



THE CADET

1
9
7
2

Vol. 3 ○○○○○○○○○○ No. 3

EDITORIAL BOARD

Patron

Mr. Mukhtar Siddiqui
M.A., B.T.

Editor in Chief

Cadet S. Hasan Haider Rizvi

Editors

Cadet S. Zafar Iqbal Mehdi	...	Cadet Qaisar Khan Leghari
Cadet Farhat Ahmed Choudhry	...	Cadet Zafar Mehmood

Asst. Editors

Cadet Akhtar Ghani	...	Cadet Shuhab Thaquist
Cadet S. Sajid Ali Hashmi	...	Cadet Imran Rad

Cover by:- Cadet S. Sajid Hussain

Photographs by:- Cadet Imran Rad

Issued by

The Principal, Cadet College Petaro



CHIEF OF THE NAVAL STAFF
NAVAL HEADQUARTERS
KARACHI.

Message

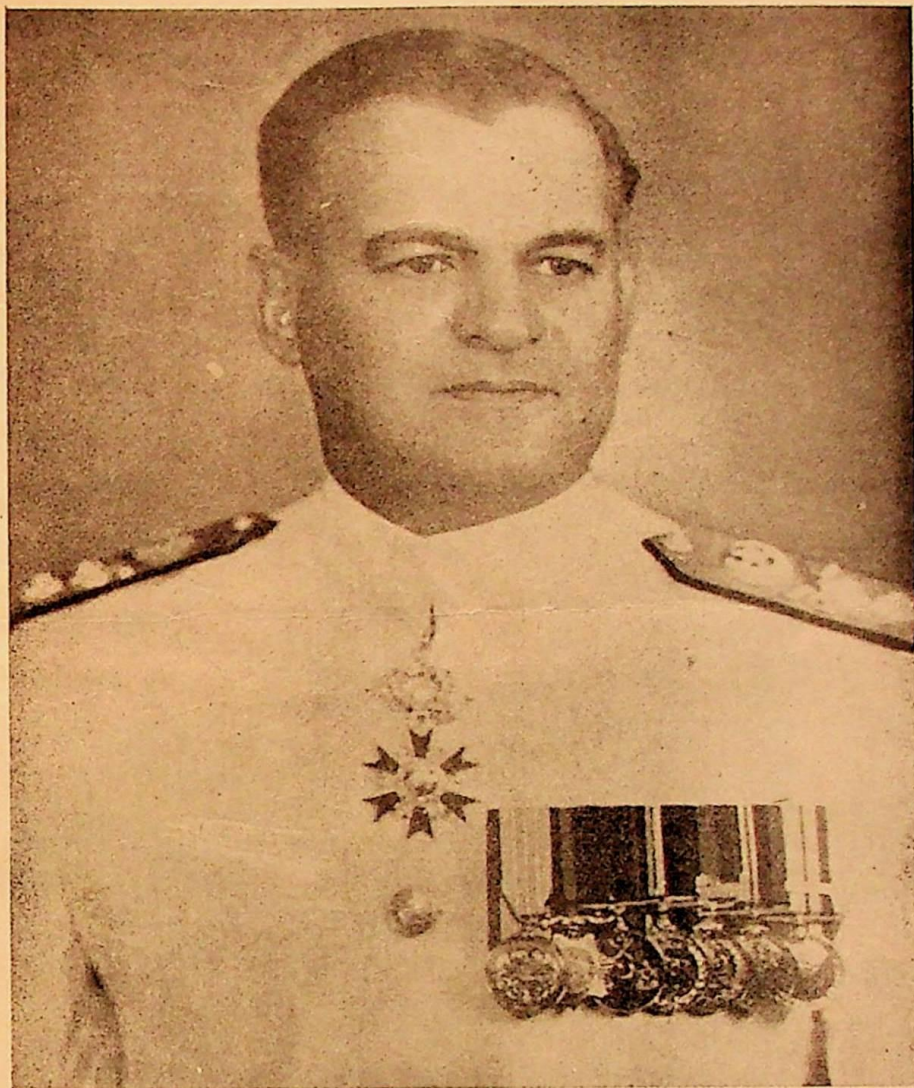
As one who has been deeply committed to the training of young naval officers, a taxing but very rewarding occupation, I am more than pleased to append a foreward to this issue of "The Cadet".

Petaro offers much to those selected to enter its portals. Magnificent facilities and a highly qualified staff combine to make it one of the best educational institutions in the land. Youth is provided every opportunity to develop his God given talents— an opportunity which is denied to the vast majority of the nations's children, although every effort is being made by the Government to correct this ommission. I do believe that a boy who has had the advantage of an education at Petaro is, therefore, duty bound to contribute more, regardless of the profession or calling which he may choose to serve.

The contents of this issue of "The Cadet" are a reflection of how the Cadets have occupied themselves in the past year, and of their varied interests, hopes and aspirations I am sure all of us of the older generation will hope that they will be adequately prepared to meet the exacting demands which the nation will make on our young people in the years ahead.

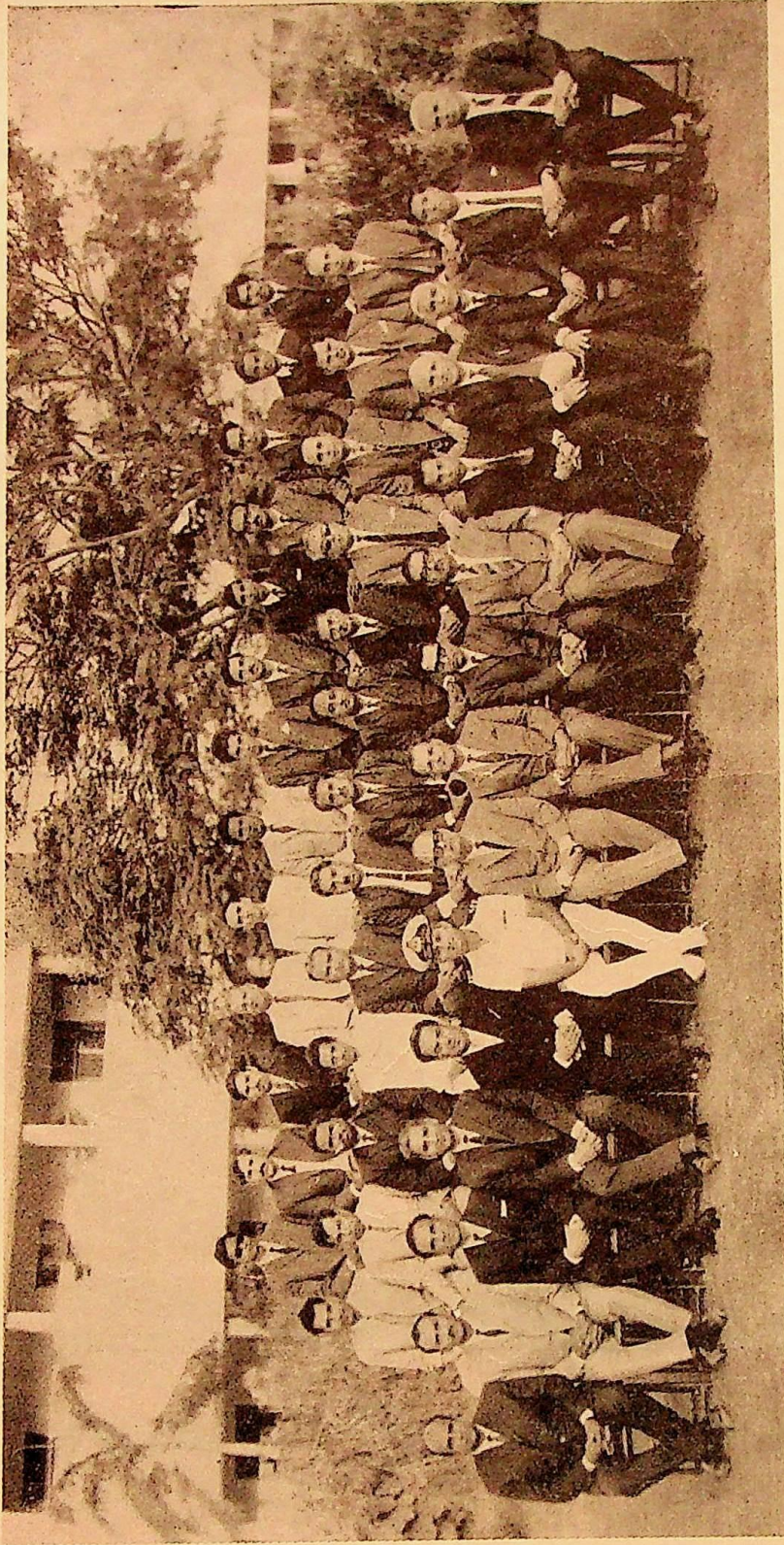
H. H. Ahmad
(H.H. AHMAD)
T.Q.A.
VICE ADMIRAL

Chairman, Board of Governors



VICE ADMIRAL H.H. AHMAD
T.Q.A.
Chief of the Naval Staff, Pakistan Navy.

MEMBERS OF THE TEACHING STAFF
With the Chief of the Naval Staff



19 72

Ist. Row:- (L to R) Mr. M.S. Mangi, Mr. A.A. Naqvi, Mr. Tariq Mustafa, Mr. M.A. Bhatti, Mr. Jamil Ahmed, Lt. Ashraf Malik P.N. (Adjutant), Mr. S.S. Azim (Principal), Vice Admiral H.H. Ahmad (C.N.S.), Dr. Fazal Mehmood, Mr. Saeed Ahmed, Mr. A.A. Farooqui, Mr. M.H. Zuberi, Mr. F.H. Shah, Mr. John Mumtaz, Dr. Mehboob Hussain.

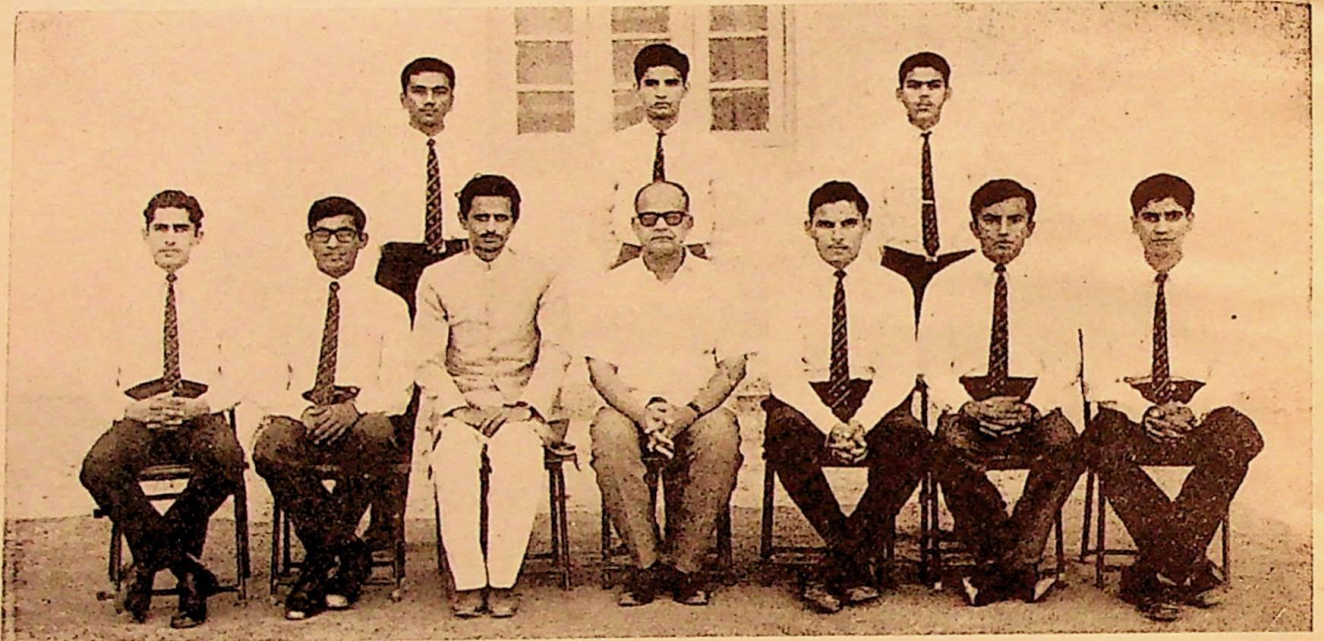
2nd Row:- (L to R) Mr. R.K. Hussain, Mr. Jaffer Hussain, Mr. A. Ahad Khan, Mr. Mukhtar Siddiqui Mr. Wasiul Hasan, Mr. M.S. Toor, Mr. R.S. Channa, Mr. N.M. Malik, Mr. Zaman Ahmed, Lt. Cdr. M.H. Taqvi, Mr. Wajeeh, Ahmed, Mr. A. Ghani, Mr. M. Ahmed Khan.

3rd Row:- (L to R) Mr. Ahmed Naqvi, Mr. Mehboob Alam, Mr. Falak SherKhadim, Lt. Cdr. A.W. Siddiqui, Mr. M.A. Ansari, Mr. S.J. Qureshi, Mr. Hasan Sajjad, Mr. M.P. Durrani, Mr. R.A.K. Ghouri, Mr. S. Shoukat Ali, Mr. Liquat Ali, Mr. S. Umar, Mr. Zainul Abdeen.

CONTENTS

Editorial
The year at a glance	...	Cadet Akhtar Ghani 1
<i>They are living</i>		
Defender of the faith	...	Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi 6
Nothing less than Birkenhead Drill	...	„ Mohammad Azhar Khan 8
No greater glory	...	Mr. Mohammad Akram Bhatti 10
In blood and tears	...	Cadet Anwar Sher 13
Truly great	...	„ Zafar Iqbal Mehdi 14
<i>Literary Articles</i>		
Repartee-- an artless art	...	Professor S.S. Azim 18
The Importance of Maths	...	Dr. Fazal Mehmood 21
The fall of Dacca	...	Mr. Mehboob Alam 23
My fight for existence	...	Cadet Anwar Sher 24
On leaving College	...	„ Zafar Iqbal Mehdi 26
Credits or Discredits	...	„ M.T. Faisal Malik 28
Thoughts as we depart	...	„ Hasan Haider Rizvi 30
Meet Mr. Topaz	...	„ Shahab Thaquib 31
Chemical love	...	„ Zafar Iqbal Cheema 33
We love every stone	...	„ Muntaz Muslim 35
Petaro	...	„ Khalid Jameel Akhtar 37
Memory holds the door	...	„ Zahid Mannan 38
A heroic Mission	...	„ Zafar Iqbal Mehdi 40
D- Day	...	„ Shabeeh Zaidi 41
<i>House Notes</i>		
Jinnah House	...	48
Iqbal House	...	51
Ayub House	...	55
Mohammed bin Qasim House	...	58
Liaqat House	...	61
Latif House	...	64
<i>Sports and Hobbies</i>		
An All - Rounder	...	Mr. Mehboob Alam 68
Basketball	...	C.P.O. Mohammad Iqbal 69
Cricket as I see it	...	Cadet Zafar Mehmood 71
Our Footballers	...	„ Yawar Maqsood 73
Pakistan does not lack in talents (An interview)	...	„ Imran Rad 74
The return Visit	...	Cadet Zafar Mehmood 77
	...	„ Imran Rad ...
Visit to Pakistan Naval Academy	...	„ Zafar Iqbal Mehdi 79
13th Inter House Athletics Meet	...	„ Imran Rad 82
Teams	...	85
Hobbies	...	92
The honoured three	...	„ Zafar Iqbal Mehdi 104
Awards for the year 1970-71	...	107

Editorial Board



Sitting (L .to R.) Cadet Zafar Mehmood, (Sports Ed.) Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehdi (English Ed.). Mr. Mukhtar Siddiqui (Patron), Mr. S.S. Azim (Principal), Cadet Hasan Haider (Editor in Chief), Cadet Farhat Ahmed (Urdu Ed.). Cadet Qaisar Leghari (Sindhi Ed.).

Standing(L.toR.) Cadet Akhtar Ghani (Asst. Ed. English), Cadet Imran Rad, (Asst.Ed.Sports), Cadet S. Sajid Ali Hashmi (Asst. Ed. Urdu).

Editorial

We have the pleasure to present to our esteemed readers, the fifteenth issue of "THE CADET". We request them to bear in mind that the articles in this magazine are the efforts of budding writers, who follow a tight routine here.

The magazine in your hand, reflects the achievements of the boys and presents a fairly exhaustive picture of their day to day activities. It provides a good opportunity to the cadets to canalise their thinking and put down their thoughts in black and white.

This year again, Inter Cadet Colleges Sports Tournament was not held; but still our various teams, displayed an excellent standard at games. Congratulations to our Soccer team on winning against heavy odds, the Inter-Collegiate Football tournament. Our Athletics team lost the top position by a narrow margin of 2 points and they finished as runners-up. Due to the disturbed conditions we were unable to participate in the Cricket Tournament which would definitely have added another jewel to Petaro's crown, for we certainly have a strong team.

Parents Day was called off due to the sad after-effects of hostilities between Pakistan and India. This gap was, however, well filled by the visit of Begum and Vice-Admiral H.H. Ahmed, Chief of the Naval Staff, to our college. The Staff and Cadets were honoured by their presence amongst them on the occasion of the Farewell to XII Class.

We heartily welcome Vice-Admiral H.H. Ahmad as the new Chairman of the Board of Governors of Cadet College Petaro. We take this opportunity to express our deep gratitude for the keen interest he has already shown in our affairs, and hope that Petaro will reach towering heights under his able guidance and we all look forward to his kind patronage.

We feel proud of the academic results of our College in various Board Examinations. We congratulate Cadet Najeeb Tariq on topping the list of successful candidates in the H.S.S.C. Examination(Pre-Engineering). We also

congratulate Cadets Abdul Moid and Feroz Din on standing 1st in the Dadu District in H.S.S.C. Examination in Pre-Engineering and Pre-Medical groups respectively, and also to Cadet Zafar Ikram on standing 1st in the Dadu District in S.S.C. Part-II Examination.

College Honours were won by Cadet Najeeb Tariq (Stick of Honour) and by Cadet Zafar Ikram (Badge of Honour). Pervaiz Sarwar was declared to be the best sportsman of the year 1971-72. Congratulation to them all.

Life is a blend of happiness and sorrows. In the recent encounter with India, Petaro is proud of presenting her four 'Shaheeds' to the Nation. They are: Major Mohammed Azam Rajput S.J., Lt. N.S.Syed, P.N, Lt. Saadat Farooq S.J. and Lt. Pervaiz Aslam. Petaro shall ever remain proud of them and we pray to the Almighty that their souls may rest in eternal peace and the bereaved families may have the courage to bear their great sorrow. It is encouraging to note Petaro's contribution to the Armed Forces. Quite a good number of cadets are undergoing training at the three Services Academies. We wish them all success.

We are proud to mention that our ex-Adjutant, Capt. Zahid-Yasin has been promoted to the rank of Major and has been decorated with Sitara-e-Jurat in recognition of his Services. Congratulation to Lt. Colonel Nasir Abbas, another ex-adjutant on his quick promotion to the present rank.

We are extremely grateful to Karachi Aero Club for having started Gliding Club at Petaro, which is the centre of attraction for every body and the first batch of successful glider pilots have already received their wings. Congratulations to them.

Here's some real good news. There are bright prospects of our having, through the good offices of the Pakistan Navy, a Rowing and Boating Club at Petaro from the next academic year. Thanks to Comdr. Choudhry, Director Naval Training, for the help he has offered.

This year, we bade farewell to Sqn-Ldr. A.A. Shaikh, Mr. Tasawwar Hussain Mr. Izhar Hussain and Mr. Mohammad Ahmed Khan. We wish them all a happy future and a prosperous life. We welcome back to Petaro, Mr. Qamar-uz-zaman who had gone to Algeria on foreign service. We also welcome Messrs. Shamim Ahmed, Mehboob Alam, Liaquat Ali Samma, Falak Sher Khadim, Sardar Omar, Ahmed Naqvi and Zainul Abedin as our new and very able teachers.

Editor-in-Chief

Condolence

The whole College is grieved and shocked at the most untimely demise of CADET IMRAN MALIK on 28th June 1972, in an accident, at Karachi. It is indeed the greatest tragedy imaginable. Words are powerless to offer any consolation. It is a calamity sent by Allah and we can turn to Him alone to give us all the strength, to bear the great sorrow.

The Editorial Board offer their heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family.

A rose with thorns

Photo by:- Cadet Imran Rad



The Year at a Glance

(1971-72)

Cadet Akhtar Ghani

CLASS XI

Aug. 29, 1971..

Petaro welcomes 8th Class New Entry Best of Luck to them!

Sept. 6, 1971.

The 'Old Boys' arrive after two and a half months summer vaeation. As usual some late-comers turn up with all sorts of pretexts. The time gap is there again for the New Entry to get necessary clothing and to familiarise themselves with the new atmosphere.

Sept. 9, 1971.

Normal routine for the new session of the year 1971-72 starts.

Sept. 10, 1971

First Principal's inspection of all Houses. Ayub House gets the first prize.

Sept. 11, 1971.

The Death Anniversary of Quaid-e-Azam is observed. Hasan Haider adjudged the best speaker - others not Lagging far behind.

Sept 16, 1971.

Principal meets Appointment-holders to discuss important matters with them.

Sept. 17, 1971.

Nine cadets nominated to represent the Editorial Board of the College Magazine for the year 1971-72.

Birth anniversary of Hazrat Ali commemorated.

Sept. 20, 1971.

Eight of our top notch cricketers go in high spirits to Hyderabad to be selected finally to represent Hyderabad Division in the B. C. C. P. Trophy Tournament.

Sept. 21, 1971.

Detailed results of S.S.C. Part-11 (Class X) declared.

Sept. 23, 1971.

A new system of coupons introduced today for taking milk. Now the boys won't have to worry about their pockets while entering the milk shop.

Sept. 24, 1971.

Adjutant's Parade:- Adjutant's parade held in the morning. It was nice to see the boys wearing plumes. The best turn-out was of Iqbal House.

Sept. 25, 1971.

A route march of 6 miles undertaken in the valley during the P.T. period. And Boy! Oh Boy! the generous mess provides one boiled egg to each cadet, instead of the usual omelet.

Sept. 27, 1971.

Inter-House Football: Of the Seniors, Latif and Qasim Houses are Proclaimed the best kickers. While of the Juniors, MQ House proves its mettle.

Sept. 28, 1971.

Six Petarians selected for B.C.C.P. Under '19' Hyderabad Division proceed for Quetta to play against Quetta Division. This is a great honour for the college and we wish them the best of luck.

Oct. 2, 1971.

Hiking trip to AL-Manzar: To-night, a hiking party comprising about 75 boys from all the Houses, proceed to Al-Manzar, 12 miles from here. An enjoyable trip along with a lot of boating and dozing, etc.

Oct. 9, 1971.

Jinnah House stages a dramatic show today, the first one in the

series for Inter-House Competition. An interesting display of art.

Oct. 14, 1971.

Visit to Sadiq Public School Bahawalpur:- The major sports teams depart today on a visit to Sadiq Public School to play matches with them. (We lost in Hockey, Cricket, Ping Pong and swimming. Our contingent got V.I.P. treatment there).

Oct. 22, 1971.

The 1st of Ramazan :- The Holy month of Ramazan starts. Fasters, as usual, far outnumber non-fasters.

Oct. 27, 1971.

Inter-House Hockey:- Latifian as always prove to be expert twiddlers by winning the first position among seniors. The Juniors also keep up the House spirit by standing first and sharing the honours with the Ayubians.

Oct. 27, 1971.

The second dramatic show:- Liaquat House, this time Quite good performance.

Oct. 29, 1971.

The first Principal's parade of the term.

Ayub House are declared the best trudgers obtaining 94 points.

Nov. 4, 1971.

Qirat Competition:- A Qirat Competition was held today in the evening. MQ House secured the 1st position

Nasir Ahmed (Ayub House) was adjudged the best 'Qari'.

Nov 5, 1971

Adjutant's Parade: Iqbal House stands first.

Nov. 8, 1971.

Basketball (Inter-House):- Among the Seniors MQ House stands first. Babar was declared the best scorer. Among the juniors Iqbalians basketted on to the topmost ring of the 1st position.

Nov. 8, 1971.

Principal's Iftar Party: Principal invites all the teams Captains, the Code of Honour Committee and the senior Appointment-holders to an 'Iftar' party at his residence.

Nov 8, 1971

Ist Terminal Examinations start today. The dodgers are in a tight spot. Every body investing his last few minutes before the zero hour.

Nov 13, 1971.

The long-awaited day has finally arrived. After taking the last paper of the terminal test, all the boys. are in a mad rush to reach home, sweet home, as soon as possible for the winter break.

Jan. 2, 1972.

The Cadets return to their Alma mater after 1½ months. The war had prolonged the holidays. The boys are in very low spirits.

Jan. 4, 1972.

Normal routine starts today. Apparently most of the boys have not quickly adapted to colleg life again. A good number of complaints about aches and cramps at the end of the day.

Jan. 18, 1972.

Exhibition Hockey Match:- An exhibition hockey match was played today between the staff team and cadets team on the grassy field.

The staff, through their experience, if not, their skill, give a tough time to the youth.

Jan. 19, 1972.

Principal meets 12th Class. They discuss general welfare of the cadets.

Jan. 19, 1972.

A Glider training team arrives today from Karachi to train our 12th Class Cadets. The boys will be having medical tests before stepping into the glider. The first batch will take over on Feb. 4, 1972.

Jan. 23, 1972.

Ayub House stands Ist in the Inter-House Cricket (Juniors).

Jan. 25, 1972.

The College is closed from today till 30th for Id-ul-Azha holidays. Quite a short break but greatly valued in an institution like Petaro.

Feb. 13, 1972.

Cadets Canteen Committee:- A

cadets canteen committee is formed consisting of six members- one from each House. The functions of the committee are to be formulated by themselves with the consent of the administration.

The boys will have, from now, to share the responsibility for efficiently running the canteen. In a way, they are to be trained for their future responsibilities.

Feb. 9, 1972.

The Ist Monthly Tests today. No comments, except: 'May they end soon'!

Feb. 10, 1972.

Hockey Match:- College plays a match against 'Evergreen Club', Kotri on home grounds.

Feb. 15, 1972.

House Inspection:- The Principal's second House inspection of the term takes place.

Jinnah House are the winners. Congratulations!

Feb. 18, 1972.

Visit to PNA, Karachi:- Our Hockey football, basketball and debating teams pay a visit to the PNA in Karachi and stay in P.N.S. 'RAHBAR' for three nights. we win at Basketball and debating. The contingent also goes to sea on two gun-boats to enjoy themselves a lot

Feb. 19, 1972.

Inter-Collegiate Tournament:- in Hockey, our team reaches the semi-

finals only to lose to Cantonment College Hyderabad by 1-0.

March 7, 1972.

In football we have sweeping and glorious victory over all the other colleges in Hyderabad division.

March 15, 1972.

Cdr. Firoz Shah retired and Mr. S.S. Azim took over as Principal.

March 19, 1972.

Sind government announces a week long holidays, thanks.

March 26, 1972.

The cadets return in high spirits. There is a general feeling that everybody should get down to studies seriously.

March 27, 1972

Normal routine starts.

March 30, 1972

A few officers of the P.A.F. arrive to select candidates for the G.D.(P).

April 1, 1972.

The old Credits Cup reminds us of the days of Col. Coombes. Principal awards the Cup to Iqbal House. Now let us see who snatches it away from them next time.

April 16, 1972.

Record shattered:- A band of 65 brave and gallant soldiers stepped out for extra drill. Reason- Karachiaria (long hair).

April 21, 1972

'Iqbal Day' is observed and some very good speeches are delivered by the cadets.

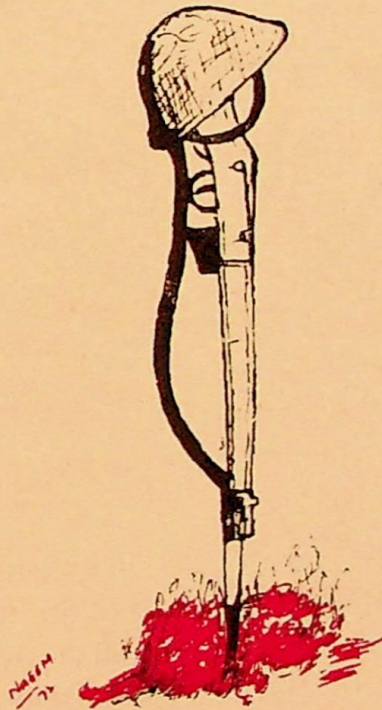
April 21, 1972.

A milestone in the history of Petaro. First ever group of Glider pilots declared successful. Congratulations to them.

They Are Living

And call not those who are slain in the way of Allah "dead". Nay, they are living, only ye perceive not.

(The Holy Quran - Surah II-154)



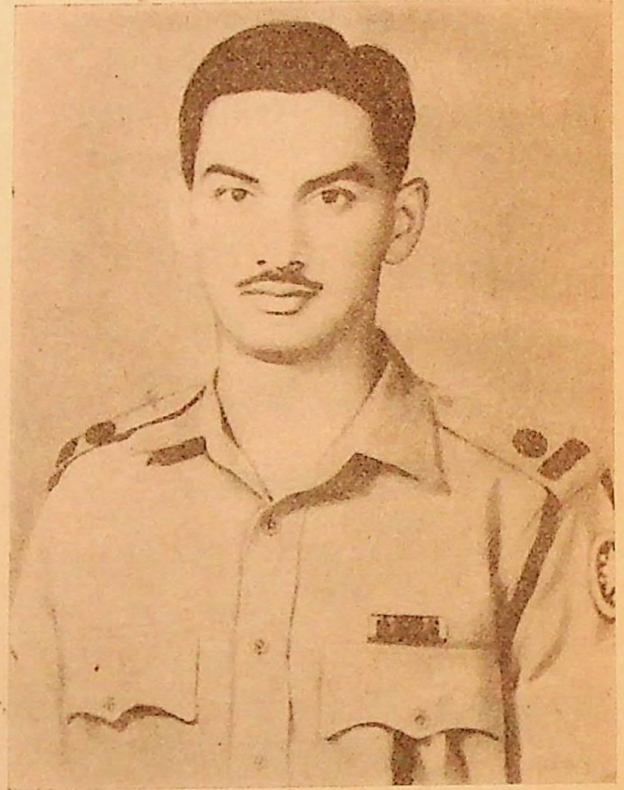
Defender of the Faith

Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi

Class XII

The heroic deeds of great men leave a mark behind to serve as an inspiration for posterity. Their great sacrifice proves to the world that truth always triumphs and that death in a noble cause means eternal life. And such was the example of Major Mohammed Azam Rajput, who laid down his life for Pakistan. Nothing was dearer to him than his motherland. This great son of the great soil was born on the 8th of July 1946 and received his early education in Nawabshah. At Local Board High School he showed his worth. He was also an outstanding scout. He always had an urge to be on the top. As spirited children always are, he was naughty-plucking fruits and teasing his friends; keeping pets was his hobby.

Petaro had the honour to have him in 1959 and he joined Jinnah House. During his stay he had a great many friends and he excelled in Cricket and Hockey. He left Petaro in 1962 and passed his Intermediate from another college and was commissioned



Major Mohammed Azam
Rajput (Shaheed) S.J.

in the Army in 1966.

He joined the 35th Baluch Regt. but later was transferred to 10th Baluch. His parents wanted him to become a doctor, but his love for his country turned him into a brilliant Army Officer.

He was promoted Major on his 25th birthday. It was a happy coincidence that he got his promotion on the 8th of July 1971.

He was very fond of travelling and used to make long trips. Probably he felt that although the family was there to mourn his death and it would be honoured as a Shaheed's family, why not to give the nation a Shaheed's wife as well, who could tell the world how deep was the urge for him for Shahadat. He got married on 29th August 1971.

"Look here! You should not cry when you hear the news of my Shahadat. I want you to laugh it away. You know Tariq Bin Ziad left his wife sleeping and went for an encounter." These were the sort of things he used to say to his wife at dining table.

The clouds of a disastrous war came over our country. The guns roared and the planes zoomed. The javans took their positions and the gateway to Heaven was wide open. He received the call and the family was sorry to miss him. Their love compelled them to say that he should stay a little more, the reply was, "I shall be the first man to face the Indians, 'Khuda Hafiz'" and he went off, never to come back. Can any body say that he didn't love his country more than his family?

On the 10th December 1971 on Chhamb Jourian front when he was breathing his last he took a pen and a piece of paper and wrote 'Kalma' on it and put it in his left pocket so that he may die peacefully. At the top of his voice he was shouting a word of encouragement and the Regt. saw the only Shaheed Officer from it.

It is wrong to say that he is no more with us. General Janjua and other high ranking officers praised his heroic deeds. In recognition of his supreme sacrifice, the Government has decided to award him with 'Sitara-e-Jurat'

I had the privilege to meet the proud family once, and I was greatly inspired by them. While talking to his wife, it could be judged that although she had borne a great loss, yet she had the courage to face it. She said, "When a man comes in this world, he is crying and others are laughing, but a man should live such a life that when he dies, others should cry and he should smile. You know that Hazrat Ali said this and Azam was true to it. Although we shall shed tears for him and lament his death, I would advise all my brothers like you to bear the torch which he has lighted."

The same was the case with his mother. She told me that the night

he left before, he told her that he would be going on a long, long journey, never to return! Although he will never come back but his 'Shahadat' shall

always be a reminder to carry on his mission. He wanted to see the evil forces destroyed and the prestige of Islamic faith high.

NOTHING LESS THAN BIRKENHEAD DRILL

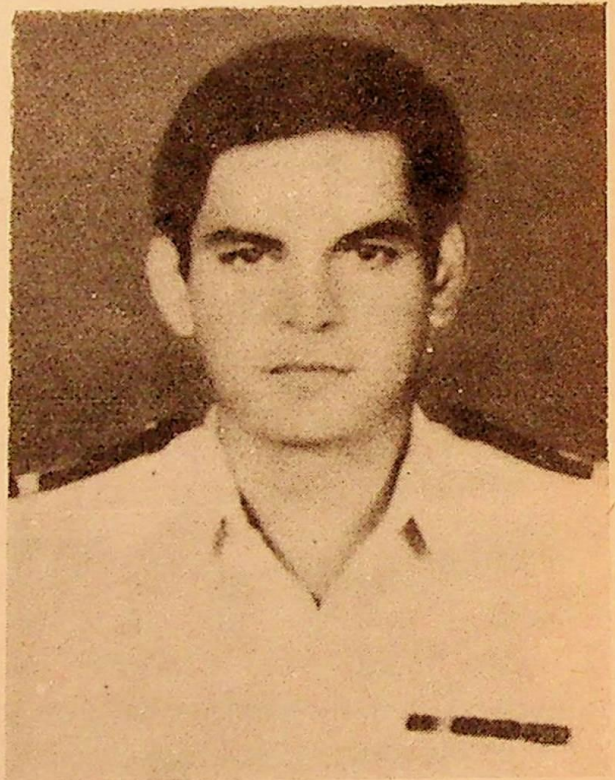
Cadet Mohammed Azhar Khan
CLASS XII

“Those who lay down their lives in the way of ALLAH consider them not as dead. For they are alive; only you cannot understand”.

This is how the Almighty God has described their great importance. He has bestowed immortality on those who offer the supreme sacrifice. Ex. Petarian, Najmus Saqib who joined the ranks of the martyrs has brought unparalleled glory to his family, his college and, above all, to his country.

A Lieutenant in the Pakistan Navy to which he was commissioned in 1964, the late Lt. Saiyid laid down his life for the greater glory of Pakistan while defending the integrity and sovereignty of his country.

Najam was amongst the first hundred cadets who joined this college with Kit No. 94; for the first three years he was in Jinnah House, then he shifted to Latif House, under



Lt: Najmus Saqib Syed, P.N.(Shaheed) a foreigner, Capt. Hurley. (The then House Master). As I was going through his reports it seemed that Capt.

Hurley was much impressed by his progress in curricular and extra-curricular activities. He was a very prominent member of College shooting team. Talking to Hav. Mirullah Jan, the instructor of shooting team, I came to know it was seldom he missed his aim.

His aim from childhood was to join P.A.F. as G.D. Pilot but most unfortunately he suffered from trachoma and was unable to join P.A.F. But it seems that his basic aim was to join Defence Forces and he did so by joining Pakistan Navy. I am sure that even if he had been in the Air-Force he would have proved equally good. He was very successful officer in the Pakistan Navy. During the 1965 war with India, he was amongst those who razed mighty Dawarka (Indian sea port) to the ground and was decorated by three medals, namely, Tamgha-e-Difa, Tamgha - e Basalat and Sitara-e-Harab.

Lt. Cdr. Habib was also in the same ship (KHYBER) in which our hero Najam was. This great officer of the Navy swam for 20 hours, after our ship sank. When he was asked to tell something about Lt. Najmus Saqib, he replied in a melancholy voice: "I will never forget his 'Shahadat'. At about 2230 hours our ship was hit by a missile and was badly damaged. Najam

also received an injury on his head and was bleeding. I wanted to give him my handkerchief so that he could stop the bleeding, but he refused. He was running on the ship crying, "Abandon the ship" and was trying to help others save their lives. That was the last I saw of him. He was a great boy, he saved many lives but could not save his own. It was as great a sacrifice as the "Birkenhead Drill".

Quite understandably, he has left behind a greatly shocked and shaken family to mourn his loss. But they also draw a great deal of solace and pride from the fact that he offered the supreme sacrifice in defence of Islam and Pakistan.

In a letter to Principal, Cadet College Petaro, Mr, M.S Saiyid, the bereaved father said, "He was the only adult son and all hopes of the family and myself were centred in him I am so overwhelmingly grieved that sometimes I lose my senses. This letter I am writing to you with tears in my eyes."

But the brave father of this valiant son of Pakistan adds, "I take the Shahadat of my son, late Lt. N.S. Saiyid, P.N. as a pride for me that he laid down his life for the defence of Islam and his country." However, there is no denying the fact that Lt.

Saiyid's 'Shahadat' must be an irreparable loss to his family. The fourth child of his parents. Lt. N.S. Saiyid (Shaheed) was born on July 10th, 1944 at Shahjahanpur, U.P. (India).

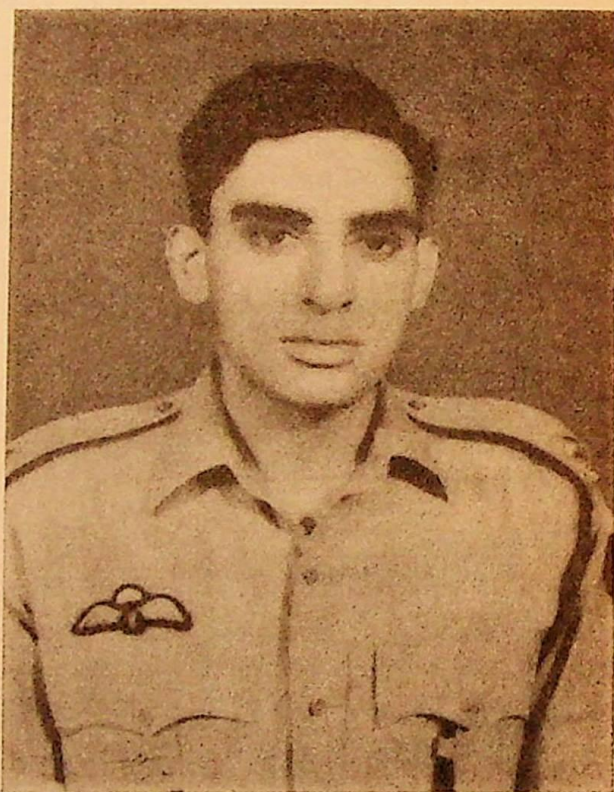
We sincerely pray to Almighty God that Najam's soul may rest in peace and may Allah give courage to the bereaved family to bear this great loss!

No Greater Glory

Mr M. Akram Bhatti
M.A., B.T.

"A very outstanding cadet, a product that the college really feels proud of. He is upright, dependable and his character and morals are exemplary. A first-rate sportsman, has tremendous qualities of leadership and should join one of the Services, where he would make a first class officer."

This was the last remark that the principal gave about that very promising product of this college. Although he is not amongst us now, but we take our hats off to him. He is one of those who sacrificed their today for our tomorrow. He is not only the pride of the college but is the pride of the nation. People remember him in Petaro for his thrilling game, full of swiftness and marvellous agility. He had the quickest response like a tiger in basket ball, remarkable patience in shooting, the stamina of a horse



Lt: Saadat Farooq (Shaheed) S.I.:
in Athletics, the dash of a shark in swimming and the roar of a lion in Parade command

Lt. Saadat Farooq S.J. born on 12th April 1949 at Kohat, had his early education at St. Mary's High School at Quetta and Rawalpindi and later at St. Anthony's High School Lahore. He showed signs of being extraordinary from the very beginning and filled every one with wonder-by his excellent riding performances while he was hardly 13 yet. He was born to do great things and since his childhood he was outstanding amongst his companions.

Petaro admitted this handsome agile boy to VIII class in the year 1962. He was either seen reading a comic or playing games earlier, but during his 5 years stay here he had the honour of reading the maximum number of books, both from his Personal collection and from the College Library. By sheer dint of hardwork and enthusiasm, he made his place among the "Honoured Forties" who represented Petaro in the Inter-Cadet Colleges Sports Tournament held at Jhelum when he was still in VIII class. The same year he represented his house in shooting, football cricket and basketball.

People were thrilled to see the superb marksmanship of Saadat, and he was declared to be the best shot among the winners of the "PARA Shooting Competition." The whole of

Petaro would rush to the playing-fields to see his game. He blazed a path for his fellow Petarians and proved his worth when he was in Matric. By becoming a member of the College Basketball, Cricket, Shooting and Swimming teams. "We still recall" our elder Petarians say, "those thrilling exciting and neck to neck fighting scores."

A healthy body has a healthy mind. This six-footer, with a broad forehead, was loved by all. His fame can be analysed by the fact that even our mess bearers and class-IV employees mention him with great respect. He was declared to be the best all-rounder of the college for two consecutive years in his XI and XII classes. He later became the Junior- Under Officer of Liaquat House and his command over the boys was excellent.

In my last report in capacity as the House master, I mentioned "Saadat was a J.U.O. with exemplary command and tact. He made his presence felt every where and he shall live in our hearts."

In recognition of his achievements in the sports field, he was awarded college colours in shooting, cricket, basketball, swimming and athletics, which will remain on record as a challenge to Petarians.

Time flies and the day came when we bade farewell to him with this report of the Career Planning Committee "Saadat is a talented cadet with all the potentials to shoulder responsibilities. By choice he wishes to join the Army and we see nothing but a future brilliant officer in him." After leaving this college he did extremely well at the P.M.A. Kakul and was an appointment-holder there. There too he showed his worth and was awarded the Academy Colour in Basketball. He also qualified in the PARA jump and got a wing. He was commissioned in the Army a few days after his 21st birthday.

He was posted to 18th Punjab Regiment at Sialkot and remained there for 4 months and eventually moved to East Pakistan in August 1970. He won 14th Div Squash Championship and represented his Div in the Army-Finals at P.M.A. Kakul in October 1970.

In February 1970, he participated in the Athletic events and his team won the Army Championship. During

the disturbances in East Pakistan, he carried out his duties with great zeal and devotion. He was always in the thick of fighting and he had two narrow escapes. It was 26th May 1971, when on a mission his party was ambushed by the Indian Border Forces near CHAUA DANGA and after a fierce engagement Saadat fell a martyr along with his Platoon Havaladar Khurshid Khan. He is buried in Jessore and was awarded Sitara-e-Jurat for his gallantry.

He can really be called a typical Pakistani from the fact that:

- (i) He was born in N.W.F.P.
- (ii) Brought up in the Punjab and Baluchistan.
- (iii) Educated in Sind, and
- (iv) Laid down his life in East Pakistan.

Saadat Farooq is no longer with us. He sacrificed his life in the noble cause of the Defence of his country. His supreme sacrifice makes him immortal as the Holy Quran tells us.

May Allah reward him and guide all the Pakistanis, especially the Petarians, to follow in his footsteps.

IN BLOOD AND TEARS

Cadet ANWER SHER
CLASS XII

I' ve never seen him
I' ve never met him
Yet we were near each other
By the bond called PETARO.

For the country he died
For its defence he tried
So that no shame
Should attach to her name.

He studied here, played yonder
Yes, you may wonder
What a boy was he!
He played 3 games in ICCST.

High will be his name
In Petaro's history and fame
The gallant slain in fight though he be.
He leaves his nation safe, her children free.

Ask the teachers
Who were his mentors
They will start to cry
While talking of the handsome boy

May always his noble soul
Rest in peace. both young and ol,
Remember SAADAT FAROOQ, the Hero
He always will be loved by PETARO.

The Truly Great

Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehdi
CLASS XII

“Think not of those who are slain in the way of ALLAH as dead.

Nay they are living with their Lord as they have provision.”

Alas! Alas! Alas! Petaro's beloved son has fallen. Pervez Aslam is no more amongst us but his soul still lives in the memory of every one of us. The tragic news of the martyrdom of Lieut. Pervez Aslam came to us as a great shock.

We were all dumb-founded, and even the bravest of us could not control his tears. His 'Shahadat' is such a blow that nothing can console us. No one can wipe off the tears rolling down our cheeks. But, sometimes our eyes begin to glisten. There is a strange sparkle of pride in our tearful eyes. We feel truly proud to think that Pervez offered the supreme sacrifice for a noble cause. He laid down his sacred life while defending his beloved motherland. He gave his life so that we should live with dignity and honour.



Lt. Pervez Aslam (Shaheed)

This feeling sometimes extends on our lips in the form of a faint, sad smile. With tears in our eyes and in midst of our overwhelming sorrows, we feel truly proud of him. We feel truly proud of him, because he was a student of this great institution. To

obtain a few drops from the great ocean of knowledge, he came to Petaro. But, today he is no more.

Pervez was one of the best examples of a Cadet college product. He was born in Quetta on 29th July 1949, in a highly respectable family. All through his life he was educated in the best institutions. He started his schooling in Convent School Wahh Cantt. and then moved to Burns Hall School Abbottabad in 1958. After studying there for a period of four years, he migrated to Cantt. Public School, Quetta. Pervez was a born sportsman. While still in Junior classes, he was a member of Hockey and football teams. For various school activities he was awarded a medal and six cups. In Quetta, he was the Secretary and later became the President of his school union in the final year. He passed his examination in 1st Division from Quetta and then joined Cadet College Petaro in August, 1966.

In Petaro, Pervez emerged as a rising sun. He became a member of the Football eleven and was one of the best goal-keepers Petaro ever had. He participated in Inter-Cadet Colleges Sports Tournament held in 1967. His conduct, character, discipline and general bearing remained exemplary for the whole cadet community. In

1967-68, he was appointed as the Junior Under Officer of Ayub House, which is the highest appointment in a House.

In his report the Principal wrote "Pervez is a very intelligent, well-behaved and well-mannered boy. Good example of a public school product-should do exceedingly well in life."

Pervez joined the Pakistan Military Academy, Kakul in November 1968 and graduated in October 1970. He held the appointment of Company Sergeant Major. After graduation Lieut. Pervez Aslam (Shaheed) joined his father's regiment, 13th Lancers, - the senior most Unit in Pakistan Army. Pervez's father, Brig. M. Aslam Khan, Director of Procurement, Pakistan Army also served in the same regiment.

Pervez was a brilliant officer. On 16th December 1971 in Shakargarh Sector, he offered the supreme sacrifice by laying down his life while defending the sacred soil of Pakistan, by leading his tank troop against well prepared defensive positions of the Indian Army. While manoeuvring, his tank was hit and his gunner was mortally wounded. Lt. Pervez personally evacuated his gunner, under heavy enemy fire, and having done so continued the attack. Performing the job of the gunner himself he accounted for three enemy tanks till his tank was hit again and

he was himself mortally wounded. He was evacuated but died soon after. His devotion to duty, his utter disregard for death and dashing bravery in face of mortal danger left an indelible imprint on his comrades. He attained 'Shahadat' in the spirit of a Muslim Soldier.

John Ruskin defines greatness in

these words "mighty of mind, mighty of heart, magnanimous, to be this, is to be truly great in life," and Pervez's life and the fashion in which he gave away his life reveals that he was great, truly great.

May his soul rest in eternal peace! Amen!

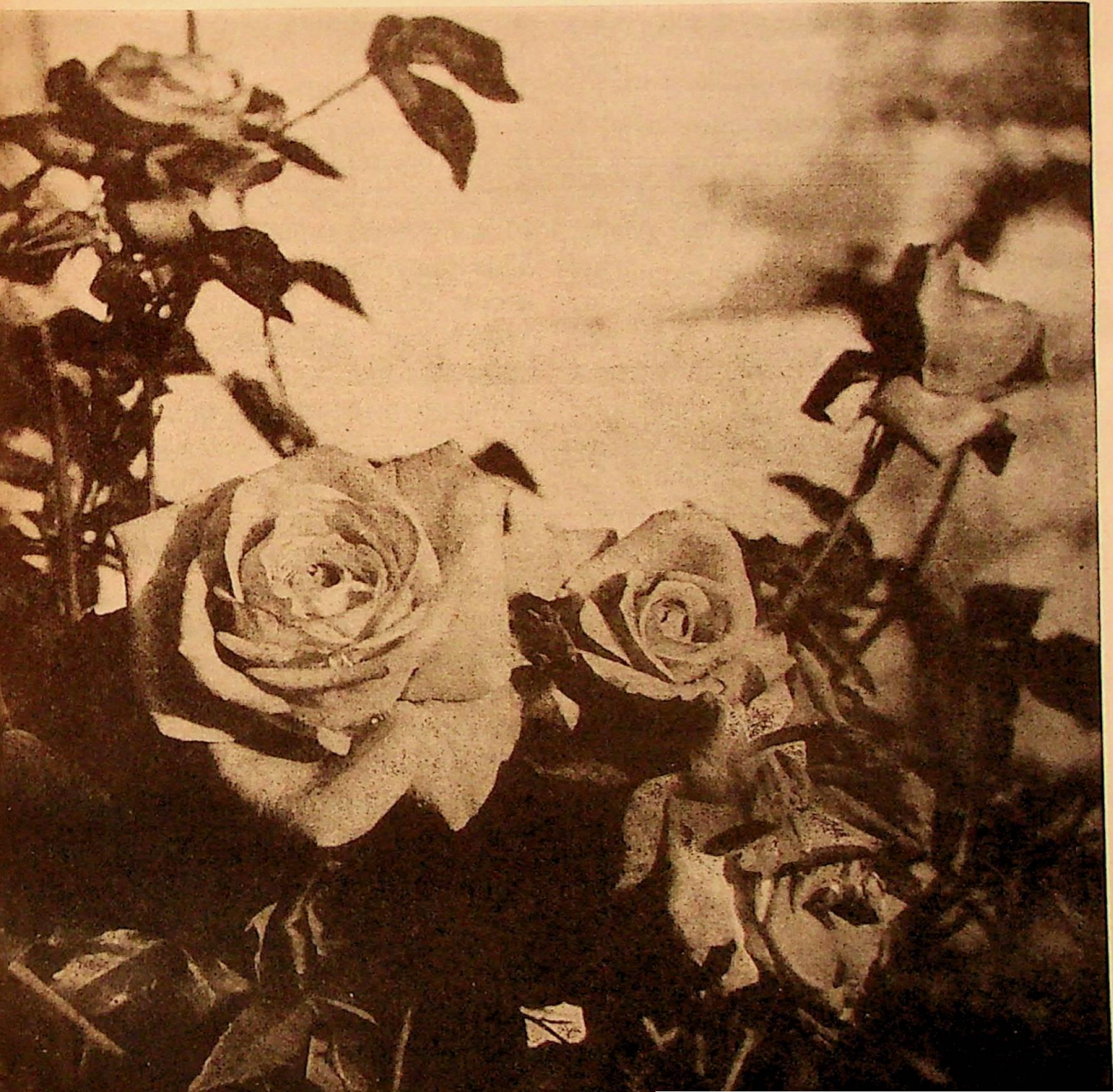
"And purely We shall try you with something of fear and hunger, and loss of wealth and lives and crops; but give glad tidings to the steadfast."

(Holy Quran, II-155)

Literary Articles

Editor:- CADET S ZAFAR IQBAL MEHDI
Asst. Editor:- CADET AKHTAR GHANI

Photo:- Cadet Imran Rad



Repartee

—An Artless Art

Repartee means a quick witty retort. It has been called an artless art, for it cannot be acquired by practice and industry like other arts. It is an altogether spontaneous art. It is a gift bestowed upon some people by nature herself. These gifted people are able to say something so smart in reply to a remark that the author of that remark is taken aback and left speechless, while other listeners are delighted by the beauty and aptness of the retort. Sometimes the victim of the retort, himself, cannot help admiring the intelligence with which he has been hit back. The beauty of a repartee lies in the fact that it comes in a flash and is not the result of meditation or deliberation. The forums where repartee comes most into display are the law-courts, parliaments, and the private intercourse of learned and witty people.

Here are some examples:-

There was, in England, one Mr. Cran, a famous barrister who had

a gigantic brain but a diminutive body. One of his colleagues once said to him, "Mr. Cran, you are such a small man, I think, I can put you in my pocket." "In that case," came the retort, "there will be more brains in your pocket than in your head." This same Mr. Cran who was arguing a case before an ill-tempered judge. "Mr. Cran," said the judge in an irritated tone, "if law is as you are trying to interpret it, I think I should burn all my law-books." "Read them my Lord," replied Mr. Cran.

