويس ۽ ڪانٽس پڇيم ته مسٽر! توهان هي ٻريس جو ڀاتي آهي؟ هن بيپرواهي سان جواب ڏنو ته آئون ايل-ايم-سي-ايڇ وڃي رهيو آهيان. آئون ڪجهه به سمجهي نه



ٻي ۽ آئون کيس گهٽ وڌ ڳالهائيندو وري  
 سمجهي رهيس. سمهڙ جي دير هئي ته اڃانڪ  
 ڪن ۾ سر سر ٿيڻ لڳي ... گهٽ ٿيڻي آئي  
 وينس ۽ هيڏانهن هوڏانهن نگاهه ٿيڻ سان  
 انهيءَ هٿ کي ڏسي ورتو جنهن ۾ کاغذي  
 پيڙي ڏيڀل هئي پر پريپ جي ڪري کيس  
 ڪجهه چڻي نه سگهيس ۽ ماٺ ڪري ڏک  
 سڀي ويس (نه ته به ايترو بهادر هرگز نه آهيان  
 جو پاڻ کان وڌي سان وڙهي سگهان) ڏک  
 وڌيلن وانگر وري به سمهڙ جي ڪوشش ڪيم  
 ۽ ڪامياب ٿيڻ تي وڃان ها پر اڃانڪ مٿي  
 تي هڪ ٽٽاڪي ٽانڊ جو آواز آيو ۽ يڪدم  
 هڪ ٻيو ٽڪاءُ به ٻرڻ سماعت تي اڀريو  
 (چمڪائون ڪجهه ايڪسٽرا آرڊنري [Extra  
 Ordinary] قسم جون هيون) منهنجي ذهن ۾ اڃان  
 پهرين ڳالھ گذرڻ ڪري رهي هئي سو سمجهيم  
 وري ساڳيو همراھ آهي. انهيءَ ڪري ڪنڌ  
 مٿي ڪٽي بنائي رڙ ڪيم ... يار دماغ خراب  
 ٿيو اٿي ڇا پلا... ننڊ حرام ڪري ڏني اٿي.  
 ايترو ارور (Over) ٿيڻ به چڱو نه آهي. اڃان  
 آئون شايد ڪجهه وڌيڪ بڪواس به ڪريان  
 ها پر منهنجي آواز ۾ اڃانڪ بريك لڳي ويو  
 جڏهن استينڊ اپ (Standup) جو هڪ گونجدار  
 آواز منهنجي ڪنن جي ٻرڻ وڃان آر پار ٿي  
 ويو. آئون معاملو سمجهي ويس ۽ انهي ڪري  
 اهڙي تيزيءَ سان ڪرسيءَ تان اٿيس چٽڪ  
 بچيءَ جو ڪرنٽ لڳو هجي. پر افسوس!  
 منهنجي اها ڦرتي منهنجي ڪر نه آئي، لڊو ٿي  
 ماسٽر صاحب شايد ڪرسيءَ جي عين پٺيان

مٿي، اڃان ٻيهر سمهڙ جي ڪوشش ۾  
 ٿيڻ تي ٻيٽو ٿي ڪونه ته هڪ زوردار  
 ڪاءُ سان دروازو کليو جيڪو وري بند ٿي  
 پيو هو. ٽڪاءُ سان گڏ آئون به ڪرسي  
 تان تقريباً هڪ فٽ مٿي آئي ويس. اٿي ڇا  
 ويس! ائين سمجهو ته ڪنهن شخص کي  
 ڪرسيءَ تي ويٺي وڃڻ وڃڻ هٿي وڃي ۽  
 پر غير ارادي طور ٽپ ڏيئي ڪرسي ڇڏي،  
 منهنجي به اها ئي حالت هئي ۽ انهيءَ ٽپ  
 جي ڪري دروازو کوليندڙ شخصيت ڪل ۾  
 ٽپي ويٺي چوٽه موصوف سمجهي چڪو هو  
 ته آئون لڄ ۾ ويو آهيان ۽ پوءِ مزيد ڪارڻ لاءِ  
 ٿو منهنجي ڪرسيءَ جي ويجهو اچي بيٺو  
 ۽ چوڻ لڳو! بس اتني سي بات پر ڏرڻ ڳڻي؟ ...  
 پوءِ سوچيو ته جي چپ رهيس ته وڌيڪ  
 مذاق ڪندو انهيءَ ڪري آورو غصيلي لهجي  
 ۾ چيومانس. يار ڪيا آڄ اتنه هي خوش هو ڪه  
 انسانيت کي حدود پهلانگ جاو ... ڪم از ڪم  
 دروازه آرام سے تو کھولا هوتا... پر پوءِ مونکي  
 منهنجو ڪيل سوال اهمقانه لڳو. ڇاڪاڻ  
 ته موصوف حيدرآباد مان ميج ڪيڏي موٽيو هو  
 ۽ نظري طور جڏهن به سٺي راند جو مظاهرو  
 ڪندو آهي ته خوشي لڪائڻ ناممڪن ٿيو  
 ويس ۽ ڪنهن نه ڪنهن ذريعي سان انهيءَ  
 جو اظهار ڪريو ڇڏي (ياڊ رهي ته موصوف  
 ڪاليج هاڪي ٽيم جو گول ڪيپر آهي ۽  
 اسان جو سيڪشن ليڊر ٻڌ).

نيورمائينڊ يار! اينگلو اردو ۾ جواب  
 ڏيندو هو صاحب ته منهنجي ميز ڏانهن راهي



تڏانهن هر دنياوي غم ۽ تڪليف جو لباس  
 لاهي کيس هر غم جي بار ۽ تڪليف جي احساس  
 کان بي نياز ڪريو ڇڏي! ۽ اهو خوش نصيب  
 انسان هڪ منٽ جو انتظار ڪرڻ به گوارا نٿو  
 ڪري ۽ تصوراتي دنيا ۾ پهچيو وڃي.. ننڊ  
 جي ڪنهن کي تمنا نه آهي؟ هر فرد اهو آه  
 چاهي ته دنيا جي ڪمن ڪارن ۽ ڪاروبار  
 جي وڳڙن کان ڪجهه وقت مهلت حاصل  
 ڪري انهن تڪليفن کان بي نياز ٿي وڃي!  
 ننڊ جي ديوي يعني ننڊ جي واديءَ جي راڻيءَ  
 جو حڪم به نهايت منصفانه آهي ته ڪير به  
 هجي، ننڊ جي واديءَ جي سر زمين کيس هر وقت  
 خوش آمديد چوندي. پر منهنجي ڪيتري  
 آجيان ٿي اها به ٻڌو. ذرا ڪن هيڏانهن  
 ڪري غور سان —

ننڊ جڏهين گهڻو تنگ ڪيو تڏهين ميز  
 تي ٿي مٿو رکي سمهي پيس. اڃا چند منٽ  
 مس گذريا ته دروازي کلڻ جو آواز ڪن  
 تائين پهتو ۽ آئون هڪدم سٿو ٿي ويهي  
 رهيس. نه صرف سٿو ٿي ويس پر هڪدم  
 ڪتاب به کڻي ورتو ۽ ظاهر آهي، نظر جو  
 مرڪز ڪتاب جو اهو صفحو هو جيڪو اڳي ئي  
 کليل هو، پر اها ڳالهه قطعي الڳ آهي ته  
 اکرن سان گڏوگڏ ڪتاب به مسلسل گردش  
 ڪندو محسوس ٿيو... پر جڏهين به ٿي منٽ  
 انهيءَ حالت ۾ ويٺي ويٺي ٽڪس ۽ ڪير به  
 اندر نه آيو تڏهين آهستي آهستي سان اکين کي  
 دروازي تائين ڦيرايو ۽ انهيءَ سان گڏ ئي  
 اطمینان جو هڪ غير تسلي بخش شوڪارو  
 خارج ٿي ويو. ڇو ته دروازي کلڻ جو سبب

۽ هن واري ضرور به ضرور ٿيندا ٻون ها، قصو  
 مختصر فيصلو ڪيم ته سيڪنڊ پريڊ نه  
 ڪمي ۽ انهيءَ ڪري ٻنر (Dinner) کان پوءِ  
 فوراً ٻوڙندو J.U.O. وٽ پهچي ويس. پريڊ  
 دوران سمجهڻ جي موڪل وٺڻ لاءِ! سبب ظاهر  
 آهي اهوئي هو ته مٿي ۾ سور آهي...  
 ٽنگون به سخت تڪليف ۾ مبتلا آهن... هٿ  
 لڪڻ کان انڪار ڪري رهيا آهن وغيره، پر  
 J.U.O. جو جواب توقع جي مطابق ئي هو...  
 ڊيڪو نار عمر جهڙو مت بولا ڪرو، آڇ ڏيوئي  
 ماسٽر بهي راؤنڊ ٻر هڻي اور هڻي بهي ڪون؟ مسٽر  
 ... اسه ڪون جواب ڏيکيا... پر حال ڪاميابي حاصل  
 نه ڪري سگهيس ۽ پريڊ لاءِ ويهڻو ئي پيو.  
 پڙهڻ جي بهاني يا ننڊ پڇاڻڻ جي بهاني ڪتاب  
 کڻي اکين اڳيان ڪير پر اکيون کلن ٿي نه  
 پيون. ڪا بهي ٻين کڻي ڪا هيڏانهن هوڏانهن  
 جي لڪڻ جي ڪوشش ڪير ته اهو ٿسي سخت  
 مايوسي ٿي ته ٻين ۾ مس ڪونه هئي. بوريٽ  
 شديد صورت اختيار ڪري چڪي هئي ۽  
 انهيءَ ڪري آخر هڪ فيصلو ڪيم ته ڪير  
 ٿو پڙهي؟ پڙهڻ لاءِ ته سڄو سال پيو آهي!  
 في الحال ته پريڊ کان راجه فرار اختيار ڪري  
 ننڊ جي واديءَ ۾ پناهه وٺجي... ننڊ جي  
 وادي!! ذرا غور ڪيو ته ڪيڏو نه خوبصورت  
 نالو آهي ۽ گڏوگڏ دلچسپ به!! تصور ئي  
 تصور ۾ هڪ اهڙيءَ واديءَ جو منظر ٿو  
 اڀري جتي ڪنهن به قسم جو غم ۽ ٽڪ-  
 گڏ نه ٿو وڃي، ائين ٿو معلوم ٿئي ڇڻ ننڊ جي  
 واديءَ جي سرحدن ۾ قدم رکڻ سان سرحدي  
 محافظ انهيءَ خوش نصيب انسان جي جسم



ڪن شريف چوڪرن ته هاڪي به بطور  
شاھشي جسر تي گھمائي ۽ مان ڪجهه گول  
جي نشي ۾ ۽ زياده مار جي نشي ۾ اهڙو ته  
مدھوش ٿيس جو دنيا و ماڻيها کان بي خبر  
تي ميدان ۾ ڪري پيس ۽ سڄو هائوس نعرا  
هڻندو مون مٿان ئي پڇندو هليو ويو. ڪنهن  
پڙي به نه نمايو ته مان يعني ته انهن جو  
پڇهين ڏي گريٽ ڪيئن نه زمين جو ڏيدار  
ڪري رهيو آهي!

جڏهن هڙو مؤ ٿري ويو تڏهن آئون به  
ڪپڙا چنڊي اٿيس ۽ انهي ئي ميدان تي  
اڳتي لاءِ چڻهين ٿيڻ ۽ انٽر هائوس ڪيڊٽ  
کان توبه ڪير.

ها ته دوستو! اها آهي منهنجي چڻهين  
ٿيڻ جي ڏک ڀري ڪهاڻي ۽ اوهان صاحبن  
کي گذارش آهي ته سڀ ڪجهه آڇو پر چڻهين  
يا انٽر هائوس ٿيڻ ۾ نه آڇو.

## ننڍ جي قيمت

### ڪيڊٽ هڪدم عمر

ڪلاس يارهون

ڪير ته باسڪيٽ بال جو ميچ اکين اڳيان  
گھمڻ لڳو جنهن ۾ مونکي حصو نه وٺڻو  
هو پر ٽيڙ جو خواهان ضرور هئس، ڇاڪاڻ ته  
خود به هڪ باسڪيٽ بال پليئر (Player) ٿيڻ جو  
آرزومند آهيان ۽ شايد ميچ ٽسي ڪجهه سڪي  
وانان ها (اجايا بهم پڇائڻ انهيءَ کي چئبو آهي).  
فرست ڀريپ ته مجبوراً ڪرڻي هئي ڇاڪاڻ  
ته هوم ورڪ نه ڪرڻ جي صورت ۾ سزا ملڻ  
جو انديشو هو. انديشو ڇا پر يقين هو. ڇو  
ته ٻه وارنگون (Warnings) ملي چڪيون هيون

”ننڍ سوريءَ تي به اڇيو وڃي“ - اها  
چوڻي ته شايد اوهان به ٻڌي هجي ۽ شايد  
تجربو به هجي. سوريءَ تي نه به عام ننڍ  
جي باري ۾! هر مونکي ننڍ جي ڪيتري  
قيمت ادا ڪرڻي پيئي؟ اها منهنجي آٽر  
ڪهاڻي ٻڌڻ کان پوءِ ئي اوهان تي آشڪار  
ٿيندي. منهنجي انهيءَ آٽر ڪهاڻيءَ جي ابتدا  
ر انتها هن ريت آهي ...

ٻنپهرن جو ڪوشش جي باوجود سهڻو  
۾ ناڪام رهيس. راندين تي نه وڃڻ جو ارادو



آهي آءُ ۽ گول ڪيپر واندا بيٺا رهياسين.

پر اها وانڊڪائي مهانگي ملي. اچي همراہ منهنجا ڪن کاڌا گهڙي گهڙي پيو چڻي ٿورو هيئن ڪريان ها ته ڪر گول ڪونه ٿئي ها. هيئن آئي ها ته هونئن ئي وڃي ها. اچي ڪن کاڌائين. نيٺ خار ۾ اچي چهر تہ ”مان ڪر چئمپين! هارائڻ پنهنجو مقدر آهي.“ همراہ مڃي ئي نہ پيو. چڻي تہ شرط رک. باغ ڪٽنداسين. آئون بہ وڏي وڃي ويجهو ٿيس ۽ شرط لاءِ هٿ وٺائيم تہ ائين معلوم ٿيو چڻ ڪنهن لٺ هڻي ڪڍي هجي، خبر پيشي تہ اهو بال هو ۽ ڪٿي رکڻ آيو هو، يعني منهنجي پير جي خيريت پڇي ويو هو. پر ٺاڙي حيرت ٿي. هيڏانهن هوڏانهن گهڙي ڪن ڪياسين پر جڏهن ٺٽر تہ وسل جو نالوئي نہ آهي تہ پوءِ تہ آئون بہ بال ساڻ ٽوڪيندو ويس، ڪنهن کي هاڪي واهي ۽ ڪنهن کي قسمت سان گهٽ ڏيندو مطلب تہ وڃي مخالف ٿيم جي گول وٽ پهتس ۽ بال کي ٺڪا ڪرايم شات. سڌو مخالف ٿيم جي گول ۾. هڪ طوفان مڇي ويو، ڪهرام ٻريا ٿي ويو. چڻ تہ قيامت اچي ويئي هجي، سڀ ساڻي ٻوڙندا آيا. ڪنهن مڪ هٽي. ڪنهن هاڪي تہ ڪنهن ٽڪو ٺٽو. مطلب تہ خوب مار کاڌم، پر اهي سڀ پنهنجي طرفان شاباش ڏيئي رهيا هئا.

ٿوري دير کان پوءِ مڇي ختر ٿي. پورو هائوس نعرا هڻندو مون ڏانهن ٽوڪيندو آيو جيئن قتل ڪري ڇڏيندو. هر طرف کان ٽڪا مڪون

تہ مون کان بال پيو چوڪرو ڪسي ويو ۽ اٽڪاءُ جو هاڪي کڻي ڪرايائينس تہ بال خود بخود ٻوڙندو وڃي گول ۾ پيو. شايد بال بہ ٻاهر ٻوڙندي اڪڙي پيو هو ۽ هاڻي خود پنهنجي مرضي سان وڃي اندر پيو هو. نہ تہ جيڪر بال خود نہ چاهي ها تہ ڪنهن کي ايتري طاقت هئي جو هن کي اندر وڃڻ تي مجبور ڪري سگهي. نہ تہ ٻنهي ٿيمن جو حال اهو هو تہ بال الڳ. ٻئي ٻوڙون پاتيون تہ چوڪرا وري ٻئي پاسي پئي ٻوڙيا. مخالف هائوس جي چوڪرن جي فٽرن مون کي بگور ۾ شر ڪري ڇڏيو هو ۽ فائول مٿان فائول پئي آيا. پر شاباش هجي مخالف ٿيم کي جو اها اسان کان بہ وڌيڪ گهڻا ايل هئي. اسان جي هڪ فائول ٿي ڪيو تہ هنن ٿي ئي ڪيا. مطلب تہ هاڪي ڪونه ٿي رهي هئي پر فوٽ بال، ڪرڪيٽ ۽ هاڪي گڏي ڪا نئين گيم ٿي رهي هئي. فائول گهڻا ٿيڻ جي ڪري ٻنهي ريفرين کي ايترا دفعا تہ وسل وڃائي ٿي پيشي جو جيڪڏهن ڪو شخص اڪيون پوري ويهي رکيو وسلون ٻڏي تہ جيڪر ائين سمجهي تہ ٻنهي ريفرين ۾ وسل وڃائڻ جو مقابلو ٿي رهيو آهي.

هڪ گول ٿيڻ کان پوءِ ميدان جي هر طرف ڪوڙ ٿي ڪوڙ ٿي رهيو هو ۽ ائين ئي هاف ٽائيم ٿي ويو.

هاف ٽائيم کان پوءِ اسانجي ٿيم کي ٿورو گهڻو لڪل جوش آيو جنهن جي نتيجي ۾ بال مخالف ٿيم جي هاف ۾ رهڻ لڳو. ظاهر



اها هٿي ته بهرئين ڏينهن جنهن چوڪري کي  
مون هاڪي واهي ڪڍي هٿي اهو ٿيڻ جو  
ڪمپٽن هو ۽ بقول هنجي بٽڪ (Back)  
جي لاءِ مون کان وڌيڪ ٻيو ڪو بندو ماڻ  
مشڪل آهي.

سومر جي ڏينهن اسانجو بهريون ميج هٿو.  
شام جو مون به خوب تيل مالش ڪئي.  
ڏاڏيءَ جون سيڪاريون ڪاميابي حاصل ڪرڻ  
واريون سڀ سورتون پڙهي پنهنجي سيني  
تي شوڪاري ۽ سيمو ٽائي ميدان ڏانهن راهي  
ٿيس. پنهنجي ان بان ڏسي ٻين جي متعلق  
ته چئي نٿو سگهان پر مونکي ائين لڳي  
رهيو هو چڻ آءُ ڪو قلعو فتح ڪرڻ وڃي  
رهيو آهيان.

ميج شروع ٿي. ۱۵ منٽ کن ته بال وچ  
۾ ئي لڪ لڪوڻي ڪيڏندورهيو ۽ آءُ صرف  
ڏسندو رهيس. پر نيٺ وڃي پڪڙيو مانس ۽  
جهڙو ڏنڊو گهمائي شات ٿي هنيم ته اوچتو  
پويان آواز آيو ته ”اڙي او مچر پهلو! چا  
ٿو ڪرين.“ اهو ٻڌندي ئي مونکي باهه ڪڍي  
ويئي ۽ وڙهڻ جو ارادو ڪري نهايت خطرناڪ  
شڪل ٺاهي پويان نهاريم ته اهو ڪهڙو گستاخ  
آهي ته ڪا هاڪي وڃائي ڪڍانس.  
پر هوڏانهن ته مخالف هائوس جا نوي  
چوڪرا قطار ٺاهيو اسانجي ٿيڻ ۽ خاص ڪري  
گول ڪيپر کي دنيا جهان جي لقمي سان  
نوازي رهيا هئا. هوڏانهن وري اسانجي هائوس  
جا چوڪرا مخالف ٿيڻ کي تنگ ڪري  
رهيا هئا آءُ اڃا انهن نظارن ۾ لڳو پيو هوس

ڇڏي ڏيڻ سان لڳو. هر شيءِ جو  
ٻينس گهڻو ڪري پوئتي رهي ڪيو آهي.  
هو اهو سوچي ته جيڪڏهن ڪو اوکو وقت  
آيو ته پوءِ به پڇڻ ۾ آساني ٿيندي، ڪڍي  
ٿيڻ ته آءُ ٻينس ساڻيڻ تي ڪيڏندس. پوءِ  
ٻين ساڻين ڏنڊو ڪڍي پويان وڃي قلعو ڇمايم.  
راند شروع ٿي اڃا ٿوري دير ئي مس گذري  
ته هڪ رانديگر هاڪي کي ڪاٻي ۽ ساڄي  
ٽپائيندو ۽ ان سان گڏو گڏ پاڻ به لڏندو بال  
ان مونڏانهن وڌيو. جسم کي نهايت استائل  
سان ور وڪڙ پئي ڏنائين. چڻ ڪو وڏو  
رانديگر آهي. مونکي به جلال اچي ويو سو  
نڪا ڪير هم نڪا تم نڪا جهلي بال کي  
هاڪي وڃائي ڪڍيم. پر بال جي قسمت زور  
هٿي سو اهو ته هاڪي جي پوڄ کان نڪري  
وڃو پر منهنجي هاڪيءَ ان نوجوان جي مزاج  
پرسِي ضرور ڪئي. اهڙي طرح انهيءَ ڏينهن  
کان ئي مون چئمپين ٿيڻ جي پريڪٽس  
شروع ڪري ڏني. ڪڏهن منهنجي هاڪي  
ٻين جي مزاج پرسِي ٿي ڪئي ته  
ڪڏهن وري ٻين جي هاڪين مونکان حال  
حوال پئي ورتو. آخر ٻن ٽن ڏينهن کان پوءِ  
آخري سليڪشن ٿي. ٿيڻ جا نالا جڏهن نوٽيس  
بورڊ تي لڳا ته منهنجو نالو انهن ۾ شامل  
ڏسي منهنجن دوستن ته وئي ”يا حيرت“  
جو نعرو بلند ڪيو. پنهنجو نالو ٿيڻ ۾ شامل  
ڏسي منهنجو اهو شڪ يقين ۾ بدلجي ويو  
ته آءُ به چئمپين ٿي سگهان ٿو بلڪه آهيان.

پر حقيقت (جنهن جو راز بعد ۾ ڪيو)



ويندا اتم- آخر ڪجهه ڏينهن جي موچڻ  
۽ سينئر ڪيڊٽن جي جوتن (اڙي! هپ!  
سڄي ٻالھ، آخر زبان تي اچي ئي ويندي  
آهي) کانپوءِ اسين به چڱا مڙس ئي وياسين.

الائي ڪهڙي منحوس گهڙي هئي- جنهن  
۾ مون ٻيلي آرٽر ۾ پڙهيو ته هڪ هفتي  
کانپوءِ جونير انٽر هائوس هاڪي چئمپينشپ  
شروع ٿي رهي آهي- هاڪي جي جاگرافي  
کان ته آئون واقف هوس ڇو جو اڃا  
ڪلهوڪي ئي ٻالھ هئي جو چانگا مانگا  
جا به جهنگلي (چوڪرا) هاڪين سان بلڪل  
پنجابي فلمن جي هيرو ۽ ولن وانگر وڙهي  
رهيا هئا ۽ هائوس ماسٽر جي اچڻ تي انهن  
سائين هاڪين سان ئي مار کائي هئا.ون.  
اها به خبر هئي ته آئون به جونير آهيان- پر  
ان ٻالھ کان منهنجا فرشتا به واقف نه هئا ته  
انٽر هائوس ڪهڙي بلا آهي. نيٺ همت  
ڪري هڪ شريف سينئر چوڪري، جنهن  
جي متعلق مونکي پڪ هئي ته اهو سوال  
ٻڌي ٻين وانگر چئي ڪتي مثل ڏاڙهڻ  
ڪونه ٻوڙندو، کان پڇيم ته ڀائي جان! هي  
انٽر هائوس آخر ڪهڙي شي جو نالو آهي-  
وراڻيائين ته سڀني هائوس جي جونير  
چوڪرن جا باغ ۾ مقابلو ٿيندا آهن انهن کي  
انٽر هائوس چئبو آهي ۽ ڪئمڊر هائوس کي  
ٽرافي به ملندي آهي.