Talking of judges reminds me of one who was so ruthless that he had acquired the nickname of 'the hanging judge'. Once he was travelling in a stage-coach with another gentleman. They happened to pass by a prison. The gallows was visible, the judge pointing towards it said to his companion, "Where would you be today, if the gallows had all its due?" "Travelling alone", was the smart reply.

Another judge in India said to a lawyer, "Mr. Ali, I cannot make head or tail of what you are trying to tell me. It must be because either you are mad or I am mad. "I am not mad, my Lord", said Mr. Ali.

An English king was on a visit to France. He met the ambassador of a certain country there and facetiously remarked, "I believe you are the greatest scoundrel in France?" "I hope your majesty is not here to deprive me of my reputation?" was the well-deserved reply.

The fourth Earl of Chesterfield was famous for his wit. In his days the roads in London used to be very muddy and only those who walked close to the wall were able to keep their feet dry. One day he found a political opponent approaching from the opposite direction, who said, "I never give the wall to a scoundrel." "I always do," said Chesterfield with a bow and walked into the middle of the road.

The Moghul rulers of India were very witty people. Their young princes and princesses constantly indulged in wit and repartee. I shall narrate some instance of their wit as they occur to me,

Jahangir once recited this verse before Nur Jahan, his beloved Queen,

بلبل نیم کہ ناله کنم درد سر دہم
پروانہ ام کہ سوزم و دم برنیا ورم

(I am not like the nightingale that I should give people a headache with my lamentation. I am like the moth who is burnt to death but does not complain.)

Nur Jahan immediately retorted:

پروانہ من نیم کہ بہ یک شعلہ جان دہم
شمع تمام سوزم و دم بر نیا ورم

(I am not like the moth that a single flame should consume me. I am like the candle that is burnt entirely but does not breathe a complaint.)

The ladies-in-waiting at the courts of the Moghuls were no less witty,

Once a favourite mirror of princess Zebun Nisa was broken. The scared maid-servant whined:

از قضا آئینہ چینی شکست

"By misfortune the looking glass is broken"

Zebun Nisa set her fears at rest with the retort. ("It is well that the instrument of vanity is broken.")

خوب شد اسباب خود بینی شکست

Ali Hazin famous saint and poet had a servant Ramazani by name, as famous for his wit as his master. One day a man named Abdullah, with a cataract in one eye, wanted to see Ali Hazin. Ramazani went in and said to his master. "Ghabdullah has come)." "Why Ghabdullah?" inquired the master."

برعین نقطہ دارد

He has a dot on the E(Ain)eye' replied the servant. Once Sauda went to see Ali Hazin. Finding Ramazan at the door, he remarked.

در درویش را دربان نسـم باید

(There should be no watchman at a saint's door.)

Ramazaini retorted,

بـه بـاید تا سـگ دنیا نسـم آید

("There must be, to keep at bay the hound of the world.")

Ghalib's witticisms are well known.

I shall give you Just one of them.

He was sitting in a darkened room in summer and playing chess during the holy month of Ramazan. A Maulvi Sahib, who came to see him, was shocked to find him thus employed. He said, "Isn't it true that Satan is imprisoned in a dark cell during this holy month?"

"Well this is the very cell where he is imprisoned," smilingly replied Ghalib.

As I said before, Houses of Parliament are a fertile soil for the growth of witticism. One British M.P., in his drinks, called another M.P. 'a fool'. The injured man looked at the offender pityingly and said, "I shall not mind this gratuitous insult since I know you are drunk."

The man full of drink replied, "I also know that I am drunk. I shall be

all right tomorrow but you will remain a fool."

I shall conclude with a couple of examples more.

Lady Alice Astor, a distinguished parliamentarian, was once so annoyed with Churchill that she angrily said, "Winston! were I your wife, I would put poison in your coffee."

"If you were my wife Alice, I would drink that coffee," retorted Mr. Churchill.

Abraham Lincoln and Douglas were candidates for the same seat. Douglas in one of his speeches referred to the time when Abraham Lincoln used to be the proprietor of a tavern. Lincoln, who was present at the meeting at once rose and said, "What Mr. Douglas has said is quite true, and he was my best customer in those days. I have left my side of the counter but he sticks on to his."

It will be seen that although repartee is the Privilege of the specially gifted, the pleasure emanating from the aptness of a repartee, may be shared by any intelligent person who can appreciate the point of it and the mention of a few instances of repartee, such as above may enliven Conversation.

And now, I suppose, having said enough about repartee, I must take my "departee."

THE IMPORTANCE OF MATHEMATICS

Dr. Fazal Mahmood
M. A., D. Sc. (Brussels)

There seems to be a limitless store of knowledge and as we probe into it new directions will show up, as long as there shall be human beings with the spirit of adventure to pay heed to the whisper of the unknown.

Through the study of Mathematics we get a unique and interesting, though tentative view of the world. That Mathematics does not alter its nature, so fundamentally as to become un-recognizable as much as to destroy mathematical continuity, has been proved by Mathematicians as they delved deeper and deeper into advanced knowledge.

Mathematics is the result of the creative faculty of the human mind as is music and poetry. Its reality is not a part of the physical world and in that way, it helps a mathematician to make his mental capacity more enlarged and widen its horizons by representing and interpreting it in a unique fashion (called the mathematical language) and this is the keystone of

the area which science has built to span the gulf between the world of sensory impressions and the ultimate reality. Probably for this reason, Bertrand Russell has defined Mathematics as "the subject in which we never know what we are talking about nor whether what we are saying, is true."

Mathematics maintains continuity and thus we can never introduce new assumptions or slightly changed meanings into the things from which we start. Here is an ordinary example of it:-

$$\frac{1}{-1} = \frac{-1}{1}$$

$$\sqrt{\frac{1}{-1}} = \sqrt{\frac{-1}{1}}$$

$$\frac{\sqrt{1}}{\sqrt{-1}} = \frac{\sqrt{-1}}{\sqrt{1}}$$

$$+1 = -1$$

$$2 = 0$$

One can baffle the public if one knows the mathematical language as was done by the Egyptian priests in preparing the priestly calendars and calculating very accurately the onset of the seasons by carefully recording the rising and falling of the sacred river. The masses could not see the connection between prophecy and reality because the priests used one language when they wrote in the proceedings of a learned society and another language when they spoke to the masses.

Still another interesting story is about Diderot, the encyclopaedist and materialist staying at the Russian Court. Diderot was informed that a mathematician (Euler) had advanced a proof of the existence of God. Diderot was summoned to the court without being told the name of his

opponent. Before the assembled court Euler gave the following proof:

$$\frac{a + b^n}{n} = x$$

“Donc Dieu existe”

Algebra was unknown to Diderot and so he did not realize the trick which had been played on him. If Diderot had asked Euler to explain the first part and consequently had asked how the second part follows from the first, Euler's troubles would have started.

As the world progresses, the importance of Mathematics is being increasingly felt, not only in the modern development of Science but also in purely literary subjects and almost in every sphere of life.

THE FALL OF DACCA

Mr. Mehboob Alam

M.A.

There is a noise
A strange noise everywhere,
Noise all around me
And I lie in my bed
News, sad news, painful news
Of the fall of Dacca.
Some hungry, ferocious wolves
Are devouring a frail boy
And some gentlemen
Proud of their civilization
Are cheering the killers!
Cheering the wolves!!
A thousand miles away
A hapless, a helpless Mother
Is hoping against hope.
The cry is rising high
In the jungles of Sunderban
The blood is spilt
The land of peace is red
With pieces of flesh scattered.
Where is the modern civilization?
When will the canons of justice
Silence the cannons of war?
And where is your Panch Shilla?
And all the laws of peace
Have been torn to pieces?
Wake up sleeping nation!
The time for action has come
Students and workers unite
Unite for the sake of nation
Unite to redeem your honour
Make every city a fort
Make every house a trench
And the enemy across the border
Only then will see to reason.

My Fight for Existence

Cadet Anwer Sher
Class XII

Today she stands majestically high above the small dunes. While I lie almost buried below all the dirt sand and shrubs. She is a proud princess, basking in her fame whereas I lie in the wild ignorance of the world around. The little that I have seen has in many ways reflected upon the position I might be in, if I try to attain fame. I laboured to attain it but then this proud, conceited lady came along to destroy my desires, dreams and longings. My memory is a bit weak yet I will try my best to relate the tragic story of my downfall.

I know little about how I came into existence. My memory ends at a point beyond which starts a tragic beginning of the end. I was always beaming with happiness.; surely the world, so it seemed, was full of joy. I had the pretty name "Petaro" Now I am Called "Village Petaro." With bitterness I'll ask each one of you why is she called Cadet College Petaro. Over this period of 14 years

I have learnt that to be aggressive is only a folly.

One fine day in 1958 I sat quietly resting in the blazing sun. My children ran in and around the circle of my arms. The birds chirped in the trees.

Suddenly I heard the roaring of heavy machinery. I had last heard such loud noises when the R.A.F. used the air strip nearby. Who could it be? At first I ignored it all thinking that "they" had come to remove old what's it called, oh! yes
EQUIPMENT.

Soon a building started to emerge, yes right out of the sand. I ventured close to the new "strange" structure. Oh, No!! It's too difficult to break down. I asked the Budha (the village of Budhapur) for some help. The old man, whom I yet find ailing, was of hardly any help. He gave me the stupid idea to compromise. COMPROMISE, with that idiotic, stupid thing that comes and lands herself on to my soil and gives me unfriendly looks.

One day I again went on a mission to spy on the young "lady". She's absolutely mad. She has dug khaki coloured poles in 3 long lines. I heard some music and simultaneously the "poles" started to move. Then I had thought that she was a magician, if she could make poles move. It was later that I learnt that they were what she calls the "Cadets". She further claims that they are her children. What a way to keep one's children. Not even let them wear the clothes they like. All her "children" look more like monkeys, with that hair-cut HA!! HA! I am surely running her down. At times her children have even come to me on the way to a 'shikar'. I have always kept my arms open to them. I feel that my fight is with Cadet College and not with her children. In return, she has been so mean that if my children go there she turns them out.

Yet I must not be too aggressive and short-sighted therefore I do give

her full credit for making the area around me very beautiful. I have also learnt that she is very useful, too. All the top officials (at least that is what I think) come to her once a year on what she stupidly calls 'PARENTS' DAY. She should call it "Petaro Da Mela" or something like that. This reminds me that once I advised her to call it a "Mela". She gave me an angry look and snapped, "Don't be cheap". I asked a "Cadet", what "cheap" meant; he simply laughed at me.

Before I close the tale of this "tragedy" of mine, I'll give a final punch to the proud "princess". Previously on Dadu Road on the mile stones my name used to stand in bold letters. Now it is "Cadet College Petaro". That conceited little devil beat me here also. Here I now lie forgotten and almost dying. I have only a final resort to become friends. But the question is how?

On Leaving College

Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehl
CLASS XII

It is my last night at Petaro. The hustle and bustle of the farewell party has died away and the grassy lawn which a few hours ago was covered with dinner tables is calm and peaceful. It is almost midnight and there is not a sound which could be heard; every one is enjoying sweet slumber, but the goddess of sleep is far, far away from me. As I cast my eyes on my room-partners, their faces seem to remind me of some story. Yes, this is a long story of five years- five years are quite a big slice from a man's life. For the last five years we have been so closely associated that their faces are as familiar to me as my own brother's,

I have spent the prime of my life with these friends of mine. In all walks of life, I have sought their cooperation. Their friendship enabled me to pass this long period of five years in this college happily and contentedly. Five years is a big span of time and yet, to-day, every thing appears to be a dream to me. It was

not very long ago when I joined this college, when I first entered this college with much curiosity and desire to live in a boarding college. But, then I was still very young, my thinking, my way of working, all was childish. Gradually, the teachers brought me up like their own son. They taught me what was right and what was wrong; they guided my thinking in the right direction. They helped me to distinguish between truth and falsehood, black and white. But, there I must confess that there were certain occasions when I felt I was misunderstood, and I was not given the treatment I deserved. I can recall the day when I reported sick for the first time. In fact, I had got hurt while playing hockey and I got an internal injury. The doctor disbelieving me, declared me a "malingerer". That day I wept bitterly and for the first time in my life felt myself helpless. The whole thing made me so stubborn that I went to my Housemaster and told him the

whole affair. Realizing my condition, he handled the problem and again my heart was filled with hopes, with the feeling that after all the college was not a bad place to live in.

Then, in this college I learnt to solve the problems of others, since I had gone through the difficulties of a new comer in adjusting myself to the college atmosphere. I still remember, I had never stayed away from my parents, so in the beginning I felt homesick. I tried to slip off every Sunday to see my parents. But, gradually I realized that how much money I was wasting from my father's pocket on those frequent trips.

I realized that my father was working from morning till night, to educate me because he wanted to see me leading a prosperous life, standing firm on my own feet. Realizing that, I cut short my trips.

Some boys in this college curse P.T., drills and games. I feel that it is only due to these extra-curricular activities that our college is superior to ordinary colleges. These things seem to be painful, but when we are leaving the college, it is then that we realize the worth of it. Then we appreciate that whatever we are being asked to do was in our own interest and for our own good.

I believe, every body in this college waits for one thing very impatiently

and that is 'Sunday'. We relax for 24 hours after a long week's hardwork. After every six days, Sunday morning gives us a message that after hard work there are the moments of joy and happiness. In fact, it is the hard work of the week which enables us to appreciate the charm of Sunday. So, we realize another fact of life that we can only enjoy the fruit when we have laboured for it. A slave can appreciate freedom better than a free man. Similarly, a hungry person knows the worth of food better than a well-fed man.

When I joined the college, I must admit that I was a bit shy and rather of a quiet type; but, when I study myself today, I find myself totally changed. I will always remain grateful to this great institution which enabled me to achieve this standard.

It was in this college, that I felt that team-work and cooperation was the key to success. In Inter-House tournaments it was seen that teams that lacked these characteristics, always lost. Selfish motives cannot prevail and a group which is united, always succeeds.

Living in this college, I always enjoyed the pleasure of family life. Love and friendship existed between the boys like brothers. In place of parents we had our worthy teachers, who looked after us like their own sons, who encouraged us when we were demora-

lized, who shared our moments of happiness and sadness, who led us on the road to success and prosperity.

Today, I realize the importance of time I am departing from my friends, my teachers, and every one belonging to this college. It, in no way, means that I am breaking off the relation that existed between us. No! No! that can never be broken. love and friendship for each other will remain there in our hearts. I can't express, what I feel at the moment, some times I feel

gloomy to think that I am leaving my loved ones. But, then it gives me satisfaction to think that, I am leaving my friends with honour and pride. I have achieved the goal, I had come here for.

The five laborious years have given me Confidence enough to stand before the world and exhibit my skill. I wish I could show the world what I gained in this college and I could try my best to give back to my country, what I obtained from my Alma Mater.

Credits Or Discredits

Cadet M.T. Faisal Malik
CLASS XII

As I have been a very clumsy boy in the college, I neither earned any credits during my stay here, nor I dreamt of earning any credit by mistake.

Once, fortunately or unfortunately an idea came into my mind which was also my hidden wish, "I must earn a credit". Oh, for me it was some thing impossible to achieve but this time I was determined to do it.

This kind of ideas usually strike me when I am saying my Juma pray-

ers. After coming back from Juma prayers I was fully determined to make this idea come true.

As I was trying to find my best uniform, I took out each and every uniform and checked it, but as my determination was great I was not satisfied with any one of them, so I thought of giving my name in the demand list of store for a new uniform, I ran to the demand list incharge, as I was running a boy holding a routine order in his hands sighed and said

loudly, "Oh no! again Adjutant's Parade!". I grabbed the routine order from him and read it carefully. There were only three days left. It was a golden chance for me to earn a credit.

I had my things issued, came back to my room and started polishing them. After an hour of hard labour I showed them to my friends but they said, "Well this brushing is just not going to shine the boots, you must do some water polish, but unfortunately I had never heard of such a thing as "water polish",

Next morning, because of anxiety, I woke up at four in the morning and started giving my things a final touch.

I walked to the parade ground very stiffly so that my trousers may not lose the crease and safely reached there without spoiling any thing.

The adjutant started inspection. My heart was full of joy. He said. "Very good dress! "Fresh" hair-cut too, I give you two credits."

When the parade was off I was so happy that I started telling my friends about my success. But I was much surprised to see that they had begun to tease me and blame me for lowering the position of the House.

As I have told you the whole story, you can imagine what I got, credits or discredits!

Naval Notes

(1)

A Naval recruit lost his rifle on the firing range. When told that he would have to pay for it, he protested, "Suppose I was driving a Naval Truck and somebody stole it, Would I have to pay for that too?"

He was informed that he would have to pay for all Government property he lost.

"Now", the recruit said "I know why the captain always goes down with the ship."

(2)

A fond mother received the following letter from her sailor son:-

"Dear Mum- I joined the Navy because I liked the way ships were kept so clean and tidy. But I never knew until this week who keeps them so clean and tidy. Love, Billy."

Thoughts As We Depart

Cadet S. Hasan Haider Riz
CLASS XII

Time flies as is well known,
Five years, since we came here, have gone,
Our destination was then, an "Oasis in the Desert".
A Place that none could enter without desert.

Welcomed by the teachers and the seniors,
It seemed at first that we were prisoners,
No more cosy beds and no time to Yawn.
Leave the cots! and get up with the dawn.

Whistles and bells made us to rush,
To reach mess, fields and classes in a gush,
Inculcating in us a sense of responsibility.
These things assisted in developing our personality.

Days were passing, we adjusted ourselves,
To the world which was no more of others,
Friends and happy relations were then made,
In this way some old memories had to fade.

"College above self", this spirit we developed,
Good was revealed and evil was enveloped,
We played, studied and worked together,
And developed the relations to last for ever.
The time has come when we have to depart,
With smiling faces but sorrow in the heart,
To show to the world how well we were taught,
Knowledge and discipline we keenly sought.

Meet Mr .Topaz

Cadet Shuhab Thaqib
CLASS XI

It was 1967 when I joined the College as a little kid. Before joining the college the name and the thoughts about the college were very beautiful just like moon. But when I joined it I realised that it is too troublesome to wake up early in the morning and do P.T. and again in the evening compulsory games, etc, But few weeks after joining the college I found a way of escape from compulsory physical training and that was by joining the Riding Club.

I never had any chance of riding before (except in Murree Hills when I was only a year or two old). So it was a problem for me to really learn to become a good rider. I forgot to mention my height. It was 4 feet and 4 inches; so I had to mount a big "tall" horse which was of the rightsize for me. It was called "TOPAZ". Topaz is a very intelligent horse. He

soon came to know that I was not a rider and so he used to enjoy himself by just moving at his own pace and I was also happy and that was all. In those days there was a rumour that Topaz does not run (it is the same now, too), but one Cadet Nadeem of Ayub House used to make him gallop and jump like a cadet in P.T. By looking at him, I also started feeling that I can also make Topaz do so. For the next fifteen days it was a continuous "No" from Mr. Topaz. But after my many requests in the shape of kicks he started just trotting in a tricky way (which only Topaz knows and I can't explain) and he also gave me some dodges but fortunately I was holding the saddle. So I didn't fall; but I left a good impression on Topaz. I also gained confidence.

Next day, I held a stick in my

hand (as Jockeys do), Topaz started running like a deer that day; but I was all the time praying to God to forgive my sins and reciting the holy Qura'n. After this attempt when I alighted from the saddle I was very much confident. Mr. Topaz was also highly impressed. At every such moment when I was about to fall, God helped me and I became one of the only three riders who could make Mr. Topaz jump and gallop. I told you before. Mr. Topaz is very intelligent. If any cadet other than us was on him, he never bothered to move a step but when one of us was on his back, he had only to say "come on" and he would run.

One thing more, I want to tell you that my luck stone is also "Topaz" I rode it while competing for the Inter-House Riding Competition 1969-07

and became the "Best Tent Pegger" with the title of "Topaz" (of course given by the cadets). I never minded it due to reason given above. Now some more details about Mr. Topaz! He is a pale white horse, of very short height. It was in a circus before coming to the college.

It remembers some of the tricks even now. One of them is that it 'salaams' with its left or right leg as ordered and also plays kabaddi some times.

This horse is liked by every visitor, mostly by children.

If you see him you will also like; but mind it he will not budge an inch if you try to ride.

Topaz likes toffies, biscuits and "gur" very much. If you ever have a chance to visit him take these things for him. He will be happy to see you.

Chemical Love

Cadet Zaffar Iqbal Cheema

Class XI

Once, after games, I was standing near the canteen. I felt very lonely. I had only $3\frac{1}{2}$ annas in my poor pocket and was waiting for an unlucky friend of mine. I liked to have patties with a cup of hot tea but couldn't... ..

Then next moment, I planned to enjoy eating kababs only, for the time being. I went to "Idoo" and ordered a kabab and full plate of chattni. I was building up my health, soon I saw.....

I saw her in tight dress and she looked very smart. Her pink lips were just like "Pottasium-Permanganate" (KMnO_4). The white polished shoes, having plenty of dust on them looked as if H_2S was passed in the absence of group II.

I left the second half of the kabab and went after her with the velocity of light (186,000 miles per second). Her yellowish sarri reminded me of Picric acid of the lab. I wanted her to be in white sarri. I decided to talk to my Chemistry teacher next day, for the reaction to change yellow

sarri into white. I thought to throw HCl (conc) or H_2SO_4 on her but next moment, I took pity on her and left her in her yellow sarri. I, too, thought if any reaction had started then what would have happened!

I went after her with a tremendous velocity, more than that in which U-235 separates. When I was only three yards behind her, she looked at me in an angry yet lovely mood. I looked at her with love and affection but it was not reciprocated.

The thirsty atoms of love and attraction flew out of my eyes and the beautiful small atom of hate started running out of her acidic eyes. Both the atoms were running and we too were after them I wanted to see the new molecule by the combination of these two atoms carrying opposite charges, i.e. +ve and -ve. She was praying to God that the atom shouldn't collapse.

At last, after supplying heat, in presence of diffused sun-light, the mutual sharing of electrons took place and the co-ordinate bond was pro

duced.

I was very happy, pleasant and wanted her to be happy and enjoy the life. Unforgettable smile on my face, I went and told her about the love reaction. She slapped me. The test tube of my heart was broken and the solution spread on the road. Very strong alkali came out of the test tube and it burnt the whole of the saw dust and the reaction occurred which evolved oxygen. I felt the smell of CO_2 .

I didn't care about the broken test tube of the heart and went after her in the mood of second reaction which would be surely successful. We met at the College gate where the temperature was 100°F . I warned her if she won't love me I would die by eating copper-sulphate (CuSO_4). But there was no effect on the litmus paper. I swore by the theories of Dalton and told her the first law of electrolysis by Faraday, i.e.

"If you love me, then I shall love you also in the same proportion".

I requested her to look down into my heart and there she would find the white clouds of NH_4Cl . I showed her the ring test of my heart and she hit me and the ring was broken.

Being a chemistry student I couldn't bear this insult and showed her my big angry eyes. My blood

was boiling at 120°F . I told her that I left half of my kabab for her but she didn't care. You are very cruel. You have the heart of a science student; you can't live in the world of Arts.

I warned her that I shall throw HNO_3 (conc) on her head when she would pass by the laboratory, When I throw the HNO_3 (conc) on your head, your hairs will be burnt and some new gas will be produced. I shall discuss that special gas with the Teacher in the class.

If it is a good gas, then I shall ask the Sind Board (always late for exam,) to present this cruel girl with some books on "Physical Chemistry" so that she would realise her mistake.

And if per chance the gas is useless then I shall be announcing on the radio.

"Look at this bald woman"! People will be shocked to see a hairless head on a beautiful face.

I went to my table and tried to forget her during the Prep. I put the value of upto the infinity. But this bald woman was an unbalanced equation for me and in balancing this equation I missed the dinner. After some time, I realised that this love was only due to, a hungry boy being taught too much of chemistry.

We love every stone

Cadet Mumtaz Muslim

Class IX

(*Scene:* A cadet standing in front of the Assembly Hall. As the curtain rises the college building starts to talk in a soft voice.)

College: Ah! my son, why are you so gloomy? Smile, be happy, life is for enjoying.

Cadet: What? Enjoy! with all the cruelties that you execute upon me and my friends. Hair cut, extra drills fatigue, name any you like.

College: My son, I am bound to do all this. I, being your mother, must discipline you.

Cadet: (in a loud voice): How can you? You..... you my mother! Never! A mother is an embodiment of kindness and affection. You are worse than..... than Hitler.

College: Please, don't be led away by your emotions. I have provided playing fields for you, beautiful gardens, the best of education, movies and.....

Cadet: Ah, that's it (Gasping) movies? (he begins to shout). What's the fun of a movie in which you can't

even whistle or shout. You are an imperialist no... a communistno well forget it.

College: You must understand that I love you. For your sake I go through so many troubles. If I'd name them then I'm sure you'll feel sorry for me.

Cadet: (still in angry tone): I don't care if you go through troubles but why the hell, should I suffer. look, I'm telling you something. If you say you love me then stop these extra-drills and all that rubbish.

College: (her temper rising): Never! If I stop them you'll probably be on my head and then its going to take a lot of beating to get you back in your senses.

Cadet: (finds that its going to be hard if the college loses her temper so he softens):

Okay, but please, be a bit lenient.

(In the mean time an ex-cadet who had been listening, joins in).

Ex-Cadet: Cadet! College is right. Ask me. If she hadn't punished me today I'd have been a drop out and a useless fellow.

Cadet: Yeah! I know you (he turns to the ex-cadet). You always were a 'chamcha', and today you've proved it.

College: (getting a bit nervous)

Let the cadet be alone, when he becomes an ex-cadet, he too will say what you've said.

Cadet: (getting curious): What did the ex-cadet say? Come on tell me.

College: (stubbornly): I won't tell you. Anyway, you'll find out yourself when you are an ex-cadet.

Cadet: Please tell me— come on! be a sport.

Ex-Cadet: Mother college, please tell him. It won't be any harm.

College: (resting her hand on the cadet's shoulder).

My son, most of them say, "We love each and every stone of petaro". They admire and respect me though like you, they once hated me.

The cadet bows in shame and tears are seen rolling down his cheeks, a soft and muffled voice speak out the words, "I am sorry, please forgive me."

"The Curtain falls".

A man does not learn to understand any thing unless he loves it.

Goethe

PETARO

Cadet Khalid Jamil Akhtar
CLASS IX

You must go there if success it is you want,
In the heart of the desert in a wilderness,
There is a college so fair that gives lessons,
How reached the heights of success some nations.

His thirst for knowledge who wants to slake,
To be turned into gold, from dross and fake.

He must take the pain that leads to Petaro,
A Place where flowers of knowledge grow.
Of peace and calm if you feel the dearth,
You' ll find it here, in this part of the earth.

Remember my brothers both elder and younger,
Blessed are those who for knowledge, hunger.

So come to my realm for here you will know,
How plants of knowledge in Petaro grow.

Away from the world's hulabalo,
How happily we live and learn in Petaro.

MEMORY HOLDS THE DOOR

Cadet Zahid Mannan
CLASS X

The cold and dreary winter were beginning to dawn upon the plains of the Punjab, when he returned to his country. He was now once again breathing his native air and standing upon the soil, which was an inseparable part of him. He had returned after opening full seven years, far from his house on the field of blood. He soon settled down in the new yet familiar environments, but he still could not forget the most trying moments of his life when he had to struggle between life and death.

How many changes had taken place during these last seven years! He had left as a carefree, gay and happy school boy and had now returned as a bitter man. His mother had grown so old and weak and his brother who was quite a child when he left, was now a grown up youth.

In the beautiful country side, during the hours of solitude he would often think of those days with mixed feelings of happiness and sorrow. The

memory of those days was bitter and charming.

It was the beginning of the war when he left the school and joined the army as an officer cadet under training to be second-lieutenant. He could clearly recall the day when he together with his friends Tariq, Raza and Pervaiz Safdar was standing under the huge oak tree and receiving farewells. Alas! he was the only one to return. All the incidents and adventures which he met with, on the bloody fronts were still imprinted upon his heart. One of the incidents which was uppermost in his mind and in which he lost his friend, Raza, still shone in his memory like a star. He remembered:- He was fighting against the Japanese on the eastern front. The winter that year was cruel and the frost was frightful. The Eastern Command lead almost vanished and they were hard-pressed. The decision was about to yield as the communication was completely cut off and the morale of the troops was at its lowest. During

the time when the guns were silent, voices could be heard from every trench where every body cursed his star and the huns and blamed the Hadquarters for not sending supplies and reinforcement. Hunger and cold was faced by jawans in every trench and the whole atmosphere was tense. The enemy had surrounded them from all sides and a retreat was almost impossible. The defence had prolonged owing only to the determination and tenacity of the troops. Every one was hoping that reinforcements would come and that the line of communication would be restored: Enemy guns were hammering to break in.

Together with his men he was starving to death in one of the trenches. The enemy fighters were active against the allied planes. While the Indians marched on with fresh troops and fresh provisions no air supply had reached them for the last five days. On the evening of the sixth day all eyes turned towards the sky with fresh hopes shining in every gloomy face as two allied planes were seen encircling their position. At last their prayers had been heard and supplies arrived. They could see the bags falling on their positions. The happy shouts of the troops were replied with heavy shelling by enemy guns. Hundreds

of cannons were resounding through the air. Luckily, a bag fell about thirty yards from their trench. It seemed full of food-stuff. Hopes and life flickered upon every withered face. All were happy and thanked the Almighty. At last now they will be able to satisfy their hunger was the thought that occurred simultaneously to all the occupants of the trench. Every one wanted to go out and get the bag, But he stopped every one and decided to venture himself.

“That’s impossible”, uttered Raza and before he could say or do anything Raza was off crawling on his belly towards the bag.

“You fool, come back:” he cried but Raza carried on. He got hold of the bag and had hardly returned to the trench when a shell splinter cut through his head and there lay the gallant soldier who sacrificed himself for others.

One of his comrades got hold of the bag and brought it to him. He cautiously opened the bag while the restless eyes of his comrades followed every movement of his with an expectation which could bear no delay. But alas! all their hopes were shattered and they were doomed to taste the bitter fruits of disappointment for the bag was full of toilet articles.

A Heroic Mission

Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehd
CLASS XII

Sultan Shahryar joined this college in 1962. He was a young lad with lots of potentials and skill, and when he passed out of the college, the Principal wrote in his last report! "An excellent and exemplary product of the Cadet College- Will make a very good officer". And the Principal's words really came true when Shahryar passed out of the Pakistan Military Academy as a smart officer. After being commissioned he joined one of the engineers units working on KKH link road to China.



On 28th May 1970, he volunteered to lead a search party to locate a missing C-13 aircraft of P.A.F. which crashed somewhere on 14th February and since then there was no trace of it. The search party included one JCO, two sepoy two F.C. scouts and eight other civilian locals and they set out with five days dry ration and one blanket each.

After two days of continuous climbing they reached a Place called Kunsher at a height of 10,000 feet.

Capt. Sultan Shahryar T.Bt.

On 30th May 1970 they came in contact with a local of Kunsher who volunteered to accompany them to the site of the wreckage.

On the next day Capt. Shahryar left Kunsher with only five volunteers including one J.C.O., two sepoy and

a F.C. scout.

After facing all kinds of hazards like climbing and walking on the snow without any equipment, they managed to reach a site from where the wreckage was visible at a height of 14,000 feet. The plane had crashed after colliding with the highest peak 16,000 ft. in Bahadur Sur mountains. Capt. Shahryar first took the risk with a local to climb to the wreckage which was completely buried in the snow at a height of 14,600 ft. He stayed at the site for half an hour and collected a few important documents like navigational plan, maps, personal

diary of the airman and a few pieces of the aircraft.

On 2nd June 1970 he returned to Kamila where his unit was located and two days later, he landed on the wreckage site in a helicopter, with Major Javed of Army Aviation Corps.

Finally they were able to collect the wreckage and recover the bodies of the crew.

With the success of this heroic mission, Capt. Sultan Shahryar was awarded Tamgha-i-Basalat on 23rd March 1971.

D-DAY

Cadet Shabeeh Zaidi
Class VIII

Petaro seemed to be like a newly married bride. The college was renewed from top to bottom. The mess, the stadium every place was looking beautiful. It was a day when a milestone in the college history was reached. It was the day when the XII class was given a farewell, of course with heavy hearts by us. It was the 8th of May 1972.

The whole college was decorated.

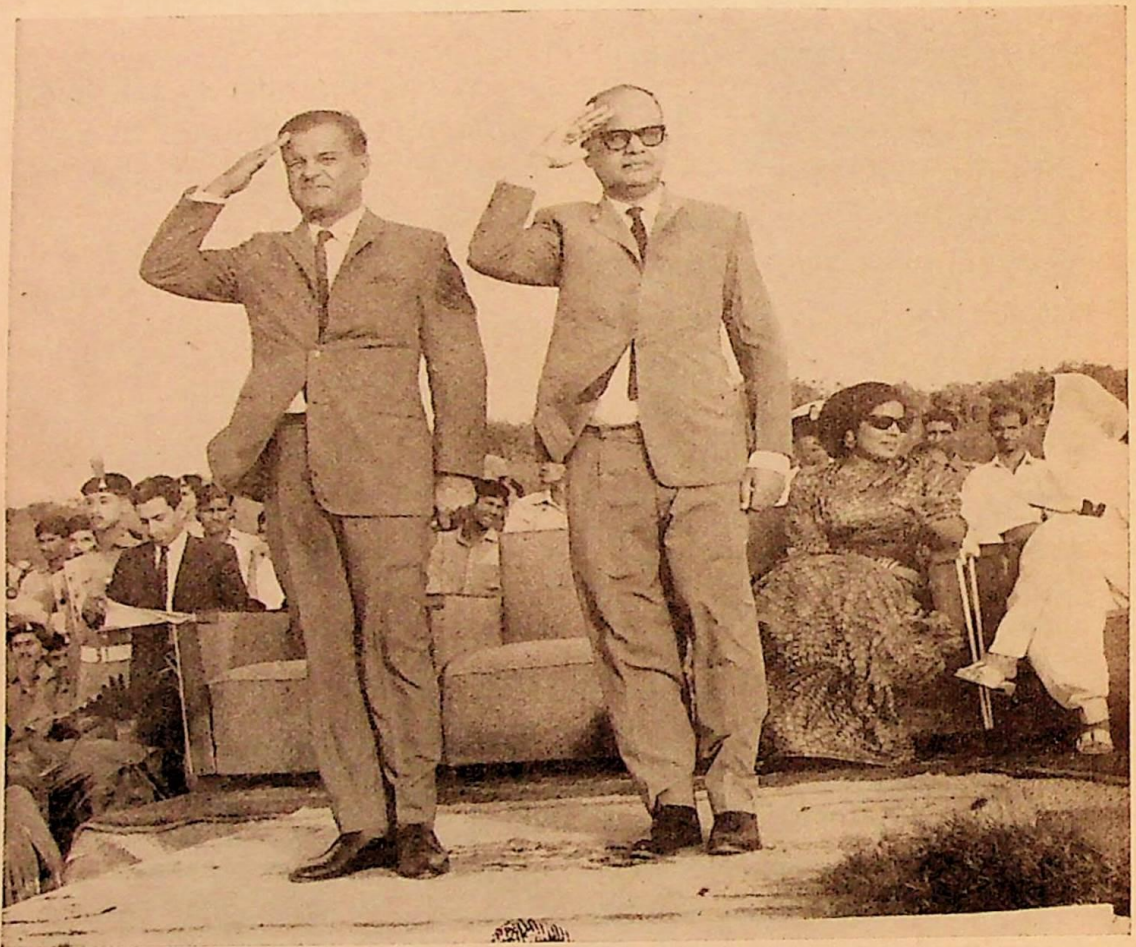
the staff, the cadets and every one at Petaro could be seen loaded with work and busy with one thing or the other for the whole day.

At 1630 hours all the cadets marched towards the airfield which was gracefully decorated and where a march past was to be held. The Houses assembled at their respective places. The staff were also present along with their families to witness

this momentous occasion.

It was nearly 1725 hrs when the car of the Chief Guest, Vice Admiral H.H. Ahmad, the Chief of the Naval Staff, entered the air-field. As they arrived, the Senior Under Officer brought the parade to 'attention'.

The chief guest was accompanied by the Principal. As they stood on the saluting dais the Senior Under Officer came forward to salute on behalf of the parade. He then requested them to inspect the parade.



The Chief Guest and the principal Taking the Salute

After this the Houses came forward one by one and demonstrated their talents at drill. This was the Inter-House Drill Competition. When the

competition ended, march past was held.

Once again, the Senior Under Officer ordered the parade to advance

review order. The parade marched
fourteen steps ahead and then came
to a halt. All the senior appointment-
holders and the chief guest raised
their hands in salute for the band was
playing the National Anthem. After
that the parade marched past in mass
order by the Senior Under Officer. With
this the first part of the ceremonies
came to an end.

On this occasion the cadets had
organised an exhibition in the College
auditorium. Here they exhibited the
science models, paintings and souve-
nirs of other clubs. A get-together
with the Chief Guest and the Staff was
held on the stadium. There the
Senior-Cadets were introduced to the Chief
Guest.



A Railway Model at Display

At 20.00 hours dinner was served
in the Mess. The cadets' mess was
looking magnificent. When the dinner
was over the prize winners assembled
behind the Chief Guest's table.

The Senior Under Officer came and
gave an impressive speech. He told the
C.N.S. that it was an honour for Petaro
to have him here.

In his speech, he said, "The trees
give shade for the benefit of others
while they themselves stand in the
scorching heat". He further said, "The
Sandal wood-the more it is crushed the
more scent does it yield, sugar canes-
the more they are peeled and
cut into pieces, the more juice do they
produce; Gold- the more it is heated
the more brightly be it able to shine;
cadets- the more you work hard the
better you will serve the nation."

In the end he bade farewell
to Petaro in a very sentimental way.

Then came the Principal, Mr. Azim.
With deep sentiments for the passing
out XII class, he said that when they
came to Petaro they were small
children but now within five years
they had turned into smart young
men who could hold their own
anywhere.



Our Principal Speaks

The Chief Guest thanked the Petarians for inviting him to the family gathering and also Mr. Azim for calling him the Head of the family. Then he said that he was proud to be the head of such a great family. He further said that if the Pakistanis and the cadets and every one work on the principle of unity, faith and discipline given by the Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah, we would become one of the greatest nations of the world.



The Chief Guest Addresses the Gathering

After the speeches the Chief Guest gave away the prizes. When the Prize Distribution was over, the Chief Guest came out of the cadets' mess and talked to the cadets freely. It was nearly 2140 hours when he sat

in his car and went away.

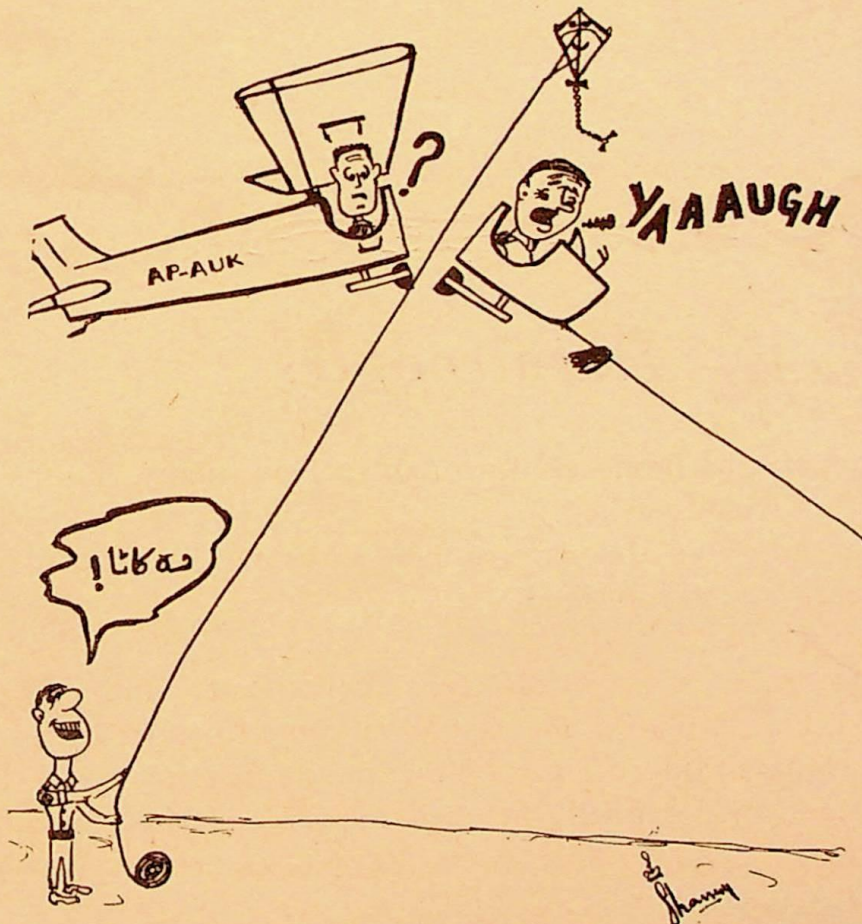
As he was leaving a cadet fired two fire crackers which went up in the sky and it looked as if they said "May Petaro become so great that it may touch the sky."

Glimpses of Gliding

Cadet Ehtesham Ahmed
Class XI

(1)

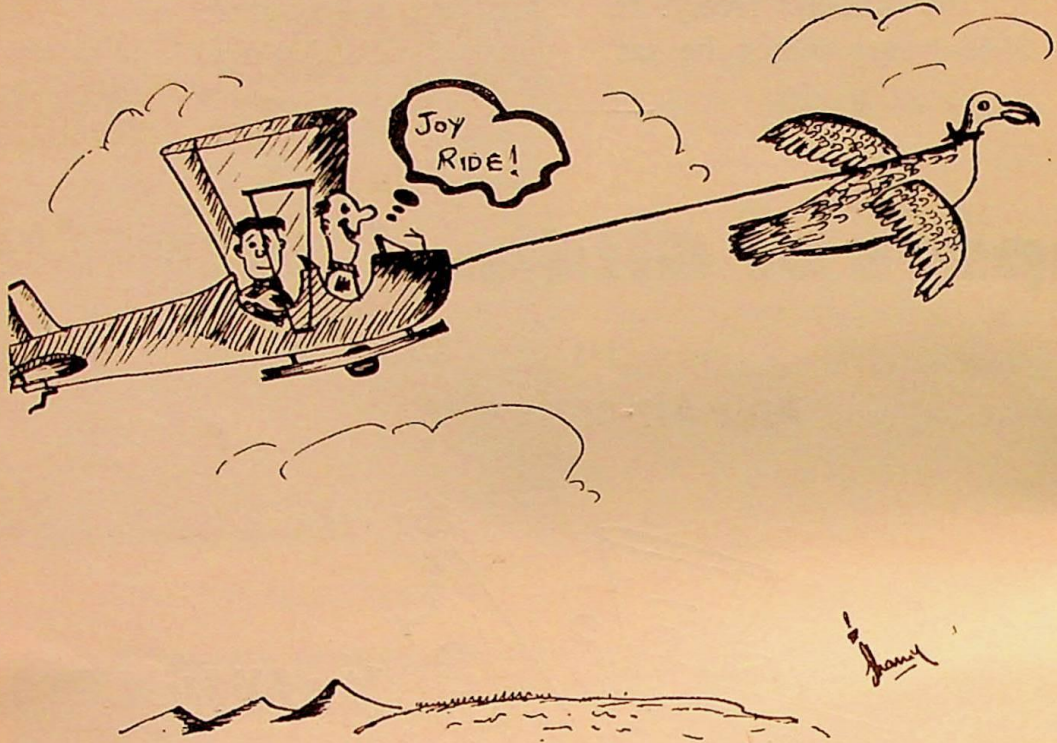
Anti Air-craft Kite



(2)

“Oh! Lift me like a leaf, a wave, a cloud.”

(Shelley)



Paratroopers

(1)

A paratrooper was home on furlough. “How many jumps have you made?” one of his friends asked.

“Only one” admitted the paratrooper, “My service record shows 20, but on the other 19, I was pushed”

(2)

The paratroopers were aloft for their first jump. Every thing went off in perfect order, until the last man came forward to jump. “Hold it!” shouted his commanding officer. “You are not wearing your parachute!” “Oh, that’s all right sir,” replied the recruit. “We’re just practising, are n’t we?”

House Notes

Photo:- Cadet Imran Rad



Jinnah House



House Master

Associate House Masters

Junior Under Officer

Senior Section Leaders

Section Leaders

Prefects

... Mr. M. S.Mangi

... Mr. S.Jaffer Hussain

... Mr. Rasheed Ahmad K. Ghouri

Cadet Nadeem Khan Yousafzai

“ Ch. Farhat Ahmad Khan

“ Malik Zaffar Hayat

“ S.Nazar Haider

“ Nazir Ahmad Chandio

“ Khalid waheed

“ Jameel Ahmad Khan

“ Khalid Jameel

President Code of Honour Committee	Cadet Ali Haider
Reading Room Incharge	“ M.Anwar Kaleem
Radio Room Incharge	“ Zaffar Hayat
Ante Room Incharge	“ S. Tariq Sohail

Team Captains

Games

Seniors

Juniors

Basket Ball	Cadet Khalid Khan	Cadet Muhammad Tariq
Hockey	“ M.Anwer Kaleem	“ Jameel Ahmad Khan
Athletics	“ Tanveer Ahmad Khan	“ M. Iqbal Bajwa
Cricket	“ Asif Ahmad	“ Junaid Hasan
Swimming	“ Tanveer Ahmad Khan	“ Haroon
Football	“ Inam Haider	“ Khalid waheed
Indoor Games	“ Tariq Sohail	
Spelling Bee & Quiz	“ Ali Haider	
Debates	“ Ali Haider	
Squash and Tennis	“ Mansoor Ahmad Pirzada	
Riding	“ Nadeem Khan	
Shooting	“ Nadeem Khan	

By the grace of God Jinnahians are going up day by day. Last year, we shared general Championship with Iqbal House and the Academics shield with Ayub House.

But this year has brought great honour to the House. We have won the general Championship Trophy exclusively. We have also bagged Academics Shield for the third consecutive year. This will entitle us to have a replica of the Shield for ever. We have also won

the trophies for indoor games, riding, swimming (Juniors) and cricket (Juniors).

Cadet Khalid Jameel and Shahid stood 2nd in 8th and 9th Classes, respectively. Cadet Salik Javed stood first and Tariq Sohail stood third in 11th class.

Nadeem Khan was Captain of the College shooting and riding teams. Tariq Sohail and Mansoor Pirzada were captains of badminton and tennis,

respectively.

College colours were awarded to Nadeem Khan for Shooting, Riding and Body-building. M.Anwar Kaleem and Mansoor Pirzada got colours in Athletics and Tennis, respectively.

We have won the Inter-House Social Welfare Shield introduced this year by our ex.Principal, Col.J.H.H. Coombes. Cadet Ali Haider was declared best social worker of the year.

Most ex-Jinnahians have settled in life very well. Our ex-J.U.O. Tariq Rasool and Cadet Fazal-ur-Rehman are now at P.M.A. Kakul. M. Shafi and Shahid Iqbal are at P.N.A, Karachi.

Ex.S.U.O. Junaid Yasin from our House has gone to U.S.A. for higher

studies. Feroz-Din, Azfar and Kamran Burhan. have taken admission in Medical Colleges.

We wish the outgoing 12th Class every success in life. Mr.M.S.Mangi took charge of the House three years ago. Our worthy House Master won the hearts of the boys and Jinnahians have been Champions for the last two years.

By the grace of God and under the guidance of Mr.M.S.Mangi, we shall remain always at the top. We are also thankful to our Associate Housemasters, Mr.S.Jaffer Hussain and Mr. Rasheed Ahmed K. Ghouri for their sincere efforts for the betterment of the House:

Churchill's Advice

Mr. Winston Churchill once gave this advice to the speakers: "Don't be nervous. Do just as I do. Whenever I get up to speak, I always make a point of taking a good look around the audience. Then I say to myself, "What a lot of silly fools!". And then, I always feel better".

Iqbal House



House Master

Associate House Masters

Attached Petty Officer

Senior Under Officer

Junior Under Officer

Senior Section Leaders

Section Leaders

Prefects

... Mr.S.Ali Asghar Naqvi

... Mr. Mohammad Ahmed Khan

Mr Mehboob Alam

... P.O.Banaras Khan

Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi

... Cadet Perwez Sarwar

... Cadet Sohail Nawaz

Cadet Naeem Sipra

... Cadet Imran Rad

Cadet Ehtisham Ahmed

... Cadet Ejaz Ahmed

Cadet Khalid Mahmood

Cadet Wasiq Nadeem

House Team Captains

<u>Sports & Games</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>	<u>8th Class</u>
Football	Cadet Asrar Zahir Durrani	Irfan Qayoom	Khawar Khan
Hockey	“ Qasim Ali	M.Naseem	Imdad Jafri
Cricket	“ Sohail Nawaz	Babar Hussain	Shakeel Rizvi
Basketball	“ Abdul Raheem	Zaheer Cheema	Khawar Khan
Athletics	“ Nasir Shaukat	Naveed Gill	Mohammad Ashfaq
Swimming	“ Ejaz Sharif	Ejaz Ahmed	Humayoon Khursheed
Shooting	“ Ejaz Sharif	Shehryar Jami
Riding	“ Shahab Thaquib	Ejaz Ahmed
Indoor Games	“ Zulfiqar Ali
Debating	“ Sohail Nawas
Quiz	“ Naeem Sipra
Spelling Bee	“ Naeem Sipra
Boxing	“ Sohail Nawaz	Mansoor Farooqi

This year, unfortunately, we could not retain the Championship. But that should not make much difference. Failure may prove a blessing if serves as spur to our efforts to live upto the Iqbalian traditions. The Iqbalians never wince when faced with a challenge and it is hoped that next time they will prove their worth. Meanwhile our heartiest congratulations to Jinnah House who emerged champions.

Iqbalians, however are not far behind. We have to our credit the Inter-House Sports Trophy and also the extra-curricular activities trophy, Credits Cup, House inspection trophy and last but not the least the Principal's

Parade trophy. But even with so much already in our hands, the Iqbalians will be the last to be contented. As usual we are sure to take giant strides in future.

Congratulations to cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi who has the honour of being the first-ever S.U.O. of the College from this House.

We also greet Cadet Abdul Reheem for winning the House Shield. He is the President of the Wood.Crafts Club.

Iqbalians' love for the "ball" is in no way less than their devotion to the "book". Iqbalians never lose sight of the fact that the battle of Waterloo

was won on the play-grounds of Eton. As was expected, we have put up a splendid show in the sports. We have won the Juniors' and Seniors' Sports trophies. Colours were awarded to S.U.O. Hasan Haider Rizvi in Cricket and Debating, to J.U.O- Perwez Sarwar in Football, to Cadets Sohail Nawaz and Qasim Ali in Judo and Gymnastics, respectively.

Perwez Sarwar and Sohail Nawaz also had the honour of being the Captains of College Football and Judo teams, respectively.

S.U.O. Hasan Rizvi represented the College at the All Pakistan Inter-Collegiate Urdu and English debates held at Khairpur and won the first prize in the former and second prize in the latter. Cadet Ejaz represented the Hyderabad Board in Inter-Board Athletics. He happened to be the youngest member of the team. Congratulations to both of them.

Our J.U.O Perwez Sarwar has brought another laurel to the House. He was adjudged as the best sportsman of the year. We all are pleased to know that he has been selected as an 'N-Cadet'. We all wish him the best of luck.

The well-known photographer of the College, Cadet Imran Rad also belongs to this House. He has helped to add one more feather to the House cap by winning the prize for being

the "best photographer of the year."

Before going to the press we received the thrilling news of Iqbalians. Landslide victory in the Juniors, events in the 13th Athletics Meet. Iqbalians swept the entire series of Juniors, events. This was itself a unique record in the college history.

As many as five previous records were improved by the Iqbalians in both Juniors and Seniors, events, Cadets Naveed Gil and Ejaz Ahmed deserve congratulations on bringing this honour to the House.

In the Seniors' events the luck again favoured the Jinnahians who were ahead of us by only one point.

All this would not have been possible without our House Master Mr.A.A.Naqvi's Keen interest in the House. We all are deeply grateful to him for his guidance, help and co-operation.

We also owe a debt of gratitude to our Associate House Masters and the Petty Officer, as well as the steward and all the others for their efforts for the House.

We welcome our new entry of VIII Class. There seems to be no dearth of talents among them. They have already started making some real contributions to the House. We hope that they will, in time, win fresh laurels for the House.

Now a word about the ex-Iqbalians. Our ex.J.U.O. Arif Majeed and ex-Cadet Tariq Yaseen have been selected for Commission in the P.A.F., while ex-cadets Perwez Memon and Khalid Daudpota have joined the Army and Khalid Umar and Tariq Perwez have gone to the Navy. We wish them all a happy and prosperous future.

Our 12th Class will be passing out before long, we shall, for ever, cherish

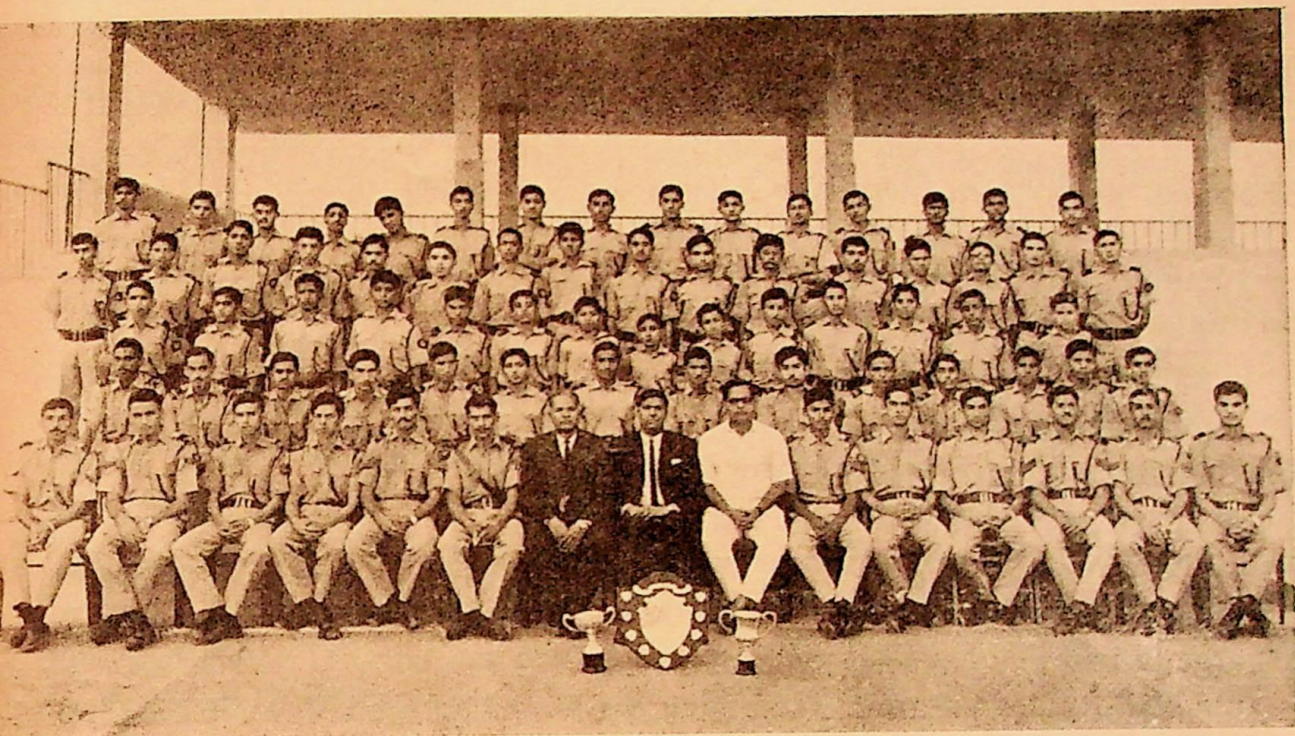
the happy memories of our associations with them. We hope they will keep themselves in touch with the House and will inform us from time to time of their welfare. We all wish them God Speed on their new and hopeful journey in life.

And finally we bid good-bye to our Ex-Associate Master Mr. Tasawwar Hussain and welcome his successor Mr. Mehboob Alam.

Delightful Definitions

- Dictionary: The only place where divorce comes before marriage.
Dreams: The free movies of the sleep.
Expert: One who has a good reason for guessing wrong.
Flatterer: One who has water in one hand and fire in the other.
Hatred: The Coward's revenge for being intimidated.
Horse power: Some thing which was much safer when the only horses had it.

AYUB HOUSE



House Master

Associate House Master

Junior Under Officer

Senior Section Leaders

Section Leaders

Prefects

Attached Petty Officer

... Mr. John Mumtaz

... (i) Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed

(ii) Mr. Liaquat Ali Samma

... Cadet Anwer Qayum Sher

... „ Mohammed Azher Khan
 „ Syed Asad Mehdi

... „ Jamshed B.G. Irani
 „ Zaffar Alam Zaidi

... „ Sarfaraz Sadiq
 „ Naeem Khan
 „ Pervaiz Intiaz

... P.O. Khaqan Khan

Captains

<u>Game</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>
Basket Ball	Kamran Akhtar	Khalil Khan
Hockey	Anwer Sher	Sarfaraz Sadiq
Cricket	Zaffar Mehmood	Sahibzada Mubarizzuddin
Football	Ahmed Shahid	Naeem Khan
Shooting	Bakhtiyar Khan	...
Athletics	M. Azher Khan	Shahid Hussain
Swimming	Anwer Sher	Kamil Khan
Boxing	M. Azher Khan	...
Riding	Zafar Mahmood	...
Incharge Quiz/		
Spelling Bee	S. Asad Mehdi	...
Incharge Urdu/	(i) Khalid Latif	...
Sindhi/English	(ii) Mohammed Umer	...
Wall Papers	(iii) Viqar Ahmed	...
Incharge Debates	Anwer Q. Sher	...
President House	Zaffar Mahmood	...
Honour Commi- tee;		

The end of the academic year is not far close and as we look back upon our achievements we are filled with satisfaction and determination to achieve even more. Our worthy House Master, Mr. John Mumtaz has always inspired us with enthusiasm to raise the standards in games, studies and general behaviour. The Associate House Masters, Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed and Mr. Liaquat Ali Samma all the while tried to give their best to the House.

Ex. Cadet Najeeb Tariq has won laurels for himself and for his House by obtaining the first position in the Intermediate Science Examination of the Hyderabad Board. It is truly a great feat. Well done, Najeeb! The overall standard of the House in studies has been very satisfactory.

In the sports fields we, Ayubians have certainly done very well. Cadets Zaffar Mehmood, Mushtaq Ahmed and Sahibzada represented Hyderabad under-19 Cricket team in the National

Championships. J.U.O. Anwer Sher represented Hyderabad under-20 Hockey team in the National Championships. They all have certainly brought great fame to the House.

Our House had the honour of winning the following trophies:-

Juniors Football- 1970-71

Seniors Football- 1970-71

Hockey Juniors- 1970-71 (Class VIII); Hockey Juniors- 1971-72

Cricket Juniors- 1971-72.

Cadet Zafar Mehmood, J.U.O Anwer Sher and Cadet Habib Abdullah captained the college Cricket, Hockey and table-tennis teams, respectively.

Cadets Zafar Mehmood, Anwer Sher and Iqbal Hussain got the College Colours in Cricket, Hockey and Football, respectively.

During the year Mr. Affan Maqsood left for Algeria. He was a great

source of inspiration for us all. He will always be close to our hearts. Mr. Liaquat Ali Samma joined the House as our Associate House Master. His encouragement and advice has truly infused a new spirit in us.

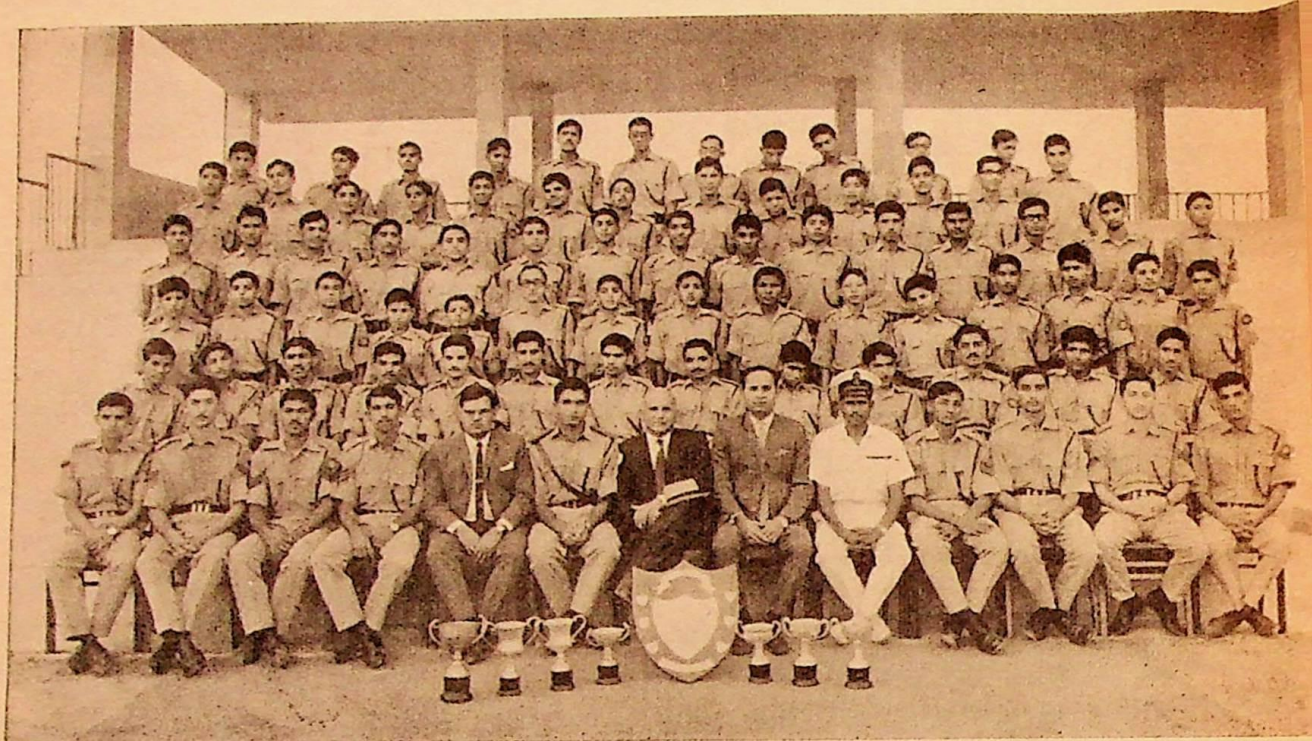
Life is a road with many a joys and sorrows. With a sorrowful heart we find it very difficult to express our feeling about the "Shahadat" of our ex-J.U.O. Lt. Perwaiz Aslam. He laid down his life for the defence of the motherland and has set an example which should be followed by every Ayubian. We express our sincere condolences to Brig and Begum Aslam for this tragic loss. Let us pray for their salvation and the best of happiness.

Finally, we wish the outgoing XII Class, farewell with a heavy heart. Let us pray for their success.

A Cadet's Letter

"Dear Mom and Dad," a young Cadet wrote home to his family "I have not heard from you in nearly a month. Please send a money order, So I will know you are all right"

Muhammad Bin Qasim House



House Master	...	Mr. H.M. Zuberi
Associate House Masters	...	Mr- Abdul Ghani Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed
Attached Petty Officer	...	P.O. Iqbal Hussain
Junior Under Officer	...	1st Term Cadet Shahjehan Ashraf
	...	2nd Term " Aftab Ahmed
Senior Section Leaders	...	" Hasnain Mirza
		1st Term Cadet Aftab Ahmed
		2nd Term " Iqbal Ahmed
Section Leaders	...	Cadet Zia-ul-Hasan
		" Tariq Iqbal
Prefects	...	" Mahmood Ahmed
		" Dawar Hussain Khan
		" Tariq Jamil

President House Honour Committee	Cadet Azamud-din
President, House Fund and Mess Committee	“ Ch. Ismail
President, House Social Welfare and English Literary Society	“ Abdul Jalil
Incharge Urdu/English/ Sindhi Wall Papers	“ Aftab Ahmed “ Abdul Jalil “ Iqbal Ahmed
Incharge, Ante-Room/ Library /Radio Room	Cadet Iqbal Ahmed “ Tariq Mehmood “ Abdul Jalil

Captains

<u>Game</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>
Football	Cadet Hasnain Mirza	Cadet Hanif Jan
Hockey	“ Iqbal Ahmed	“ Tahir Javed
Cricket	“ Azamuddin	“ Raza Maqsood
Basket Ball	“ Aftab Baber	“ Shahid Hussain
Indoor Games	“ Shahjehan Ashraf	...
Shooting	“ Jamal Nasir	...
Swimming	“ Zulqadar Ahmed	...
Riding	“ M. Shaique	...
Athletics	“ Tariq Mahmood	“ Mahmood Ahmed

Congratulations to all the Qasimians on winning the VIII Class Inter-House Championship Shield. The devotion and hardwork of the VIII Class (Now IX Class) of Muhammad Bin Qasim House is really praiseworthy. Well done! Keep it up! Our House is proud of you.

We congratulate Muhammed Ashraf of XI Class and Mukhtar of X Class

on standing III from the college in S.S.C. part II and I, respectively.

We feel the greatest pleasure to say that Cadet Azamuddin represented Hyderabad Board in under 19-B.C.C.P. Trophy.

We are proud of Baber, Hasnain Mirza, Aftab Ahmed, Zia, Azamuddin and Naeem, all the seven of them played in the College Football XI at

Inter-Collegiate Football Tournament, and were the champions and thus brought honour and fame to the college and as well as to the House. Also we congratulate Cadet Zulqadar and Baber on captaining the College Swimming and Basketball teams, respectively.

Although we could not get any good position in the overall Inter-House Championship still due to some real effort on the part of Qasimians, we are at the 4th position now, while before we were 6th. This year, we are proud that our House is on the top; till now we have won:

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| 1. Juniors Football | 1971-72 |
| 2. Seniors Football | 1971-72 |
| 3. Cricket Juniors | 1971-72 |
| 4. Cricket Seniors | 1971-72 |
| 5. Basketball Juniors | 1971-72 |
| 6. Hockey Juniors | 1971-72 |

and Insha-Allah, will win many more laurels in future.

We welcome our VIII Class Cadets. They are really smart and active. They show promise in sports and academics. They have won VIII Class Football and Hockey trophies by now. We pin high hopes in them and believe

that they will win laurels for the House.

We are grateful to our worthy House Master, H.M. Zuberi for his keen interest, hard work, deep affection and care for the House. He has put the House on the road to progress and victory.

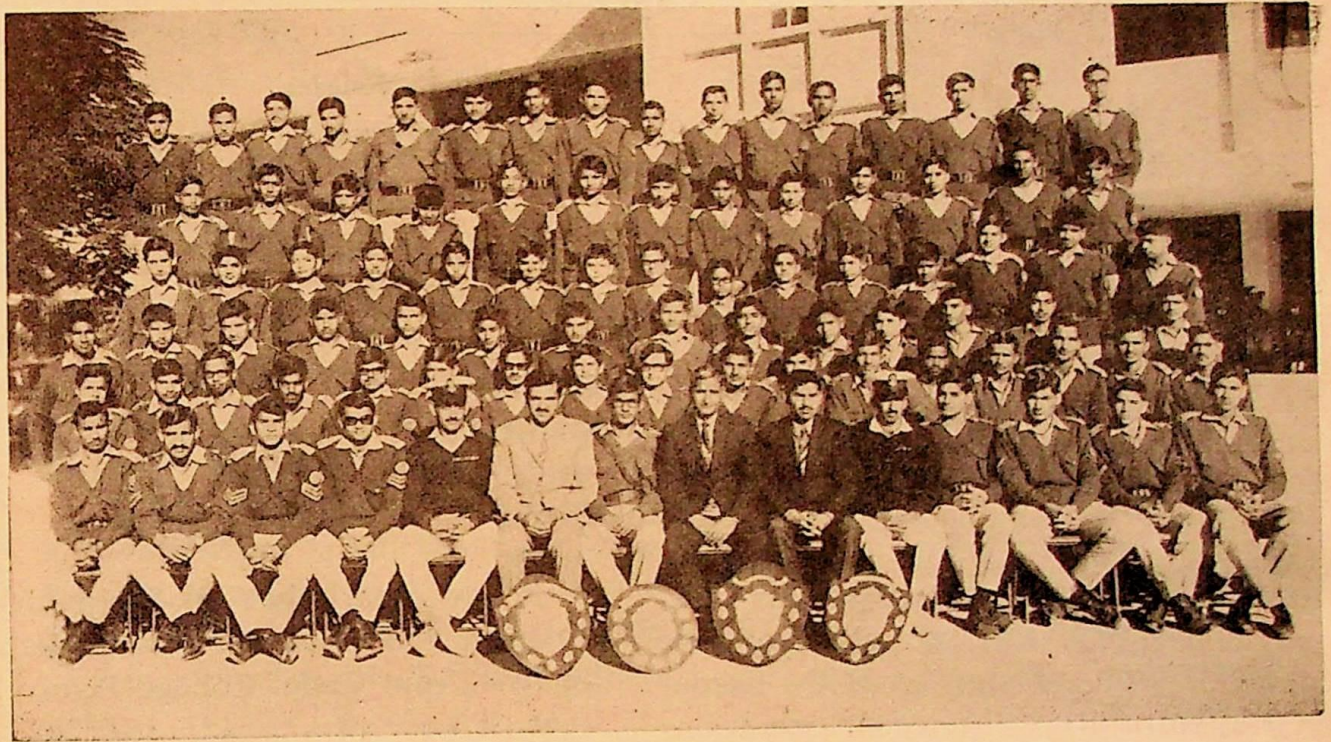
We are thankful to our Associate House Masters, M/s Abdul Ghani and Shoukat Ali for their contributions to the House.

We welcome our new Associate House Master, Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed and hope that he will be a source of great inspiration to the House.

Two of our ex-Cadets of previous XII Class Raja Riaz Hussain and Muhammad Afzal are doing well in Naval and Military Academies, respectively.

After having spent five years at Petaro our XII Class batch will soon be passing out. We bid farewell to them with a heavy heart. We wish them the best of luck in their life, and hope and pray that they will bring glory to Pakistan by their great deeds.

Liaquat House



House Master

Mr. Muhammed Akram Bhatti.

Associate House Masters

Mr. Masood Perwaiz Durrani
Mr. Falak Sher Khadim

Junior Under Officer
Senior Section Leaders

Cadet Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi

- “ Tariq Ismail
- “ Mohammad Afzal
- “ Zaffar Ikram.
- “ Obaidur Rehman
- “ Khalid Ismail
- “ Shariq Mukhtar
- “ Najmul Hassan'

Section Leaders

Prefects

Member of the college
honour Committee.

Cadet Qaisar Khan Leghari

Attached Petty Officer

P.O. Basheer Ahmed

Captains

	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>
Hockey	Cadet Nadeem-ur-Rehman	Cadet Asrar Ahmed
Cricket	“ Khalid Farid	“ Shariq Mukhtar
Football	“ Tariq Ismail	“ Khalid Ismail
Basketball	“ Mohammad Afzal	“ Kamal Mahmood
Athletics	“ Imtiaz Ahmed	
Swimming	“ Tariq Ismail	
Shooting	“ Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi	
Riding	“ Qaisar Khan Leghari	
Indoor Games	“ Khalid Farid	
Boxing	“ Abdul Ghani	

At the very outset of this year, we received the sad news of the martyrdom of our ex-JUO Saadat Farooq, during the recent operations in East Pakistan. This brave Liaquatian was awarded Pakistan's third highest gallantry award, "Sitara-e-Jurat" for his magnificent heroic deeds. We offer our deepest condolences to the bereaved family. Another of our ex JUOs' Lt. Ejaz Rasool Chaudhry (P.N,) has also been awarded "Sitar-e-Jurat" for his heroic deeds during the last Indo-Pak conflict. Our ex-Cadet Shahryar has been awarded "Tamgha-e-Basalat" for his bravery. We congratulate them whole-heartedly. We are

proud to hear that ex-Liaquatian Mohsin is a C.S.P. Officer now-probably the first from Cadet College Petaro.

This year, Liaquatians have done exceptionally well in studies. Cadet Naeem Chaudhry stood first in the HSC Part-I in Biology group, followed by Cadet Khursheed who stood 3rd in the College. Cadet Ghulam Hyder stood 2nd in th HSC Part I in the college in the pre-Engineering group Cadet Zaffar Ikram stood first in Matric in the college, followed by Cadet Wajahat Wasti who was 3rd. Riaz Hussain topped in the 9th Class Board Examinations securing 90% marks. We congratulate all of them

for their brilliant performance in academics, and expect equally good results from them in the years to come. Our heartiest congratulations to Cadet Zaffar Ikram of XI class who has been awarded the "Badge of Honour". Well done! Keep it up!

This year, besides academics, the Liaquatians took a keen interest in hobbies also. From our outgoing XII class, Cadet Mohammed Naeem (who is also the President of the painting Club) got the best painter's award and our J.U.O. Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi was awarded a prize for being "best in the science modelling club" of which he is the president.

On the literary side also the Liaquatians are taking the lead. Qaisar Khan Leghari is the editor of Sindhi Section, and Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi (J.U.O) is the editor of the English section of the magazine in your hands.

In college sports activities we have always contributed much. From our outgoing XII class, Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi, Khalid Farid, Tariq Ismail and Nadeem-ur-Rehman played in different college teams. We are also proud of Khalid Farid and Mahmood-ur-Rehman who were fortunate to have been selected for playing in BCCP under-19 Hyderabad divisional team. They represented Hyderabad Division against Quetta, Khairpur and Karachi Divisions.

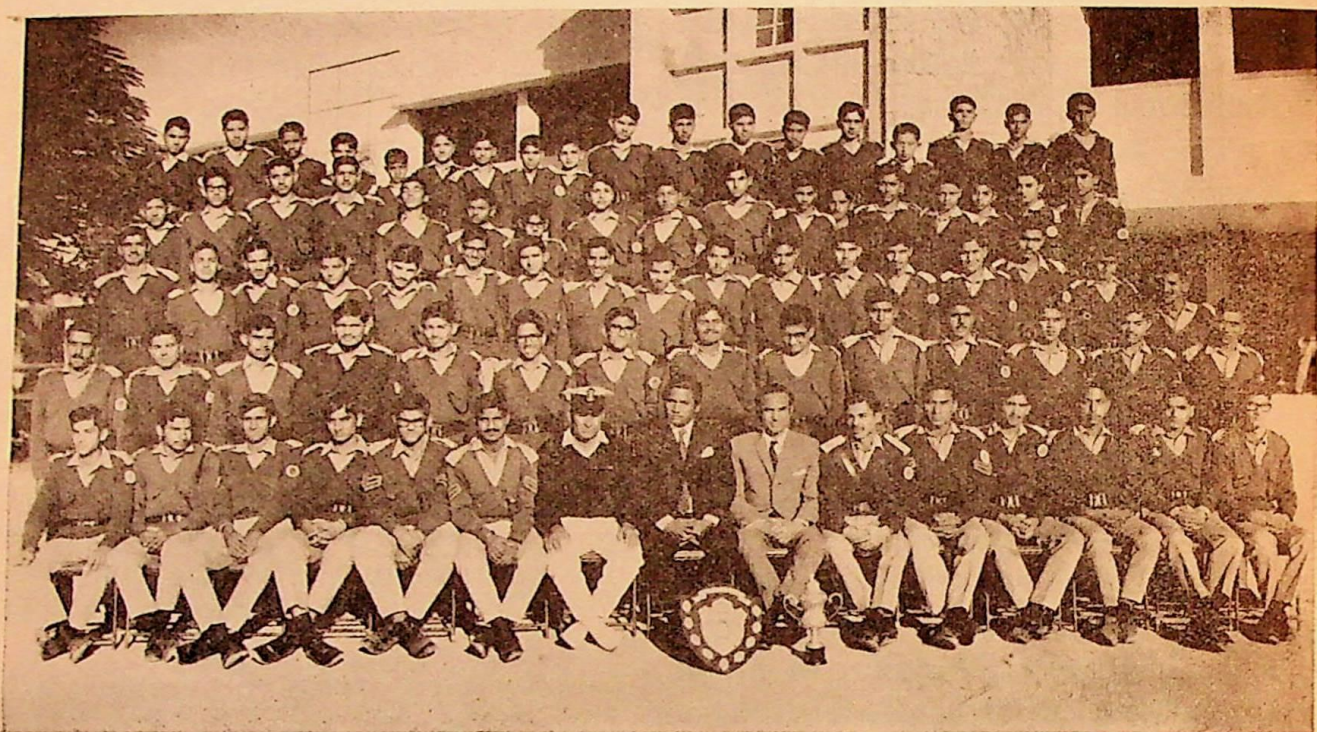
To-day we feel proud and happy to know that ex-Liaquatians of the 1970 batch, wherever they are, are doing well and leading a prosperous life. Asadullah Kitchlew has joined the Army. Mohammed Tariq has flown to U.S.A. for higher studies. Our ex-JUO Rifaquat Ali Cheema and Cadet Khalid Mahmood have been selected for Civilian Scholarship Scheme. Ex.Cadet Jawaid Manjh has also been selected for the Army.

This year, our Associate House Master, Mr. Hassan Sajjad left the House. We cannot forget the achievements the House made due to his keen interest in the House affairs. At the same time, we warmly welcome our new Associate House Master, Mr. Falak Sher Khadim.

We also welcome our new VIII Class Entry. They are smart, agile and full of enthusiasm. We offer our best wishes to them. We hope they will improve the standard of sports in the House which has considerably gone down. There are indeed some budding sports man among them, and we have to polish them to show that they are really genuine as they are the future torch bearers of our House.

In the end we thank our House Master, Associates and House Petty Officer and all other concerned for their sincerest efforts they have made to better the standard of the House in all the fields.

Latif House



House Master

Associate House Master

Attached Petty Officer

Junior Under Officer

Senior Section Leaders

Junior Section Leaders

Prefects

... Mr. Tariq Mustafa Khan

... (i) Mr. Saif Jabbar Qureshi

(ii) Mr. Iqbal Javed

... P.O. Khurshid Ahmed

... Cadet Syed Ali Askari Rizvi

... " Atta-ur-Rehman

" Mohammed Iqbal

" S.Raheel Nasir Shah

" Azam Shah

" Tariq Sattar

... " Rashid Mumtaz

" Waqar Ahmed

" Nishat

Member College Code of Honour Committee.	Cadet Sajjad Raza
Incharge Ante Room	“ Atta-ur-Rehman
Member Cadets' Mess Committee	“ M.Saeed Khan
House Honour Committee Members	“ Sajjad Raza (Chairman) Cadets Iftikhar Naqvi, Akhtar Ghani Yawar Maqsood, and Arshad

House Team Captains

<u>Sports/Games</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>
Cricket	Cadet S.Ali Askari Rizvi	Cadet Waqar Ahmed
Hockey	“ Atta-ur-Rehman	“ Asif Sammad
Football	“ Mohd.Sadiq Khan	“ Rashid Mumtaz
Basket Ball	“ Mohd.Saeed Khan	“ Khalid Cheema
Athletics	“ Mohammed Iqbal	...
Swimming	“ Tariq Raza	...
Indoor Games	“ Akhtar Ghani	...
Riding	“ S.Raheel Nasir Shah	...
Squash	“ M.Farooq Yousufzai	...
Tennis	“ Akhtar Ghani	...
Incharge Spelling Bee & Elocution Contests	“ Iftikhar Naqvi	...
Incharge Library	“ Amjad Majid	...
Incharge Social Welfare Society	“ Amjad Majid	...

Mr. Izhar Hussain left the college are greatly indebted to him. in the beginning of the current session. While we miss him, we are glad to He did a lot for the House and we learn that he is engaged in higher

academic pursuits in France. We wish him all success.

We bade farewell to P.O. Banaras Khan who has been transferred to another House. We welcome P.O. Khurshid Ahmed. He is taking a keen interest in the House activities.

In the Inter-House Sports Competition last year we were able to annex only the Hockey Shield. This has not in any way dampened our spirits. We are quite determined to give better performance next year.

It is a matter of great honour to us that ex-Latifians Khadim Hussain, Danial Naveed, Sultan Sikander and Sohail Azim have been selected for the P.M.A., and Shahid Aslam for the

Civilian Scholarship. We wish them success in their career. Samiullah Bajwa has got admission in Engineering University, Lahore. Saeed Asghar and Mahmoodul Hasan have been admitted to Medical Colleges.

Congratulations to Muhammed Sadiq and Mohammed Farooq on being appointed Captains of the College Athletics and Squash, teams, respectively. Mohammed Sadiq has been awarded College Colour for his excellent performance in the Football matches.

Tariq Raza, Ayaz Bari, Mohammed Iqbal, Atta-ur-Rehman and Saeed Khan have been selected for glider training. Well done!

It is gratifying to note that all Latifians are doing well.

To every thing there is a reason, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to plant and a time to pluck that, which is planted.

‘Old Testament’

Knowledge is a matter of science and no dishonesty or conceit, whatsoever, is permissible. What is required, is definitely the reverse—honesty and modesty.

‘Mao Tse-Tung’

Sports and Hobbies

Editor:- CADET ZAFFAR MAHMOOD

Asst. Editor:- CADET IMRAN RAD

Photo:- Cadet Imran Rad



An All-Rounder

Mr. Mehboob Alam

M.A.

If you are looking for Abdullah Khan in the afternoon, you won't have to bother much. Just a few steps across the Jinnah House towards the play-grounds and six-foot high Abdullah is in sight. But it is not his height that he is proud of. It is something else.

Very few Petarians know that he has passed his Intermediate. Well he did it. And he also holds a Junior Diploma of Physical Education. From his boyhood he had a craze for sports. This zeal culminated in his becoming an all-rounder. He can play many games i.e. football, hockey, basketball. He is an excellent swimmer and is equally good at Gymnastics, having a certificate to umpire and coach soft ball, in his pocket.

He was trained at F.F. Centre, Abbottabad. In addition to five medals, he has to his credit a countless number of certificates at least 200 of them. His special event is high jump of which he was once the National Champion, the height



Mr. Mohammed Abdullah
covered being six feet three inches.

He has also been decathlon Champion in Hyderabad, Quetta, Khairpur and Karachi divisions in the Inter-divisional athletics.

And now he has brought a new honour to the college. He took part in the Pakistan National Games held in March 1972 at Lahore. He secured third position in the high jump. Mr. Jerry Smartt, an American athletic coach who once visited this college, admitted him to be a very efficient coach. Abdullah is proud of this

tribute from a professional athlete of repute.

The college hockey grassy field is perhaps another certificate of his skill and devotion to the cause of sports. He got it prepared and let us not mention the pains he might have taken for its preparation. He is Games Grounds Superintendent and the Pet-arians often wonder whether he is Grounds Superintendent or is him self a part of the play-grounds!

BASKET BALL

C.P.O. Mohammed Iqbal

Fun and games, these two words mean almost the same thing and the phrase itself aptly conveys the pleasure of taking part in games. According to an American report, more people play Basketball in the United States than any other game, and the standard of the game is so good and the sport is so exciting to watch.

From America the game has spread all over the world, and its infectious pleasure delights people of

all ages and in all the countries. Starting from the beginning Basketball has become a world-wide game, universally accepted and universally popular.

In Basketball action is always fast, defence quickly switches to attack and there is the thrill and possibility of each player scoring not once but, several times, during the course of a game. Each player has a personal opponent whose job is to play cat and mouse with him, shadowing

him all the time and be always ready to stop him from taking an easy shot at the basket.

Basketball is an indoor game and this in itself brings many advantages. Condition of play remains the same all the year round, and players can never be upset by rough or difficult weather.

The ball never gets heavy during the game as it does in Football. Another advantage is that the game can be played at all times during the day and the evening. Game can follow game in quick succession, so one court can serve many teams. A happy result of this is that tournament can be easily arranged.

The game of Basketball is a pleasant but hard task master. After a few movements on court, a player may be surprised to find that he is perspiring freely. There is no doubt at all that he is putting every thing into the game but so often this effort goes unnoticed in the pleasure of play and the excitement of the match.

There is exercise of nearly every type in basket Ball, it must be obvious that running, jumping, passing and aiming or shooting and intercepting are some of the main items of the game. But the demand is not for straightforward skill in these various aspects. A player must be able to

sprint forward and when the need arises more so fast backwards or sideways that these actions are almost at sprint pace too.

According to the rules, no more than five players from each team can be on the court at one time, although the complete team may have twelve players.

The ball shall be round and it shall not be less than $29\frac{1}{2}$ " nor more than $31\frac{1}{2}$ " in circumference. It shall weigh not less than 600 gms and not more than 650 gms.

A full size Basketball court is $92' \times 46'$.

Backboards 6' wide and 4' high fixed on the poles, the lower edge of which shall be 9' above the ground. Rings shall be of 18" in diameter and 6" away from the backboard. Height of the rings from the ground shall be 10'.

Duration of the game is 20 minutes each half with 10 minutes interval.

Major foul = Personal foul. Any player commits a foul with body contact.

Play in Basketball is usually fast,; basket follows basket in quick succession, excitement is usually high and the game itself has a great appeal to the spectator and for the players.

CRICKET, as I see it

Cadet Zafar Mehmood
Class XII

CRICKET is a time-honoured British game, which has achieved a wide approval throughout the world. It reflects the true sporting spirit of the British character. Cricket is universally recognized as the great National game of the Commonwealth and its love is handed down from generation to generation. In this article I will talk about the three departments of this game, namely batting, bowling and fielding.

BATTING:- There is a great deal more in batting technique than mere stroke play. Right temperament, keen eye-sight and quick thinking, for instance, play an important part in batting, and of course, the most important thing for a good batsman is to develop good footwork. Playing across the line of the ball is the defect present in most of the players. This defect can be removed by placing the edge of a mat or a carpet in front of a long mirror; now take your stance near the carpet edge in front of the mirror, then swing the bat pendulum

fashion, backward and forward, down and along the edge of the carpet. You will see in the mirror if it is straight or not. Good batsmen raise their bat as the ball leaves the bowler's hand (or even before if the bowler is very fast). They lift faster against quick deliveries than for slower ones. To be bowled with bat in the air is the result of lifting too late when the ball is upon you.

Although batting skill is gained through match play, regular practice is invaluable for success.

BOWLING:- Once, a group of young Cricketers were asked what they preferred, batting; or bowling most of them replied "batting" Bowliug is too much of a fag. That is quite a wrong spirit. Bowling can be just as fascinating as batting; the Old adage that a bowler is born, not made, simply, is'nt true.

To become a good bowler the first essential thing is to decide for which type of bowling your physique

and temperament are best suited, then that mode of attack must be developed by concentrated practice on sound lines.

Consider first, your approach to wicket. Your run up should never vary in length. Therefore, always mark your starting point. From the start of your run to the moment you let the ball go, keep your eyes fixed on the wickets.

No matter how smooth the approach to the wicket may be, it is useless if the propelling influence of the ball is wrong. Though no two bowlers deliver the ball in the same manner, each should seek to acquire a rhythmic body swing consistent with his natural action. Once this is acquired, a balanced position at the crease is assured.

Length is the ABC of bowling. It varies according to the height and reach of the batsman. Only by consistent practice, control of length and direction, can be gained.

FIELDING:- Many times a dull day's cricket has been enlivened by a sparkling display of fielding. Often this critical remark is heard that so and so is worth his place for fielding only. Though this is perhaps an overstatement but nevertheless it emphasizes the importance of this department of the game.

No young player whose fielding is poor can hope to advance far, and the best way of improving it is by playing baseball which in my view improves both throwing and fielding.

Fielding is like batting and bowling an art which should be practised with the same enthusiasm. The first step is to learn how to take the ball properly. Snatching of ball leads only to injury. Slip fielding can be improved with the aid of the machines, the cradle, and the iron roller. A thrower hurls the ball at the machine up towards the players standing on the other side. The ball slides off at varying speeds and angles providing catches similar to the snicks of the batsman. Some short men field admirably in this position; but taller ones have the advantage of reach; but only those who are agile and alert should be chosen for this business. Ground fielding, catching and throwing should be practised, and to help the keeper as well. A good plan is to form a semi-circle of players and number them off. Another player with a bat and a ball, stands with the keeper nearby. The batsman then calls a number and that fields-man goes after the catch or the Ground struck, returning it to the keeper. In this way, three important fielding points, anticipation, gathering of ball and throwing are practised.

Our Footballers

Cadet Yawar Maqsood
CLASS XI

From the beginning shall we start
As you must know how we fared at last
But the game will be fast
As it's the best team we've cast.

That's Khalid in the goal
Ready to dive to stop the ball,
With fullbacks Aftab, Tariq standing like a wall,
Who could score a goal?

Better pair of half backs
Did never petaro find
As it's Zia who heads the attacks
With Mirza running towards the goal.

Time is fast running out
Captain Perwaiz shouting "shoot out"
Wow! what a beautiful save!
But who could score, while Khalid's so brave?

'T's been going on like this for an hour
With our boys standing like a tow'r
To Iqbal has Khalid passed
Who dribbles and dribbles till he's outclassed.

Baber, it is who gets the ball
Just look at him running towards the goal
How tries the goalkeeper to stop the ball
But no use at all the ball's in the goal.

Our footballers you have seen, fight
With all their might, keeping the defence tight
And our dazzling forwards
Putting the opponents to flight.

“Pakistan does not lack in talents”

(An Interview with Mr. Jerry Smartt)

Cadet Imran Rad
Class XI

It was a great pleasure for me to interview the marathon runner and national athletics coach of the United States of America, Mr. Jerry Smartt, who visited our college on the 23rd October, 1971.

He had come to Pakistan to conduct and practise with our coaches and athletes, and to teach them new techniques of athletics.

He is forty years old and has been practising athletics for the last 23 years.

He started coaching professionally only a year ago. Before that he had been teaching Biology in a high school.

Extracts of this interview are given below:-

Q. 1. Could you tell me about your feelings in your first athletics meet?

Ans. First one, best I remember was 22 years ago, first big one. I finished about 3 quarters of a mile and as far as I can get, I just about died. The next race I was able to



Mr. Jerry Smartt

finish and kept on finishing ever after.

Q.2. In how many contests have you participated and how many prizes have you won?

Ans. It looks too hard to think that I have run about a hundred thousand miles, total. Some times I was running 30 races a year, so 30 times.. should be 30 medals.

Q.3. Did you always get a medal, Sir?

Ans. Well, there were some times when I did not get medals, but there must be over a hundred of medals, dozens of cups and half a dozen wrist watches. It surprises you, isn't it.?

Q.4. Have you ever participated in the Olympics?

Ans. Yes, I was in the 1956 team.

Q.5. How do you compare the Pakistani athletes with the American athletes,? Can they compete with the Americans?

Ans. Well! it is difficult to compare, but the way I can compare is that the diet is different, the track conditions are different, and the climate is a definite reason, but they all have the same heart, same lungs, same feet, and same mind; so Pakistani athletes can compete with the American athletes, if they decide and put in a lot

of extra work and lot of time training, training faster, training harder.

Q.6. Do you think that the training given to the Pakistani athletes is appropriate?

Ans: I doubt if it is enough. We must do more work here. Although it is difficult, there is no reason why they can't improve.

Q.7. Athletics, as compared with other games, is not very popular in our country. What can be done to make it popular?

Ans. I think it will be very difficult because there are many fields for football and hockey; but there are very few tracks for athletics.

In the States, for example, every school has a track, so in a city of the size of Hyderabad there are probably 15 running tracks. To get more interest in athletics, we should put more emphasis on athletics in schools and provide more tracks.

Q-8. Do you think that Physical Education is more important than studies?

Ans. I think it is just as important. We must have our studies in order to provide ourselves and our families with proper living. But physical education, a part of it, is so important because it keeps the mind alive so

that we can do the studies. Without the physical education, the mind can become dull. It is difficult for the fresh blood to get to our brain without the physical education.

Q.9. Why did you prefer to become a marathon-runner rather than a sprinter?

Ans. During my first year of athletics, my friends said to the coach that Jerry Smartt is a sprinter and runs very fast. So, I tried the sprint and I was not a sprinter. I just couldn't run fast enough even though I was fast. One day, I said to the coach, let me try the mile and that is how I decided to become a distance runner.

Q.10. What is the longest distance which you have covered at a time?

Ans. 48 miles, it was during training and we just ran from one point to another.

There are many boys in America who are running 100 miles and 50 miles in races.

Q.11. Do you still have an ambition to do some thing more in athletics?

Ans. Oh, Yes. Just last summer in June I competed in the Senior World Championship and won the world 5,000meters seniors, title. This was at the age of 39. At the age of 40 now, I plan to go to Germany. As soon as the Olympic games are over they are going to hold the Master World Championships for athletes 40 years and over, so I am going to run 5,000 meters.

Q.12. Sir, do you have any message for the boys here?

Ans. Well, when we thought things were difficult, we started complaining, just like a boy may complain about his studies or parents or athletics. when we used to complain to our University Coach, he used to say, "It's no hill for a climber", and that means, if a man wants to do it he can climb a hill, even though it is difficult. So, a man can do well in his studies and sports if he has a firm determination.

The Return Visit

Cadet Zafar Mehmood
Class XII

Cadet Imran Rad
Class XI

To return the Sadiqians' visit to Petaro last year, we visited Sadiq Public School Bahawalpur this time.

We arrived at Bahawalpur at eleven on the morning of 16th of October 1971 by train. Their adjutant along with some staff members and boys was there to receive us at the station. Our contingent comprised four staff members, 41 cadets and two Groundsmen. During our stay we were to play Football, Table-tennis, Hockey Swimming, Basketball and Cricket.

FOOTBALL

The Football match was played a couple of hours after we arrived there. Soon after the kick off the Petarians took charge; but our opponents played a defensive game and as a result the ball was not netted until the 15th minute of the second half when Iqbal deflected a cross from Babar past the helpless public school Goal-keeper. After the goal the Petarians kept the pressure on, made some very good movements, but

almost every time they failed to put the ball in the goal. Iqbal, Babar, Pervez and Sadiq all played well. Petaro finally won by a solitary goal the match was followed by refreshments.

TABLE-TENNIS

Our Table Tennis Team could not maintain its past glory. The Sadiqians' avenged their last year's defeat in a very convincing manner. The first singles match was won by the public school player who beat our captain 21-8, 21-9. It was a good match, but our captain unfortunately was not used to a defensive game which his opponent played and as a result lost in the next singles match. Munir from our college played a superb left handed game. His spinning service was too good for his opponent. Munir finally won 12-14, 18-21, 21-15. The Doubles match was won by the home team 7-21, 21-8, 21-17. After loosing the first game the public school couple blasted the

Petarians' defence with some superb shots and won the next two games fairly comfortably.

HOCKEY

The Hockey match was played on the evening of 17th October. A match between two good sides was sure to be a thrilling one, so a lot of boys were there to witness it. The game started at a steady pace with the ball shifting from half to the forward lines. The goal was sounded in the 20th minute when Sadiqians' centre-forward beat our keeper. At the change of ends the score was One-Nil. In the 15th minute of second half our goal was again sounded by their centre-forward. A few minutes later Iqbal scored from our side but again the centre-forward of public school beat our keeper and for the third time the ball went into our net. This goal boosted up our opponents' morale and they played with greater spirit until the final whistle was blown.

BASKETBALL

The Basketball match was played on the morning of 17th October. This match was the most interesting of all. A few minutes after the start it was felt that they were no match for us. It was a one-sided affair all the time as our team proved to be far super-

ior to them. Aftab Baber delighted the crowd with beautiful passes and deceptive dribbling and scored 24 of the 38 points scored by our team.

SWIMMING

The swimmers of Sadiq Public School won admiration from all corners. All their swimmers were very fast, indeed. All our swimmers except, Nasir were truly beaten. Unfortunately there was no diving competition which we would have surely won. It was a bad day for us, for on the same day we had lost Hockey; our player already shocked, could not put up a creditable performance and were beaten by 40 points to 6.

CRICKET

The cricket match drove the final nail into Petaro's coffin. We lost the toss but were put in to bat. We opened through Hasan and Jamshed. Jamshed was soon back. Mehmood went in. He and Hasan started playing well. But after a few minutes our innings took a dramatic turn. After the fall of Hasan's wicket, who scored valuable 27 runs, the remaining wickets fell like nine pins. Zaffar and Mushtaq were out to successive deliveries and that signalled the beginning of the end. Only Azam with 30 not out played well but he, too, was unable

to steer his side out of the turbulent waters. Our innings folded up at 81. With 82 to get and plenty of overs and easy paced wicket, Public School, it seemed, were bound to win. One of their opener was soon back, but their next two batsmen settled and soon their victory seemed as sure as day. They reached the target after losing 4 wickets. And thus it was a well-deserved 6 wickets win for the home team.

The S.P.S. tour, this year, was not of much success as far as the matches were concerned, but it isn't

the defeat or victory that really matters but it is the spirit that counts.

Our short stay at Sadiq Public School was full of enjoyment. Every one enjoyed every moment of his stay there, every one was very much pleased with the food, our players were given, the way their staff and specially their adjutant treated us. On and off the field, the Sadiqians were tremendously good. They were a lot better this time, and every Petarian player will agree with me if I say that, this time they were truly a hard nut to crack.

Visit To Pakistan Naval Academy

Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehdi
Class XII

We are very much thankful to Pakistan Naval Academy, who invited a sports contingent of our college to play matches with their team.

The chief aim of this tournament was to provide an opportunity to the cadets of our college and Pakistan Naval Academy to fraternise with each other, in order to build up a spirit of competition and better under-

standing, and to provide our cadets with a glimpse of the Navy in the hope that some of them at least would like to seek a career in the Navy.

Our contingent comprised, Football Basketball, Hockey, and Debating teams.

According to the scheduled programme, We reached Pakistan Naval

Academy "Rahbar", at noon on Friday 18th February. We were given a warm welcome by the cadets of P.N.A. almost all the ex-Petarians at the P.N.A. came to receive us. After lunch we had a little rest and a Football match was played at 4PM the same day.

The game started with much enthusiasm, but it was not difficult to see that the P.N.A. team exerted much pressure on our defence line.

Just after four minutes of play, 'Left-out' Farhad of P.N.A. scored the 1st goal, and six minutes later he again smashed our net with the second goal. After another six minutes interval the third goal was scored by Fahim from P.N.A.

Ex.Petarian Raja Riaz also found an opportunity to score for P.N.A. after 26 minutes.

Then, our team made a beautiful movement and Naeem scored a wonderful goal by beating their goal-keeper.

In the second half our team managed to balance the pressure, and gave a tough time to their defence line. However, both the sides were unable to score any more goals and the game ended with 5-1 victory for P.N.A.

One factor in our defeat was the roughness of their ground. Our team which is used to playing on grassy or mud-plastered fields found it

extremely difficult to play on their rough, stoney ground.

After the football match some of our ex-cadets came to meet us and we went round to different blocks of P.N.A.

The mess night was scheduled at 7, P.M. according to the programme. Our boys assembled in the "Gun-room" which is a sort of big drawing room. We met cadets of P.N.A. and had a delightful Conversation. Our session of conversation was temporarily broken by the "Ding-dong" of the mess gong announcing that the dinner was ready in the dining hall. We, all moved to the dining hall where a delicious buffet dinner was served to us. After dinner a second session of talks started which ended almost at 'lights off' time.

Next morning, we woke up quite early in the morning with reveille and got ready to go on a sea trip.

Our hosts had arranged a sea trip for us on board gunboats. The voyage was splendid and the Captain of the boat showed us the firing of the guns and gave valuable information to us.

The same day in the evening we had a hockey match at 4, P.M.

Our team had to play on a ground which looked more like the super-highway than a hockey field. It was fully cemented and it was quite a new experience for our team.

The game started with much vigour. Both the teams tried their best but for twenty minutes there was no outcome. At last P.N.A. team broke the ice and Wasim Hyder scored a splendid goal. Our team being equally good, did not take much time to equalize and just in the last minutes of the first half, Khalid Liah of our team succeeded in levelling the scores.

In the second half the ball rolled from one half to the other, and both the teams displayed nice stick work.

The game ended in a draw with each side scoring once.

The same evening a debate was held. The topic for the discussion was "Pakistan should go Nuclear". P.N.A. cadets had to speak 'for' and our cadets had to speak 'against' the motion.

Very interesting and thought-provoking speeches were made in the competition but our cadets proved their superiority over P.N.A. team and our team was adjudged to be the winner. Individually, Cadet Aitaf Nabi Dar of our College was first and Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi got the third position.

After the competition, Principal Cdr. Firoz Shah was asked to speak

on the occasion.

The Principal thanked Capt. Alam and all the officers of P.N.A. Rahbar for their hospitality and emphasized the need of having good relations between P.N.A. and Petaro. He hoped that these matches, being the 1st half of the tournament, the P.N.A. would visit Petaro soon to play the other half of the tournament.

Next morning on Sunday at 8-30 AM a Basket-ball match was played. It was a very interesting match because most of our ex-cadets comprised their team. But their team was no match for ours and our team beat theirs by a good margin of points. Cadet Babar from our side was the best scorer and he displayed a beautiful game.

The Basketball match was the last match of the tournament and having won the match and the Debate and drawing the Hockey match, we were declared to be the winners of the tournament.

At noon, the same day we left P.N.A. for Petaro. Before that Capt. Alam, the Commanding Officer of Pakistan Naval Academy bid farewell to us. And with hopes of meeting cadets of P.N.A. at Petaro we started our return journey.

13th INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS MEET

Cadet In-ran Rad
Class XI

“Is it a world to hide virtues in?” . . . appreciate the excellent performance
(Shakespeare.) of our athletes at the 13th Inter-
Certainly not, and so we must House Athletics Meet.



The Chief Guest with Cdr. Firoz Shah

Sports are extremely useful for they teach us cheerfulness under difficulties, spirit of fellowship and endurance, and enable us to bear fatigue. Much stamina is required to stand the strain that mo-

dern life puts on our nervous system. And these qualities are of great help to us in life, full as it is, of struggle at every step.

The Meet was held from 10th to 12th March, 1972. Mr. Abdul Waheed Katpar, the then Education Adviser to the Government of Sind was the Chief Guest on the final day.

All the spectators and visitors had taken their seats when it was announced on the mike that the Chief Guest was due to arrive within a few mom-

ents.

Every body was eager to see him. At last his car led by two cadet horsemen arrived at the entrance. The Principal received the Chief Guest and introduced the staff to him. Then the athletes marched past the saluting dais. Mr. Katpar and the Principal took the salute.

Then the Chief Guest declared the Meet open amidst thundering noise of clapping and cheering.



Tragedy near the tape

The most interesting events were the 100 meters Race, Javelin throw, long jump and 400 meters Race.

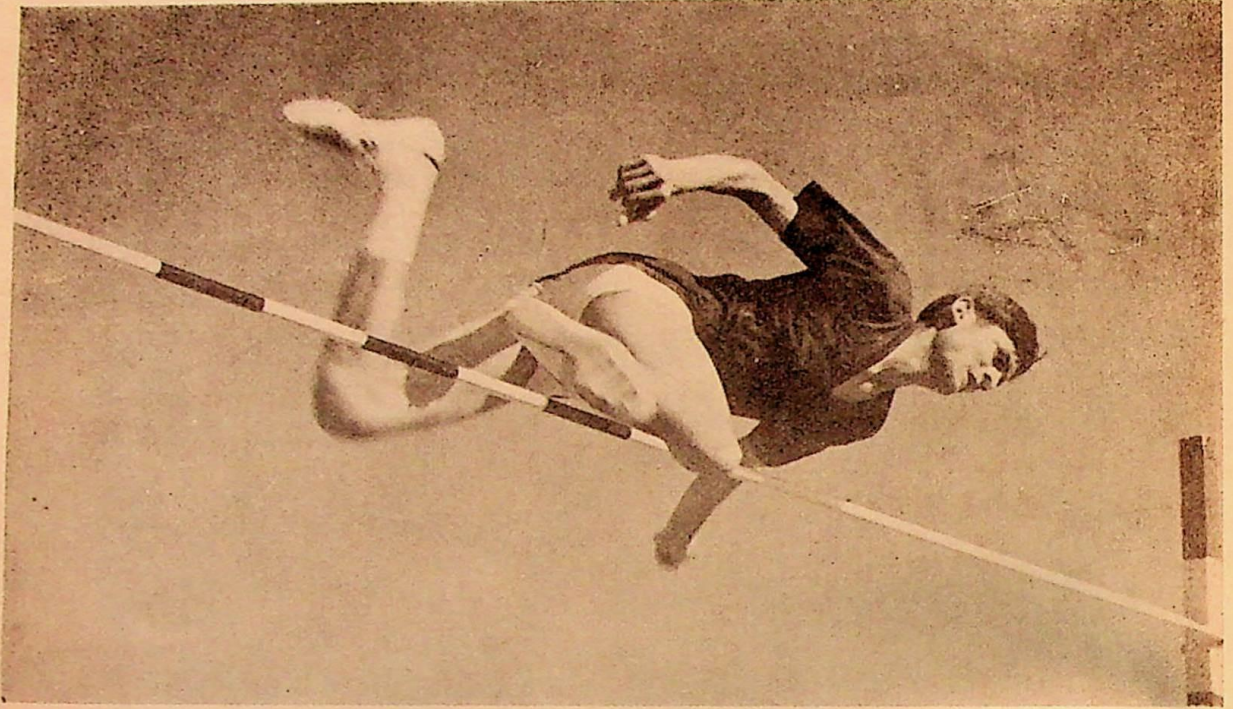
The Sack race and musical chairs

afforded much amusement.

After the completion of the events the Principal delivered his speech and requested the Chief Guest to give

away the prizes. Cadets Naveed Gill and Ejaz from among the Juniors and Cadet Anwar Kaleem from among the Seniors were declared to be the

best athletes. Then Miss Taj Bibi, M.P.A. delivered her speech which was followed by the Chief Guest's address.



Naveed Clearing the height

The Chief Guest was then taken to our nice and trim grassy field, tastefully decorated with flower pots and flags of different colours representing the 6 houses.

Long tables covered with white cloth were set up and were groaning beneath the load of choice dishes. All the tea-pots were steaming and fragrant.

There was the usual clattering

of spoons, pouring of hot tea, laughing, joking, feasting and merry-making.

All were in a jolly mood.

The bearers, in spotlessly clean dress ran to and fro, carrying the dishes and teapots.

After every body had finished, the Chief Guest left us with some sweet memories of the events of this memorable day.