هڪ ته اڳيئي ماسٽر ائمڊي ويهندي اهو  
ليڪچر پيا ڏيندا هئا ته راندين ۾ حصو وٺو  
ڇو ته ورزش صحت لاءِ تمام ضروري آهي-

اها ته اوهان کي به خبر هوندي ته هن ٻائي  
ٿوڙ مهنگائي جي زماني ۾ تندرستي لڪ  
نعمت آهي- ٻيو مونکي به اچي رانديگر ٿيڻ  
جو شوق کنيو هو- سو مون به چئمپين ٿيڻ  
جو پڪو ارادو ڪري پنهنجو نالو به کڻي  
ٿيم ۾ ڏنو-

ها ته سائين! ٻئي ڏينهن نوٽيس بورڊ  
تي نالا لکڻ هئا ۽ منهنجو نالو به انهن ۾  
موجود هو- پنهنجو نالو ڏسي خوشي وڃان  
منهنجو سينئر ايترو ته ٿوڪجي ويو جو  
منهنجي قميص جا سڀ ٻيڙا ٽٽي ويا- خوشي  
مان ڪپڙن ۾ نه ماڻجڻ هڪ اصطلاح آهي  
پر اها حقيقت آهي ته خوشي ۾ منهنجا سڀ  
ڪپڙا سوڙها ٿي پيا ۽ آءٌ خوشي ۾ ايترو ته  
پرچي ويس جو! جو!!! ..... بس ائين  
سمجهو ته حرف عام ”اوور“ ٿي ويس-  
هر هڪ کي خوشي مان ٻيو چوان ته ڏس  
”مان به انٽر هائوس ٻيو ڪيڏان- مونکي به  
ٽرافي ملندي مان به چئمپين ٿيندس.“

اها سڄي رات مونکي نندڻ ٿي نه ٻئي  
آئي ۽ ان کي پاسا ورائيندي جيئن ٿيڻ  
ڪري ڪاٿيم- ٻئي ڏينهن صبح جو سوڀر  
سڀني کان اڳ ۾ هاڪي کڻي ميدان ۾  
ٻهڙي ويس- هڪ استاد آيو- ٽيمون ٺاهيندي  
مونکان پڇيائين ته ڪهڙي سائيڊ (Side) تي  
ڪيڏاندين- ٻفينس (Defence) يا فارورڊ  
(Forward) مون اڳي ڪڏهن به هاڪي  
ڪانه ڪيڏي هئي ۽ مونکي ڪهڙي خبر هئي  
ته ٻفينس ڇا ٿيندو ۽ فارورڊ ڇا- پر مڙيئي



ٻي ٽي ٽي ڪنهن ڏينهن نه ويندا هئاسين  
ته حوالدار جي رڙ ٻڌي ائين چرڪ ڀري اٿندا  
هئاسين چرڪ ته ڀرسان به ٿاڻو آهي. جڏهن  
ان تي نظر پوندي هئي ته ڀيرن هيٺان زمين  
نڪري ويندي هئي.

ڪاليج جي بس هينئر مين گيٽ کان  
نڪري رهي هئي. هينئر منهنجي دماغ جي  
پردي تي "The End" لفظ اڀرڻ لڳو. بس هينئر  
روپ تي ٻوڙي پٺيان ڏونهن جون لاٿون  
چڏيندي هر لمهي مونکي ڪاليج کان دور ڪڍي  
ٿي ويئي ۽ انهيءَ ڏونهن جي پٺيان منهنجيون  
ماضيءَ جون حسين يادون رهجي ويون. منهنجي  
اکين مان ٻوڙهن جو سيلاب وهڻ لڳو. شايد  
اهي ٻوڙها ڪاليج کي ڇڏڻ جا هئا يا ...؟

بوڪت مونکي مار ڪيندو هو. مان ٻڃي  
نه سگهندو هو مانس، پر پوءِ اچي "ٽرڪ  
رائيوز" ۽ "رخشا" جي چيٽن سان چيٽائڻ  
روع ڪندو هو مانس. پوءِ هو پاڻ کي ٽرڪ  
رائيوز سمجهي منهنجي پٺيان ڀڄندو هو. پر  
ان کي پڪڙڻ ڪٿي ٿو ڏيان. جڏهن پڪڙي  
سگهندو هو ته چونڊو هو ته نواز اچ ته  
ڦڙي ٿو مار ڏيانءِ جو ياد ڪندين. ۽ مان  
ڇنڊي ٻڄندي هن کان معافي گهرندو هوس  
۽ هو معاف ڪري ڇڏيندو هو. ۽ پوءِ وري  
ساڳيا ڪل خوشيءَ ۾ لڳي ويندا هئاسين. اهي  
ٽي ئي ٻريڊ جا ڏينهن به ته ڏاڍا ياد رهندا.  
حوالدار جنهن کان اسين ائين ڏڪندا هئاسين  
ڇڏڻ ته سڄو پٽو عزرائيل ئي اهو آهي.

## مابذولت به .....

ڪيڊٽ اقبال احمد ميهڙ

ڪلاس يارهون

دل ۾ رکي هتي اچي راز ٿيس. هتي اچڻ  
کان پوءِ مونسان جيڪا ويڏن ٿي، ان کي لفظن  
۾ بيان نه ٿو ڪري سگهجي ۽ نه ئي ڪو  
اهڙو ارادو ائين سمجهو ته هاڻي به جڏهن  
ان جو تصور ڪندو آهيان ته لڳ ڪانڊارجي

گدڙ کي کڻي ڪٺندي آهي ته شهر ڏانهن  
منهن ڪندو آهي. مونکي به ويٺي ويٺي اچي  
ڪا مروڙ ٿي جو ڪيڊٽ ڪاليج ڏانهن رخ  
رکيو. سبب صرف اهو هو ته مونکي به فوجي  
ڀنڀڻ جو شوق اچي جاڳيو هو ۽ اها تمنا



جي آفيس وٽ اسان جي پيشي آڻيندي هئي ۽ ڏکندا ڪندا اچي لائين ۾ بيهندا هئاسين. (اسان سان گڏ ٻيا به چوڪرا هوندا هئا) ۽ پنهنجي واري جو انتظار ڪندا هئاسين ته ڪيڏي مهل تو عزيزايل ٿهراڻي سزا ڏئي. ساڄي پاسي ٺهاريه ته اهو وسيع ڪالي رول نظر آيو جنهن جي پاسي ۾ فزڪس ۽ ڪيمسٽري جون ليبارٽريون هيون هي اهي ئي ليبارٽريون هيون جنهن ۾ اسان ويهي پريڪٽيڪل ڪندا هئاسين. هيٺ مونڪي انهن ليبارٽرين ۾ ڪابه گنجائش نظر نه آئي ۽ مونڪي سچ ٻچ رولٽ اچي ويو. اتان نظر يڪدم ٿهراڻي ساڄي پاسي ڪير ته اهي ڪشادا پارڪ نظر آيا جن جي چوٽاري ڪاڪاري لڳي پئي هوندي هئي. طرح طرح قسمن جا گل نظر ايندا هئا. پر هيٺ مونڪي اهي گل ڪومايل نظر آيا. شايد انهن کي منهن جي وچ ۾ جو افسوس هو. وڏي هڪ گل جي خوشبوءِ سونگهيم ته مونڪي ان ۾ ايتري خوشبوءِ نظر نه آئي جيتري بهريائين هوندي هئي؛ علي چاچا اچي ويو! مان هڪ دفعو وري اچي بس ۾ ويهي رهيس ۽ وري خيالن جو سلسلو ساڳين رستن تي پوڙڻ لڳو. هيٺ مون کي پنهنجي مٿن ۽ پيارن دوستن جي جدائيءَ جو افسوس ٿيڻ لڳو. نور محمد، منير احمد، زاهد ۽ گل محمد لاءِ ته من مانڊو هو. نورمحمد اسان کان هڪ سال اڳ ڪاليج ڇڏي ويو هو. هي اهي دوست هئا جن سان گڏ مون زندگيءَ جا حسين لمحات گذاريا هئا. انهن دوستن سان گڏ ئي مان حيدرآباد پڄي ويندو هوس. واپس اچڻ تي خبر هوندي هئي ته

اسان ٿهري جا ٽالا ٽوٽ ٿي ويا آهن ۽ پوءِ هڪ ٻئي کان صلاح مشورا وٺندا هئاسين! پر سزا سڀني کي گڏ ملندي هئي. هي اهي دوست هئا جن سان مان باسڪيٽ بال کيڏندو هوس ۽ مونڪي راند ۾ پاس ڪونه ڏيندا هئا ۽ چوندا هئا ته تون ”ڏيڏر“ آهين. اسان توکي پاس نه ڏينداسين. پوءِ مونڪي ڪاوڙ ايندي هئي ۽ هنن جي پٺيان هڪڙو لاءِ لڪندو هوس پر هو هڪڙو ڪٿي ٿا ڏين. پڄي ويندا هئا. پوءِ مان ٽڪڙي رسي هنن کان پري وڃي ويهندو هوس ۽ پوءِ مونڪي پڇاڻيندا هئا ۽ منهنجو قصو هڪدم ڪافور ٿي ويندو هو ۽ وري گل خوشيءَ سان راند کيڏڻ لڳندو هوس. ڀلا مان انهن دوستن کي ڪيئن وساريان؟ پر جڏهن هيٺ ڪاليج ڇڏيائون ته سوچان ٿو ته ڪٿي مان زندگيءَ جي مصروفيات ۾ ايترو ته مصروف نه ٿي ويندس جو پنهنجي مٿن دوستن کي وساري ڇڏيان. ڀلا اهي هاسٽل جا ڏينهن به ڪيئن وساريان. لطيف هائوس سان ته مونڪي سچ ٻچ پيار ٿي ويو هو. انهيءَ هائوس ۾ مون سڄا سارا پنج سال گذاريا آهن. اهو عرصو ڪو ٿورو عرصو نه آهي. انهيءَ عرصي ۾ ماڻهو لاءِ ڪٿي جو ڪٿي پهچي سگهي ٿو. انهن پنجن سالن جي دوران مون ڪيئي دوست ٺاهيا ۽ ڪيئي هليا ويا. انهن دوستن مان خادم ۽ شوڪت ته ڏاڍا ياد رهندا. شوڪت اهو دوست هو جيڪو بابيءَ جو پيريل ۽ قد جو ننڍو چچ ته گيندو لڳو پيو هو ۽ مان ڪمزور هن جي اڳيان پاڻ کي ماڪوڙيءَ جي برابر سمجهندو هوس.



هن دنيا ۾ ۱۲ ڪلاسن لاءِ مالتوي ٿي ويو.  
 منهنجي دل کي ٽڪ لڳو ۽ سوچيم ته نواز!  
 ڇا ڪاليج جي وچ ۾ ڪانپوءِ منهنجو وجود  
 ڪاليج مان هميشه لاءِ ختم ٿي ويندو ۽ اهو  
 ڪاليج جنهن ۾ مون زندگيءَ جا ۶ سال گذاريا  
 آهن، مون کي ياد به نه ڪندو. پر نواز سوچ ته  
 پلاپرڊيسين کي ڪير ياد ڪندو، ڪي پرڊيسي  
 ايندا ڪي ويندا ۽ اهو سلسلو ان وقت تائين  
 جاري رهندو جيستائين هن دنيا ۾ ڪاليج  
 قائم آهي. اهو منهنجي ضمير جو آواز هو  
 جنهن مون کي چند لمحن لاءِ مطمئن ڪري  
 ڇڏيو ۽ مان بس کان هيٺ لهي آيس. سامهون  
 اسيمبلي هال جو دروازو هو؛ دل جهلي اندر  
 گهڙي ويس. هي اهوئي هال هو جنهن ۾  
 اسان ويهي فلمون ڏسندا هئاسين، پر اما ڪندا  
 هئاسين، تقريرون ڪندا ۽ ٻڌندا هئاسين. پر  
 جڏهن مون انهيءَ وسيع هال ۾ نظر ٻوڙائي  
 ته مون کي محسوس ٿيو ته هيئنئر هن هال ۾  
 منهنجي لاءِ ڪا به جڳهه ڪانه آهي. اهو هال  
 جنهن ۾ اسان ڇهه سال فلمون، ڊراما، تقريرون  
 ڏسندا گذاريا هئاسين سو به هيئنئر بي وفائي  
 ڪري ويو ۽ مون محسوس ڪيو ته هيءَ  
 ساري ڪائنات جنهن ۾ اسان زندگي گذاري  
 رهيا آهيون سا به هڪ ڏينهن بي وفا ثابت  
 ٿيندي ۽ انسان جو وجود هميشه لاءِ ختم  
 ٿي ويندو اسيمبلي هال کان ٻاهر نڪري  
 آيس. ڪا به پاسي ڏانهن به پرنسپل جي آفيس،  
 Adjutant جي آفيس، برسر جي آفيس ۽ ٻيون  
 ڪيتريون آفيسون هيون. پرنسپل ۽ Adjutant

هئي هئي ۽ وصي صاحب هن کي ڪاليج  
 ۾ ڪيڊرائٽ جي ڌڪي ڏني هئي ۽ آخر  
 نظاماڻيءَ مون کان معافي ورتي هئي ته ادا  
 ڪر مون کي معاف ڪر مون توکي غلطيءَ ۾  
 لڪي هئي هئي. اڳتي ائين نه ڪندس. ۽  
 مون هن کي معاف ڪري ڇڏيو هو. اهڙيءَ  
 طرح کل خوشيءَ ۾ اسان ستون ڪلاس پاس  
 ڪيو هو. امتحان کان پوءِ ڇوڪرا ڇڙواڳ  
 ٿي ويا هئا. ڪي جناح ۽ ايوب ۾ ته ڪي  
 لطيف ۽ اقبال ۾ پنهنجي يادين جي سهاري  
 رهن ٿا هئا. مان ائين ڪلاس ۾ لطيف هائوس  
 ۽ هليو ويو هئس. ائين ڪلاس ۾ مان پنهنجا  
 نوان دوست ٺاهيا. نظاماڻي، شوڪت، خادم،  
 خورشيد ۽ صفائي الله مون سان گڏ هئا. جن مان  
 صفائي الله ۽ خورشيد ائين ڪلاس ڪانپوءِ ڪاليج  
 ڇڏي ويا. مون کي اهو وقت به ياد هو جڏهن  
 مون طارق کي ڏاڍي مار ڏني هئي. هن مون کي  
 سولجر چيو هو (جيڪا منهنجي ڇڙ هئي).  
 پوءِ هو ادا وقت داننن کڻي ويو (جيڪو ان وقت  
 لطيف هائوس ۾ هو) جنهن مون کي ڏاڍا ڊڙڪا  
 ڏنا هئا، اهڙيءَ طرح انون ڪلاس به پاس  
 ڪيوسين

ڪاليج بس هيئنئر اسيمبلي هال جي  
 سامهون اچي بيٺي. منهنجي خيالن جو سلسلو  
 هلندڙ فلم جي ريل وانگر ٽٽي پيو. ان وقت  
 سچ پنهنجو آخري جلوه ڏيکاري ڪوه پيڪر  
 جملن جي پٺيان لڪڻ جي ڪوشش ڪري  
 رهيو هو ۽ ٿوريءَ دير کانپوءِ هو پاڻ کي  
 ڪاٺ ۾ ڪامياب ٿي ويو ۽ ان جو تصور



# ”ماضيء جون يادون“

ڪيڊٽ محمد نواز بنگهيو

ڪلاس ٻارهون

ڪاليج بس تيار ٿي هئي. چوڪر سان گڏ مان به ڪاليج بس ۾ سامان رکي هيٺ لهي بيٺس ۽ پنهنجن دوستن کي گلي ملي الوداع ڪري رهيو هوس. ڪنهن به چوڪري جي چهر تي پهرين جهڙي مڪ ۽ شوخي ڪانه هئي. سڀ چوڪرا اداس آيا بيٺا هئا اڄ ڪاليج ۾ اسان جو آخري وقت هو. ڇهن سالن جي طويل عرصي کانپوءِ اڄ اسان هميشه لاءِ هن ڪاليج کي الوداع ڪري رهيا هئاسين. منهنجي ضمير نٿل دل کي ڪجهه همت ڏني ته نواز، هي ڪاليج هڪ سراءِ مثل آهي. هن سراءِ ۾ ڪيترا مسافر ايندا ۽ ويندا. هيئنتر تنهنجو وارو آهي، تون به هيئنتر هن سراءِ کي الوداع چئي رهيو آهين. ان وقت مونکي زندگيءَ ۾ پوريون دفعو احساس ٿيو ته هن دنيا ۾ هر هڪ ماڻهو هڪ مسافر جي حيثيت رکي ٿو ۽ هيءَ دنيا ننڍن ننڍن سراءِ خانن ۾ ورهايل آهي. پوءِ انسان ويچارو ڪڏهن ڪنهن مسافر خاني ۾ ته ڪڏهن ڪنهن مسافر

خاني ۾ پيو پنهنجيءَ زندگيءَ جا ڏينهن ڏياري. هن دنيا ۾ انسان کي مسافر کان وڌيڪ ڪا حيثيت نٿي ڏني وڃي. علي چاچا رڙ ڪري چيو ”پاڻي جاڏي ڪرو بس ۾ بيٺ جاڙ“ مان پنهنجا لڙڪ اگهي اچي بس جي وٺين سميت تي وينس ۽ بس آهستي آهستي هائوسن کان دور ٿيڻ لڳي. منهنجي ماضيءَ جون منڙيون يادون آهستي آهستي دماغ جي پردي تي اچڻ لڳيون مونکي اهو وقت ياد آيو جڏهن مان ستين ڪلاس ۾ هن ڪاليج ۾ داخل ٿي رهيو هئي ۽ ان وقت مان ڪيترو نه ننڍو هوس ۽ هيئنتر هڪ نوجوان جي حيثيت سان قوم ۽ ملت جون ذميداريون هٿ ۾ کڻي ڪاليج کي الوداع چئي رهيو آهيان. مونکي اهو وقت ياد اچڻ لڳو جڏهن ستين ڪلاس ۾ پنهنجون ڇٽن جي لبراميتري ۾ رهندا هئاسين ۽ هڪ ٻئي سان وڙهندا ڪلندا رهندا هئاسين. مونکي اهو وقت به چڱيءَ طرح ياد هو، جڏهن نظاماڻيءَ هاڪيءَ جي فيلڊ ۾ مونکي هاڪي



اهي زخم منهنجي پنهنجي هٿان رسي رهيا هئا. پر آءٌ بيوس هوس.

ان وقت آسمان کي ڪڪرن جي فوج گهرو ڪري چڪي هئي. هتي اهو مذاق آهي جو سياري ۾ گهڻو ڪري آسمان ڪڪرن سان چانيل رهندو آهي ۽ اونڀاري ۾ وري پنهنجن جي وقت لڪ جي ڪري ويران گسن وانگر اداس ۽ خالي خالي هوندو آهي.

وڻن کان پٺيان پري پري زمين ۽ آسمان جي سنگم وٽ سورج ديوتا پنهنجي سونوري رت تي سوار ٿي زمين کي پنهنجو درشن ڏيڻ جا سانبها ڪري رهيو هو.

سج پنهنجي سون جي هيڊاڻ ۽ گلاب جي پاڙهاڻ مليل روشني سڄي ڪڪرن تي اوتي ڇڏي. مونکي ائين لڳو چڻ اهي ساڳيا ڪڪر مڪي جي سورمن جي شهادت وقت اتي موجود هئا ۽ انهن آزادي جي پروانن جو مقدس رت پنهنجي منهن کي مڪي سنڌڙي جي انهن عظيم سپوتن جي عظيم قرباني جي هر هنڌ شاهدي ڏيندا ۽ اسان جهڙن بزدلن کي سندن تقليد ڪرڻ جي ترغيب ڏيندا پيا وٺن.

هڪدم اسانکي ڪاشن مليو: ”اينشن“ - اسانجا قدم هر آهنگي سان هوائي اڏي تي گونجيا. مونکي انهن جي گونج ۾ هڪ ٻيو به آواز ٻڌڻ ۾ آيو: ”مان هاڻي خوش آهيان.“

پس شڪارين جو قبضو ٿي ويو ته پوءِ هو باغ ڪٿي شڪار ڪيڏي سگهندا. هنن انهيءَ سوني جهرڪي جي حفاظت ان ڪري نه ٿي ڪئي ته اها سڪ جو ساهه کڻي سگهي پر ان ڪري ته ان سوني جهرڪي کي صرف هو خود چيپائي سگهن ۽ ٻين کي ان ڏانهن اک کڻي ڏسڻ جي به جرات نه ٿي سگهي. اهي ڏاڙيل هر ڳالهه کي ذاتي نفعي نقصان جي نقطئه نگاهه سان ڏسڻ جا عادي آهن جنهن جو تازه ترين ثبوت سندن ڏڪڻ آمريڪا جي گوري نسل پرست حڪومت کي هٿيارن مهيا ڪرڻ جو فيصلو آهي.

هي اهڙي هوائي اڏو آهي جنهن تان هوائي جهاز اڏامي مڪي جي ٻيلي ۾ آزادي لاءِ هٿيار کڻندڙ پروانن تي بمباري ڪندا هئا.

مون هوائي اڏي کان پڇيو ته توکي اسانجا گونجندڙ قدم تڪليف نه ڪونه ٿا رسائين. ورائيائين ته اهي ته مونکي راحت ٿا رسائين. انهن جي مضبوطي مان مستقبل جي معمارن جي ثابت قدمي بکي رهي آهي. تڪليف ته مونکي ان وقت پهچندي هئي جڏهن هٿان کان هوائي جهاز اڏامي مڪي جي ٻيلي تي وڃي بمباري ڪندا هئا. جسم جي هڪ حصي کي ايڏاڻ پھچي ته ٻيا عضوا به اها تڪليف محسوس ڪندا آهن. پر منهنجي تڪليف ته ٻيڻي هئي ڇو ته وطن عزيز کي



پوري صلاحيت صرف ڪندي انهن پنهي کي  
به گوهي ڏاي ۽ گول وقت پهچي ويو. هو  
بس هاڻي صرف بال کي گول ڏانهن اچلائڻ  
رهجي ويو هو. ٻاهر ويٺل ناظرين انهيءَ ٽريل  
مالت کي نهايت دلچسپي سان ڏسي رهيا  
هئا. انهن کي صرف گول جي سڀني جو  
انتظار هو. ڪيپٽان بال کي گول جي طرف

اچلائڻ لاءِ هاڪي مٿي ڪٽي. گول باڪل خالي  
هو پر گول تيسر کان اڳي ئي راند ختم ٿيڻ  
جي سڀني تي ويٺي. ڪيپٽان چڻ ته بدمواس  
ٿي ويو. راند ختم ٿي وئي. سڀئي پنهنجن  
پنهنجن هائوسن ڏانهن هليا ويا پر هو اتي  
بيٺو رهيو. ڪاش ڪوئي هن کان ماڇي ها  
هن جي دل ۾ گول ڪرڻ جي ڪيتري آرزو هئي!

## پيٽاري جو خاموش هوائي اڏو

ڪيڊٽ خالد عمر ڀليجو

ڪلاس ٻارهون

پيٽاري جو هوائي اڏو ۽ خاموش! هوائي  
اڏا خاموش ته نه هوندا آهن. انهن تي ته  
هر وقت هوائي جهازن جون سينٽيون گونجنديون  
رهنديون آهن. هوائي اڏو ۽ چپ ۽ سنسان؟؟

جي! اها ڳالھ، بلڪل صحيح آهي. هتي  
هڪ هوائي اڏو آهي جيڪو بي هواپاري  
جنگ جي زماني ۾ ٺهيو هو. ان وقت اسان  
جي ٽرتي ماتا تي واپاري ڏاڙيلن جو قبضو  
هو. هنن اهو هوائي اڏو جاپان جي متوقع  
حملي کان بچاءَ خاطر ٺاهيو هو. بظاهر هي  
هڪ معقول سبب آهي پر ان ۾ به هنن  
واپاري ڏاڙيلن جو نفعو لڪل هو. هنن ڏٺو  
ٿي ته جيڪڏهن سندن هن شڪار گاهه تي

صبح جو وقت هو. وچ سياري جي ٽڏي  
هوا منهنجي گرم جرسی ۾ ٺنڱ ڪري  
مونکي ڪنير تي مجبور ڪري رهي هئي.  
اسانجا قدم پيٽاري جي خاموش هوائي اڏي  
تي گونجي رهيا هئا.

”توهان عجب ۾ ڇو پئجي ويا آهيو!“

”هوائي اڏو؟ پيٽاري جو؟ خاموش؟؟؟“

جي ها! ان پيٽاري جو هوائي اڏو جتي  
قوم جو گرم خون ملڪ ۽ ملت جون واپون  
سنپالڻ جي سکيا وٺي رهيو آهي. ان پيٽاري  
جو جنهنجي ذري ذري ۾ جوش ۽ جذبو ۽  
چهي چهي ۾ گوڙ ۽ گهمسان آهي.



سان لڳو تڏهن کيس هوش آيو ۽ هن هڪدم سڀني وڃائيندي گول ٽيپ جو اعلان ڪيو. گول جي سڀني سان ميدان جي ٻاهر ويٺل بي اختيار پنهن جي پنهن جي جڳهن تي ائين اڇليا جڙ ته ڪنهن شاڪ جو جهٽڪو هنيو آڻن. هڪ دفعو ٻيهر ميدان تازين ۽ نعرن سان گونججي ويو. جنهن ٽيم گول ڪيو هو تن وري خوشي وڃان پنهنجيون هاڪيون ڪڍي مٿي آسمان ڏانهن اڇلايون. هڪ ٻئي کي ڪڍي پاڪر وڌائون. پر ڪنهن کي به خبر ڪانه هئي ته گول ڪنهن ڪيو آهي جو ڪڍي شايس جا به هٿ ئي ان کي هڻن.

هاڻي مخالف ٽيم جي حالت ڏانهن نهاريو. ناڪامي ۽ شڪست جي خوف کان انهن جا چورا ٻيلا ٿي ويا آهن. شرم کان انهن جا ڪنڌ هيٺ جهڪي ويا. مگر چوڄو گول ڏاندلي جو هو تنهن ڪري هو دل ۾ ڪنهن حد تائين مطمئن هئا.

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هاف ٽائيم کان پوءِ ٽيمون نئين جوش ۽ جذبي سان ميدان ۾ داخل ٿين ٿيون. جنهن ٽيم جي هٿان هڪ گول ٿيو هو ان ٽيم جا ارادا خطرناڪ نظر ٻيا اچن. راند شروع ٿي ٽسندي ٽسندي ڌڙا ڌڙا به گول ٿي ويا. اهي به گول ان ٽيم ڪيا هئا جنهن جي مٿان هڪ گول اڳ ٿي چڪو هو.

اهڙن مقابلي جو آخري وقت ٽسڻ وٺان هوندو آهي. جيڪا ٽيم هارائيندي آهي، تنهن کان وري ڪيڏن بلڪل وسري ويندو آهي.

اهي جيڪي Sportsman Spirit جا نعرا هڻندا وٽندا آهن تن کان ان وقت انهيءَ جو مطلب ئي وسري ويندو آهي. جڙ ته هي مقابلو هڪ ٻئي کي ماري ۽ زخمي ڪرڻ واسطي ئي ڪيا ويندا آهن. راند ختم ٿيڻ تي ڪٽر واري ٽيم جا چورا خوشي وڃان ڇمڪندا آهن. هائوس جي چوڪرن جا نعرا ٻين سڀني آوازن کي جذب ڪريو ڇڏين. ٽيم جي فتح اصل ۾ انهن جي فتح هوندي آهي. انهن جي اها فتح هائوسن جو نالو روشن ڪندي آهي ۽ فتح ۽ ڪاهرائي جو جلوس پنهن جي هائوسن تائين نچندو ۽ ٻڌائيندو ويندو آهي. هارائيندڙ ٽيم جا ڪيڏندڙ وري هارائڻ جو الزام هڪ ٻئي تي هڻندا آهن. ڪوبه پنهنجي غلطي هڻڻ لاءِ تيار نه هوندو آهي. اها ٽيم جڏهن پنهن جي هائوس پهچندي آهي تڏهن وري هائوس جا چوڪرا کين اهڙي نگاهه سان ڏسندا آهن ته بس هاڻي اکر وس ٻڃين ته انهن کي ڪچوئي کائي ڇڏين ۽ ان وقت ٽيم جي چوڪرن جو اهو جواب هوندو آهي ته ”بس يار قسمت خراب هئي.“

هاڪي جي هن مقابلي ۾ به ڪجهه اهڙي ئي قسم جو واقعو ٿيو. راند پنهن جي آخري مرحلي ۾ پهچڻ واري هئي. راند ختم ٿيڻ ۾ باقي ٿورو وقت بچيو هو. هڪ گول سان اڃان تائين هارڻ واري ٽيم جو ڪپتان ڪوهيون ڏيندو بال سميت مخالف ٽيم جي گول وٽ پهچي ويو هو. بس ان جي اڳيان هڪ گول ڪيپر ۽ فل بيڪ هو. هن پنهنجي



ڪي Buck up ڪرڻ بيٺا آهن.

وڃڻ چا هو، سڀئي شينهن وانگر بال ڏانهن  
وڌيا، جڙ ته هاڻي بس بال کي کيسي ۾ وجهي  
وڃي گول ڪري ايندا. پر اهو سندن وس ۾  
ڪونه هو.

هر ڪنهن پنهنجون پوريون صلاحيتون  
راند ۾ صرف ڪري ڇڏيون. جيڪي ڇوڪرا  
راند ڪرڻ ڄاڻن پيا تن ته خوبصورت راند پيش  
ڪئي ۽ جيڪي اڻ ڄاڻ هئا سي وري ڏسڻ  
وٽان هئا. بال کي هڪ طرف کڻي وڃڻ چاهين  
پيا ته بال وري ڪنهن ٻئي طرف پيو وڃي.  
پر تنهن هوندي به راند پوري جوش و خروش  
سان هلي پئي. فائول بي حساب پيا آهن.  
ٻئي ٽيمون اڃان تائين برابر پيون وڃن.  
ڪا ٽيم به گول ڪرڻ ۾ اڃا تائين ڪامياب  
نه ٿي آهي. ايتري ۾ راند جو پاسو ئي بدلجي  
ويو. هڪ ٽيم پنهنجي مخالف ٽيم تي اڇانڪ  
غير متوقع ۽ پرپور حملو ڪري ڏنو ۽ ڏسندي  
ڏسندي بال ”بي“ ۾ پهچي ويو. هاڻي ته  
سڄي راند ”بي“ ۾ ئي پيئي ٿي. سڀ  
ڪيڏندڙ ”بي“ ۾ پهچي ويا. هاڻي ته ڇوڪرن  
کي هاڪيءَ سان ڪيڏڻ ئي وسري ويو. پنهن  
جي پيرن سان بال کي هيڏانهن هوڏانهن  
اڇلائڻ جي ڪوشش ۾ پورا ئي ويا. انهيءَ  
موقعي تي شايد ريفريءَ کي ڪجهه نظر نه  
ٿي آيو يا وري هو خود ايترو گهٽ ڄاڻي ويو  
هو سو ڪوبه فائول ڪونه ٿي ڏنائين. آخر  
ڪنهن جي پير سان بال لڳي جڏهن گول  
لائين پار ڪري وڃي اچي ڪان جي پئي

ميدان ۾ ٻن هائوسن جون ٽيمون داخل  
ٿيڻ تي آهن. جيئن جيئن ٽيمون ميدان ۾ داخل  
ٿين ٽيمون، هر طرف تازيون ۽ نعرا بلند ٿي  
وڃن ٿا. ٽيمن جا ڇوڪرا پاڻ کي Warm up  
ڪرڻ جي ڪوشش ۾ ڪڏهن ته پڇي رهيا  
آهن ۽ ڪڏهن هيٺ مٿي ٿيا ڏيئي رهيا  
آهن. ڪن ته وري باقاعده P.T. شروع ڪري  
ڏني آهي. جڙ ته ڪيڏڻ نه پر صرف P.T. ڪرڻ  
آيا آهن. گول ڪيپر به پاڻ کي پيڊن سان  
محموظ ڪري اچي گول وٽ بيٺو آهي. هر  
ڪيڏندڙ پنهنجي پنهنجي هاڪي سنڀاليندي  
واري واري ڪينوڙي کي گول ڏانهن هڻي  
رهيو آهي. گول ڪيپر پنهنجي ڇي پوري  
ڪوشش ڪري رهيو آهي ته جيئن ڪو به  
بال گول جي اندر وڃي نه سگهي. مگر ويڇاري  
کي پنهنجي هن ڪوشش ۾ گهڻي حد تائين  
ناڪاميابي ٿي آهي. بال جڏهن گولي جي  
ٽيزيءَ وانگر گول ڏانهن اچي ٿو ته سندس  
وايون بتال ٿيو وڃن. ايتري ۾ ريفري جي  
ٽيز سڀئي سڀني جو ڌيان پاڻ جي طرف  
ڪري ٿي ڇڏي. ٻنهي ٽيمن جا ڪيپٽن  
جيڪي عام زندگيءَ ۾ هڪ ٻئي جا جگري  
يار آهن، هڪ ٻئي ڏانهن وڌن ٿا. يارن جي  
ياري ۾ به انٽر هائوس مقابلي وقتي طور سان  
نفرت پري ڇڏي آهي. بظاهر ته سندن چهري  
تي مسڪراهن آهي پر اکين ۾ بلا جي نفرت.

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ضروري ڳالهين کانپوءِ ريفريءَ جي ٻي  
سڀني تي راند شروع ٿي وڃي ٿي. سڀني جو



بغير ڪجهه چوڻ جي اڳتي وڌي ويو.

توهان کي حيرانگي ته ضرور ٿي هوندي ته هي سڀڃا آهي. هي استاد جيڪو ڪجهه دير اڳ ڪنهن شهنشاھ جي حيثيت ۾ اسان جي اڳيان هو، سو هاڻي هڪ ڀڳل ٻليءَ جي روپ ۾ چو تبديل ٿي ويو ۽ ان جا ساڻي جيڪي سڪندر اعظم جي فوج جا سپاهي ٻڻي لڳا سي هڪدم ڀڳي چو ويا. اصل ۾ هي سڀ ته اسان جي ڪاليج جي هڪ هائوس جا چوڪرا هئا جيڪي سڀاڻي جي انٽر هائوس هاڪي ميچ جي باري ۾ لائٽس آف (Lights off) کان پوءِ مشورو ڪري رهيا هئا. استاد جيڪو ڪنهن سردار جي روپ ۾ اسان جي اڳيان هو سو ٿير جي ڪپتان جي حيثيت رکي ٿو.

هر طرف شور و غل جي فضا آهي. هر هڪ جي ڪوشش آهي ته هو هن ڳالهه ۾ سڀ کان وڌيڪ حصو وٺي. زنده باد ۽ مرد باد جا نعرا بلند ٿي رهيا آهن. اهي جيڪي ڪجهه دير اڳ ڊگر جي دوست هئا، هڪ ٻئي جا دشمن ٿي پيا آهن. هر ڪو پنهنجن جي ننڍي توڙي وڏي جي شان ۾ نعرا هڻي رهيو آهي جونيئر ۽ سينيئر (Juniors & Seniors) جو امتياز بلڪل ختم ٿي ويو آهي keep it up Buck up چئي چئي انهن جا ڳلا ويهي رهيا آهن. پر شاباس آهي انهن جي جذبي کي جو هر شيءِ کان بي نياز ٿي پنهنجي پنهنجي هائوسن

عمر ٽيندي ٻڻي ويٺي. شايد انهيءَ ڪري جو سڀاڻي انهن جو مقابلو ڪنهن خطرناڪ دشمن سان هو. ايتري ۾ هڪ ٻئي ساڻي اٿي چيو ته ”استاد، هڪ ٻي ترڪيب ذهن ۾ آئي آهي.“ استاد وڏي رعب ۽ جلال سان پنهنجي مڇن کي تاڻ ڏيندي چيو ته ”جلد ڪر وري ڪهڙي ترڪيب آهي.“ ”سائين! اگر اسان رات جي اونداهه ۾ وڃي دشمن جي ڪپتان کي زخمي ڪري اچون ته ان صورت ۾ هو سڀاڻي ميدان ۾ اچي ڪونه سگهندو ۽ پوءِ ته اسان جي فتح يقيني آهي.“

اڃا ايترو چئي پنهنجي ڳالهه ختم مس ڪئي هئائين ته دروازي تي ڪم ڪم جو آواز ٻڌڻ ۾ آيو. آواز جو دروازي تي ٽيٽ هو ته انهن مان هڪ چئي پنهنجن طرف جي دري کولي ۽ باقي چڱا هڪ هڪ ڪري دريءَ مان ٽپي ٻاهر نڪري ويا. صرف استاد ڪمري ۾ رهجي ويو. هن ڪمري جي بتي آهستگيءَ سان گل ڪئي ۽ اڪيون مهنڙي دروازو کوليائين. ”هتي ڇا پيو ٿئي؟“ هڪ باوقار ۽ رعبدار آواز استاد کان سوال ڪيو.

”سائين ..... سائين ڪجهه به ڪونه مان ته سمهيو پيو هوس. توهان جي ڪڙڪائڻ جي آواز تي اڪ ڪلي ٻڻي اٿم.“

استاد اهڙي ته انداز سان ورائي ڏني جڙ وڻڻارو صدين کان مٺي ننڊ ۾ ستل هو. استاد جي چهري تي معصوميت ۽ گفتار ۾ عاجز ڏسي شايد اچڻ واري کي رحم اچي ويو ۽



## مقابلو

ڪيڊٽ پرويز احمد ميمڻ

ڪلاس ٻارهون

هي هڪ ننڍڙو ڪمرو هو جنهن ۾ ڪل ٻارنهن ڇٽان ويٺل هئا. جيتوڻيڪ سخت گرمين جي موسم هئي. جولائي جون آخري تاريخون هيون. ٻاهر هوا بلڪل بند هئي. گرميءَ جي شدت ڪري ڪانءَ جي اک ٻٽي نڪتي. پر هن ڪمري جون ٻيون دريون ۽ دروازا اهڙي طرح بند هئا جيئن ڪنهن ظالم ۽ جابر بادشاهه جي حملي جو ٻڌي شهري پنهنجي گهرن جا در ۽ دروازا بند ڪري ڇڏيندا هئا.

سڀئي ڇٽان ڪنهن گهريءَ سوچ ۾ ٻڌل ٻيا نظر اچن. هر هڪ جي چهري مان ائين پيو معلوم ٿئي ڇڻ ملڪ جا ٻارا اچي سندن نازڪ ڪلهن تي پيا آهن. ڪمري جي ڪنڊ تي ٻيل ٽيبل ليمپ جي هڪي ۽ زرد روشني سندن چهري کي وڌيڪ فڪر مند ۽ پريشان بڻائي ڇڏيو آهي. رات جا ٻارنهن ٿي رهيا آهن. ڪمري ۾ انهن جي ساهه ڪٽڪٽ کان سواءِ ڪو ٻيو آواز ڪونه ٿو ٻٽڻ ۾ اچي. اڃانڪ انهن جي ساٿين مان هڪ ڇٽي هن خاموشيءَ جي اٿاهه سمند کي

ٽوڙيندي چيو ”اسان جي فتح جي صورت صرف ان ۾ ئي سگهي ٿي ته“..... هن اڃان ايترو مس چيو هو ته سڀني جون بيتاب نظرون بي چيني سان ڳالهائيندڙ جي طرف ڪڇي ويون. سڀني جي اکين ۾ هڪ ئي التجا هئي ته استاد جلد ڪر هاڻ اسان کان هن دوزخ ۾ وڌيڪ نٿو ويهڻ ٿئي. استاد جيڪو انهن سڀني کان تڪڙو ۽ منارو ٻٽي لڳو، شايد انهن جي اکين جي بي تالبي سمجهي ويو ۽ پنهنجي چهري تي مسڪراھت آڻيندي پنهنجي جا چپ کوليائين ”اگر اسان ميدان ۾ دشمن تي پنهنجي پوري طاقت سان اڃانڪ ۽ غير متوقع حملو ڪيون ته شايد اسان کي پنهنجي مقصد ۾ ڪاميابي ٿئي.“ اها ڳالهه شايد سڀني جي دل سان لڳي ۽ سڀني يڪ زبان ٿي چيو ته ”ائين ئي ٿيندو“.

ان کان پوءِ استاد پنهنجي ساٿين کي پنهنجي پروگرام جي باري ۾ ٻڌائڻ شروع ڪيو. جيئن جيئن هو اڳتي ٻٽي وڌيو تيئن تيئن ان جي ساٿين جي چهري تان مسڪراھت



ستين ڪلاس ۾ هئاسين. اهائي لياقت هائوس جي اينٽي روم هجي جنهن ۾ ۲۵ چٽا گڏ هندا هئاسين. اسپتال جي بسترن وانگر اسان جي بسترن جي به لائين لڳل هوندي هئي. اهو حال اسانجي هڪ ننڍڙي دنيا هئي جنهن ۾ ڪنهن مهل وڙهندا هئاسين ته ڪنهن مهل وري گامدا هئاسين. اهو ڏينهن به بلڪل چٽيءَ طرح ياد اٿم جڏهن آئون ۽ خادم هڪ بٿي جا بسترا شرارتاً خراب ڪري رهيا هئاسين ته اسانجو (Prefect) پرفيڪٽ اچي ويو هو ۽ اسانکي ايڪسٽرا ٻارل ڏني هئائين. رمضان جو مهينو هو پر آئون روزي ۾ ڪونه هوس. پر خادم جيڪو روزي ۾ هو سو جلد ئي بيهوش ٿي ڪري پيو. پرفيڪٽ صاحب به ڏاڍو گهٻرائجي ويو جو کيس پنهنجي جان جو بچ لڳو. انهيءَ افراتفري ۾ آئون فائدي ۾ رهجي ويس جو ايڪسٽرا ٻارل کان جلد ئي جان چٽي ويئي.

هڪ ڏينهن ڪاليج کان موٽي رهيا هئاسين ته آئون ۽ پرويز ڪنهن ڳالهه تي اٽڪي پياسين. سڀ ڪلاسي تماشاڻي بنجي بيهي رهيا ۽ اسانجي ويڙهه مان لطف اندوز ٿيڻ لڳا. ڪير به اسانکي وڙهه کان چڏائي نه پيو. آخر جڏهن وڙهي وڙهي ٿڪاسين تڏهن مجبوراً خودبختوڻ بس ڪئي سين. پر اسانجا ڪلاسي وري انهيءَ ڳالهه تي به اٽڪليون ڪرڻ لڳا... پيا به اهڙا دلچسپ ڪيترا واقعا لکان. پيٽارو ۾ ڇهن سالن ۾ اهڙا واقعا ته لکن جي حساب ۾ ٿيا هوندا جيڪي اڄ دل کي دکائي رهيا آهن. سوچيم، ان کان ته بهتر هو ته ڪاليج

۾ اچان ئي نه ها ته پيٽارو لاءِ هيڏو درد ڪٿان پيدا ٿئي ها؟ دل جي جذبات ايتريون وڏيون چوليون نه هجن ها. پيٽاري جو ڪهڙو قدر هجي ها.

پيٽارو ۾ اسان پنهنجو وارو وڃائي چڪاسين. آخر اقبال، عمر ۽ عبدالرحيم جن جي اڳتي اچڻ لاءِ به ته جڳهه خالي ڪرڻي آهي. صبحاڻي پيٽارو چڏڻ سان گڏ پونگڙ ۽ قيصر کي به الوداع چوڻو پوندو. شعير جهڙي پارٽنر سان گڏ رهڻ لاءِ به چند گهوڙيون وڃي بچيون آهن. صبحاڻي هرڪو جدا جدا پيچرن تان پنهنجي منڙن ڏانهن راهي ٿيندو. پر هي يادون؟ ها اهي يادون ته زندگيءَ جي هر لمحي گڏ رهنديون. ايترو بيوفيا به نه آهن ان جو جلد ئي سڀ ڪجهه وساري ڇڏيان.

اڄ ته قلم روڪڻ سان به نه پيو رکي. دل چوي ٿي ته پيٽارو کي چڏڻ تي هڪ وڏو فرياد ويهي لکان. پر - پر مونکي ته هاڻي ايترو به وقت ئي ڪونهي. صبحاڻي وڃڻ لاءِ تيار ٿي رهيا آهي!! ها تيار ٿي رهيا آهي سوچي آئون اسٽيڊيم تان آيس ۽ هائوس طرف هلڻ لڳس ۽ شاهه صاحب جا هي به بيت دماغ تي چڙهڻوڙا وسائي رهيا هئا.

۱- جر تي ٿوڻو چئن لهرن لڳي اڏ ٿئي تون بچ آهين تڻ دنيا ۾ ڪو ڏينهو ٿو.

۲- فاني ڙي فاني دنيا ۾ نه هيڪڙو لٽي لوڙهه لٽن سين جوڙيندءِ جاني ڪوڏر ۽ ڪاني آهي سر سڀ ڪهين.



ڏسي وٺ. وري خبر نه آهي ته اهي نظارا نظر به ايندا يا هميشه لاءِ انهن جي آرزو ئي دل ۾ رهجي ويندي.

پرسن ڏنڻ ته ٻول جي بيٺل پاڻيءَ ۾ نهايت خاموش لهرون، هڪ چيڙي کان اڻي ٻئي چيڙي سان ٽڪرجي پنهنجو وجود ختم ڪري ٿي وينديون. ٻول تي ٻرندڙ بلب جي هلڪي هلڪي روشني انهيءَ نظاري کي وڌيڪ ٻرڪشش بنائي رهي هئي. آئون انهيءَ نظاري ۾ ئي مٽو هوس ته اوچتو راند کيڏڻ وارن گرائونڊن تان ڪنهن ڪتي جي ڀونڪ ٻڌي نظرون ان طرف ڪڍي ويون. جتي انڊيرو چانيل هو ۽ ڪجهه به ڏسڻ ۾ نه پئي آيو. سوچيم ته اهي ئي ميدان جن جي چيڙي چيڙي کي پنهنجن پيرن سان لتاڙيو هيم سي وري ڪڏهن به پنهنجو جي آغوش ۾ کيڏڻ ڪڏهن نه ڏيندم. ميدانن جي پريان نظر ايندڙ هلڪي هلڪي روشني بيمتارو ڳوٺ جي وجود جي شاهدي ڏيئي رهي هئي. ڪيترو نه مزيدار نظارو هو. ڪاش آئون اهو نظارو ڏسندو ئي رهان ها پر وقت جي ڪميءَ سبب نظرون ٿيرائي گراسي فيلڊ ڏانهن ڪيم ته اتي به هر هنڌ پنهنجي قدم جا نشان نظر آيا. پر وري سوچيم ته اهي به جلد ئي مٽي ويندا. اهي راتيون ياد اچڻ لڳيون جڏهن فضل ۽ ٻين دوستن سان گڏ چانڊوڪي راتين ۾ اسان انهيءَ ئي لان تي ويهي ڪچوري ڪندا هئاسين ۽ پوءِ جڏهن منگي صاحب جي گهر ڏانهن نهاريم ته دل ۾ خيال آيو ته هاڻي ته ڪائس به موڪلائڻو آهي. سنڌيءَ جو به

پيريد وري ڪڏهن نه ٿيندو سندس پيار پريا گهڻا ٻڌڻ جو به هاڻي ته موقعو نه ملندو. مون سوچيو ته آخر منهن جو قصور ڪهڙو آهي جو هن رات کانپوءِ ڪاليج سان منهن جا سڀ حق ۽ واسطا ٽٽي ويندا. پر وري خيال آيو ته آئون ڇا آهيان. مون جهڙا لائيجي ڪيترا ساڳئي نموني ڪاليج ۾ آيا ۽ پنهنجو وقت پورو ڪري مون وانگر هزارين يادون پاڻ سان گڏ کڻي وڃي چڪا آهن. ڪلهه انهن جو وارو هو، اڄ وري منهن جو وارو آهي.

اڄ منهن جي ذهن ۾ ماضيءَ جون سڀ يادون هڪ هڪ ٿي آڀرڻ لڳيون آهن، ڪاليج ۾ اچڻ تي پهرئين ڏينهن جيترو افسوس پئي ڪيم، اڄ آخري ڏينهن تي انهيءَ کان به وڌيڪ ڪاليج ڇڏڻ تي افسوس پيو آهي. اهي به ڪهڙا نه پيارا ڏينهن هئا جڏهن ستن ڪلاس ۾ جدا لياقت هائوس جي Ante Room ۾ رهندا هئاسين ۽ ٻين سيمينٽرن کان بلڪل جدا راند تي ويندا هئاسين. ان وقت ڪيترو نه ننڍو هوس، ڪيترو نه شرمائيندو هئس، پر هن وقت ته حالت ئي بدليل آهي. اهو وقت به نٿو وسريم جڏهن ذريءَ ذريءَ ڳالهه تي Appointment Holder وٽ شڪايت ڪئي ويندو هئس، پر اڄ خود Appointment Holder آهيان. پر هاڻي ته اهو به فقط هڪ رات لاءِ جنهن جو به ڪافي حصو گذري چڪو آهي، صبحائي ته هن مهل شايد واپس ڏيپلي به پهچي چڪو هوندس.