Athletics



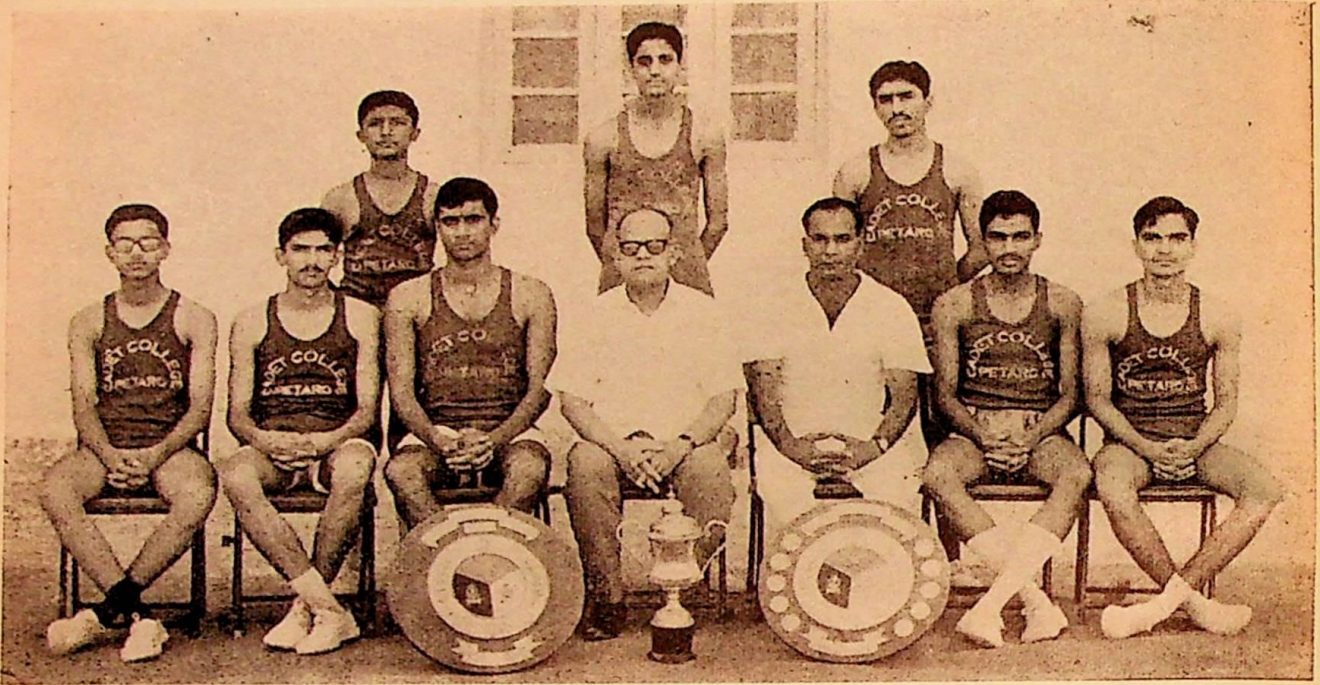
Officer Incharge
Captain

... Mr. Masaud Pervaiz Durrani
... Cadet M.Anwer Kaleem

It is true that a healthy body has a healthy mind. Therefore, it is also true that an athlete not only owns the wealth of health but also enjoys the fruits of a well-trained and thoughtful healthy mind. Our athletes have been looked after, to use their healthy bodies to break a number of records.

Nasir Shauket and Naveed Gill are coming up very well from juniors and lots of our hopes would be in them. Tanveer and Kaleem are expected to do better this year in the Board Athletics Meet. We also hope that Tariq Ismail will set a new record in Pole vault.

Basket Ball



Patron ... C.P.O. M. Iqbal
Coach ... C.P.O. M. Iqbal
Captain ... Cadet Aftab Babar

In the two-year absence of I.C.C.S.T, the tempo of the game comparatively remained slow. But Basketball preserved the name of the college by winning gloriously the match played between our team and Sadiqians on their courts.

We welcome our Captain Aftab Babar on rejoining the college and being appointed as the Captain.

We bid farewell to the departing

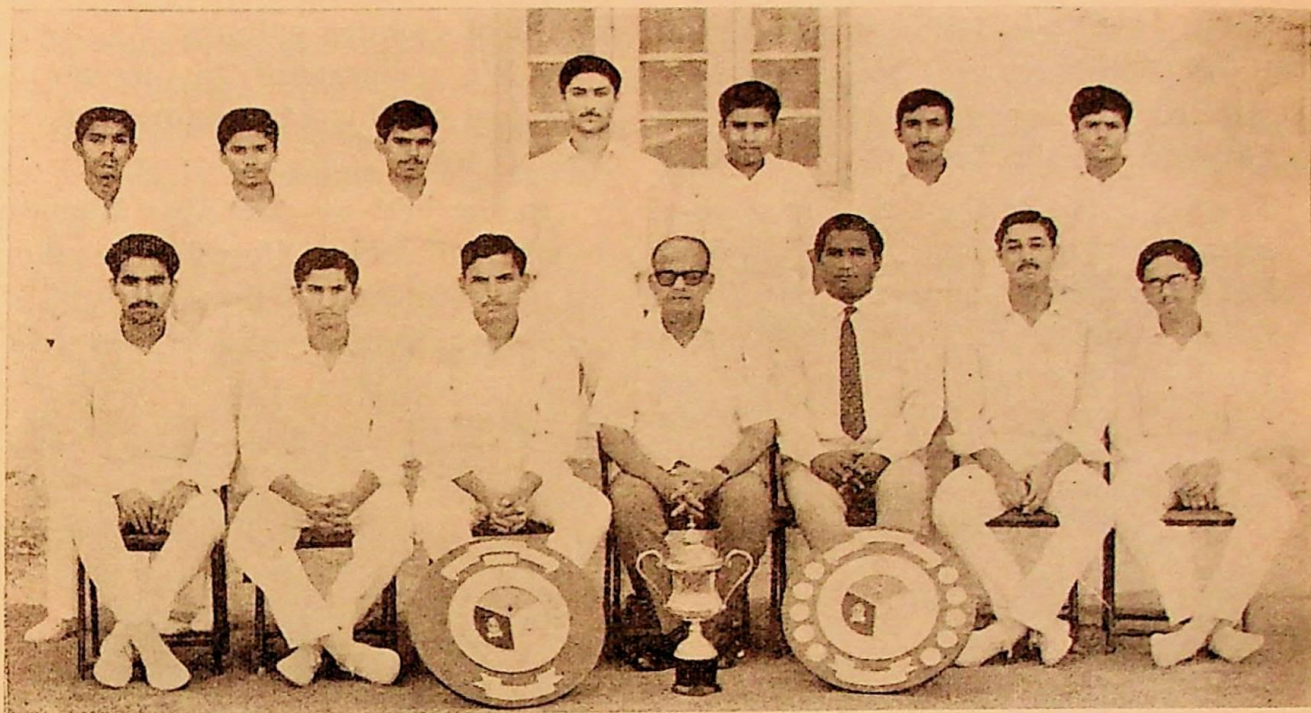
Patron, Mr. M.P. Durrani and thank him for his services to this game.

We welcome C.P.O, Iqbal and congratulate him for being appointed as Patron of the College Basketball team.

We also bid farewell to Cadet Saeed Khan, Khalid Khan, and Ayaz Bari as they will be leaving this year.

Due to the excellent performance of Aftab Babar he was awarded the College Colour for 1971-72 and Shahab Thaquib, Nasir Wasim and Saeed Khan were awarded merit certificates. We heartily congratulate them.

Cricket



Officer Incharge
Associate
Capitan
Vice Captain

Mr. Saif Jabbar Qureshi
Mr. Shaukat Ali Zaidi
Cadet Zafar Mahmood
Mohd Azam-ud-Din Khan

The year 1971-72 saw a lot of changes in our side. Four very good players left the college and to fill up that gap young but talented cricketers stepped into the first Eleven and have been playing their part very well.

This year our side had two very good pace bowlers, Farid and Azam. The latter is not only a good

bowler but a batsman as well. Zafar, Mushtaq, Hasan and Mehmood formed the bulk of our batting line up. The team also included a very effective left arm spinner, Sahibzada.

Our most important match this year, was against our Old rivals 'Sadiq Public School' which we unfortunately lost. But otherwise our team defeated

the Rajputana Club, Municipal Committee Hyderabad and won a match against Government College, Hyderabad.

History was made this year when six of our boys, Zafar, Azam, Hasan Farid, Mushtaq and Mehmood were selected to represent the Hyderabad Division in the "B.C.C.P. under-19 Trophy". All of them put up a good show. Congratulations to all and to Zafar and Mehmood, in particular. Zafar scored 82 runs at Quetta 44 not out against Khairpur and was the top

scorer against Karachi. While behind the stumps Mehmood had 12 victims. Let's hope history repeats itself next year. Congratulations to Cadet Zafar, Azam, Hasan Haider and Mehmood on award of College colours.

We are grateful to our worthy Principal for his keen interest in our Cricket team.

In the end we are very thankful to Mr. Saif Jabbar Qureshi for taking so much interest in the team, and for guiding us both on and off the field.

Foot Ball

Officer Incharge
Associate
Captain
Vice Captain

Ch. Abdul Ghani
... Mr. Falak Sher Khadim
... Cadet Pervaiz Sarwar
Cadet M. Sadiq

As usual, with the departure of veteran players like Zaheer, Rifaquat Riaz, Tariq and Naveed Aslam, College Football XI was again handicapped this year. The forward line was not much affected because the centre forward, Cadet Riaz Hussain was replaced by an equally good player,

Cadet Iqbal Hussain, but the defence line was almost crippled because both the full-backs, one half-back and the China-wall like goalkeeper, Naveed Aslam, had gone. Goalkeeper's gap was filled up by young cadet Khalid Waheed satisfactorily; but the new full-backs and half-backs were rather

shaky and slow in clearing the ball.

We could play only a few matches against local teams during the session due to unsettled conditions, prevailing in the country on account of Indo-Pak War. However, the match played against Sadiq Public School Bahawalpur is worth mentioning. The match

was played on Sadiq Public School ground on October 15, 1971 at 1600 hours. The following played for C.C.P. Khalid Waheed, Asfandyar Ali, Aftab Ahmed, Hasnain Mirza, Ziaul Hasan, Sadiq, Iqbal, Pervaiz Sarwar (Captain) Aftab Baber, Tariq Ismail and Kifayat Ali.



It was a thrilling encounter. Both the teams played well in the first half and appeared to be well balanced. However, both sides missed many opportunities of scoring due to erratic kicking and poor judgement. Nevertheless, there was not a dull moment and the spectators enjoyed

the game. The first half ended in a draw.

In the second half C.C.P. forwards played a better game with better combination. They put a great pressure on SPS defence line till at last SPS gave in and Cadet Iqbal, the centre forward, scored beautifully

with a pass from Kifayat. SPS tried their best to equalise but all in vain. Cadet Iqbal Hussain received a great applause from the spectators for his superb form displayed during this match.

This year, the football team brought a great honour to the college by winning the Championship in the Inter-Collegiate Football Tournament Hyderabad. Heartiest congratulations

to all members of the team whose efforts won this Championship. We congratulate cadets Pervaiz Sarwar (Capt.), Sadiq and Iqbal Hussain on their selection for the Hyderabad Board Football team.

We also congratulate cadets Pervaiz Sarwar, and Iqbal Hussain on the award of College Football Colours and Cadets Zia and Kifayat on the award of Merit Certificates.

Hockey

Officer Incharge
Associates

Captain

... Mr. Mohammed Ahmed Khan
... (i) Mr. Hasan Sajjad
... (ii) Mr. R.A.K. Ghauri
... Cadet Anwer Q. Sher

Every year the college team has had to suffer due to the outgoing Class XII. This year, we had an entire new defence line barring the goal-keeper. The cancellation of the I.C.C. S.T. was a further setback.

As Mr. Habib-ur-Rehman was busy with the National Team we could not acquire the services of this

National Coach. Yet it is worth mentioning that Mr. Ahmed personally took great pains to prepare the team on a sound base. Mr. Sajjad and Mr. Rashid also contributed a lot towards the coaching and guiding of the college team, we are truly grateful to them.

Earlier in the year we visited

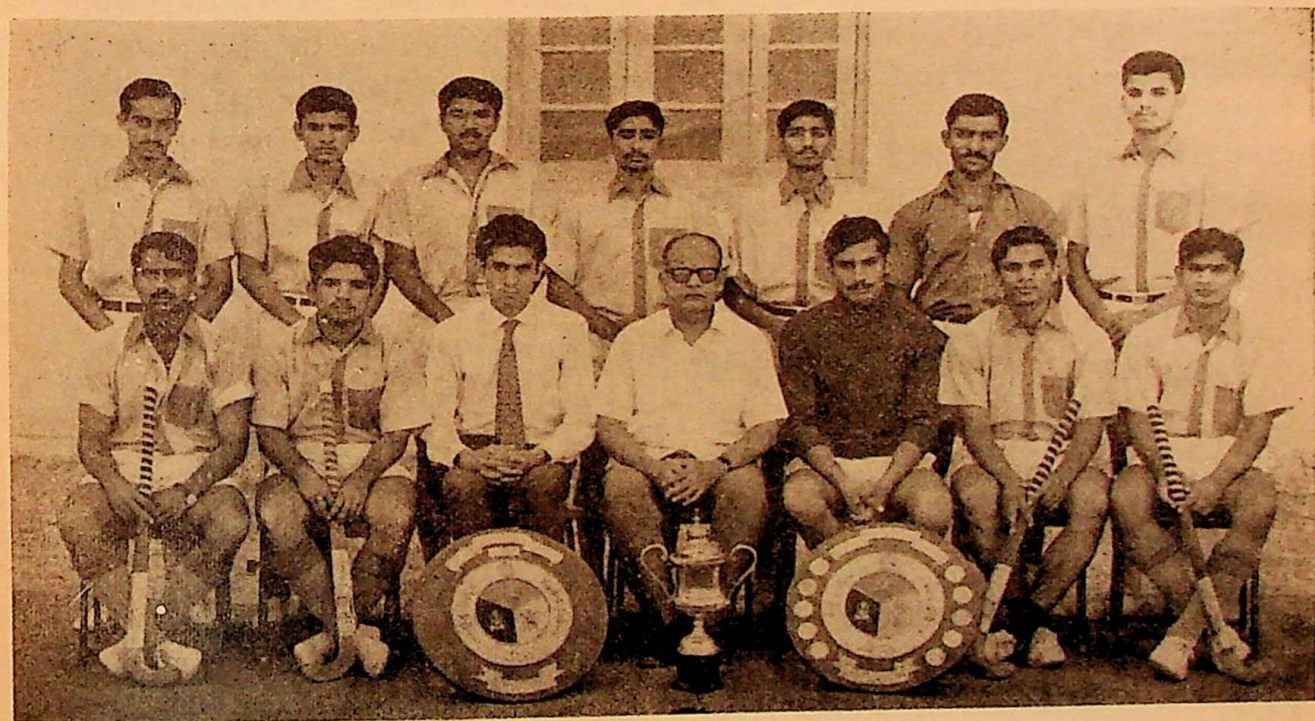
Sadiq Public School Bahawalpur. There, on a comparatively fast ground our team went down fighting.

Recently our team for the very first time entered the Inter-Collegiate Hockey Tournament of Hyderabad Division. We started off very well by thrashing Sachal College by 11-0. We went on to beat Government College Mirpurkhas by 2-1. But then unfortunately we lost to Cantonment College by a solitary goal.

It is also worthwhile to mention here that according to the rules of the tournament, tenth class boys could not play. Hence many changes had

to be made in the team. Further, injuries to our star players were a continuous hazard to us, and to top it all, one of our forwards was away on leave. Recently we visited Pakistan Naval Academy. There we played against a fast and definitely superior team. Yet our defence line put up an excellent show and the match ended in a draw—each side scoring one goal.

Congratulations to Cadet Anwer Qayum Sher on the award of the College Colour. Congratulations also to Cadet Tariq Sattar and Cadet Pervaiz Iqbal Liah on the award of merit certificate.



HOBBIES

Hobbies play an important role in awakening real love for knowledge in young minds. Moreover, they give a practical knowledge of subjects, which the boys study in the class-room.

It was for this reason that so many clubs were established in our college and they are fulfilling their object very nicely. In mechanical Modelling Club, cadets learn something about science; body-building club provides a good opportunity for developing the body; 'Funkadah' and debating clubs enable the boys

to build up their confidence in themselves. In short, every club provides a good opportunity for self-expression to the boys, and while playing and amusing themselves they learn a lot.

Besides their educational importance, hobbies are a good pastime too, and instead of wasting time in gossip, boys pass their leisure hours in healthy activities.

Now let us have a glance at the various clubs and societies in our institution.

.....

Biological Collections Society

Patron ... Mr. Saif Jabbar Qureshi
President ... Cadet Munir Ahmed
Charts and Models Incharge...

Cadet Mohammed Naeem
In Petaro, We have organized a

hobby named Biological Collection under the auspices of the Biology Department. If you happen to enter the Biology Laboratory, you would be surprised to see the

beautiful charts and models of plaster of Paris and wax, prepared by the talented and skilful members of the society. There is a separate section of "snakes of Petaro" and large number of other animals, well preser-

ved and classified.

Patron of the society, Mr. S. Jabbar Qureshi intends to introduce more items like Alizirine and skeleton preparation, etc.

FUNKADAH

Patron ... Mr. Hasan Sajjad
President ... Cadet S. Hasan Hyder
Rizvi

Last year, the dramatic club staged an excellent show, which was much praised by the cadets and the members of the staff. Dramas in

English, Urdu and Sindhi languages were staged.

The club is much indebted to Mr. M.S. Mangi, Mr. Affan Maqsood and Mr. Hasan Sajjad, without whose help, this show could not have been as successful as it had been.

Chemical Hobbies Club

Patron ... Mr. Mohammed Ahmed
Khan
President ... Syed Asad Mehdi

This club is drawing much attention from every corner of the college, since they have started selling squashes, jams, jellies, sauces and other such

items at cheap rates. The boys make these items themselves, under the expert guidance of their Petron, Mr. Mohammed Khan.

In this club, the boys get first hand knowledge of how to ensure purity of many of the food articles

and methods of their preservice.

and other XII class cadets and welcomes the new members.

The club bids farewell to cadets
Hasan Haider, Habib, Faisal, Khalid

.....

Body Building Club

Patron ... Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed

in various exercises.

President ... Cadet Nadeem Khan

Patron of the Club, Mr. Wajeeh

Vice President ... Cadet Niaz Ahmed

Ahmed, takes keen interest in the

On any evening, if you happen to visit the Gymnasium of the Body Building Club, you will see a large number of boys busily engaged

club and has managed to get for the club all kinds of body-building equipment.

.....

Debates

English Debating Society

Patron ... Mr. Liaquat Ali Samma

The main object of public speaking is to cultivate self confidence and widen the mental horizon of speaker as well as audience.

President ... Cadet S. Hasan Haider
Rizvi

Secretary ... Cadet Altaf Nabi Dar

This year, a new idea was put forward and instead of holding debates at college level, the need of having house-wise debates was felt. It brought very encouraging results and is still

Urdu Debating Society

Patron ... Mr. Mukhtar Siddiqui

President ... Cadet S. Hasan Haider
Rizvi

in practice.

A few extempore competitions also helped to bring the talents in the lime light.

Recently, our debating team won over P.N.A. team. Our speakers, undoubtedly, spoke well. Cadet Altaf Nabi Dar and Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi secured Ist and third position respectively. Cadet Anwer Sher also spoke well.

We congratulate Hasan Haider Rizvi for being the best English and Urdu debator and winning College Colour in debates, for the year 1971-72. Our team participated in the Inter Collegiate English debate held at Pakistan Council Hyderabad in which Cadet Hasan Haider Rizvi got the Ist position.



Cadet H.H. Rizvi, Winner of the College colour in debates

JUDO CLUB

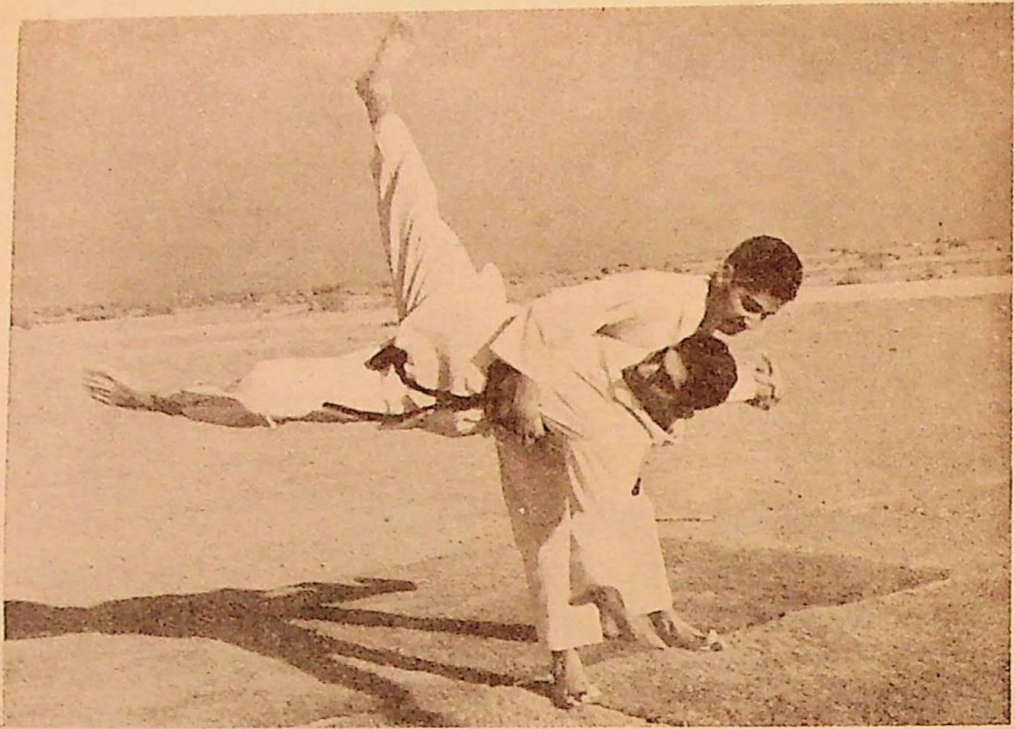
Patron ... Lt. M. Ashraf Malik
(P.N.).

Instructor ... C.P.O. M. Iqbal
(P.N.).

Judo is an art of self-defence, and offence without the use of weapons, in personal encounters. Initially, started by the Japanese monks now

this art has spread over the whole world.

Our college has a proper Judo Club and boys take much interest in learning Judo. Under the supervision of our worthy Adjutant and Judo instructor, C.P.O. M. Iqbal, boys are taught this popular art.



This year, the college colour for Cadet M. Sohail Nawaz, the best Judoka was awarded to

.....

Mechanical Modelling Club

Patron...Mr. Masaud Perwaiz Durrani
 President (Science Modelling Club)
 ...Zafar Iqbal Mehdi
 President (Aero Modelling Club)
 ... Bakhtiar Khan
 President (Boat-Modelling Club)
 ... Murad Khan

President (Railway Modelling Club)
 ... Asad Yasin
 Mechanical Modelling Club has four branches. viz, Science Modelling Boat Modelling, Aero-modelling and Railway Modelling. In Science-modelling club, the models of Hydro-

electricity dam won much appreciation from the visitors. Now the club members are busy making this project on a large scale. Boat Modelling Club is confined to making of boats and small steamer models. They are working on big ship models now-a-days. Railway Modelling Club was inaugurated in the year 1971. They started with a very small model but a fantastic model is on its way to completion with highways, rivers, mountains etc.

Aero-modellers are always busy testing their planes and flying them.

The prize for being the best in science modeling was awarded to Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehdi and at the same time the prizes for the best ones in Boat, Aero and Railway Modelling were awarded to Murad Khan, Bakhtiar Khan and Asad Yasin, respectively. Congratulations!

Music Club

Patron ... Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed
President: Cadet Amjad Majid Abbasi
Vice-President: Cadet Shuja-ul-Mulk.

The current year is the third one since the Music Club was initiated. The number of members has increased to 20.

The members take great interest in music. Some of the most outstanding members are Cadet Amjad Majeed, Aminullah, Shuja, Tariq Ismail, Mustafa and Khalid.

This year, there was a considerable addition to the instruments like 'Sitar' and 'Benjo', etc. The club now enjoys both oriental and western musical instruments.

The club is much indebted to their instructors, Mr. Roshan and Mr. Idris under the kind patronage of Mr. Wajeeh Ahmed, whose guidance has helped the boys a lot to learn to play musical instruments.

Painting Club

Patron ... Mr.H.M. Zuberi
President ... Cadet Mohammed
Naeem

we have a small painting club, which provides its members with all sorts of facilities.

Since the very early stages of origin, man has been expressing his desires, sentiments and emotions through the medium of art. In Petaro,

This year, Mohammed Naeem got the best painter's award.

Javed and Hamid Sial are the two distinguished painters of the club.

.....

Pen-friendship, Philately and Numismatics Club.

Patron ... Mr.Shameem Ahmed
Presidents (Numismatics) ...
(Philately) ...
(Pen-friendship) ...

Cadet- S.Hasan Haider Rizvi
M.Azher Khan
S.Asad Mehdi

The importance of Pen-friendship is universal. Club members discuss with each other different aspects of this hobby.

this hobby are discussed in their meetings.

Coin and stamp collecting increases general knowledge of the cadets and the historical and cultural aspects of

On the "Parents Day", these coins and stamps are exhibited which win much appreciation from the visitors.

.....

Photographic Club

Patron ... Mr. Masaud Pervez
Durrani

President ... Cadet Imran Rad

The chief aim of this club is to teach the unskilled novice, the use of camera as a tool for creative personal expression.

This year 2 cameras, a new enlarger

and a lot of other photographic material was bought by the club.

Also a 16 mm. coloured movie of the matches against Sadiq Public School Bahawalpur was taken.

Mr. Durrani, the patron of the club gives much time to teach the boys the technique of photography.

Riding Club

Patron ... Lt. M. Ashraf Malik (P.N.)

Instructor ... Dfr. Gulzar Ahmed

Captain ... Cadet Nadeem Khan

Petaro is one of the luckiest institutions to have a Riding Club of its own.

Riding has its own charm and helps to build up confidence and

manly habits.

The membership of the club is 115. The club, although running in huge deficit, is very popular and the college authorities strongly feel that this manly activity must continue at all costs.

Rifle Club

Patron ... Lt. M. Ashraf Malik
(P.N.)

Instructor ... Ex. Hav. Mirullah Jan

Captain ... Cadet Nadeem Khan

The Rifle Club remained one of the most popular clubs in the college all the year round. It serves the dual purpose of military training and



soldierly recreation to its members.

As the Inter Cadet Colleges Sports Tournament, was not held, the college shooting team remained restless for want of competition. However, they had a competition with P.N.S. Karsaz whom they managed to defeat easily.

This year our college shooting team was invited to take part in the

national shooting festival held at Federal Rifle Club Karachi. We feel proud of our shooters who bagged two gold medals, six silver medals and two bronze medals. Congratulations to Bakhtiar Khan for winning a gold medal and a 12 bore shot gun. We hope to do a lot better next year.

.....

Squash Club

Patron ... Mr. John Mumtaz

Coach ... Mr. Samiullah Khan

(Marker)

Captain ... Cadet Farooq

Yousufzai

This year, the club really missed ex-cadets Riazullah Khan and Mohammed Tariq.

The membership of the club was much increased, and many new cadets

were seen in the courts. Asif Ali, Pervez Sarwar and Farooq are the distinguished players of the club this year.

The Marker Mr. Samiullah Khan and Patron Mr. John Mumtaz, take great interest in coaching new boys.

Swimming Club

Officer Incharge .. Mr. Jaffar Hussain
Captain ... Cadet Zulqader Ahmed

Swimming Championships, our team participated, and Tariq Ismail got second position in diving.

This year, most of the cadets who were admitted to VIII Class, were non-swimmers. They are being taught how to swim.

Now our college swimming pool can be illuminated by electric lights, so we can also play water polo matches at night.

In Karachi Gymkhana Open

Tennis Club

Patron ... Mr. John Mumtaz
Coach ... Marker Samiullah Khan
Captain .. Cadet Mansoor Pirzada

Individual attention is given to each member by Marker Samiullah and that is one reason why new comers develop into polished players within a very short time.

This year, after the inauguration of our second Tennis Court, there was an increase in the membership of the club and the total number of regular members reached to seventeen.

This year, College Colour was awarded to Cadet Mansoor Pirzada. Congratulations to him.

Wood Craft Club

Patron ... Mr. Fida Hussain Shah
President ... Cadet Abdur Rahim Memon
Secretary ... Cadet Liaquat Hussain Memon
Woodcraft, once a necessity is now a modern craze. Established in 1961, this club is functioning smoothly. Special credits for making models go to Baqar and Abdur Rehman Memon.

Social Welfare Society

Officer Incharge ... Mr. Moinuddin Ahmed Ansari
"Sincerity, sympathy and sacrifice" is the motto of Social Welfare Society.
This year, the society has been so organized that all the six houses have a team of workers, seven from each house.
The society has tried to do all such work which may help to improve the mental, moral and physical condition of the children and youth of the colony.
The society formed five different groups who were assigned various jobs such as teaching poor colony residents, imparting physical training, collection of donations, etc.
After assessment of work done by each cadet, Jinnah House was declared the best for social work and Cadet Ali Hyder was awarded the "best social worker" prize for the year 1971-72.

The College Band

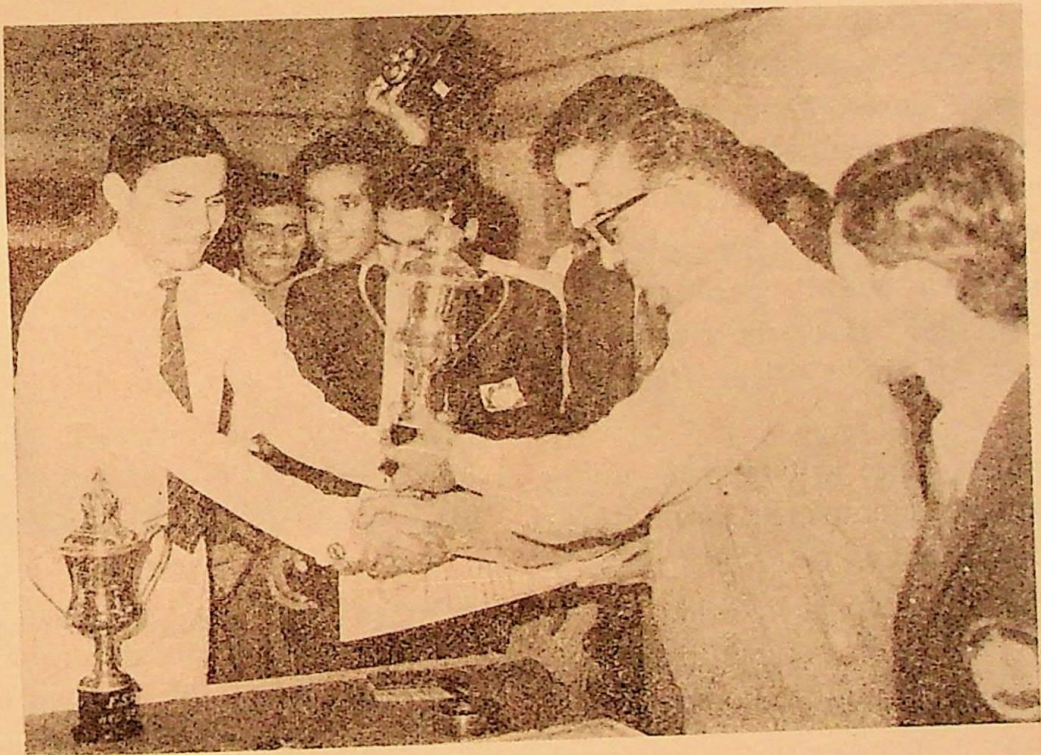
Patron ... Lt. M. Ashraf Malik
P.N.

Instructor ... P.O. M. Ramzan
Stick Major ... Cadet Syed Raheel
Nasir Shah

The College Band consists of 25 cadets who have joined this club on voluntary basis. P.O. Ramzan has been taking pains to bring up the standard of the College Band to a reasonable level. The standard of the College Band would have been quite apparent, had there been a Parents Day this year, which was called off due to the sad after-effects of

hostilities between India and Pakistan. The Band has, however, been rendering valuable service on occasions like Principal's Parades, Adjutant's Parades, Parades, and other day to day training periods.

The college has provided certain additional facilities to the club members. These include extra issue of milk to every member, occasional picnic trips to close by places of interest, and introduction of two appointments of S.S.L and S.L., to encourage the boys to join and like this healthy activity.



S.U.O. Rizvi receiving the Cup from the governor of Sind on behalf of the College for making the highest donation towards the War Relief Fund.

The Honoured Three

Cadet Zafar Iqbal Mehdi
Class XII

Ex. Cadet Najeeb Tariq

(Winner of Stick of Honour)

A Genius in the field of studies, full of tremendous knowledge and skill, such was ex.Cadet Najeeb Tariq.

In Matric examinations, Najeeb stood first in the Dadu district and won the Principal's medal.

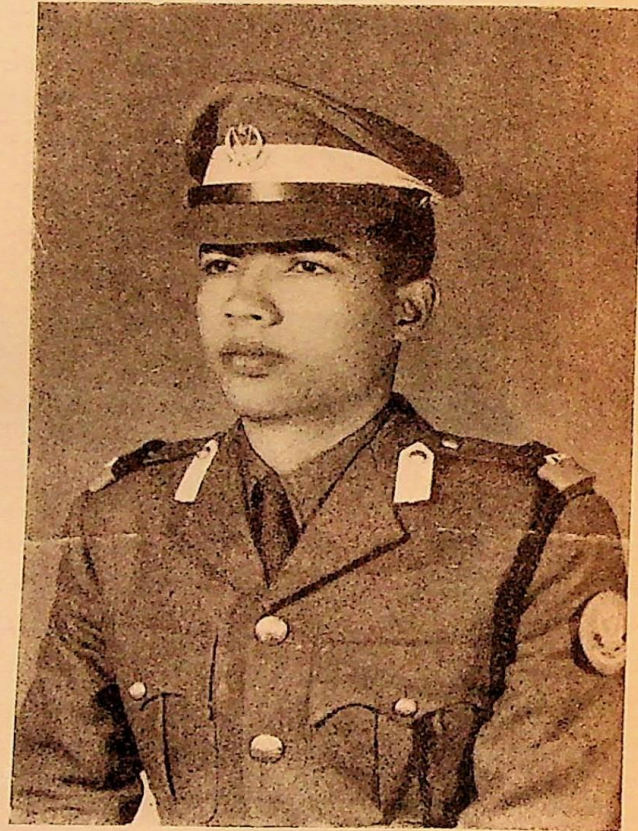
Then, by dint of hard work and intelligence he topped the list of successful candidates from Hyderabad Board in Intermediate Science (pre-Engineering group) examinations, and was awarded College Gold Medal.

Najeeb was equally good in sports too. He played Basketball and was a member of the College Basketball team.

He was quite outstanding in his House and he remained an appointment-holder for quite some time.

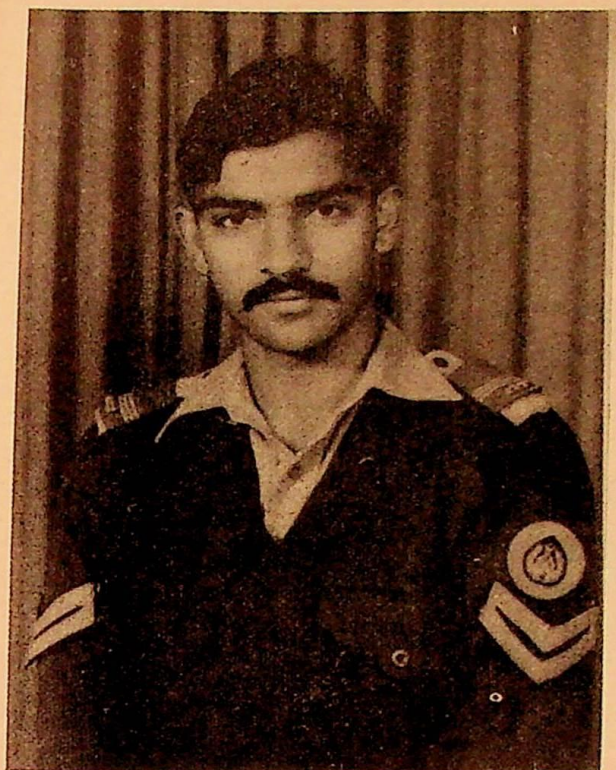
He also took part in other House activities and represented his House in quiz and spelling-bee competitions.

He was a member of the Editorial board and was editor of the English Section.



Ex- Cadet Najeeb Tariq

Now-a-days Najeeb Tariq is studying engineering under the Civilian Scholarship Scheme. We wish him a very bright future.



Cadet Zafar Ikram

Cadet Zafar Ikram

(Winner of Badge of Honour)

Zafar Ikram has a well-balanced and charming personality. His achievements in the field of sports as well as in academics are praiseworthy.

Zafar stood 3rd in VIII Class Annual Examinations and by dint of constant hard work and intelligence he secured 1st position in the S.S.C. Examination with 82.1% marks.

He was awarded "Principal's Silver Medal" for holding 1st position in the District.

In the sports field, Zafar's performance is exceptionally good. He is a member of the College Hockey team. He also represented College Football team in the Inter-Collegiate Football Tournament.

Zafar's role in the Inter-House Drama Competition was much appreciated by every one.

His favourite hobby is collection of Biological specimens and he is the joint secretary of Biological Collections Society.

Zafar is a very successful appointment holder and his job as a section-leader is much appreciated by his Housemaster.

For his innumerable merits, Zafar Ikram was awarded the coveted "Badge of Honour". We pin our best hopes on him in the years to come.

Cadet Pervez Sarwar

(Best Sportsman for the year 1971-72):

"Master of all, Jack of none" such is Pervez Sarwar. He is a very smart, agile and talented boy and has been very rightly declared to be the Best Sportsman for the year 1971-72.

When he joined College, he played hockey very nicely so he was taken in the College Hockey team. But soon after, he developed a liking for Football as well, although he had



Cadet Pervez Sarwar (*Best Sports Man.*)

never played this game seriously before. Now, he is the Captain of College Football team. He is also a good athlete, and is a member of College Athletics team.

This year, Pervez represented the college in Inter-Collegiate Hockey and Football tournaments. He was selected to represent Hyderabad Board team in the Inter-Board Football Tournament.

Pervez was awarded College colour for Football for the year 1971-72.

He is Junior Under Officer of Iqbal House and is doing his job very well.



Code of Honour Committee

Awards For The Year

1970-71

COLLEGE HONOURS

Badge of Honour ... Zafar Ikram
Stick of Honour ... Najeeb Tariq

MEDALS

Silver Medal for being the best member of
College Honour Committee

... Ali Haider

Silver Medal for standing Ist in
District- Dadu in S.S.C. Part II Examin-
ation 1971. ... Zafar Ikram

Silver Medal for standing Ist in Distt.
Dadu in H.S.S.C. Part II Examination
1971 (pre-Engineering group).

... Abdul Moid

Silver Medal for standing Ist in Distt.
Dadu in H.S.S.C. Part II Exam. 1971
(pre-Medical group) ... Feroz Din

Gold Medal for standing Ist in the
entire Board in H.S.S. C. Part II Examin-
ation 1971. ... Najeeb Tariq

COLLEGE COLOURS

Football

Pervez Sarwar
Mohammed Iqbal

M. Sadiq
Aftab Babar

Hockey

Anwar Sher

Cricket

Zaffar Mahmud
Mohammed Azam
Hasan Haider Rizvi
Mahmood-ur-Rehman

Basketball

Aftab Babar

Shooting

Nadeem Khan

Athletics

Anwar Kalim

Swimming

Nasir Wasim

Riding

Nadeem Khan

Judo

Sohail Nawaz

Gymnastics

Tariq Ismail
Qasim Ali

Tennis

Mansoor Pirzada

Debates

Hasan Haider Rizvi

**MERIT CERTIFICATES (SPORTS)
(1971-72)**

Football

Ziaul Hassan

Kifait Ali

Hockey

Tariq Sattar

Pervez Iqbal

Cricket

Khalid Farid

Mushtaq Ahmad

Basketball

Saeed Khan

Shuhab Thaquib

Shooting

Zafar Mehdi

Asif Ahmad

Athletics

Tanveer Ahmad

M. Sadiq

Swimming

Tariq Ismail

Zulqadar

Riding

Shuhab Thaquib

M. Shadiq

Judo

Jamal Nasir

Waheed Akbar

Gymnastics

Nasir Wasim

M.Siddique

Tennis

Mir Ghulam Ali

Table-Tennis

Habib Abdullah

Squash

M.Farooq

Pervez Sarwar

Habib Abdullah

Asad Mehdi

**CERTIFICATES FOR OVERALL
PERFORMANCE 1970-71**

Khalid Mahmood

Kamal Shahid

M.Shafi

Javed Ansari

Ghulam Abbas

Mehtab Ahmed

Arif Majeed

Junaid Yasin

Saeed Asghar

Mishraz Ahmad

Shahabuddin

Azfar Malik

Asif Majeed

Mansoor Saeed

Kamran Burhan

Mahmoodul Hasan

Samiullah Bajwa

Khalid Muzaffar

Fazal-ur-Rehman

MERIT CERTIFICATES FOR BEING
THE MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE
HONOUR COMMITTEE

Ali Haider
Qaiser Khan
Naeem Sipra
Zafar Mehmud
Azamuddin
Sajjad Raza

WINGS FOR GLIDER
PILOTS TRAINING COURSE

Hasan Haider Rizvi
Asad Mehdi
Ayaz Bari
Mansoor Pirzada
M. Iqbal
Aftab Ahmed
Jamal Nasir
Nadim Ahmad
Qaiser Khan

ACADEMICS

Class VIII

Ist in the Class	Najmul Hassan
2nd " " "	Khalid Jamil
3rd " " "	Tariq Pervez

Class IX

Ist in the Class	Riaz Hussain
2nd " " "	Shahid Mahmood
3rd " " "	Mukhtar Hussain

Class X

Ist in the Class	Zafar Ikram
2nd " " "	Zafar Iqbal

3rd in the Class	Wajahat Hussain
3rd " " "	Mohammed Ashraf

Class XI (Pre-Engineering)

Ist in the Class	Salik Javed
2nd " " "	Ghulam Haider
3rd " " "	Tariq Sohail

Class XI (Pre-Medical)

Ist in the Class	Mohammed Naem
------------------	---------------

Class XII (Pre-Medical)

Ist in the Class	Feroz Din
------------------	-----------

Class XII (Pre-Engineering)

Ist in the Class	Najeeb Tariq
2nd " " "	Abdul Moid
3rd " " "	Junaid Yasin

EXTRA-CURRICULLAR ACTIVITIES

Best Debator in English	Hasan Haider Rizvi
-------------------------	--------------------

Best Debator in Urdu	Hasan Haider Rizvi
----------------------	--------------------

Best Debator in Sindhi	Iqbal Ahmed
------------------------	-------------

Best Photographer	Imran Rad
-------------------	-----------

Best member of Photographic Club	Mohkam Din
----------------------------------	------------

Best in Painting	Naeem Choudhry
------------------	----------------

Best in Portrait-making	Javed Ahmad
-------------------------	-------------

Best in Radio Engineering	Nadeem Khan
---------------------------	-------------

Best in Boat-modelling	Murad Khan
------------------------	------------

Best in Rly-modelling	Asad Yasin	Best supporting actor in English Drama	Khalid Aslam
Best in Aero-modelling	Bakhtiar Khan	Best actor in Urdu Drama	Khalid Daudpota
Best in Woodwork	Khalid Mehmood	Best supporting actor in Urdu Drama	Hasan Haider Rizvi
Best in Chemical Hobbies	Asad Mehdi	Best actor in Sindhi Drama	Shuhab Thaqib
Best in Biological Chart	Naeem Choudhry	Best supporting actor in Sindhi Drama	Qaiser Khan
Best in Biological Model	Munir Ahmad	Best in Instrumental Music	Amjad Majeed Abbasi
Best in Pen-friendship	Asad Mehdi	Best in Vocal Music	Khalid Ahmed
Best in Stamp Collection	Azhar Khan	INTER-HOUSE COMPETITIONS	
Best in Coin Collection	Hasan Haider	VIII Class	
Best in Body Building	Nadeem Khan	Football	Jinnah and Qasim Houses
Best Social worker	Ali Haider	Hockey	Ayub House
Best in Science modelling	Zaffar Iqbal Mehdi	Cricket	Qasim House
Best in Qirat	Naseer Ahmad	Basketball	Jinnah and Iqbal Houses
Best article in Magazine (English)	Asif Majeed	Athletics	Jinnah House
Best article in Magazine (Urdu)	Anwar Kalim	Shooting	Liaquat House
Best article in Magazine (Sindhi)	Qaiser Khan	Swimming	Qasim House
Best in Electrical Work	Salik Javed	Boxing	Qasim House
Best in Fruit Preservation	Viqar Ahmed	Juniors	
Best actor In English Drama	Tariq Yasin	Football	Ayub House
		Hockey	Qasim House
		Cricket	Jinnah House
		Basketball	Iqbal House
		Athletics	Ayub House
		Swimming	Jinnah House
		Seniors	
		Football	Ayub House

Hockey	Latif House
Cricket	Liaquat House
Basket ball	Iqbal House
Athletics	Iqbal House
Shooting	Iqbal House
Riding	Jinnah House
X-country	Latif and Iqbal Houses
Swimming	Liaquat House
Indoor Games	Iqbal House
Principal's Parade & Drill	Iqbal House
Credits Cup	Iqbal House
House Inspection	Iqbal House
Quiz and Spelling Bee	Jinnah House
Principal's VIII Class Shield	Qasim House

CUPS AND SHIELDS

Inter-House Sports Shield (JUNIORS)

Jinnah House

Inter-House Sports Shield (SENIORS)

Iqbal House

Col.Coombes Shield for Best Social Service

Jinnah House

Extra-curricular activities Shield

Iqbal House

Academics Shield

Jinnah and

Ayub Houses

Runners-up Cup

Iqbal House

General Championship Cup

Jinnah House

INDIVIDUAL PRIZES IN THE COMPETITION

Best Athlete for 1971-72 Anwer Kalim

Best all-round sportsman (1971-72)

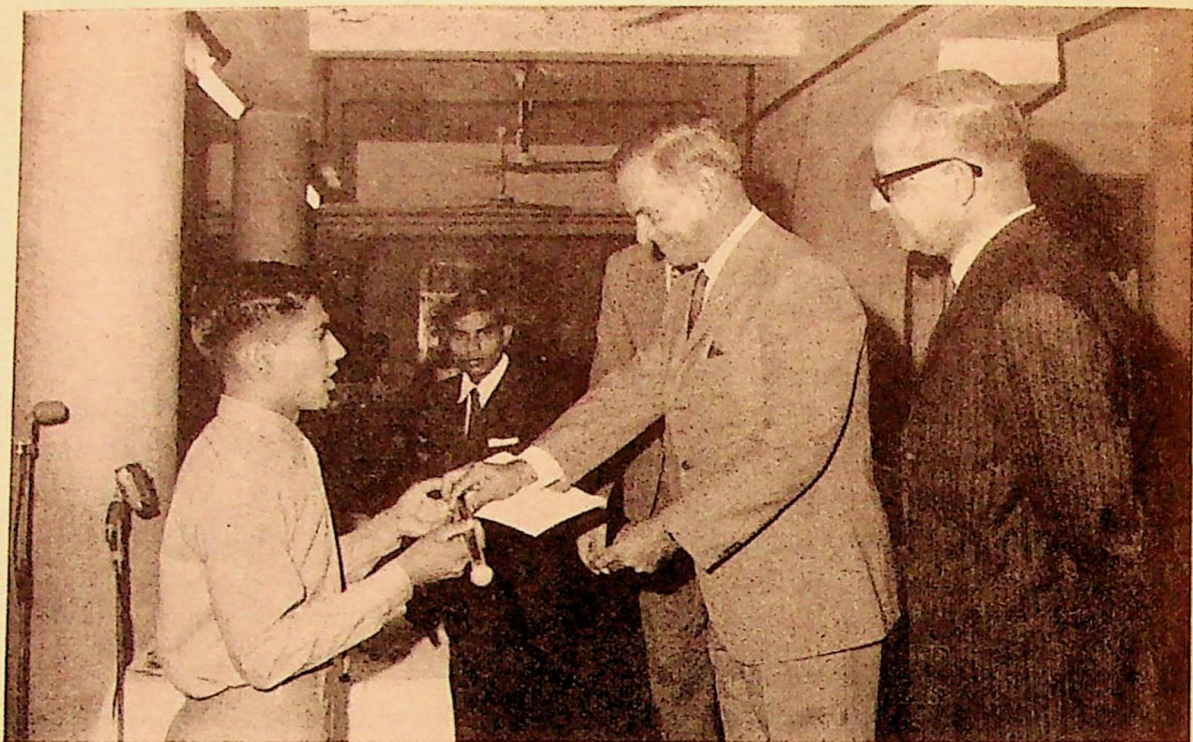
Pervez Sarwar

Words of Wisdom

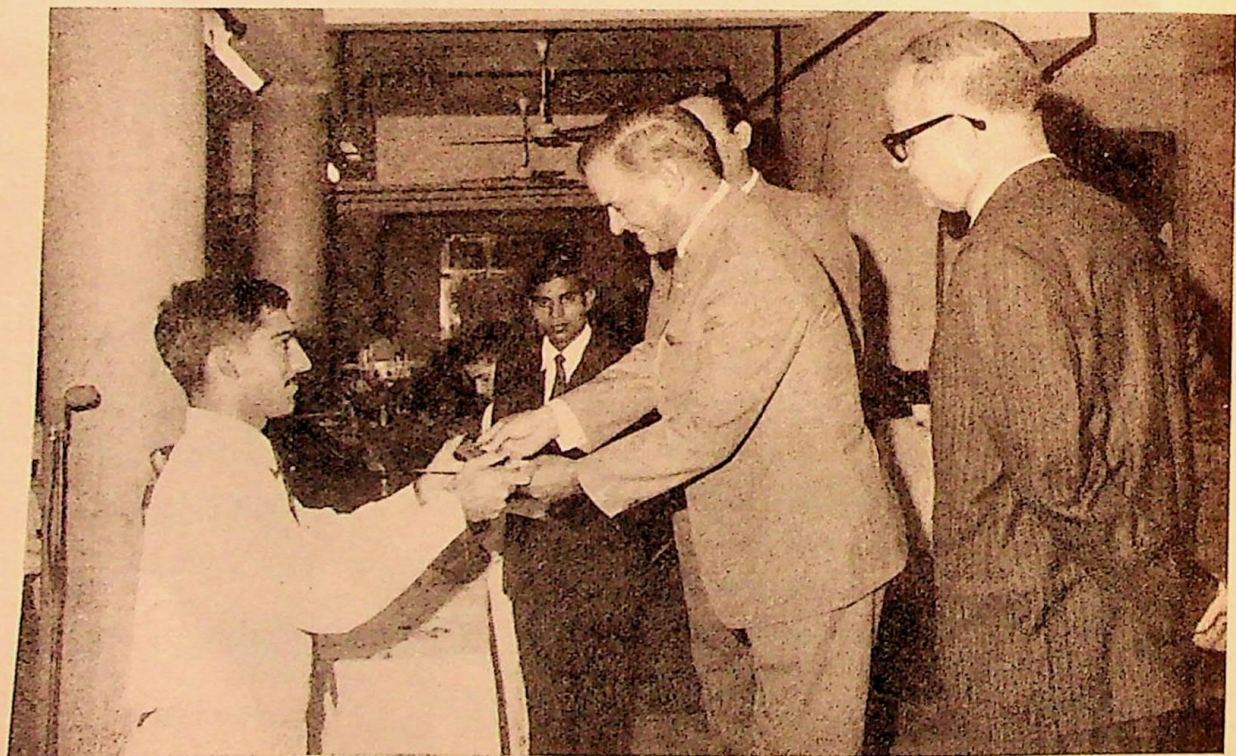
Peace can not be kept by force. It can only be achieved by understanding.
'Einstein'

A man should never put on his best trousers when he goes out to battle
for freedom and truth.
'Ibsen'

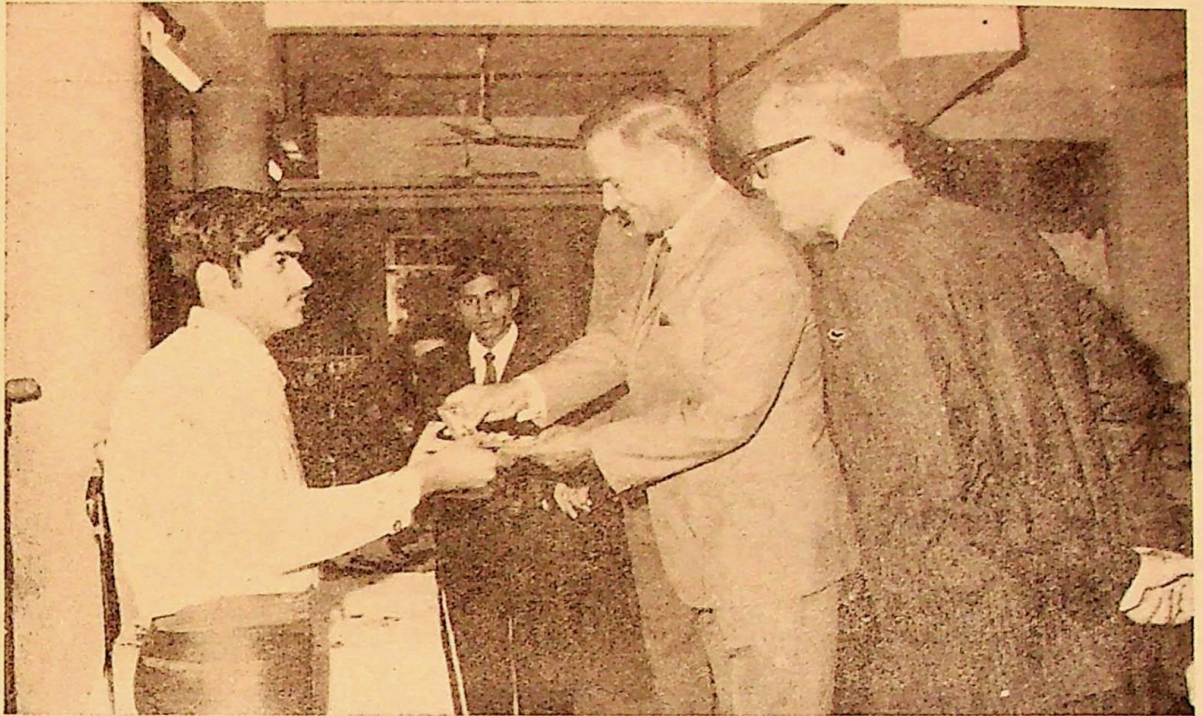
As for criticism, do it in good time, don't get into the habit of criticizing
only after the event.
'MaoTse-Tung'



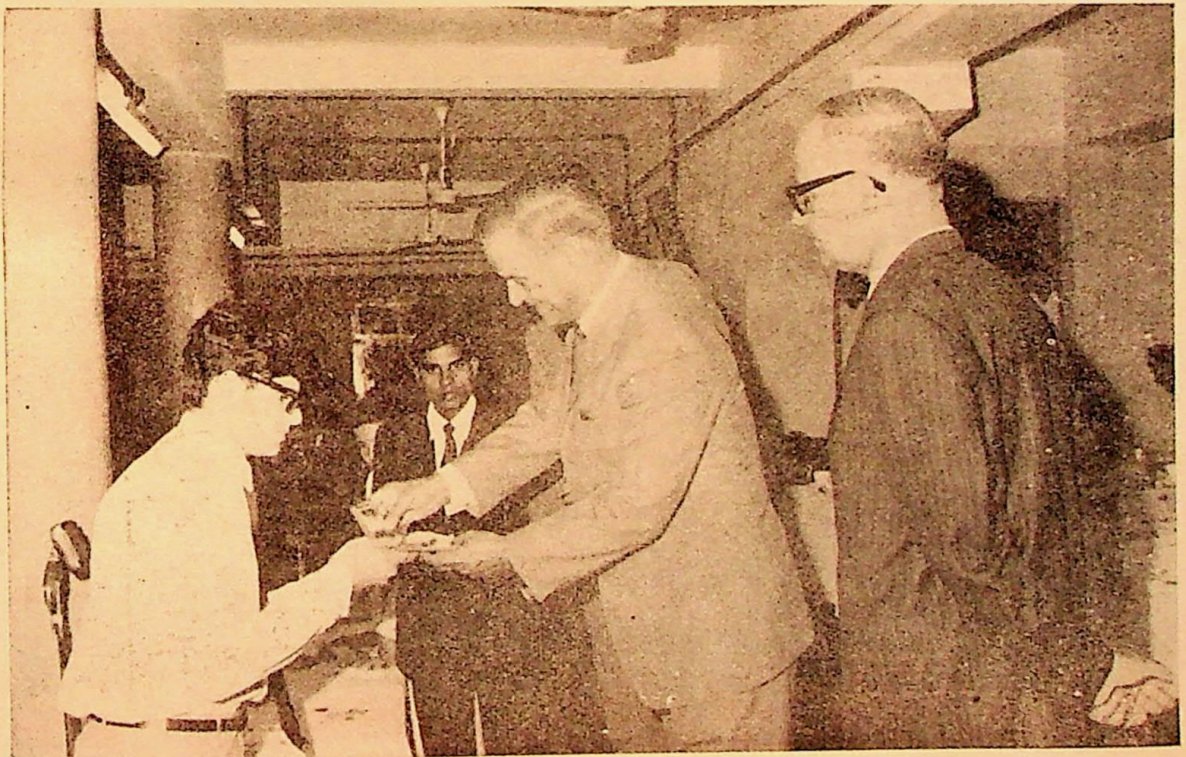
Stick of honour being awarded to Najeb Tariq by the C.N.S.