ڪاش، اهو وقت وري اچي جڏهن اسان



لفظن ۾ اهڙو ته رس ۽ مڃڻاڃ آهي جو پڙهڻ  
۾ راحت ۽ فرحت پيشي اچي ۽ ائين ٻيو  
محسوس ٿئي ته ساري حقيقت اکين اڳيان  
آهي. آخر ۾ شاهه صاحب موصوف پنهنجي  
شعر بابت پاڻ پڙهندڙن کي، سڀني مطالب  
ڏانهن چڪائيندي چوي، ٿو ته:-

”جي تون بيت پائين سي آيتون آهين،  
نيون من لائين، ڀريان سندي پار ڏي.“

وجد ۾ اچيو، وري انهيءَ خيال تي اچي  
ٿو ته:-

”ٿولي ڀڄ ڪناهه کان ڪونهي سئول ٿواب؛  
نڪي تفاوت تار ۾ نڪي منجهه رباب.“  
شاهه صاحب اسان کي هر وقت تلقين  
ڪندو رهي ٿو ۽ ان جو رسالو اسان لاءِ هدايت  
۽ رهبري جو روشن چراغ آهي. شاهه صاحب  
جو شعر پراڻي سنڌي ۾ ڇيل آهي ۽ منجهس  
قصامت ۽ بلاغت جو خاتمو آهي. سندس

## تدياري

ڪيڊٽ فيروزالدين ميهڻ

ڪلاس ٻارهون

ڪڏهن به رهي نه سگهندس. پنهنجي هائوس  
(جناح) ڏانهن نهاريم ته اکين ۾ لڙڪ ٿري آيا.  
اهوئي هائوس هو جنهن کان پڇڻ جو سوچيندو  
هوس. اڄ چاهيان ٿو ته ڪاش وقت آئي ئي  
بيهي رهي ۽ پيٽارو جي آخري رات ڪڏهن  
به ختم نه ٿئي. مگر وقت ڪٿي ٿو بيهي-  
جتي ڇهه سال گذري ويا آتي هڪ رات ڇما  
حقيقت ٿي رکي. آئون اچي Swimming Pool  
جي اسٽيڊيم تي وينس. دل مان آواز آيو ته  
فيروز، اڄ دل ڀري پيٽاري جا آخري نظارا به

آخر اهو وقت به اچي ويو جنهن جي  
باري ۾ ڪڏهن ته فقط سوچيندا هئاسين.  
اڄ مونکي احساس ٿيو ته وقت ڪنهن جو  
انتظار نٿو ڪري. ڪيترو نه جلد گذري ويا  
زندگي جا بهترين ڇهه سال. اڄ جڏهن انهن کي  
ياد ٿو ڪريان ته دل ۾ هڪ عجيب طرح جو  
درد ٿو ٿئي. پيٽارو ۾ آخري رات به اچي  
بهتي. اُف منهن جا خدا! ڇا ڪاليج ۾ واقعي  
هي منهنجي آخري رات آهي. ڇا جتي آئون  
ڇهه سال رهيو آهيان، هاڻي سڀاڻي کان آتي



”نوائينء کان نينون؛ سک منهنجا سپرين،  
سڙي سارو ڏينهن، ٻاهر ٻاڦ نه نڪري.“  
ڪڏهن وري تڪبر ۽ ڪيني جي توهين  
ڪندي پرين جو ٻار ٻرڪڻ لاءِ هادي بهدايت  
ٿئي ٿو:-

ٻاڦ ۾ ڪٽج ٻاڦ سين وسيلا وڃاء،  
عشق ساڻ اٺاء پير پريان جي ٻارڙي.“

مطلب ته هر قدم تي انسان کي نصيحت  
جو سبق سيکاري ڏيو آهي. سندس رسالي ۾  
ٻيا به ڪيترا اهڙا بيت آهن، جن جو مطالعو  
ڪندڙ خالق ۽ مخلوق جي وچ ۾ هڪ  
سنهي وهڻي ٻڌي کان سواءِ ڪجهه ڪونه  
ٻيو ڏسي. ڇاڪاڻ ته انهن بيتن ۾ هيڪڙائي  
جو اعلان به آواز بلند ڪيل آهي.

”ٻيهي جان ٻاڦ ۾ ڪيم روح رهاڻ،  
نڪو ڏونگر ڏيهه ۾ نڪا ڪيچن ڪاڻ،  
ٻنهنون ٿيس ٻاڦ، سسئي تان سور هئا.“

انهيءَ ڳالھ ۾ ته ذرو به شڪ شبه ڪونهي  
ته شاهه صاحب جو متو تصوف هو، تنهن  
ڪري قدرتاً سندس طبيعت صوفيانا شعر  
ڏانهن وڌيڪ مائل هئي. سندس اول زور  
شريعت تي آهي ۽ پوءِ طريقت توڙي معرفت  
جي ماڻ سان ڏونگر ڏوري، حقيقت ۾ هڪ  
ئي وڃي ٿو:-

”ساري سک سبق، شريعت سندن سو هڻي،  
طريقتان تڪو وهي حقيقت جو حق،  
معرفت مرڪ، اصل عاشقن ڪي.“

انهن صوفيانا منزلن جو اظهار ڪندي

تڪليفون آهن. شاهه صاحب جون نصيحتون  
نه فقط سر سهڻي ۾ آهن پر ساري رسالي ۾  
هر جاءِ موجود آهن. ڪٿي انسان کي هن  
مختصر زندگي جي نشي مان سڃاڻ ڪندي  
۽ هن دنيا جي عيش کان ڪناره ڪشي  
ڪرڻ لاءِ تڪيد ڪندي فرمائي ٿو ته:-

”ڪڏهن ڳاڙهو گهوٽ ڪڏهن مڙهه مقام ۾،  
واريءَ سندن ڪوٽ اڏي اڏيو ڪيترو.“

ڪٿي سهڻي ٿي لهرن جو لحاظ ڇڏي سير  
۾ گهوڙي پوي ٿو ۽ اسان کي به اها هدايت  
ڪري ٿو:

”گهوڙيا سي چڙهيا ائين اٿيئي،  
مٿي مٽي موراڻ ۾ پو ٿيو ڏيئي،  
تمهه هار مليئي، سنڀوڙو سيڙهه سين.“

ڪٿي سسئي ٿي، سر جو سانگو ڇڏي،  
لوڪ جي لڄ لاهي، ٻنهنون جي ٻنهيان ڪاهي  
پوي ٿو ۽ ڏيرن ۽ ڏونگرن جا ڏڪ سر تي  
سهي ٿو:

”واقف نه وڻڪار جي پاڻي ڪنير نه ٻاڻ،  
جبل جدايون ڪري تڪ ڏيڪاري تاڻ،  
لڳي لڪ لطيف چئي معذورن متاڻ،  
اتي اوڏو آڻ، جت هوت هيڪلي آهيان.“

ڪٿي ڏسو ته مومل ٿيو راڻي جي رهاڻ  
لاءِ رڙي ٿو، ڪٿي ڪانگل کي قاعد ڪري  
پرينءَ کي پيغام پهچائڻ لاءِ پيرين پوي ٿو.  
ڪٿي وري صاف صاف اڪرن ۾ عشق جو  
اظهار ڪندي پڙهندڙن کي عشق حقيقي جو  
رستو ڏيڪاريندي اها تلقين ٿو فرمائي ته:-



# ”شاهه ۽ سندس شعر“

ڪيڊٽ قهصر خان لغاري

ڪلاس يارهون

سنڌي ٻولي جي جهوني خزاني سان لبريز آهي، تنهن ۾ مختلف اوقات تي حسب موقع شاهه صاحب نوان نوان ويس وٺي، پنهنجن جي اندر جو حال اوريو آهي. مطلب ته سندس بيت گويا عشق حقيقي جي آڱ. جا آلا آهن جي سندس اندر مان با جوش و خروش اڀرن ٿا. سر سهڻي، جو ظاهري سهڻي ۽ ميهار جي قصي تي ٻڌل آهي، جنهن ۾ سهڻي مان مراد ”سالڪ“ آهي، شاهه صاحب ڏيکاري ٿو ته سالڪ کي به سهڻي وانگر ٻن قسمن جي مصيبتن کي منهن ڏيڻو آهي. هڪ اندروني ۽ ٻي بيروني. سهڻي کي درياءَ ۽ ان جي ڏرندڙن جو خوف بيروني ٽڪايفون هيون ۽ گهر ۾ نٿان جي سختي اندروني، نئين سالڪ کي به پنهنجي نفس ڏوري کي دور ڪرڻ اندروني مشڪلات آهي ۽ هن زماني جي چار مان پاڻ کي آزاد ڪرڻ ۽ دنياوي تعلقات جيڪي انسان کي گمراه ڪندڙ آهن سي سڀ قطع ڪري الڳ ٿيڻ ۽ پاڻ کي واصل باللله ٿيڻ لاءِ لائق ۽ مستحق ڪرڻ سالڪ جون بيروني

انهي حقيقت کان ڪير انڪار ڪري سگهي ٿو ته شاهه عبداللطيف ڀٽائي سنڌ جو هڪ عظيم الشان شاعر ٿي گذريو آهي. سندس وجود ۽ شعر سنڌين لاءِ مايه ناز آهي. شاهه صاحب موصوف سيد حبيب شاهه مٽياري جو نرند هو ۽ سنڌ جي مشهور معروف اولياءَ شاهه عبدالڪريم جي نسل مان هو. شاهه صاحب کي ڪنهن مدرسو يا مڪتب ۾ باقاعده تعليم ڪانه ملي هئي مگر سندس شعر مان ظاهر آهي ته سندس اندر الاهي علم جي بي انت خزائن سان ڀرپور هو ۽ انهي منعم حقيقي جنهن جي محبت ۾ هو مستانو هو، تنهن هن جي سيني جي ڦرهي تي سڀ علم دنياوي يا لدني ازل کان اڪري ڇڏيو هو. پاڻ باربار زماني جي ماڻهن کي مخاطب ٿي چوندا رهيا ته ”پڙهيو ٿا پڙهن، ڪڙهن ڪين ڦاٽ ۾“ يعني تربيت کانسواءِ تعليم ۽ عمل بنا علم اهڙو آهي جهڙو پاڻي مٿان ”حياب“ جنهن سان مستفيض ٿيڻ جي اميد رکڻ فضول آهي. شاهه جو رسالو، جو هڪ بي بها ڪتاب



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تکياڻي تر ٿهل چڙهه چڪياڻي چو نئين  
هلندي هوت پنهنونءَ ڏانهن ڀو هڙيوڻي ڀيل  
اڻي راڻو ريءِ، ويٺن تان واري وري  
”شاهه“

حصہ سنڌي

مدیر:- کیدت فیروزالدین  
نائب مدیر:- کیدت قیصر خان لغاري



عشق کا بڑا صحت مند تصور ہے ان کے عشق میں  
جذباتیت و رومانیت اور حقیقت کا بڑا حسین  
امتزاج ہے۔

برہمی ہو کہ التفات اے دوست

تیری ہر بات یاد آتی ہے

بے نیازی کو اپنی خونہ بنا

یہ ادا بھی کسی کو بیماری ہے

رکا رکا سا تبسم جھکی جھکی سی نظر

تمہیں سلیقہ بیگانگی کہاں ہے ابھی

تمہاری یاد کو آرام جاں بنایا تھا

تمہاری یاد بھی لیکن کبھی کبھی آئی

جدید غزل اگر ماضی کی زندہ اور بھرپور

روایت سے رشتہ قائم رکھتے ہوئے روح عصر کے

تقاضاؤں کو پورا کرنے کا نام ہے تو، قابل،

کی غزل اس معیار پر پوری اترتی ہے۔ انہوں نے

قدیم و جدید نظریات اور غم دوران و غم جاناں

کی آمیزش سے اپنی غزل کی نوک ہلک سنواری

ہے اگر ان کے بارے میں یہ کہتے ہوئے ہچکچاہٹ

محسوس ہو کہ انہوں نے اردو غزل میں کوئی

اضافہ کیا ہے یا بڑی غزل کہی ہے تو کم از کم

یہ بلا جھجک کہا جا سکتا ہے کہ انہوں نے

اچھی غزل ضرور کہی ہے اور اچھی غزل کہنا

بھی کسے نصیب ہے۔

لیکن ان کی غزل کا مجموعی لہجہ مایوسی  
اور نامرادی کا لہجہ ہے۔ ایسا لگتا ہے جیسے  
زندگی کی جدوجہد سے گھبرا کر انہوں نے اپنی  
شکست کا اعتراف کر لیا ہو۔ جیسے وہ غموں کے  
آگے مغلوب ہو گئے ہوں۔ حالات کے سامنے سپر  
ڈال دی ہو۔ انکی شاعری انکی ناکامیوں کی  
داستان معلوم ہوتی ہے جو المیہ سے شروع ہو کر  
المیہ ہی پر ختم ہو جاتی ہے۔ ہاں یہ ضرور ہے  
اس المیہ کے بیان میں جو خلوص اور شدت احساس  
ہے اس نے انکی شاعری میں بڑا سوز و گداز  
پیدا کر دیا ہے۔

ہم بے کسوں کی بزم میں آئے گا اور کون

آیٹھتی ہے گردش دوران کبھی کبھی

کوئے قاتل میں ہمیں بڑھ کے صدا دیتے ہیں

زندگی آج تیرا قرض چکا دیتے ہے

قابل لہٹا کے خون تمنا کی سرخیاں

ہم نے چمن سے قید اٹھا دی بہار کی

عبادت بریلوی نے ان کے باری میں لکھا ہے

”ان کے یہاں عشق کا بڑا سہذب تصور ملتا ہے،“

معاملات عشق کے بیان میں ان کے یہاں

بڑا محتاط رویہ اور بڑا سنبھلا اور سلجھا ہوا لہجہ

ملتا ہے ان کی غزل میں کہیں کوئی نفسیاتی

بیچیدگی یا جذباتی و ذہنی الجھاؤ نہیں ہے بلکہ

وقت کرتا ہے پرورش برسوں

حادثہ ایک دم نہیں ہوتا

قابل



## قابل اجمیری کی غزل

پروفیسر قمر الزماں خاں یوسف زئی

قابل کا شعری سرمایہ کمیت کے اعتبار سے کم ہے لیکن جہاں تک کیفیت کا تعلق ہے، اس میں ایک ایسا چونکا دینے والا تاثر ہے جو پڑھنے والے کو انکی طرف متوجہ کر دیتا ہے اور قاری یہ سوچنے پر مجبور ہو جاتا ہے کہ یہ محض سکہ بند اور رسمی شاعری نہیں ہے۔

قابل کی زندگی مصائب و آلام کی زندگی تھی۔ مصائب و آلام وہی جن میں ہمارے یہاں کے نچلے متوسط طبقے کا فرد اکثر و بیشتر گرفتار رہتا ہے۔ یعنی افلاس، بے روزگاری اور بیماری وغیرہ۔ اس پر احباب کی بے مہری اور زمانہ کی ناقدرشناسی طرفہ ستم تھی۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ انکی غزل پر یاسیت کی ایک کہہ چھائی ہوئی نظر آتی ہے۔ اگرچہ اس کہہ کے درمیان میں سے کہیں کہیں اعتماد اور امید کی ایک کرن پھوٹتی ہوئی دکھائی دیتی ہے جیسے کسی بے حد تھکے ہارے مسافر کے قدم منزل کا خیال آتے تیزی سے اٹھنے لگیں۔

جی رہا ہوں اس اعتماد کے ساتھ،

زندگی کو سری ضرورت ہے

دن پربیشاں ہے رات بھاری ہے۔

زندگی ہے کہ پھر بھی پیاری ہے۔

غزل ہماری شاعری کی سب سے مقبول صنف سخن رہی ہے اور ولی دکنی سے لے کر احمد فراز تک ایک کثیر تعداد نے اس صنف کو اپنے اظہار کا ذریعہ بنایا ہے۔ لیکن اردو کے بہت کم غزل گو ایسے ہیں جن کی غزل دوسروں سے فوراً الگ پہچانی جا سکے۔ دراصل اس صنف میں اتنی روایتی اور رسمی قسم کی شاعری ہوتی ہے کہ اچھی خاصی واضح انفرادیت رکھنے والے غزلگو بھی انہیں پائمال مضامین کو دھراتے رہتے ہیں اور روایتی غزل کہنے پر مجبور ہو جاتے ہیں اور اسطرح اپنی انفرادیت کو خود اپنے ہاتھوں قتل کر ڈالتے ہیں۔ قابل اجمیری ان چند غزلگوں میں سے ایک ہیں جنہوں نے اس قدیم صنف سخن میں بھی اپنا خاص رنگ اور اپنا منفرد اسلوب پیدا کیا۔ لیکن یہ غزل کی بڑی بدقسمتی ہے کہ مجاز، اختصار شیرازی اور مصطفیٰ زبیدی کی طرح قابل کا انتقال بھی جوانی ہی میں ہو گیا اور اس طرح اردو غزل اپنے ایک ایسے محسن سے محروم ہو گئی جو اپنے وہ خن رگ جان، سے اسکی آبیاری کر رہا تھا۔



وہاں صرف ماں کی آرزو کی تکمیل کے لیے گیا تھا اور جب ماں ہی نہ رہی..... ” مگر جب رخصتی نے اسے ماں سے کیا ہوا وعدہ یاد دلایا تو وہ ماں کی قبر کو سلام کر کے پٹارو آگیا۔ پھر وہ دن بھی آگیا جب اسے فوج میں کمیشن مل گیا۔ وہ اس دن بہت رریا۔ اس لیے کہ اگر آج اس کی ماں زندہ ہوتی تو اسے کتنی خوشی حاصل ہوتی۔ سچی خوشی تو صرف ماں کو تھی۔ اس نے ماں سے کیا ہوا وعدہ پورا کر دیا تھا۔ وقت تیزی سے گزرنے لگا۔ و لیفٹیننٹ سے کمیشن ہوا اور پھر مادر وطن کی حفاظت کے لیے دشمن سے جا ٹکرایا — اس سارے عرصے میں اسے ایک خلش بے چین کرتی رہی کیا ماں نے اس کے لیے صحیح فیصلہ کیا تھا؟ اور آخر کار میدان جنگ میں دشمن سے لڑتے ہوئے اس کی سمجھ میں نہ آنے لگا کہ ماں کا فیصلہ کتنا صحیح تھا۔ ماں نے اسے کتنے عظیم کام کے لیے منتخب کیا تھا۔ اس سے بڑا اور اس سے اچھا کام اور کیا ہو سکتا ہے کہ کسی کا لہو مادر وطن کی مانگ کا سیندر بن جائے۔ اس کے زخموں میں ٹیس اٹھی اور وہ بے چین ہو کر کروٹیں بدلنے لگا۔ لیکن اس بے چینی میں ایک سکون بھی تھا۔ وہ سکون جس کا حصول انسان کی سب سے بڑی تمنا ہے۔

تھے۔ لیکن وہ کبھی کبھی سوچتا کہ کیا ماں کی خواہش کی تکمیل اس کے مستقبل کو سنوار سکے گی؟ اس کا جی چاہتا کہ وہ آرٹ کی دنیا میں گم ہو جائے۔ کیڈٹ کالج کی پابندیاں کہیں اس کی صلاحیتوں کو ختم نہ کر دیں۔ لیکن ماں کے دل کو وہ ٹھیس نہیں پہنچا سکتا تھا۔ آزمائش کا وقت آن پہنچا۔ جب وہ ماں سے کہے ہوئے وعدے اور اپنے شوق کے درمیان گھر گیا۔ وہ دوراھے پر گھڑا تھا۔ لیکن اسے اپنے آپ سے زیادہ اپنی ماں کی ہستی سے محبت تھی۔ ماں سے ایک وعدہ کیا تھا۔ وہ وعدہ کیا تھا جو اس کی خواہشات کی تکمیل میں رکاوٹ تھا۔ وہ اسی کشمکش میں مبتلا تھا کہ اسکے والد کا تار آیا۔ اس کی ماں کی حالت خراب تھی اس لیے وہ فوراً لاہور کے لیے روانہ ہو گیا۔ جب وہ گھر پہنچا تو ماں اسے چھوڑ کر اتنی دور جا چکی تھی کہ جہاں سے کوئی واپس نہیں آتا۔ وہ رخصتی سے گلے مل کر پہروں روتا رہا۔ اس کی چھٹی ختم ہو گئی تو والد صاحب نے اسے واپس کالج جانے کے لیے کہا۔ اس نے انکار کر دیا۔

”جب تمنائوں کا محل گر پڑا تو پھر اس کے پتھروں کو اکٹھا کرنے سے کیا فائدہ۔ وہ تو



اس نے ماں سے ذکر کیا تو وہ خاموش رہی اور کوئی جواب نہ دیا۔ اختر کا کالج میں دل نہیں لگتا تھا۔ ایک تو اسے ماں کی صحت کی فکر تھی اور دوسرا ناز و نعم میں پلا ہوا وہ شہزادہ جب صبح پریڈ کے لیے اٹھتا تو اس پر ایک قیامت گذر جاتی۔ وہ کالج نہیں چھوڑ سکتا تھا۔ اس لیے کہ وہ اس کے متعلق بات بھی کرتا تو ماں اس سے ہمیشہ روٹھ جاتی۔ اس لیے وہ چپ چاپ کولہو کے بیل کی طرح ہستا رہا۔ اس نے ماں کی صحت کے متعلق رخصتی سے بھی پوچھا مگر اس نے بھی لاعلمی کا اظہار کیا۔ وہ بہت بے چین تھا کہ آخر ماں اس سے کیا چھپا رہی ہے۔

گرمیوں کی چھٹ۔ یوں میں اس نے باتوں ہی باتوں میں رخصتی سے کہا کہ وہ فوج کی زندگی پسند نہیں کرتا اور اس کا دل چاہتا ہے کہ کالج چھوڑ دے۔ جب ماں کو اس بات کا پتہ چلا تو وہ بہت روٹھیں اور اسی غم سے ان کی صحت پر بڑا اثر پڑا۔ اختر کو جب حالات کا پتہ چلا تو گھر سے رخصت ہوتے ہوئے اس نے ماں سے کہا کہ ماں! میں تم سے وعدہ کرتا ہوں کہ تمہاری خواہش کی تکمیل کے لیے جان کی بازی لگا دوں گا۔ ماں کے مرجھائے ہوئے چہرے پر مسرتیں رقص کرنے لگیں۔ اختر پٹارو میں ہر طرح کے سختی اور حکم کو برداشت کرتا رہا۔ ماں کی دعاؤں کا اثر تھا کہ وہ کالج میں بہت مقبول ہو گیا۔ وہ کالج کی ہاکی ٹیم کا کپتان اور بزم مباحثہ کا صدر اور آرٹ کلب کا میکرٹری تھا۔ کالج میں سب اس کی عزت کرتے

بنی ماں۔ بہن اور باپ کے ساتھ رہتا تھا۔ چھوٹا سا کنبہ زندگی کی بہاروں کے مزے لوٹ رہا تھا۔ رخصتہ اس کی چھوٹی بہن جسے پیار سے رخصتی کہتے تھے، اس سے صرف دو سال چھوٹی تھی۔ اختر رخصتی سے بہت پیار کرتا تھا۔ اس کے لیے ٹافیاں وہ اپنے جیب خرچ سے لے کر آتا تھا۔ وہ عام بہن بھائیوں کی طرح نہ لڑتے تھے۔ اگر رخصتی اس سے روٹھ جاتی تو وہ اپنی توتلی زباں میں اسے گانا بنا کر ہنساتا اور منالیتا تھا۔ ان کی لڑائی دو تین گھنٹوں سے زیادہ دیر تک لم رہتی۔

آہستہ آہستہ وہ بچپن سے لڑکپن کی حدود میں داخل ہو گئے۔ اختر اب ساتویں جماعت میں تھا۔ اختر پڑھائی میں زیادہ اچھا نہ تھا مگر ہر دفعہ پاس ہو جاتا تھا۔ اس معاملے میں رخصتی نیز تھی اور وہ جماعت میں پہلی یا دوسری پوزیشن حاصل کرتی تھی۔ اختر کو ہاکی کا بہت شوق تھا۔ اتنا چھوٹا ہوتے ہوئے بھی وہ سکول ایون میں آگیا تھا اور شام کو پریکٹس کے لیے جاتا تھا۔

ایک دن اختر کی ماں نے اس کے ابا سے کہا کہ کیوں نہ ہم بھی اختر کو شاہد کی طرح کیڈٹ کالج پٹارو میں داخل کروادیں۔ شاہد اختر کا ماموں زاد بھائی تھا۔ وہ اس سے ایک جماعت آگے تھا۔ اختر کی ماں کی خواہش تھی کہ اس کا بیٹا بڑا ہو کر فوج میں اعلیٰ عہدے پر فائز ہو۔ اس خواہش کی تکمیل کے لیے انہوں نے اختر کو پٹارو بھیج دیا۔

اختر جب سردیوں کی تعطیلات میں گھر گیا تو اسے ماں کی صحت گرتی ہوئی نظر آئی۔



# سکون

ظفر اقبال چیمہ

جماعت دہم

بھاگ نکلا۔ پاک سر زمین کے رکھوالوں نے دشمن کا پیچھا کرنا مناسب نہ سمجھا۔ اسی دوران دشمن نے سنبھل کر عقب سے حملہ کر دیا۔ ایک گولی اختر کو زخمی کر گئی۔ لیکن وہ فرض کو زندگی پر ترجیح دیتا رہا۔ اپنی ماں سے کیا ہوا وعدہ آسے بڑی شدت سے یاد آرہا تھا۔ دشمن کے شدید حملے سے کئی چالوں نے جام شہادت پیا مگر آخر کار حق نے باطل پر فتح پائی۔

کمپن اختر میو اسپتال کے وارڈ نمبر ۵ میں ایک بستر پر زخموں سے چور بے ہوشی کی حالت میں پڑا تھا۔ ڈاکٹروں کو امید تھی کہ وہ سہ پہر تک ہوش میں آجائے گا۔

اچانک اسپتال کے وارڈ میں کسی ماں کے ہاتھ سے ناسن صبر چھوٹا۔ اور وہ چلانے لگی۔ ”ڈاکٹر! میرے بیٹے کو بچالو، اس چیخ نے ذہن کو جھنجھوڑ دیا اور پھر یاد کے پردے پر ماضی کے عکس ابھرنے لگے۔

آج سے بیس سال پہلے وہ گلزار محل میں

جنگ زوروں پر تھی۔ تو ہیں گولے داغ رہی تھیں۔ ہر طرف دھواں ہی دھواں چھایا ہوا تھا۔ جیالے مجاہدین دشمن کی صفوں کا صفایا کرتے ہوئے قدم ملاتے ہوئے آگے بڑھ رہے تھے۔ وہ اپنی فتح کو یقینی بنانے کے لیے دشمن کی ہر چال کا منہ توڑ جواب دے رہے تھے۔ دشمن کی ہمت جواب دے چکی تھی۔ کمپن اختر کی ڈیوٹی آج وایگم سیکٹر کے سب سے اگلے محاذ پر تھی۔ وہ دشمن کے مورچوں سے صرف دس بارہ قدم کے فاصلے پر تھا۔ ایک بہت اونچے ریت کے ٹیلے پر کھڑا ہاتھ کے اشاروں سے مسکرا مسکرا کر اپنے دستے کی کمان کر رہا تھا۔ اسی دوران توپچی کے کاندھے میں ایک گولی شان شان کرتی ہوئی پیوست ہو گئی۔ حوالدار غلام علی نے اختر کو توپچی کی شہادت کی اطلاع دی۔ وہ کچھ دیر کے لیے رکا اور پھر خود توپچی کی ڈیوٹی سنبھال لی۔ لیکن ساتھ ساتھ کمان بھی کرتا رہا۔ اسی دوران وہ دشمن کے مورچوں سے صرف تین چار قدم کے فاصلے پر آ گیا۔ دشمن کو جب منہ کی کھائی پڑی تو دم دبا کر



## کیا آپ جانتے ہیں؟

کیڈٹ محمد احمد علی یاسین

جماعت دہم

- |   |           |  |
|---|-----------|--|
| ایبیسینیا (ABYSSINIA) ہے                                      | ..... نام | (۱) حبشہ کا قومی نام                             |
| نپن (NIPPON) ہے   | ..... نام | (۲) جاپان کا قومی نام                            |
| ہلوٹیا (HELUETIA) ہے  | ..... نام | (۳) سوئٹزرلینڈ کا قومی نام                       |
| ہیلاس (HELLAS) ہے   | ..... نام | (۴) یونان کا قومی نام                            |
| نیدر لینڈ (NETHERLAND) ہے                                     | ..... نام | (۵) ہالینڈ کا قومی نام                           |
| میں مندرجہ ذیل چیزیں ہوتی ہیں                                 |           | آپ کے جسم میں ۲۴ گھنٹوں کے اندر                  |
| (۱) چربی :- جو صابن کی سات ٹکیاں بنانے کے لئے کافی ہو سکتی ہے |           | (۱) آپ ۷۰۰ بڑے عضلات کو حرکت دیتے ہیں            |
| (۲) فاسفورس :- جس سے دو ہزار دیا سلاٹیاں تیار ہو سکتی ہیں     |           | (۲) آپ کا قلب ۱۰۳۶۸۹ بار حرکت کرتا ہے            |
| (۳) کاربن :- جس سے ۸۵۰۰ پنسلین بن سکتی ہیں                    |           | (۳) آپ کا خون ۱۶۸،۸۰۰،۰۰۰ میل سفر کرتا ہے        |
| (۴) لوہا :- جو ایک کیل بنانے کے لیئے کافی ہوتا ہے             |           | (۴) آپ ۲۳۵۴۵ بار سانس لیتے ہیں                   |
| (۵) پانی :- جس سے بارہ گیان کا ایک ڈرم بھر سکتا ہے            |           | (۵) آپ دماغ کے ۷۰ لاکھ خلیوں کو استعمال کرتے ہیں |
|   |           | اوسط قد و قامت کے ایک مرد کے جسم                 |



صاحبہ بہت خوش ہوئیں اور بولیں ”بیٹا! میرا جی چاہتا ہے کہ تمہیں گلے سے لگالوں۔ مگر جب تمہارا پاؤں ٹھیک ہو جائے گا۔ واقعی جب میرا پاؤں ٹھیک ہو گیا تو بی سٹک صاحبہ نے اپنا وعدہ پورا کر دکھایا۔ زور سے پاؤں مارنے پر میں پکڑا گیا۔ اور لڑکے کھڑے تھے۔ اور میں بی سٹک صاحبہ کے سینے سے چمٹا کہنیوں کے بل آگے بڑھ رہا تھا۔ اب یہ سمجھ میں نہیں آ رہا تھا کہ بی سٹک کا پیار ہے یا زور سے پاؤں مارنے کا انتقام۔

مجبور ہیں اور اب تمہیں خوش خبری سناتا ہوں۔،،  
 بی سٹک صاحبہ یہ سن کر حیرت سے بولیں ”بیٹا!  
 میرے لیٹھے کیا خوش خبری ہو سکتی ہے؟۔۔۔۔۔۔“  
 آخر میں نے بتایا وہ اب آرمی سٹاف کی جگہ  
 نیول سٹاف آ گیا ہے۔ یہ لوگ کہتے ہیں انٹیشن  
 کے وقت پاؤں بس آہستہ سے سرکا لیا کرو۔ زور  
 سے مت مارو،، اور خوش کرنے کے لیٹھے یہ بھی  
 کہہ دیا کہ وہ یہ بھی کہتے ہیں کہ پریڈ  
 کرتے وقت پاؤں نرمی سے رکھا کرو تاکہ بی سٹک  
 صاحبہ کو زیادہ تکلیف نہ ہو۔ یہ سن کر بی سٹک

## ہمارا کالج

کیڈٹ جمیل اختر

جماعت ہشتم

یہ صحرا کی آغوش میں اک ادارہ  
 کہ رشک گلستان ہے جسکا نظارہ  
 امیدوں کا سرکز ہمارا پٹارو  
 کہیں اور ہے ایسا گلشن بہارو!

زمین پر سچی ہے یہ اک ایسی جھفل  
 رہ علم میں ہے جو پیاسوں کی منزل  
 مٹے تشنگی صبح تا شام پی لیں  
 یہ سیخانہ علم ہے جام پی لیں  
 خدایا سدایونہی پھولے پھلے یہ  
 ہماری دعا ہے ترقی کرے یہ



# انقلابات ہیں زمانے کے

کیڈٹ محمود احمد

جماعت نہم

پہلے تو مجھے اس کی حالت زار پر بہت ترس آیا لیکن پھر میں نے بھی ذرا تلخی سے جواب دیا۔ دو ظالم مظلوم کو ظلم کرنے پر مجبور کرتا ہے۔ یہاں کچھ انسان ایسے ہیں جو دوسروں کو زبردستی پریڈ کرواتے ہیں جس سے تمہیں بھی تکلیف پہنچتی ہے۔ اور ہمارا آرام اور ہماری نیند بھی خراب ہوتی ہے۔ اور یہ کہ دوسری سڑکوں پر بھاری ٹریفک چلتی ہے۔ اور تو کتنی خوش قسمت ہے! ..... کہ تجھ پر کبھی کبھار ہلکی پھلکی خوبصورت کارین گذرتی ہیں۔ اور یا پیر اور جمعرات کو تھوڑی دیر کیلئے ہم تیرے سینے پر چلتے ہیں۔ تو کتنی ناشکری ہے!.....، یہ سنتے ہی بی سڑک صاحبہ بڑی نرمی سے بولیں ”بیٹا ذرا یہ تو بتاؤ کہ... تمہارے سینے پر مونگ دلنے سے زیادہ تکلیف ہوگی یا نرم رضائی رکھ دینے سے؟!...“ یہ سن کر میں لا جواب ہو گیا اور اپنی خفت مٹانے کے لئے آہستہ سے اور بڑے ادب سے بولا ”وہاں بی صاحبہ پریڈ تو ہم خود بھی... مگر ہم

اگر تعلیمی سال کی ابتدا میں پٹارو کی بڑی سڑک کی حالت ذرا غور سے دیکھتے تو آپ کو ضرور ترس آتا۔ اس کے سینے پر جگہ جگہ زخم تھے۔ کئی جگہ سے تو ایسا معلوم ہوتا تھا کہ جیسے گوشت سے بوٹیاں نوچ لی گئی ہوں۔ ایک دن میں اسے قریب سے دیکھنے گیا۔ اتفاق سے اس دن میرے پاؤں میں چوٹ تھی۔ میں لنگڑا لنگڑا کر چل رہا تھا۔ ابھی پہنچا ہی تھا کہ آواز آئی ”وہاں لڑکے! تمہارے پاؤں کو کیا ہوا ہے؟“ میں نے بڑے ادب سے جواب دیا۔ ”میرے پاؤں میں چوٹ آگئی ہے،“ یہ سنتے ہی بی سڑک صاحبہ ہٹ پڑیں۔ کہنے لگیں ”پریڈ کے دن..... میرے سینے پر آہستہ پاؤں مارتے ہونا؟!..... چوٹ کیسے نہ آئے!..... میں نہ جانتی تھی کہ انسان اتنا بے رحم بھی ہو سکتا ہے۔ جو لمبی لمبی کیلوں والے بھاری جوتے پہن کر کسی مجبور اور بے کس کے سینے پر زور زور سے پاؤں مار کر چلے۔ مجھ نگوڑی کی تو قسمت ہی پھوٹی تھی۔ جو اللہ میاں نے یہاں لا پھینکا،“



## کیڈٹ

(علامہ اقبال کی روح سے معذرت کے ساتھ)

کیڈٹ فرحت احمد چودھری

جماعت یازدہم

ہر لحظہ ہے کیڈٹ کی نئی آن نئی شان  
گفتار میں کردار میں افواج کی برہان

سرداری و طراری و مضبوطی و طاعت  
یہ چار عناصر ہوں تو بن جاتا ہے کپتان

ہم سہائم جرنیل یہی بچہ زادان  
اس کا تو لشمین نہ جماعت ہے نہ میدان

افسر کے مقاصد کا عیار اس کے ارادے  
کالج میں بھی میزان ہے بیرک میں بھی میزان

بیوگلر کا سرود ازلی اس کے شب و روز  
ہڑدنگ میں یکتا صفت حرکت شیطان

یہ بات کسی کو نہیں معلوم کہ کیڈٹ  
رنگروٹ ہے ظاہر میں حقیقت میں ہے کپتان



قہقہہ لگایا اور کہنے لگا کہ بھئی نماز تم ہی نے غلط پڑھی ہے۔

ابن! ہم نے نماز غلط پڑھی ہے۔ یہ بھلا کیسے ممکن ہے۔ اس کی یاد دہانی پر پتہ چلا کہ ہم نے تو صرف پڑھی ہی ایک رکعت تھی۔ اور پڑھنی تھیں دو۔ اب سمجھ میں آیا کہ باقی لوگ کھڑے کیوں ہو گئے تھے۔

اب ہماری حالت یہ تھی کہ صم بکم کھڑے تھے۔ اس کے بعد کہا ہوا یہ نہ پوچھو تو بہتر ہے۔ دیکھو یارو ضد نہ کرو۔ اچھا اگر پوچھنا ہی چاہتے ہو تو سنو۔ اپنا کان ذرا ادھر لاؤ۔ دیکھو کسی کو بتانا نہیں۔ بس راز ہی رہنے دینا اچھا!

کہتا تھا نماز پڑھو اور اپنی حالت تو دیکھو نماز ہی پڑھنی نہیں آتی۔ چلتے دو اسے کمرے میں آج اسے دیکھوں گا۔

مولوی صاحب نے دعا کے لیے ہاتھ اٹھائے۔ ہم نے یہ دعا کی رسولاً لوگوں کو توفیق عطا فرما کہ وہ صحیح نماز پڑھیں۔ انہیں اتنی توفیق بھی ضرور دے کہ وہ ہمارے نقش قدم پر چل کر اپنی نمازوں کو درست کر سکیں۔،،

مسجد سے آتے ہی سنیر کو ہاتھوں ہاتھ لیا۔ مگر یہ الٹا سمجھ پر ہی کیوں ہنس رہا ہے۔ ایک تو چوری اور پھر سینہ زوری۔ الٹا چور کو قوال کو ڈانٹتے۔ اس سے کہا درارے تو سمجھتا کیا ہے اپنے آپ کو۔ غلط نماز پڑھتے ہوئے شرم نہیں آتی۔ بے شرم ہنس رہا ہے،، اس پر اس نے

دیر و حرم ائینہ تکرار تمنا  
وامالدگی شوق تراشے ہے پناہیں  
غالب



جمعہ کو جمعۃ المبارک کہا جاتا ہے۔ سچ ہی تو کہا جاتا ہے۔ کتنا مبارک دن ہوتا ہے جو کالج میں سات کے بجائے پانچ پیریڈ کر دیتا ہے۔ کیا ہی اچھی بات ہوتی جو ہر روز جمعہ ہوا کرتا۔ اگر ہر روز جمعہ ہوا کرتا تو پھر کیا ہوتا۔ ہر روز جمعہ بڑھنا پڑتا۔ نہیں نہیں ہفتہ میں ایک ہی دفعہ ٹھیک ہے ... اتنے میں اللہ اکبر کی آواز آئی۔ ہمارے خیالات کا نانتا ٹوٹ گیا۔ فوراً رکوع میں گئے۔ اور پھر شاید دو سجدے کیے۔ پھر دو زانو ہو کر بیٹھ گئے۔ اور اپنے آپ کو کوسنے لگے کہ ایسی نماز سے کیا فائدہ کہ ہم کچھ اور ہی سوچتے رہے۔

لماز میں دھیان کسی اور طرف نہیں لگنا چاہیے کیونکہ مولوی صاحب نے جماعت میں ایک دفعہ یہی ارشاد فرمایا تھا۔ وہ آٹھویں جماعت کا زمانہ تھا۔ کیا خوب زمانہ تھا۔ اب گیارہویں میں آگئے ہیں۔ پڑھائی ہے کہ ادھر کسی نے ذکر چھیڑا ادھر دل کا دورہ پڑا۔ مضامین ہیں۔ کہ الاسان والحفیظ ... اساتذہ کرام کی شکل دیکھتے ہی دل و دماغ پر وحشت طاری ہو جاتی ہے۔

ہاں بھئی

اب وہ بہاریں کہاں

نورجہاں نے بھی کیا خوب گانا گایا ہے۔ فلم تو میں نے بھی دیکھی تھی۔ مگر اس کا نام کیا تھا۔ دیکھو کیا مصیبت ہے ضرورت کے وقت یاد ہی نہیں آتا۔ ہاں دیکھی تو کوہ نور سینما میں تھی اور گئے بھی بغیر اجازت تھے اور بد قسمتی سے پکڑے بھی گئے تھے۔ ایک مہینے کے لیے

ہم فلم دیکھنے سے محروم کر دیئے گئے تھے۔ مگر اب تو وہ مدت ختم ہو گئی ہے۔ اور اب تو دیکھ سکتے ہیں۔ ہاں یاد آیا کل تو ہفتہ ہے اور پٹارو کے سینما گھر میں دو فسانہ دل، آرہی ہے۔ ندیم کی ہے۔ سنا ہے بہت اچھی ہے۔ ویسے تو خالد نے تو یہ بھی بتایا تھا کہ دو انورا، آرہی ہے۔ یہ تو پنجابی فلم ہے۔ سنا ہے بڑی دو کڑک، ہے۔ یا اللہ وہی آجائے کیا ہی مزے...

والسلام علیکم ورحمۃ اللہ،

ارے کس کم بخت نے ڈسٹرب کیا ہے۔ اچھے خاصے مزے سے خیالوں کی دنیا میں کھوئے ہوئے تھے۔ اچھے بھلے سوڈ کا بیڑہ غرق کر دیا۔ یہ اس وقت کس کو سلام کرنے کی سوچھی۔ ہاتھ تو میں اس سے ملاؤں گا نہیں۔ ذرا دیکھوں تو سہی کون بدبخت ہے۔

ایس! ہم نماز پڑھ رہے ہیں اور مولوی صاحب نے سلام پھیرا ہے۔ جلدی سے ایک طرف سلام پھیرا پھر دوسری طرف۔

مگر یہ میرے دائیں بائیں والے لوگ کھڑے کیوں ہو گئے ہیں جبکہ مولوی صاحب نے تو سلام پھیر دیا ہے۔ یہ وقوف کہیں کے۔ نماز پڑھنی لمہیں آتی اور آجاتے ہیں مسجد میں۔

مگر یہ لوگ مجھے کس انکھیوں سے کیوں دیکھ رہے ہیں۔ بہت غور و خوض کیا مگر مسجد میں نہیں آیا کہ کیا معاملہ ہے۔

ساتھ ہی میرا دوست منیر احمد بھی کھڑا تھا۔ وہ بھی مولوی صاحب کے سلام پھیرنے پر کھڑا ہو گیا تھا۔ بڑا آیا نمازی۔ مجھ سے روزانہ کہتا



## وہ ایک سجدہ جسے تو.....

کیڈٹ محمود انور کلیم

جماعت یازدہم

معمولی نیند کی دیوی کو خوش آمدید کہتے ہوئے اس کی آغوش میں چلے گئے۔

ارے یہ کیا؟ ہم نے تو آج نماز کا پروگرام بنایا تھا۔ وقت دیکھا۔ پونے دو بج رہے تھے۔ سنا تھا کہ جمعہ کی نماز ایک بجکر پچاس منٹ پر شروع ہوتی ہے۔

اب کیا ہوگا! سوچنے کا موقع نہ تھا۔ فوراً اٹھے اور غسل خانے گئے۔ اپنی طرف سے تونہائے مگر اصل میں صرف جسم ہی گیلا کیا۔ کپڑے پہنے اور مسجد کی طرف بھاگے۔ آدھے راستے میں تھے تو پتہ چلا کہ ٹوپی تولائے ہی نہیں ہیں۔ سوچا اب کیا کرنا چاہیے۔ فیصلہ کیا کہ وقت بہت کم ہے۔ اور ارادہ مصمم ہے۔

آخر مسجد کے دروازے میں قدم رکھا۔ نماز شروع ہو چکی تھی۔ لوگ پہلی رکعت پڑھ کر کھڑے ہو رہے تھے۔ ہم فوراً شامل ہو گئے۔ اور خدا کا شکر ادا کیا کہ اس نے ہم جیسے گناہ گار کو بھی توفیق دی کہ اس کی بارگاہ میں سر بسجود ہو سکیں۔ ... خدا اکتنا مہربان ہے کہ اس نے جمعہ جیسا اچھا دن بنایا.....

آخر ہماری غیرت جوش میں آ ہی گئی۔ اور ہم نے فیصلہ کر لیا کہ آج چاہے ادھر کی دنیا ادھر ہو جائے ہم نماز جمعہ پڑھنے ضرور جائیں گے۔

خدا بھلا کرے ہمارے روم پارٹنر کا ماہا اللہ کیا پارسایانہ طبیعت پائی ہے۔ روز روز کی نصیحتوں سے تنگ آ کر ہم بھی کوئی حتمی فیصلہ کرنے پر مجبور ہو ہی گئے۔

ایک دو دن پہلے ہی سے نماز کی تیاریاں شروع کر دیں۔ دھوبی سے خاص طور پر کرتا باجامہ، دراجنٹ، دھلوا یا۔ مگر اپنے اس نیک ارادے کا کسی سے ذکر نہ کیا۔ کیونکہ سنا تھا کہ عبادت وہی ہوتی ہے۔ جس میں دکھاوا نہ ہو۔

آخر کار وہ دن بھی آن پہنچا۔ خدا خدا کر کے کالج سے چھٹی ہوئی۔ آنتوں کے قل ہواللہ کی ورد نے ہمارے قدموں کو میس (Mess) کی طرف اٹھنے پر مجبور کر دیا۔

ہیٹ میں ایندھن پہنچتے ہی آنتوں کا یہ وظیفہ ختم ہوا۔

گنگناتے ہوئے ہاؤس واپس آئے اور حسب



کے متعلق فرماتے ہیں کہ اس سے بڑی خیرات نہیں ہے کہ علم پھیلایا جائے۔

حضرت علی علم کے متعلق لکھتے ہیں:   
 دو علم کے ذریعے تم محفوظ اور علم کے   
 بغیر غیر محفوظ ہو۔ سچائی بہترین راستہ   
 ہے اور علم بہترین رہنما۔ ایک عالم   
 مرنے کے بعد بھی زندہ ہے لیکن ایک   
 جاہل اپنی زندگی میں ہی مر جاتا ہے۔   
 اس لیے سونا اور چاندی حاصل کرنے سے   
 بہتر ہے کہ تم علم حاصل کرو،۔

حقیقت بھی یہی ہے کہ اگر انسان علم حاصل   
 کرے تو وہ قدرت کے پوشیدہ راز پالیتا ہے اور   
 پھر وہ دنیا کی ہر حقیقت کو سامنے رکھ کر   
 فخریہ انداز میں کہہ سکتا ہے۔

شمس و نجوم کی میں رفتار دیکھ آیا   
 اور کائنات کے کل اسرار دیکھ آیا

کیا دورہ کو اکب اور کیا قیام شمسی   
 دیکھا پڑا ہے میرا سارا نظام شمسی

یہ سب کچھ علم ہی کی بدولت ہے۔

علم کو کبھی زوال نہیں ہے۔ کسی نے ٹھیک   
 ہی تو کہا ہے کہ:

دو علم ایک ایسا سمندر ہے جس کی پیمائش   
 ناممکن ہے۔ علم کے پورے سمندر کو سر کرنا   
 انسان کے بس کی بات نہیں مگر پھر بھی جہاں   
 تک ہوسکے اس میں ڈوب جانا چاہیے۔ جتنا   
 سر ہو جائے وہی غنیمت ہے کیوں کہ انسان   
 اپنے حوصلے کی حد تک سب کچھ کر سکتا   
 ہے مگر اس کے بعد کچھ نہیں۔ اگر خدا   
 ہمارے حوصلے اور زیادہ فراخ کردیتا تو   
 شاید انسان کئی اور پوشیدہ رازوں کو اپنے   
 علم کی وجہ سے برے نقاب کر دیتا۔

ہے اپنے فائدے کے لیے کرتا ہے مگر اس کے   
 ساتھ ساتھ اللہ تعالیٰ نے انسان کو ایک ایسی   
 نعمت سے سرفراز کیا ہے جس کی دوسری مثال   
 دنیا میں نہیں ملتی۔ یہ قوت فکر کی دولت ہے۔   
 کہنے کو کوئی کہہ دیتا ہے کہ آزادی دنیا   
 کی سب سے بڑی نعمت ہے۔ مگر نہیں، انسان وہی   
 کام غلامی میں بھی کر سکتا ہے۔ اگر اس کے پاس   
 قوت فکر کی دولت ہو۔ انسان جو کچھ بھی کرتا   
 ہے اسی کے سہارے کرتا ہے۔ آپ اقبال جیسے   
 عظیم شاعر کی مثال لے سکتے ہیں انہوں نے اپنی   
 زندگی غلامی میں ہی گذاری لیکن ان کے کارنامے   
 زندہ جاوید ہیں۔ کوئی کہتا ہے کہ آنکھیں   
 دنیا کی سب سے بڑی نعمت ہیں۔ مگر نہیں، کیوں   
 کہ دو بلٹن، نے اندھے ہو جانے کے بعد بھی ایسی   
 باتیں کہیں جن کی بدولت ابھی تک دنیا اسے   
 یاد کرتی ہے۔ خداوند کریم اسی لیے قرآن حکیم   
 میں فرماتے ہیں کہ:

دوسکھایا انسانوں کو ہم نے جو کچھ کہ   
 وہ نہ جانتے تھے۔،، (پارہ ۳۰۔)

انہوں نے ہمیں ایک نعمت دی جس کی   
 مدد سے ہم دنیا میں رہ سکتے ہیں اور یہی وہ   
 چیز ہے جس نے انسان کو اشرف المخلوقات بنایا۔