Zafar Ikram receiving the Badge of honour from the C.N.S.



Firozdin receiving the Silver Medal from the C.N.S.



Abdul Moid Being Awarded Silver Medal by the C.N.S.

Class XII (1971-72)



Senior Appointment Holders



۾ پئي توبه ڪيم ته وري آئون نه مڪر ڪندس. جڏهن چئي جان تڏهن ڪلمو پڙهي اچي هاوس ۾ پهتس پر انهي ٿڪ ۾ اس جي وگهي سچي پچي بخار نڪري پيو پوءِ سڀني چوڪرن پئي چيو ته ”تو کي بخار آهي هل ته ڊسپينسريءَ ۾ چڏي اچائين“ پر مون جواب ڏنو مان ته نه ”ادا اهو بخار مون کي چڱو آهي پر ڊسپينسري جو منهن نه ڏسندس“. تنهن کان پوءِ انهي بخار ۾ رهيس پر ڊسپينسري نه ويس.

پڇيو مان ته ”ادا اها ڇا آهي“ پوءِ چيائون ته ”۲ بجي توهان لاءِ وسل وڃندي ۽ توهين پريڊ جي ڊريس ۾ ٻاهر نڪري وڃجو پوءِ توهان کي بي-او ايڪسٽرا ڊرل سيڪاريون ڏيندو.“ جڏهن لڳي وسل تڏهن نڪتم مان به ورديءَ ۾. ٻاهر جڏهن روڊ تي پهتس تڏهن مون جهڙا چوڪرا به ٿي پيا به اچي ويا. پوءِ پي-او وٺرايو روڊ. پوءِ ته روڊ ۽ اسان هماسون ڪڏهن ٿي ڪاڏيون ڦلڦلايون ته ڪڏهن پئي ڊڪاسون پر حالت واه جي ٿي. تڏهن دل

ڪيڊٽ نئين مڪمل ڪنگو

ڪلاس نائون

منتظره ايجادون

- ۱- واچ سڀ کان پهريائين خليفي هارون الرشيد جي زماني ۾ ايجاد ٿي.
- ۲- هوائي جهاز سڀ کان اول ابو القاسم عباس بن فرماس ٺاهيو.
- ۳- گهوڙي تي ٽپال رسائڻ جو طريقو هندوستان ۾ شير شاهه سوري ايجاد ڪيو.
- ۴- عينڪ اٽلي ۾ تيرهين صدي ۾ ايجاد ٿي.
- ۵- شطرنج جو سوجد مڪيم صفا هو، جو چيني ۾ ۶۵۰ سال قبل مسيح ٿي گذريو آهي.
- ۶- آرسني سڪندر اعظم جي زماني ۾ ايجاد ٿي.

”بسپينسريءَ جو ڏيڏار“

سو رات جو مون به نالو لکايو پوءِ صبح جو ڏاڍي سري ۾ وڃي بسپينسريءَ جي دروازي تي بيٺس ۽ ڊاڪٽر جو انتظار ڪرڻ لڳس. جڏهن ڊاڪٽر صاحب آيو ۽ نالا وٺي پڪارڻ لڳو تڏهن آئون به سري ڊاڪٽر صاحب ڏانهن ويس تڏهن سوچي رهيو هوس ته هاڻي ڊاڪٽر کي جواب ڇا ڏيندس ايتري ۾ ڊاڪٽر رڙ ڪري پڇيو ”What is wrong with you“ رڙ ۾ اڏهيانو ته ڪيڏي ڇڏيائين. ويس ته ڏکي ڀرڏل جهلي جواب ڏنم ۽ چيم ”Sir I have headache“ ڊاڪٽر ڪنڌ لوڏيندي چيو ته ”هون تم پريڏ سے بچنے کے لئے آئے هو میں تمہارا اچھی طرح درد انار تا ہوں“ رڙ ڪري ڊيوٽي ڪميت ڪي چيائين ته ”Give him two extra drills“ هن به جلد ۾ کڻي نالو نوٽ ڪيو. آئون ڏاڍو شڪي ٿيس ۽ دڙڪا جهلي موٽي آيس. هاڻي مون کي ڪهڙي خبر ايڪسٽرا ڊرل جي. جڏهن منجهند ٿي ۽ ڊيلي آرڊر هائوس ۾ آيو تڏهن سڀ چوڪرا مونکي چوڻ لڳا ته ”تو کي ايڪسٽرا ڊرل ملي آهي.“ مون

اڃان نئون ڪاليج ۾ پير رکيو هوم هفتي کن کان پوءِ جڏهن پريڏ وغيره شروع ٿي ۽ صبح جو سویر اکيون کوليمون پيون ۽ گهر جي ڪجهه ڪجهه ياد ستائڻ لڳي هئي ۽ هيڏانهن صبح جو اٿڻ موت ڏيئي رهيو هو تڏهن ڪجهه تنگ به ٿياسون پر پهرئين خوشيءَ ۾ ڪجهه ياد نه ايندي هئي پر جڏهن اسين صبح جو سویر پريڏ ڪڻ ويندا هئاسون ته دڳ تي هڪ جڳهه ٺهيل هوندي هئي جنهن جي تختي تي ”بسپينسري“ لکيل هوندو هو. ۽ اتي ڪجهه چوڪرا بيٺا هوندا هئا ۽ هو اسان کي ڏسي کلندا هئا. تڏهن مون پنهنجي هائوس جي هڪڙي چوڪري کان پڇيو ته ”پلا هي پريڏ ڇو نه ڪري رهيا آهن.“ تڏهن هن جواب ڏنو ته ”هي اهي چوڪرا آهن جن کي ڪجهه زخم يا تڪليف هوندي آهي پوءِ ڊاڪٽر وٽ دوا لاءِ ويندا آهن جنهن ڪري هنن جي پريڏ وغيره معاف هوندي آهي.“ مون به چيو واھ ٻيلي پريڏ کان بچڻ جو موقعو ڏاڍو سٺو آهي

رنگارنگ

- ۱- رات مون خواب ۾ ڏٺو ته مون هڪ نئي قسم جو ناشتو ايجاد ڪيو آهي ۽ پوءِ خودئي ان مان لطف اندوز ٿي رهيو آهيان.
”خوب! پوءِ ڇا ٿيو؟“
- ۲- ان کانپوءِ منهنجي اک کلي ۽ مون ڏٺو ته منهنجي بستري جي چادر جو ڪجهه حصو غائب هو.
ڊاڪٽر: منهنجي خيال ۾ توهان جيڪو فروٽ کائو ٿا اُنچون کليون به کائيندا ڪريو ته توهان لاءِ بهتر آهي.
”اوهان جو پسنديدو فروٽ ڪهڙو آهي؟“
مريض: جي! ناريل.
- ۳- هڪ اسپتال جي انتظار گاه جي ٻاهران بورڊ تي هي تحرير لکيل هئي ته - ”برائي ڪرم هتي پنهنجن پرائڻ آپريشن جي باري ۾ ڪابه گفتگو نه ڪندا“.
- ۴- گراهڪ: ادا هي ڪجين تان ڪمبل ته پري ڪر جيئن ته ڪجين کي ڏسون -
دوڪاندار: ادا! هي ڪمبل ڪونهي پر هي ته مڪيون آهن.
- ۵- سڀاهي (موٽر روڪيندي): منهنجي اشاري ڪرڻ تي تون ڇو نه بيٺين.
ڊرائيور: سائين! مون سمجهيو ته توهان سلام ڪري رهيا آهيو.
- ۶- ماهر نفسيات هڪ شخص جي اداس طبيعت جو سبب سندس مالي فڪرن جو ٻڌايو ۽ هدايت ڪئي ته صرف ٻه هفتا پهرين هڪ شخص مون وٽ آيو هو جو قرض جي باري ۾ پريشان هو. مون کيس نصيحت ڪئي ته هو قرضن جي باري ۾ سڀ ڪجهه وساري ڇڏي ۽ اڄ هو بالڪل خوش آهي. ”جي ها ائون ڇاڻان ٿو“ -
هن شخص جواب ڏنو، مون ئي ان شخص کي قرض ڏنو هو.

تہ ایکسٹرا ڊرل کان پوءِ منهنجي دادا کي آهي
جو ڇا حال ٿيو.... پالش باقائده بيلت هر
وقت چمڪندڙ.... ۽ وار اڄ به غائب آهن....
يعني ”ڪاليج ڪٽ“ آهن: جنهن کي عرف
عام ۾ ”موسي ڪٽ“ چئبو آهي.

ڪريو.... ٽمن بچي ماڻهو مينيٽي شو ٿي
خوش ٿيندا آهن ۽ اها هڪ قسم جي تفريح
هوندي آهي.... پر اسانجي ڪاليج ۾ ايڪسٽرا
ڊرل کي مينيٽي شو جو خطاب ڏنو ويو آهي
.... واہ واہ... خدا شل اهڙي تفريح کان
سڀن کي بچائي ”آمين“ ۽ ها اهو به ته ٻڌو

عمارت ڏانهن وٺي آيو ۽ پوءِ پٺن تي ڏم سیر کن بار رکيو ويو ۽ هٿ ۾ رائفل ڏني ويئي ۽ پوءِ چيف حڪم ڏنو ”ڊبل مارچ وٺ يورهيندڙاپ (Double march with your hands up) ڊبل مارچ ته بهر حال غنيمت هئي پر رائفل ۽ ڏم سیر بار جي موجودگي جي ڪري ۽ پيو وري هٿ مٿي ڪري تمهن ڪري ڇڏڻ ۾ تڪليف ٿي رهي هئي پر محض اهائي ته سڙا کين هئي. ٿوري دير کان پوءِ هٿ وهڻ جو حڪم ڏنو ۽ چيائين ته گوڏن تي ويهي هلو به چار قدم هلڻ کان پوءِ ئي تڪليف جو احساس ٿيڻ شروع ٿيو. ۽ آخر تائين ڇا ٿيو انهي جو ذڪر ڪرڻ به مشڪل. پراوهان پاڻ ائين هلي ڏسو ۽ پوءِ محسوس ڪريو ته مونکي ڪيتري نه تڪليف جو منهن ڏسڻو پيو هوندو. اي ڪاش! وقت ختم ٿي وڃي ها پر اڃا ته پندرهن منٽ ڏي ڪونه گذريا هئا. انهي کان پوءِ فرنٽ رول ڪرڻا پيا. توهان خود ئي سوچيو ته پٺن تي ڏم سیر بار جي موجودگي ۾ مونکي فرنٽ رول ڪرڻ ۾ ڪيتري نه دقت پيش آئي هوندي ۽ مونکي ائين پئي محسوس ٿيو ته ڇڻ آسمان زمين جي جاءِ تي اچي ويو آهي ۽ چيف پنهنجو مٿو هيٺ ۽ ٽنگون مٿي ۽ ٻانهن جي مدد سان هلي رهيو آهي. چيف پوءِ ڏنڻ حڪم ڪراننگ جو ته سين خدا جو شڪر ادا ڪيو ۽ دل ۾ چيم ته ڪراننگ ته ڪا شئي ئي ڪانهي زمين تي لپتي ٺوٺن تي هلڻو پوندو. پر جڏهن ڪراننگ ڪرڻ شروع ڪيم ته مون کي اها خبر پئي ته ڪراننگ به ڪا شئي آهي. ٻانهن جڳهه جڳهه تان ڪل ڪان محروم ٺوٺن ۽ گوڏن تي رت ڄميل. ٻوٽ جو ته

چمڙو ٿي چاڄي ويو. پوءِ منهنجي ڪنن ۾ آواز آيو ته فراگ جمپ (Frog jump) شروع ڪريو. جيڪا به رهيل ڪثر هئي سا فراگ جمپ پوري ڪري ڇڏي. خبر ناهي ڪڏهن وقت پورو ٿيو ۽ ڪيئن آڏون هائوس پهتس. پر جڏهن ڪجهه هوش ۾ آيس ته مون کي ائين محسوس ٿيو جهڙو منهنجي بستري تي ڪنهن يائي هاري ڇڏيو آهي. پر اهو پاڻي نه هو.... اهو ته پگهر هو پگهر پوءِ توهان خود ئي اندازو لڳائي سگهو ٿا ته مونکي ڪيترو پگهر آيو هوندو. اوچتو مون کي خيال آيو ته سپاڻي به ته ايڪسٽرا ڊرل ڪرڻي آهي. ۽ ٻئي ڏينهن به ايڪسٽرا ڊرل ڪئي. پوءِ ڪهڙي حالت ٿي اهو لفظن ۾ بيان ڪرڻ مشڪل آهي.... جڏهن هلڻ جي ڪوشش ڪيم ته مونکي هڪ هڪ قدم پنجن پنجن مٿن جو پئي محسوس ٿيو. ڪو صاحب جيڪڏهن اهو معلوم ڪرڻ جو شائق هجي ته ايڪسٽرا ڊرل ڪرڻ کان پوءِ ڪهڙي حالت ٿيندي آهي ته آئون ان کي اهو مشورو ڏيندس ته هو پاڻ ايڪسٽرا ڊرل ڪري ڏسي ۽ اها به ڏينهن جو ٽين بجي.... هر قسم جي چانو کان پاسي پٿريلِي زمين تي... پورا چاليهه منٽ! مونکي يقين ڪامل آهي ته ان کي معلوم ٿي ويندو ته ايڪسٽرا ڊرل ڇا آهي! ۽ ها آئون توهان کي هڪ ڳالهه ته ٻڌائڻ وسري ويس ته ايڪسٽرا ڊرل کي اسان جي ڪاليج ۾ ”ميٽني شو“ به چوندا آهن. پهرين آئون به ائين چونڊو هوس. پر جڏهن ”ميٽني شو“ Enjoy ڪرڻ جو موقعو مليو توهان ڏينهن کان اڃ تائين ان چوڪري کي سڌريل القابن (گارڊن) سان نوازيندو پيو اچان جنهن اهو لفظ سوچيو.... توهان ذرا غور ته

ڪيم ۽ پوءِ ٿورو سرڪيس به (داداگيري ڏيکارڻ لاءِ) ڊرل ختم ٿي ته سوچيم چيف کان هن دفعي جي معافي وٺان... قدم بي اختيارانه چيف ڏانهن وڌڻ لڳا پر اچانڪ اندر مان آواز آيو بي عزتي! وڌندڙ قدم هڪدم بيهي رهيا، واقعي بي عزتي هئي، ته داداگير هوندي ۽ سيني هوندي به آئون معافي وٺان؟ نه! نه! اهو ته هڪ داداگير جي شان جي خلاف آهي. هڪدم واپس ٿيس. هائوس پهتس.... ڪمري ۾ اڃا ڀريس ٿي مس ته هر طرف کان چوڪرن جي کنگهه جا آواز ٻڌم.... بڙے دنون بعد پهتس هو بيٺا! آڄ پتہ چلے گا کہ ايڪسٽرا ڊرل ڪيا چيز هوتی ہے — خبر نه آهي اهي ڪنهن لفظ چيا پر مون اهي لفظ ٻڌا ضرور.... ۽ جواب ڏيڻ به ضروري سمجهيو نه ته بي عزتي!....

ايڪسٽرا ڊرل مل گئي تو ڪيا هوا جان بنے گی جان! ڏاڍي رعب دار آواز ۾ جواب ڏنم.... انهي جي جواب ۾ به ڪي لفظ ٻڌڻ ۾ آيا پر مون جواب ڏيڻ مناسب نه سمجهيو. ڪلاس روم ۾ به هر وقت اهو خيال ستائڻ لڳو ته ”مري ويس“ ايڪسٽرا ڊرل کان نه پر هائوس ماسٽر جي ايڪچر ڪان (جنهن کان اسان جي هائوس جو هر هڪ چوڪرو بچڻ جي ڪوشش ڪندو آهي) انهنڪري دل ٿي دل ۾ اها دعا پئي گهريم ته خدا ڪري بچي وڃان (هائوس ماسٽر جي ليڪچر کان) ۽ ان سان گڏوگڏ اهو پئي ظاهر ڪيم ته مونکي ايڪسٽرا ڊرل ملڻ جي ڪا پرواهه ڪانهي. ريس دوران ايڊ جوئنٽ (Adjutant) سان ملاقات جو شرف حاصل ٿيو (اهو شرف

ڪنهن ڪنهن کي حاصل ٿيندو آهي) ۽ اهو به ٻڌم ته به ايڪسٽر ڊرلن مائون آهن. هڪ به نه پر يڪيون به! پر هاڻ چا ٿي ٿي سگهيو.... لنچ کان پوءِ ڊيلي آرڊر ۾ پنهنجو ڪم نمبر ڏنم. ڪم نمبر ڏسي ڪنڌ ڪجهه مٿاهون ڪري سڀني وڃائيندو ڪمري ۾ داخل ٿيس ٿي ڪونه ته هڪ چوڪري ٻڌايو ته هائوس ماسٽر سڏايو آهي. انهن ئي قدس سان آئون ڏڪندي ڏڪندي هائوس ماسٽر جي آفيس ۾ داخل ٿيس ۽ هائوس ماسٽر جو ليڪچر شروع ٿيو پر آخر داداگير جو هٿاسين، تنهنڪري ڌيان ٿي ڪونه ڏنو. هن ڪن مان ٻڌي بي ڪن مان ٻاهر ڪڍندو رهيس. اچانڪ منهنجي ڪنن ۾ آواز آيو ناؤ ڊيو ڪين گو (Now you can go) آفيس کان ٻاهر نڪتس، اچانڪ منهنجي نظر گهڙي تي پئي، مار پنڌرهن منٽن جو ليڪچر مون ٻڌو. خبر پوءِ آئون پنهنجي ڪمري ۾ اچي سڀني جو انتظار ڪرڻ لڳس.

انتظار جيون گهڙيون ختم ٿيون، يعني ته ٿي ٿيا ۽ چيف جي وسل جو ڪرخت آواز گویا ڪنن جا پڙدا ڦاڙيندي اندر داخل ٿيو ۽ آئون به لڏندو لڏندو ڪمري کان ٻاهر نڪتس ۽ اسپتال ڏانهن وڃڻ لڳس جتي چيف موجود هو.... اسانجي ٿي هائوس وارو! دل مان بي اختيار صدا بلند ٿي. ڊيوٽي تي به اڄ هن کي اچڻو هو! اي خدا رحم ڪر.... اسان وارو چيف ڏاڍو سخت انسان هو ٻيو ڪو هجي ها ته شايد ايڪسٽرا ڊرل سخت نه ملي ها.... پر اسان وارو چيف هڪدم سڌو ڪريو ڇڏي. بهر حال چيف وٽ پهتس ته به به چوڪرا موجود هئا.... چيف اسان کي ڪاليج جي

از: عبدالرحيم هيمنڻ

ڪلاس ٻارهون

ميتني شو يا ؟

ويس. پر بخدا اها اميد ڪونه هئي ته ڪاليج
دريس جي چيڪنگ ٿيندي.... انهنڪري
لاپرواه ٿي ويس ته داداگيري به ظاهر ٿيندس
۽ سزا به ڪونه ملندي (پر افسوس جو هي
خواب پورو نه ٿيو) جونير ڏسندا ته ظاهر
آهي امدئي چوندا.... يار سمنيرن جو ته عيش
آهي.... ڏس ته سهي يونيفارم ڪهڙي پاتل
اٿس، ۽ اهو هن ڪاليج جي سمنيرن لاءِ وڏي
۾ وڏو اعزاز آهي. (منهنجي نظريي مطابق)
يار دوست به داداگير سمجهندا ۽ پوءِ!
پر سڀ خواب اڌورا رهجي ويا.... نه داداگير
ٿي سگهيس ۽ نه ئي سزا کان بچي سگهيس.
چيف ڪٽ نمبر نوٽ ڪيو ۽ منهنجي چهري
تي پگهر جا ڦڙا نمودار ٿيا پهرين ته آواز ٿي
نه پئي نڪتو پر چيف زوردار آواز ۾ منته
ڪيو ته نمبر زور سان ٻڌايان پر خبر نه آهي
صحيح نمبر ٻڌايم يا.... پر پوءِ اچانڪ خيال
آيو ته داداگير لاءِ اهو به ضروري آهي ته
سزائون کائي ۽ پنهنجي بي عزتي کلي برداشت
ڪري ۽ انهي کي پنهنجي شهرت جي چاڙهي
سمجهي.... اهو خيال ايندي ئي پگهر صاف
ڪيم.... ڇهن تي زبان ڦيري خشڪي دور

۽ اڄ آخر مونکي ايڪسٽرا ڊول ملي
ويئي.... متواتر ڇهن سالن کان شريف
ڇوڪرن وانگر هن مصيبت کان بچندو آيو
هوس، ڇاڪاڻ ته باقائدي سان هيئرڪٽ
ڪرائڻ... بوت پالش ڪرڻ ۽ بيلٽ ڇڪائڻ
جو عادي ٿي چڪو هوس.... پر خدا ڀلو
ڪري هن ٻارئين درجي جو جنهن ۾ اچي
دماغ ۾ هوا ڀرجي ويئي.... خبر اٿو ڇاچي؟
سينياري (Seniority) جي! اپائٽمينٽ هولڊر
(Appointment Holder) سڀ دوست.... چيف کي
ترخائڻ جي تل ايندي هئي انهنڪري پرائيمون
سڀ (سهڻيون) عادتون ترڪ ڪري داداگير
ٿيڻ جي ڪوشش ڪيم.... آخر ته سمنير هوس!
به ٿي دفعا ته صاف بچي ويس ڇو ته گذشتہ
پنج سالن جو امپريشن (Impression) سٺو هو.
پر آخر ڪيسٽائين بچندس ۽ آخر هڪڏينهن
چيف کي به ڪاوڙ آئي (ڪاوڙ اچڻ جهڙي
ڳالهه هئي) ڇو ته وار وڏا.... ڏاڙهي وڌيل
.... بوت مٿي ۾ لتڙيل.... ڪپڙن جي ڪريز
غائب.... مطلب ته سنياري جي نشي ۾
ڪجهه اوور (Over) ٿي ويس. نتيجتاً چيف
ڪٽ نمبر نوٽ ڪري ورتو.... اوور ته ٿي

- ۷- عمر درازي ۾ حضرت نوح
- ۸- مصوري ۾ ماني
- ۹- عدل ۽ سياست ۾ حضرت عمر رضه
- ۱۰- ملڪ گيري ۾ سڪندر
- ۱۱- اقبال ۾ اڪبر اعظم
- ۱۲- حڪمت ۾ حڪيم لقمان
- ۱۳- انصاف ۾ نوشيروان
- ۱۴- نازڪ دماغي ۾ نانا شامه
- ۱۵- جهاد ۾ سلطان صلاح الدين
- ۱۶- صدق ۾ حضرت ابوبڪر رضه
- ۱۷- حڪومت ۾ حضرت سليمان عم
- ۱۸- شجاعت ۾ حضرت علي رضه
- ۱۹- رضا جوئي ۾ حضرت ابراهيم عم
- ۲۰- حياء شرم ۾ حضرت عثمان رضه
- ۲۱- شاعري ۾ فردوسي سعدي
- ۲۲- ذهانت ۾ فيضي
- ۲۳- موسيقي ۾ تانسين
- ۲۴- فضاحت ۽ بلاغت ۾ سجان وائل
- ۲۵- فلسفہ اسلام ۾ امام غزالي
- ۲۶- خونريزي ۾ چنگيز خان
- ۲۷- شقاوت ۾ يزيد
- ۲۸- شهادت ۾ حضرت امام حسين رضه
- ۲۹- تصوف ۾ بايزيد بسطامي
- ۳۰- عشق ۾ مجنون
- ۳۱- خوش الحاني ۾ حضرت دائود عم
- ۳۲- ڪسب حلال ۾ سلطان ناصرالدين
- ۳۳- رفاه عامه ۾ شير شاهه سوري
- ۳۴- دانش ۾ ارسطو
- ۳۵- سخاوت ۾ حاتم طائي
- ۳۶- غذا ۾ محمود غزنوي
- ۳۷- سياحت ۾ ابن بطوطه
- ۳۸- دٻڊپي ۾ جمشيد.

اقوال زرین

- ۱- جهنم جي باهم اها آهي جنهن جا شعله دلين کي قابو ڪريو ڇڏين.
- ۲- اهي تمام اعمال ۽ افعال جن سان انسان کي پنهنجي ذات تي زيادتي هوندي آهي. ظلم آهي.
- ۳- جيڪو به الله جي نالي تي دوکو ڏيئي ان جو دوکو کائي ڇڏيندا.
- ۴- خدا جي رحمت کان نا اميد اهو ئي هوندو آهي جو خدا جي ڏسيل رستي تي نه هوندو آهي.
- ۵- دنيا جو فساد ختم ٿي سگهي ٿو جيڪڏهن ”منهن جي“ ۽ ”تنهن جي“ کي ختم ڪيو وڃي.
- ۶- قرآن ڪابو ڳالهه زبردستي نه ٿو سڃاڻي. حقيقت زبردستي سان ڪڏهن به سڃاڻي نه ٿي سگهجي. حقيقت خود سڃي ٿي.
- ۷- انڌي عقيدت عقل ۽ فڪر جا ڏيئا وسائي ڇڏي ٿي.
- ۸- حق جو آواز ڪڏهن به ضايع نه ٿو وڃي.
- ۹- جتي هڪ انسان پئي انسان جي سامهون جهڪيو اتي گمراهي ۽ ذلالت اچي وڃي ٿي.
- ۱۰- سرڻ وقت انسان اڪيلو ويندو يعني جو ڪجهه هو هوندو صرف هو ئي هوندو ان جون شيون ساڻس گڏ نه وينديون.

* * *

هڪ دفعي وٺائي فقير کي سندس ماءُ ٽانڊي آڻڻ لاءِ چيو پر پاڻ ڳولهي واپس موٽي آيا پر ٽانڊو هٿ نه آيو. سندس ماءُ کين چيو ته ”تون جو پاڻ کي الله جو ٻانهو سمجهندو آهين سو دوزخ مان وڃي کڻي اچ.“ وٺائي فقير ماءُ کي ورندي ڏني ته ”مان اتي ٽانڊو ڪونهي پر هرڪو ٿو کنيو وڃي.“

* * *

انهن جهڙو ٻيو ڪونه ٿيو

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| ۴- شهزوري ۾ رستم | ۱- دولت ۾ قارون |
| ۵- خوبصورت ۾ حضرت يوسف ۽ | ۲- تڪبر ۾ فرعون |
| ۶- صبر ۾ حضرت ايوب ۽ | ۳- ظلم ۾ ضحاک |

سڀڻا سخن

- ۱- جيڪي ماڻهو صبح جو فيصلو ڪري، شام جو وساريو ڇڏن اهي پنهنجي زندگي ۾ ڪڏهن به ڪا سباب ٿي نٿا سگهن.
- ۲- موت هڪ دروازو آهي جنهن مان هر هڪ کي لنگهڻو آهي.
- ۳- زندگي جي ساز تي خوشي جا نغما ڳايو ۽ ڏکائيل دلن جي آه کي محسوس ڪريو.
- ۴- تجربو انسان جو بهترين استاد آهي ۽ زندگي جون ٺوڪرون ان جو ذريعو تعليم.
- ۵- وقت کي ضائع ڪرڻ ڇڻ ته پنهنجي پاڻ کي تباه ڪرڻ آهي.
- ۶- شيرين زبان هر دلعزيزي جو نشان آهي.
- ۷- ٻچڙي ساڻي کان اڪيلاڻي بهتر آهي.
- ۸- عيب جو ٿي زهر کان وڌيڪ تلخ آهي.
- ۹- محنت ۽ خلوص انسانيت جو زيور آهي.
- ۱۰- اسان جي ڪاميابي جو راز اسان جي خود اعتمادِي ۾ آهي.
- ۱۱- پئسا قربان ڪريو پر اصول نه ڇڏيو.
- ۱۲- صبر خوشي جي ڪنجي آهي.
- ۱۳- پنهنجي گناهن تي افسوس ڪرڻ سان اهي مٽجي وڃن ۽ نيڪين تي غرور ڪرڻ سان اهي ختم ٿيو وڃن.

- (۳) جڏهن به تون ڪنهن سان ملين ته ان کي پاڻ کان بهتر ڄاڻ خواهه هو ننڍو هجي يا وڏو، عالم هجي يا جاهل، مومن هجي يا ڪافر۔
- (۴) اعتقاد صحيح نه هجي ته عبادت به بيڪار آهي.
- (۵) پڇيو ويو ته مصائب دنيا ڇا آهي؟ فرمائون خلق کان دور ۽ خلق جي ويجهو رهڻ.
- (۶) درويشي هيءَ آهي ته ڪنهن شيءِ جي طمع نه ڪري جيڪڏهن بي طلب ڪوئي آهي ته منع نه ڪري ۽ وٺي ته جمع نه ڪري.
- (۷) جڏهن دنيا کي ترڪ ڪيو ڇو ته دنيا جي هر ٿوري شيءِ به توها جي دل ۾ هوندي ته توهان سجدي ڪرڻ ۾ به ان کي فراموش نه ڪري سگهندا.

(۴) دنيا ۾ سڀ کان وڏو ڪوٽھ فرانس ۾ آهي جنهن جي گھرائي 31½ (ساڍا ايڪٽيهه) آهي.
(۵) ناروي ۾ ڪاغذ جو گرجا گھر ٺهيل آهي جنهن ۾ ڏھ ھزار ماڻھو ويهي سگھندا آهن.

(۶) دنيا ۾ سڀ کان وڏو ڦالين لنڊن جي هڪ هوٽل ۾ آهي جنهن جو وزن ۶۰۰ مٺ آهي.

(۷) دنيا جو سڀ کان وڏو الماس ايران ۾ آهي جنهن جو وزن ۲۸۰ قيراط آهي.

(۸) دنيا ۾ هن وقت سڀ کان وڏو باغ ڪيوبڪ (آمريڪا) ۾ آهي. جنهن ۾ ۱½ هزار کان وڌيڪ نھرون، ناليون ۽ پاڻيءَ جا خوبصورت حوض آهن.

(۹) ريشم جو جيت پنهنجي تمام عمر ۾ هڪ هزار والن کان وڌيڪ ريشم پيدا ڪري ٿو.

(۱۰) سڀاڻا مڇي گرم سمنڊ ۾ رهي ٿي. هن وٽ هڪ قسم جو ٽيلھو هوندو آهي جنهن ۾ مس هوندي آهي. جيڪڏهن ڪوئي دشمن ان جي پيرسان ايندو آهي ته هوءَ پاڻيءَ ۾ مس هاري ڇڏيندي آهي جنهن جي سبب دشمن انهيءَ کي گولي نه سگھندو آهي.

(۱۱) دنيا ۾ ۳۰۶۴ زبانون ڳالهائون وڃن ٿيون.

(۱۲) دنيا جو سڀ کان وڏو جانور نيرو وهيل آهي. جنهن جو شڪار مشڪل ٿئي سان ٿيندو آهي. ان جو منهن ايترو ته وڏو هوندو آهي جو ان ۾ سڄو هاڻي اطمينان سان بيهي سگھندو آهي ۽ پوءِ به جڳھ باقي بچندي آهي.

اقوال زرین

(۱) دولت جي بکڻي کي ڪڏهين به حقيقي راحت نه هوندي آهي.

(۲) دنيا جو لفظ دنائيت مان نڪتل آهي جنهن جي معنيٰ خواري، ذلت، ڪمپنگي آهي. ان مان اندازو لڳايو ته دنيا ڇا آهي.

نظير احمد چانڊيو

ڪلاس يارهون

جناح هائوس

دعا

اسلام جي چمن کي الاهي بهار ڏي.
ڪيڊ باغ مان خزان کي فضا خوشگوار ڏي.
رحمت جو مينهن ان اسانجي تـم ملڪ ۾،
سنڌڙيءَ کي ايرب ڪريم سدائين سڪار ڏي.
ڪوئي گهري ٿو مال مڏيون حرص ۾ مگر،
هن بيقرار دل کي هميشه قرار ڏي.
الله پاڪ علم عطا ڪر ۽ ڏي عمل،
اخلاق جو خزانو کڻي بيشمار ڏي.
عاجز نظير، آهي الاهي تون رحم ڪر،
بخش خطا ۽ پنهنجي عطا بار بار ڏي.

(دلچسپ معلومات)

- (۱) برلن لائبريري ۾ هڪ انجيل آهي جا کڄي جي پوٽن (پٽن) تي لکيل آهي.
- (۲) دنيا ۾ سڀ کان وڏو اسٽيج پيرس ۾ آهي. جنهن جي ايراضي ٽي ايڪڙ آهي.
- (۳) دنيا ۾ سڀ کان وڏو سٽنڊيما جواڪسي نيوپارڪ ۾ آهي. جنهن ۾ ڇهه هزار ماڻهو ويهي فلم ڏسي سگهن ٿا.

شڪريو

تو ڪيو احسان اي، پيتارو تنهن جو شڪريو!
تو تانءِ ساءِ سر قربان، اي پيتارو تنهن جو شڪريو!
علم جي دولت ڏيڻ ۾ ڪا به گهٽتائي ڪئي،
ڪانه تنهن جي فيضان اي پيتارو تنهنجو شڪريو!
تنهن جي الفت ۾ مليا مونکي سچو،
دوست مهربان اي پيتارو تنهنجو شڪريو!
تو بنان علم کان ٻي بهره هوس،
تو وڌايو منهن جو مان اي پيتارو تنهن جو شڪريو!
تنهن جي شفقت جي سبب اڄ آهي ”قيصر“
علم ۾ ذي شان اي پيتارو تنهنجو شڪريو!-

* *

(پيتارو تنهنجو شڪريو)

الله، الله ڪري رات گذري ۽ صبح جو
ناشتو ڪري پيپر ڏيڻ لاءِ روانا ٿياسون۔ جڏهن
(Answer Sheet) هٿ ۾ ملي ته هٿ ڏڪڻ
لڳا۔ پر جڏهن Question Paper هٿ ۾ آيو
ته اڃان به وڌيڪ پريشان ٿي۔ بسم الله ڪري
پيپر شروع ڪيوسون۔ آخر ڏيڍ ڪلاڪ کانپوءِ
پيپر ختم ٿيو۔ سڀ ڇوڪرا ڪلاسن مان
ٻاهر نڪري جواب پڙهائڻ لڳا۔ ڪو چوي ته
هي برابر آهي ڪو چوي ته، نه هي برابر آهي
جڏهن نتيجو نڪنو ته اڪثريت ڇوڪرن
جي فيل هئي۔ پوءِ ته ڇوڪرن لائيت کي
گهٽ وڌڻ لاهائڻ شروع ڪيو ته اجائي لائيت
وئي۔ تنهن کانپوءِ ڇوڪرن دعائون گهرڻ شروع
ڪيون ته لائيت هونءِ پلي وڃي پر امتحانن
جي ڏينهن ۾ نه وڃي.

ڪاليج ۾ لڳل گلاب جي گلن جي خوشبوءِ
هتي ڏاڍي سٺي پئي لڳي.
آخر جڏهن ساڍي اٺين بجي ڍنر جي گهٽي
وڳي ۽ سڀ ڇوڪرا ميس ڏانهن روانا ٿيا۔
تڏهن به ڇوڪرن پئي سمجهيو ته سڀاڻي پيپر
نه ٿيندو۔ تنهن ڪري ڏاڍا خوش هئا۔ پر جڏهن
ميس ۾ اناؤنسمنٽ ٿي ته سڀاڻي پيپر ٿيندو۔
اهو ٻڌي سڀني جا وات چڻ ڦاٽي ويا چڻ ته
پيرن هيٺان زمين نڪري وئي آهي۔ جڏهن
ميس مان نڪري هائوس پهتاسون ۽ ڪپڙا
بدلائي سمهن جي پئي تياري ڪئي ته منهنجي
هڪ دوست چيو ”يار هل ته هلي پڙهون۔ مون
وت مين بتيون آهن“ اهو ٻڌي مان ڏاڍو خوش
ٿيس ۽ هن سان گڏ وڃي گيلري ۾ پڙهڻ لڳس۔
ٻيا ڇوڪرا هيڏي هوڏي گهمي رهيا هئا، ۽
سڀني کي پنهنجي پنهنجي لڳي پئي هئي.

پيتارو ۾ لائيت جي اڪيوت

به سڀ مئٽس گروپ جا مئٽس جي پيپر جو
ٻڌي اسان جا وار پئي کڙا ٿيا. سڀني جو موڊ
خراب هو. سڄو وقت ڊوم ۾ چپ لڳي پئي
هئي. ڇڻ ته ڪو راکاس گهمي ويو آهي.
اسان کي اڃا ڏهه يا پنڌرنهن منت پڙهندي مس
ٿيا هوندا ته اوچتو وري لائيت غائب ٿي وئي.
پوءِ جڏهن ڏٺوسون ته سڄي ڪاليج جي لائيت
بند آهي ته مٿڙي خوشي ٿي. ايتري ۾ ڪاليج
جي سڀ چوڪرن پنهنجن پنهنجن هائوسن ۾
نڪرا لڳائڻ شروع ڪيا ته واه سولا واه! تنهن
جا لڪ شڪر آهن جو لائيت آف ٿي وئي.
ڪجهه چوڪرا J.U.O.S ۽ S.U.O سان گڏ
ڪاليج جي ڊئريڪٽر آف ايجوڪيشن ڏانهن
ويا ته سپاڻي پيپر نه ٿئي. پر هن صاحب نه
سڃيو ۽ چيو ته (There must be a paper)
يعني سپاڻي پيپر ضرور ٿيندو. جيستائين هي
چوڪرا واپس آيا تيستائين پيا سڀ چوڪرا
پنهنجن پنهنجن هائوسن مان نڪري گراسي
فيلڊ ۾ اچي ويٺا ۽ پاڻ ۾ ڳالهائون ٻولهيون
ڪوڻ لڳا. هڪ رات جو وقت ٻيو وري
چوڏينهن جو چند پنهنجي آب تاب سان چمڪي
رهيو هو. بهار جي مٿڙي هوا جنهن ۾ وري

آچر جو ڏينهن هو. موسم ڏاڍي وڻندڙ هئي،
مٿان وري بهار جي موسم، سو هائوسن جي
وچ ۾ گراسي فيلڊ سڄي سائي لڳي پئي هئي.
ائين پئي لڳو ڇڻ ته سائي چادر وڇائي وئي
آهي. آچر جو ئي هڪڙو ڏينهن هوندو آهي
جنهن جهڙو مزو پيتارو کان سواءِ ڪنهن پئي
هنڌ نه ملي سگهندو. پر اڄ ته اهڙو مزيدار
ڏينهن به اسان کي خراب پئي لڳو. چو جو
پئي ڏينهن مئٽس جو پيپر هو. شام جا اڃا
ساڍا ڇهه ٿيا هئا ته اسان فلم ڏسڻ لاءِ پئي
تياري ڪئي. اڃان اسان هائوس ۾ ئي هئاسون
۽ خوشيءَ مان پئي تيار ٿياسون. پر مٿان وري
مئٽس جي پيپر جو پوت سوار هو تنهن ڪري
فلم ۾ به مزو نه آيو. جڏهن فلم ڏسي واپس
اچي مس ويناسون ۽ مئٽس پڙهڻ جو خيال پئي
ڪيوسون ته ايتري ۾ لائيت هڪ چمڪو ڏنو
ته ان وقت اسان سڀ خوش پئي ٿياسون ۽
ائين پئي چيو ته چڱو ٿيو جو لائيت وئي.
سپاڻي پيپر کان بچنداسون. پر اڃان اسان خيالي
پلاءِ پئي پڇايا ته وري لائيت اچي ويئي ۽
اسانجي (Dom) روشن ٿي وئي. ائين پئي لڳو
ڇڻ نور جي ڪا لهر اچي وئي آهي. منهنجا
روم پائٽرز سڀ مٿڙي هڪجهڙا آهن ۽ آهيون

مون وت آيو ۽ اچي چيائين ته مان اوهان جي هائوس جو (J.U.O) ۽ تون اچ ته مان توکي تنهنجو روم ڏيکاريان.

مان هن جي پويان لڳي پيس ۽ هن اچي مون کي هڪ روم ڏيکاريو. سبحان الله اهڙي ته ايئر ڪنڊيشن هئي جو پگهر نه پئي بيٺو ۽ اهي به هڪڙي روم ۾ ٻارهن چٽا. خير مان ته پنهنجو بسترو وڇائي تيار ٿي ڊنر (Dinner) لاءِ سڀني سان گڏجي ويس ۽ وڃي ماني کاڌم. ماني کائي واپس آياسين ته چوڪرن چيو ته هيئر فلم آهي. مان به انهن سان گڏ فلم تي ويس. فلم ڏسي واپس آياسين ته رات جا ۱۱ ٿيڻ وارا هئا. سمهي رهياسين ۽ وري صبح جو اٿيس تيار ٿي بريك فاسٽ (Break fast) لاءِ ويس. سبحان الله بريك فاسٽ تي کائڻ لاءِ چمچا، کائڻا وغيره هئا اهو هئو انگريزن جو رواج مون ته اڳ ۾ ڏٺو ئي ڪونه هو. خير جيئن ٻين پئي ڪيو تيئن مون پئي ڪيو الله الله ڪري پنهنجي جان چڏايم ۽ واپس آيس. ۽ وري دل ۾ خيال آيم ته هيئر ڪاليج جو سيرڪرڻ ڪپي. سو مان ڪاليج گهمڻ لاءِ نڪري پيس.

سڄو ڪاليج ساڻو لڳو پيو هو. صبح جي ٽڌي هوا پئي لڳي ۽ پکين پئي منڙي آواز ۾ گيت گايا. اهو اهڙو ته نظارو دل کي پئي وڻيو جو ڇڏ ائين پئي پانيم ته مان ڪو خواب ڏسي رهيو آهيان. آخر اتان واپس موٽي آيس. اڃان ستوئي مس هئس ته هڪڙو چوڪرو وٺڻ آيو ۽ چيائين ته پائي جان پيو سڌي. مون دل ۾ چيو ته يا الله خير ڪجانءِ اهو وري ڪهڙو پائي جان؟

نيٺ وڃڻو پيو. مان ويس هن چيو ته گانو ٻڌاءِ مون چيو ته گانو مون کي ڪونه ٿو اچي. هنن مون کي ايترو تنگ ڪيو جو مون روئي ڏنو ۽ مون روئي جان چڏائي. خير اتان واپس موٽي آيس ۽ اچي پنهنجي روم انچارج ڪي ٻڌايم. هن چيو ته ٻيهر تون نه وڃجانءِ پوءِ مونکي ڪو سڏ ڪندو هو ته ڪونه ويندو هوس. ۽ وري پئي ڏينهن اسان جا ڪلاس شروع ٿي ويا ۽ مان ڏاڍي محنت سان پڙهڻ لڳس ۽ اهڙي طرح پنهنجو خواب پورو ٿيو جيڪو مان هر وقت گهر ۾ ڏسندو هوس.

خواب با تعبير

هونديون. مان ته سڄي وات ڪاليج جي باري
۾ سوچيندو آيس.
آخر گڏي به اچي حيدرآباد جي اسٽيشن
تي بيٺي ۽ مان جلدي ۾ لهي ويس ۽ بس
گوليندو گوليندو اچي ڪاليج جي بس ۾
چڙهيس. پنجن ڏهن منٽن کان پوءِ بس پنهنجو
رخ ڪاليج ڏانهن رکيو. هڪ ته مزي جي
اها ڳالهه آهي جو مونکي پنهنجو ڪيٽ نمبر
ياد ڪونه هو. خير مون دل ۾ چيو ته اها ڪا
وڏي ڳالهه نه آهي. اهو به شڪر آهي جو
مون کي هائوس جي خبر هئي. جڏهن بس
ڄامشورو ٽپي تڏهن هڪ (P.O) صاحب آيو
۽ مون کان پڇيائين ته تنهنجو ڪٿ نمبر ڇا
آهي؟ مون کي خبر هجي ته ٻڌايان مون چيو
ته سائين مون کي خبر ڪانه آهي جنهن تي
سڀ چوڪرا کليل لڳا. جنهن تي مان ڏاڍو
شرمندو ٿيس. خير بس اچي خيران سان ڪاليج
جي اڳيان بيٺي ۽ مان لهي پيس. مون کي
اها به خبر ڪانه هئي ته اقبال هائوس ڪهڙو
آهي. سو مان بس تان لهي بيهي رهيس ۽ هيڏانهن
هوڏانهن نهارڻ لڳس. ايتري ۾ هڪ چوڪرو

مون کي اهو خوش نصيب ڏينهن ياد آهي
جنهن ڏينهن ڪئٽ ڪاليج جي ڪال پهتي
ته ۽ سيپٽمبر ڪاليج ۾ پهچي ويڻو آهي. اها
ڪال ڏسندي مان ته مڃنون وانگي ديوانو ٿي
ويس. توهان سمجهندا هوندؤ ته چريو ٿي ويس.
پر نه مونکي ايتري خوشي ٿي جو مان سڀ
ڪجهه وساري وينس، جنهن تي گهر جا ماڻهو
ٽوڪڻ لڳا، مطلب ته مونکي تمام گهڻو تنگ
ڪيائون ۽ منهنجي دل ۾ اها آرزو هئي ته
اهو ڪهڙو نه سڀاڳو ڏينهن هوندو جنهن ڏينهن
مان ڪاليج هونديس ۽ مان ۽ تاريخ جو انتظار
ڪرڻ لڳس. وڏن جو چوڻ آهي ته جنهن
شيءَ جو انتظار ڪبو آهي اها تمام دير سان
ايندي آهي. آخرڪار ۽ تاريخ به پنهنجا پير
اچي زمين تي کوڙيا. مون ڏاڍي خوشيءَ سان
پنهنجو سامان تيار ڪيو ۽ گهران موڪلائي
اچي پليٽ فارم تي پهتس ۽ گاڏي به ڪوڪون
ڪندي اچي اسٽيشن تي بيٺي. ۽ مان گاڏي
۾ چڙهي آيس ۽ اچي هڪ سيٽ تي وينس،
۽ دل ۾ اهي ڳالهيون ئي پئي هليون ته
ڪاليج ڪيئن هوندو ۽ مون کي اها پڪ
هئي ته رهڻ لاءِ رومس ته ضرور ايئرڪنڊيشن

ڏانهن وڃي رهيو هوس ۽ هاڻي جڏهن ڏٺم ته
سپيڻي چوڪرا پريد جي ميدان ڏانهن نڪري
چڪا آهن ته پوءِ وري واپس ڪمري ۾
پهتو آهيان.

ٻه منٽ ويهي ڪجهه لاواريون اوپاريون
ڳالهون ڪيوسين ته قدمن جي آواز سان گڏ
C.P.O هڪ ٻئي P.O جو آواز ڪنن تي
پهتو. آواز ٻڌڻ شرط اسان جي وات کي مهر
لڳي ويئي ۽ پنهنجن جون اکيون ڳالهائڻ لڳيون
ته ڪٿي لڪون. هتي، هتي، ڪٿي خير پوءِ
ته ڪٿي پلنگ جي هيٺان پاڻ ڇڏيوسين. هڪدم

دروازو کليو C.P.O گهڙ گهڙائيندو اندر آيو.
هيڏانهن هوڏانهن نهاريندو اچي روم ڌاري ٿيو.
C.P.O کي ڪوبه شخص ڏسڻ ۾ ڪونه آيو
۽ آئون ۽ غمي هڪ ٻئي کي پيا اشارا ڪريون
تيسين C.P.O پنهنجا قدم پٽي هڻايا. ۽ ٻاهر
وڃڻ لڳو، ايتري ۾ منهن جي واتان اوچتو
ٽهڪ نڪري ويو. ٽهڪ ٻڌڻ شرط هو واپس
آيو ۽ رڙ ڪيائين ٻاهر نڪلو ڪون ٿي. پوءِ
ته چڪي ڪٿي ٻاهر ڪڍيائين ۽ نمبر نوٽ
ڪري ويو ۽ ٻن ٻهرن جو مفت ۾ سٽنگ
شو (ايڪسٽرا ڊرل) ڏيکاريائين.

فرار- فرار- فرار

سوڙهو ٿي لپي پيس.