دلایا کی ہر دوسری بڑی نعمت اسی نعمت سے   
 حاصل ہوتی ہے۔ انسان اپنی قوت فکر کی مدد   
 سے ہی ہر شے کی حقیقت جان لیتا ہے۔ علم دنیا   
 کی ایک ایسی نعمت ہے جو انسان کو دنیا میں   
 رہنے کا ڈھنگ سکھاتی ہے۔ یہی وجہ ہے کہ   
 رسول کریم صہ نے فرمایا دو علم حاصل کرنا ہر   
 مسلمان کا فرض ہے،، آپ نے فرمایا: دو جو کوئی   
 علم حاصل نہیں کرے گا اس کو عبادت کرنے   
 کا بھی ڈھنگ نہیں آئے گا،،۔ علم سکھلانے والے



کی کہ ہم نے کب ان کے سامنے اتنی شرافت کا مظاہرہ کیا ہے جو یہ اتنے سہربان ہیں۔ خیر، یہ اللہ کی سہربانی ہی سمجھیں کہ پرنسپل صاحب نے اپنا فیصلہ سنایا، وائندہ اگر کبھی تم فیل ہوئے تو... ..،، او ہم دو آل رائٹ سر،، کہہ کر آفس سے باہر آگئے۔

باہر ہم کو بھی لڑکوں نے گھیر لیا اور لڑکوں کے چہروں پر بکھرے ہوئے قوس قزح کے رنگوں کو دیکھتے ہوئے ہم نے یہ عہد کیا کہ اب ہم دل لگا کر پڑھیں گے اور اس انٹرویو کے لیے دوبارہ کبھی نہ آئیں گے۔

و تو آپ کی مسٹری میں فیل ہیں،، اس وقت ہمیں پہلی سرتیم معلوم ہوا کہ کبھی کبھی الفاظ زبان کا ساتھ چھوڑ جاتے ہیں اور لڑکھڑاتے ہوئے ہم نے بمشکل کہا، ویس سر،،۔ و نالائق ایک تو پڑھتے نہیں ہو اور پھر یہ ڈھٹائی،، یہ کہتے ہوئے انہوں نے ڈنڈے کی طرف ہاتھ بڑھایا۔ مگر اس وقت معلوم نہیں ہماری کیا نیکیاں کام آگئیں کہ ہمارے ہاؤس ماسٹر صاحب بیچ میں بول پڑے، دوسرے یہ آج کل محنت کر رہا ہے، میرا خیال ہے بہتر ہو جائے گا،،۔ ہم نے یہ سن کر بہت متشکر نگاہوں سے ہاؤس ماسٹر صاحب کی طرف دیکھا اور یاد کرنے کی کوشش

## علم کی دولت

کیڈٹ فضل علی زیدی

جماعت نہم

عروج آدم خاکی سے انجام سمے جاتے ہیں کہ یہ ڈوٹا ہوا تارا سے کامل نہ بن جائے مگر سوال یہ پیدا ہوتا ہے کہ انسان نے یہ چیزیں کیوں کر اور کس طرح بنائیں۔ کیا اس لیے کہ، و ضرورت ایجاد کی ماں ہے،،۔ یہ بھی ٹھیک ہے کیوں کہ انسان جو کچھ بھی کر رہا

انسان نے ازل سے لیکر اب تک اتنی ترقی کی ہے کہ ہم سوچ بھی نہیں سکتے۔ اس نے ایسی چیزیں ایجاد کیں جنہیں آج سے ہزاروں برس پہلے کا انسان خواب میں بھی نہیں دیکھ سکتا تھا۔ انسان کی اس ترقی کو مد نظر رکھتے ہوئے اقبال فرماتے ہیں :



بنا کر کھڑے ہو جاؤ۔

قطار میں ہمارا زمبر پندرہ بیس لڑکوں کے بعد آتا تھا۔ خاص طور پر اس لڑکے کی حالت تو دیکھنے سے تعلق رکھتی تھی جو سب سے پہلے نمبر پر کھڑا تھا۔ آخر اس کا نمبر پکارا گیا اور وہ بڑی سرعت کے ساتھ کمرہ میں داخل ہو گیا۔ اس کے اندر جاتے ہی باقی لڑکوں کے کان دروازے کے ساتھ لگ گئے۔

کچھ ڈانٹ کی آواز آئی اور پھر شائیں! یہ سن کر ہمارے رونگٹے کھڑے ہو گئے۔ اس کا مطلب تھا کہ پرنسپل صاحب فورم میں آگئے ہیں اور پھر جب لڑکا باہر آیا تو حالت یہ تھی کہ قبلہ سے ٹھیک طرح سے چلا بھی نہیں جا رہا تھا۔ پھر استفسار کیا گیا تو ان حضرت نے بتایا کہ انہوں نے یہ بھی کہہ دیا تھا کہ وہ کالج چھوڑنا چاہتے ہیں۔ پھر ان سے کسی دوسرے سوال کی ضرورت ہی نہ سمجھی گئی اور مزاج پرسی ہو گئی۔ باہر آئے تو حضرت بری طرح کراہ رہے تھے۔

دیار معلوم نہیں کون سی لکڑی ہے کم بخت چپک ہی گئی۔،،

اچانک ایک اور لڑکا باہر نکلا اور ہمارا نام پکارا گیا۔ ہماری سوچ کا تانتا یک دم ٹوٹ گیا اور کانپتے قدموں سے ہم نے آفس میں قدم رکھا۔

دل ہی دل میں، درجل تو جلال تو، کا ورد بھی کرتے جا رہے تھے۔ پرنسپل صاحب کی آواز گمرے میں گولجی۔

کبھی کبھی خیال ہونے لگتا تھا کہ واقعی ہمارے نتیجے قیامت بہت قریب آگئی ہے۔ جب بھی کوئی لڑکا ہوم ورک کر کے نہ لاتا یا کوئی غلط بات کرتا تو ٹیچر کے الفاظ کچھ اس طرح کے ہوتے تھے۔ ”جی ہاں۔ کر لیجیئے سب بدسعاشیاں۔ اب تو آپ کو انٹرویو میں ہی پتہ چلے گا۔“ اور دوسرے لڑکوں کی حالت کچھ بھی ہوتی مگر ہم اس دن کے متعلق سوچ کر ضرور سہم جاتے۔

اور آخر وہ یوم شہادت آہی گیا جس کی شام کو ”انٹرویو“ تھا۔ انٹرویو میں جانے کے لئیے ہم تیار ہو رہے تھے اور ہمارا دماغ اس وقت پرنسپل کے آفس میں بھٹک رہا تھا۔ سوال و جواب کی کھچڑی دماغ میں بہت تیزی سے پک رہی تھی۔ خیالوں کی دنیا میں ہی ہم پرنسپل صاحب کے کمرے کے درشن کر رہے تھے اور مزاج پرسی سے بچنے کے لئیے نئے نئے بہانے سوچ رہے تھے۔ آخر ان سب خیالات کے ساتھ ہم پرنسپل صاحب کے آفس پہنچ ہی گئے۔ وہاں دیکھا تو پہلے ہی سے ہمارے دوستوں کا جم غفیر وہاں موجود ہے۔ پہلے ہم نے سوچا کہ کتنے عزیز دوست ہیں یہ کہ اس برے وقت میں ہم سے ملنے آئے ہیں۔ مگر معلوم ہوا کہ وہ بھی ہماری ہی کشتی میں سوار تھے۔

ابھی ہم لوگ ایک دوسرے کی مزاج پرسی کر ہی رہے تھے کہ پرنسپل صاحب اپنے آفس میں آگئے اور ان کے ساتھ اساتذہ اور ہاؤس ماسٹروں کی ایک فوج ظفر موج بھی آفس میں داخل ہو گئی۔

ہم لوگوں کو حکم دیا گیا کہ ایک قطار



ماہانہ اور سہ ماہی امتحانات کے بعد لیا جاتا ہے اور کالج میں بہت اہمیت رکھتا ہے۔

یہ انٹرویو کسی خاص مضمون میں نہ ماہی اور ماہانہ امتحانات میں کارہائے نمایاں انجام دینے والوں سے لیے جاتے ہیں اور ان خوش نصیبوں کے نام باقاعدہ کالج کے روزنامے میں چھپتے ہیں جس میں انٹرویو کا وقت اور دن بھی درج ہوتا ہے۔

اتفاق سے پچھلی مرتبہ ہمارا نام بھی ان بد نصیبوں کی فہرست میں درج تھا جس کو پرنسپل صاحب کے سامنے انٹرویو کے لیے پیش ہونا تھا۔ اب اس انٹرویو کا راز ہم نے افشا کر ہی دیا ہے تو ہمارا کارنامہ بھی سنتے چلیئے۔

دراصل کیمسٹری میں ہم ہمیشہ ہی سے کورے رہے ہیں۔ جماعت میں اس مضمون کا ایک لفظ بھی پلے نہیں پڑتا تھا۔ ہمارا تو اس کے متعلق کچھ اور خیال ہے مگر لوگ کہتے ہیں کہ مابدولت کند ذہن نہیں بلکہ عقل سے بالکل ہی بدل ہیں۔ اسلئے کیمسٹری قیامت تک سمجھ نہیں سکتے۔ خیر کچھ بھی سمجھئیے مگر جب سہ ماہی امتحان کا پرچہ ہمارے سامنے آیا تو ہمارے ہاتھوں

کے طوطے اڑ گئے۔ دراصل پڑھے کے سوالات بالکل مشکل نہ تھے مگر جوابات! ان کا لکھنا ہمارے بس سے باہر تھا اور اسی لئیے بمشکل آدھا گھنٹہ کمرہ امتحان میں گزار کر ہم دوبارہ کھلی فضا میں سانس لینے کے لئیے باہر آ گئے۔ اس آدھ گھنٹے میں ہم جتنے صفحات سیاہ کر سکتے تھے ہم نے کیئے اور ان صفحات کو پر کرنے کا ایک فائدہ ہم کو یہ ہوا کہ پڑھے واپس کرتے

ہوئے ہمارے کیمسٹری کے استاد نے ہم کو ”الکیمسٹ“ کا لقب عطا کیا اور لڑکوں نے بھی بہت واہ واہ کی۔ بعد میں پتہ چلا کہ کیمسٹری میں جتنی نئی تھیوریاں ہمارے پرچے میں پائی گئی تھیں اتنی کسی دوسرے میں نہ تھیں۔ اسی لئیے اس اعزاز کا واحد حقدار ہمارے علاوہ کوئی نہ تھا۔ اس کے بعد ہمارے نمبر پکارے گئے جو کہ ”نیگیٹیو مارکنگ“ کی وجہ سے کوٹھے ۳۹۔ تھے۔ ہمیں تو اپنے نمبر سن کر کوئی خوشی نہ ہوئی مگر معلوم نہیں کیوں پوری جماعت کے قہقہے کس طرح رکنے میں نہیں آتے تھے۔

خیر یہ تو ہمارا وہ عظیم المثال کارنامہ تھا جس پر ہم کو انٹرویو کیلئے بلایا گیا تھا۔ جس دن ہمارا نام روزنامے میں انٹرویو کی فہرست میں چھپا، اسی روز سے ہمارے دل میں انٹرویو کے لئیے تجسس پیدا ہو گیا اور یہ تھی بھی بہت فطری بات۔ ظاہر ہے ہمارا یہ پہلا انٹرویو تھا۔ اور وہ بھی پرنسپل صاحب کے سامنے۔ رہ رہ کر ہمیں یہ خیال آتا تھا کہ دوست! اس مرتبہ ہمارے گئے!

دوسرے دوستوں نے بھی اس ضمن میں ہماری کوئی مدد نہ کی۔ ہم نے یہ سوچ کر کہ دوست یار ہمیں تسلی دیں گے ان سے کہتے کہ ”یار۔ یہ انٹرویو میں ڈرائے کی کیا بات ہے آخر وہ ہمیں کہا.....“ مگر دوسرا بیچ میں سے بات کاٹ کر ہمیں اس بری طرح ڈراتا کہ وہیں ہماری گھگھی بندھ جاتی کلاس میں ٹیچر بھی بار بار انٹرویو کا ذکر اس طرح کرتے کہ



یہاں سے گھومتے ہوئے میں لائبریری میں پہنچا۔ وہاں بہت سے لڑکے موجود تھے۔ سب لوگوں کی نظریں مجھ پر مرکوز ہوئیں اور کچھ سرگوشیوں کے بعد وہ پڑھنے میں مشغول ہو گئے۔ میں ان سرگوشیوں کو جانتا تھا۔ مجھے یہ احساس کھائے جا رہا تھا کہ میں ان کے لیے اجنبی ہوں۔ گذرا ہوا زمانہ میری آنکھوں کے سامنے گردش کرنے لگا۔ میں بے چین ہو کر باہر چلا آیا۔ کاش! وقت کے ساتھ وہ حسین یادیں بھی بھول جاتا۔ مگر یہ ناممکن تھا۔ جب ہی تو آج پانچ سال بعد اپنی یادوں کو تازہ کرنے چلا آیا تھا اور اجنبیوں کی طرح گم سم کھڑا تھا۔

کھانے کے وقت جب میں میس میں داخل

ہوا تو مائیک پر S.U.O. کی آواز گونجی: "We welcome our ex-cadet"، اور تمام لڑکوں نے گھور کر میری طرف دیکھا جیسے اب وہ مجھے پہچان گئے ہوں گے۔

اب میں ان کے لیئے اجنبی نہیں رہا تھا۔ میس میں مجھے اپنے پرانے دوست اور شفیق اساتذہ نظر آئے۔ میں ان کی طرف بڑھا ہی تھا کہ میرے دماغ میں گھنٹیاں سی بجنے لگیں۔

وقیصر بریک فاسٹ پر نہیں چلو گے کیا؟، اور جب میرے حواس بیدار ہوئے تو میں نے اپنے آپ کو پلنگ پر پایا اور مجھے یاد آیا کہ آج ہی تو میرے دوست جارہے ہیں۔

## انٹرویو

کیڈٹ ظفر اقبال سہدی

جماعت یازدہم

انٹرویو کا خیال آتا ہے جو فلمی ستاروں سے لیا جاتا ہے اور بڑی باقاعدگی سے ریڈیو اور ٹیلی ویژن پر نشر کیا جاتا ہے مگر کچھ دیر کے لیئے ان سب انٹرویوز کو بھول جائیے۔ ہمارے کالج میں ایک اور طرح کا انٹرویوز بہت مقبول ہے جو عموماً

انٹرویو ہمارے لیئے ایک ایسا لفظ ہے کہ جسے پڑھ کر ہم اس انٹرویو کے متعلق سوچنے لگتے ہیں جس کا پاس کرنا آرسی، نیوی یا ایئر فورس میں جانے کے لیئے ضروری ہے۔ یا انٹرویو کا لفظ سن کر ہمارے دماغ میں اچانک اس



کتنا اچھا ہے بے چارہ۔ اب وہ چلا جائے گا تو مجھ سے مذاق کون کون کرے گا۔ کاش وہ نہ جائے۔ مگر اسے جانا چاہیے اور وہ ضرور چلا جائے گا۔ میرے دل سے بے اختیار دعا نکلی۔ خدا تمہیں ہمیشہ خوش رکھے میرے دوست۔ پھر یہ اداس تقریب بھی ختم ہو گئی اور ہم لوگ واپس اپنے اپنے کمروں میں چلے آئے۔

ہر طرف اداسی کا عالم تھا۔ ہر چیز پر افسردگی چھائی ہوئی تھی۔ جیسے ان کو بچھڑ جانے کا غم ہو۔

اس وقت رات کے بارہ بجے ہیں مگر میں کب سے بستر پر پڑا کروٹیں بدل رہا ہوں۔ نیند آج مجھ سے روٹھ گئی ہے شاید۔ میں صبح ہونے والی تقریب کے متعلق سوچ رہا ہوں۔ میں گردن اٹھا کر دیکھتا ہوں۔ میرے دونوں روم پارٹنرز ظفر اور امتیاز گہری نیند سو رہے ہیں۔ میرے دل میں یہ خیال آتا ہے کہ شاید یہ بھی مجھ سے بچھڑ جائیں گے۔ کیا ہم بھی اس طرح ایک دوسرے کو چھوڑ کر الگ الگ راہوں پر نکل کھڑے ہوں گے؟

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..... آخر وقت گذر گیا اور وہ لمحہ بھی آگیا جس کا تصور ہی مجھے اداس کر دیا کرتا تھا۔ ہم بھی جدا ہو گئے۔ آج پھر وہی نظارہ تھا مگر اس بار ہم رخصت کرنے والوں میں نہیں بلکہ رخصت ہونے والوں میں بیٹھے تھے۔ پرنسپل صاحب نے اسی طرح تقریر کی۔ میرا ذہن ساؤف ہو چکا تھا۔ دل کو یقین ہی نہیں آ رہا تھا کہ میں بھی کالج چھوڑ جاؤں گا۔ ہمیشہ

ہمیشہ کے لیئے۔ میرا اپنی آنکھوں پر قابو نہ رہا اور دو آلسو چھلک پڑے۔ تقریب ختم ہوئی اور ہم بچھڑ گئے۔ وقت گذر گیا۔ وقت بھلا کب رکتا ہے۔ اور پھر ایک وقت وہ آیا جب میں ایک طویل عرصے کے بعد کالج کے گیٹ پر اترا۔ میرے سامنے میرا پرانا کالج تھا۔ وہی گیٹ تھا، وہی گیٹ کیپر تھا۔ مگر اب کالج کے گیٹ کی جگہ سفید بالوں نے لے لی تھی۔ میں اندر داخل ہوا۔ اس نے رجسٹر میری طرف بڑھا دیا۔ مجھے یہ دیکھ کر عجیب سا لگا کہ وہ مجھے پہچانتا نہیں۔ وہ مجھے بھول گیا۔ مگر بے چارہ کب تک یاد رکھے اور کس کس کو یاد رکھے۔ وہ بے قصور ہے۔ پھر میں نے پہلی بار، یہاں پہلی بار کالج کے رجسٹر پر کچھ لکھا اور آگے بڑھ گیا۔

سرس کے درخت اب کافی تناور ہو چکے تھے۔ مجھے یاد آیا کہ جب میں یہاں تھا تو یہ ابھی چھوٹے چھوٹے اور کمزور ٹہنیوں والے تھے۔ مگر اب یہ مضبوط اور تناور درخت بن چکے تھے میں بوجھل قدموں سے آگے بڑھا۔ یہاں کے ذرے ذرے میں میں نے ماضی کی یادوں کو پوشیدہ پایا۔ میں نے دیکھا کہ سامنے دو کیڈٹ آرہے ہیں۔ مجھے یاد آیا کہ میں بھی کبھی ظفر کے ساتھ فرصت کے اوقات میں گھومنا کرتا تھا۔ وہ میرے قریب سے مجھے اجنبی نگاہوں سے گھورتے ہوئے گذر گئے۔ میں ان کے لیئے اجنبی تھا مگر میرے لیئے وہ اجنبی نہیں تھے۔

میں اب سوئمنگ پول کے پاس کھڑا تھا اور وہ گراؤنڈ جہاں میں ہزاروں بار کھیل چکا تھا۔ جہاں کا چہ چہ میرے قدموں سے آشنا تھا۔



# بہت آگے گئے

کیڈٹ فوور لغاری

جماعت دیبازدہم

کالج کو چھوڑتے ہوئے بہت دکھ ہو رہا ہے۔ مگر ہمیں آخر کار جانا ہی تھا۔ ہمیں کالج کی ہر بات یاد آئے گی۔ تمام دوست اور اہل خانہ ہمیشہ یاد آئیں گے گزرے ہوئے لمحات کی یاد ہمیں اکثر بے چین کر دیا کرے گی۔ پھر یکے بعد دیگرے کوئی نہ کوئی سائیکل پر آتا اور اس اداس فضا کو کچھ اور اداس کر جاتا اور پھر تقریر ختم ہوتے ہی تالیاں بچ اٹھتیں۔

میں نے ایک نظر ان دوستوں پر ڈالی جو ہم کو چھوڑ کر جا رہے تھے۔ میری نظر ٹھیک آگے بیٹھے ہوئے فیروز پر پڑی جو ہمارے کالج کا بے حد شہسوار لڑکا تھا۔ ہر جگہ شرارت سے باز نہیں آتا تھا اور مجھے تو اس سے چڑھتی تھی۔ مجھے یاد ہے کہ جب میں کالج میں نیا نیا آیا تھا تو اس نے ایک بار مجھے سوٹمنگ پول میں دھکا دے دیا تھا اور آتے جاتے بھی مذاق کیا کرتا تھا اور میں حتی الامکان اس سے دور رہتا تھا۔ مگر آج مجھے بے اختیار اس پر پیار آنے لگا

تمام کیڈٹ اکٹھے ہو چکے تھے۔ ایک طرف وہ کیڈٹ بیٹھے تھے جو بارہویں جماعت پاس کرنے کے بعد اب ہم سے بچھڑنے والے تھے۔ آج سب گم سم تھے۔ ہر طرف ہو کا عالم تھا۔ ورنہ اگر اور کوئی پارٹی ہوتی تو ہر طرف سے دبی دبی کھسک پھسک سنائی دیتی ہے مگر آج ان کیڈٹوں کو الوداعی پارٹی دی جا رہی تھی جو اپنی اگلی منزل کے لیے ہم سے جدا ہو رہے تھے۔ انہیں جانا تھا۔ کون یہاں ہمیشہ رہا ہے۔ مگر ایک دکھ ضرور ہوتا ہے۔ پرنسپل صاحب نے کھڑے ہو کر تقریر شروع کی۔ ان کی تقریر میں نہ جانے کون سا اثر تھا کہ تمام آنکھیں نم ہو گئیں۔ انہوں نے اپنی تقریر میں ان کیڈٹوں سے جدا ہونے پر دکھ کا اظہار کیا اور پھر ان کی قابلیت کو سراہتے ہوئے نیک تمناؤں کا اظہار کیا۔ پرنسپل کی تقریر کے بعد ایک کیڈٹ نے تقریر شروع کی۔ اگر کوئی اور موقع ہوتا تو دبی دبی ہوشنگ یار لوگ کونے کونے مگر آج ہر لڑکا خاموش اور اداس بیٹھا تھا۔ تقریر کا ہر ایک جملہ اثر انگیز تھا۔ ہاں تو کیڈٹ گم رہا تھا کہ ہمیں اس



شان و شوکت سے گھومتی پھرتی ہے۔

علی چاچا سے جب میں نے کہا کہ کوئی یادگار واقعہ سنائیں تو ہنس کر کہنے لگے کہ میری زندگی ایسے واقعات سے بھرپور ہے۔ ایک سنائوں تو دوسرا شکایت کرتا ہے کہ میں مستحق ہوں۔ اس لیے کیا بتاؤں۔ ہاں بغداد کا واقعہ ہے کہ ایک دفعہ میں چیمپ میں ایک کپتان کے ساتھ جارہ تھا۔ سڑک بہت خراب تھی اور ہمیں جلدی پہنچنا تھا اس لیے میں خلاف قانون دوسری سڑک پر نکل آیا اور میں نے پہلی مرتبہ اپنے افسر کے حکم کی تعمیل نہ کی اور وہ مجھے منع کرتا رہا مگر میں گاڑی چلاتا رہا،

یہاں تک سامنے سے بادشاہ وقت کی سواری آنکلی۔ اس وقت شاہ فیصل کے ماموں تخت نشین تھے۔ ایک تو غلط راستہ پر دوسرے رفتار تیز! اف خدایا، فاصلہ کم ہوتا گیا! میرے کپتان کے پسینے چھوٹنے لگے اور جب ہم نزدیک پہنچے تو وہ بے ہوش ہو گیا۔ میں نے اپنی گرفت اور مضبوط کر لی اور بڑی سہارت سے گاڑی بچا کر نکل گیا واپس پہنچ کر کیمپ میں کپتان کو ہوش آیا تو وہ کچھ ناراض تھا۔ لیکن میری مشاقی پر حیرت زدہ بھی اور شاید اسی لیے اس نے مجھ کو کچھ نہ کہا۔

علی چاچا کی مقبولیت کو دیکھ کر یہ کہنا پڑتا ہے کہ

چمن زار محبت میں اسی نے باغبانی کی کہ جس نے اپنی محنت ہی کو محنت کا ثمر جانا

فرض کی ادائیگی کو اپنے ذاتی مفادات پر ہمیشہ ترجیح دی ہے۔ انہیں مسلسل تین تین راتیں گاڑی چلانی پڑے تب بھی ان کی پیشانی پر شکن نہیں آتی۔ کہنے لگے: دو بعض اوقات تو ہم پر یہ وقت آیا کہ بچنے کی امید تک نہ رہی۔ مگر میں نے خدا پر مکمل بھروسہ کیا اور آج تک اس کے فضل و کرم سے ٹھیک ٹھاک ہوں۔“

علی چاچا کو جنرل سنٹگمری، جنرل کوئن، بریگیڈیر ماٹوتھ گیٹ، بریگیڈیر سیور کے ساتھ کام کرنے کا موقع ملا۔ ایک دفعہ جبکہ لارڈ ماؤنٹ بیٹن دورے پر یہاں آیا تو ان کی سواری کا انتظام انہیں ہی سونپا گیا۔ کہنی لگے: ”میں اپنے ساتھیوں میں کافی مقبول تھا۔ ہر ایک میری عزت کرتا تھا۔ ایک بریگیڈیر مجھے فوج سے نکال کر اپنے ساتھ انگلستان لے جانا چاہتا تھا، مگر میرے ضمیر نے اجازت نہ دی اور میں ۱۹۴۸ء میں ہجرت کر کے پاکستان آ گیا۔ یہاں آکر ۱۹۵۹ء میں انڈس رینجرز میں خدمات انجام دیں اور اسی سال میں پٹارو آ گیا۔“

میرے بے حد اصرار پر انہوں نے مجھے اپنی فائل دکھائی اور مجھے یہ دیکھ کر بڑی مسرت ہوئی کہ مختلف افسروں نے ان کی خدمات کو سراہا ہے۔ ان کی پرخلاصہ خدمت کی ایک مثال یہ بھی ہے کہ ۱۹۶۳ء میں گندھارا انڈسٹریز لے لاکھوں کے حساب سے شیورلیٹ ۳ سلینڈر گاڑیاں پاکستان کو بیچیں اور ان میں سے کوئی بھی چھ مہینے سے زیادہ نہیں چل سکی مگر انہوں نے اپنی گاڑی کی دیکھ بھال اس طرح کی ہے کہ آج بھی کیڈٹ کالج پٹارو کی بس کے نام سے بڑی



ہم نے کبھی اس بات پر غور نہیں کیا کہ گوشہ گمنامی میں رہ کر بھی انسان اپنی عظمت کا لوہا منوا سکتا ہے۔ بشرطیکہ ہم منے نہ لٹے تیار ہوں۔

آئیے آج ایک ایسے ہی انسان کی کہانی سنتے۔ یہ ہیں پٹارو میں رہنے والے ہر دل عزیز و چاچا، خدا ہی بہتر جانتا ہے کہ اس رشتہ کی کیا وجہ ہے۔ مگر چاچا کے نام سے ان کو ہر چھوٹا بڑا بخوبی جانتا ہے۔ صرف پٹارو ہی میں نہیں بلکہ حیدرآباد میں بھی لوگ انہیں علی چاچا کے نام سے یاد کرتے ہیں۔ آپ ان کی شخصیت کو بہتر طریقے سے جاننے کے لیے صبح کے وقت جب کالج بس حیدرآباد کے لیے روانہ ہوتی ہے، انہیں دیکھیے۔ ہر کیڈٹ اپنی فرمائش پر ان سے حیدرآباد سے چیزیں لانے کو کہتا ہے۔ اس کے علاوہ کالونی کے افراد بھی حیدرآباد سے اپنی ضروریات کی چیزیں منگوانے کے لیے لمبی لمبی قہرستیں لیے آپہنچتے ہیں اور دوپہر کو جب بس واپس آتی ہے تو ہر شخص کو اس کی مطلوبہ شے مل جاتی ہے۔ علی چاچا ہر شخص کے کام آتے ہیں۔ وہ رو خدمت میں عظمت ہے، کی حقیقت سے واقف ہیں۔ ایک دفعہ میں نے ان سے ان کی زندگی کے بارے میں کچھ جاننا چاہا تو فخریہ لہجے میں کہنے لگے دو میان مجھے اپنی خدمات کے صلے میں اقمیہ تمنغے ملے ہیں کہ چھاتی بھر جاتی ہے، اور یہ کہتے ہی ان کا سینا تن گیا۔ وچاچا، کا پورا نام علی محمد ملک ہے اور یہ ۱۹۴۰ ع میں فوج میں بھرتی ہوئے۔ اس وقت جنگ عظیم کے شعلے پوری دنیا کو اپنی لپیٹ میں لیے ہوئے تھے۔ تربیت کی غرض سے

انہیں ایک سال ہندوستان کی مختلف چھاؤنیوں میں بھیجا گیا۔ تربیت کے دوران ہی انہیں اپنے اندر چھپی ہوئی صلاحیتوں کو اجاگر کرنے کا موقع مل گیا اور اعتراف صلاحیت کرتے ہوئے انہیں ایم۔ ٹی (M.T) کی اعلیٰ ٹریننگ کے لیے پشاور بھیج دیا گیا۔ وہاں سے لکھنؤ، بریلی ہوتے ہوئے ۱۹۴۱ ع میں جھانسی پہنچے اور انہیں اب محاذ پر بھیجنے کے لیے Rye فورس میں شامل کر لیا گیا۔ دوسری جنگ عظیم کے شعلے بھڑک رہے تھے۔ ہٹلر اور مسولینی کے مقابلے کے لیے فوجیں بھجی جا رہی تھیں۔ علی چاچا نے اپنے فرائض انجام دیتے ہوئے ہر مقام پر بڑی جانفشانی سے کام کیا اور مصر، بغداد، تہران، لیبیا اور فلسطین ہر جگہ مشکلوں کا خندہ پیشانی سے مقابلہ کیا۔ مشکلات کا ذکر کرتے ہوئے انہوں نے کہا: وہاں سے نبٹنا ہمارے ہی بس کی بات تھی۔ حد یہ ہے کہ راشن کا معقول بندوبست تک نہ تھا اور ہم نے درختوں کے پتے کھا کھا کر دن گزارے،،

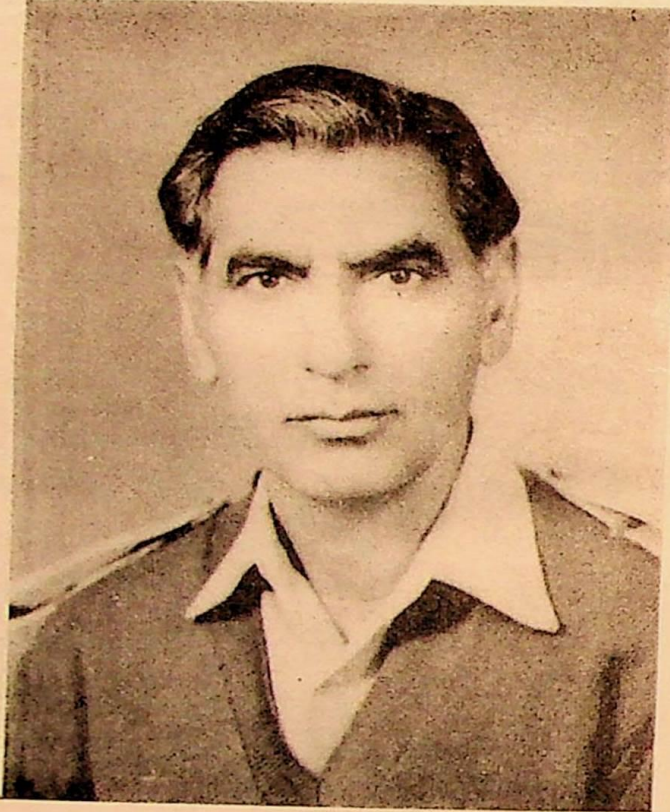
۱۹۴۳ ع میں جرمنی کو فتح کرنے کے بعد ان کی بٹالیں بمبئی پہنچی مگر وہاں سے فوراً سنی پور بھیج دیا گیا جس کے گرد جاپانیوں نے گھیرا ڈال رکھا تھا چاچا جب یہ بتانے لگے کہ کس طرح ان کی بٹالین نے جاپانیوں کو ہتھیار ڈالنے پر مجبور کیا تو ان کی آنکھوں میں ایک چمک تھی اور آواز میں ایک جوش پیدا ہو گیا اور ایسا لگا جیسے تھوڑی دیر کے لیے گردش ایام پیچھے کے طرف دوڑنے لگی ہو۔ انہوں نے خلا میں دیکھتے ہوئے کہا کہ وہم نے تو تلواروں کے سائے میں تربیت حاصل کی ہے۔،، علی چاچا نے



## خدمت ہی میں عظمت ہے

کوئٹہ سید حسن حیدر رضوی

جماعت یازدہم



جناب علی محمد ملک

سامنے آتے ہیں۔ اس لئے کہ ہم نے عظمت کا معیار کچھ اس طرح مقرر کیا ہے کہ صرف وہ شخصیات جن کو شہرت کے دربار میں جگہ مل جائے۔ ہماری نظروں میں محترم بن جاتی ہیں۔ لیکن

شخصیت کی تعمیر حالات و واقعات کے ہاتھوں ہوتی ہے اور زمانے کی آگ سے گذر کر ہی شخصیت کا کندن اپنی چمک دسک کو نمایاں کرتا ہے۔ عظیم شخصیتیں صرف وہ ہی نہیں ہوتیں جن کے سروں پر زمانہ شہرت عام و بقائے دوام کے تاج پہنا کر تخت زرین پر بٹھا دیتا ہے بلکہ وہ لوگ بھی عظیم ہوتے ہیں اور ان کی شخصیت بھی لائق احترام ہوتی ہے جو زمانے کی نظروں سے بچ کر نہایت خاموشی کے ساتھ قابل قدر کارنامے انجام دئے جاتے ہیں۔ انسانی زندگی اتنی ہم جہت اور اتنی ہم رنگ ہے اور انسان کی صلاحیتوں کے لیئے اظہار کے اتنے پہلو ہیں کہ اگر ہم کو صرف انسانوں کے کارناموں کا شمار کرنا ہو تو اس کے لئے عمر چاہیئے۔ اسی لیے ایسا ہوتا ہے

کہ دنیا میں ہزاروں لاکھوں افراد بنی نوع انسان کی بھلائی کے لئے اپنی بہترین صلاحیتیں صرف کر دیتے ہیں۔ لیکن ان میں سے بہت کم افراد کے حالات و واقعات یا کارنامے ہماری نگاہوں کے



یہ ہراسرار بندے حالات کا رخ ہی پلٹ گئے۔  
 صبح کے آثار ہوئے تو میں نے میدان کارزار سے  
 آسمان کی جانب نگاہ اٹھائی۔ صبح کا ستارہ مسکراتا  
 ہوا کہہ رہا تھا کہ اب لڑائی سایمانگی پر قبضہ  
 کے لئے نہیں ہے، دشمن فاضلکا کے دفاع میں لڑ رہا  
 ہے۔ وقت بدلا، حالات بدلے، دوپہر تک مجھے  
 فاضلکا پر سبز پرچم لہراتا نظر آرہا تھا اور دشمن  
 دور بہت دور ہمارے جیالوں کی زد سے اکلنے  
 کے لئے ہاتھ پاؤں مار رہا تھا۔ شہیدوں کے لہو  
 کی سرخی سے رنگین یہاں کا ذرہ ذرہ ہلالی پرچم  
 کو سلامی دے رہا تھا۔ میں خوش تھا۔ کیوں  
 نہ خوش ہوتا غازی جو ٹہرا۔ فخر سے سر خود بخود

اونچا اٹھ رہا تھا،

یہ ہراسرار آواز ختم ہوئی۔ میں کچھ  
 دیر یہ وہی سر جھکائے کھڑا رہا۔ اپنے  
 شہیدوں کی یاد میں۔ اور جب میں نے سر اٹھا  
 کر سامنے دیکھا تو پاکستانی او۔ پی کی پوسٹ،  
 یہ مضبوط ٹاور واقعی فخر سے سر اونچا کیے کھڑا  
 تھا۔ شام کے سائے بڑھ گئے تھے اس لیٹے میں  
 اس پر لگے ہوئے گولیوں کے گہرے نشانات اچھی  
 طرح نہیں دیکھ سکتا تھا۔ میں نے غور سے دیکھا  
 تو آواز پھر ابھری: وہی تو میرے ماتھے کا—  
 جھومر— ہے جسے سجائے میں یوں کھڑا ہوں  
 کہ دشمن ہیبت سے کانپ اٹھتا ہے،

جو رکے تو کوہ گراں تھے ہم جو چلے تو جاں سے گذر گئے  
 رہ یار ہم نے قدم قدم تجھے یادگار بنا دیا  
 فیض



تھا کہ گھبرا گیا۔ یہاں ایک اسلام نہیں کئی اسلام موجود تھے۔ سب کے سب ڈٹ گئے۔ رات کے پچھلے پہر کا عمل تھا۔ آسمان سے آگ برس رہی تھی اور یہ سب اسلام یوں آگے بڑھ رہے تھے جیسے آگ نہیں پھول برس رہے ہوں ان کے استقبال کے لئے۔۔۔ ان کے خدا کی طرف سے۔۔۔

ہاں ٹھیک تو ہے، یہی پھول تو انہیں بھی وہ سرخ پھول بنا رہے تھے جنہیں یہ دنیا گلے لگانے کو دوڑتی ہے۔ اور قدرت جنہیں چاہتی سے وہ عرش بریں کی زینت بن جاتے ہیں۔ ان کے لئے جس شعور کی ضرورت ہے اس سے تو عام انسان محروم ہے۔ یوں بہت سے اسلام۔۔۔ سرخ پھول۔۔۔

عرش کی زینت بن گئے اور اپنی تھوڑی تھوڑی سرخی سے جو وہ مادر وطن کی نذر کر گئے، اس زمین کو بھی سرخ رو کر گئے دشمن لاتعداد ہونے کے باوجود اس سرخی کو نہ مٹا سکا۔ پیادہ یلغار ہوئی۔ ٹینک آئے، توپیں آگ اگلتی رہیں، مگر ان سب کا جواب یہاں کا ہر اسلام مسکرا کر دیتا رہا اور جونہی یہ مسکراہٹ تاجدار عالم کے ہاں پسندیدہ ٹھرتی تو سرخی کی اوٹ میں ہو جاتی۔ ہماری آنکھ سے اوجھل مگر ہم سے دور نہیں۔

میرے دوست! اس رات میں نے یہاں بہت سے خالد دیکھے۔ کئی طارق میری نظروں کے سامنے سے گذرے۔ یہاں بدر کی فضا بھی دیکھی اور یہ بھی دیکھا کہ اپنے وعدے کے مطابق خدا نے اپنے بندوں کی مدد بھی کی۔ گولیاں یوں برس رہی تھیں جیسے آسمان سے بارش ہوتی ہے۔ توپوں کی گھن گرج تھی۔ سلیمانکی کا پل ایک کھلونے کی مانند ڈول رہا تھا۔ مگر یہ شہید، یہ غازی،

دروہ سامنے دیکھو، آواز سنائی دی۔ میں نے ذرا غور سے سامنے دیکھا تو دور ایک بلند ڈاور نظر آ رہا تھا۔ ارے یہ تو پانی کی ٹنکی ہے۔ مگر یہ پانی کی ٹنکی سرحد پر کیسے؟

یہ دشمن کے او۔ پی کی پوسٹ ہے، آواز پھر سنائی دی۔ دوا کر تم دورین سے دیکھو تو تمہیں ایک آدمی آہستہ آہستہ سیڑھیاں چڑھتا نظر آئے گا۔ یہ انداز آس شخص سے قطعی مختلف ہے جو آسی شام نہ جانے کیا کیا خیالات دل میں لئے اسی طرح سیڑھیاں پڑھ رہا تھا۔ بھلا مجھ سے کیا چھپا رہ سکتا تھا۔ آس کا انداز آس کے تمام ارادے مجھ پر واضح کر چکا تھا۔ شام کے سائے بڑھ رہے تھے۔ سورج ڈھل گیا تھا۔ سائے اور بھی بڑھ گئے۔ میرے تجسس میں بھی اضافہ ہو گیا۔ مگر آس رات جو اسلام ڈیوٹی پر تھا آس نے اس تجسس کا خاتمہ ہی کر ڈالا۔ آس کی آنکھوں میں روشن عزم و ہمت کی مشعلیں مجھے پہلے سے زیادہ روشن دکھائی دے رہی تھیں۔ میں نے اطمینان کا سانس لیا اور خود بھی اندھیروں میں کھو گیا۔ لیکن حوالدار اسلام کی رائفل سے نکلی ہوئی ایک ہی گولی ان تمام اندھیروں کو روشن کر گئی۔ یہ گولی وطن عزیز کی طرف رہنکتے ہوئے خطرے کے خلاف پہلی آواز تھی۔ میں نے آنکھ اٹھا کر وہ منظر دیکھا تو لرز اٹھا۔ دشمن پیش قدمی کر رہا تھا۔ حوالدار اسلام کی گولی کی گونج ابھی ختم نہیں ہوئی تھی کہ قیامت خیز دھماکے شروع ہو گئے اور میں کانپ اٹھا کہ خدا جانے اب کیا ہوگا۔۔۔ مگر میں بھی کتنا نادان



# روشن مسکراہٹیں سرخ پھول

کیڈٹ غلام عباس

جماعت دواز دہم

بھر پور قہقہہ جو میرے ذہن کے تمام تانے بانے توڑ گیا۔ میں نے استہفامیہ نظروں سے ادھر ادھر دیکھنا شروع کیا تو ایک بارعب آواز سنائی دی۔

”یہاں آنے والا ہر نیا شخص اسی انداز میں سوچتا ہے اور یہی کہتا ہے جو تم نے کہا۔ لوگ آتے ہیں اور حیرت و خوشی کے جذبات لیے لوٹ جاتے ہیں۔ کوئی مجھ سے یہ بھی نہیں پوچھتا کہ آسے جواب دینے والے اسلام کے لہجے میں اتنا اعتماد کیوں ہے جبکہ یہ بات ہر پاکستانی پر روز روشن کی طرح عیاں ہونی چاہیے۔ میرے دوست! تمہیں بھی یہ بات بہت عجیب محسوس ہوگی کہ یہاں کے ہر فرد کا لہجہ دوسرے سے زیادہ پر عزم اور پراعتماد ہے۔ میری آواز میں بھی تمہیں یہ جھلک کیوں نہ نظر آئے۔ صرف میں ہی تو ہوں جو شروع سے یہاں رہا ہوں، اب ہوں اور ابد تک رہوں گا۔“

اس پراسرار آواز کی ہیبت میں ہر لمحہ اضافہ ہو رہا تھا اور میں ہم تن گوش کھڑا آسے سن رہا تھا۔

”پاکستان کے لئے یہ پوزیشن تو بہت نازک ہے،“ میں نے دور تک پھیلے ہوئے فاضلکا کے ہرے بھرے میدانوں پر نظر ڈالتے ہوئے کہا۔ لیکن سرگودھا کے رہنے والے سپاہی اسلام نے چھاتی ابھارتے ہوئے سلیمانکی ہیڈ ورکس کی طرف دیکھا اور بڑے فخر سے بولا کہ خدا کی مہربانی سے ایسی تو کوئی بات نہیں ہے صاحب! یوں میرے اس خیال کی مکمل نفی ہوگئی کہ حد نظر تک پھیلے ہوئے ان وسیع میدانوں میں دشمن کے سیلاب کو روکنا بہت مشکل کام ہے۔ میرے لیے یہ جواب قطعی غیر متوقع تھا۔ شاید اس لیے کہ ایک تو سلیمانکی ہیڈ ورکس پاکستانی سرحد سے بمشکل ایک میل کے فاصلے پر ہوگا اور پھر اس سے ملحقہ علاقہ ایسا ہے کہ دشمن کے سامنے کوئی قدرتی رکاوٹ نہیں ہے۔ یہ باتیں سوچتے ہوئے میری عجیب کیفیت ہوگئی۔ ایک طرف تو یہ علاقہ ذہن میں ابھرتا تھا اور دوسری طرف سپاہی اسلام کا جواب۔

اسی دوران مجھے ایک قہقہہ سنائی دیا۔ ہمت، شجاعت، عزم و استقلال اور سپاہیاء عظمت سے



اور ہمدرد انسان۔ ضرورت کے وقت دوست کی مدد کرنا وہ اپنا فرض سمجھتے ہیں۔

ایک دفعہ میرے ایک دوست کی کاپی کی جو شامت آئی تو ان کے ہتھے چڑھ گئی اور ظاہر ہے ان کے ہتھے کسی چیز کا چڑھنا تباہی اور بربادی ہی کی علامت ہے۔ چنانچہ میرے اس دوست کی کاپی کا بھی یہی حشر ہوا۔ ہونا کیا تھا، ان کی کاپی بلاڈنگ پیپر میں تبدیل ہوگئی۔ گو اس میں ان کی اپنی غلطی نہ تھی بلکہ یہ کسی اور صاحب کی کارستانی تھی۔ لیکن انہوں نے عاجزی سے معذرت چاہی اور پھر انہوں نے پوری رات جاگ کر ان کی کاپی مکمل کی اور اس طرح اس لڑکے کو اگلے روز کلاس میں آنے والی مصیبت سے بچالیا۔

بزرگ جن عادتوں کی وجہ سے بچوں کو اچھے بچے کہتے ہیں، نعیم صاحب میں قریب قریب سب ہی خوبیاں ہیں اور خیر سے اچھے طالب علم بھی ہیں۔ وہ اپنے تمام چھوٹے ساتھیوں پر (جن میں ہم بھی شمار ہوتے ہیں) بڑی شفقت فرماتے ہیں۔ حق گوئی و بے باکی میں کوئی بھی ان کا ثانی نہیں۔ بس یوں سمجھ لیجئے کہ درسی کتابوں کے پہلے صفحے پر چھپے ہوئے ویسٹ پاکستان ٹیکسٹ بک بورڈ کے Motto امانت، دیانت، شرافت صداقت کی چلتی پھرتی تصویر ہیں۔

پہلے ہی غصے میں تھے اس لئے لفظ ”بھینسے“ نے ان کے لیے لال کپڑے کا کام کیا۔ وہ بے تحاشہ ان کے پیچھے بھاگے۔ ان کا بھاگنا تھا کہ تمام لوگ سہم گئے۔ وہ دھول اڑاتے اور دھپ دھپ کرتے اس کے کمرے کے دروازے تک پہنچے۔ قاسم صاحب اندر سے دروازہ بند کر چکے تھے۔ ان صاحب نے دھمکی دی کہ دروازہ کھولو ورنہ I will kill you (یہ ان کا مخصوص جملہ ہے) لیکن قاسم صاحب نے لاعاقبت اندیشی سے کام لیتے ہوئے صاف انکار کر دیا۔ یہ سنتے ہی نعیم صاحب نے جو اپنا کھر، معاف کیجئے گا میری مراد پاؤں سے ہے، دروازہ پر مارا تو دوسرے ہی لمحے دروازہ آہ و فغان کرتا ہوا زمین بوس ہو گیا۔

اب میں گیارہویں جماعت میں ہوں اور وہ میرے قریبی دوست ہیں اور ہر وقت ساتھ رہتے ہیں۔ لیکن پھر بھی میں ان کے قریب جانے سے کتراتا ہوں۔ اس لیے کہ وہ کبھی کبھار جوش میں آ کر ہمیں گلے لگاتے ہیں تو گھنٹوں ہمیں اپنی گم شدہ پسلیوں کی تلاش رہتی ہے۔

لیکن ان کے قریب آ کر اب ہمیں ایک اور حقیقت معلوم ہوئی کہ اس شیل کے اندر ایک بہت ہی خوبصورت نرم دل اور نہایت پیارے نعیم صاحب بھی رہتے ہیں۔ ایک بے حد شفیق



میں گھبرا کر اٹھا تو میرا ہاتھ سامنے بیٹھے ہوئے حضرت پر جا لگا اور دوسرے ہی لمحے تمام حقیقت سچہ پر آشکار ہو گئی۔ نہ ہی سیری بصارت جاتی رہی تھی اور نہ ہی بجلی فیل ہوئی تھی۔ در حقیقت میرے سامنے ایک صاحب زادے بیٹھ گئے تھے جن کے طول و عرض کو دیکھتے ہوئے بے ساختہ یہ کہنے کو دل چاہتا تھا۔

سائز میں تیرے کوئی مقابل نہ آسکتے  
پیمانہ کوئی کب تیری وسعت کو پاسکتے

فلم ختم ہوئی تو ہم سب آہستہ آہستہ کمرون میں آگئے۔ وہ حضرت بھی تشریف لے آئے۔ ہر کیڈٹ ان سے سہما ہوا تھا اور آپس میں کانا پھوسی ہو رہی تھی۔ کوئی کہتا ”اماں یار ہمارا اس توپ کے ساتھ کیسے گزارہ ہوگا۔ یار اگر اس نے ابک تھپڑ بھی مار دیا تو پانی مانگنا تو درکنار پانی کے بارے میں سوچنے بھی نہ پائیں گے۔“ دوسرا کہتا تھا ”بھئی میں تو اس کے کمرے میں لہ رہوں گا۔ مجھے تو اس سے ڈر لگے ہے،“