دروڙا وڪولي شايد C.P.O اندر آيو مون
 ته صرف هن جو ٻوٽ ۽ گوڏن جيتريون تنگيون
 ڏٺيون. اهو شخص وڏندو اچي پر واري پلنگ
 تي منهن جي سامهون اهڙي ريت ويٺو جو
 مون ته هن کي ڏٺو مگر هن مون کي نه ڏٺو.
 هي هو منهن جو روم پارٽنر عبدالغني. منهنجي هن
 تي نظر پوڻ شرط هي رڙ نڪتي ”اڙي غني
 تون! تون ته منهنجو هيٺون ڦاڙيو هو. بند
 ڪمري ۾ پلنگ جي هيٺان جو غني کي آواز
 ٻڌڻ ۾ آيو تنهن جون ٻه ٻه ويون ته ڇهه به
 ويون ۽ چرڪ پري کڙو ٿي ويو ۽ وٺي رڙ
 ڪيائين ته ڪير آهي! ڪير آهي! جن هجين
 پوت هجين نڪري ٿي ٻاهر. ايتري ۾ آڏون
 ريڙهيون پائيندو پلنگ هيٺان نڪتس. مون کي
 ڏسي هن ٿڌو ساهه ڀريو ۽ چيائين ”تون ڪيئن!“
 هن سان ساري حقيقت ڪيم ته يار روزانو ڊرل
 ته تمگ ڪري ڇڏيو آهي سو اڄ سوچيم ته
 چو نه پريڊ کان فرار ٿيان. پر ڏي خبر تون
 هيٺ ڪٿان پيو اچين. چئين ته بس يار جهڙي
 صحبت تهڙو اثر. آءٌ به صبح جو سوڀر پريڊ
 جي سڀني کان اڳ ٿي هاسٽل جي چيٽ

هر طرف خاموشي چانيل هئي. پريڊ شروع
 ٿيڻ کي ۱۵ منٽ گذري چڪا هئا ۽ آءٌ
 پنهنجي ڪمري ۾ عجيب بيچيني سان هيٺان
 هوڏانهن پاسا ورائي رهيو هوس. آءٌ تمام گهڻو
 خوش هئس ته اڄوڪو مشن به ڪامياب ويو.
 پر ٿوري دير کان پوءِ پري کان قدمن جو هلاڪو
 آواز ٻڌڻ ۾ آيو ۽ جيئن پوءِ تيئن آواز وڌيو
 ٿيندو ويو. مون کي يقين ٿي ويو ته اڄ C.P.O
 پهچي ويو. يڪدم سوچيم ته هاڻي ڇا ڪجي،
 ڪٿي پڇجي ۽ ڪٿي لڪجي، ڪٿي جي
 مٿان نه! دروازي مان گهڙڻ شرط ڏسي ويندو.
 ڪٿي اندر! هرگز نه گهٽجي مرندين. پوءِ
 ڪيڏانهن وڃجي.

مري ويس اڄ ته پڪ ايڪسٽرا ملندي.
 پريڊ کان پيگس ته سهي پر هاڻ ته ماڳي
 مصيبت ۾ اچي ڦاٿس. اوچتو خيال آيو ته
 جيڪر پلنگ جي هيٺان لڪي وڃان ته
 ڪهڙو نه سٺو. اڃان سوچيم ته قدمن جي
 آهت وڌندي اچي منهن جي دروازي تي ختم
 ٿي. مون کي خاطري ٿي ته بس اچي ويو موت
 جو فرشتو (C.P.O) سو هڪدم دروازي کٽي
 کان اڳ ڪٿي پاڻ کي پلنگ هيٺان ڇڏيم ۽

دوزخ جي سواري

ها نه دوستو! جڏهن توهان اتي پهچندا ته هڪدم ائين محسوس ٿيندو ڇهه ته روز محشر برپا ٿي ويو آهي. جبرئيل عليه السلام پڪاري رهيو آهي ته دوزخ ڏانهن وڃڻ لاء تيار ٿيو، ڏاڍو گوڙ وگهمسان لڳو پيو هوندو ۽ پيتارو! پيتارو! ڪري جبرئيل جي جڳهه ڪنڊيڪتر پيو پڪاريندو آهي.

هاڻ اندر اچو ان مشين ۾ اندر ڳاڙهن لفظن ۾ لکيل هوندو آهي. ”صرف ۴ چاليهه ماڻهن لاء.“ پر دوستو توهان جيڪڏهن ٿورو به حساب ڄاڻو ٿا ته توهان کي خبر پوندي ته اهي ۴۰ چاليهه نه پر صرف ۲۰۰ به سوکڻ ماڻهو هوندا آهن ۽ ائين بوسائٽل ڄڻ پڪرين جو ڌڻ ڪاسائيءَ جي گهر ڏانهن گامزن آهي. اسان ڪمپٽس جي جيڪا حالت هوندي آهي اهو نه پڇو ته بهتر آهي. هڪ تيڊي سوت مٿان رش! بس ائين معلوم ٿيندو آهي ڇهه پن گهڙين ۾ ختم ٿي وينداسين ۽ اهڙيءَ طرح اسين ڌڪا کائيندا دوزخ جي گاڏيءَ ۾ دوزخ جي بجاء پيتارو پڇي ويندا آهيون بلڪه پڇايا ويندا آهيون.

پاڻرو! هي ذڪر انهيءَ عظيم الشان سواري جو آهي جا اسان کي پيتارو پهچائيندي آهي. کيس ڪهڙي لقب سان نوازيان؟ ڪهڙو نالو ڏيان. اهو تمام مشڪل آهي، پر تڏهن به سندس نقشو چٽي رهيو آهيان.

توهان حيدرآباد تشریف فرما ٿيو پوءِ ماڻهن کان پڇندي پڇندي ”نور محمد هاءِ اسڪول“ جي ويجهو اچو. هتي توهان کي دنيا جو انون عجوبو نظر ايندو. ها پاڻرو! قسم آهي مولا جو توهان کي يقين ڪونه ايندو پر واقعي پاڪستان ۾ بلڪه اسانجي حيدرآباد ۾ ئي دنيا جو انون عجوبو نظر ايندو اهو عجوبو آهي.

”هڪ قديم ترين بس“ پر نه هڪ مشين ”بس“ چئي لفظ ”بس“ جي تاريخ جي توهين نه ڪندس. اسين دنيا جي انهن چند خوش نصيب انسانن مان آهيون جن نه صرف انهيءَ ائين عجوبي کي ڏٺو آهي پر دوستو خدا اسان تي لک لک يعني ٻه لک احسان ڪيا آهن جو اسان انهيءَ عجيب و غريب مشين جي سواريءَ جو نه وسرندڙ لطف به ورتو آهي ۽ وٺندا رهيا آهيون.

منهنجي اکين ۾ ڪونهي پر ڪاليج جي
بي جان عمارت به ڳوڙها وهائي رهي آهي
وڻن جون اکيون به ڀر-رڻم آهن ۽ خاموش
ميدانن جي سينن ۾ به طوفان اڻي رهيا آهن!
اي منهنجا دوستو! منهنجي هڪ نصيحت
ڪن ڏولي ٻڌو!

پيتارو علم جو وسيع و عريض سمند
آهي ڪوشش ڪريو ته انهيءَ جي
گهراين ۽ وسعتن ۾ لڪل املهه ماڻڪ حاصل
ڪرڻ ۾ ڪامياب ٿيو

وڌيو آهي بيڪران نيمگون آڪاش ۽ اٿاه
گهري سمند کان به وسيع و عريض آهي علم
جو گلستان! جنهن جي هر -وڙ تي لاتعداد
خارداروڻ ۽ گلدار ٻوٽا موجود آهن! ڪنڊن
کان دامن بچائي گل پنهنجي جهوليءَ ۾
ڀرڻا آهن جنهن واسطي روشني جي ضرورت
آهي! علم جي روشني جي ضرورت ...

تنهنڪري الوداع اي ڪاليج الوداع
اڄ منهنجي اکين ۾ هڪ دفعو وري پاڻي
تري آيو آهي پر آئون ڏسان پيو ته روئڻ وارو
صرف آئون اڪيلو ڪونه آهيان لڙڪ صرف

گالهيون ياد ڪري خيالي بلاءَ پڄاڻيندو ۽ اوس
ته ڪاليج ڇڏي حيدرآباد داخلا وٺندس ۽
پوءِ عيش ڪندس عيش! پر اڄ ڪاليج
ڇڏڻ وقت آهڻي گالهيون ڪاليج ۾ ترسڻ
لاءِ هڪ بهاني جي حيثيت سان ظاهر ٿي
رهيو آهڻ! وقت واقعي ظالم آهي! انسان
کي به بدلايو ڇڏي! انساني خواهشات ۽ فڪر
۾ انقلابي تبديلين جو خالق! چاڻاڻ ڇا ڪريو
ڇڏي؟ پر اهو وقت ئي ته اها شئي آهي
جنهن جو قدر ڪرڻ لازمي آهي! ورنه وقت
ڪنهنجو انتظار نٿو ڪري... نه ئي ڪنهن
جي وس ۾ آهي! اڄ اسان به وقت کي مجرم
قرار ڏيئي رهيا آهيون پر اي ڪاش اڳ ۾ ئي
انهيءَ متعلق غور ڪيو هجي ها ۽ ڪجهه
حاصل ڪيو هجي ها ته اڄ ڪاليج ۾ رهڻ
جي خواهش ايتري شايد نه هجي ها! پر هاڻ
سڀ گالهيون، سڀ سوچون ۽ سڀ خيال
محض واريءَ جي محلن وانگر زمين ٻوس ٿي
ويندا! ۽ اسان کي ڪاليج ڇڏڻو پوندو...

ڪيڏي نه شان شوڪت سان اسان جي
اعزاز ۾ پارٽيون ٿي رهيو آهڻ! پر ڪير اسان
جي دل کان پڇي ته هي فيرويل (Farewell)
پارٽيون اسان جي ڪهڙي حالت ڪري
رهيو آهڻ؟ ڀلا اهي اسان کي پسند هونديون
جيڪي اسان جي ڪاليج مان روانگيءَ جي
مختلف مرحلن مان آهڻ! پر اسانکي وڃڻو
ٿيندو! منزل طرف اڃان ته محض هڪ قدم

ٿيڻ ناممڪن آهي! علم جو سمنڊ وسيع آهي
۽ انهي جي وسعتن مان ڪجهه حاصل ڪرڻ
جو بهتر ۽ واحد طريقو اهوئي آهي ته جيڏانهن
به علم جي روشني نظر اچي، رستي جي
تڪليفن، ۽ دنياوي لذتن کي يڪسر نظرانداز
ڪري، علم جي وسعتن ۾ پنهنجو پاڻ کي
گم ڪري ڇڏي ۽ اسان اڃا منزل کان
ڪافي پري آهيون.... پيٽاري جي علمي سمنڊ
۾ ڇهه سال غوطا کائڻ کانپوءِ اسان ڪجهه
موتني حاصل ڪرڻ ۾ ڪامياب ٿيا آهيون پر
انهي تي ئي بس ڪرڻ نه علمي ذوق جي
تسڪين ڪونهي! اڃايل ذهن کي صرف ۽
صرف علم ئي تر ڪري سگهي ٿو... ذهن
جي اها تشنگي محض حصول علم سان ئي
دور ٿي سگهندي ۽ هاڻي وري ڪنهن وڌيڪ
گهري حصي ۾ ٽپ هڻڻو پوندو ۽ موتين جي
تلاش ۽ جستجو وڌيڪ زور شور سان ڪرڻي
پوندي... ۽ انهيءَ مقصد کي حاصل ڪرڻ
لاءِ پيٽارو ڇڏڻ لازمي! ڪوشش ڪيم ته
تصور ٿي تصور ۾ پي ٿي- ڊرل ۽ ايڪسٽرا
ڊرل جي صعوبتن کي ياد ڪري پنهنجي
ڪاليج ۾ رهڻ واري خواهش کي دفن ڪريان
پر خبر نه آهي ڇو اڄ اهي صعوبتون به تڪليف نه
نه پئي لڳيون- بلڪ هڪ ٻي خواهش دل
جي ڪنهن ڪنڊ ۾ جنم وٺي رهي هئي ته
پي ٿي ڪريان، ڊرل ڪريان. اهو لکندي
ڪل به پيئي اچي... ڪو وقت هو جو اهي

هيءُ ڪاليج به ته اسانجو گهر آهي. هتي جا طالب علم اسان جي ڊائرن جي جاءِ تي ۽ استادن جو مرتبو وڌ نه ته به پيءُ جي برابر ضرور آهي، ۽ جيڪڏهن ڪو چوي ته ڀلا ڪاليج ۾ ماءُ جو پيار ڪنهن کان نصيب ٿيو ته منهنجو اهو جواب هوندو ته ڪاليج خود اسان جي ماءُ آهي... ماءُ اهائي هستي ته آهي جيڪا هر قسم جي تڪليفن کي منهن ڏيئي به ڪوشش ڪندي آهي ته سندس لخت جگر کي ڪا تڪليف نه ٿئي... يا کيس ڪوسو واءُ نه لڳي... پر ڪاليج جي ممتا اسان کي انسان بنايو... انساني قدرن سان مانوس ڪيو... انسانيت جو مادو به هن ڪاليج ذريعي ئي اسان جي ذهن ۾ داخل ٿيو... اسان جي زندگي جي تاريخڪ راهن تي مشعل علم جي روشني ڦهلائڻ جو ذميوار هي ڪاليج جنهن اسان کي جهالت جي ڪارونپار، تاريخڪ دنيا کان بچائڻ واسطي پنهنجي منور هنج ۾ پناه ڏني. لاهين ڇاڙهين، خاردار ۽ پريچ رستن تي هلڻ جو ڍنگ به اسان هن ڪاليج جي آغوش ۾ پناه وٺڻ بعد سکياسون... پوءِ ڀلا آئون هن ڪاليج کي پنهنجي ماءُ چوند سگهجان ڀر اڃ؟ اڃ انهيءَ ماءُ کان به جدا ٿيڻ لازمي ٿي پيو آهي! پر دل ڪنهن صورت اهو قبول ڪرڻ لاءِ تيار نه آهي! هن وقت دل ۾ صرف هڪ خواهش موجزن آهي ۽ اها آهي ڪاليج ۾ رهڻ جي خواهش! پر اها پوري

روپ ۾ قبول ڪري پر منهنجي ناقص تحرير اهو مسئلو پيدا ڪيو آهي ته پنهنجي خواهش کي ڪيئن عملي جامو پهرايان...؟ ذهن ۾ سوچڻ جي طاقت آهي ۽ زندگي کي نفسياتي ڪسوٽي تي پرکڻ جي قوت پڻ... جذبات به آهن ۽ هر شئي جو احساس پڻ! پر قلم کي اڃان اها منزل نه ملي سگهي آهي جا انهن سڀني ڳالهين کي ڪاغذ تي منتقل ڪرڻ ۾ مدد ڏي! بهرحال ڪوشش ته ڪريان ٿو ڇاڪاڻ ته ائين به قلم کي قرار ڪونهي! لکڻو ضرور آهي پوءِ چاهي تحرير ۾ زيب ۽ زينت جو عمل دخل رهي يا نه! ڪل ايندي هئي انهن تي جيڪي ڪاليج ڇڏڻ وقت آبديده هوندا هئا! پر اڄ منهنجي به اهائي حالت آهي! اکين ۾ پاڻي آهي ۽ ذهن تي غم جو بار! آه! اڄ ڪاليج ڇڏڻ جو وقت به اچي ويو! ڪيڏو نه ظالم آهي وقت! ڪيڏي نه نيز رفتاريءَ سان ڇهن سالن جو طويل عرصو طئي ڪري ويو! ڪيتري دير ٿي؟ ائين پيو محسوس ٿئي ڇو ڪلهه ئي ته آيو آهيان! چڱيءَ طرح اڄ به مونکي اهو لمحو ياد آهي جڏهن مونکي ڪاليج ۾ ڇڏي بابا واپس روانو ٿيو... گهر ڇڏڻ ۽ اڪيلائي جي تصور کان روئي ڏنو هوم پر پوءِ آهسته آهسته طبيعت هن ماحول سان مانوس ٿيڻ لڳي... نوان دوست مليا... نئون راهون نظر آيون ۽ پوءِ ائين معلوم ٿيو ڇو گهر ڇڏيو ئي ڪونه ٿم...؟

الوداع

شئي سان هڪ قسم جي جذباتي وابستگي پيدا ٿي ويئي آهي.... ذهن جي هر ڪاوش، هر فڪر ۽ هر سوچ ڪاليج جي رنگ ۾ رنگيل آهي ۽ هن وقت پنهنجي ذهن تان انهيءَ رنگ کي صاف ڪرڻ يا ڪاليج جي يادن کي دل جي تختي تان مٽڻ ۽ پنهنجي دماغ مان انهن يادن کي يڪسر ڪڍي ڦٽو ڪرڻ جيڪڏهن ناممڪن نه ته به مشڪل ضروري آهي! پر نه اهو خيال غلط آهي! پنهنجي ذهن کي انهن يادن جي عذاب کان بچائڻ ناممڪن ۽ انهن کي وسارڻ محال آهي.... اڄ آئون شاعراه علم جي انهي موڙ تي بيٺو آهيان جتي ذهن هر شئي جو نفسياتي تجزيو ٿو ڪري.... دل ۾ هر قسم جي احساسات جي چچ آهي ۽ اهو ئي سبب آهي جو اڄ مضمون لکندي جذبات ۽ احساسات اکين آڏو نچي رهيا آهن پر تحرير جي پختگي ۽ رواني به اڪثر دلي جذبات ۽ محسوسات جي ترجماني ڪرڻ ۾ ناڪام ٿي رهي.... سبب اهو نه آهي ته ڪو ادب ۾ ايتري وسعت نه آهي جو جذبات کي الفاظ جي

انهن درجي ۾ هوس تڏهن هڪ مضمون لکيو هوم.. ”ماضيءَ جي ياد“! محض ڪاپي جي چئن صفحن تي پنهنجي ننڍپڻ ۽ اسڪولي زندگيءَ جي ٻارهن ساله طويل عرصي جو عڪس پيش ڪرڻ جي ڪوشش ڪئي هوم پر اڄ وري پنهنجي ڪاليج جي ڇهه ساله مختصر قيام واري عرصي تي ڪجهه روشني وجهڻ لاءِ ڪاغذ قلم جو سهارو ورتو اٿم ته پنهنجي جذبات ۽ احساسات کي انهي مختصر تحرير جي احاطي ۾ مقيد ڪرڻ ۾ مونکي سخت تڪليف ذهني ڪشمڪش ۽ دماغي جدوجهد جو شڪار ٿيو پوي! اهو ڇا جي ڪري؟ محض انهيءَ ڪري جو ”ماضيءَ جي ياد رکڻ وقت ذهني قوت ۽ فڪر و عمل ۾ ايتري پختگي ڪونه هئي جو آئون پنهنجي زندگيءَ جي عڪاسي ”جذبات، نفسيات ۽ احساسات جي ڪسوٽيءَ تي ڪريان ها، محض ڪي ٻاراڻا خيال هئا جن کي ڪاغذ تي منتقل ڪري ڇڏيو هوم پر اڄ صورت حال مختلف آهي.. ڪاليج ۾ ڇهه سالن جي قيام جي ڪري هتي جي ڪر

بس يارو! ڪپڙا چنڊي مابدولت سڀ کان
اڳر نيمڪ ڪم اهو ڪيو، جو انهن سڀن ليڊرن
کي دل ۾ خوب گاريون ڏنيون، ها دل ۾،
(وڏي سڌ ڏيان ها ته جمهوريت سبب مؤچڙن
جي پڪ هيٺم) جن کي ڏسي مابدولت به هڪ
عدد ”ليڊرانه تقرير“ ڪرڻ جو ارادو ڪيو.
اهڙيءَ ريت دوستو مان پنهنجي زندگيءَ جي
پهرين ۽ آخري ”ليڊرانه تقرير“ ڪئي ۽
توهان کي هڪ مخلص نصيحت آهي ته انهن
حضرات جي نقل هرگز هرگز نه ڪندا.

پوءِ ته ڪل جو طوفان پيڻو ٿي ويو، جڳ
۽ استاد محترم جي پهريائين ڪجهه گوڙ وچان
نه سمجهڻ سبب ڪجهه منهنجي رواني ۽ جوش
سبب، غلط فهميءَ ۾ مبتلا هئا ته مابدولت
شايد واقعي هڪ ليڊرانه ٿاڻي مقرر، بلڪ
مستقبل جو وڏو ليڊر آهي، تن جو مون کي
ائين هوش و حواس کان بيگانو، ۽ زمين بوس
ٿيندي ڏٺو ته.....

بس اڳيان ڇا لکان، دوستو، توهان کي ته
پنهنجا پار سمجهڻ ٿي پيا، پوءِ هر وڏو اسانجي
بي عزتي ۾ خلل نه وجهو. (الطاف جي معذرت سان).

چڏڻ جو سوال ئي ٿئي آڻيو، ڪجهه عرصو ته ڪيڊٽس به صبر ڪيو، پر جڏهن مراقبو طويل ٿيو ته پورو حال تهڪڙن سان گونججي آڻيو، آخر هڪ شريف دوست جي جنجهوڙ تي مابدولت به ڏڪندو ڏڪندو پنهنجو عنوان کڻي لاءِ روانو ٿيو. ڏڪندڙ هٿن سان جڏهن عنوان جي پرچي کنيو ته اتي ويٺل استاد محترم منهنجي Tuning fork وانگر Vibration ڪندڙ سراپي تي ائين رحم جي نظر وڌي، جيئن ڪنهن حڪيم هڪ کڻي ٽائپ ڊاڪٽر جو ڪمپائونڊر نئين شڪار (مريضن) جو نالو رجسٽر ڪرڻ وقت وجهندو آهي. ڇو ته نظرن ۾ ئي تعزيت ڪري رهيو هجي.

مابدولت خود To and fro موٽڻ ڪندو Stage ڏانهن راهي ٿيو، انهيءَ وقت دوستونه پڇو، توهانجي انهيءَ ليڊر ٽائپ مقرر دوست جي ڪهڙي حالت هئي. پاڪستان جي سڄي ريهل سيهل هڪدم وسري ويئي هئي ۽ سڄي حال مان چمڪندڙ ۽ گهوريندڙ اکين ته منهنجي جسم ۾ Electric Current پيدا ڪري ڇڏيو هو، دل جي Speed جي Accn ملڻ کانپوءِ اها حالت هئي جو جي وس ۾ هجيس ته ڪر جسم کان ٻاهر نڪري ڪر منهنجي ڪپٽ ۾ پناهه گزين ٿئي ها، جيئن مون وارو يار عمر P.T کان بچڻ لاءِ لڪندو هو، مان انهن خيالات ۾ غلطان هئس، ۽ سڄو حال مونکي سواليه نظرن سان گهوري رهيو هو، اڌ منٽ تائين ته حال ۾ جمود طاري هو، نيٺ مابدولت به همت ڪري خشڪ ڇيڙ تي زبان ڦيري ”جناب صدر“ جو زوردار نعرو بلند ڪيو، ۽ هڪ مڪمل ليڊر ٿيڻ خاطر ڊائس تي زوردار هڪ واهي ڪڍي. (اهو مابدولت جي جوش

جو اظهار هو)، دوستوا! پوءِ ته سڄو جمود ٿي ويو، هر طرف ڪيڊٽس جا فلڪ شڪاف تهڪ هئا، ۽ مابدولت انهيءَ طوفان جي پرواه نه ڪندي اڪيون بند ڪري ”ليڊرانه تقرير“ ڪري رهيو هوس، تقرير ڇا هئي، مان پنهنجي مادري زبان ۽ پاڪستان جون ٽي چار ٻيون زبانون گڏي ايشٽائين جو انهن جي لهجي کي به گڏي، بي معنيٰ پاڪرات ڪري صحيح معنيٰ ۾ عوامي ليڊر ثابت ڪري رهيو هئس، ۽ انهيءَ ڪري ئي ليڊرن وارا مختلف جذباتي قسم جا اشارا ۽ گهڙي گهڙي عوام جي لاءِ محبت ۽ جوش ڏيکارڻ خاطر ڊائس تي بي مقصد مڪون به جاري هيون. نتيجي ۾ ظاهر آهي ته هر طرف تهڪڙن جو طوفان متل هوندو، پر مابدولت هڪ ليڊر وانگر انهن کي داد سمجهي، پنهنجي ليڊرانه انداز ۾ انهيءَ ثواب ڪار ۾ مشغول هوس.

موضوع ته الائي ڪهڙو هو، باقي دوستوا! انهيءَ هنگامي جو ڀرپور فائدو وٺندي جيئن ٽيئن مان پنهنجي انهيءَ يادگار تقرير جو مقرر وقت پورو ڪيو ۽ پهرئين کان بدتر حالت ۾ Vibration ڪندو چوڪرن جي تيز ۽ چمڪندڙ اکين کان بچندو، هوش و حواس کان ٻاهر Stage تان هيٺ لٿس، هيٺ ڇا لٿس Physics ۽ انهيءَ جي ماعرن کي صلوات ٻڌائيندو پورن 32 ft/sec جي acc سا بالڪل ڪنهن Freely falling body وانگر سڀ ڇاڙهيون هڪڙي ٽپ سان لهي سابقه ليڊرن جا اڳيان پويان رڪارڊ ٽوڙيندي وڃي ٽرتي ماتا جي آغوش ۾ پناهه ورتي (اهل ۾ دوستو انهيءَ مقرر صاحب جو پير ڏڪڻ سبب ڌرا سلپ ٿي ويو هو)

ٽاڙيون ڪوڙ وڃنديون، ۽ واہ واہ!! بہ ٿيندي، پوءِ ڀل تہ ماڊولٽ ڀيو خالي پاڪرات ڪري يعني صحيح معنيٰ ۾ اڀرانه تقرير ڪري.

بس پوءِ تہ ڀائرو! پاڻ بہ انهيءَ آسري تي پنهنجو نالو بہ هڪ Extmpore Speech يعني ”بروقت تقرير“ جي مقابلي لاءِ ڏنو، ۽ وڏي پئماني تي انهيءَ مقابلي جي تياري شروع ٿي ويئي، خبر تياري Extmpore تقرير لاءِ ڪهڙي البتہ رڙين ڪرڻ جي ربهل سهل منهنجي قريبي دوستن ۽ Room Partners جي زندگي حرام ڪري ڇڏي، ويچارا بيزار ٿي پيا انهيءَ سپاڳيءَ گهڙيءَ جو انتظار ڪندا هئا، جڏهن ماڊولٽ پنهنجي ”اڀرانه تقرير“ ڪري ۽ انهن غريبن تان اهو گوڙ لهي.

اچر جو سپاڳو ڏينهن هو، سڀ ڪيڊٽس تمام خوش و خورم هئا، پر ماڊولٽ نهايت پريشان، شام جو مقابلو ٿيو هو، (ملهه جو نہ پر تقريرن جو) رڙيون ڪرڻ سڀ وسري ويون هيون، صبح کان ئي سڀ دوست حيران هئا تہ ڪاڻي مان حج تي تہ نہ وڃي رهيو آهيان، نقل ۽ قرآن جو دور شروع هو، چنڊا يار سڀ سوچي رهيا هئا، هي يار جمعي نماز تي بہ غائب هجي سووري ڪيئن سڌريو، پر اصل جي پاڻڪي ئي خبر هئي، هاڻ توهان بہ ڪافي سمجهدار آهيو سمجھي وڃو، خير خوب عبادتون ڪري شام جو مقررہ وقت کان ٿورو اڳ ۾ ميدان ڏانهن روانو ٿيس، جوڪ اسانجو اسيمبلي هال هو.

هال اندر گهڙڻ سان اڄ پهريون دفعو ماڊولٽ کي اوور احساس ٿيو تہ مان بہ ڪجهه Extra اسمارٽ لڳي رهيو آهيان، بس احساس

جي دير هئي، ماڊولٽ بہ سڀني ۽ پٽ ٻئي ڦوڪڻ جي ائين ڪوشش ڪئي، جيئن ليڊر اوجھ عوام جي اڳيان پوز هڻندا آهن، پر يارو! ٻئي شيون يعني سڀني ۽ پٽ هجن تہ ڦوڪجن بہ، توهان ضرور سوچيندا تہ اهڙو غلط ۽ اوور قسم جو احساس ڇو ٿيو؟ تہ ڀائرو دل جهلي ٻڌو، انهيءَ فضول احساس جو اصل ڪارڻ هئا ”نيٺ“، ويٺلن جا حيرت ڀريل نيٺ! ۽ چھري جا پر حيرت نقوش، هو انهن اڪڙين سان ماڊولٽ جي سراپي جو ڪجهه ائين جائزو وٺي رهيا هئا، جيئن بار حيدرآباد واري راڻي باغ ۾ پڇرن ۾ مقيم حضرات جو نظارو ڪندا آهن، ۽ ماڊولٽ جيئن تہ منفي پهلو سوچڻ جو عادي نہ آهي، انهيءَ ڪري ماڊولٽ هڪدم انهيءَ احساس جو شڪار ٿي ويا تہ مان هينئر ضرور گلفام جي روح کي تڪليف پهچائي رهيو آهيان ۽ شايد سعدي رحمہ الله ماڊولٽ لاءِ هي فرمايو هو تہ:

تراديدم و يوسف راشنيدہ.

خير اصل جي خبر تہ پوءِ هائوس جي آئيني ڏٺي، جنهن صاف بر ملا ٻئي چيو تہ انهي وقت دوستو! توهانجي انهي سياسي مقرر جي چھري مبارڪ تي ڀارنهن نہ تہ ساڍا ڀارنهن ضرور وڃي رهيا هئا.

خير انهن خيالات ۾ غلطان ماڊولٽ پنهنجي ڪرسي سنڀالي ۽ ايندڙ مصيبت جي لاءِ سوچ جي وسيع سمند ۾ ترڻ جي ناڪام ڪوشش يعني ٽيمون ڏيڻ لڳس تانجو مقابلو شروع ٿي ويا، پر ماڊولٽ پنهنجي مراقبي ۾ گم هو.

وقت گذرندي خبر ٿي ڪانه پوي، ماڊولٽ جي هنيان ڦاڙ ”اڀرانه تقرير“ جو وارو بہ اچي ويو، پر اسانجو مراقبو جاري هو، سو ڪرسي

ليڊرانہ تقرير

ها ته دوستو! ڳالهه ٿي رهي هئي ته انهن سياستدانن جي ”تقريرن“ جي، سندن رڙين ۽ دهل جهڙي آواز کي جڏهن ماڻهن ۾ ايترو مقبول ٿيندي ڏٺم ۽ پنهنجي رڙين کي انهن جي باڪرائن جي مقابلي ۾ پرکيئم ته پڪ ٿيئم ته مابدولت به هينئر نه ته اڳيئن صدي ۾ پڪ وڌو مقرر ۽ ليڊر ٿيندم (پر هاڻ پڪ اٿم ته اهو اڳيئن جنم ۾ به ناممڪن آهي)، ويتر جو ڪيڊت ڪاليج پيٽاري ۾ داخلا مليئم، ته پنهنجي صلاحيتن جي باري ۾ ٿوري اوور پڪ ٿيئم، ۽ هڪ زوردار هينئان ڦاڙ تقرير ڪرڻ جو پڪو ارادو ڪري وڌم، ها البته انهيءَ تياري ۾ ٽي سال ضرور لڳا، ڇو جو ليڊرن لاءِ ته ٽاڙيون وڃائيندڙ پاڙي تي مون پارا ڪئي موالِي ڪٺاڻي ويندا هئا، پر مون غريب لاءِ سو به پيٽاري ۾ ڪير ٽاڙيون وڃائي (آني پيلڪ صرف انڊين رڪارڊ وڃائي ڄاڻي) سو اهو ئي جنس وارو ڪم آهو به مون پاري ڪنگلي ۽ چنڊي ماڻهو لاءِ ڪير ڪري ها، انهيءَ ڪري انهن ٽن سالن جي عرصي ۾ مان به مابدولت ٿي ويو هوس ۽ ڪئي موالِي ۽ چنڊا دوست پيدا ڪري ڇڏيا هئا، ۽ پڪ ڪيئم ته ڪڏهن به تقرير ڪيئم

دوستو! انهن ڏينهن ۾ سياست جو ڀوت هر هڪ تي سوار هو، اسان به انهيءَ جي لپيٽ ۾ هٿاسين ۽ جڏهن به ڳوٺ ۾ ڪو ليڊر پنهنجون ٻڪرن جهڙيون رڙيون ڪري اسان ڳوٺاڻن کي مساوات ۽ باعمر محبت جو سبق ڏيندو هو ۽ ووٽ حاصل ڪرڻ لاءِ ڪئي ساوا ۽ ڳاڙها باغ ڏيکاريندو هو ته هر طرف واہ واہ!! ٿي ويندي هئي، ”سائين زبردست تقرير ٿو ڪري“ ”زبان ۾ ڇڻ ته جادو اٿس“ ۽ مان اها واہ واہ!! ٻڌي سوچيندو هوس ته جي انهن باڪرائن ۽ ادب جي ٿنگ ٿوڙيندڙ رڙين کي، ”بهترين تقرير ۽ ”زبان جو جادو“ چوندا آهن ته منهنجو ڀاءُ طارق پڪ وڌو مقرر هوندو جو جڏهن به رات جو مانيءَ تي رسندو هو ۽ گوڙ ڳيو ڪندو هو، ته پاڙي وارا سمجهندا هئا ڪو دنگو فساد ٿي پيو آهي ۽ سندس انهيءَ تقرير ۽ ”زبان جي جادو“ جو داد امان ڏوٿيلي سان ڪتي ڏيندي هئي. مان ڪي به اهڙو دهل جهڙو سنهو آواز نڀدي ڀاءُ کان ورثي ۾ مليو هو، ۽ جڏهن به موڊ ۾ اچي ڳالهائيندو هوس ته امان عموماً ۽ بابا خصوصاً مؤجڙن سان انهيءَ تقرير جو داد ڏيندا هئا.

عمارتن کي ڏسڻ لڳو، جيڪي هن کي لکين
ميل دور نظر اچي رهيون هيون. اڄ هن جا
ڪاليج سان سڀ رشتا، ناتا ٽٽي ويا هئا.
اڄ هو هن ڪاليج جو ڪجهه به نه هو.
عدين جي ڄاڻ سڃاڻ هوندي به اڄ هو هن
کان ڌار ٿي رهيو هو ۽ هاڻ ڪاليج هن لاءِ
فقط ماضي جي ڪهاڻي بڻجي پيو هو.
”ڪوڙي ڪهاڻي!“

ٻاهر جي نظاري کان بچين ٿي هو
پنهنجي ڪمري ۾ داخل ٿيو. جتي بلڪل
خاموشي لڳي پئي هئي. هن بيڪ ڪيل
سامان جي آخري پيرو چيڪنگ ڪئي ۽
سامان کڻي ٻاهر نڪري آيو. سندس من ۾
عجيب محشر متل هو. ڪاليج جي گيت
تي پهچي هن هڪ ڊگهو ساه کنيو ۽ ڪاليج
ڏانهن آخري پيرو نهارڻ لڳو ۽ سندس
چپ چريا.

”خدا حافظ پيتارو!“

ياڪر پائيندي فقط ايترو چيو، ”خدا حافظ عمر!
خدا توکي خوش رکي.“ ”آئون خوش آهيان،
هي لڙڪ ته خوشي جا لڙڪ آهن.“ سندس
دوست مسڪرائيندي، هٿ لهرائيندو پنهنجي
ڪار ۾ ويهي، سندس نظرن کان جلدئي
گهر ٿي ويو.

پوءِ اهڙي ريت هڪ هڪ ڪري سندس
دوست هن کان سوڪلائي مليا ويا ۽ هو
ايڏي وڏي ڪاليج ۾ بلڪل اڪيلو رهجي ويو.
روم مان نڪري هو اچي گراسي فيلڊ
۾ ويهي رهيو. اڄ جو نظارو هن لاءِ ڪهڙو
نه عجيب هو. جتي هو پنج سال پنهنجي
دوستن سان رهيو هو اتي اڄ کيس ائين
محسوس ٿي رهيو هو، ڇڻ ته هو اڪيلو
پر ۾ نينو آهي.

هن جي روح رڙيون ڪرڻ لڳي خبر نه
جو ڇو اڄ سندس من ۾ اونڌاه انڌوڪار هو.
هو ڏنڏلين ڏنڏلين اکين سان ڪاليج جي بلند

لڙڪا!

ٿي ويو. سندس دوست نهايت تيزي سان سامان پيڪ ڪري رهيا هئا. هن سوچيو آخر اهڙي به ڪهڙي جلدي، ايتري ۾ سندس روم اندران هن جو روم پارٽنر بيگ کڻي تيار ٿي ٻاهر نڪتو کيس ڏسي چيائين، ”ميلو ڊيئر! چڱو خدا حافظ.“

سندس اکين ۾ لڙڪا اچي ويا. سندس ٻيڙو دوست جيڪو هن سان گڏ هڪ ئي ڪاليج ۽ هڪ ئي روم ۾ پنج سال رهيو هو، سو اڄ هن کان جدا ٿي رهيو هو. هڪ نامعلوم مدت لاءِ.

سندس دوست هن جي اکين ۾ لڙڪا ڏسي چيو، ”تون روئين پيو؟ اڄ ته خوشي جو ڏينهن آهي قيصر. اڄ اسين پنهنجي مقصد ۾ ڪامياب ٿيڻ کان پوءِ هڪ نئين منزل ڏانهن وڌي رهيا آهيون.“ هن کي پنهنجي دوست جي ڳالهه بلڪل صحيح لڳي پر هن سوچيو، خوشي جي ڏينهن تي هي درد ڪهڙو، مونکي ته کلڻ ۽ خوش ٿيڻ کپي مونکي هتان جلد به جلد وڃڻ گهرجي پوءِ ڇو منهنجي دل هت اڃا ڪجهه وقت وڌيڪ رهڻ لاءِ بيچين آهي؟ انهن سوالن جو جواب هن کي نه مليو ۽ هن پنهنجي دوست سان

حال بلڪل خالي ٿي چڪو هو. سڀ ڇوڪرا پيپر ختم ڪري هليا ويا هئا ۽ جتي ٿورو اڳ هڪ عجيب نظارو هو اتي هن وقت بلڪل خاموشي هئي. هن سوچيو ته آخرڪار آخري پيپر به ختم ٿي ويو. پن بند ڪري کيسي ۾ رکندي هن حسرت ڀري نگاه سان اسيمبلي هال ڏانهن نهاريو، جتي هاڻ هو نه ڪنهن فنڪشن ۾ حصو وٺي ٿي سگهيو ۽ نه وري اتي ڪو امتحان ٿي ڏيئي سگهيو. هن سوچيو زندگي ڪهڙو نه عجيب سفر آهي. هتي هر انسان خوشي جو سڀو ساڻ ڪري منزل جا پنڌ ۽ پيچرا طئي ڪندو ٿو رهي. مگر ڪڏهن ته انهي سفر جي اڙانگي پيچرن ۾ ڦاسيو پوي ته وري ڪڏهن خوشين جا خزانو ميڙي ٿو. حال جي خاموشي کان گهٽ ٿي هڪ ٻاهر نڪري آيو، جتي هڪ عجيب نظارو لڳو پيو هو. ڇوڪرا هيڏانهن هوڏانهن ڀڄي رهيا هئا. ڪي ڪتابون واپس ڪري رهيا هئا ته وري ڪي هائوسن ڏانهن جلد جلدي وڃي رهيا هئا. هن سوچيو ڪيترا نه نادان آهن. ڪيترو نه خوش آهن. هو ننڍا ننڍا قدم کڻندو پنهنجي هائوس ڏانهن وڌڻ لڳو. جڏهن هائوس اندر داخل ٿيو ته حيران

غيرجانبدارانہ پرک کان پوء شاه صاحب عالمي شاعري جي افق تي شمس النهار جيان نمايان نظر اچي ٿو. ان کانسواءِ ٻيون به ڪيترين ئي خوبيون شاه صاحب ۾ موجود هيون، جي کيس صحيح معنيٰ ۾ شاعر انسانيت ثابت ڪن ٿيون. لطيف جي ڪلام جو هڪ اهو به انوکو اعجاز ۽ امتياز آهي ته شاه صاحب جيڪي ڪجهه چئي ويو ان مان ڪوبه جاءِ مل ڀڃي محدود ڄاڻ آهر ۽ عالم پنهنجي علم جي حد آهر استفاده ڪري سگهي ٿو. شاه عبداللطيف ڀٽائي جو وجود مسعود سر زمين سنڌ لاءِ بلاشڪ هڪ نعمت عظميٰ آهي. جنهن جي شڪر ادا ٿي لاءِ سمورا سنڌي روز اول ڪسان ابد تائين بارگاه ايزدي ۾ سر بسجود رهون، ته به جيڪر انهيءَ احسان جو حق ادا ڪري نه سگهون. شاه صاحب سنڌ ۽ سنڌي زبان کي سدا حيات ڪري ڇڏيو پر اسان سنڌين هن جي لاءِ ڪجهه به نه ڪيو. بهر حال موجوده سائنسي دور ۾ ضرورت انهيءَ امر جي آهي ته لطيف سائنس جي پيغام کي عام ڪرڻ لاءِ اسان

جديد تمقيد جي ڪسوٽيءَ تي سندس فن جو جائزو وٺون ۽ هڪ محقق وارو انداز اختيار ڪري غيرجانبداريءَ سان پنهنجو هيرو پهرين پاڻ پرکي پوءِ عالم اڳيان آڇيون.

شاه صاحب جي اهميت اسان کي ”ذوالفقار علي ڀٽي“ جي ۱۹۶۱ع واري صدارتي تقرير مان بالڪل واضح ٿئي ٿي. جنهن ۾ ڀٽي صاحب چيو هو ته ”سنڌ جي تاريخ، تهذيب، تمدن ۽ ڀٽائي سائين جي زندگي کي هڪ ٻئي کان جدا ڪري نٿو سگهجي. ڀٽائي واديءَ سنڌ جو علمبردار، سنڌي علم ۽ ادب جو سر چشمو ۽ محسن آهي. اها اسان جي احسان فراموشي ٿيندي، جيڪڏهن اسان سندس ڪلام ۽ پيغام کي دنيا جي ڪنڊ ڪڙڇ ۾ نه پهچايون.“

شاه صاحب کي سنڌ ۽ سنڌ جي عوام سان بي پناه محبت هئي ۽ انڪري ئي سندس زبان مبارڪ تي هر وقت هي الفاظ هيا.

”سائينم سدائين ڪرين مٿي سنڌسڪار“

۽ مانائڻي، ڪٿي عميق بحر، ته ڪٿي پهاري
نديءَ جي روان ۽ تيز تر چر جيان چلڪندي
نظر اچي ٿي.

عبدیت جي عاجزان تصوير جا لطيف
پنهنجي پر ڪيف ڪلام ۾ پيش ڪئي آهي،
ادبيات عالم جو هڪ لاجواب ۽ بيمثال
شاعر آهي. انهيءَ سلسلي ۾ سندس نقطه
نگاه مطابق انسان سراپا خطا ۽ خالق سراپا
عطا آهي.

”تون سپر آئون سيڪڙو،

تون ڏاتار آئون ڏوه،

تون پارس آئون لوه،

جي سيجين ته سون ٿيا!

”ڏاتار ته تون، ٻيا مڙيئي مڱا“

مينهن مدائتا وسطا،

سدا وسين تون،

جي گهر اچين مون،

ته ميريائي مان لهان.“

شاه جو ڪلام ٻن صدين کان وڌيڪ

قديم هئڻ جي باوجود سندس پيغام هر دور

لاءِ ۽ هر زماني لاءِ سدائين نئون ۽ هميشه

هڪ جهڙو آهي. سندس قلب و نظر جي

فڪر ۽ فيضان ۾ هڪ عالمي مفڪر ۽

حڪيم فطرت جي دانشوري جا نشان ملن ٿا.

پنهنجي افڪار جي اظهار لاءِ هن شاعر

فطرت ڪابه لفظي لپاڙ، حرفن جي هيرا

قبري يا هٿرادو انشا پردازي نه ڪئي، بلڪ

هڪ اهڙو عالمانه انداز بيان اختيار ڪيو، جو

روحاني ساز جي آواز جيان سراپاسوز ۽

گداز آهي، جنهن جو جوش ۽ جذبو، جدت

۽ حرارت پيغمبران شعور جي شاهدي ڏين ٿا.

شاهانو شاهه انهن عظيم المرتب شعراء

ڪرام مان آهي، جن ڪنهن به اڳئين رهبر
جي روشنيءَ جي اوت وٺڻ يا ان جي مشعل
مان پنهنجي شمع جلائڻ بجاءِ پنهنجي فهم
و فراست جي جلايل چراغ مان جلاءِ حاصل
ڪئي ۽ ان جي روشنيءَ ۾ اڳتي وڌي
پانڊيٽن کي منزل مقصود تي پهچايو. پنهنجي
دور جي ڪنهن به ٻئي قادرالڪلام هندي،
ايراني، يا عربي شاعر جي نقالي ڪرڻ بجاءِ
شاه پنهنجي نئين وات ورتي.

مرحوم مغفور حضرت علامه قاضي صاحب

شعر جي پرک لاءِ جن ٽن مکيه معيارن جو

ذڪر ڪيو آهي، انهن مطابق معياري شعر

اهو آهي؛ (۱) جو گائي سگهجي (۲) جنهن ۾

تحريف يا تبديلي جي ڪابه گنجائش نه هجي.

(۳) جنهن ۾ ڪنهن به خيال جي اظهار لاءِ

زياده کان زياده وسعت اختيار ڪيل هجي

۽ اهي ٽي خوبيون شاه صاحب جي ڪلام

۾ بخوبي موجود آهن. برطانيه جي برڪ دانشور

”رڪارڊل“ جو تاريخي قول آهي ته ”صحيح

معني ۾ شعر فقط اهو ڪلام سڏائي سگهجي

ٿو، جنهن ۾ غنائيت، موسيقيت ۽ ترنم هجي.“

شيڪسپيئر، ملٽن، گوٽي توڙي ڊانٽي جهڙا

عالمي شهرت يافته شاعر انهيءَ ڪسوٽيءَ تي

ڪريو پون. سندن ڪلام گائڻ کان زور

آهي. انهيءَ جي مقابلي ۾ شاه جو هڪ به

بيت اهڙو نه هوندو، جو ترنم سان آلاپي نه

سگهجي بلڪ سڄي رسالي جي سٽاءِ ملڪي

موسيقيءَ جي مختلف سرن جي سلسلي سان

سٽيل آهي. انهيءَ ڪري رسالي جي هر بيت

۾ موسيقيت جو سهراڻو موجزن معلوم ٿئي ٿو.

شاه جي رسالي ۾ ٻيا به معيار بالڪل موجود

آهن. اهي آهن ٽي بين الاقوامي معيار جن تي

”شاهه صاحب ۽ سندس شعر و شاعري“

ڪنڌيءَ ايمون ڪيٽريون ”ساهڙ ساهڙ“ ڪن،
ڪنهن سانگو ساه جو ڪي گهوريس ڪيو گهڙن،
”ساهڙ“ سندن تن سر سهائي گهڙن جي!“

آهي، سندس سهڻي ستاءَ جو ڪاڻو ڪرڻ
مجال آهي. شاهه صاحب جنهن خلوص ۽
سچائي، سادگي ۽ سلاست سان انساني فطرت
جا نرالا رنگ روپ نروار ڪري ڏيکاريو آهن.
جذب ۽ احساس، اسنگن ۽ ارادن، حسرتن ۽
تمنائن، اسيدن ۽ آسرن، خطرن ۽ خدشن،
شڪن ۽ گمانن، ڏڪن ۽ سڪن جي اثرائتي
انداز ۾ عڪاسي ڪئي آهي، ان ۾ هڪ
فڪار جو فن، هڪ عالم جو علم، هڪ
مدبر جو تدبير ۽ هڪ مفڪر جو فڪر
مليل جليل معلوم ٿئي ٿو.

شاهه صاحب جي شاعري شاعرانه تعلي،
تصنع، تڪلف، خود ٿنائِي ۽ هر قسم جي
ذقاليءَ کان پاڪ اصلي احساسن جي ترجماني
ڪندڙ آهي، جا لفظن جي لطيف پيچ گهڙ
جون باريڪ منزلون طئي ڪري، مخاطب جي
جذبات سان بالڪل ٺهڪي پهڪي اچي ٿي.
سندن اندروني ذهانت ۽ سنجيدگي، گهراڻي

گل جي خوشبوءِ، چنڊ جي چانڊوڪي،
ساز جو دلنواز آواز، انڊلٺ جي روح
پرور رنگيني، عطر جي دلپذير همڪار جيئن
از خود پنهنجو پاڻ مهڪائي، حسن لازوال
جو جوهر جرڪائيندي آهي، ۽ ان جي خوبيءَ
لاءِ ڪنهن به دليل جي ضرورت نه ٿيندي
آهي، تيئن هڪ حقيقي شاعر جي اثر پذيري ۽ هر
دلچسپي جي ثبوت لاءِ پڻ ڪنهن دليل جي
ضرورت نه آهي. سيد الشعراء شاهه عبداللطيف
پنٿائي اهڙن ئي عالمي شاعرن جي ست مان
هڪ آهي، جي زمان ۽ مڪان جي قيد
کان آزاد، ملڪي حد بندين ۽ قوميتن جي
سرحدن کان گهڻو پري، بني نوع انسان جي
بهبوديءَ جا علمبردار مڃيا ويا آهن. سندن
ابدي ۽ ازلي پيغام هر دور لاءِ پيغام حيات
هوندو آهي.

شاهه جي شاعريءَ کي پوري ريت پڙهي
پروڙڻ کان سواءِ جيئن کيس سمجهه جو حق

مون آخري سوال ڪرڻ جي اجازت گهري
”ڪجهه حالات زندگي جي باري ۾ پڇيو؟“

منهن جي پيدائش ۱۹۳۳ع پهرين سپٽمبر
تي ٿي. شروعاتي تعليم مون نازهاءِ اسڪول
خيرپور سیرس ۾ ورتي. اسانجي وقت ۾ انگريزي
هاءِ اسڪول تمام گهٽ هئا ۽ نازهاءِ اسڪول
سٺو به هو ۽ ڪافي مشهور به هو. ڪاليج جي
زندگي منهن جي لوڏن ۾ رهي. ڪاليج ۾
اچڻ کان اڳ هڪ انگلش ٽيچنگ هاءِ اسڪول
۾ ٽيچر هوس. انهي کان پوءِ وڪالت شروع
ڪيم جيڪا ٿوري عرصي لاءِ هئي. اسين وقت
کي پوئتي ڇڏي آيا هئا سين ان کي آواز ڏيڻ
لاءِ اٿي پيناسين. اسان منگي صاحب جو شڪريو
ادا ڪيو. ڇاڪاڻ ته زبان اسانجي جذبات جي
ترجماني ڪرڻ کان قاصر هئي. منگي صاحب
جي شخصيت اسانجي نظر ۾ وڌيڪ بلند ٿي
ويئي ۽ ان بلندي تي اسانکي رشڪ اچڻ لڳو
۽ اهو رشڪ اسان لاءِ محرومي جو داغ بنجي پيو.