دوسرے دن جب ہم سب نے پہلی بار کالج یونیفارم پہنا تو سب ہی عجیب لگ رہے تھے۔ لیکن ان کا کیا کہنا۔ وہ تو عجوبہ معلوم ہو رہے تھے۔ اب جو سین نے انہیں دن کی روشنی میں غور سے دیکھا تو ..... بس صاحب کیا بتاؤں... .. ان کا وزن تقریباً سچہ سے دوگنا، قد چھ فٹ کے قریب، کالی رنگت، موٹی موٹی سفید آنکھیں، پیشانی تک بال، درخت کے تنے کی طرح گردن اور بڑے بڑے سفید دانت غارنا منہ سے جھانک رہے تھے۔

دن گذرتے گئے ..... تعلقات بڑھتے گئے ..... دوستی پھیلتی گئی ..... آج کل وہی حضرت میرے بہترین دوست ہیں۔ آپ سے ان کا تعارف کراتے وقت ان کے کارناموں پر ذرا نظر ڈالتا چلوں۔ وہ سال میں دو جوڑے جوتے استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ کپڑوں کی تو گنتی نہیں۔ دو لڑکوں کے ہاتھ توڑ چکے ہیں۔ ان کی زد میں دو دروازے اور چار چار پائیاں بھی آچکی ہیں۔ اور معجزہ تو یہ ہے کہ ہم بچے ہوئے ہیں۔ گفتگو فرماتے ہیں تو ایسا معلوم ہوتا ہے گویا بادل گرج رہے ہوں اور ماشا اللہ سے اوپر کی منزل میں رہتے ہیں اور نیچے والوں کو عموماً شکایت رہتی ہے کہ جب یہ صاحب چہل قدمی فرماتے ہیں تو زلزلے کا گہاں ہوتا ہے۔

یقین کیجئے اس طول و عرض کی وجہ سے بستر میں ان کے پیر کبھی نہیں سائے۔ آئیے ان کو یہ شکایت ہے کہ کالج کیمبل اور بستر چھوٹے سمیہا کرتا ہے۔

ان صاحب کو لڑکے چھیڑتے بھی بہت ہیں۔ واضح رہے کہ قریب کھڑے ہو کر نہیں۔ کسی کی کیا مجال کہ ایک لفظ کہہ سکے۔ ہاں دور رہ کر انہیں بھیسنے اور بغیلو جیسے القاب سے نوازا جاتا ہے۔ یہ سب الفاظ نعیم صاحب سن تو لیتے ہیں لیکن خون کے گھونٹ پی کر چپ ہو جاتے ہیں۔ آخر کر بھی کیا سکتے ہیں۔ دوڑنے سے تو رہے۔ ہاں البتہ اگر کوئی ہاتھ آجائے تو اگلے اور پچھلے تمام بدلے چکا دیتے ہیں۔

پچھلے دنوں کا ذکر ہے۔ ہمارے ایک دوست قاسم علی صاحب نے انہیں ”بھینسا“ کہدیا۔ وہ



وہ جھومتا ہے۔ جھومتی جھاڑیوں کے ساتھ گنگناتا ہے۔ چمکتے پرندوں کے ساتھ۔ مگر جب فصل کاٹ کر کھلیاں بھر لیتا ہے تب اس کی خوشی کا ٹھکانا نہیں ہوتا۔ دنیا کی بڑی سے بڑی خوشیاں بھی اس خوشی کے سامنے ہیچ ہیں۔

اس خوشی کا اظہار وہ کیسے کرتا ہے۔ ناچتے ہوتے۔ اپنے دو ساتھیوں کے ساتھ وہ اچھلتا ہے۔ ان کی گردن پر تھپکی دیتا ہے۔ اپنی پگڑی اتار کر ان کے سینگوں پر رکھ دیتا ہے۔ وہ بھی اس کی خوشی میں برابر کے شریک ہوتے ہیں۔ ان کی آنکھوں میں بھی بالکل اپنے مالک، اپنے ساتھی کی طرح سیلاب، امڈ رہا ہوتا ہے۔ انمول خوشی کا۔

علی الصباح کھیتوں پر کام شروع کرتا ہے اور شام ڈھلے تو واپس گھر آتا ہے۔ اس کو وقت کا احساس ہی نہیں ہوتا۔ گھنٹیوں کی پیاری پیاری صداہیں۔ اس کی اپنی نوائیں۔ بیلوں کی آوازیں اسے گرد و پیش سے بے خبر رکھتی ہیں۔

اس کا کھیت ہی اس کا بچھونا ہے۔ وہ اس کا باورچی خانہ اور وہی سہمان خانہ ہے۔ اس کے دو بیل ہی اس کے گہرے دوست ہیں۔ اس کی گفتگو بھی انہی سے ہوتی ہے۔ وہ ان کی زبان سمجھتا ہے اور وہ اس کی۔

کھیت کے ارد گرد آگی ہوئی جھاڑیاں ہی اسے ٹھنڈی چھاؤں بہم پہنچاتی ہے۔ غرض وہی کھیت اس کی دنیا ہے۔ ننھی سی دنیا۔ الگ تھلگ دنیا۔ مگر جنت کا نمونہ۔۔۔ وہ ہر وقت خوش ہوتا ہے۔

## مشفق لکھوں، رفیق لکھوں، دلربا لکھوں

کیڈٹ ذوالفقار علی کاظمی

جماعت یازدہم

پر سر ہلاتے جاتے اور اپنی پسندیدہ جگہوں پر بیٹھتے جاتے۔ جب سب بیٹھ گئے تو فام شروع ہو گئی۔ یکا یک سچھے ایسا محسوس ہوا جیسے بجلی فیل ہو گئی یا میری بصارت جاتی رہی۔

موسیقی جاری تھی۔ لڑکے جھومتے ہوئے سینما ہال میں داخل ہو رہے تھے۔ مختلف لباس میں ملبوس، مختلف مقامات کے یہ کیڈٹ، سینما ہال کے اندر داخل ہوتے ہوئے موسیقی کی اس دہن



تھے لیکن دل اب بھی دل کی آواز سن رہے تھے۔

دومیرے محبوب، اس دنیا میں سب چیزیں فنا  
ہو جائیں گی۔ صرف سیرت و کردار کی روشنی  
باقی رہ جائے گی،

زخمی دلوں پر سرہم رکھتے ہیں۔ ہم دیر تک  
موسیقی کی دنیا میں گم رہے۔

تقریباً دس بجے وہاں سے واپسی کے لیے روانہ  
ہوئے۔ رات کافی خوشگوار تھی۔ ٹھنڈی ٹھنڈی ہوا  
چل رہی تھی۔ ہمارے جسم پٹارو کی طرف جارہے

## انمول خوشی

کیڈٹ محمد دالحسن

جماعت دوازدہم

ہیں۔ بیلوں کے گلے میں — ہاں — انہی بیلوں  
کے گلے میں جو اس کی زندگی کا سرمایہ ہیں —  
اس کی زینت کا سہارا ہیں۔ اس کے جیون ساتھی  
ہیں۔ وہ اس کی روح ہیں۔ — بالکل وہی روح  
جو تادم آخر انسان کا ساتھ دیتی ہے۔

وہ صبح سویرے اٹھتا ہے۔ دو گھنٹیوں کی آواز  
آتی ہے اور دور ہوتی چلی جاتی ہے — پھر  
غائب ہو جاتی ہے۔ گھنٹیاں اپنی مخصوص لہریں  
نغمے لاپتی رہتی ہیں۔ وہ نغمے جن میں کسان  
اور اس کے بیلوں کا دل گاتا ہے۔ بڑے بڑے صاحب  
بڑے بڑے افسر اور بڑے بڑے تاجر و زمیندار  
سوتے ہیں میٹھی نیند — دولت کے سائے تلے  
سین۔ مگر اس کا سب سے بڑا آرام اس کی محنت  
و مشقت ہے۔ اس کی نیند اس کی بیداری ہے۔ وہ

لہلہاتی فعلیں، چمکتی اوس، آجلی پہاڑیاں،  
بھرے کھلیاں، بہتی ندیاں، جھومتی جھاڑیاں،  
پرندوں کے نغمے، معصوم بچوں کی کلکاریاں اور  
حقے کی چنگاریاں — بس یہی ہیں گاؤں کی سب  
سے بڑی دولت۔ مگر گاؤں والے کی دولت، بڈھے  
دھقانی کی دولت — دو گھنٹیاں — اور وہ دو  
گلے جن میں گھنٹیاں بجتی رہتی ہیں، دونوں ہی  
وقت۔ دن اور رات۔ وہ ان دو گھنٹیوں کو بے حد  
چاہتا ہے۔ اپنے دو ہاتھوں کی طرح، دو کانوں کی  
طرح، دو آنکھوں کی طرح، وہ ان دونوں گھنٹیوں  
میں کوئی فرق نہیں سمجھتا۔ بالکل کوئی فرق  
نہیں۔ وہ ان گھنٹیوں کو کس لیے چاہتا ہے۔  
وہ دھات کے ان دو ٹکڑوں کو کیوں پسند کرتا  
ہے۔ اس لیے کہ وہ اس کے بیلوں کے گلے میں



اور مجھے بلا رہے ہیں کہ سوہنی آ۔ لیکن دو خطرے ایسے ہیں جو میرے دل کو روکتے ہیں۔ تیز بہتا ہوا گہرا دریا اور یہ کچا گھٹا۔ لیکن جن کے ساتھ سچائی ہے، میں جانتی ہوں کہ وہ کبھی نہیں ڈوبتے،،

سزار سے نکل کر پھر تھوڑی دیر کے ایسے جہانِ نغمہ سے شور و غل کی دنیا میں گم ہو گئے۔ سڑک کے دونوں کناروں پر مختلف قسم کے سرکس اور دکانیں سچی ہوئی تھیں۔ کافی دیر گھوم کو تقریباً ساڑھے آٹھ بجے واپس مقررہ جگہ پر پہنچے۔ سب نے جلدی جلدی کھانا کھایا۔ موسیقی کا پروگرام شروع ہونے والا تھا۔ جس میں سندھ کے مشہور فن کار حصہ لے رہے تھے۔ ہمارے نئے پہلے ہی سے نشستیں محفوظ تھیں۔ موسیقی کا پروگرام شروع ہوا: ہم نے اس سے پہلے ایسی سرور انگیز موسیقی نہیں سنی تھی۔ زبان سمجھ میں نہیں آتی تھی۔ لیکن موسیقی کی زبان تو دل کی زبان ہوتی ہے اور دل کی زبان کون نہیں سمجھتا۔ ہر فن کار نے بہترین فن کا مظاہرہ کیا اور دل نے دل کی آواز سنی۔

و تو پھر اللہ کی مدد سے ”بھروسے“ کو اپنی کشتی بنا کر دیکھو سمجھ دار آدمی جب ڈوبنے لگتا ہے تو جھاڑیوں کو پکڑ لیتا ہے۔ لیکن ذرا دیکھو کہ کبھی یہی جھاڑیاں سہارے لینے والے کو کنارے تک پہنچا دیتی ہیں اور کبھی ٹوٹ جاتی ہیں اور پکڑنے والا دریا میں ڈوب جاتا ہے،،

میں نے سوچا کہ یہی میٹھے بول ہیں جو انسان کو زندگی کی حقیقتوں آگاہ کرتے ہیں اور

تھی میں نے سوچا غفلت کی نیند سونے والوں کو کیسا اچھا درس دیا جا رہا ہے۔ بس کے ایک سخت جھٹکے نے تخیل کے آسمان سے پھر زمین پر گرا دیا۔ میں نے دیکھا کہ ہم حیدرآباد کے پاس سے گذر رہے ہیں۔ سڑک پر لوگوں سے بھری ہوئی بسیں اور دوسری گاڑیاں بڑی تیزی سے رواں دواں تھیں۔ چاچا علی بڑی مشاقی سے بس چلا رہا تھا۔ جب بھی وہ کسی بس کو پاس کرتا تو ہم ”چاچا علی زندہ باد“ کے نعرے لگاتے۔ ہر ایک ہنسی مذاق کرتا ہوا مزے سے جا رہا تھا۔ کافی دیر بعد بھٹ شاہ نظر آیا۔ ہجوم اس قدر زیادہ تھا کہ کھوے سے کھوا چھلتا تھا۔ بس رکی تو سب اتارے اور چھوٹی چھوٹی ٹولیوں میں ادھر ادھر بکھر گئے۔ سزار کے قریب ہی وہ دل نشین آواز گونج رہی تھی۔

”دیکھو لطیف، گھنے بادل نیچے اتار رہے ہیں۔ اور پانی کی بڑی بڑی بوندیں پڑنے لگیں۔ اپنے بیلوں کو باہر نکالو اور میدانوں کا رخ کرو۔ ہم وقت مایوس ہو کر بیٹھنے کا نہیں۔ لو دیکھو پھوار پڑنے لگی،،

یہ پیام عمل سن کر کیف و سرور کی پھوار پڑنے لگی۔ لیکن ہجوم کے شور اور دھکم دھکائے میں پھر اس آواز سے دور کر دیا۔ آخر ہم بھیڑ میں بڑی مشکل سے جگہ بناتے ہوئے سزار پر پہنچے۔ لوگ جوق در جوق حاضری دے رہے تھے۔ عقیدت مندوں کی ایک بڑی تعداد وہاں موجود تھی اور سچائی کا درس سن رہی تھی۔

”لو لوگ دریا کے دوسرے طرف کھڑے ہیں



## اُو چلیں

کیڈٹ سید افتخار حسین نقوی

جماعت یازدہم

ایک دل نشین آواز فضا میں گونج رہی تھی: ”اُو چلیں ایک رات ان کے پاس گذاریں جن کے جسم درد سے چاک ہیں۔ لیکن جب لوگ آتے ہیں تو ان سے اپنا درد چھپاتے ہیں،“۔

شاہ عبداللطیف بہٹائی کے ہیں تو میرے دل میں یہ آرزو پیدا ہوئی کہ میں اس عظیم شاعر کو خراج عقیدت پیش کروں۔ اور پھر وہ دن بھی آگیا جب اس آرزو کی تکمیل کا موقع مل گیا۔

شاہ عبداللطیف بہٹائی کی دو سو سولہویں برسی منائی جا رہی تھی۔ ہم کوئی تقریباً چالیس کیڈٹ بھٹ شاہ جا رہے تھے۔ سنگی صاحب ہمارے انچارج تھے۔ ڈنر کے لیئے پہلے سے ہی کھانا لے لیا تھا۔ دھوپ بڑی تیز تھی۔ پسینے سے برا حال تھا۔ دھوپ کے نیزے نس نس میں چبھے جا رہے تھے۔

میں نے سوچا سفر کافی لمبا ہے۔ کیا کیا جائے۔ مجھے نیند سی آنے لگی۔ لیکن دل نشین آواز ابھری۔

”بجلی چمک رہی ہے اور تجھکو بد بختی کی نیند نے آلیا ہے۔ جو لوگ فکر نہیں کرتے پالی انہیں بہالے جاتا ہے،“

میں چونک اٹھا۔ زندگی کی ایک ٹھوس حقیقت بیان کی جا رہی تھی۔ عمل کی دعوت دی جا رہی

بول میرے لیئے اجنبی تھے لیکن جب کسی نے ان لفظوں کا مفہوم بتایا تو مجھے ان کے جادو نے اپنی گرفت میں لے لیا۔ میں نے سوچا دوسروں سے اپنا درد چھپانا آسان کام نہیں ہے۔ یہ تو کوئی فن کار ہی ہو سکتا ہے۔ یہ کون فن کار ہے جو اپنا درد چھپا کر دوسروں کے زخموں پر سرہم رکھتا ہے۔ یہ فن کار ہی نہیں، یہ تو عظیم انسان بھی ہے۔ میں نے پوچھا یہ کس کے اشعار ہیں۔ دل نشین آواز نے جواب دیا۔

”وہ ابیات جنہیں تم اشعار سمجھ رہے ہو یہ تو دراصل ایسی آئیں ہیں جو پڑھنے والوں کو محبوب حقیقی کی طرف لے جاتی ہیں،“

میں نے پوچھا۔ یہ کون شاعر ہے جس کے ابیات آیات کا درجہ رکھتے ہیں۔ اور جب مجھے کسی لے بتایا کہ یہ بول سندھ کے لافانی شاعر



# الوداع

کیڈٹ محمد نواز

جماعت دوازدہم

اے بٹارو کی پیاری درس گاہ  
نوجوانوں کی دلاری درس گاہ  
فخر ہے تو ہے ہماری درس گاہ

علم و تربیت کی جس کو پیاس ہو  
اس کو ہے اک نہر جاری درس گاہ

یاد ہے وہ دن کہ جب آیا تھا میں  
اجنبیت پا کے گھر آیا تھا میں  
بندشوں سے سخت جھنجھلایا تھا میں

گھر کی یادیں رات دن دستیں مجھے  
لکتی سانپوں کی پیاری درس گاہ

رفتہ رفتہ دل میرا لگنے لگا  
تیرا میرا فاصلا گھٹنے لگا  
ذمہ داری میں سزا ملنے لگا

پھر وہ دن آیا کہ تھی میرے لئے  
جان فزا رنگین ساری درس گاہ

لطف اور احسان تیرا یاد آئے گا  
ایک اک لمحہ بٹرا یاد آئے گا  
تیرا ہر جلوہ سدا یاد آئے گا

وقت رخصت کیا کہوں اے دل نواز  
الوداع اے سیری پیاری درس گاہ



شے بن جائے۔

ویسے گفتگو سے منفعت تو گئے چنے لوگوں کو ہوتی ہے۔ یعنی مجمع بازوں کو، استادوں کو، ایکڑوں کو یا واعظوں کو۔ مگر مالی فائدوں سے ہٹ کر گفتگو اپنے طور پر بھی ایک فن ہے اور وہ ہے بقول غالب و ایک سید زادے کے روئے زیبا پر سہاسہ نکلا ہے اور آپ کو سامان آرائش گفتار بہم پہنچا ہے۔، گفتگو دو نہج کی ہوسکتی ہے۔ صداقت کے لیے یا پھر وقت گزاری کے لیے۔ یہ دونوں چیزیں اپنے اظہار کے لیے گفتگو کی محتاج ہیں۔ مگر ان میں آگ پانی ایسا بیر ہے۔ جو باتیں سچائی کی خاطر کی جائیں گی وہ کڑوی بھی ہوں گی، اذیت رساں بھی ہوں گی اور مخالفانہ بھی۔ البتہ وقت گزاری کے لئے پر تکلف انداز سچی زبان، مہمل اور ذوسعنی فقرے اور بھلمناہٹ سب کچھ ہوسکتا ہے۔

کتنی عجیب بات ہے کہ ہمارے معاشرہ میں سچ یا تو مخالفت میں بولا جاتا ہے یا دشمنی میں۔ ورنہ خود فریبی وہ پل ہے جس سے ہم ورنسل بعد نسل، گذرتے چلے جاتے ہیں۔ ہماری پوری زندگی کا تانا بانا خود فریبی پر قائم ہے۔ اگر ہماری گفتگو خود فریبی کی بیساکھیوں کے سہارے نہ چلے تو یہ پہاڑ زندگی کیسے کھٹے۔ اگر ہم سب خود کو اور اپنے دوستوں کو وہ نظر آنے لگیں جو ہم واقعی ہیں تو پھر..... اگر ہم گفتگو کی جزئیات میں تجاہل عارفانہ سے کام نہ لیں تو یہ اندازہ کرنا مشکل نہیں ہے کہ ہر گفتگو کا انجام کیا ہوگا۔

اپنی کوئی رائے نہ ہو اور اگر ہو تو اپنے مشاہدات اور تجربات پر مبنی نہ ہو محض روایات اور اگلوں کے اقوال کے مطابق ہونی چاہئے۔

اگر روایات میں باہم تناقض ہو تو وہ خطائے بزرگان گرفتہ خطا ست، کے صدق درگذر بہتر ہے۔ کبھی دوستوں کی محفل اور کرما گرم بحث میں اختلاف کرنے کا موڈ ہو تو بعد از معذرت اختلاف کیا جائے مگر اس طرح کہ آخر میں آپ اپنی رائے کو ہیچ پوچ سمجھتے ہوئے خود ہی رد کر لیا جائے۔ غرض گفتگو کے لیے اپنی بنائی ہوئی یا اپنے اوپر منڈھی ہوئی تہذیب کے خول میں رہنا ضروری ہے۔

عربی کا مقولہ ہے: القاص والقاص۔ یعنی دو ہمیشہ کبھی ایک دوسرے سے خوش نہیں ہوتے۔ میں صرف اتنا عرض کرنا چاہتا ہوں کہ ہم جب اپنی کمزوری دوسروں میں دیکھتے ہیں تو بھڑک اٹھتے ہیں۔ مثلاً کسی زود اشتعال انسان کو دوسرے معمولی خفگی میں بھی غیض و غضب کے آثار آنے لگتے ہیں یا حریص کو دوسرے کا بخل مارے ڈالتا ہے۔ کیا یہ روزمرہ کا مشاہدہ نہیں ہے کہ دو نہ ملنے والے شخص ہمیشہ جب ملتے ہیں تو نہ ملنے کی شکایت ایک دوسرے سے کرتے ہیں حالانکہ ملنے کے خواہشمند بھی نہیں ہوتے۔

اسی طرح وہ شخص جسکی باتیں عام طور پر درخور اعتنا نہیں سمجھی جاتیں دوسروں کے بولنے کا شاکی رہتا ہے۔ اگر بولنا محض ضرورت پر منحصر ہو تو انسان کا بولنا عجائب گھر کی



# رکھیو غالب مجھے اس تلخ نوائی پہ معاف

پروفیسر عزیزاحمد صاحب فاروقی

اور منصب کے مطابق ہونی چاہئیں۔ تو پھر یہ شعر نصاب میں شامل ہوتا یا نہ ہوتا، زندگی سے ضرور قریب ہو جاتا۔ اسی لئے لسان الغیب کو کہنا پڑا: بردار تو ان گفت بہ منبر نتوان گفت (سچی بات سولی پر کہی جاسکتی ہے، مسجد کے منبر پر نہیں)

کوئی مانے یا نہ مانے، مگر یہ حقیقت ہے کہ انسان محض مسرت کا خواہاں ہے۔ خواہ وہ اچھے دوست سے ملے، خوشگوار شادی سے یا فلاحی مملکت سے۔ فلاحی مملکت کو فی الحال جانے دیجئے مگر اچھا دوست اور اچھی بیوی محض اتفاق سے ملتے ہیں۔ اور ان دونوں کو جیتنے کے لیے آرائش گفتگو کس قدر ضروری ہے، جیتنے والے جانتے ہیں یا پھر کھونے والے۔ پھر ان کو جیتنے کے لیے خود کو اس حد تک کھونا پڑتا ہے کہ خود گم کردگی کا احساس بھی جاتا ہے۔

ہمارے معاشرہ میں خود کو مہذب کہلانے کے لیے بہت سی باتیں ضروری ہیں۔ سب کا یکجا کرنا نہ تو ممکن ہے اور نہ کارآمد البتہ دو ایک کا ذکر ناگزیر ہے۔

کچھ موضوعات ایسے ہلکے پھلکے اور طفلانہ سمجھے جاتے ہیں کہ جن پر کبھی کچھ لکھا ہی نہیں جاتا اور اگر لکھا جائے تو نہایت سرسری۔ گویا کہ یہ طے شدہ امور ہیں اور اس پر کسی رد و قدح کی گنجائش نہیں۔ اسی زمرہ میں دو گفتگو کا فن، بھی آتا ہے۔ بیچن میں مولوی محمد اسماعیل صاحب میرٹھی کی کتاب میں پڑھا تھا۔

جو بات کہو صاف ہو، ستھری ہو، بھلی ہو کڑوی نہ ہو، کھٹی نہ ہو، مصری کی ڈلی ہو تو بیچن کے ذہن نے اس کو ایک دم قبول کر لیا تھا۔ مگر تجربہ زندگی بھر اس کی نفی کرتا رہا۔ اور ہر قدم پر دکھاتا رہا کہ صاف بات اکثر تلخ ہی ہوتی ہے۔ اور صاف سچی بات کرنے والے کو آپ بر بنائے مصلحت یا خوف اس کے سامنے اکھڑ اور بد تہذیب نہ کہہ سکیں تو سمجھتے ضرور ہیں۔ اگر مولوی صاحب صاف صاف کہہ ڈالتے کہ بچو! صاف اور سچی بات کہو اور اگر یہ اپنی جسمانی کاٹھم یا معاشرہ میں ادنیٰ حیثیت کی بنا پر ممکن نہ ہو تو میٹھی باتیں کرو اور یاد رکھو کہ یہ باتیں ہر مخاطب کے مزاج، خیال



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کہ سنگ و خشت سے ہوتے نہیں جہاں پیدا  
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مدیر: کمیڈٹ غلام عباس

نائب مدیر: کمیڈٹ فرحت احمد چودھری



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## حصہ اول

مدیر: کمیڈٹ غلام عباس

نائب مدیر: کمیڈٹ فرحت احمد چودھری







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مئی  
۱۹۷۱  
ع



مجلہ  
کيڈٹ کاليج پشاور