گهڻو ڪري ڪاليج جي باري ۾ ٿي مضمون
لکيا وڃن ٿا ۽ جيڪڏهن ٻي به آزادي هجي،
خاص طرح ادب جي باري ۾ مضمون لکڻ
جي ڪوشش ڪجي ته بهتر آهي. مگر
ڇوڪرن کي به ڪپي ته هو ان سلسلي ۾
ايمانداري ڏيکارين ۽ ٻين رسالن مان مضمون
نه چورائين. هو ان سلسلي ۾ ايمانداري
ڏيکارين. شهاب منگي صاحب کي عرض
ڪيو ته هو اسان ڇوڪرن کي پنهنجي
زندگي جي تجربن مان ڪا نصيحت ڪن؟
منگي صاحب پنهنجي تاثرات کي هن ريت
ديان ڪيو. ”جيڪو پنهنجي پيرن تي بهمنڊو
انهيءَ کي زبردست طوفان به ڪيرائي نه
سگهندو ڇاڪاڻ ته ان انسان ۾ خود اعتمادِي
پيدا ٿي وڃي ٿي ۽ مشڪل سان منهن ڏيڻ
۾ گهٽائڻي ڪونه ٿو، انهي ڪري توهان کي
به منهنجي اهڙي نصيحت آهي.“

۵ ٽيڻ ۾ ۱۰ منٽ هئا ۽ اسين فقط ۱۰
منٽ وڌيڪ گفتگو ڪري سگهيا سين ٿي -

کان مطمئن آهيو؟ ته انهي جي باري ۾ منگي صاحب چيو ته ”هن تعليمي ادارن کي ڏسندي آءُ هي چئي سگهان ٿو ته هتي استاد جيتري محنت ڪن ٿا اوتري ڪنهن ٻئي اسڪول يا ڪاليج ۾ نٿا ڪن. هتي ڇمچي ۾ معاملو تيار ڪري چوڪرن جي وات تي آندو وڃي ٿو ۽ رڳو انهن کي گيت ڏيڻ جي ضرورت آهي. منگي صاحب جي ان جواب تي اسان ڪل مشڪل سان روڪي. سائين توهان جي خيال ۾ ڪهڙو سبب آهي جو هتان وڃڻ کان پوءِ چوڪرا اڪثر پنهنجي ڪاليج سان واسطو قائم نٿا رکن. ۽ انهن کي ڪاليج سان محبت نٿي رهي؟ دراصل اهو سوال اهڙو آهي جنهن تي ڪاليج کي سوچڻ کپي ڇاڪاڻ ته اها ڳالهه ڪافي حد تائين سچي آهي. آءُ ان باري ۾ اهو چوندس ته هن ڪاليج مان جيڪي چوڪرا نڪرن ٿا انهن جي زندگي ۾ عجيب ڪشمڪش شروع ٿي وڃي ٿي. يعني هتان وڃڻ کانپوءِ انجنيئرنگ، ميڊيڪل يا فوج ۾ وڃن ٿا ۽ ان ڪري سندن زندگي جو هڪ نئون دور شروع ٿئي ٿو. ۽ منهن جي خيال ۾ انهن کي ايترو وقت نٿو ملي جو هو ڪاليج سان رابطو رکن ۽ جيئن ته هي موجوده دور جفاڪشي جو دور آهي، انهيءَ ڪري اسين هنن کي قصور وار نٿا چئي سگهون. ڪاليج کي به گهرجي ته چوڪرن سان رابطو قائم

رکڻ جي ڪوشش ڪري. شهاب هڪدم سوال ڪيو ته اولڊ بوائز ايسوسيئيشن انهيءَ سلسلي ۾ ڪيتري مدد ڪئي آهي؟ منگي صاحب جواب ڏيندي چيو ته اهو ڪاليج طرفان ته سٺو قدم کنيو ويو پر چوڪرن انهي کي نپايو ڪونه. چوڪرن پنهنجن جون ائڊريسون ٿي ڪونه موڪليون انهيءَ ڪري ڪاليج به مجبور ٿي پيو. سائين! ڇا اڃا تائين! اها ڪم ڪري رهي آهي؟ هن ايسوسيئيشن جون شاخون مختلف شهرن ۾ آهن جيئن ڪراچي، حيدرآباد وغيره. منگي صاحب پنهنجي گهڙي ڏانهن نهاريندي اسان کي هڪ ڀيرو وري ياد ڏياريو ته پنهنجن بچي کيس ضروري ڪم سان حيدرآباد وڃڻو آهي انهي ڪري تائم جو خيال رهي. وقت جي ڪمي محسوس ڪندي مون منگي صاحب کان هڪدم سوال پڇيو ته سائين جيئن ته اوهان ڪاليج مئگزين جي سنڌي سيڪشن جا انچارج آهيو، ڇا توهان ان جي ڪارگرديءَ کان مطمئن آهيو؟ ڇا اوهان جي خيال ۾ اهڙي ڪانجويز آهي جنهن سان مئگزين کي وڌيڪ ترقي ملي سگهي؟ سنڌي سيڪشن جو معيار چوڪرن جي لياقت ۽ قابليت کي ڏسندي بلڪل ٺيڪ آهي. ڪنهن ڪنهن سال اهڙا چوڪرا به اچن ٿا جي پنهنجي عمر جي لحاظ کان وڌيڪ قابليتون رکن ٿا انهي ڪري هنن جا مضمون بلند پائي ڄاهوندا آهن. باقي مخزن ۾

چوڪرا مون اهڙا ڏٺا آهن جن جا والدين پنهنجي ثقافت ۽ تهذيب تي فخر ڪونه ٿا محسوس ڪن ۽ جنهن وقت احساس ڪمٽري کي ختم ڪنداسين انهيءَ وقت انشاءالله وڌيڪ ڪامياب ٿينداسين. سوال جو جواب ڏيئي منگي صاحب خاموش ٿي ويو ۽ شهاب جيون نظرون موٽي چئي رهيو هو ته هاڻي تون ڪو سوال پڇ؟ مون منگي صاحب ڏانهن ٺهاري ڏيئي پڇيو ”سائين ڇا توهان سنڌي چوڪرا جيڪي ڪاليج جي مشغولين ۾ حصو وٺي رهيا آهن انهن کان مطمئن آهيو؟“ نه بلڪل نه! ڇو جو سنڌي چوڪرا گهڻو ڪري بهراڙين جي اسڪولن مان اچن ٿا جتي راندين ۽ ٻين ائڪٽيويٽين جو انتظام نه هوندو آهي. انهي جي مقابلي ۾ ٻيا چوڪرا شهرن جي انهن اسڪولن مان اچن ٿا جتي انهن ڳالهين جو خيال رکيو وڃي ٿو. سو لازمي ڳالهه آهي ته انهن چوڪرن کي هٿ وڌيڪ موقعو ملي ٿو ۽ هو بهراڙي کان آيل چوڪرن جي مقابلي ۾ وڌيڪ حصو وٺن ٿا.“ جواب ختم ٿيندي ئي شهاب منگي صاحب کي پاڻ ڏانهن متوجہ ڪندي پڇيو ”ڇا توهان ڪنهن اهڙي سنڌي چوڪري جو نالو ٻڌائي سگهندا جنهن جي نيشنل قدم تي هلي اسين فخر محسوس ڪريون؟“ ڇو نه هڪ نه پر ڪيئي آهن ”منگي صاحب جواب ڏنو- ”جيئن اختر علي عباسي، ثانوي بورڊ جي ٻارهين جماعت جي امتحان ۾ اول نمبر آيو ۽ اقبال ترڪ به پهريون نمبر آيو. تنهن کان پوءِ اوڏ به ڪاليج جو نالو روشن ڪيو. اقبال ترڪ جو پيءُ آفتاب ترڪ دادو ضلع ۾ پهريون نمبر آيو.... منگي صاحب ته اڃان پيا نالا

وٺڻ جي موڙ ۾ هو مگر آءُ وڃڻ ٿي پيس عرض ڪيم ته سائين سنڌي چوڪرا گهڻو ڪري فوج ۾ گهٽ ويندا آهن. توهان جي نظر ۾ ڪو خاص فرق؟ ”واقعي اهو اهم سوال آهي“ منگي صاحب سوال تي هڪ منٽ کن غور ڪرڻ کان پوءِ چيو- ”تون ٺهڪ ٿو چوڻ دراصل سنڌ هڪ اهڙو علائقو جيڪو سرحد جي ويجهو نه آهي. اهڙي سرحد نه آهي جتي حملي جو خطرو هجي. انهي جي مقابلي ۾ پنجاب سرحد تي آهي. ۽ پنجاب تي حملا ٿيندا رهن ٿا. محمود غزنوي، بابر ۽ ان جي اولاد ۽ ان سان گڏ ٻيون جيڪي قومون ٻاهران آيون سي اتي اچي آباد ٿيون آهن. انهي ڪري اتي جي خون ۾ جنگ سمايل آهي. ۽ انهن کي وڙهڻو پوي ٿو. انهيءَ جي مقابلي ۾ اسان سنڌ وارن کي ڪنهن سان وڙهڻو ڪونه ٿو پوي. ڪا اهڙي دشمن قوم به نڌيڪ نه آهي جنهن سان وڙهڻو پوي. انهي ڪري اسان ۾ فوج ۾ وڃڻ جو مادو گهٽ آهي. انهيءَ جو اهو مطلب نه آهي ته اسانجي قوم بهادر ڪانهي. بهادري ۽ دليري جي ڪا حد ڪانهي پر دراصل ڳالهه هيءَ آهي ته اسان کي وڙهڻ کان سواءِ ئي ٺهي نڪي ماني مليو وڃي. انهيءَ ڪري فوج ۾ وڃڻ جو جذبو گهٽ آهي.“ منهنجي هن سوال کان پوءِ شهاب منگي صاحب کان موجوده نون سنڌي چوڪرن جي اسٽينڊرڊ جي باري ۾ پڇيو. ان جي جواب ۾ منگي صاحب چيو ته هيٺ ڏنل نائين ڪلاس تمام بهترين بيچ آهي. هن کان اڳ اهڙا ڏهن چوڪرا نه آيا. جڏهن اسان منگي صاحب کان هي سوال ڪيو ته هتي جي پڙهائي

محمد سليم منگي

قيصر لغاري - شهاب - ثاقب

وڃ ۾ ڪو خاص فرق نظر اچي ٿو؟ منگي صاحب ٿورو سوچيندي چيو انهن ۾ وڏو فرق آهي. پهريائين جيڪي سنڌي چوڪرا هئا انهن ۾ قومي جذبو تمام گهڻو هو. پنهنجي ٻولي کي زنده رکڻ واسطي ڪوشش ڪرڻ ۽ ان کي ترقي ڏيڻ جي واسطي ڀرپور محنت ڪرڻ جو سادو موجود هو. بحث سباحثن، ڊرامن ۽ تقريرن ۾ وڏو حصو وٺندا هئا. منگي صاحب افسوس ظاهر ڪندي چيو ته موجوده دور جا جيڪي چوڪرا آهن انهن تي دراصل ٻيون ٻوليون ڪافي اثر ڪري ويون آهن. باقي موجوده چوڪرن ۾ سياسي سوچ ۽ سجاڳي اڳين چوڪرن کان گهڻي آهي. اسان هڪ ٻيو سوال ڪيو ”سائين اسان سنڌي چوڪرن ۾ ڪا اهڙي خاص خاڪي توهانجي نظرن ۾ آهي جنهن جي دور ڪرڻ سان اسين ٻين کان افضل ٿي وڃون؟ منگي صاحب هڪدم جواب ڏنو منهنجي خيال ۾ سڀني کان وڏي خاڪي موجوده چوڪرن ۾ احساس ڪمٽري آهي. اهو منهن جي خيال ۾ انهيءَ ڪري آهي جو ڪجهه

ڪافي عرصي کان چند سوالات منهنجي ذهن ۾ اڀري رهيا هئا. انهن جي جوابن لاءِ سوچيندي سوچيندي منگي صاحب جو خيال آيو ڇاڪاڻ ته منهنجي خيال ۾ صحيح جواب صرف منگي صاحب کان ئي ملي سگهيا ٿي. ۱۵ جنوري شام وقت آءٌ منگي صاحب سان مليس ۽ انٽرويو وٺڻ لاءِ اجازت گهريم. منگي صاحب چيو آءٌ ايمانداري سان محسوس ڪريان ٿو ته منهنجو اهو مقام ڪونهي. انسان لاءِ پنهنجو مقام مقرر ڪرڻ ڏاڍو ”مشڪل آهي.... مون ڳالهه ڪپندي چيو اوهان مهرباني ڪري اسان کي ڪجهه وقت ڏيو.“ منگي صاحب کلي چيو چڱو ته پوءِ سڀاڻي چنڇر آهي شام جو پلي اچجو. شهاب ۽ آءٌ منگي صاحب جي گهر مقرر ٿايم تي پهتاسين. منگي صاحب اسان سان بي تڪلفي سان مليو. چند لمحن جي خاموشي کان پوءِ شهاب منگي صاحب کان سوال ڪيو. ”سائين توهان هن ڪاليج ۾ ڪافي پراڻا آهيو، اوهان کي هن وقت جي سنڌي چوڪرن ۽ اڳي جي سنڌي چوڪرن جي

فهرست

صفحہ

کیت قیصر لغاری شهاب ثاقب ۱

۱- انٹرویو

"ادب"

کیت خورشید احمد عباسی ۵

۲- شاہم ۽ سندس شعر و شاعری

کیت قیصر لغاری ۸

۳- حادثو

کیت اقبال احمد میمن ۱۰

۴- لیڈرانہ تقریر

"ذاترات"

کیت محمد عمر میمن ۱۴

۵- الو. اع

کیت اعجاز احمد قریشی ۱۸

۶- دوزخ جي سواری

کیت غلام حیدر سومرو ۱۹

۷- فرار- فرار- فرار

کیت دودو بل ۲۱

۸- خواب با تعبیر

کیت عبدالرشید میمن ۲۳

۹- پیتارو ۾ لائیت جي اک پوت

"نظم"

کیت قیصر لغاری ۲۵

۱۰- شکر بو

کیت نظیر احمد چانڊیو ۲۶

۱۱- دعا

"عام معلومات"

کیت افضل خان لغاری ۲۹

۱۲- سہڻا سخن

کیت شیر محمد کنگو ۳۰

۱۳- اقوال زرین

انھن جھڙو ٻيو ڪونه ٿيو

"مزاح"

کیت عبدالرحیم میمن ۳۲

۱۴- میٺي شو یا؟

کیت افضل خان لغاری ۳۶

۱۵- رنگا رنگ

کیت جمیل احمد جوئیچو ۳۷

۱۵- بسپیسری جو دیدار

"سائنس"

کیت شیر محمد کنگو ۳۸

۱- متفرقہ ایجادون

حصہ سنڌي

مدیر: کیدت قیصر خان لغاري

نائب مدیر: کیدت شهاب ثاقب

فوتو: کیدت عمران رعد



اور ہم بھول گئے ہوں تجھے ایسا بھی نہیں

آج بار بار فراق کا یہ شعر لبوں پر ابھر رہا ہے کہ

ایک مدت سے تری یاد بھی آئی نہ ہمیں اور ہم بھول گئے ہوں تجھے ایسا بھی نہیں ہاں آج پٹارو یاد آرہا ہے وہ عظیم درسگاہ یاد آ رہی جس میں ہم نے زندگی کے پانچ حسین اور درخشاں سال گزارے ہیں وہ شفیق اساتذہ یاد آرہے ہیں جن کی پر خلوص رہنمائی نے ہمیں زندگی کے مختلف راستوں پر قدم جما کر چلنا سکھایا ہے آج اس مادر درسگاہ کے چار عظیم سپوتوں کی شہادت کی خبر سنی اعظم، نجم، سعادت اور پرویز، میرے شہید ساتھی، جنہوں نے مادر وطن کی حفاظت کرتے ہوئے اپنی جانیں قربان کر دیں اور اپنی عظیم درس گاہ کی عظمت کا پرچم بلند کر دیا اے پٹارو تیرے یہ سپوت امر ہیں آج ان کے سوا اور کتنے جوان، تیرے بیٹے، تیرے سابق طلباء زخموں سے چور چور ہیں دشمن کی قید میں ہیں لیکن پھر بھی اپنی ہمت سے اپنی جوان مردی سے یہ ثابت کر رہے ہیں کہ تونے انہیں جو کچھ عطا کیا ہے وہ اس کی حفاظت کر رہے ہیں ان کو اس پر فخر ہے۔ اے پٹارو یہی نہیں، زندگی کے ہر شعبے میں تیرے فرزند سر بلند و سرفراز ہیں بظاہر تجھ سے دور ہیں لیکن تو ان کی رگ جان سے قریب ہے بظاہر تجھ سے کوئی رابطہ نہیں

لیکن ان کا ہر لمحہ تیری یادوں سے پر نور ہے۔ تیری عمارتیں تیرے کھیل کے میدان تیرے انعامات تیری سزائیں تیرے اساتذہ تیرے کارکن سب یاد آتے ہیں۔ کیوں کہ ان سب نے ہمیں بہت کچھ دیا ہے اب تیری تلخ یادیں بھی شہریں ہیں۔

ہمیں فخر ہے کہ ہم کو تجھ سے ربط ہے ہمیں فخر ہے کہ ہم ان شہیدوں کے ساتھی ہیں جن کے لہو سے مادر وطن کی سانگ کاسیندور روشن ہے۔ ہمیں فخر ہے ان دوستوں پر جو زندگی کے مختلف شعبوں میں کامیاب و کامران ہیں۔

ہمارے وہ خوش نصیب دوست جو آج تیری آغوش میں پروان چڑھ رہے ہیں ممکن ہے وہ بھی ہماری طرح تجھے قیدخانہ سمجھتے ہوں لیکن آج ہمیں محسوس ہوتا ہے کہ اس قیدخانے کا ہر لمحہ سرمایہٴ جاں ہے۔ کتنا جی چاہتا ہے کہ ہم ہر آزادی کو قربان کر کے اس قیدخانے میں پھر چند لمحے گزار سکیں۔

اے پٹارو ہم تجھے بھول نہیں سکتے تیرے شہیدوں کی قسم ہم تجھے فراموش نہیں کر سکتے تونے ہمیں جو کچھ سکھایا ہے علم کے جو موتی عطا کیے ہیں وہ سرمایہٴ حیات ہیں۔ ہم ہمیشہ تیری عظمت کا پرچم بلند رکھیں گے۔

اے پٹارو زندہ باد۔ پائندہ باد

غزل

موج دریا جوش میں ہے اور ساحل دور ہے
پارہ پارہ ہے سفینہ ناخدا مچھور ہے
چند تمکے جوڑنا مشکل نہیں، برق تپاں
آشیانے کو جلا کر کس لیے سرور ہے
دست الفت نے ہمیں بخشا ہے جو زخم جگر
اہل دنیا کی عنایت سے وہ اب ناسور ہے
داستانِ غم زمانے کو سنا تو دیں مگر
سمنے والا اپنی ہی آواز سے مسحور ہے
خود بخود اشعار آجاتے ہیں لب پر اے جمیل
دل شکستہ ہے مگر جذبات سے معمور ہے

ت۔ سے تڑی۔ دوسری جگہ ت سے تریوز
 ہوسکتا ہے ترازو ہوسکتا ہے لیکن یہاں ت
 سے تڑی ہے۔ اگر کوئی نالائق بیچہ تڑی کے
 معنی پوچھے گا تو ہم اس کو یہ تڑی دیں گے
 کہ نالائق بدتمیز تمہیں الف سے ایکسٹرا ڈرل
 دی جائے گی تم تڑی کے معنی نہیں جانتے پھر
 ہم ساری کلاس کو تڑی دے کر ہر ایک سے
 اس کے معنی پوچھیں گے۔ کوئی ذہین لڑکا
 خود ہی اس کے معنی بتا دے گا۔ بچو پٹارو
 میں تڑی کی بڑی اہمیت ہے بس بون سمجھو کہ
 تڑی ڈسپلن کی ماں ہے۔

ٹ۔ ٹ سے ٹانگ۔ بچو تم ٹانگ کے
 معنی یقیناً جانتے ہو گے خود تمہارے پاس
 زیادہ سے زیادہ دو ٹانگیں ہونگیں۔ تم نے ٹانگ
 لینا بھی شاید پڑھا ہو یہ ایک محاورہ ہے کوئی
 نالائق بیچہ اس محاورے کے معنی نہ پوچھے
 ورنہ ہمیں یہ کہنا پڑیگا کہ یہ آؤٹ آف کورس
 ہے کیونکہ بھٹی سچی بات یہ ہے کہ اس
 کے معنی ہمیں خود نہیں آتے لیکن بچو پٹارو
 کے قاعدے میں ٹانگ کے معنی مرغی کی
 ٹانگ ہے جو ہر بدہ کو ڈنر میں نظر آتی
 ہے ویسے یہ افواہ ہے کیونکہ ہمیں یہ ٹانگ
 آج تک کسی قاب میں نظر نہیں آئی البتہ
 لڑکے آپس میں اس غیر مرئی ٹانگ کے
 لیے ایک دوسرے کی ٹانگ ضرور کھینچتے
 ہیں اس لیے بچو کہوٹ سے ٹانگ۔

ج۔ سے جمے اے یو۔ بچو یہ پٹارو کے ہر
 ہاؤس میں پایا جاتا ہے لیکن ہوتا ایک ہی
 ہے اور پورے ہاؤس کے سیا و سفید کا مانک
 ہوتا ہے اس کی طبعی اور کیمیائی خصوصیات
 یہ ہیں کہ ہم جیسا ہوتا ہے عام طور پر
 چاق و چوبند اور صحت مند ہوتا ہے۔ گرم

کیا جائے تو رعب دکھاتا ہے اور تکلیف پہنچاتا
 ہے سرد ہو جائے تو ہاؤس ماسٹر تک
 رپورٹ پہنچاتا ہے چونکہ دوسروں کو ڈسپلن
 کے مطابق عمل کرنا سکھاتا ہے اس لیے بعض
 دفعہ اسے وقت نہیں ملتا کہ خود ڈسپلن کا
 خیال رکھنے بچے اس سے ڈرتے بھی ہیں اور
 جاتے بھی ہیں ویسے دیکھنے میں یہ قطعی طور
 پر لڑکا ہی ہوتا ہے۔

ڈ۔ سے ڈیوٹی ماسٹر۔ بھٹی یہ ایک قابل
 احترام استاد ہوتے ہیں لیکن مہینے میں کم
 از کم ایک دن کے لیے ڈ سے ڈیوٹی ماسٹر بن
 جاتے ہیں چونکہ ڈ سے ڈسپلن بھی ہوتا ہے اس
 لیے یہ اس کا بہت خیال رکھتے ہوں یہ کرتے
 کچھ نہیں لیکن ہر اس جگہ موجود ہوتے ہیں
 جہاں کچھ کیا جا رہا ہو لیکن بچو ڈ سے
 ڈر بھی ہوتا ہے اس لیے ان سے ڈرنا چاہیے
 کیونکہ کبھی کبھی یہ الف سے ایکسٹرا ڈرل
 سے لیکر الف سے ایکسپلشن (Expulsion)
 تک پورا قاعدہ پڑھ لیتے ہیں۔

ی۔ سے یاد۔ بچو پٹارو میں آٹھویں اور
 نویں میں کیڈٹ کو کالیج میں گھر کی یاد ستاتی
 ہے اور دسویں سے بارہویں تک گھر میں کالیج
 کی یاد ستاتی ہے اس لیے کہو ی سے یاد۔
 بعض ذہین بچے یہ کہہ سکتے ہیں کہ یہ
 قاعدہ مکمل نہیں ہے اس میں بہت سے حروف
 نہیں ہیں ہم ان بچوں کو احمق کہیں گے
 کیونکہ انہیں معلوم نہیں ہے کہ قاعدہ کی جمع ہے
 قواعد۔ اور پٹارو میں واحد کی بجائے جمع پر
 زیادہ زور دیا جاتا ہے اور جب دن بھر قواعد
 کرنی پڑے تو سارے حروف نہ تو یاد رہتے
 ہیں ان کی ضرورت پڑتی ہے۔

پٹارو کا قاعدہ

بڑ جائے وہ اسے صحت کے لیے مفید سمجھنے لگتا ہے۔

ب۔ سے باربر بکری نہیں۔ بچو تم نے اگر نہیں تو تمہارے والدین نے ضرور سنا ہوگا کہ افریقہ کا علاقہ ہے بربر۔ جہاں کے لوگ خائے وحشی تھے اسی لفظ سے بربریت بنا ہے بھئی یاد رکھو بربر اور باربر میں تھوڑا سا فرق ہے اس کی بربریت یہ ہے کہ بڑے بالوں کا دشمن ہے اور شکلیں بدلنے کا ماہر شکلیں کچھ اس طرح بدل دیتا ہے کہ والدین بھی دیکھیں تو اپنا کہنے سے انکار کر دیں اس لیے کہو ب سے باربر۔

پ۔ سے پی۔ ٹی اور پریڈ ویسے پ سے خود پٹارو بھی ہوتا ہے لیکن پٹارو پ سے پاکستان میں اسی پ سے پریڈ کے لیے مشہور ہے ورنہ یہ پہلے محض ایک گاؤں تھا اور ہاں بھٹی پ سے پی۔ او بھی ہے۔ وتے ہیں جنہیں احتراماً چیف کہلایا جاتا ہے اور ان کا پ سے پی ٹی سے بڑا گہرا تعلق ہے ویسے کن ادھر لاؤ ان صاحب کا ایکسٹرا ڈرل سے بھی گہرا تعلق ہے۔

بچو! تم نے ایسے قاعدے ض۔ رور پڑھے ہونگے جن میں الف سے انار اور ب سے بکری اور پ سے پنکھا وغیرہ پڑھایا جاتا تھا۔ لیکن پٹارو کے بچوں کا قاعدہ اس سے مختلف ہے بالکل اسی طرح جیسے پٹارو دوسرے مدرسوں سے مختلف ہے آج ہم تمہیں پٹارو کا قاعدہ پڑھاتے ہیں تو بچو پڑھو۔

الف سے ایکسٹرا ڈرل۔ ہاں بھٹی الف سے انار نہیں ہوتا یہ صحرا کا ایک حصہ ہے نا اور تم جانتے ہو صحرا میں انار نہیں ہوتا۔ ہو سکتا ہے کہ کوئی ذہین بچہ یہ کہے کہ صحرا میں الف سے اونٹ ہو سکتا ہے تو ہم اس ذہین بچے سے کہیں گے "سٹ ڈاؤن سبق کی تدریس کے دوران سوال نہیں پوچھا جا سکتا ہاں جب سبق ختم ہو جائے تو بخوشی پوچھو، ذہین بچہ اس بات سے یہ سمجھ جائے گا کہ سبق تب ختم ہوگا جب گھنٹی بجے گی اور جب گھنٹی بج جائے تو پریڈ ختم ہو جاتا ہے تو بچو کہو الف سے ایکسٹرا ڈرل یہ معصوموں کے ایٹھے سزا ہے اور مجرموں کے لیے ورزش اس کے خوف سے بچے سدھر جاتے ہیں لیکن جس کو اس کا چسکا

دھک دھک کرنے لگتا۔

نونوں بہن بھائی جوانی کی حدود کو چھو رہے تھے لیکن بچپنا ابھی تک نہ گیا تھا۔ ہر وقت ہنسی مذاق اور ایک دوسرے سے چھیڑ چھاڑ ان کا محبوب مشغلہ تھا۔ شمیم کئی دن سے عاصم کو مسلسل تنگ دیتے جا رہی تھی لیکن عاصم نے ابھی تک کوئی ”جوابی کاروائی“ نہیں کی تھی۔ اب وہ سوچ رہا تھا کہ کوئی ایسی ترکیب کی جائے کہ اگلا پچھلا تمام حساب برابر ہو جائے آخر عاصم ایک نتیجے پر پہنچ گیا اور وہ دل ہی دل میں اپنے منصوبے پر مسکرایا۔ آدھی رات کا وقت تھا ہر سو تاریکی کا

راج تھا۔ شمیم بھری ہوئی بندوق سرہانے رکھے گردو پیش سے بے خبر گہری نیند سو رہی تھی۔ دفعتاً ایک لمبا تڑنگا شخص اپنے چہرے کو سیاہ نقاب میں چھپائے شمیم کے پلنگ کے پاس نمودار ہوا اور گرجدار آواز میں بولا ”خبردار بڑکی! اگر اپنی جگہ سے ہلنے کی کوشش کی تو جان سے ہاتھ دھو بیٹھے گی“ شمیم یکا یک بیدار ہو گئی۔ اگلنے ہی لمحہ ایک سنسناتی ہوئی گولی نقاب پوش کے سینے میں پیوست ہو گئی۔ وہ لڑکھڑا کر گرا اور اس کے چہرے سے نقاب ایک طرف ہٹ گیا۔ اور شمیم کے منہ سے ایک دلدوز چیخ نکلی ”بھیا!“

وقت کرتا ہے پرورش برسوں

حادثہ ایک دم نہیں ہوتا

(قابل)

رہ کر دوسروں کو تنگ کرنے کے طریقے سوچنے لگا وہ دوسروں کو پریشان کر کے خود کو خوش رکھنا چاہتا تھا اسے کمزور کو پیٹتے ہوئے خوشی ہوتی مگر وقتی! تھوڑی دیر کے بعد پھر بے چین ہو جاتا۔

اب وہ سنیچر کو فلم دیکھنے بھی نہیں جاتا تھا خالی ہاسٹل میں تنہا سگریٹ کے دھوئیں میں اپنا مستقبل دیکھنے کی کوشش کرتا رہتا پھر ایک دن اسی عالم میں پکڑ لیا گیا پھر اس پر ایسے الزام بھی عائد ہوئے جن کا اسے گمان بھی نہیں تھا وہ بدنام تھا اس

لئے اسے کالیج سے نکال دیا گیا ہاں اس کے جرائم کی ایک طویل فہرست تھی لیکن سب سے بڑا جرم تھا جرم بے گناہی۔ لیکن وہ کالیج سے نکل کر کہاں جاتا گھر؟ کیا وہ اپنے محسنوں کو منہ دکھانے کے لائق تھا کیا وہ اپنی سیما سے آنکھیں چار کر سکتا تھا آخر اس نے فرار ہونے کا تہیہ کر لیا اور نامعلوم منزل کی طرف روانہ ہو گیا۔ ٹرین پوری رفتار سے آگے بڑھ رہی تھی لیکن وہ ہر لمحہ پیچھے ہٹ رہا تھا منزل سے دور ہوتا جا رہا ہے دور بہت دور.....

کیڈٹ عصمت نواز راجہ

جماعت دہم

شرارت

دور دراز علاقے میں ڈاکوؤں کے ایک گروہ نے سخت قتل و غارت اور لوٹ مار مچائی ہوئی تھی۔ لوگ خوف و دہشت کی وجہ سے سرِ شام ہی اپنے گھروں کے دروازے بند کر لیتے تھے۔

خاص طور پر شمیم تو کمزور دل ہونے کی وجہ سے انتہائی خوفزدہ تھی۔ رات کو سوتی بھی تو بھری ہوئی بندوق سرہانے رکھ کر سوتی۔ ذرا کھڑ کھڑا ہٹ ہوتی تو دل

”اب بس بھی کر شمو کی بیچی! کب سے مجھے چھیڑے جا رہی ہے جلدی سے جا کر باہر کا دروازہ بند کر آ، ڈاکوؤں کا پتہ ہے نا“ عاصم نے شمیم کی شرارتوں سے تنگ آتے ہوئے کہا۔ اور شمیم ڈاکوؤں کا نام سنتے ہی بھاگ کر دروازہ بند کرنے چلی گئی۔

عاصم اور شمیم سگے بہن بھائی تھے اور آج کل گرمیوں کی تعطیلات گزارنے اپنے چچا کے ہاں آئے ہوئے تھے۔ سندھ کے اس

کھیل اور پڑھائی دونوں میں اچھے ہو پھر تم کو ایونٹمنٹ کموں نہیں ملتا۔

جمیل نے بات ٹال دی لیکن یہ جملہ ایک ایسی ضرب تھا جس نے اس کے ذہن کو بری طرح متاثر کیا وہ آدمی رات تک سوچتا رہا لیکن اسے سوال کا جواب نہ سوجھا۔ پھر دن بھر کی بھاگ دوڑ اور تھکن نے اسے نیند کی آغوش میں دھکیل دیا۔

اب جب وہ دوسرے عہدہ داروں کے کاندھوں پر پٹیاں اور اعزازی نشانات دیکھتا تو اس کا دل چاہتا کہ وہ بھی اپنے کاندھوں کو سجالیے وہ ان سب کو رشک بھری نظروں سے دیکھتا کبھی تصور میں خود کو پریڈ کمانڈ کرتے ہوئے پاتا آرڈر دیتے ہوئے دیکھتا لیکن پھر وہ اس دنیا میں لوٹ آتا اور مسکرا دیتا اس مسکراہٹ میں اس کی رنگت آرزوئیں انگڑائیاں لے رہی تھیں۔ لیکن وہ خاموش ہی رہتا کسی سے شکوہ نہ کرتا چیخ کر اپنا حق طلب کرنے سے ڈرتا تھا کہیں لڑکے اور اساتذہ تمسخر نہ اڑائیں۔ لیکن خاموشی نے اس کے دل میں آگ لگا رکھی تھی اور یہ آگ دن بہ دن رشک سے حسد میں تبدیل ہوتی جا رہی تھی اب وہ جلتا اور کڑھتا بھی تھا لیکن وہ احساس کی دنیا میں تنہا تھا کوئی اس کی طرف توجہ نہ دیتا سارا دن کالیج کی سرگرمیوں میں گولہ ہو کے بیل کی طرح جتا رہتا اور رات کو جب فرصت ملتی تو آنسو بہا لیتا اپنی محرومی پر لوگوں کی بے حسی پر! اس عالم میں اسے سیما بہت یاد آتی شاید بھری دنیا میں وہی اس کی صحیح غمگسار تھی اب تو ان کی منگنی بھی ہو چکی تھی۔

آخر اس نے ایک بار اپنی اس آرزو کا اظہار ہسٹس ماسٹر اور دوسرے اساتذہ کے سامنے کر ہی دیا سب نے یہی کہا کہ وہ ایونٹمنٹ کے لیے قطعی موزوں اور مستحق ہے اور اگلے سال اسے اس کا حق دیدیا جائے گا اسے J.U.O بنا دیا جائے گا۔ اس نے اور دل لگا کر ہر میدان میں آگے بڑھنے کی کوشش کی۔ اس نے سمجھ لیا کہ اب اس کی منزل قریب ہے نئے ولولے اور نئے حوصلے اس کے دل میں پیدا ہونے لگے آخر وہ دن بھی آیا جب پرنسپل صاحب اعلان کرنے والے تھے وہ ہر لحاظ سے خود کو اس امتیاز کا مستحق سمجھتا تھا اسے یقین تھا کہ یہ اس کی محنت کا پھل ہوگا۔ لیکن جس لمحے اس کی بجائے اظہر کے نام اعلان ہوا تو اس نے ایسا محسوس کیا جیسے کسی نے اسے ہمالہ کی بلندی سے نیچے پھینک دیا ہو۔ اس کے کانوں میں ہاؤس ماسٹر اور اساتذہ کرام کی آوازیں گونجنے لگیں اور پھر لڑکوں کے قہقہے اس کے دل پر نشتر بن کر برسنے لگے۔ اب اس کے دل میں انتقام کی آگ بھڑکنے لگی لیکن وہ تنہا کیا کر سکتا تھا اور کس سے انتقام لیتا۔ آخر اس میں ایک تغیر پیدا ہوا۔ اسے ہر شے ہر شخص سے نفرت ہو گئی اسے ایسا لگتا جیسے ہر فرد اس پر طنز کر رہا ہے آخر اس نے منفی طریقے اختیار کرنے شروع کر دیئے پڑھائی سے غفلت برتنے لگا۔ حکم عدولی میں اسے لطف آنے لگا اکثر اسے ایکسٹرا ڈرل ملتی اساتذہ کی جھڑکیاں اور طعن و تشنیع تو روز کا معمول ہو گیا۔ وہ سگریٹ پینے لگا اور سب سے الگ تھلک

منزل

وہ پٹارو میں سیمہ کے والدین کا نام روشن کرنے اور لڑکوں میں مقبولیت حاصل کرنے کے لئے ہر سرگرمی میں حصہ لیتا۔ ہر انسان شہرت کا بھوکا اور عظمت کا خواہش مند ہوتا ہے وہ چاہتا ہے کہ دنیا کی نگاہوں میں عزت و توقیر حاصل کرے سوسائٹی میں ایک بلند مقام پالے اسی احساس اور جذبے نے اسے بھی محنت کرنے پر ابھارا اسی جذبے نے اسے مشکلات کا مقابلہ کرنا سکھا دیا وہ ہر میدان میں آگے بڑھنے لگا۔

وہ کالیج ہاکی الیمون کا میمبر منتخب ہو گیا پریڈ میں بحیثیت پائلٹ چنا گیا پڑھائی میں بھی اس نے خاصی ترقی کرائی یوم والدین پر اسے اتنے کپ اور سرٹیفکٹ ملے کہ لوگ دنگ رہ گئے وہ تالیوں کی گونج میں ہر بار انعام لیتا اور اس کا سینہ فخر سے تن جاتا اس کے دل میں اور محنت کرنے کا جذبہ ابھرا اب وہ فرسٹ ایر میں تھا اب اس کا شعور بڑی حد تک بیدار ہو چکا تھا اس کے احساسات میں گرمی پیدا ہو رہی تھی۔ ایک دن پروفیسر رضوی نے پوچھا ”جمیل! تم

ٹرین پوری رفتار سے آگے بڑھ رہی تھی وہ کھڑکی سے باہر مسلسل دیکھے جا رہا تھا ایسا لگتا تھا جیسے قدرتی مناظر نے اس پر جادو کر دیا ہے۔ لیکن حقیقت میں اسے کچھ نظر نہیں آ رہا تھا ہاں ذہن کے پردے پر ہر لمحہ منظر بدل رہا تھا۔

وہ ابھی بچہ ہی تھا کہ اس کے والدین کا انتقال ہو گیا اس کے شفیق چچا نے اس کی پرورش اپنے ذمہ لے لی۔ وہ اپنی ہم عمر چچا زاد بہن سیمہ کے ساتھ اپنی معصوم دنیا میں مگن رہتا، وہ دونوں ساتھ ساتھ اسکول جاتے نہر کے کنارے ریت کے گھروندے بناتے۔ دلکش قمقوں سے فضا میں سنگیت بھر دیتے۔

پھر دونوں نے لڑکپن کی حدود میں قدم رکھا تو سیمہ کی والدہ کی خواہش پر اسے پٹارو بھیج دیا گیا۔ بچپن کے ساتھی بچھڑ گئے مگر مادی فاصلوں نے دلوں کی دوری کو مٹا دیا خاموش اور معصوم محبت جوان ہونے لگی۔

کے بارے میں سوچنے لگا۔ اس نے خود سے کہا قیصر!! تم صبح سویرے ہی چلے جاؤ گے؟ لیکن تمہیں اپنے فیصلے پر پریشان نہیں ہونا چاہئے خود ہی سوچو حالات اور زمانے کی رفتار بدل چکی ہے اور جس مقصد کے لئے آئے تھے پورا ہو گیا یہاں گذاری ہوئی زندگی کو تو ایک خواب ہی سمجھو تمہیں تو خوش ہونا چاہیئے اس نے سوچا واقعی مجھے تو خوش ہونا چاہئے میں خوش ہوں۔ مگر پھر یہ درد کیسا اس نے خود ہی سوچا خوشی اور غم کا یہ کیسا حسین امتزاج ہے۔ اور آخر اسے ہمارے ماننی ہی پڑی، کالج حیات گیا اور وہ ہمارے گیا۔ اس نے سوچا یہ

تو دنیا کا دستور ہے اسے یہاں سے جو کچھ حاصل کرنا تھا کر لیا اب اگلی منزل کے لئے روانہ ہونا ہے۔ یہاں ہر شخص مسافر ہے اسے یوں محسوس ہوا جیسے وہ کسی سرائے میں رات گزارنے کے بعد صبح چلا جائے گا۔ کمرے میں خاموشی طاری تھی بارش تھم چکی تھی اچانک اس کا ہاتھ گھڑی سے چھو گیا اور نظریں حیران تھیں کہ واقعی رات کے تین بج چکے ہیں اور صبح ہونے میں صرف چند گھنٹے باقی رہ گئے ہیں۔ وہ بے اختیار تڑپ اٹھا اسے ایسا لگا جیسے درو دیوار اس سے کہہ رہے ہوں کہ اب کے ہم بچھڑے تو شاید کبھی خوابوں میں ملیں

کیڈٹ اسد یاسین

جماعت یاز دہم

صرف ایک منٹ میں

- ہماری دنیا اپنے محور پر گردش کرتی ہوئی ۱۷۵۰ کلو میٹر کا فاصلہ طے کر لیتی ہے۔
- سو انسان اس دنیا سے کوچ کر جاتے ہیں اور ۱۱۴ بچے پیدا ہوتے ہیں۔
- ٹیلی فون کو دو لاکھ اسی ہزار بار استعمال کیا جاتا ہے۔
- ایک لاکھ دس ہزار ٹن غذا کھائی جاتی ہے۔
- تین ہزار ٹن کوئلہ اور ساٹھ ہزار ٹن لوہا استعمال کر لیا جاتا ہے۔
- چھ لاکھ ۳۷ ہزار نو سو بیالیس گیلن پانی پیا جاتا ہے۔

ایک جھونکا آیا تو وہ کمبلوں کے اندر اور زیادہ سمٹ گیا۔ اس کے روم پارٹنر سو رہے تھے مگر اس کی ویران نگاہوں کے سامنے گذرے ہوئے دن تھے اس نے ذہن کو اس طرف موڑ دیا جہاں تلخ یادیں تھیں تلخ یادیں جو شاید اب شیرین بن گئی تھیں بستر پر لیٹے ہوئے وہ سوچ کی انتہا گہرائیوں میں ڈوب گیا اسے وہ زمانہ یاد آیا جب وہ کالج میں نیا نیا آیا تھا اور جب گھر بہت یاد آتا تھا تو وہ چپکے چپکے رو پڑتا تھا اسے یاد آیا وہ شروع میں ہر روز رات کو سونے سے پہلے بستر میں منہ چپھا کر یہاں سے واپس گھر جانے کی دعائیں مانگا کرتا تھا۔ جب وہ اس کالج میں آیا تو وہ اس وقت وہ ساتویں جماعت میں تھا اپنے روم پارٹنروں کے ساتھ اکثر لڑائی ہوجاتی تھی۔ اسے یاد آیا کہ ایک بار جب وہ جاوید سے لڑا اور اس نے ہاؤس ماسٹر سے شکایت کی دھمکی دی تو وہ کتنا گھبرا گیا تھا اور بڑی مشکل سے اس نے جاوید کو شکایت نہ کرنے سے باز رکھا تھا اسے وہ دن بھی اچھی طرح یاد تھا جب اسے پہلی بار کالج میں ایکسٹرا ڈرل ملی تھی۔ اسے اپنا قصور بھی یاد تھا صرف پریڈ میں ذرا سا ہلنے کی وجہ سے ہی تو اسے سزا ملی تھی۔ وقت گذرنے کے ساتھ ساتھ اس کا دل کالج میں لگنے لگا تھا اس کے دوست بڑھتے اور گھٹتے رہے۔ وہ سب کچھ بھول کر کالج کی زندگی میں گم ہوجانے کی کوشش کرتا رہا مگر پھر بھی کبھی وہ اس پر تکلف زندگی سے اکتا جاتا اور وہ اپنے دل میں ایک عجیب سی خاش محسوس کرتا۔ کالج کی زندگی

میں کئی پارٹیاں ہوئیں، کئی جلسے اور محفلیں سچیں مگر جو الوداعی پارٹیاں حال ہی میں ہوئیں تھیں انہوں نے اس کا ذہن جھنجھوڑ کر رکھ دیا تھا۔ اس نے سوچا کبھی وہ بھی زمانہ تھا جب وہ دوسروں کو الوداعی پارٹیاں دینے کی تیاریوں میں شامل ہوتا تھا اور اس وقت دل میں سوچنا تھا کہ وہ لوگ کتنے خوش نصیب ہیں جن کو یہ پارٹیاں دی جا رہی ہیں مگر آج نہ جانے کیوں اپنے آپ کو بد نصیب سمجھ رہا تھا اس نے سوچا کیا میں پھر کبھی اس کالج میں داخل نہ ہوسکوں گا۔ مگر پھر اسے خود ہی خیال آیا کس کے پاس جاؤ گے؟ اس وقت یہ سنہاریں کہاں اور سب سے بڑا فرق یہ ہوگا کہ تم کیڈٹ کے بجائے ایکس کیڈٹ بن چکے ہو گے۔ اس نے سوچا یہ زندگی بھی کیسا سفر ہے۔ کہ کوسوں چلتے جائیں رسوں سرگرم سفر رہیں مگر حقیقی منزل کا سواد بھی نظر نہیں آتا۔ اب تو یہ کالج اس کے لئے ایک ڈوبتی ہوئی کرن تھا۔

آنے والی صبح سے اس کی زندگی کا ایک نیا باب شروع ہونے والا تھا۔ بارش ابھی تک ہو رہی تھی کمرے میں عجیب سناتا طاری ہو گیا تھا۔ اس کا دل چا رہا تھا کہ وہ اپنے روم پارٹنروں کو اٹھائے اور پوچھے دوستو!! تم لوگ مجھے بھول تو نہ جاؤ گے دیکھو ویا رو! زمانے کے ساتھ بدل نہ جانا مگر! مگر! وہ فقط سوچتا ہی رہا۔ وہ جاگ رہا تھا مگر اس کا دل رو رہا تھا۔ آج اس کے دل کی آواز بڑی واضح تھی۔ سردی بڑھتی ہی جا رہی تھی وہ ماضی کی حسین دنیا سے لوٹ آیا اور آنے والی صبح

صاحب آنسکے۔ مالی نے انہیں دیکھ کر فوراً کہا

”صاحب! یہ کیریاں چرا رہے تھے۔ دیکھیئے انکے ہاتھ میں کیری بھی ہے“ میں بھی اپنے آپ کو ملامت کر رہا تھا کہ کیری میں نے پھینک کیوں نہ دی۔ پی۔ او صاحب کی گرجدار آواز نے میرے اوسان خطا کر دیئے میں اپنی صفائی میں کہنے ہی والا تھا کہ وہ کڑک کر گرجے ”ہینیڈز ڈاؤن“ میں نے کچھ کہنے کے لیے ان کی طرف دیکھا تو آنکی لال سرخ آنکھوں نے مجھے حکم کی تعمیل پر مجبور کر دیا اور پھر مسلسل ایک گھنٹے تک انکے حکم کی تعمیل کرتا رہا۔ ایک گھنٹہ جب گزر چکا تو اُن صاحب نے کہا ”اب کبھی چوری کروگے؟“ میں پسینے

سے شرابور اُٹھا اور کپڑے جھاڑتے ہوئے جواب دیا ”جی میں نے تو کوئی چو...“ دفع ہو جاؤ نہیں تو اور سزا ملیگی انہوں نے میری بات کاٹتے ہوئے کہا۔ میں نے غنیمت جانا اور اپنے ہاؤس کی طرف چل دیا کہ پیچھے سے مالی نے کہا ”آپ کا تھیلا وہاں درخت کے نیچے پڑا ہے“ میں مالی کو فہر آلود نظروں سے دیکھتا ہوا باغ میں داخل ہوا۔ درخت کے نیچے سے خالی تھیلا کانڈے پر ڈال بوجھل قدموں سے چل پڑا۔ ابھی بمشکل چند ہی گز طے کئے تھے کہ پیچھے سے ہنسنے کی آواز آئی۔ پلٹ کر دیکھا تو میرے دوست درخت پر بیٹھے کیریوں کے چٹخارے لے رہے تھے۔

کیڈٹ قیصر لغاری

جماعت دواز دہم

شاید کبھی خوابوں میں ملیں

سلسلہ بھی معطل ہو گیا تھا۔ اُس نے محسوس کیا کہ اس تمنائی اور شور کے عالم میں اُس کا ذہن غیر معمولی کام کر رہا ہے، لاشعور نے تمام یادداشتوں کا خزانہ شعور کی سطح پر اُنڈیل دیا ہے۔ وہ اپنی گذری ہوئی زندگی کا خود اپنی آنکھوں سے مشاہدہ کرنے لگا کھڑکی کی دراز سے سرد ہوا کا

بارش کی وجہ سے ہوا کچھ زیادہ ہی سرد تھی اُسے پلنگ پر لیٹے ہوئے خاکی دیر ہو چکی تھی۔ بستر کی ہر ایک سلوٹ لیٹنے والے کی بے چینی کا پنہ دے رہی تھی آنکھیں بند کر کے اس نے سو جانے کی پھر کوشش لیکن نیند کی دیوی شاید آج اُس پر مسربان نہ تھی بارش اور تیز ہوا کی وجہ سے برقی

بند کرو باہر آؤ۔ یہ آواز سنتے ہی میری تو جیسے جان نکل گئی۔ ہم سنیما ہال سے باہر آگئے میں نے دیکھا کہ میرا دوست طاہر پہلے ہی حوالدار کے سامنے اڈیشن کھڑا ہوا ہے اور پھر ہم پر یہ راز کھلا کہ ہم کالونی شو میں گھسنے کی ناکام کوشش میں پکڑے گئے ہیں اور شو میں کیڈٹس کا داخلہ ممنوع ہے پھر کیا ہوا کچھ نہ پوچھئے۔

چلنا شروع کر دیا راستے میں اسے ایک دو جگہ بتائیں لیکن وہ تو مجھے باہر کی طرف لے جا رہا تھا۔ میں نے اس کا بازو پکڑا تو حیران رہ گیا خدایا یہ کیا۔ کیا سنیما ہال میں پہنچتے ہی طاہر کا بازو اتنا موٹا ہو گیا ہے کہ ہاتھ میں نہیں آ رہا۔ ہائے یہ کیا؟ میں نے کہا ”فلم بھی دیکھنی ہے یا نہیں؟“ لیکن اس کے ساتھ ہی جواب آیا ”بسکواس

غم، آرزو کا حسرت سبب اور کیا بتاؤں
میری ہمتوں کی پستی مرے شوق کی بلندی

کیڈٹ شاید بیگ غازی

جماعت دہم

یوں بھی ہوتا ہے

شش و پنج کے بعد آواز کی سمت دوڑ پڑا ابھی ایک ام کے درخت کے نیچے پہنچا ہی تھا کہ ایک کیری میرے سر پر آن پڑی۔ میں چکر اسار گیا اپنے حواس قابو میں رکھتے ہوئے گری ہوئی کیری اٹھانے کے لیے ہاتھ بڑھایا ہی تھا کہ سامنے والی جھاڑی سے مالی نکل آیا۔ میرا ہاتھ کھینچتے ہوئے سڑک تک لے آیا۔ میں نے بار بار کہا کہ میں تو شور سن کر آیا تھا لیکن وہ یہی کہے جا رہا تھا کہ کیریاں تم نے توڑی ہیں۔ ابھی بحث و تکرار ہو رہی تھی کہ وہاں ایک بی۔ او،

موچی کی دکان زیادہ دور نہیں تھی۔ میں چلچلاتی دھوپ سے بچتا بچاتا درختوں کے سائے میں چل رہا تھا کہ اچانک میرے دو دوست ہاتھ میں ایک تھیلی لیے کھسر پھسر کرتے میرے سامنے سے گذر گئے۔ انکے چہروں پر شرارت کھیل رہی تھی۔ میں نے کوئی خاص توجہ نہ دی اور اپنے جوتوں کے تھیلے کو کندھے پر ڈال کر چلنا رہا۔

ابھی میں موچی کی دوکان سے واپس ہو ہی رہا تھا کہ ام کے باغ کی طرف سے مالی کی ”پکڑو! پکڑو“ کی آوازیں آنے لگیں۔ میں کچھ

مرے شوق کی بلندی

تو رنگ ہی کچھ اور تھا۔ تھوڑی دیر ادھر ادھر دیکھتے رہے کہ شاید کوئی خالی نشست مل جائے۔ روشنی سے اندھیرے میں آئے تھے صاف دکھائی نہ دیتا تھا۔ جب ہماری آنکھوں نے دیکھنے کی کوشش کی تو ہر طرف کالی کالی پوشاکیں ہی نظر آئیں۔ میں بہت حیران تھا کہ آج تمام لڑکوں نے کیسا لباس پہنا ہوا ہے اور پھر بعضوں کے لمبے لمبے بال بھی تھے سوچا کہ لڑکوں نے آج بھیس بدل لیا ہے کیا؟ لیکن اسکرین کی طرف دیکھتے ہی یہ منظر بھول گئے۔ ابھی ہم نشست ڈھونڈنے کی کوشش کر رہے تھے کہ کسی نے بازو پکڑ کر پیچھے کی طرف کھینچا میں سمجھا طاہر ہے۔ میں نے کہا پیچھے کہاں لے جا رہے ہو۔ پیچھے تو جگہ نہیں اب آگے نشست ڈھونڈو پھر ایک جھٹکے سے اپنا بازو چھڑایا اور آگے بڑھ گیا لیکن ابھی دو تین قدم ہی آگے بڑھا تھا کہ دوبارہ بازو اسی شکستے میں پھنس گیا اب ذرا یہ گرفت کچھ زیادہ ہی سخت تھی میں نے کہا اچھا پیچھے چلتے ہیں اور میں نے اس کے ساتھ ساتھ پیچھے

سنا تھا کہ کالج میں ہر ہفتے دو فلمیں دکھائی جاتی ہیں ایک فلم ہفتہ کو دیکھی اور اتوار کو دوسری کا انتظار کرنے لگے۔ کیونکہ گھر میں تو فلم دیکھنے کی بڑی سختی سے پابندی تھی۔ ہر لمحہ ایک صدی بن کر گذر رہا تھا۔ میں اور طاہر کالیج گیٹ کی طرف وقت گزارنے کے لیٹے چلے گئے۔ اسی دوران ہم نے دور سے آتی ہوئی آواز سنی۔ مکالموں کی آواز! ہم نے سمجھا کہ شاید فلم شروع ہو چکی ہے اور ہمیں کسی نے آگاہ نہیں کیا کیونکہ ہمارا کالج میں دوسرا دن تھا اسلیئے یہاں کے طریقوں اور قاعدوں سے پوری طرح واقف نہ تھے۔ ہم کو تو فلم کی آواز اپنی طرف اس طرح کھینچ رہی تھی جس طرح لوہے کو مقناطیس کھینچتا ہے۔ گیٹ سے دوڑ لگائی اور دل میں یہی خیال تھا کہ نجانے کتنی فلم باقی رہ گئی ہے؟ آخر کار ہم ہال کے قریب پہنچ گئے۔ روزمرہ کے عام لباس میں تھے اس لیٹے دروازے پر پہلے کسی نے نہ روکا۔ میں آگے آگے تھا اور میرا دوست میرے پیچھے۔ جب اندر پہنچے

شروع کر دی۔ ایک گولی اس کے بازو میں لگی..... اس کے قدم لڑکھڑائے مگر وہ گرتا پڑتا مورچہ میں گھس گیا انہیں ہینڈز اپ ڈراپا لیکن ان چاروں نے ذرا جنبش کی اسکی مشین گن کی دھڑ دھڑ نے سب کو موت کے گھاٹ اتار دیا۔ ساتھ ہی لگاتار پانچ گولیاں اس کے جسم میں داخل ہو گئیں..... اب اس کے دل میں کسوٹی خلیش نہیں تھی وہ مطمئن تھا..... چاروں طرف دشمن کی لاشیں تھیں اور درمیان میں اس کے چہرے پر ایسی مسکراہٹ تھی جسے اسکی ”دلہی آرزو“ پوری ہو گئی ہو۔۔۔۔۔ اسمیں شہیدوں کی سچ دہج تھی..... جنگ رک گئی تھی اسکی کمپنی کے سب مجاہد دشمن کے قیدی بنا لیئے گئے تھے..... ۲۸ دسمبر کی بے کیف صبح تھی۔ فضا میں ایک سو گوار خاموشی تھی اب وہاں نہ دھواں تھا نہ توپوں کی گرج..... اور دور ایک کوئل کوک کر اپنے گھونسلہ کا ماتم کر رہی تھی۔

نظر آتی تھی۔ اسی اثنا انہیں واٹرلیس پر ہتھیار ڈالنے کا حکم دیا گیا۔ ”حکم کمانڈر انچیف کی طرف سے تھا یہ پیغام بذات خود کسی دھماکے سے کم نہیں تھا۔ ”ہتھیار ڈال دو“ یہ الفاظ اس کے ذہن میں گونج کر رہ گئے۔ پھر اسے شاہین کا خیال آیا۔ ”اس بے چاری کا کیا ہوگا میرے بغیر وہ جینے جی مرجائے گی دل میں اک ٹیس سی اٹھی ساتھ ہی ایک خلیش سی محسوس ہوئی یہ آرزو تھی آرزو نے اسے پکارا ”شہید ہو جاؤ“ اس کے ذہن میں تلاطم برپا ہو گیا۔ ”محبت کی دیوی“ شاہین کا ”کیا ہوگا“ ایک طرف ہتھیار اور شاہین دوسری طرف شہادت اور فرض ذہنی کشمکش میں مبتلا ہو گیا۔ وہ گھبرا گیا اس نے دشمن کی قید میں جانے سے بہتر جام شہادت پینا پسند کیا۔ وہ پاگلوں کی طرح اکیلا مشین گن چلاتا ہوا دشمن کے مورچے کی طرف بھاگا۔ دشمن جو اس کے ہتھیار ڈالنے کا انتظار کر رہے تھے گھبرا گئے انہوں نے جوابی فائرنگ

یہ آرزو بھی بڑی چیز ہے مگر ہمدم
 وصال یار فقط آرزو کی بات نہیں
 (فیض)

پھر رہا تھا جب اسے (P.M.A) پی ایم اے کا کول کی کال (Call) آئی تھی..... اللہ پناہ دے کتنے کٹھن اور تکلیف کے دن ہوتے ہیں کاکول میں اسے بال بہت عزیز تھے مگر اسے بال موعلی کٹ کٹوانے پڑے اسکا دل تو نہ چاہا لیکن "آرزو" کے حکم پر وہ تاملد کے رہ گیا۔ اسے سینٹر کی سزائیں جھیلنی پڑتیں وہ "آرزو" کے لئے یہ بھی برداشت کر لیتا۔ اسے اسٹریٹ فائٹ لڑنی پڑتی.... وہ کس بے دردی سے ایک دوسرے کو مارا کرتے لیکن "آرزو" کے بل پر وہ سب کو زیر کر لیا کرتا۔ اسے آن دماغ چڑھے آفسرز سے سخت نفرت تھی مگر "آرزو" کے لئے وہ ان کی تلخ کلامیاں برداشت کر لیتا..... اسے اپنی "آرزو" سے کتنی محبت ہو گئی تھی.....

آج حسین شام تھی اسکی پاسنگ آؤٹ پریڈ کا دن تھا اسے مبارکباد دینے والوں میں مسمی ڈیڈی کے علاوہ شاہین بھی تھی..... "شاہین" اس کی کزن کے علاوہ اسکی پیدائشی منگتیر بھی تھی..... وہ کل ہی لندن سے آئی تھی۔ انجم نے اس کے بارے میں سنا ضرور تھا لیکن دیکھا کبھی نہیں تھا..... وہ والدین کی پسند پر عش عش کر اٹھا..... وہ آسمانی رنگ کی ساڑھی پہنے خالص مشرقی بیٹی لگ رہی تھی۔ وہ اسکا آئیڈیل تھی.... پریڈ سے فرصت پا کر وہ سب سے پہلے ڈیڈی سے گلے ملا پھر مسمی کو ماتھے کا بوسہ دیا.....

"مبارک ہو لیفٹیننٹ صاحب" شاہین کی آواز تھی..... خیر مبارک میم صاحب.....

اسکے خیالات کا سلسلہ قریب ہی گواہ بھٹنے سے ٹوٹ گیا۔ خیالات منتشر ہو گئے۔ وہ پھر

شاہین کو بھول گیا.... لیکن شاہین کے ملنے کے بعد بھی اسکی "آرزو" کی تکمیل نہ ہو سکی اسکے دل میں اب بھی ایک پھانس سی چبھ رہی تھی..... اسے وطن کی فکر تھی مادر وطن جسکی زمین میں اسکے آبا واجداد کی ہڈیاں دفن تھیں مقدس وطن جس کی بنیاد میں لاکھوں شہیدوں کے لہو کا نہکھار تھا۔ اسکے ساتھ بیالیس آدمی تھے۔

بیالیس کا یہ دستہ

روکے ہوئے تھا رستہ

انہیں اسی مورچہ پر یہ دوسرا دن ہونے کو آیا تھا دشمن نے اپنی پوری بکتر بند برگیڈ کے ساتھ حملہ کیا۔ لیکن انہیں منہ کی کھانی پڑی۔ ان بیالیس سرفروشان اسلام نے دشمن کی لاشوں کے ڈبیر لگا دیئے دشمن کا ایک مورچہ انتہائی مضبوط بنا ہوا تھا۔ جہاں سے وہ برابر فائرنگ کر رہے تھے۔ انجم نے زمین پر لیٹ کر آہستہ آہستہ گھسیٹنا شروع کیا وہ کرائنگ کرتا ہوا اور دشمن کی نظروں سے بچتا بچاتا ان کے پیچھے پہنچ گیا۔ مورچہ میں دو بھارتی سپاہی تھے اس نے انہیں ہینڈ اپ کرادیا.... اب دشمن کا سب سے کامیاب مورچہ ان جوانوں کے ہاتھ تھا۔

دشمن اب اپنے نئے مورچوں سے فائرنگ کر رہا تھا.... اچانک انجم کو ایک طرف سے دشمن کے ٹینکوں کا ریلا آتا دکھائی دید۔ اسکے جوان ہم لے کر ٹینکوں کے نیچے لیٹ گئے اس طرح دشمن کا یہ حملہ بھی ناکام ہو گیا.... یہ آٹھواں روز تھا کہ انہوں نے کچھ حلق سے نیچے اتارا تھا۔ مگر ان کے چہروں سے ایک عزم و استقلال کی جھلک

آرزو

ہر طرف دھواں چھایا ہوا تھا توپوں کی گرج اور مشین گن کی آوازوں سے کان پھٹے جا رہے تھے گولے مورچہ کے آس پاس آکر پھٹ رہے تھے۔ آسمان پر توپ کے گولے پھٹنے کی وجہ سے لابی پھیلی ہوئی تھی مشین گن کی گولیاں سنسناتی ہوئی ان کے سر پر سے گذر رہی تھیں..... ۲۶ دسمبر کی دوپہر تھی آسمان ابر آلود تھا۔ وہ جانفشانی سے وطن مقدس کی سر زمین کا دفاع کر رہے تھے۔ انکا آفیسر ایک کیپٹن تھا.... کیپٹن انجم.... وہ ایک جوان سال بہادر مجاہد تھا اسے ایک ”آرزو تھی.... یہ آرزو اس کے دل میں بچپن سے پرورش پا رہی تھی دل میں ایک خلش تھی۔ اسے خود علم نہیں تھا کہ ”آرزو“ کیا ہے.... بس آرزو تھی.... یہ آرزو کب اس کے دل میں پیدا ہوئی..... یہ سوال آتے ہی اسے اپنا بچپن یاد آگیا جب وہ پانچ یا چھ سال کا معصوم اور پیارا سا لڑکا تھا اسکی معصوم شرارتوں سے گھر کے سب لوگ محفوظ ہوا کرتے تھے..... اس کے گھر کے سامنے کے پلاٹ پر ایک دو

منزلہ اسکول بن رہا تھا اسکا نام طفیل محمد میموریل ہائی اسکول تھا..... اسے وہ وقت یاد آگیا جب اس نے اپنی معصوم آواز میں پوچھا تھا ”ڈیڈی یہ طفیل صاحب کون تھے“ ”یہ میجر طفیل محمد نشان حیدر شہید تھے“ غالباً وہ اس کی سمجھ سے باہر تھا اس نے وضاحت چاہی تو ڈیڈی نے کہا۔ ”بیٹا یہ وطن کی حفاظت کرتے ہوئے شہید ہوئے تھے اور انہیں سب سے بڑا فوجی اعزاز ملا تھا..... بات سمجھ میں نہ آتی تھی نہ آئی.... لیکن جب وہ چھٹی جماعت میں آیا تو اسے سب کچھ معلوم تھا۔ بس اسی لمحہ اس کے دل میں اس آرزو نے جگمگ لے لی اور وہ بے چین رہنے لگا.... پھر اس نے میٹرک کیا اور اسی ”آرزو“ کے زیر اثر اس نے انٹر فرسٹ ڈویژن سے پاس کیا لیکن اسکی ”آرزو“ ابھی تک پوری نہیں ہوئی تھی۔

اسکے دماغ میں فوج میں جانے کا خیال پیدا ہوا۔ اور اس نے اس کے لٹیرے درخواست دی..... اس دن وہ کتنا خوشی سے چمکتا

ضروری ہے۔
 اگر ہم دنیا میں کامیاب زندگی گزاریں گے
 تو دین اور دنیا کی دولتیں ہمارے پاس ہوں گی
 اور یہی ہماری خوش نصیبی ہوگی اور اس کو
 حاصل کرنے کا ذریعہ ہے ادب۔
 با ادب ہونے سے میرا یہ مطلب قطعی
 نہیں ہے کہ ہم اظہار خیال نہ کریں یا بحث
 و تمحیص سے دور رہیں صرف ہمیں پاس ادب
 ہونا چاہیے۔

دنیا کی زینت ہے۔ اس دنیا کے ہر گھر
 میں بچوں ہی سے رونق ہے۔ دوسرا نمبر
 جوانوں کا ہے۔ وہ اس دنیا میں تعمیری کام
 کرتے ہیں کیونکہ ان میں جوش و ولولہ ہوتا
 ہے۔ بدن میں طاقت ہوتی ہے اور حوصلے
 بلند ہوتے ہیں۔ تیسرا نمبر آتا ہے بزرگوں
 کا۔ وہ عقل اور تجربہ کی بنا پر ہماری رہنمائی
 کرتے ہیں۔ تعمیر کا کام ہمارا رہنمائی آنکی۔
 رہنمائی حاصل کرنے کیلئے ہمارا موصدب ہونا

کیڈٹ ساجد علی ہاشمی

جماعت یاز دہم

ماں کی عظمت

(مشاہیر عالم کا خراج عقیدت)

ماں کا پیار سب سے خوبصورت اور شیرین
 ہے (چارلس ڈکنز)
 ماں کی محبت حقیقت کی آئینہ دار ہوتی ہے
 (حالی)
 دنیا کی سب سے حسین ہستی ماں اور
 صرف ماں ہے (محمد علی جوہر)
 اگر مجھ سے ماں کو چھین لیا جائے تو
 میں پاگل ہو جاؤں (فردوسی)
 حسرتوں کے ہجوم اور خوشیوں کے تلاطم
 میں ماں کی عظمت دیکھو (نیپولین)

ماں سے ہمدردی کی توقع رکھنے کی
 بجائے ماں کا ہمدرد ہونا چاہئے۔ (ارسطو)
 ماں کا پیار ایسا ہے جو کسی کے سیکھنے
 اور بتانے کا نہیں (حکیم لقمان)
 سخت سے سخت دل کو ماں کی پرہیز
 آنکھوں سے سووم کیا جا سکتا ہے (اقبال)
 آسمان کا بہترین اور آخری تحفہ ماں ہے
 (ملٹن)
 بچے کے لیے سب سے اچھی جگہ ماں
 کا دل ہے خواہ بچے کی عمر کتنی ہی ہو
 (شکسپیئر)

با ادب یا نصیب بر ادب بر نصیب

ادب کا تعلق طالب علم سے بہت گہرا ہے۔ ہم علم کے طالب ہیں لیکن ہمیں علم اسی وقت حاصل ہو سکتا ہے جبکہ استاد اور طالب علم کے درمیان ادب کا رشتہ قائم ہو۔ کوئی طالب علم اپنے استاد سے کچھ حاصل نہیں کر سکتا جب تک کہ ادب ملحوظ خاطر نہ رہے اس طرح ہمیں اپنے اساتذہ سے نہ صرف علم ہی حاصل ہوگا بلکہ ان کی دعائیں بھی ہمارے شامل حال رہیں گی۔ جو ہماری ترقی میں معاون ثابت ہوں گی۔

اسی طرح بزرگوں کا معاملہ بھی ہے۔ وہ ہم سے ادب کے خواہاں ہیں۔ اگر ہم ان کے ساتھ ادب سے ہمیشہ آئیں گے تو وہ ہم سے خوش ہوں گے۔ اپنی زندگی کے تجربوں سے کچھ انہوں نے حاصل کیا ہے اس سے ہماری رہنمائی کریں گے اور اس طرح ہمارا مستقبل درخشاں ہوگا۔

نبی نوع انسان سے اس دنیا میں رونق ہے۔ انسان تین صورتوں میں پایا جاتا ہے۔ اول بچوں کا نمبر آتا ہے۔ بچوں سے اس

دنیا میں ہزاروں انمول اور سچائی پر مبنی کہاوٹیں کہی گئی ہیں۔ ان ہی میں سے ایک کہاوٹ ہے با ادب یا نصیب بر ادب بر نصیب جو لوگ اپنے بزرگوں کی عزت کرتے ہیں۔ ان کے نصیب اس نیکی کی بدولت چمکتے ہیں اور جو لوگ بزرگوں کا ادب نہیں کرتے ان پر ایک وقت ایسا ضرور آتا ہے کہ وہ نہایت ذلیل و خوار ہوتے ہیں اور اپنے کئے پر شرمندہ ہوتے ہیں۔ اگر آپ رسالے اور کہانیوں کی کتابیں پڑھتے ہوں گے تو آپ کی نظر سے کچھ ایسی کہانیاں بھی گزری ہوں گی جن کا تعلق اس کہاوٹ سے ہوتا ہے مثلاً کسی مغرور شہزادے نے اپنے بزرگ کا احترام نہ کیا اور وہ پتھر کا بن گیا اور ایک نیک شہزادے نے بزرگ کا ادب کرتے ہوئے ان کا کام کر دیا تو اسے اپنے مقصد کے حصول میں کامیابی ہوئی۔ انہی کہانیوں کی طرح دنیا میں ایسے سچے واقعات بھی منظر عام پر آتے ہیں جن کا تعلق براہ راست اس کہاوٹ سے ہوتا ہے۔

چڑھا رہا تھا۔ وہ دن اور آج کا دن، میں نے اُس سے بات کرنے کی زحمت گوارا نہیں کی۔

جھوٹی قسمیں کھا کر گنہگار الگ ہوئے۔ دوسروں کو ٹوکن دینے کے لیے اُن کے پیچھے الگ مارے مارے پھرے۔ اگر ہم کسی سے کوئی سوال سمجھنے بیٹھیں تو جو زبان استعمال کی جاتی ہے وہ انگریزی ہوتی ہے نہ اردو بلکہ ایک بالکل نئی زبان!

خیر! آج ٹوکن دوسرے لڑکے کے حوالے کرنے کے بعد میں نے دل میں تہیہ کر لیا کہ آئندہ کسی سے بات نہیں کروں گا۔ اگر کروں گا بھی تو اچھی طرح انگریزی کے جملے رٹ کر! اور مسجد میں نماز پڑھنے چل پڑا۔ نماز کے بعد حسب عادت آنکھیں بند کر کے اونچی آواز سے دعا مانگنی شروع کر دی "یا اللہ! مجھے اچھے نمبروں سے پاس کر۔ مجھے غریبوں اور ناداروں کی مدد کرنے کی توفیق عطا فرما۔ دوسرے جملے کے ساتھ مجھے یوں محسوس ہوا جیسے کسی نے کوئی ٹکڑا میری ہتھیلی پر رکھ دیا ہو۔ میں نے آنکھیں نہیں کھولیں کہ شاید میری دعا کا پھل مجھے دے دیا گیا ہے اور بہت دیر تک کسی غیبی اشارے کے انتظار میں بیٹھا رہا۔ مگر جب کچھ بھی نہ ہوا تو بغیر دیکھے اس چیز کو رومال میں لپیٹ کر جیب میں رکھ لیا۔ اس امید میں کہ شاید خواب میں کچھ اشارہ ہو۔ ہاؤس واپس آیا تو تاخیر سے آنے کی وجہ سے باز پرس بھی ہوئی کیونکہ پریپ شروع ہو چکی تھی میرے دل میں خوشی تھی کہ قارون کے خزانے کے سامنے اس ڈانٹ ڈپٹ کی کیا حیثیت

ہے! زیادہ خوشی تو اس بات کی تھی کہ رات کو خزانے کا سراغ ملنے والا ہے۔

پریپ میں پڑھنا کیا تھا بس خیالی بلاؤ ہی پکاتا رہا۔ وسل ہوتے ہی بستر پر لیٹ گیا کہ جلد از جلد نیند کی آغوش میں چلا جاؤں لیٹنے ہی ایک سنیئر لڑکا اندر داخل ہوا اور ڈوم انچارج کو ڈانٹنے لگا کہ اُس نے ابھی تک ٹوکن والے لڑکے کو اوپر نہیں بھجوا۔ مگر اس سے پہلے کہ نیچارا جواب دیتا وہی لڑکا جس کو میں نے ٹوکن دیا تھا بول اٹھا "ٹوکن محمود کے پاس ہے! مگر مجھے پورا یقین تھا کہ ٹوکن میں اسی کو دے چکا ہوں اس لیے فوراً قسم کھالی کہ ٹوکن میرے پاس نہیں ہے۔ دوسری ہی لمحے اسکا ہاتھ میری جیب کی طرف بڑھا اور رومال سب کے سامنے تھا رومال کھولنے سے ٹوکن دور جا پڑا۔ یہ منظر دیکھتے ہی مجھے یوں محسوس ہوا جیسے زمین میرے پاؤں کے نیچے سے سرک رہی ہے۔ دل جل اٹھا رسوائی کی کسر باقی تھی آج وہ بھی پوری ہو گئی۔ مگر بولنے اور قسم کھانے کی سکت باقی تھی! فوراً بولا "خدا کی قسم! میں نے زبان سے اردو کے جملے بالکل نہیں نکالے مگر جواب کانوں سے سننے کی بجائے آنکھوں نے دیکھا۔ ایک کاغذ تھا جس پر لکھا تھا "یا اللہ مجھے اچھے نمبروں سے پاس کر...."

بس میں اتنا ہی پڑھ سکا۔ تمام لڑکے قہقہے لگا رہے تھے میں سوچ رہا تھا۔

انگریزی ہم سیکھ نہ پائے کچھ نہ دعائے کام کیا دیکھا اس ٹوکن سسٹم نے اپنا کام تمام کیا۔

دیکھا۔ میں ہوں تمہارا ضمیر۔ تمہارا اپنا
 ضمیر جس کو تم نے اپنی ذات کے کسی گمنام
 گوشے میں دفن کر رکھا تھا“
 ”مجھے معاف کر دو میں تو تمہیں فراموش
 کر چکا تھا“ افسوؤں میں ڈوبی ہوئی ایک
 آواز آئی پھر— ہونٹوں پر کچھ پھول کھلے۔
 مسکراہٹ کے پھول۔

جس کو صدائے ضمیر نے انوکھا حسن بخش
 دیا تھا۔ ایک لافانی حسن۔

اب میں جا رہا ہوں۔ لیکن ایک آخری
 پیغام تو سن لو ”زندہ ہے ہر شے کوشش
 نا تمام سے“ — اس آواز سے وہ چلا اٹھا
 ”تم کون ہو۔ میرے سامنے آؤ یہ کیسی آواز
 ہے جس نے میری ذات میں ایک نئی روح
 پھونک دی ہے۔“

فضا میں ایک قہقہہ بلند ہوا اور آواز
 آئی ”میں ہوں تمہارا بہت ہی مخلص دوست
 جس کو تم نے کبھی نظر محبت سے نہیں

کیڈٹ محمود احمد

جماعت دہم

ٹوکن

جب سے کالج میں انگریزی بولنا لازمی
 ہوا ہے اور ٹوکن سسٹم شروع ہوا ہے۔ میں
 اپنی بہت سے قیمتی دوست کھو چکا ہوں۔
 ایک دوست نے مجھ سے اردو میں بات کرنی
 چاہی میں نے جواب ٹوکن کی صورت میں
 دیا اس نے ٹوکن تولیے لیا مگر آج تک مجھ
 سے بات نہیں کی۔ ایک دوسرا دوست میرے
 ساتھ میس میں بیٹھا تھا میں نے ایک دن
 اس سے کہا ”یار! میری پلیٹ میں بوٹی تو
 ڈال دو“ مگر دوسرے ہی لمحے بوٹی کے
 بجائے منحوس ٹوکن پلیٹ میں پڑا میرا منہ

آخر بڑی مشکل سے میرے نے ایک لڑکے
 کو اردو بولتے ہوئے پاہی لیا۔ مجھے اپنا
 شکار مل چکا تھا! میں نے ٹوکن اس کے
 سامنے کر دیا۔ وہ اسے دیکھتے ہی گھبرا گیا
 اور کہنے لگا ”میں نے تو صرف یہ پوچھا
 تھا کہ ٹوکن کس کے پاس ہے؟“ مگر میں
 زور سے دھاڑا ”But you take it“ اس نے
 مجھے گھورتے ہوئے ٹوکن اٹھایا جیسے کہہ
 رہا ہو ”بچہ! یہ ٹوکن تمہارا ہی مقدر بنے
 گا“ اس طرح یہ بلا میرے سر سے ٹلی۔ ورنہ
 ذہن میں، ٹوکن ہی سماپنا رہتا۔

مسکراہٹ کے پھول

دور بھاگتے ہو۔ سسکون کی تار۔ ک
وادی میں پناہ ڈھونڈنے والے کتنے نادان
ہو تم! تم غم سے نفرت کرتے ہو کیونکہ
خوشی کی تلاش میں ہو۔

میرے پیارے! احساس ہو جہنم کی آگ
نہیں یہ تو ایک ایسی صلاحیت ہے جس کو
بروئے کار لا کر حقیقت کو اپنایا جاسکتا ہے۔
محبت جرم نہیں وہ منزل ہے جہاں انسانی
عظمت کو معراج نصیب ہوتی ہے۔ وہ گل چیں
ہی کیسا جس نے کانٹے کی چبھن محسوس نہ کی ہو۔
وہ چمن ہی کیسا جس کا منہ آنسوؤں کی شبنم
نہ دھوتی ہو۔ تم غم سے نفرت کرتے ہو۔
آف! میرے خدایا!..... تم جھوٹے ہو ہم
سچے ہیں۔ غم تو وہ نغمہ ہے جو روح کے
ساتھ ہم آہنگ ہوتا ہے۔ دل کی کہانی آرزو
کے خون سے رنگین ہے اور نغمہ حیات آہ
رفغان کے بغیر کبھی مکمل نہیں ہوتا اور
جب تک بہت سی آرزوئیں لہو بن کر
آنکھوں سے نہ بہ جائیں زندگی کی کہانی ادھوری
رہ جاتی ہے۔

تم خاموش ہو..... سنجیدہ ہو..... اداسی
نے تمہارے چہرے کی رونق چھین لی ہے
آخر کیوں؟ کیا صرف اس لیے کہ زمانے بھر
کے دکھ تمہارے دامن میں سمٹ آئے ہیں۔
تمہارے ذہن کو ہمیشہ مایوسی کی چڑیل
نوجھتی رہتی ہے۔ کیونکہ تم امتحان میں تین
بار ناکام ہوئے احساس کمتری نے تمہارے
ذہن کو اتنا ماؤف کر دیا ہے کہ تم ایک بہت
بڑی تقریب سے واپس لوٹ آئے۔ حالانکہ
تمہارے پاس خلوص کے ہیروں سے سجا ہوا
فن کا تاج تھا۔ لیکن آف!..... تم صرف
اس لیے واپس لوٹے کہ تمہارے پاس عمدہ
لباس نہ تھا۔

ارے میرے پیارے دوست! تم نے جذبات
کی رو میں بہہ کر سکون حاصل کرنے کی کوشش
کی ہے تمہارے منفی احساس نے محبت جیسے
عظیم جذبے کو جرم کہا تو دوستی تمہاری
لیے جہنم کی آگ بن گئی اور آنسو تمہارے
مقدر کے ساتھی بن گئے۔ اپنے آپ کو خلوص
کا پجاری کہنے والے تم نے جمود کی پرستش
کی ہے اور بحر عمل کی لہروں سے

ایک طرف با عزت موت تھی دوسری طرف ذلت آسز احساس شکست عظیم راشد نے باوقار موت کو پسند کر لیا اور ہمیشہ کے لئے زندہ جاوید ہو گیا۔

راشد منہاس شہید نے وطن عزیز کی ناموس کو اپنی جان کا نذرانہ دیکر بچالیا اور شہید ہو گیا۔ ۲۰ اگست کو بیس سالہ راشد نے جام شہادت نوش کیا اور ہم سے ہمیشہ کیلئے دور چلا گیا لیکن در حقیقت وہ ہمارے دلوں کے اتنے قریب آ گیا ہے کہ آس کو ہم کبھی فراموش نہیں کریں گے آس کی یہ قربانی

آنے والی نسلوں کے لئے مشعل راہ ثابت ہوگی۔ وہ کہا کرتا تھا کہ جب زندگی فانی ہے تو کیوں نہ ہم اپنی زندگی کو کسی مقصد کی خاطر استعمال کریں۔ چنانچہ آس نے اپنا قول پورا کر دکھایا اور اپنی زندگی ایک عظیم مقصد کی خاطر قربان کر دی۔

راشد منہاس نے ملک اور ملت سے وفاداری کی ایک انوکھی مثال قائم کی ہے، جس پر آس کی قوم ہمیشہ آس کی شکرگزار رہے گی اور آس پر فخر کرے گی۔

مرے خاک و خون سے تونے یہ جہاں کیا تھا پیدا
صلہ شہید کیا ہے تب و تاب جاودانہ
(اقبال)

ہو جس کے جواذوں کی خودی صورت فولاد

قربانی کو اپنی منزل بنائیں۔ راشد نے اپنی جان کا نذرانہ دے کر قوم کو نئی زندگی دی ہے۔

وہ بھی ہم جیسا ہی ایک انسان تھا اس کے دل میں بھی ہماری طرح زندہ رہنے کی خواہش تھی لیکن جب اس نے دیکھا کہ ایک غدار نے اس کے ملک کی آن پر حملہ کیا ہے تو اس نے اپنے آپ کو جینے کے حق سے محروم کر دیا۔ اس نے وطن کی سر بلندی کو تمام چیزوں پر ترجیح دی۔ اس کی نظروں کے سامنے ملک کے بارہ کروڑ عوام کا وقار اور پاکستان کی عزت و ناموس ایک سوالیہ نشان کی طرح جم کر رہ گئی تھی۔ یہ وقت راشد کے لئے بڑا ہی کٹھن تھا چنانچہ اس نے چند لمحوں میں ایک فیصلہ کیا وہ فیصلہ صرف عظیم لوگ ہی کیا کرتے ہیں۔

راشد شہید جو آج ہم میں موجود نہیں ہے۔ جس نے اپنی زندگی ایک مقصد کی خاطر قربان کر دی اور شہادت کے مرتے پر فائز ہو کر ہمیشہ کے لئے زندہ جاوید ہو گیا۔ وہ اپنی زندگی کا ایک ایک لمحہ ملک و قوم کی خدمت میں صرف کرنا چاہتا تھا۔ وہ ہمیشہ ایسی کتابوں کا مطالعہ کرتا جس میں دنیا کے عظیم لوگوں کی شجاعت اور بہادری کے کارنامے درج ہوتے۔ وہ اسلام کا بڑا شیدائی تھا، اس کی ہمیشہ یہ خواہش رہی کہ وہ میدانِ جنگ میں شہادت حاصل کرے اور اللہ تعالیٰ نے اس کی یہ خواہش بہت جلد پوری کر دی۔ راشد نے اپنی جان ملک و قوم کے لئے وقف کر دی۔ اس نے اپنی جان اپنے ملک کی سر بلندی کی خاطر اس پر نچھاور کر دی تاکہ اس کی قربانی سے ملک کے نوجوانوں میں عزم و حوصلہ کا جذبہ پروان چڑھے اور آنے والی نسلیں اس کی

ایک سچی کہانی

مدد کی اور معاشرے میں اسے مقام مل گیا۔
اس کو دہتکارنے والے بھی ”اوجی“ کرنے
لگے مگر یہ سب کچھ عارضی تھا۔

نذیر ایک سال کے بعد ہنگامی حالات

کی وجہ سے پاس آؤٹ ہو گیا جنگ چھڑ گئی۔

نذیر بہت بہادری سے لڑا اور نیم تربیت یافتہ

ہونے کے باوجود اس نے دشمن کے چھکے

”چھڑا دیئے۔ خود بھی معمولی زخمی ہوا مگر

جلد ہی صحت یاب ہو گیا اور دوبارہ محاذ

پر پہنچ گیا۔ وہ اپنی فوجوں کی کمان کر

رہا تھا پیمش قدمی جاری تھی کہ دشمن نے

ایک طرف سے حملہ کر دیا۔ نذیر فوج کو لے کر

دشمن کی سرکوبی کے لیئے بڑھا۔ یک لخت

اس پر مشین گن کی بوچھاڑ شروع ہو گئی۔

کئی گولیاں اس کے سینے سے پار ہو گئیں

اور وہ شہید ہو گیا۔ یہ دسمبر سنہ ۱۹۷۱ع

کی نوویں تاریخ کا ایک واقعہ ہے۔

بوڑھا اپنا سب کچھ وطن پر نچھاور کر کے

خود ہوش کھو بیٹھا ہے۔ لیکن اس کی وحشت ناک

آنکھیں پوچھتی ہیں۔ ”کیا اہل وطن اب بھی

ہوش میں نہیں آئیں گے؟“

سہال کھینگڑ (راولپنڈی) اسٹیشن کے

قریب قبرستان میں آپ کو ایک دیوانہ شخص

نظر آئے گا۔ لمبی داڑھی تقریباً سفید سر کے

بال بھی کہیں کہیں۔ اداس اور ویران چہرہ۔

وہ دن بھر ایک قبر کے پاس بیٹھا رہتا

ہے، ہر مسافر کو روک کر کہتا ہے۔ ”یہ

قبر ہے نا! یہ قبر نہیں۔ یہ میرے لخت جگر

کا بستر ہے۔ وہ چادر اوڑھے سو رہا ہے اسے

جگانا مت“

یہ بوڑھا کون ہے؟ ریلوے کا سابق

چپڑاسی اللہ دتا، اس کے دو بیٹے تھے۔ ایک

حو اب ریلوے گارڈ ہے اور دوسرا سیکنڈ

لیفٹیننٹ نذیر خاکی۔ بوڑھا بے چارا ساری زندگی

دھکے کھاتا رہا۔ بال بچوں کے پیٹ کی آگ

بجھانے کے لیے اس نے سب کچھ کیا۔ بچوں

نے بھی دکھ اٹھائے مگر باپ کے پیار نے

انہیں زندگی کے میدان میں آگے بڑھنا سکھا

دیا اور پھر آخر کو اسکی محنت کا پھل ملا۔

بڑا لڑکا ریلوے میں گارڈ ہو گیا اور دوسرا

کمیشن حاصل کرنے میں کامیاب ہوا۔ بہت

خوشیاں منائی گئیں۔ غریب انسان کی اللہ نے

سے شیشہ لاکر اس کے سامنے کر دیا "یہ کیا حرکت ہے؟" "آپ نے اپنی شکل تو دیکھ ہی لی ہوگی اب بتائیں کہ اب بھی ارادے ہر لیفٹننٹ بننے کے۔" "ٹھہر جا! شمو کی بچی ابھی بتاتا ہوں کہ میرے کیا ارادے ہیں۔" وہ اٹھ کر اس کے پیچھے بھاگا کہ میں نے ڈانٹا "بیٹے اب تم بڑے ہو گئے ہو بہنوں کے ساتھ نہیں لڑتے" اختر شرمندہ سا ہو گیا۔

اور پھر ایک دن وہ سیکنڈ لیفٹیننٹ بن گیا ان دنوں حالات بہت خراب ہو گئے تھے وہ چھٹی لے کر ہم سے ملنے آیا ہوا تھا کہ آسے بلا لیا گیا۔ میں نے آسے دعائیں دیں۔ بہن سے ملا تو آنکھوں میں آنسو آگئے "دیکھ شمی تو مجھے معاف کر دے گی نا!" "نہیں بھیا! شرارتیں تو میری کیا کرتی تھی"

آخر کار وہ چھمب کے محاذ پر چلا گیا کنکریٹ کے بنے مورچوں کو توڑنا ہوا آگے بڑھتا گیا اور پھر ایک مورچے سے مشین گن کی بوچھاڑ نے آسے ہمیشہ کے لئے سلا دیا مگر آسے سے پہلے اس نے دستی بم پھینکا اور پھر مورچے میں سے دو انسانی جسم اچھل کر باہر آ گئے۔ اس کا مشن پورا ہو چکا تھا"

ڈبے میں سناٹا چھایا ہوا تھا اور میں سوچ رہا تھا کہ جب تک اس ملک میں ایک بھی اختر موجود ہے دشمن ہمیں شکست نہیں دے سکتا۔

انگیز طور پر خاموشی سی چھا گئی۔ میں نے خاموشی کی مہر توڑے ہوئی کہا "جناب وہ لڑکا کون تھا؟" "میرا بیٹا" ان حضرت کے چہرے پر ایک تبدیلی سی ہوئی فخر سے سینا تن گیا اور پھر انہوں نے کہنا شروع کیا۔ "میرا نام سلیم ہے اور میرے بیٹے کا نام اختر تھا۔ مجھے اچھی طرح یاد ہے کہ تقسیم ہند کے وقت جب ہم گاڑی میں بیے سروسامان پاکستان آ رہے تھے تو ڈبے کے قریب سے ایک فوجی گذرا ننھے اختر نے کھڑکی سے جھانکتے ہوئی زور سے کہا "فوجی بھائی ٹاٹا" فوجی نے زور سے ہاتھ ہلا کر جواب دیا ننھا اختر بہت خوش ہوا مگر جلد ہی ضد کرنا شروع کر دی "ہم بھی ایسے کپڑے پہنیں گے فوجی نے اپنی ٹوپی پیار سے اس کے سر پر رکھ دی۔" "نہیں بیٹے ابھی نہیں جب تم بڑے ہو جاؤ تو ضرور پہننا۔" میں نے ٹوپی شکرے کے ساتھ واپس کر دی۔ اختر کے ننھے سے ذہن سے یہ بات کبھی نہ گئی۔ اور وقت کے ساتھ ہی فوج میں جانے کی خواہش بھی شدید تر ہوتی چلی گئی اور پھر ایک دن وہ ایف۔ اے کے بعد فوج میں جانے کے اجازت لینے آیا تو میں نے ہنس کر دے دی۔

میں کمرے میں بیٹھا ہوا اختر کو دیکھ رہا تھا جو بڑی محویت سے فارم بھر رہا تھا۔ کہ اس کی چھوٹی بہن نے جھٹ

اور محبت سے ملنا اور ان کے کام آنا اپنا فرض سمجھتے تھے۔ مجھے آج بھی ان کے وہ الفاظ یاد آتے ہیں ”خدا مجھے خالد بن ولید کی طرح بہادر بنائے۔ لیکن ان کی موت نہ دے۔ میں شہادت پاؤں۔ اور خدا نے ان کی دعا قبول کر لی۔“

صلہ شہید کیا ہے تب و تاب جاودا

عظیم ہو اور ہر بیٹا بھائی جان کی طرح بہادر ہو۔ بھائی جان ہمیشہ ہمیں قرآن شریف کا یہ ترجمہ سنایا کرتے تھے کہ ”مسلمانو جنگ کی تمنا کبھی نہ کرو لیکن اگر دشمن تم پر حملہ کر دے تو پھر تم یہاں تک لڑو کہ دشمن صدیوں تک تمہاری آنے والی نسلوں سے بھی ڈرتا رہے۔“ وہ بہت ہنس مکھ مخلص اور رحمدل انسان تھے۔ ہمیشہ غریبوں سے پیار

کیڈٹ افتخار حسین نقوی

جماعت دوازہ دہم

عزم

کہ ان کی بھرائی ہوئی آواز نے متوجہ کر لیا ”بھائیو کیا تم ہمیں صرف چند گھنٹوں کے لیٹے کھڑے ہونے کی جگہ نہیں دے سکتے؟ یہ اس لڑکے کی پھوپھی ہیں اور میں اس کا باپ ہوں جس کو ہم چھمب سے یہاں لائے تھے اور تھوڑی سی مٹی میں چھپا کر واپس جا رہے ہیں۔ بستر بند ہاتھ سے چھوٹ گیا برتھ پر لیٹا ہوا شخص نیچے کودا۔ ”بہن جی! آپ کے لیٹے کھڑا ہونا مناسب نہیں آپ اوپر آرام کیجئے“ کھڑکی کے پاس بیٹھے ہوئے شخص نے نشست خالی کی ”بھائی صاحب تشریف رکھیئے۔“ میں ایک کونے میں دبکا ہوا سب کچھ دیکھ رہا تھا۔ ڈبے میں حیرت

گاڑی میں بے پناہ رش تھا۔ وہ جنوری کی تیسری تاریخ کی ایک شب تھی۔ دروازے نہ کھل سکتے تھے اور نہ ہی کھولے جا رہے تھے۔ آمدورفت کھڑکی کے ذریعہ ہو رہی تھی۔ گاڑی جب خان پور کے اسٹیشن پر رکی تو ایک شخص پانی پینے کے لیٹے کھڑکی سے کودا مگر عین اسی وقت کسی نے ایک برقعہ پوش خاتون کو ڈبے میں دھکیلا اور اس کے ساتھ ہی فوراً مع سامان کود کر ایک صاحب اندر آگئیے۔ لوگ پہلی ہی بہت تنگ تھے بس پھر کیا تھا ایک پہلوان نما شخص نے ان حضرت کا بستر بند سنبھالا اور قریب تھا کہ گاڑی سے باہر پھینک دیتا

واپس آجائیں اور آرام کریں اور دوسرے ہی
 بھائی جان کو کئی زخم آئے تھے لیکن بھائی جان
 نے کہا کہ ہم مکمل فتح حاصل کیئے بغیر
 نہیں آئیں گے۔ مٹ جائیں گے یا مٹا دیں گے
 انہوں نے اپنی کمپنی سے خطاب کرتے ہوئے
 کہا۔ ”میرے شیرو! آرام اور تکلیف ہمارے
 لئے کوئی اہمیت نہیں رکھتی تم کو معلوم
 ہے یہ قرآن میں آیا ہے کہ کفار کی جنگ
 ہمیشہ مسلمانوں سے ہوتی ہے۔ مسلمان مٹھی
 بھر ہوتے ہیں اور کفار لاتعداد۔ لیکن جیت
 ہمیشہ حق کی ہوئی ہے۔

باطل سے دہنے والے اے آسمان نہیں ہم
 سو بار کر چکا ہے تو امتحان ہمارا

اور وہ پھر ایک نئے ولولے اور جوش کے ساتھ
 لڑے اور آخر کار جام شہادت نوش کر گئے۔

جب ہندی سے یہ خبر آئی کہ میجر محمد
 اعظم راجپوت شہید ہو گئے ہیں تو ان کی
 عظیم والدہ نے کہا۔ ”الحمد لله“ اور سب کو
 منع کیا کہ کوئی نہ روئے اور سب کلمہ پڑھیں
 پھر انہوں نے جی۔ ایچ۔ کیو والوں سے پوچھا
 کہ کیا میرا بیٹا ہم سے ملنے آرہا ہے۔ یا شہادت
 کی اطلاع ہی دی گئی ہے اور اُسے وہیں
 سپردِ خاک کیا جائے گا اور جب ان کو بتایا
 گیا کہ بھائی جان آ رہے ہیں تو انہوں نے
 شکرانے کی نماز ادا کی۔

اے کاش ہمارے ملک کی ہر ماں اتنی

کو شام کے وقت بھائی جان کو جب حکم
 ملا تو انہوں نے خوشی کا ایک نعرہ لگایا
 اور کہا کہ شکر ہے کہ خدا نے میری یہ آرزو
 بھی پوری کر دی ہے آج میرا جی چاہ رہا
 ہے کہ میں خوشی کے شادیانے بجاتا ہوا اور
 گنگناتا ہوا محاذِ جنگ پر جاؤں۔ ۲ دسمبر
 کو ایک یادگار دن تھا۔ دسمبر کی ایک ٹھہرتی
 ہوتی اندھیری رات تھی۔ جب بھائی جان سب
 کو خدا حافظ کہہ کر روانہ ہو گئے۔ ۳ دسمبر
 کو زبردست جنگ شروع ہو گئی۔ بھائی جان
 سی کمپنی کے کمانڈر تھے۔ انہیں حکم ملا
 کہ حملہ کر دیں۔ بھائی جان نے حملہ کیا اور
 کامیاب ہوئے۔ ۹ دسمبر تک بھائی جان بے جگری
 سے لڑتے رہے اور جب چھمب فتح ہو گیا تو
 ان کا حوصلہ اور بلند ہو گیا اور پھر اسی
 دن شام کو دشمن پھر اپنے ٹینک ار توپیں
 لے کر پہنچ گیا اور بھائی جان بھی اپنی کمپنی
 کے ساتھ اسٹین گن سنبھال کر بیٹھ گئے اور
 ٹھیک ٹھیک نشانے لگاتے رہے۔ دشمن کا جو
 سکھ سپاہی ٹینک سے نکلتا بھسم ہو جاتا۔
 آخر میں جلے ہوئے ٹینک میں سے ایک ہندو
 سپاہی نکلا۔ اس کا منہ جلا ہوا تھا۔ بھائی جان
 نے اپنا رومال اُس سپاہی کو دے کر کہا
 کہ ”اے اپنا منہ صاف کر تو بھی کیا یاد کرے گا
 کہ پاکستانی افسر کیسے ہوتے ہیں“

۹۔ دسمبر کی رات کو بھائی جان کی کمپنی

کو حکم ملا کہ آپ تھک گئے ہیں لہذا

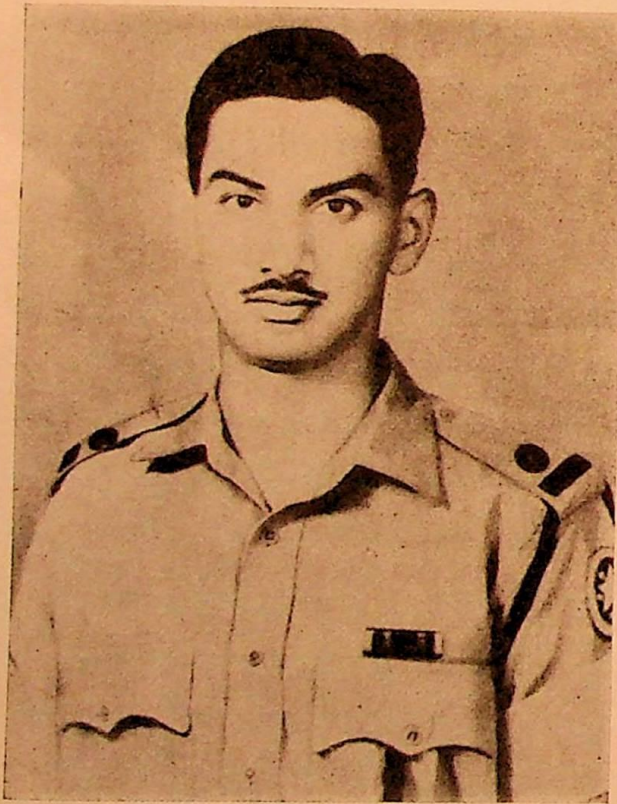
تب و تاب جاودانہ

”فلکی! تم کو خوش ہونا چاہیے کہ تم ایک بہادر اور عظیم عورت ہو کیونکہ تمہارا شوہر محمد بن قاسم اور خالد بن ولید کے نقش قدم پر چل رہا ہے اور اب انشا اللہ ہم جنت میں ملیں گے خدا تم کو حوصلہ اور صبر دے گا۔“

یہ اس خط کا اقتباس ہے جو میرے عظیم جیالے بہادر بھائی جان میجر محمد اعظم راجپوت شہید ستارہ جرات نے چھمب جوڑیان کے محاذ سے میری باجی نو لکھا تھا۔

بھائی جان کو شروع سے ہی فوجی بننے کا بے حد شوق تھا۔ میٹرک آنہوں نے پٹارو سے کیا اور ایف۔ ایس۔ سی ڈی۔ جے سائنس کالج کراچی سے کیا۔ ایف۔ ایس۔ سی کے بعد انہیں کمیشن مل گیا۔ پاکستان ملٹری اکیڈمی کراچی میں ٹریننگ مکمل کرنے کے بعد مختلف جگہوں پر انکی پوسٹنگ ہوتی رہی۔

۲۹- اگست ۷۱ء کو بھائی جان کی شادی ہو گئی اس کے بعد وہ پنڈی۔ جی۔ ایچ۔ کیو ۱۰ بلوچ رجمنٹ میں چلے گئے انہیں دنوں دشمن اپنے پرانے ہتھکنڈوں پر اتر آیا تھا بھائی جان بے چین تھے کہ کب ان کو حکم ہو اور اپنا شوق شہادت پورا کریں۔ یکم دسمبر



میجر محمد اعظم راجپوت (شہید) ستارہ جرات

اور جیالے پاکستانی سپاہی کے روپ میں زندہ ہے جو وطن کی آبرو پر نیچھاور ہوئے کیلئے تیار ہے۔

ہمارے آنے والے ہر کیڈٹ کا سر فخر سے بلند رہے گا۔ اس لئے کہ سعادت ہم میں سے تھا۔ پٹارو کا ذرہ ذرہ۔ اس کا ہر باسی اسے خراج تحسین پیش کرتا ہے۔ میرے سعادت اہل پٹارو کے سعادت، قوم کی ہر ماں کے سعادت تم عظیم تھے تمہارا مقصد، تمہاری عظیم قربانی زندگی کو نیا عنوان دے گئی ہے۔ پوری قوم کو تم جیسے سعادتوں پر فخر ہے۔ ہم عہد کرتے ہیں سعادت کہ تمہاری یاد کو ہمیشہ تازہ رکھیں گے اور دنیا کو بتادیں گے کہ ہماری ہر ماں ایک سعادت کو

جنم دیتی ہے۔ ہماری قوم کا ہر جوان سعادت ہے۔

سعادت ہم عہد کرتے ہیں کہ تمہاری عظیم قربانی کی شمع اپنے لہو سے روشن رکھیں گے، تاکہ لوگ سمجھ جائیں کہ سعادت نے یہ عزم پٹارو سے سیکھا تھا کہ سعادت پٹارو کی شفقت آموز اور جرات آموز گود میں پل کر جوان ہوا تھا۔ پٹارو..... سیرا عزیز پٹارو عالم و ادب کا گہوارہ کمنے ہی سعادت جنم دیتا رہا ہے اور دیتا رہے گا۔ اے پٹارو..... ہم عہد کرتے ہیں کہ تیرے سعادت کے نقش قدم پر چل کر تیرے پرچم کو ہمیشہ بلند رکھیں گے۔ اے سعادت زندہ باد

جس دہج سے کوئی مقتل میں گیا وہ شان سلامت رہتی ہے
یہ جان تو آئی جانی ہے، اس جاں کی تو کوئی بات نہیں
(فیض)

کیڈٹ ذوالفقار علی کاظمی

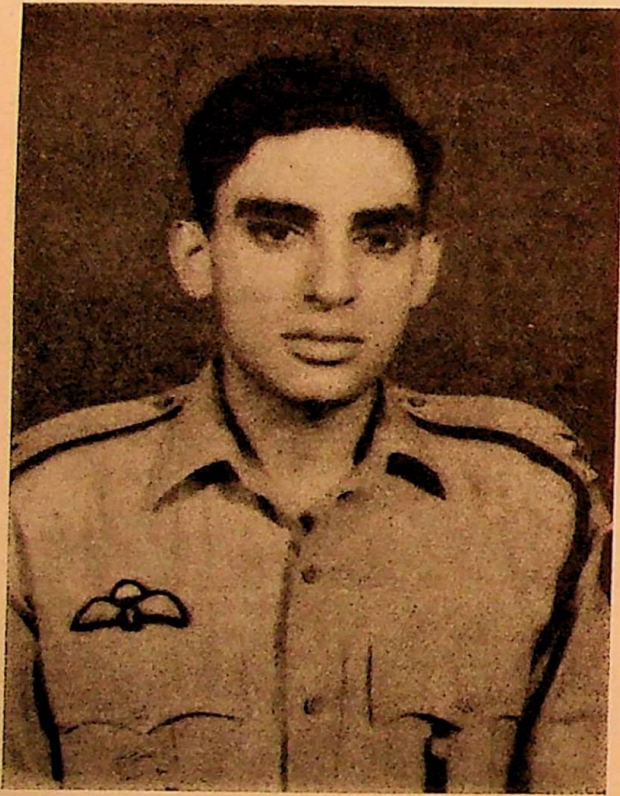
جماعت دواز دہم

اے سعادت زندہ باد

قد تقریباً چھ فٹ، چوڑا چکلا سینہ اور
کنشادہ پیشانی بھرے بھرے جسم کا مالک
سعادت ایک ہنس مکھ اور زندہ دل نوجوان
اُس کے چہرے پر ہر وقت مسکراہٹ کھیلتی
رہتی۔ اُس کے سرخ سرخ تمتماتے ہوئے رخساروں
کے قریب لیاقت ہاؤس کی لال لال پٹیاں بڑی
دلکش معلوم ہوتی تھیں۔

واقعی انسان فانی ہے وہ آج ہم میں نہیں
ہمارا رہبر ہمارا دوست..... ہمارا پٹارین....
ہمارا بھائی..... کیا کیا رشتے وابستہ تھے
اُس سے۔ میں نے اُسے کئی بار دیکھا تھا۔
میں ساتویں میں تھا اور وہ لیاقت ہاؤس کا
جے۔ یو۔ او اُس کی روشن روشن آنکھوں
سے مستقبل جھلکتا تھا۔ میں اُسے جب بھی
سلام کرتا وہ بڑے پیار سے جواب دیا کرتا۔
وہ کالج کا بہترین کھلاڑی ہونے کی وجہ سے
بہت مقبول تھا۔

اُس کا ہنسنا مسکراتا چہرہ میرے ذہن
پر ہمیشہ ہمیشہ کے لئے مرتسم ہو گیا ہے۔
وہ ایک کیڈٹ تھا۔ وہ ایک پاکستانی تھا،
وہ ہم میں سے تھا۔ بخدا مجھے یقین نہیں



ایفٹیننٹ سعادت فاروق شہید ستارہ جرات
آتا کہ وہ شہید ہو چکا ہے۔ لیکن وہ مرا
نہیں۔ کون کہتا ہے وہ مر گیا..... نہیں....
سعادت زندہ ہے.. سعادت پر اُس بہادر

لہو مانگتی ہے زمین۔ وطن

سب قطار میں باری باری تو وحید کے
بروانے کو دیکھتے جا رہے تھے۔

”ایک نوجوان شفاف کپڑے میں سر لپیٹے

اس دنیا سے بے خبر مسکرا رہا تھا“

ہونٹوں پر ایک حسین اور مطمئن مسکراہٹ
پھیلی ہوئی تھی آنکھیں جام شہادت کے خمار
سے مدہوش سی تھیں۔ اور چہرہ معصومیت
کی دلفریب تصویر.....

نظر اللہ کے اس سپاہی پر ایسی جمی
کہ بس کھوہی گئی اُس کے چوڑے اور مضبوط
سینے پر بھول اپنی عظمت پر مسکرا رہے تھے۔
پاکستان کا پرچم اُس کو ڈھانپے اپنے
جانباز کی عظمت کا پرچار کر رہا تھا۔

آنکھیں اس وجودِ عظیم پر ٹک گئیں....
جی بھر کے دیکھنے کے بعد نظر اُٹھائی تو دیکھا
شاہدِ اسلم اپنے بھیا کی جدائی سے نڈھال
پاس کھڑے تھے، ان کا پیارا بھیا! پٹارو کا
ایکس کیڈٹ پرویز اسلم شہید!

جنگ بند ہوئے تین دن ہو چکے تھے۔
لاہور کی فضاؤں میں اب بھی گرد اور دھوئیں
کے بادل نظر آ رہے تھے۔

شام کی لالی شہیدوں کے لہو کی مقدس
قربانی کی گواہی دے رہی تھی اور سورج کا
چہرہ بھی سُرخ ہو رہا تھا جیسے کسی غازی
کے زخمی چہرے سے خون رس رہا ہو۔
سامنے کی ایک سڑک پر ایک جنازہ
قریبی قبرستان کی طرف بڑھ رہا تھا۔ لوگ
ہزاروں کی تعداد میں ساتھ تھے۔

کلمہ شہادت کی آواز مسلسل ذہن کو
تسکین بخش رہی تھی۔

یہ ایک شہید کا جنازہ تھا۔ سرحدوں
کی مٹی جس کی قربانی کی گواہی دے رہی
تھی اور ہوا میں اُس کے لہو کی مُشک تھی۔
شہید شانوں سے اتر کر زمین پر آیا۔ لوگ
اُس مرد مسلمان کا خورشید نما چہرہ دیکھنے
کے لیے بے چین تھے۔

اور آس عظیم کاؤں کے ندیم مہربان راز دار بر گدو! موت تو

سنو! سنو!

نوجوان کا نعرہ 'جوان سنو!

ساتھو!

بیری فکر مت کرو!

دوستو!

— ایک سنگ میل ہے بازی 'حیات میں

لیکن اس سے پیشتر

ایک ضرب اور ضرب اور ضربِ کارگر!

دشمنوں کے ٹینک پر

ایک اور.... ایک اور... ایک اور... ایک....

شہادت ہے مطلوب و مقصود ہون

نہ مالِ غنیمت نہ کشور کشائی

(اقبال)